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 Send on Jan 8, '04

Faked by
 Dwayne
 1/09/04

Hitler's Mother

Returned
 by Judah
 1/9/04

1.

You may call me Dieter. For now, the name will serve—now that I
 am in America, this curious nation. ~~These days, if I draw~~
 patience, it is because time passes here void of stature for me. Indeed, may
 as well confess. I feel disposed toward rebellion. The proof is that I am

preparing to write a novel. That was not done among my associates, I was,
 something not to do. I was, after all, a member of an elite Intelligence group. Its classification (for
 those who care about such incunabula) was SS Special Section IV-2a, and

we were directly under the supervision of Heinrich Himmler. So I was

more than familiar with the formulations that emerged from his brain.

Today Himmler is seen as a monster, and indeed he was, but he did have

said: He had a mind that was not without its originality, and one of his

Classification - I was, after all, a
 member of a most special Intelligence group

theses—a most powerful concept!—does take me into my novelistic intentions which are, I promise, not routine.

2.

The room in which Himmler used to instruct those of us who were his favorites should not be difficult to picture since it was a ^{modest} small lecture ^{theatre} hall with ^{twenty seats and} old walnut panelling. My emphasis ^{will} not be, however, on such details, but rather will ^{do better to} concern itself with Himmler's more private ideas, ^{for} ^{there} ^{is} ^{its} ^{purpose} Right here lies the introduction to my ~~intent~~ ^{purpose} I wish to tell a tale resistant to conventional belief, which is equal to saying that I ^{am voyaging into} will present ^{a sea} an accumulation of ^{turbulence, a cacophony of new problems,} premises.

The first is that I, ^a ~~this~~ ^{will be} veteran artist of mendacity, ~~am now~~ trying to recount what is true when the habit of my occupation was not only to distort the truth but ^{pick up momentum from} know how to ~~enjoy~~ the lies we promulgated. Mendacity, after all, is not without its own art. Now I am burdened with an unfamiliar inclination: the desire to tell it—as Americans say, straight out! ^{it} [≡] for a

serious intelligence officer, this inclination is inadmissible. But then, I no longer know exactly where I am by now (other than for the gross fact that I am in America—good luck!)

Enough! Let me present Heinrich Himmler. You, the reader, must be prepared for no easy occasion since this man whose inadvertant nickname (much behind his back!) was Heini, had become by 1939 one of the four or five most important leaders in Germany. Yet his ~~first~~ ^{most} secret intellectual ~~devotion~~ ^{toward} ~~deviation~~ ^{more than} was the study of incest. Indeed, it was a signal point of interest, ~~indeed~~ ^{indeed} for him, an obsession, if you will. It dominated much of our secret research.

~~We were oriented to the problem. By way of his closed lectures, we were~~ ^{often returned} ~~oriented~~ ^{oriented} to the extent of this problem. Through the centuries, incest ^{he could} ~~had~~ ^{begin before} ~~had~~ ^{propose, had} not only been prevalent among the ~~very~~ ^{had been} poor of all lands, but even our own German peasantry ^{yes, even through the nineteenth century} was much afflicted. Normally, no one in learned society ^{he would remark} cares to speak of this, ^{"After all} particularly since there is nothing to be done. ^{who} ~~How~~ ^{would get him to declare} often, after all, ~~can you declare~~ ^{has} that some poor wretch is a certified product of incest? No, every establishment ^{still do} swept it under the rug, just as ranking government officials ["] were ~~doing~~ the same all over the world, ^{all} that is, except our Heinrich Himmler.

All, that is, except our Heinrich Himmler. He did have
~~He, however, had~~ the most extraordinary ideas fermenting behind his

unhappy spectacles. For a man with a bland and chinless mug, I must repeat that he did have a mind of his own. To us who worked closely with him, his thought invariably proved disruptive in its mixture of brilliance and

stupidity. He was so much out of ~~any~~ recognizable category. For example,

that there would be
 he declared himself to be a pagan. He predicted a healthy and orgiastic
(The soil would then be rich for Super-men.)
 future when paganism took over the world. *(Can you conceive of an orgy*
None of us could conceive, however, of an orgy
 where carnality would rise to such a pitch that you might find a woman

ready to throw herself into a flesh-melting roll with Heinrich Himmler? *Not*

even in the most innovative spirit of the game! You could see his face as it

must once have been at a school dance, that *disapproving* bespectacled stare of the

wallflower, tall, thin, but embarrassed already by a skinny youth's pot belly.

There he was, ready to wait by the wall until the dance was over.

Yet he became obsessed with matters others would hardly dare to

(which, I must say, is)
 mention aloud (usually the first step to new thought!) In fact, he paid close

It had, he would prepose, a
 attention to mental retardation in its possible relation to genius. Himmler

proceeded on the theory that the best human possibilities lie close to the

worst. Remember that! The best lies close to the worst! It was virtually

routine for him to anticipate that on occasion the most exceptionally promising offspring could be found in ^{low level /} ~~poor~~ families with many children. Such kids were often incestuaries. The word, as he coined it in German, was inzestuars. He did not like the more common term for such disgrace, Blutschande, (blood-scandal), or as sometimes used in polite circles, Dramatik des Blutes, (blood-drama).

None of us felt sufficiently qualified to say that his theory could, of course, be dismissed. Himmler had recognized even in the first years of the S.S. that one of our prime needs was to develop exceptional research groups, an elite at one phenomenal level above the elite. We were to search into ultimates. As Himmler put it, letzte Fragen—last questions. (The health of National Socialism depended, he would often say, on nothing less.) We were to explore problems that others did not expect to go near. Incest—count on it—was topping the list. Once the German mind could re-establish itself as the leading influence in the learned world, then—so went his unstated syllogism—much recognition would be given to Heinrich Himmler for his profound attack on ^{world} agricultural problems. ^{originating in} ~~It was time to~~ ^{by studies of the agricultural milieu. Let} emphasize the obvious: Problems of husbandry could not be contemplated

without comprehending the peasant. Yet to understand this man of the earth was to speak of incest.

Here, I promise you, he would hold up his hand in precisely that little gesture Hitler used—one prissy flip of the wrist! It was Heinrich's way of saying: "Now comes the meat and potatoes!" And on he would proceed. "Yes," he would say, "incest! This is one very good reason that old peasants are devout. We, here, need not refer to our detailed studies in order to declare that an acute fear of the sinful in oneself will manifest itself sooner or later by one of two opposed extremes: Either absolute devotion to religious practice! Or nihilism! Indeed, I can recall from my student days that the Marxist Friedrich Engels wrote this: 'Once the Catholic Church decided adultery was impossible to prevent, they made divorce impossible to obtain.' A brilliant remark even if it comes from the wrong mouth. As much can be said for blood-scandal. Also impossible to prevent. So, the peasant looks to keep himself devout. I ~~can~~ guarantee you: this was altogether true in the old days." He nodded. He nodded again as if two good pumps of his head might be the minimum necessary to convince us.

How, he asked, could the average peasant of the last century avoid these blood temptations? After all, peasants, as we all knew, were not the most attractive people. If born with good features, any such advantage was soon worn away by hard labor. Moreover, they would reek of the field and the barn. Heavy personal odors were at the mercy of hot summers. How, then, could their basic impulses not be subject to bestial inclinations? Given the paucity of their social life, could they possibly acquire the inner power to stay away from entanglements with brothers and sisters, fathers and daughters?

He did not go on to speak of the propinquity of limbs and torsos when three and four ^{children} are in a bed, nor the ham-handed naturalness of the most agreeable work of all—that hard-breathing feverish meat-heavy run up the steep short hills of physical joy. “But, yes,” he declared, “given the hammer and anvil of peasant life, more than a few in the agricultural sector come to see incest as an available option. Who, after all, is more likely to find the honorable work-hardened features of the father or the brother particularly attractive? ^{The} ~~His~~ daughters, of course! Or the sisters. Often they are the only ones. The father, ^{having} ~~being~~ created them, remains the focus of their

attention. The brother, so often, lives at night ^{with the sister} in the same bed. Sexual attraction can, of course, be described as: highly focussed attention."

Hand it to Himmler. He had been storing theories in his head for two decades. Moreover, he had immersed himself in The World as Will and Idea. Heinrich was a great believer in Schopenhauer's assertions on the primal importance of the Will. He had, therefore, a great deal to say about the genes—still a wonderful new word for us in 1938. These genes, he said, had to be ^{a biological} ~~the tangible~~ embodiment of Schopenhauer's mysterious Will. "We know," he said, "that certain instincts are passed on from ^{one} generation to ^{the} ~~next~~ ^{next} generation. Why? Because the nature of the Will is to remain true to what I call the Originating Vision. Yes, gentlemen, the Originating Vision. For we have been engaged from the beginning of human time in an effort to rise ^{up} from our ~~primitive, our~~ ^{Ur-} depths, ^{to} ~~up~~ to the heights of human glory. We Germans were the first to perceive that this was the aim of human existence, ^{or, put another way,} ~~that~~ the Will embodied in our genes is the direct presence of this Vision, come to us from Creation itself.

"Of course, there are countless impediments to such a transcendental development. The Vision has to be able to adapt to all the varied and

tangled frustrations of life. The more a man feels this impulse to move
^{forward his sense of what he's capable of}
 upward, the more his genes will know the fear of losing their inner-
^{the he does so at the risk of blunting his}
 illumination, ^{this} microscopic embodiment of the Vision. Why? Because it
^{his} is never easy to protect ^{what is} the best in oneself. Indeed, the purest of the genes
 were able to hold on to their hope of future power and high purpose only by
 rising above the privations, humiliations, disasters and tragedies that ^{the Vision} genes
^{will} (suffer in the course of being ^{transmitted} passed from father to child, generation after
 generation. Great leaders, I would tell you, are not the product of one
 father and one mother, but are to be seen as the descendants of ten ^{frustrated}
 generations. So, one has the right to ask—^{has} was the Originating Vision
^{been} (warped out of shape by life's demands? Worse, ^{has it been} was it lost? So often, the
 Vision is abandoned altogether. I can assure you: The noblest genes ^{have}
^{undergo} had to survive agonies of spirit ^{over and over} as they pass from one
 generation to the next. Yet, this odyssey is the only way ^{to produce} that once in a
^{while} a true prodigy ^{can emerge} from a family of ordinary people. I will
^{I have developed} add that these concepts ^{have been developed} by scrupulous observation
^{from} rather than personal experience since I, Heinrich Himmler, would not ^{care to}
^{suggest that I} (qualify as such a person. To the contrary, my roots were given an early and

most advanced development by Heinrich the Fowler, that great German king of the early Middle Ages. You will recall he stood chest-to-chest ^{in combat} against Charlemagne ~~in combat~~. His influence upon my family line obliged me, therefore, to make every effort to regenerate his ^{great and} early family ^{achievements.} ~~success.~~ At the risk of being immodest, I will submit that I do look upon that as my ^{small} ~~but determined~~ personal achievement. ^{however,} But, let all proportions be maintained. The only triumph to impress us to the point of absolute awe is the heroic rise of Adolf Hitler from a long line of the most modest peasant roots.

Our Heinrich now posed the precise objection we were beginning to form for ourselves. "How," he asked, "can the preservation of the

Originating Vision not be obstructed by the process of reproduction itself? ^{Reproduction is, after all, courting.} Its mechanism, indeed! Procreation brings together multimillions of sperm, ^{yet} ~~and~~ each one is faced with the near-to-impossible mission of encountering the ovum, that ^{highly} high developed ^{guarded} and reclusive ovum of the female, large as a battleship to ^{each sperm cell swimming} a lonely swimmer in the sea." Now, he nodded forcibly, and more than twice, twice and then twice again as if to propose that in every difficulty resided the beauty of an exceptional solution. "I would maintain that the multi-million of sperm in one man's ejaculation can

be imbued throughout with the ~~same intensity~~ ^{same power of directedness} toward the target as a first-rate regiment of infantry when its morale is brought to bear upon the need to capture a preassigned ridge. In that sense, sperm, during the act of coition, ^{is able to purposeful} can act in wholly unified fashion. But, "—he held up a hand—"will the genes within the woman, those genes so separately installed in her ovum—will they, we must ask, be compatible with the semen of the man? Or are they in dispute ^{? will they dicker over reductive details or even contravene} with the overall objective within his sperm? I would have to answer, yes, just about always they are much in dispute. Sperm and ovum, in the average case, can ^{sometimes} usually prove sufficiently compatible to procreate. But hardly more. The man and woman rarely share the same aspect of the Originating Vision. One may be in possession of a particular variety, the other keeps to a different aspect. ^{You see, the variety of their separate} That is because ~~the variety of our~~ ^{has already affected their} experience can affect the genes. When we begin to speak therefore of the creation of the Superman, let us be strikingly aware that not even one in a million families can present a man and woman who are close enough in the ^{articulation} precise intensity of their genes to bring forth such a miracle of a child. Not even one, perhaps, in a hundred million. No!"—again the upraised hand—

"let us say, closer to a billion. In the case of Adolf Hitler, the numbers may approach the awesome distances we encounter in astronomy.

"So, gentlemen, we have a right to propose that the Superman can only come forth from a mating of male and female genes who are possessed of exceptional similarity. Only then can such genes be not only compatible but able to reinforce each other. That is the vital collaboration which is altogether necessary if the genes are to carry out the aims of the Originating Vision. By contrast, consider the life story of the average man. His genes remain lonely, and are usually not strong enough to withstand the depredations and erosions of life itself."

Who could not see where Heinrich was leading us? Incest offered the clearest possibility for ^{combining} delivering a striking similarity of purpose.

"However," said Himmler, "it is never so simple. We are all too aware of the poor human products that usually come our way from inter-family fornication. Yes, we know. All too often, children who are a product of incest present a host of childhood ills and early deaths, of mental retardation, physical anomalies, and various other monstrosities of mal-development."

He stood there sad and stern. "This is the price humanity must pay. If the best lies close to the worst, so does the worst occur more often. Much more often. Not only are good tendencies encouraged in such a child's genes—~~bad ones are commingled.~~ ^{but can be fused to each other.} ~~The plus and the minus of all the inner traits comes from the same pool.~~ Our mysterious friends, the genes, ^{then} ~~are also~~ ~~obliged to~~ ^{can} combine their less agreeable possibilities. Instability ~~is to~~ be expected, therefore, as a product of incest. Idiocy waits in the wings. We must recognize: The finer the possibilities for the future development of a great spirit, so too can we expect that excessive restlessness will be present as well. Social inhibitions rear up everywhere to oppress this would-be proud spirit. Vast frustration and massive obstruction can, by early childhood, unhinge the brain or even induce early death." So spoke Heinrich Himmler.

I think all of us present knew the ultimate objective of these remarks. At this point, back in 1938, we were looking (in greatest secrecy, you may be certain) to determine whether our Fuehrer was a first or second-degree incestuary. Or, neither. If not, if neither, then Himmler's theory had to

collapse. Hitler was more than the best example—he was the proof itself.

Provided, of course, that he was a true product of incest.

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Now I am more ready to approach the obsession we shared with Himmler. It revolved around Adolf Hitler, whom, I confess, ^{I loved} moved so often ⁱⁿ to the center of my thoughts. It is certainly fair to say that ~~One could say~~ we were obsessed. But then, what is an obsession but endless circling about a question that remains unanswerable? Our power to think is thereby rendered a hint more numb. You can expect it: For most Germans, the first obsession is Adolf Hitler. Who among us does not try to understand him? Yet, where is the man or woman who can feel satisfied with ^{the} ~~their~~ answer?

Let me surprise you. I do not have this particular trial. I live with the confidence that I am in a position to understand Adolf. For the fact is that I know him. I must repeat. I know him from top to bottom, from the inside, I

can actually say. To borrow from the Americans, given their rough grasp of reality, their instinctive, even lemming-like approach to vulgarity, I say:

"Yes. I know him from asshole to appetite."

Nonetheless, I am obsessed. But with a different question. My never-ceasing quandary is: Do I dare to delineate him? When I think of explaining how I know what I do know, I am seized by ^(a sharp sense of oppression.) fear. It is not easy to admit, but I ^{can describe} will say it is a fear comparable to diving at night into black

water from too great a height. True dread!

^{Be it [] understood then that I must}
 Naturally, I feel obliged to proceed at a careful pace. I think I must ^{and I will only} start, therefore, with the comfortable and the given, ^{I will only} that is, speak at first of Hitler from a distance, ^{This may come to no more than} which may be just another way to say that I will

commence as a biographer.

Concerning his family roots, I do have a few particulars of my own ^{and I can present them,} to present. In Special Section IV-2a, our work, as I have indicated, always

observed the greatest secrecy—our lives were collateral, after all, to such precautions. Yet, by the end, we knew more about Der Fuehrer's origins than any other cohort of researchers. We did look into the most dangerous questions. We lived with the fear there might be answers destructive

enough to imperil the foundations of the Third Reich, yes, the foundations.

All the more reason, therefore, to search. Once answers were found, it

would be less demanding to invent the lies we might need to buttress all ^{those} ~~the~~
~~hysterical~~ ^{of patriotism} patriotic feelings that could be weakened by nauseating facts. You could

say our uneasiness collected about one question that promised to be directly
~~explosive~~ ^{straight} should the wrong answer ^{prove to be the one we feared, it} ever come out. It was far worse, indeed,
~~would prove far worse indeed, most troubling~~ than any certification of incest. ² ~~this other question would ask whether~~

Adolf Hitler's paternal grandfather had been a Jew.

PP 19-33
Faked 1/9/04
By Dwight

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~~It was not the only~~
 If that dire possibility occasioned one high-level search, there were
~~more minor ones we could nonetheless~~
 others we could hardly ignore. For a time, we considered an inquiry into a
~~another rumor. A most delicate one.~~ ^{rumor,} Monorchidism. Did our Fuehrer
 belong to that group of unhappy and hyperactive men who only possess one
 testicle? It was true that he invariably covered his groin with his hands
 whenever a flashbulb photo was about to be taken, a classic gesture,
 understandably, if you are a monorchid. But it is one thing to note such a
 vulnerability, another to verify it. The investigation itself would be at risk.
 Direct results could be obtained quickly by interviewing ^{the few} ~~most~~ women who had
^{and were still alive}
 had intimate relations with him, but how to control the repercussions?
^{couple of bodies}
 What if word got back to Hitler that a ~~few of us~~ in the SS were, so to speak,
 fingering his genital(s)? We had to give up the project. This was by
 Himmler's decision: "If our Esteemed Leader proves to be a first-degree

incestuary, then all questions of monorchidism are subsumed.

Monorchidism is, after all, a likely byproduct of first-degree incest."

Be assured. Where he could, Himmler would return the inquiry to his cardinal theme, (Power being as vital to his well-being as blood, he was naturally tormented by the fear that, given ^{the several} these odd but extreme chances he took, plus his own deep-seated view of himself as a nonentity, he could lose his high office at a stroke. He kept hoping, therefore, that he possessed a truly creative mind (as if that could carry him through unforeseen crises!) Yet, he did possess originality. ^{and one} ~~One~~ had to consider the possibility that he ^{might be} ~~was~~ on to something. Could we find, after all, a better explanation for the legendary Will-of-the-Fuehrer than precisely those reinforcements of the Vision that might ^{scarcely} ~~well~~ inhere to Blood-Scandal?

Conceive, then, how Himmler loathed the idea that Adolf Hitler's paternal grandfather was a Jew. That would not only destroy his thesis, but present us with a major scandal. Nor was it that new a fear. The supposition had first come to light eight years earlier ^{in 1930} when a personal letter came to Hitler's desk ^{penned} ~~in 1930~~. The young man who had ^{sent} ~~sent~~ it was named William Patrick Hitler, and he turned out to be the son of Adolf's older half-

brother, Alois Hitler, Jr. The nephew's letter could be ^{easily} seen ~~interpreted~~ as a ^{threat} ~~lightly veiled species~~ of blackmail for it referred to shared circumstances in our family history. That would have been a dangerous letter to write if William Patrick Hitler lived in Germany, but he had only come forward with this bravado because he dwelt in England, safe with his Irish mother.

What, then, were these shared circumstances? We knew. William Patrick Hitler was speaking of Hitler's grandmother, Maria Anna

Schicklgruber. After the birth in 1837 of her son, Alois Schicklgruber, ^{in a} ~~she~~ ~~unseverable hamlet called Strones~~ ^{in the province of} ~~she~~ used to receive small but regular sums of money from an unknown source.

Yet this Alois was no less than the man who, at the age of 52, became Adolf Hitler's father. That was ^{not until} ~~back in~~ 1889, but ^{back} in 1837, and for many years

after, one rumor stayed alive among Maria Anna's family and neighbors. It

was that ^{the stipend came from} a well-to-do Jew who lived in the provincial city of Graz was ^{Strones, a poor hamlet, from her hamlet in Spital} ~~the~~ ^{(person sending the stipend. Graz was a good distance away, but according}

^{to the legends} ~~to some~~, Maria Anna Schicklgruber had worked as a maid in this Jew's house ^{and returned to her hamlet} before she became pregnant. What sustained the story was that there was no name for the father. When she took the baby to be baptized, her

parish priest ^{listed} ~~had to list~~ the birth as "Illegitimate," a common declaration in

Waldviertel she

those parts. The Waldviertel was known, after all, as the poorhouse of Austria. One hundred years later, following the Anschluss in 1938, I was even sent down to the region. Allow me to offer my results. The findings were, in fact, fascinating, but it would be premature to explain how I found out what I did. Let me say again that it will take a while before I know how much I am prepared to present of my real methods of discovery.

The results, then.

5.

Raabs, Rosenberg, Rappottenstein, Hardegg, Rosenau, Heidenreichstein and Litschau are castles in the Waldviertel, ^{This} an Austrian province, ^{is} situated north of the Danube, a land of tall beautiful pines. Indeed Waldviertel can be translated directly as the "wooded quarter," and the silences of the forests are dark and hooded in contrast to the spring green of the occasional field. The soil, however, ^{does not welcome} is ~~not good~~ for agriculture. So the castles are, for the most part, modest, ^{very} and the peasants ^{poor}. The Hiedlers (who later became Hitlers) lived in Spital, a village of sorts, and the Schicklgrubers, their cousins, lived in ^{the above said} Strones, a place ^{certainly} small enough to be termed a hamlet. Be it stated that in those years an Austrian hamlet in the back woods confirmed the meaning of dirt-poor. Strones was mud-deep along its one lane, and, of course, had no inn, just a few dozen huts with roofs of thatch. If Strones was profuse in pig wallows around each dwelling, cow flop was more prominent in the town meadows. Here and

there, the redolence of horse manure would speak of the value of dray-horses. This was, after all, an area where a peasant often had to pull his own plow. When no snow covered the ground, one slogged through various grades of mud. There was gumbo thick as lava, rivulets of silt, gravel washes, muck and slops, clods, rocks, common clay. Most of the peasants had never been near any one of the Waldviertel castles just listed. The nearest one, Weitra, was twenty-five miles away. For that matter, Strones did not even have a church. One went to the next hamlet, and there in the parish registry Maria Anna Schicklgruber had the name of her son inscribed as "Alois Schicklgruber, Catholic, Male,"—and, as we know—"Illegitimate."

Maria Anna, born in 1795, was forty-two when Alois was born. Coming from a family of eleven children of whom five were already dead, it was certainly possible that she had cohabited with any one of several of her brothers. One of them could be the missing mate. (Himmler had, of course, no objection to that.) In any event, despite the abysmal poverty of the Schicklgrubers who had lost their farm and now had to work for wages, and were thus even poorer than their neighbors, she and her son dwelt for the

next five years in her father's two small rooms. The mysterious money that came in dependable installments helped to support ^{him as well,} ~~the family.~~

We were ready, even eager, to find an inner-family trove of copulations, but that did not allow us to dismiss the Jew from Graz. ^{Tugievies,} ~~We~~ ^{we understood (via Himmler) had been made eight} ~~knew that eight~~ years ago, Hitler on reading his nephew's letter, had sent it on immediately to his lawyer, Hans Frank. Our Fuehrer, as some may no longer recall, did not become Chancellor until 1933, and three years earlier, (which was not the best time for the Nazis), Hans Frank, like many another close associate, was looking nonetheless to work his way in a little closer to the Leader on the off-chance that Adolf Hitler would yet succeed.

Frank had ^{unhappy} ~~bad~~ news to deliver. The likelihood was that the father to Maria Anna's pregnancy was a nineteen-year-old, the oldest boy of a Jewish merchant named Frankenberger. It made sense. In those years, the scion of many a well-to-do family commonly enjoyed his first carnal outings with a housemaid. Nor did she have to be anywhere near his age. Such provenance was accepted by the good bourgeois mores of a provincial city like Graz as proven in practice, a good deal better than consorting with

whores or settling too early on a sweetheart who, in such urgent circumstances, was bound to be unsuitable.

Frank claimed to have seen some conclusive evidence. He told Hitler that he had been shown a letter from Herr Frankenberger, the father of the boy, to Maria Anna. The letters promised to provide regular payments for Alois over the next fourteen years.

All through that year of 1930, Hitler was, however, immersed in his romance with Geli Raubal, Geli, his blood niece, daughter of Angela Raubal, Hitler's half-sister. Our Adolf did not need more complications. He told Hans Frank that the true story, imparted to him by his own father, Alois, was that the real grandfather was Johann Georg Hiedler, ^{own} his mother's cousin, who had finally come around to marry Maria Anna Schicklgruber five years after Alois' birth. "All the same," said Hitler to Hans Frank, "I am ready to examine this letter from the Jew to my grandmother."

Frank told Hitler that the letter was not available. The man who possessed it was asking an impossibly high price and could not be budged to negotiate, not by honey, nor by threats. Besides, if the letter had been photographed, ~~acquisition~~ ^{of the original} was worth little.

(of course) the original
 "You have seen ~~it~~ ^{the original} Hitler ~~stated~~ ^{stated}."

"I was able to look at it in his office. He had two big fellows standing beside him. He also had a pistol on the table. What must he have been expecting?"

Hitler nodded. "In a case like this, one cannot even hope for a premature death. We can expect ~~that~~ the letter to be in one place and a photographic copy in another."

There it remained, one more concern for Hitler to carry.

In 1938, however, our findings came up with a ~~variant~~ ^{definitive} to this story. It no longer seemed so ~~certain~~ ^{certain} that Maria Anna had been receiving money for fourteen years after 1837. Following her marriage back in 1842, she and her husband, Johann Georg Heidler, had even been too poor to have a home of their own. For a time they actually slept in an empty cattle trough in a neighbor's barn. Of course, there might still have been money coming in because Johann Georg could certainly have drunk it up. In Strones, he remained a legend for the depth of his drunken stupors. (Through which, incidentally, he kept drinking.) Such a need for liquor could indeed mar the assumption that there was no money. For why would a drunk like fifty-

year-old Johann Georg marry a forty-seven-year-old unless she had income to offer? The likelihood that he was Alois' father and our Adolf's grandfather was thereby reduced. Besides, Johann Georg Hiedler made no objection when Maria Anna convinced Johann's younger brother, also named Johann, (but, in this case, Johann Nepomuk Hiedler), to take the boy in and raise him. Johann Nepomuk ~~who did not drink~~ ^{heavily drank on them} was a hard-working farmer with a wife and three daughters, but he did not have a son.

This brother, Johann Nepomuk, might well be the real father. Yet, we were still not ready to discount the Jew.

Himmler sent me to Graz and I took close measure of some century-old records. I could find no man named Frankenberger in the ledgers! I pored over the Kulturgemeinde of the Jewish Registry of Graz, and was confirmed. Back in 1496, the Jews had been expelled from the region. Three hundred and forty years later, back in 1837 when Alois was born, the Jews had still not been permitted to come back. Such permission actually took another twenty years. Moreover, Graz was the sort of small Austrian city that catered to retired army officers on small pensions—of course, it

would not be ^{congratulated} friendly to Jews. Not now and not one hundred years ago.

Had Hans Frank been lying? *Was he so careless or callous as to make a play on his own name?*

It was Himmler who explained it to me. Frank was bold. Indeed, he did not acquire his final nickname for too little. (By 1942, he would be known as the “Butcher of Poland.”) At the time of the nephew’s letter, he was, as already suggested, looking to establish himself in Hitler’s inner circle. The way Himmler saw it, Hans Frank had invented the existence of the letter for that would provide him with a pressure point on his leader. Given the absence of the purported document, Hitler could hardly know whether Frank was, one, making it up; two, telling the truth; or, three, might actually possess such a letter. It could have been the end for Hans Frank, if Hitler had sent a researcher to Graz, but the lawyer understood his client well enough to wager that Hitler did not really want to know.

Since Himmler was grooming me to become one of his close assistants, he also confided that he did not tell Hitler how there were no Jews in Graz back in 1837. He told Frank instead. I understood immediately. Could there be one official within the Nazi ruling group who was not searching for a grip on the others? Frank, to an effective degree,

was now in Himmler's grasp. Given that mutual understanding, he ^{did} ~~served~~
Himmler overtly and well, ^{then, in} until 1942 when Hitler, nervous to the end about
the Jewish grandfather, ^(—had he had a bad dream?—) instructed our Heinrich to send a good man to Graz.
Himmler, in turn, looking to protect the manifold usefulness of Hans Frank
now that he was Governor-General of Poland, reported that no tangible
evidence was found. What with the pressure of the war and the ambiguity
of the reports, the matter ^{could} ~~should~~ be put to rest. Such was Himmler's advice
to Hitler.

6.

The year 1942 is, however, a long way down the road from 1837. If the same can be said for 1938, I only mention that year once again because of a small episode that occurred during the Anschluss of Austria. It will offer an insight into Himmler. If, behind his back, he was still ridiculed by his Party enemies as Heini—ill-gaited, pompous, ^{wide-assed and} flat-assed, ~~and~~ as pious a ^{mediocrity I may} ~~Nazi~~ as any other ~~mediocrity~~ who has risen too high—his detractors were describing the outer shell. ~~Not the man.~~ Nobody, not even Hitler, believed more profoundly in our philosophical principles.

I remember on the first morning after the Brown Shirts marched into Vienna, that a squad of them—beer-hall types with bellies ^{always} ~~either~~ above or below their belts—collected a seemly group of old and middle-aged Jews,

professional class, pince-nez absolutely in place, and put them to work scrubbing street pavement with toothbrushes. The Storm-Troopers laughed as they watched. It became an episode to create attention. Photographs of the event were featured on the front pages of many a newspaper in Europe and America.

Next day, Himmler spoke to a few of us. "That was a most expensive indulgence and I am pleased that not one of our SS men had anything to do with such a vulgarity. We all know this kind of action can lower morale among many of our best people. It will certainly encourage rowdyism here in Vienna. Nonetheless, we do well not to reject altogether the primitive instinct revealed by the act. For it was, I would say after much reflection, a successful act of mockery." He paused. He did have our attention. "There is a curious, even, I would declare, a hidden sense of inferiority among many of our folk who feel that the Jews are capable of offering more concentration to a task than any of us—they do know how to study—and that is why ^{so many of them} ~~they have~~ been so successful. It is very much a Jewish notion that in the end, they can win everything by working harder than the host race of any and every country they happen to be inhabiting.

“So, I would say this act burst forth from the crude but nonetheless often incisive understanding of our people. It speaks to the Jews. It tells them that work, if it is not attached to a noble purpose, is meaningless. ‘Scrub away with those toothbrushes,’ the boys were saying, ‘because you Jews, whether you know it or not, do exactly the same thing every day. Your virtuous scholarship goes nowhere but into more talk and more contradictions.’ Therefore, on second thought,” Himmler concluded, “I will not condemn out of hand the deeds of these low-rank Nazis.”

The story is useful if one is to understand Himmler, but my focus is still upon Hitler. So, I now recognize that I interrupted my narrative because I am not ready to relate how I came to learn the truth as to who, really, was Alois’ father. (While I am prepared to give his name and describe the ^{occasion,} ~~subsequent events~~, I recognize that some of my readers will be ^{these} ~~they are being~~ ^{will be presented without my sources,} ~~disclosures without solid footing.~~ ^{cannot be} ~~A fact is not~~ a fact, they will say, if the means by which it was obtained ^{are not (to)} ~~is not~~ presented.)

I agree. Nonetheless, my real means ~~cannot yet~~ ^{are not (to)} be revealed. Even the resources of ~~Special~~ Section IV-2a were not sufficient for me on that occasion. I did piece together an answer, however, and bent the evidence to

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Faxed
by Dwyer
1/14/04

it is because time passes
here void of any
stature for me ^(one's spirit too)
I confess ~~leaves me~~ ^{which}
~~disposed toward~~
rebellion that I
am preparing
to write a

Hitler's Mother

1.

You may call me Dieter. For now, the name will serve—now that I

am in America, this curious nation. If I draw upon my reserves of patience,

~~it is because here time passes void of stature for me. So I feel disposed~~
~~leaves me so disposed~~
toward rebellion. The incontrovertible proof is that I am preparing to write a

novel. Among my former associates, ^{this} ~~that~~ was something not to do. I was,

after all, a member of a ~~most special~~ ^{matchless} Intelligence group. Its classification

~~(for those who care about such~~ ^{Special} ~~recondite matters)~~ was SS, Section IV-2a, and

we were directly under the supervision of Heinrich Himmler. ~~So I was~~

more than familiar with the formulations that emerged from his brain.

Today, ~~in Germany~~ ^{that man the man} Himmler is seen as a monster, and indeed he was, but he

~~did have~~ ^(like most monsters) a mind that was not without its originality, and one of his theses

like many ~~monsters~~ ^{disturbed personality} did have an original mind, and
one of his theses — → p2

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a most powerful concept!—^{leads me toward my own}~~does~~ take me into my ^{ambitions} novelistic intentions, which
^{will be}~~are~~, I promise, not routine.

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2.

The room in which Himmler used to instruct ^{us} ~~those of us~~ ⁷ ~~who~~ were his ~~favorites~~ should not be difficult to picture since it was a modest lecture theatre with twenty seats and old walnut panelling. My emphasis ^{not offky} ~~will rarely~~ need not be, however, on such details, ^{since I would rather myself} ~~but rather will do better to~~ concern itself with Himmler's more private ideas ⁼ for there sits the introduction to my purpose—I wish to tell a tale resistant to conventional belief, which is equal to saying ^{I, that is not} ~~I cannot tell~~ ^{or, to put it more directly,} ~~that I am~~ ^{will voyage} voyaging into a sea of turbulence, a cacaphony of new problems.

The first is that I, a veteran artist of mendacity, ^{must now try to} ~~will be trying to~~ recount what is true when the habit of ^{our} ~~my~~ occupation was not only to distort the truth but know how to pick up momentum from the lies we promulgated. Mendacity, after all, is not without its own art. Now I am burdened with an unfamiliar inclination: the desire to tell it—as Americans say, straight out! For a serious intelligence officer, this inclination is inadmissible. But then, I

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no longer know exactly where I am by now (other than for the gross fact that I am in America—good luck!)

Enough! Let me present Heinrich Himmler. You, the reader, must be prepared for no easy occasion since this man whose inadvertant nickname (much behind his back!) was Heini, had become by 1938 one of the four or five most important leaders in Germany. Yet his most secret intellectual devotion was toward the study of incest. It was more than a signal point of interest, ^{it was} indeed, an obsession, if you will. It dominated ~~much of~~ ^{invasiveness} our secret research. His closed lectures often returned to the extent of this problem.

Through the centuries, incest, he would propose, had been prevalent among the poor of all lands. Even our own German peasantry had been much afflicted, yes, even through the Nineteenth Century. "Normally, no one in learned society cares to speak of this," he would remark. "After all, there is nothing to be done. Who would bother to declare that some poor wretch is a certified product of incest? No, every establishment has swept it under the rug. Ranking government officials still do the same all over the world."

All, that is, except our Heinrich Himmler. He did have the most extraordinary ideas fermenting behind his unhappy spectacles. For a man with a bland and chinless mug, I must repeat that he did have a mind of his own. To us who worked closely with him, his thought invariably proved

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disruptive in its mixture of brilliance and stupidity. He was ^{that} ~~so~~ much out of category. For example, he declared himself to be a pagan. He predicted that there would be a healthy and orgiastic future when paganism took over the world. ^{Everyone's} ~~The~~ soul would then be rich. None of us could conceive, however, of an orgy where carnality would rise to such a pitch that you might find a woman ready to throw herself into a flesh-melting roll with Heinrich Himmler. No, not even in the most innovative spirit of the game! You could see his face as it must once have been at a school dance, that bespectacled disapproving stare of the wallflower, tall, thin, but embarrassed already by a skinny youth's pot belly. There he was, ready to wait by the wall until the dance was over.

Yet he became obsessed with matters others would hardly dare to mention aloud (which, I must say, is usually the first step to new thought!) In fact, he paid close attention to mental retardation. It had, he would propose, a possible relation to genius. Himmler proceeded on the theory that the best human possibilities lie close to the worst. Remember that! The best lies close to the worst! It was virtually routine for him to anticipate that on occasion the most exceptionally promising offspring could be found in low level families with many children. Such kids were often incestuaries. The word, as he coined it in German, was inzeštuars. He did not like the more

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common term for such disgrace, Blutschande, (blood-scandal), or as
sometimes ^{employed} ~~used~~ in polite circles, Dramatik des Blutes, (blood-drama).

None of us felt sufficiently qualified to say that his theory ^{was} ~~could~~, of
course, ^{to} be dismissed. (Himmler had recognized ^{S.S.} even in the first years of the
~~SS~~ that one of our prime needs was to develop exceptional research groups,
an elite at one phenomenal level above the elite. We were to search into
ultimates. As Himmler put it, letzte Fragen—last questions. (The health of
National Socialism depended, he would often say, on nothing less.) We
were to explore problems that others did not expect to go near. Incest—
count on it—was topping the list. Once the German mind could re-establish
itself as the leading influence in the learned world, then—so went his
unstated syllogism—much recognition would be given to Heinrich Himmler
for his profound attack on world problems originating in ~~his studies of the~~
^{the} agricultural milieu. Let me emphasize the obvious: Problems of husbandry
could not be contemplated without comprehending the peasant. Yet to
understand this man of the earth was to speak of incest.

Here, I promise you, he would hold up his hand in precisely that little
gesture Hitler used—one prissy flip of the wrist! It was Heinrich's way of
saying: "Now comes the meat and potatoes!" And on he would proceed.
"Yes," he would say, "incest! This is one very good reason that old peasants

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are devout. We, here, need not refer to our ^{special} ~~detailed~~ studies in order to declare that an acute fear of the sinful in oneself will manifest itself sooner or later by one of two opposed extremes: Either absolute devotion to religious practice! Or nihilism! Indeed, I can recall from my student days that the Marxist Friedrich Engels wrote this: 'Once the Catholic Church decided ~~that~~ adultery was impossible to prevent, they made divorce impossible to obtain.' A brilliant remark even if it comes from the wrong mouth. As much can be said for blood-scandal. Also impossible to prevent. So, the peasant looks to keep himself devout. I guarantee you: this was altogether true in the old days." He nodded. He nodded again as if two good pumps of his head might be the minimum necessary to convince us.

How, he asked, could the average peasant of the last century avoid these blood temptations? After all, peasants, as we all knew, were not the most attractive people. If born with good features, any such advantage was soon worn away by hard labor. Moreover, they would reek of the field and the barn. Heavy personal odors were at the mercy of hot summers. ~~How,~~ ^{Would} ~~then, could~~ their basic impulses not be subject ^{then} to bestial inclinations? Given ^{how were they to} the paucity of their social life, ~~could they possibly~~ acquire the inner power to stay away from entanglements with brothers and sisters, fathers and daughters?

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He did not go on to speak of the propinquity of limbs and torsos when three and four children are in a bed, nor the ham-handed naturalness of the most agreeable work of all—that hard-breathing feverish meat-heavy run up the steep short hills of physical joy. “But, yes,” he declared, “given the hammer and anvil of peasant life, more than a few in the agricultural sector come to see incest as an available option. Who, after all, is more likely to find the honorable work-hardened features of the father or the brother particularly attractive? The daughters, of course! Or the sisters. Often they are the only ones. The father, having created them, remains the focus of their attention. The ^{young} brother, so often, lives at night ^{in the same bed} with the sister ~~in the same bed~~. Sexual attraction can, of course, be described as: highly focussed attention.”

Hand it to Himmler. He had been storing theories in his head for two decades. Moreover, he had immersed himself in The World as Will and Idea. Heinrich was a great believer in Schopenhauer's assertions on the primal importance of the Will. He had, therefore, a great deal to say about the genes—still a wonderful new word for us in 1938. These genes, he said, had to be a biological embodiment of Schopenhauer's mysterious Will. “We know,” he said, “that certain instincts are passed on from one generation to the next. Why? Because the nature of the Will is to remain true to what I call the Originating Vision. Yes, gentlemen, the Originating Vision. For we

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have been engaged from the beginning of human time in an effort to rise from our Ur-depths to the heights of human glory. We Germans were the first to perceive that this was the aim of human existence, ~~or, put another way,~~ ^{The} Will embodied in our genes is the direct presence of this Vision, come to us from Creation itself.

"Of course, there are countless impediments to such a transcendental development. The Vision has to be able to adapt to all the ~~varied and tangled~~ frustrations of life. The more a man feels ^{an} ~~this~~ impulse to move upward toward his sense of ~~what he~~ should be, the more his genes will fear that he does so at the risk of blunting his illumination, his microscopic embodiment ~~of the Vision. Why? Because~~ ^{it} is never easy to protect what is best in

oneself. Indeed, the purest of the genes were able to hold on to their hope of future power and high purpose only by rising above the privations, humiliations, disasters and tragedies the Vision will suffer in the course of being transmitted from father to child, generation after generation. Great leaders, I would tell you, are not the product of one father and one mother, but are to be seen as the descendants of ten frustrated generations. So, one has the right to ask—has the Originating Vision been warped out of shape by life's demands? Worse, has it been lost? So often, the Vision is abandoned altogether. I can assure you: The noblest genes undergo agonies of spirit as

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they pass from one generation to the next. Yet, this odyssey is the only way to produce a true prodigy from a family of ordinary people. I will add that I have developed these concepts ^{through} ~~by~~ scrupulous observation rather than from personal experience, ^{therefore} ~~since~~ I, Heinrich Himmler, would not care to suggest that I qualify as such a person. To the contrary, my roots were given an early and most advanced development by Heinrich the Fowler, that great German king of the early Middle Ages. You will recall he stood chest-to-chest in combat against Charlemagne. His influence upon my family line obliged me, therefore, to make every effort to regenerate his great and early family achievements. At the risk of being immodest, I will submit that I do look upon that as my small but determined achievement. Let all proportions, however, be maintained. The only triumph to impress us to the point of absolute awe is the heroic rise of Adolf Hitler from a long line of the most modest peasant roots.

Our Heinrich now posed the precise objection we were beginning to form for ourselves. "How," he asked, "can the preservation of the Originating Vision not be obstructed by the process of reproduction itself? Reproduction is, after all, commingling. Procreation brings together multimillions of sperm, yet each one is faced with the mission near-to-impossible of encountering the ovum, that highly-developed and reclusive

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ovum of the female, large as a battleship to a each lonely sperm cell swimming in the sea." Now, he nodded forcibly, and more than twice, twice and then twice again as if to propose that in every difficulty resided the beauty of an exceptional solution. "I would maintain that the multi-million

of sperm in one man's ejaculation can be imbued throughout with the power of directedness toward the target ^{even as the morale of} as a first-rate regiment of infantry ^{when its}

^{can be} morale is brought to bear ^{on} upon the need to capture a preassigned ridge. ^{one can} ~~propose that~~ ^{that sense} sperm, during the act of coition, is able to act in ^{just such} purposeful

fashion. But,"—he held up a hand—"will the genes within the woman, those genes so separately installed in her ovum—will they, we must ask, be compatible with the semen of the man? Or are they in dispute? Will they dicker over reductive details or even contravene the overall objective within his sperm? I would have to answer, yes, just about always they are much in dispute. Sperm and ovum, in the average case, can sometimes prove sufficiently compatible to procreate. But hardly more. The man and woman

^{so} rarely share the same aspect of the Originating Vision. ~~One may be in~~

~~possession of a particular variety, the other keeps to a different aspect. You~~
~~seen~~ ^T the variety of their separate experience has already affected their genes.

When we begin to speak, therefore, of the creation of the Superman, let us be strikingly aware that not even one in a million families can present a man

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and woman who are close enough in the precise articulation of their genes to bring forth such a miracle of a child. Not even one, perhaps, in a hundred million. No!"—again the upraised hand—"let us say, closer to a billion. In the case of Adolf Hitler, the numbers may approach the awesome distances we encounter in astronomy.

"So, gentlemen, we have a right to propose that the Superman can only come forth from a mating of male and female genes who are possessed of exceptional similarity. Only then can such genes be not only compatible but able to reinforce each other. That is the vital collaboration which is altogether necessary if the genes are to carry out the aims of the Originating Vision. "~~By contrast, consider the life story of the average man. His genes remain lonely, and are usually not strong enough to withstand the depredations and erosions of life itself.~~"

Who could not see where Heinrich was leading us? Incest offered the clearest possibility for combining a striking similarity of purpose.

"However," said Himmler, "it is never so simple. We are all too aware of the poor human products that usually come our way from inter-family fornication. Yes, we know. All too often, children who are a product of incest present a host of childhood ills and early deaths, of mental

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retardation, physical anomalies, and various other monstrosities of mal-development."

He stood there sad and stern. "This is the price humanity must pay. If the best lies close to the worst, so does the worst occur more often. Much more often. Not only are good tendencies encouraged in such a child's genes—bad ones can be fused to each other. Our mysterious friends, the genes, then combine their less agreeable possibilities. Instability can be expected, therefore, as a product of incest. Idiocy waits in the wings. We must recognize: The finer the possibilities for the future development of a great spirit, so too can we expect that excessive restlessness will be present as well. Social inhibitions rear up everywhere to oppress this would-be proud spirit. Vast frustration and massive obstruction can, by early childhood, unhinge the brain or even induce early death." So spoke Heinrich Himmler.

I think all of us present knew the ultimate objective of these remarks. At this point, back in 1938, we were looking (in greatest secrecy, you may be certain) to determine whether our Fuehrer was a first or second-degree incestuary. Or, neither. If not, if neither, then Himmler's theory had to collapse. Hitler was more than the best example—he was the proof itself. Provided, of course, that he was a true product of incest.

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Now I am more ready to approach the obsession we shared with Himmler. It revolved around Adolf Hitler, whom, I confess, lived often in the center of my thoughts. It is certainly fair to say that we were obsessed. But then, what is an obsession but endless circling about a question that remains unanswerable? Our power to think is thereby rendered a hint more numb. You can expect it: For most Germans, the first obsession is Adolf Hitler. Who among us does not try to understand him? Yet, where is the man or woman who can feel satisfied with the answer?

Let me surprise you. I do not have this particular trial. I live with the confidence that I am in a position to understand Adolf. For the fact is that I know him. I must repeat. I know him from top to bottom, from the inside, I

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can actually say. To borrow from the Americans, given their rough grasp of reality, their instinctive, even lemming-like approach to vulgarity, I say:

"Yes. I know him from asshole to appetite."

Nonetheless, I am obsessed. But with a different question. My never-ceasing quandary is: Do I dare to delineate him? When I think of explaining how I know what I do know, I am seized by a sharp sense of oppression. It is not easy to admit, but I can describe it as a fear comparable to diving at night into black water from too great a height. True dread!

Be it understood then that I must proceed at a careful pace and choose to start, therefore, with the ~~comfortable and the~~ given. ^{At first,} I will ~~only~~ speak of Hitler from a distance. ~~This may come to no more than another way to say that I will commence as a biographer.~~

Concerning his family roots, I do have a few particulars, ^{special} of my own, and I can present them. In Section IV-2a, our work, as I have indicated, always observed the greatest secrecy—our lives were collateral, after all, to such precautions. Yet, by the end, we knew more about Der Fuehrer's origins than any other cohort of researchers. We did look into the most dangerous questions. We lived with the fear there might be answers destructive enough to imperil the foundations of the Third Reich. ^{On the} ~~yes, the~~ ^{other hand, once we had some ~~little~~ answers, it} ~~foundations. All the more reason, therefore, to search. Once answers were~~

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~~found, it~~ would be less demanding to invent the lies we might need to
buttress all those hysterical feelings of patriotism that ^{lived in fear of} ~~could be weakened by~~
nauseating facts. You could say our uneasiness collected about one question
that promised to be directly explosive. Should the answer prove to be the one
we feared, it would prove far worse, indeed, than any certification of incest.
This most troubling question would ask whether Adolf Hitler's paternal
grandfather had been a Jew.

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That was not the only dire possibility. There were ~~more~~⁶³ minor ones we could nonetheless hardly ignore. For a time, we considered an inquiry into a most delicate rumor. Monorchidism. Did our Fuehrer belong to that group of unhappy and hyperactive men who only possess one testicle? It was true that he invariably covered his groin with his hands whenever a flashbulb photo was about to be taken, a classic gesture, understandably, if you are a monorchid. But it is one thing to note such a vulnerability, another to verify it. The investigation itself would be at risk. Direct results could be obtained quickly by interviewing the few women who had had intimate relations with him and were still alive, but how to control the repercussions? What if word got back to Hitler that a couple of bodies in the SS were, so to speak, fingering his genital(s)? We had to give up the project. This was by Himmler's decision: "If our Esteemed Leader proves to be a first-degree

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incestuary, then all questions of monorchidism are subsumed.

Monorchidism is, after all, a likely byproduct of first-degree incest."

Be assured. Where he could, Himmler would return the inquiry to his cardinal theme, and one had to consider the possibility that he might be on to something. Could we find, after all, a better explanation for the legendary Will-of-the-Fuehrer than precisely those reinforcements of the Vision that might inhere to Blood-Scandal?

Conceive, then, how Himmler loathed the idea that Adolf Hitler's paternal grandfather was a Jew. That would not only destroy his thesis, but present us with a major scandal. Nor was it that new a fear. The supposition had first come to light eight years earlier in 1930 when a personal letter came to Hitler's desk. The young man who had penned it was named William Patrick Hitler, and he turned out to be the son of Adolf's older half-brother, Alois Hitler, Jr. The nephew's letter could easily be seen as a lightly veiled threat of blackmail for it referred to shared circumstances in our family history. That would have been a dangerous letter to write if William Patrick Hitler lived in Germany, but he had only come forward with this bravado because he dwelt in England, safe with his Irish mother.

What, then, were these shared circumstances? We knew. William Patrick Hitler was speaking of Hitler's grandmother, Maria Anna

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Schicklgruber. After the birth in 1837 of her son, Alois Schicklgruber in a miserable hamlet called Strones in the province of Waldviertel, she used to receive small but regular sums of money from an unknown source. Yet this Alois was no less than the man who, at the age of 52, became Adolf Hitler's father. That was not until 1889, but back in 1837, and for many years after, one rumor stayed alive among Maria Anna's family and neighbors. It was that the stipend came from a well-to-do Jew who lived in the provincial city of Graz, a good distance away from Strones. According to the legend, Maria Anna Schicklgruber had worked as a maid in this Jew's house, became pregnant, and returned to the hamlet. What sustained the story was that there was no name for the father. When she took the baby to be baptized, her parish priest listed the birth as "Illegitimate," a common declaration in those parts. The Waldviertel was known, after all, as the poorhouse of Austria. One hundred years later, following the Anschluss in 1938, I was even sent down to the region. Allow me to offer my results. The findings were, in fact, fascinating, but it would be premature to explain how I found out what I did. Let me say again that it will take a while before I know how much I am prepared to present of my real methods of discovery.

The results, then.

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5.

Raabs, Rosenberg, Rappottenstein, Hardegg, Rosenau, Heidenreichstein and Litschau are castles in the Waldviertel. This province, situated north of the Danube, is a land of tall beautiful pines. Indeed Waldviertel can be translated directly as the "wooded quarter," and the silences of the forests are dark and hooded in contrast to the spring green of the occasional field. The soil, however, does not welcome agriculture. So the castles are, for the most part, modest. The Hiedlers (who later became Hitlers) lived in Spital, a village of sorts, and the Schicklgrubers, their cousins, lived in the aforesaid Strones, a place certainly small enough to be termed a hamlet. Be it stated that in those years an Austrian hamlet in the back woods confirmed the meaning of dirt-poor. Strones was mud-deep along its one lane, and, of course, had no inn, just a few dozen huts with roofs of thatch. If Strones was profuse in pig wallows around each dwelling,

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cow flop was more prominent in the town meadows. Here and there, the redolence of horse manure would speak of the value of dray-horses. This was, after all, an area where a peasant often had to pull his own plow. When no snow covered the ground, one slogged through various grades of mud. There was gumbo thick as lava, rivulets of silt, gravel washes, muck and slops, clods, rocks, common clay. Most of the peasants had never been near any ~~one~~ of the Waldviertel castles just listed. The nearest ~~one~~, Weitra, was twenty-five miles away. For that matter, Strones did not even have a church. One went to the next hamlet, and there in the parish registry Maria Anna Schicklgruber had the name of her son inscribed as "Alois Schicklgruber, Catholic, Male,"—and, as we know—"Illegitimate."

Maria Anna, born in 1795, was forty-two when Alois was born. Coming from a family of eleven children of whom five were already dead, it was certainly possible that she had cohabited with any one of several of her brothers. One of them could be the missing mate. (Himmeler had, of course, no objection to that.) In any event, despite the abysmal poverty of the Schicklgrubers who had lost their farm and now had to work for wages, and were thus even poorer than their neighbors, she and her son dwelt for the next five years in her father's two small rooms. The mysterious money that came in dependable installments helped to support him as well.

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We were ready, even eager, to find an inner-family trove of copulations, but that did not allow us to dismiss the Jew from Graz. Inquiries, we understood (via Himmler) had been made eight years ago. Hitler on reading his nephew's letter, had sent it on immediately to his lawyer, Hans Frank. Our Fuehrer, as some may no longer recall, did not become Chancellor until 1933, and three years earlier, (which was not the best time for the Nazis), Hans Frank, like many another close associate, was looking nonetheless to work his way in a little closer to the Leader on the off-chance that Adolf Hitler would yet succeed.

Frank had unhappy news to deliver. The likelihood was that the father to Maria Anna's pregnancy was a nineteen-year-old, the oldest boy of a Jewish merchant named Frankenberger. It made sense. In those years, the scion of many a well-to-do family commonly enjoyed his first carnal outings with a housemaid. Nor did she have to be anywhere near his age. Such provenance was accepted by the good bourgeois mores of a provincial city like Graz as proven in practice. ^{It was seen as} a good deal better than consorting with whores or settling too early on a sweetheart who, in such urgent circumstances, was bound to be unsuitable.

Frank claimed to have seen some conclusive evidence. He told Hitler that he had been shown a letter from Herr Frankenberger, the father of the

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boy, to Maria Anna. The letter⁶ promised to provide regular payments for Alois over the next fourteen years.

All through that year of 1930, Hitler was, however, immersed in his romance with Geli Raubal, Geli, his blood niece, daughter of Angela Raubal, Hitler's half-sister. Our Adolf did not need more complications. He told Hans Frank that the true story, imparted to him by his own father, Alois, was that the real grandfather was Johann Georg Hiedler, his own mother's ^{second} cousin, who had finally come around to marry Maria Anna Schicklgruber five years after Alois' birth. "All the same," said Hitler to Hans Frank, "I am ready to examine this letter from the Jew to my grandmother."

Frank told Hitler that the letter was not available. The man who possessed it was asking an impossibly high price and could not be budged to negotiate, not by honey, nor by threats. Besides, if the letter had been photographed, acquisition was worth little.

"You have, of course, seen the original," Hitler stated.

"I was able to look at it in his office. He had two big fellows standing beside him. He also had a pistol on the table. What must he have been expecting?"

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Hitler nodded. "In a case like this, one cannot even hope for a premature death. ~~We can expect the letter to be~~ ^{will} in one place and a photographic copy in another."

There it remained, one more concern for Hitler to carry.

In 1938, however, our findings came up with a variant to this story. It no longer seemed so certain that Maria Anna had been receiving money for fourteen years after 1837. Following her marriage back in 1842, she and her husband, Johann Georg Heidler, had even been too poor to have a home of their own. For a time they actually slept in an empty cattle trough in a neighbor's barn. Of course, there might still have been money coming in because Johann Georg could certainly have drunk it up. In Strones, he remained a legend for the depth of his drunken stupors. (Through which, ^{Indeed such} ~~incidentally, he kept drinking.~~ ~~Such a need for liquor could indeed mar the~~ ^{marred the} assumption that there was no money. For why would a drunk like fifty-year-old Johann Georg marry a forty-seven-year-old unless she had income to offer? The likelihood that he was Alois' father and our Adolf's grandfather was thereby reduced. Besides, Johann Georg Hiedler made no objection when Maria Anna convinced Johann's younger brother, also named Johann, (but, in this case, Johann Nepomuk Hiedler), to take the boy in and raise

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him. Johann Nepomuk was a hard-working farmer with a wife and three daughters, but he did not have a son.

This brother, Johann Nepomuk, might well be the real father. Yet, we were still not ready to discount the Jew.

Himmler sent me to Graz and I took close measure of some century-old records. I could find no man named Frankenberger in the ledgers! I pored over the Kulturgemeinde of the Jewish Registry of Graz, and was confirmed. Back in 1496, the Jews had been expelled from the region. Three hundred and forty^{-one} years later, back in 1837 when Alois was born, the Jews had still not been permitted to come back. Such permission actually took another twenty years. Moreover, Graz was the sort of small Austrian city that catered to retired army officers on small pensions—of course, it would not be congenial to Jews. Not now and not one hundred years ago. Had Hans Frank been lying? Was he so careless or callous as to make a play on his own name?

It was Himmler who explained it to me. Frank was bold. Indeed, he did not acquire his final nickname for too little. (By 1942, he would be known as the “Butcher of Poland.”) At the time of the nephew’s letter, he was, as already suggested, looking to establish himself in Hitler’s inner circle. The way Himmler saw it, Hans Frank had invented the existence of

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the letter for that would provide him with a pressure point on his leader. Given the absence of the purported document, Hitler could hardly know whether Frank was, one, making it up; two, telling the truth; or, three, might actually possess such a letter. It could have been the end for Hans Frank, if Hitler had sent a researcher to Graz, but the lawyer understood his client well enough to wager that Hitler did not really want to know.

Since Himmler was grooming me to become one of his close assistants, he also confided that he did not tell Hitler how there were no Jews in Graz back in 1837. He told Frank instead. I understood immediately. Could there be one official within ^{our} ~~the Nazi~~ ruling group who was not searching for a grip on the others? Frank, to an effective degree, was now in Himmler's grasp. Given that mutual understanding, he did serve Himmler overtly and well. Then, in 1942, when Hitler, nervous to the end about the Jewish grandfather—had he had a bad dream?—instructed our Heinrich to send a good man to Graz. Himmler, in turn, looking to protect the manifold usefulness of Hans Frank now that he was Governor-General of Poland, reported that no tangible evidence was found. What with the pressure of the war and the ambiguity of the reports, the matter could be put to rest. Such was Himmler's advice to Hitler.

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6.

The year 1942 is, however, a long way down the road from 1837. If the same can be said for 1938, I ~~only~~^{can} mention that year once again because of a small episode that occurred during the Anschluss of Austria. It will offer an insight into Himmler. If, behind his back, he was still ridiculed by his Party enemies as Heini—ill-gaited, pompous, wide-assed and flat-assed, as pious a mediocrity as any other man who has risen too high—his detractors were describing the outer shell. Nobody, not even Hitler, believed more profoundly in our philosophical principles.

I remember on the first morning after the Brown Shirts marched into Vienna, that a squad of them—beer-hall types with bellies above or below their belts—collected a ~~seemly~~^{seemly} group of old and middle-aged Jews, professional class, pince-nez absolutely in place, and put them to work scrubbing street pavement with toothbrushes. The Storm-Troopers laughed

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as they watched. It became an episode to create attention. Photographs of the event were featured on the front pages of many a newspaper in Europe and America.

Next day, Himmler spoke to a few of us. "That was a most expensive indulgence and I am pleased that not one of our SS men had anything to do with such a vulgarity. We all know this kind of action can lower morale among many of our best people. It will certainly encourage rowdiness here in Vienna. Nonetheless, we do well not to reject altogether the primitive instinct revealed by the act. For it was, I would say, after much reflection, a successful act of mockery." He paused. He did have our attention. "There is a curious, even, I would declare, a hidden sense of inferiority among many of our folk who feel that the Jews are capable of offering more concentration to a task than any of us—they do know how to study—and that is why so many of them have been so successful. It is very much a Jewish notion that in the end, they can win everything by working harder than the host race of any and every country they happen to be inhabiting.

"So, I would say this act burst forth from the crude but nonetheless often incisive understanding of our people. It speaks to the Jews. It tells them that work, if it is not attached to a noble purpose, is meaningless.

'Scrub away with those toothbrushes,' the boys were saying, 'because you

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Jews, whether you know it or not, do exactly the same thing every day. Your virtuous scholarship goes nowhere but into more talk and more contradictions.' Therefore, on second thought," Himmler concluded, "I will not condemn out of hand the deeds of these low-rank Nazis."

The story is useful if one is to understand Himmler, but my focus is still upon Hitler. So, I now recognize that I interrupted my narrative because I am not ready to relate how I came to learn the truth as to who, really, was Alois' father. (While I am prepared to give his name and describe the occasion, I recognize that some of my readers will be annoyed that these disclosures will be presented without ^{accounting for my} ~~any~~ sources. A fact is not a fact, they will say, if the means by which it was obtained cannot be presented.)

These
Selected pages
From latest Draft,
Faxed to Judith
2/19/04

Hitler's Mother

PART I

1.

You may call me Dieter. For now, the name will serve—now that I am in America, this curious nation. If I draw upon reserves of patience, it is because time passes here void of any stature for ~~me~~ ^{me, which leaves my spirit so} which, I confess, leaves ~~one's spirit so~~ ^{so disposed toward} disposed toward rebellion that I am preparing to write a novel. Among my former associates, this was ~~something~~ ^{exactly what} not to do. I was, after all, a member of a matchless Intelligence group. Its classification was SS, Special Section IV-2a, and we were directly under the supervision of

Heinrich Himmler. Today, the man is seen as a monster, and I would not

look to defend him — he turned out to be one hell of a
say he was not, but Himmler did have an original mind, and one of his
in quotes, fill the sand,

theses—a most powerful concept!—does take me into my novelistic

intentions which are, I promise, not routine.

propose, a possible relation to genius. Himmler proceeded on the theory that the best human possibilities lie close to the worst. Remember that! The best lies close to the worst! It was virtually routine for him to anticipate that on occasion the most exceptionally promising offspring could be found in low level families with many children. Such kids were often incestuaries. The word, as he coined it in German, was Inzestuarier. He did not like the more common term for such disgrace, Blutschande, (blood-scandal), or as sometimes employed in polite circles, Dramatik des Blutes, (blood-drama).

None of us felt sufficiently qualified to say that his theory was, of course, to be dismissed. Even in the first years of the S.S., Himmler had recognized that one of our prime needs was to develop exceptional research groups, an elite at one phenomenal level above the elite. We were to search into ultimates. As Himmler put it, letzte Fragen—last questions. (The health of National Socialism depended, he would often say, on nothing less.) We were to explore problems that others did not expect to go near. Incest—count on it—was topping the list. Once the German mind could re-establish itself as the leading influence in the learned world, then—so went his unstated syllogism—much recognition would be given to Heinrich

Himmler for his profound attack on world problems originating in the agricultural milieu. ^{he would} ~~Let me~~ ^{underlying point} emphasize the obvious: Problems of husbandry could not be contemplated without comprehending the peasant. Yet to understand this man of the earth was to speak of incest.

Here, I promise you, he would hold up his hand in precisely that little gesture Hitler used—one prissy flip of the wrist! It was Heinrich's way of saying: "Now comes the meat and potatoes!" And on he would proceed. "Yes," he would say, "incest! This is one very good reason that old peasants are devout. We, here, need not refer to our special studies in order to declare that an acute fear of the sinful in oneself will manifest itself sooner or later by one of two opposed extremes: Either absolute devotion to religious practice! Or nihilism! Indeed, I can recall from my student days that the Marxist Friedrich Engels wrote this: 'Once the Catholic Church decided adultery was impossible to prevent, they made divorce impossible to obtain.' A brilliant remark even if it comes from the wrong mouth. As much can be said for blood-scandal. Also impossible to prevent. So, the peasant looks to keep himself devout. I guarantee you: this was altogether

are the only ones. The father, having created them, remains the focus of their attention. The young brother, so often, lives at night in the same bed with the sister. Sexual attraction can, of course, be described as: highly focussed attention."

Hand it to Himmler. He had been storing theories in his head for two decades. Moreover, he had immersed himself in The World as Will and Idea. Heinrich was a great believer in Schopenhauer's assertions on the primal importance of the Will. He had, therefore, a great deal to say about the genes—still a wonderful new word for us in 1938. These genes, he said, had to be a biological embodiment of Schopenhauer's mysterious Will. "We know," he said, "that certain instincts are passed on from one generation to the next. Why? Because the nature of the Will is to remain true to what I call the Originating Vision. Yes, gentlemen, the Originating Vision. For we have been engaged from the beginning of human time in an effort to rise from our Ur-depths to the heights of human glory. We Germans were the first to perceive that this was the aim of human existence. The Will embodied in our genes is the direct presence of this Vision, come to us from Creation itself.

chest-to-chest in combat against Charlemagne. His ^{blood-relation to} ~~influence upon~~ my family line obliged me, therefore, to make every effort to regenerate his great and early family achievements. At the risk of being immodest, I will submit that I do look upon that as ^{a most} ~~my small~~ but determined ^{accomplishment} achievement. Let all proportions, however, be maintained. The only triumph to impress us to the point of absolute awe is the heroic rise of Adolf Hitler from a long line of the most modest peasant roots.

Our Heinrich now posed the precise objection we were beginning to form for ourselves. "How," he asked, "can the preservation of the Originating Vision not be obstructed by the process of reproduction itself? Reproduction is, after all, commingling. Procreation brings together multimillions of sperm, yet each one is faced with the mission near-to-impossible of ^{travelling right up to} ~~encountering~~ the ovum, that highly-developed and reclusive ovum of the female, large as a battleship to ^{each} ~~a~~ lonely sperm cell swimming in the sea." Now, he nodded forcibly, and more than twice, twice and then twice again as if to propose that in every difficulty resided the beauty of an exceptional solution. "I would maintain that the multi-million of sperm in one man's ejaculation can be imbued throughout with the power

of directedness toward the target even as the morale of a first-rate ~~regiment~~ ^{company} of infantry can be brought to bear on the need to capture a preassigned ridge. One can propose that sperm, during the act of coition, is able to act in just such purposeful fashion. But,"—he held up a hand—"will the genes within the woman, those genes so separately installed in her ovum—will they, we must ask, be compatible with the semen of the man? Or are they in dispute? Will they dicker over reductive details or even contravene the overall objective within his sperm? I would have to answer, yes, just about always they are much in dispute. Sperm and ovum, in the average case, can sometimes prove sufficiently compatible to procreate. But hardly more. The man and woman so rarely share the same aspect of the Originating Vision. The variety of their separate experience has already affected their genes. When we begin to speak, therefore, of the creation of the Superman, let us be strikingly aware that not even one in a million families can present a man and woman who are close enough in the precise articulation of their genes to bring forth such a miracle of a child. Not even one, perhaps, in a hundred million. No!"—again the upraised hand—"let us say, closer to a

other hand, once we had some answers, it would be less demanding to invent the lies we might need to buttress all those hysterical feelings of patriotism that lived ~~in~~ in fear of nauseating facts. You could say our uneasiness collected about one question that promised to be directly explosive. Should the answer prove to be the one we feared, it would prove far worse, indeed, than any certification of incest. This most troubling question would ask whether Adolf Hitler's paternal grandfather had been a Jew.

their own. For a time they actually slept in an empty cattle trough in a neighbor's barn. Of course, there might still have been money coming in because Johann Georg could certainly have drunk it up. In Strones, he remained a legend for the depth of his drunken stupors. (Through which, incidentally, he kept drinking.) Indeed, such a need for liquor marred the assumption that there was no money. For why would a drunk like fifty-year-old Johann Georg marry a forty-seven-year-old unless she had income to offer? The likelihood that he was Alois' father and our Adolf's grandfather was thereby reduced. Besides, Johann Georg Hiedler made no objection when Maria Anna convinced Johann's younger brother, also named Johann, (but, in this case, Johann Nepomuk Hiedler), to take the boy in and raise him. Johann Nepomuk was a hard-working farmer with a wife and three daughters, but he did not have a son.

This brother, Johann Nepomuk, might well be the real father. Yet, we were still not ready to discount the Jew.

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Here, Himmler closed his eyes, leaned back, and exhaled slowly. It was as if he must expel every errant spirit in order to be free of dread. "We will not speak of this often," he went on in a low voice, "but occasions of close incest are truly perilous. One has need of the Fuehrer's Will to succeed in such a situation." (I capitalize Will since he used the word with reverence.) "It is my belief that in the world of numinous spirits which surround us, there are many elements we have the right to call malign. It is even possible that the worst of these spirits collect about a presence whom in earlier times we used to speak of as Satan. This embodiment, should it exist, of a devil or, let me say, the Devil, would certainly be ready to give great attention to Incestuaries of advanced degree. For indeed, how could such a Satan not be ready to distort the exceptional possibilities that are ready to arise from the doubling of God-given genes, are compatible in their near-symmetry of Vision. All the more power to Herr Hitler, then. He has actually been able, I would declare, to stand firm in the face of the Devil himself."

Little did Himmler know that his remarks could be multiplied by an order of magnitude. As I came to discover by more extended means, we at IV-2a had been ~~promulgating~~ ^{promulgating} an irony rather than a legend. The story we

At the age of eighteen, after five years in the boot shop, he applied at the Austrian Finance Ministry for a position in the frontier guards, and was accepted. Five years later, he had risen to the rank of Finanzwach — Oberaufseher (Finance-Watch High-Overseer) which was equal to no more than Corporal, but already the uniform was good, and for that matter, it usually took ten years to rise even to this level.

He had written on several occasions to tell Johann Nepomuk of his progress, and at last, in 1858, a letter came back. Nepomuk's youngest daughter, Josefa, had died, a great blow to the family, and Nepomuk hinted that he would like Alois to visit.

In 1859, his promotion to Finanzwach  Oberaufseher already guaranteed, he went back to Spital looking exceptionally tall for a man of medium height: His uniform made him a figure of authority. In the eyes of his family, given his bearing, authoritative but graceful, he might as well have been the son of a Count.

It did not take long for Johann Nepomuk to know that he had made a serious mistake in inviting him to visit, but Nepomuk was now bent like a tree that has lived with too much wind. The death of Josefa throbbed in his

This time, no question. At the first opportunity which proved to be the only one, Alois continued the family tradition of apocalyptic intercourse in barn straw, and Klara Poelzl, later to be mother of Adolf Hitler, was conceived. There was no question in Johanna's mind. Each time, she had known the moment when Johann Poelzl, her husband, had put a child in her. But this occasion had been superior. No small event took place in her body. "You have made me feel as I have not felt before," she said when they were done, and when Klara was born, Johanna sent him a letter that he received in the midst of rigorous training for an examination to bring him up to Finanzwach-Respizienten, the highest rank obtainable in the lower ranks of the customs service. His attention, therefore, was hardly on Spital. Still, her letter lived with him through the years for it was only three words long (three words that Johanna had been certain of spelling correctly). He read it over many times. "Sie ist hier," wrote Johanna in the pride of a momentous event (although she did not sign her name) and "She is here" took its place in the guardroom of his heart even if his mind was wholly on his career. In truth, he might not even have made love to Johanna on that visit if he had not already been with Walpurga all those years ago, and a year earlier with

the youngest, Josefa, his favorite back when he was twelve (his first) and so he felt he owed it to himself now to have the remaining sister—how many men could boast of knowing three sisters equally well?

If he measured himself by his deeds, it was in relation to the accomplishments of other men, particularly other lower-caste officers in the ~~Finanzwache~~ ^{(Finance-Watch,} His rise was remarkable for a young man with so sparse an education. Nonetheless, in four more years, he had another promotion, and still another by 1870 when at the age of thirty-three, he had worked himself up to Customs Collector. By 1875, he was Full Inspector and would write below his signature, on any government paper, the full weight and address of the title: "Official of the First Class Imperial Customs Post in the Railroad Terminal, Simbach, Bavaria. Residence, Braunau, Linzergasse."

All through his rise to the highest official rank that was possible for a man of such restricted beginnings, he never relinquished his good appetite for women. The occupation could accommodate this regard. While the first principle of Austrian bureaucracy was to do your job, and do it most properly, the more effective you became at your border tasks, the less you had to fear for the little specialties of your private life. This understanding

he obeyed to the letter, and had an agreeable time. In those years. no matter to which town they assigned him, he would stay at an inn. Before long, given his confidence, he would proceed to conquer the loosely defended bastions of the cooks and chambermaids in the hostelry. When he had gone through all of the available women, he would usually move to another large inn. Through the forty years of his career, he was posted to only ^{two} ~~four~~ border towns connecting Bavaria and Austria, to ~~Saalfelden~~ Braunau (where Adolf would yet be born) ^{and} ~~Passau, and Linz~~ yet his change of residence was frequent. In Braunau, for example, he moved twelve times. Nor did it bother him that his women were not elegant enough to walk with cavalry officers. Not at all! Elegant women were too difficult—no doubt of that—whereas maids and cooks were grateful for his attention and would raise no public ruckus when he moved on.

In 1873, he married a widow. Having developed an eye for the social stature, or relative lack of it, attached to any woman who would pass for a lady—his occupation demanded, after all, some ability in that direction—he was not dissatisfied with his choice. He might be thirty-six and the widow already fifty, yet he could respect her. She came from a worthy family. She

and, as always, he needed money. The alternative—to borrow further sums from his brother-in-law Romeder or his father-in-law Nepomuk, was unpleasant. Poelzl could hear the diatribe that would come from his wife's family. Johanna's disposition had become so sour that he often thought (very much in private) her blood must taste like vinegar. Nor did he wish to listen to the brother-in-law's sighs as Romeder came up with the ~~K~~Kronen. He certainly didn't want to hear the advice that would come from Nepomuk. That would insult his judgment. A farmer could have fine instincts for husbandry and still have bad luck—did that mean he must pay tribute twice by listening to others when he had already paid once by living with an insufficient return from his fields? So, he accepted the fact that Klara would go to work for Uncle Alois, but his feelings turned over in him with the emptiest anger of them all—a rage that has lost its heat.

One week after Alois' return to his post in Braunau, Klara followed with a small chest filled with a modest cache of clothes and a few possessions.

3.

Alois and Anna Glassl had three rooms in the second-best inn of Braunau—the Gasthaus Streif. There was also a small room for Klara on the top floor where other maids and servants slept.

For a while, Alois entertained the happy notion that he might be able to spend a little time up there with Klara, but his niece did not welcome him, not exactly. It was evident to all including his wife that Klara was steeped in respect for her exceptional uncle, but it seemed no cause for concern to Anna Glassl—not yet! The girl was pious to a degree that would have seemed incomprehensible if one did not understand to what degree death was her nearest relative. There were lights in the depths of those pale-blue eyes that spoke of angels—godly angels and fallen angels. Her face was so innocent that one could ask in all honesty what she could know of fallen angels if not for that second sense which is there to tell us that devils hover like moths at the closing doors of life. Even the innocent do not always like to dream of the departed.

Alois could envision other dubious portals—the doors to Klara's chastity could prove as formidable as the gates of doom. He was charming to his niece, but made a point never to touch her. His wife, by now as

surge of her womb at the happiest moment, all of which passed through him even as he was passing into her—not the sort of conclusion he had come to with other women. (Except once—so long ago—with Johanna.) Besides, he was certainly ready for a child, preferably a son, to carry on the family name, but when he was not in the midst of good things with Fanni, he thought often of the oncoming time when she would be six or seven months along, and it would be Klara's turn. The thought of future complications did not deter him. It was in the nature of his work to be able to handle more than one problem at once, and both women were attractive to him, yes, two of them and both truly attractive for once.

As for scandal, he did not worry. Not unduly. In ^{Brannau} ~~every town to~~ ~~which he had been posted~~ he was always the center of gossip. The townspeople ^{of Brannau} might as well complain to the stars above that he was living openly with a common-law wife. After all, what could they do? He was not unlike a soldier garrisoned in a town to which he owed nothing. He received his money from the ^{Finance-} ~~Financial~~ Watch and that was clearly equal to the Hapsburg government, far away in Vienna. So long as his work proved flawless, they would hardly care how he acted in his personal life.

*Hypocrite
Finance - Watch
throughout*

By way of the Finance-Watch, Alois made nice arrangements in Vienna. Klara would obtain clean and gainful employment in the house of a modest and elderly lady. (Alois was more than ready to protect her chastity.) So, now, after four years of good and honest work at the inn, sleeping each night in the smallest of the maid's rooms, Klara packed her belongings into the same small chest she had brought with her on arrival, and left the Gasthaus for new employment in Vienna.

If Fanni was now more at ease with Alois, the best of moods could nonetheless vanish in no more than the interval it took to close her eyes and open them. How could she be certain that her distrust of Klara had been honest fear? What if it came from spite as cruel as the pain of a bad tooth? She knew she was full of spite. That was why she called herself a witch.

Even as she had foreseen, she was truly pregnant now. If that offered contentment, she continued nonetheless to feel remorse. She had banished the sweetest girlfriend ⁷⁶ she ever knew, and so there were days when she was on the edge of asking Klara to return, but then she would think: What if Alois comes to prefer Klara? Then Klara might not be faithful to her vow. How unfair that would be to the unborn child!

They had been living together for close to three years before they could marry, but, now, by the time Angela was a year old, Fanni was seriously ill. Signs of a deepening disorder were everywhere. She would pass from fits of temper, to hysteria, then to loss of interest in his body, plus an incapacity to take proper care of their two children. A doctor told her that she had the beginnings of tuberculosis. Klara was brought back from Vienna to be with Alois, Jr., and with Angela, even as Fanni moved out of the inn to a small town called Lach there in the midst of a forest called Lachenwald, Laughter-in-the-Woods, but neither the name nor the good forest air had the power to restore her. In Lach she stayed for the ten months before her end.



6.

In the last months, Klara visited her more often than Alois, and that healed—one must choose to put it so—the wound they had left in each other. Not long after her first visit, Klara had fallen on her knees before the bed where Fanni rested, and said, “You were right. I do not know if I would have been true to my vow.” In turn, Fanni wept. “You would have been true,” she said. “Now I tell you to give up your vow. He is through with me.”

“No,” said Klara, “my promise must be stronger than ever.” She had a moment when she thought she might have a true understanding of sacrifice and this left her feeling exalted. She had always been taught to search for just such a state of the soul. Those teachings had come from her father, that is to say, her father-in-name, old Johann Poelzl, who was sour on all matters but Devotion. “Devotion to our Lord Jesus Christ is all of my life in each and every day,” he would tell her—he was indeed more pious than any woman in Spital. At many a meal, after saying grace, he would tell Klara (especially once she passed the age of twelve) that to give up what one truly desired was the nearest you could come to the moment of knowing

By now, Klara was never afraid of a household task. It required no more than respect for the labor one knew already how to do well. Sacrifice, however, was apart from such work. Sacrifice was an ache she felt near her heart. If she wanted Alois, and dreamed of Alois, she still had to find a way, once Fanni's two children had been put to sleep, to keep Alois at arm's length. There was not a night in the inn, the best inn of Braunau, the Pommer Inn (to which they had moved) when Alois was not staring at her open-faced and slightly drunk from the three steins of beer he took into himself each evening after work with one or another of the Customs Officers. After which back to the Pommer for the meal Klara had cooked in the kitchen of the hotel and brought up to their lodgings. He would eat that meal with full gusto saying not a word, just nods to demonstrate his enjoyment. Then he would stare at her in the privacy of their sitting room, his eyes open as if to share his thoughts. It seemed as if all that was valuable in the recesses of her body was being fingered by his imagination. Her thighs burned, her cheeks burned, her breath wanted to reach forward to his breath. She would jump up in relief if one of the children cried out in sleep—she heard it as an appeal from Fanni that had whipped over in a flash

from Laughter-in-the-Woods. Afterward, a small cramp of disappointment would follow.

Alois would not have been capable of describing to his drinking friends how he loved her eyes. They were so deep, so clear, and more than full of the desperation to have him.

Why not? Alois kept to his elevated view that he was superior to others. What other fellow from the Waldviertel would be ready to claim his indifference to religious fear? That was bravery. He often made a point of declaring that he never went to church. Nor would he confess to a priest. They could not be equal to him. He had his allegiance to the Crown and more than that, no man needed. God was not about to punish those who would serve the State.

He had written just the week before to a cousin who inquired whether his son, now of age, would be happy working on the Finance-Watch. Alois had written back, "Don't let your boy think it is a kind of game because he will be quickly disillusioned. He has to show absolute obedience to his superiors at all levels. Second, there is a good deal to learn in this occupation, all the more so if he has had little previous education. Heavy

so wanton a mouth (and all despite herself) that he exploded, exploded even as he entered her, ripped her hymen altogether, and was in, deep, and in, and it was over even as she began to sob in woe and fright and some wrong kind of exaltation that she knew at once was altogether the opposite of sacrifice.

Nor could she stop kissing him. It went on and on like a child raining kisses on the face of the great adult beloved, and then there were other kisses, softer, deeper, as she learned to use the mouth of a woman just-born. He was the first man she had ever kissed as a man rather than as a relative of the family, yes, the wrong kind of exaltation.

7. ←

So, Klara was now his lover, his cleaning woman, and the nursemaid to Alois, Jr., and to Angela. On many a night she was also his cook—unless (having hired one of the hotel maids to sit with the children for an hour) they went downstairs to the dining room of the Pommer Inn, there in full display as uncle and niece, the middle-aged customs officer in uniform and his demure young mistress. No one in Braunau was fooled, no matter how often she might call him Uncle. It was enough to stir a boil of outrage that he could sit there like Franz-Josef himself, as if to say, “In company with the Emperor, I, too, have a lovely mistress.” It never failed that on any night when they went downstairs, he would make love as soon as they came back, his voice so hoarse he could hardly speak. “I am your bad uncle,” he would say in the thick of the embrace.

“Yes,” she would say.

“Your very bad uncle.”

“Yes, yes, my bad uncle,” and she would cling to him, hardly able to distinguish pain from what was seeking to become pleasure—a most unholy pleasure—“Oh,” she would cry out, “we will both be punished yet.”

Yet, in the last week of Fanni's illness when Klara did confess, the answer was brief: "This is my punishment for sending you away four years ago. That is fair."

"I will take care of the boy and girl as if they were mine."

"You will take better care than I would," said Fanni, and turned her face away. "It is all right," she said, "but you must not come to see me any more."

Then Klara knew once again that she lived in the grasp of the Evil One. Because if at first she was hurt, she soon felt furious that Fanni could send her away this time as well, and the anger was still present on the day that Fanni was buried, a very long day, since Alois did not bury Fanni in Braunau. He had chosen ~~Randshofen~~ ^{Randshofen} ~~Braunau~~ ^{Braunau} ~~On the Brink of Hope~~ ^{On the Brink of Hope} where they had been married. This was not from sentiment but annoyance. The word in Braunau was that he had bought Fanni's coffin months before she died, having found a true bargain in advance (a mahogany job confiscated from a smuggler at the Customs gate.) In fact he had only bought the damned crate ten days before her death. He had not ~~say~~ ⁺ on it for months but only for days. So, he could not forgive the gossip. Besides, the tragedy of death was

the Emperor who has the power to guide us," he remarked one hot summer night. "Real power is there. God does nothing but kill us off."

"Alois," said his oldest friend, "you speak as if you are not afraid of going upstairs."

"Upstairs or downstairs, the only importance for me is Franz Josef. He should mean more to us than God, yes!"

"And the Devil?"

"Forget the Devil. Who builds the ships? Who makes the railroads? Not God, not the Devil. Men make these things!"

"You go too far," said his oldest friend.

By the time he reached home, Alois was usually in no good mood. The beer wore off in a sour cloud of aftertaste. He would scold Alois, Jr., he would upbraid Angela, he would not say a word to Klara. Now, no more often than once a week (and he was furious at how much these three deaths had taken from his vitality) he would look at Klara again as he had on their first night, and he would try to conceive of how to introduce her to specialités de maison. He did not speak French but he knew all he needed to know about those three words. One of the Customs Officers, a man

and before long, full revived, even to himself, a man again, he even told himself, and began to kiss Klara's mouth, her first mouth, with all the juice of the second with which she had bestraddled him still on his lips, how much was he ready at last to shit upon her piety, yes, on all piety—damned churchmouse, damned church!—he was back from the dead, some kind of miracle had rescued him, yes, he was there and never before a night like this, better than a storm at sea for one moment, and another, and then it went on beyond all the moments, she—the most angelic woman in Braunau—gave herself over to the demon and with a prime lust ready to engorge the world, and I knew this, I knew all of this, for I was with them in the caterwaul of coming together with Alois into the womb of Klara Poelzl Hitler, yes, I knew the moment within the moment, a new creation was there, and I, too, can now dare to speak, I too was there and serving for the Evil One, yes, I was present at the conception, yes, I can say that even as the Angel Gabriel was the servant of Jehovah on one night in Nazareth, so was I ^{an} ~~the~~ agent of the Evil One on this July night nine months and ten days before Adolf Hitler would be born on April 20, 1889.

-117a- ~~117a~~



Now, I have revealed myself. I am a servant—you may call it that—
of the Evil One, yes, a tried and more or less trusted officer in the finest
intelligence service that has ever existed.

Given different
spacing, this
added page
number may
or may not
be necessary.

now installed in every fold, redoubt, and corner of human existence. Much like the immensely complicated Japanese game of Go, (with its 387 intersections where one can deposit a stone) the positions occupied bit by bit with our black stones are forever surrounding or being surrounded by the white stones of the angels. (It is even said that when Go is played by two Japanese Masters of the Ninth Degree, it can take almost as long to count up the results of their black and white encirclements of each other as to play the match.)

To enforce, therefore, this first explanation of the sinuosities and recesses of our war, I am obliged to offer my own crude outline of the forces at play. There are, indeed, three separate conceptions of what reality might be—the divine, the satanic, and the human. Three separate armies in effect, and so, there are really three kingdoms by now, not two. God and his angels work upon humans to move them in His direction. Our E.O. and his loyal devils look to infiltrate, or, better, possess many of these same humans. Through the Middle Ages, humans had virtually no role in this war. Hence ^{the} ~~is~~ title: Two Kingdoms. But now there is also the individual man or woman to take into account. I can say that many do their best to be

beholden neither to God nor to the E.O. They are always seeking to be free, to be the creature of their own destiny. Their greatest desire is to become what they wish to be by the light of their desires. In the actual event, as matters proceed today, we devils try to guide those men and women we have attracted (we call them clients), the Cudgels contest us, and the particular individual usually does his or her best to fight Us off, both of Us, God and Devil alike. Humans have become so vain (through technology, I suspect) that quite a number now wish to be wholly separated from both of us.

This, it can be repeated, is but a first approach to the subtle perversity embedded now in existence, a poor excuse for ~~the true complexity~~ *at the root of a apparently simple* ~~the true complexity that and~~ *affairs* events. My hope—given the curious temper that has overtaken me lately—is that I will be able to capture the real and inner life of Adolf Hitler. *however* (Just why is not altogether clear to me as yet.) Let me be ready, then, to explain not only my strengths and yes, my talents for this task, but also my weaknesses. I promise you: No devil is without a profile! Some of us can be as complex as men and women, and, on occasion, as disappointing. We

more than an unspoken intimation which was all we needed (in much the manner ~~in~~ ^{that} a dog can rise from his sleep and shake himself at his master's silent command), we never knew how serious The Master might be when he spoke aloud. The consummate irony in the tones of his voice took away any certainty that he was committed altogether to what he said. Sometimes I felt that might come from his own uncertainty, but this was too perilous a notion to entertain for more than a moment. The E.O. would put up with our critical thoughts or even a passive outburst, but we knew better than to let it persist.

In any case, I did not dare to ask: What if I fail? Many of our projects do. Particularly, major ones. They are such outrageous gambles. Our Source is not unlike God in this regard. There are all too many blind alleys in existence, after all—and a good many, I can tell you, were designed by the Lord Himself. The ~~dinosaurs~~ ^{dinosaurs}, for example. If God is the greatest artist, He has also made the largest mistakes.

I was depressed. The new project was at present a backwater. I knew about such twisted clients, their future hopeless unless an historic era developed that could prove uniquely favorable to the distortions present in

that person. At this point, there seemed no sign of such incomparably special circumstances. (The First World War and the disasters that fell upon Germany had not yet occurred.) My role, as I saw it, would seat me as jockey on a horse running against unbelievably long odds. I could foresee further demotions for myself.

All this is not of much interest now. We know, after all, what happened to the horse. And I was the one who rode him (with occasional but crucial help from the Maestro). I rode with Adolf all the way up to glory (and down again—which is half the matter, the other half being why I now propose to tell the tale). I know so much. This knowledge seems to exist as a separate force within me, separate and independent of Our Maestro, a force, indeed, so intense that I feel ready to break the first of the rules of our fold, which is that we never explain what we know to the uninitiated. Nor is it simple to do so. If, for example, I have told how Adolf was conceived on that night, in those extraordinarily special circumstances when I could speak of myself as being present as a catalyst, a Gabriel come from our side to stand in for the Evil One, it is true; yet it is, by ordinary measure, not true.

The others laughed uneasily. But Alois was thinking of Klara and how her piety left a hot rock in his stomach. He would grind this rock to powder. "In the Middle Ages," he said, "do you know? The whores, they were more respectable than the nuns. They even had a Guild for themselves alone! I have read about a convent in Franconia so stinking bad the Pope had to investigate. Why? Because the Whores' Guild complained about the competition with the nuns."

"Come now," said two drinkers at once.

"True. It is true. Absolutely true. Hans Leipziger here can show you the text." Leipziger nodded slowly, reflectively. He was a little too drunk to be certain on which side his authority should fall. "Yes," said Alois, "the Pope says, 'Send a monsignor to look into it.'" What does this good monsignor report? Yah? Half the nuns are pregnant. This is the sober fact history must live with. So, the Pope takes a real look at the monasteries. Orgies. Orgies of homosexuals." He said it with such force that he had time to take a long large swallow from his tankard.

Nobody else he knew could say as much for himself. He was no coward in that department.

But now this respected friend who gave every evidence that he had an ear in the councils of the Finance-Watch was saying, "Watch out for the townspeople in Braunau."

This was a worry to travel right into him. Because Alois could not decide whether to trust this friend. The man was a practical joker. In fact, he was the same one who had once told him: "The townspeople of Braunau are nothing. You can put your thumb to your nose at them." Alois had indeed put together a good many habits around this remark, but the truth was that tonight he had said too much, absolutely, what with this most unsettling and exciting rumor concerning Passau. He was learning how much ambition he had, a real ambition which he had never admitted to himself. He couldn't. It would have been like a river breaking through a levee. But now he could recognize that a flood-water was waiting. If he wanted to stay afloat, he had to stop pissing on the Church.

Yes, in this sense, his wife, a cold tit to him and a jug of warm milk to the baby—what a guzzler! never off of the tit, but, get by all that!—she was

most human feelings ~~were~~ over to our purposes. Of no state is this more true than ambition. Plus, its weak sister, avarice. Avarice is simple to deal with—it is pure greed—but ambition is closely related to the Originating Vision. That is why the D.K., who so often puts serious restraints upon human behavior, is more ready to encourage ambition. (I would suppose His goal is for each and every man and woman to possess the potential (on their own!) to fulfill some part of His Vision. To that degree, God could also rise in the cosmos. (The E.O. is forever hinting to us that there are other gods, quite equal to ours, out among the stars, and they all have extreme and separate notions of what existence might yet become. At that level, the E.O. remarks, the D.K. is no more than one entrepreneur among many!)

That, of course, is cosmic ambition. Return us, however, to the more human variety. As the E.O. is never loathe to tell us, too much ambition proves all too often to be an impasse set up by the Creator. For the D.K.'s Vision to be effective, real and independent strength had to be granted to the human will. In doing so, He was obliged unwillingly to leave room for us. We captured a horde of clients. It may be sacrilege to some, but I would

propose that God miscalculated. Ambition is not only the most powerful of the emotions but the most unstable. It cannot bear defeat with signal grace. Not often! So, defeat does turn a putative client closer to us. There are so many who are ready to blame God for a run of bad luck.

Personal ambition, therefore, awakens our interest. The D.K., always a prodigious optimist, had not foreseen that the only men and women who could promulgate His Vision by the intensity of their ambition would have to be saints. Of course, few humans have any desire to develop to that point. I will be blunt. The D.K. made miscalculations that were—no lesser judgment—grievous for Him. He overrated the potential for development of good feeling in the very human nature He had created. Whereas our E.O. has always had a keen comprehension of how much perversity was ^{to be found} ~~there~~ in men and women.

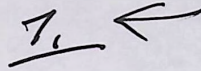
Consider the case with Alois. Many people guard their ambition as the most secret part of their emotions (guarded even from their open thoughts). For so soon as ambition begins to burn brightly in the mind, it is ready to shred a good many long-held vanities about the honor and high

nipped her enough for Klara to cry out, whereupon he stopped bawling long enough to give a deep and hearty chuckle. They were back together again.

From the room she had just quit, she could hear Alois bellowing at Alois, Jr. and Angela to clean up the puddles.

“That dog can’t even shit right,” he cried out of his own pain at the awful turn the evening had taken. Luther was bleeding at the mouth from blows he had received full-face on his muzzle, but in turn, Alois’ palm had a small but ugly laceration from raking one fierce slap across a broken incisor in Luther’s sad front teeth.

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It will be noted that I write about my people in much the mode of any reasonably good novelist. I am ready by turns to observe them sardonically, objectively, ironically, sympathetically, judgmentally, even compassionately. Nor am I often sinister. This should not come as too great a surprise. Why should I be required to sink my style down to the level of a casual reader's notion of how a devil might present himself?

From the onset of our service, the Evil One has instructed us to make humankind our study. We do the E.O. honor every time we are able to appreciate a man or woman in full. The Maestro's way has always been to encourage us to feel close to what is godly in people as well as to the spoils that may be there later for us. To comprehend the godly facets of humankind, precisely those that could prove inimical to us down the road, is important. If we had religious Orders in the Company, I would serve as a Jesuit. Indeed, I share a fundamental understanding with Jesuits as, for certain, does the E.O. I am always ready to acquire a sympathetic comprehension of all that in essence will prove to be our final adversary—I see it as my duty to be ready, indeed, to know more about godly sentiments than all but the most gifted of the angels.

That is why the E.O. encourages us to speak of God as the D.K. (At least those of us who work in German-speaking lands. In America, it is the D.A.—dumb ass! In England, the B.F.—bloody fool! For France, A.S.—L'Ame Simple. In Italian, G.~~S~~⁶—gran cornutto! For Spanish—G.P.—grande payaso.) So D.K. stands for Dummkopf. It is not that we look upon God as directly retarded (not so!). Moreover, we know from experience (and lost battles) that the Cudgels can, on occasion, be as bright and incisive as ourselves. The root to employing such a term as Dummkopf comes, I think, from the E.O.'s desire to wean us from what has been our greatest weakness—the admiration we often feel unwillingly before the Almighty. As the E.O. never allows us to forget, God may be powerful, but He is not All Mighty. Hardly so! We, after all, are present. If the D.K. is the Creator, we are His most profound critics. Often, very often, we are successful opponents.

So successful, indeed, that the E.O. wished to rearrange the balance. If the Angels had succeeded in brainwashing all too many men and women to believe that our Source was the Evil One, (until we are obliged to live without any real opportunity to protest this canard), then our best recourse,

as the E.O. suggested, is to take pride in his initials. Or, try to. Which we do. When I write E.O., or speak of the Evil One, it is with full knowledge of the richness of the concept. He has given us so much, our subtle master who disdains to capitalize any reference to his presence. "Leave all that to those God worshippers on their knees," he tells us. "We have work to do, and it is tricky. I recommend that you keep thinking of Him as the Dummkopf. For, indeed, given what He could have been, that is what He is. We are brighter by far. And, of late, we are more creative. Remember: It is our universe to gain. It is His to lose. Keep calling Him the Dummkopf."



B.

The outpouring of the urine, the shit, and the blood of Luther became the first in a series of episodes remarkable for their powers of transmogrification—that is to say, dramatic and thoroughgoing metamorphosis.

So, for example, Adolf's bowel movements now began to dominate the tenor of life in the house on Linzerstrasse. Before the episode with Luther took place, Klara had certainly been alert, no matter how often Adi soiled his wrapping cloths, to keep the child in clean state, indeed, the act as I have remarked, became a daily dalliance between mother and boy. She wiped him so carefully that his eyes gleamed with transmogrificational delight. He discovered that Heaven was in his anus right there with the cramps. All the while, his mother subtly, tenderly, delicately (and with unwitting demonic finesse) expunged the soil, wet or dry, from his rosebud, (which was, of course, Klara's secret name for her dear baby's incomparably dear little hole—die Roseknospe.) She was so proud of its pink sheen that she could not even suppress her joy when her step-children were watching. Indeed, unlike other good mothers in Braunau, she barely bothered to teach Angela how to substitute for her. In truth, she preferred to

Chiffonier

9 ←

He began to bawl for his milk not thirty minutes after Klara had sunk into the best sleep she had known for years.

Must one suppose that because a child's deepest feelings have a half-life of thirty minutes, they are not profound? Because of that betrayal, he would never love his mother as much again. Yet, his feelings were more intense. There was pain in his love now, and an anger that revealed itself by nipping at her breast with his first teeth. Indeed, for a few days, he felt almost as close to Luther, and when drowsy, could sleep beside the dog through an afternoon. Truth, he saw the hound as a brother. They had both taken a fearful beating on the side of the heart that is most tender, and indeed, the love affair went on until Adolf began to take too much advantage of the beast, punching him in the belly, trying to poke into his eyes, and sometimes, when standing, loosing a kick to the ribs. The dog began at last to growl at his approach and Adolf in turn would whine and run to Klara. There was a period when this made her so distraught that all delight in breast-feeding was gone. The teeth had done it. The days of weaning were at hand.

10.

Alois' promotion came through. The Finance  Watch named him to the post of Chief Customs Officer at Passau, and Klara had the confirmation of knowing she was married to a man of achievement.

On the other hand, they could hardly rent their house in Braunau at such quick notice. Yet Alois had to work in Passau and that took a full day of travel. So, there were periods, often for weeks at a time, when Alois lived apart from the family. In consequence, Adolf could loll in the big bed with his mother.

The child's joy was profound. If it was grievous that Klara had to put him aside whenever Alois come home, so did he also learn that such happiness could be recovered. For after a day or two, Alois would be off again to Passau.

This lasted for a year. Even when the family eventually moved to Passau, the new position required Alois to oversee other towns. He was,

Taking up his command in Passau left him feeling, however, less settled. While he made few outright errors, his tone became, at times, too harsh. Rudeness toward inferiors was reasonable only when the cutting edge of the criticism was accurate. One's subordinates learned correct procedure best under the sting of a fine whip well-applied. Occasionally, however, some trifle would provoke him unduly. Once he went into a tirade because an underling addressed him as "Herr Official" rather than "Herr Senior Official Hitler." He could sense that his new Passau contingent of juniors, so much more sophisticated and educated than the younger officers at Braunau, were growing critical of him. Now and again, looking down from his post at the rush of the Danube below the Customs' bridge, tears would come to his eyes. He would find himself thinking of Braunau, and of the two women buried in the region, dear carnal-spirited Franzeska, yes, and for an instant he would also mourn Anna Glassl. No beauty, but she had known what to do under the sheets.

He smoked all the time. His nickname, not known to him, was ~~The~~ *Der Rauchfang.* *(The German one is so good w/ Der & Rauch)*
~~Chimney~~ *Chimney* "And what is the mood of ~~The~~ *The Chimney* today?" one young

officer might ask another as he came on duty. Alois knew these juniors

(Der Rauchfang!) And