

~~Tape 5, Second Draft~~

Tape 4

Tape 5, dictated 1/23/06, revised 2/7/06

new chapter

A few months after Edmund's death, Klara is ^{beginning} to have some

fearful ~~second~~ thoughts. She ^{is now} worried that Adolf ^{might have} had an evil

relation to Edmund. She keeps recalling the time that Angela ^{what} told her ^{that} ^{had} of how

Adi ^{was terrifying} scaring Edmund with tales from Grimm, and DT becomes concerned.

As part of his reaction to Edmund's death, ^{then ever} Alois is now ^{more} severe ^{in his opinion of Adolf}. Much more attention is being paid to the boy now because of his reaction to

They certainly could not afford to have Klara ^{being severe} Edmund's death. What with Alois severe about Adi, they could not afford to have her as well. I knew I must

Klara as well. D.T. must reverse her feelings on that, and he labors at it

Since she was not a client, ^{and that was a task} I had to work a little ^{to work a little} and look to lay ^{a slow method - laying at her sleep} atmospheres on her sleep that from the outside, but succeeds (how?) so well that Klara ends by warning would sooner or later affect her dreams. In ⁱⁿ ⁱⁿ I succeeded, Klara had a change of heart Alois in regard to Adolf

~~Can sleep that~~
~~can~~ will sooner
or later - good
hope - affect
dreams.
See p 4

~~In her turn, Klara is beginning to suspect that Adolf may have had an evil~~

~~If Begon I could work 400k, & have weekend neatly~~

relation to Edmund. She watches him from her bedroom window when he shoots

the cemetery wall and shot at rats. She flinched at rats and finches every time she heard the flat slap of the discharge on her ear.

disgruntled (the most disaffected)
~~disgruntled~~ VOICE spirits, spirits,
To her, it is like the dispirited cack of sad cemetery sounds. D.T. here remarks

~~If I did stay as close as I could to her thoughts~~
~~I would repeat that~~ can still / our modest — we have
that when someone is not a client we do have some small impact on them after

after all been in ~~the~~ ^{their} ~~company~~ ^{for} ~~years~~ ^{and so he feels a need to reverse her feelings on}

I certainly did not
this. He does not wish to force Adi deeper and deeper into his depression. He does

indeed, I did! ~~but~~ I was able, by way of her dreams, to convince her that Adi was not evil but to convince her that ~~Adi~~ Adi was not evil but ~~I did succeed~~ became nearly suffering terribly. And at this, he succeeds so well that Klara, in her turn, can

~~to try to~~ warm some of Alois' feelings by explaining that the boy's dreadful mood ^{was} even

affecting his splendid marks in school, all as a result of mourning Edmund, ~~very much~~

~~Indeed, it happens to be true, which in turn was a problem for us. The boy still~~

~~had some deep funds of conscience. And that, conscience itself, is our deepest~~

Scary

She explains that his bad performance in school at Leonding toward the end of the year is actually the result of mourning Edmund. Up to that point, Alois had been fulminating that the boy had lost all chance of going to the gymnasium and becoming a cultured person, but she keeps hitting on this and says he must take a vow not to strike Adolf under any circumstances, but to recognize that so much depends on him, and he needs kind treatment. She hints that when the time comes, maybe they will even have another boy. It may not be too late. (slow, go slow voice in Abig.)

Scary

In return, she does her best to buoy Adi up by reminding him every day that the century has turned. It is not longer the 1800s but the 1900s and this century, she says, making it up as she goes along, or so she believes, "will be your century. You will do wonderful, wondrous things in this century."

It allows him to feel important and at the same time, concomitant with that, for he does not know whether to believe her or not, he also feels more childlike than ever. How could it be his century? He feels so incapable of doing anything at this point. Yet he does make one decision: he must be called Adolf and she agrees. She says, "You are the one I must love. And I do. You, most of all, and I must, and do." Her phrasing worries him, frightens him in his dreams. He is immensely aware for the first time that women are not there just to love you, because that is their duty, but indeed, they have a great power. They can offer love, or they can withhold it.

DT underlines portions of these notions in Adi's dreams to buoy him up and is reprimanded. "You would do well," he hears from the Maestro, "to discourage any undue interest in women. Let him remain fearful of them."

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Now ~~we are~~ ^{which lies} in the aftermath of the death. Edmund's grave just beyond the low cemetery wall is ^{also} visible from Adi's bedroom window ~~at the garden house in~~

Leonding. The cemetery is of course old, (description of patina of mold and moss) the dust that is left by dead leaves, and the green and damp, as well as the green and almost always deserted. In early spring, Adi will often sit on the cemetery green desire to grow again.

wall in the late afternoon when the evening chill is not too great. After a time he

begins to ~~bring his air gun along because, he~~ ^{when} notices that the rats come out in the dusk, ~~and~~ ^{when they face to the west,} their eyes shine in the fading light. So ~~they~~ ^{the rats} make fine targets. When he

is able occasionally to hit one with his air gun, he doesn't feel up to examining the

~~corpse. It is too close to evening and he does not wish~~ ^{since the cemetery wall has which is a good place for a which to aim.} ~~corpse until early the next morning. Then the faint odor of carrion on those he d~~ ^{to be them in the center} But ~~early~~ ^{in the most recent death,} killed a few days earlier ~~stirs his mood.~~ While he does not find it wholly

repulsive, he is troubled by it and wonders, if anything like that has happened to

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Edmund's flesh. For a period through March and April of 1900 he does not feel

a thought which is exaggerated by rats who have been dead for days
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He stays inside or perches on the cemetery wall,
ready (to go back)
happy going to the forest. Often when he had taken Edmund out alone for a walk

into the woods he ~~had~~ used Grimm's tales to terrify the child. Now he, in turn, is

terrified.

He expects

As a carryover from the quarrel with Angela after the funeral Adi, for some

reason, now expects Edmund's arm to rise from the grave. He has to overcome this

fear even as he *aims at* walks into the cemetery to shoot the rats. *Now, he is* So it is from March

through August, ~~over those six months~~, *he* he changes a good deal. He enters into a

more than ever overcome by thoughts of ghosts
~~deeper and deeper depression where he is more and more overcome with ghosts~~

He Adi, in turn, had decided not to *over his* and fears. D.T. remarks that he does not discourage Adi's great guilt after

pant in Edmund's death. Indeed *I* he encouraged it to fester because, as he puts it,

13 "Inflamed guilt can be as much of an essential tool for us as it is for the Cudgels,"

of course and proceeds to explain the differences. The Cudgels are always looking for

resolution of the guilt, for regret, for atonement, ^{2/7/06} ~~the~~ development of a sense of the

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there is a ^{to the contrary,} need for change in oneself. We look for the calcification of guilt. ^{Of course, there} ~~Some, we can~~ is a danger to these activities. ~~we~~ we can reduce the ^{release} ~~clients~~ ^{and then} diminish too completely by narrowing their possibilities until they worth less to us later. ^{are} ~~are~~ ^{That can prove} ~~as well.~~ It can be a savage treatment, yet if they come out of such depth by ~~out of such depths of guilt, we have to~~ themselves, we pay careful attention. For such independence suggests that they ^{might} ~~could~~ turn upon us later.

On many a night,
~~All this while,~~ Adi sits on the cemetery wall ~~on many a night~~ and wonders

what he would do if Edmund's arm rose out of the grave. Would he run? Would he

^{Or, would} talk to Edmund? Would he pelt the limb with his air gun? ^{Would those} little pellets have the force to weaken the arm?

All through the winter, the spring and the summer of 1900 the death of

Edmund remains with Adolf like a stone he ^{carries} ~~has to carry~~ in his chest.

~~Chapter?~~

The boy still had deep funds a conscience
And that conscience itself is our deepest

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enemy, our most profound antagonist, even as self-pity is our lubricant, our bonus,

and one of the most useful ^{products} ingredients we can develop in any client. Truth, the

task is for us to transform ^{a client's} conscience into an aversion ^{of the} to shameful memories, ^{which} ~~have~~ ^{it is the next page} ~~caused~~ ^{to here} the conscience in the first place, goal is to convert any sense of responsibility to certain past actions. We try?

So, we attempt
thereby to make conscience feel treacherous to one's sense of personal strength,
~~an enervator, so to speak, a useless scourge~~
~~that exhausts one.~~
One realization (which the Maestro had certainly passed on to some of us) is that

a good deal of ^(incinerated) the dread humans feel when the angels wish to punish them, can often be alleviated ^(that)

by violent acts, particularly by killing others. [Expiate. Some do not prosper.]

Often, therefore, we benefit ^{without such sanction to kill,}
So we can benefit immensely from war. Without it the matter is more difficult. It

Peace
calls upon the skills of advanced devils like myself who ^{do} know how to encourage
murder. Great difficulty attends these ^{task} ~~stunts~~ of
convincing any man or woman to slay another. Murder
murder. It is the most selfish of the acts. Here D.T. expatiates on why it is the
is, generally

most selfish of the acts and adds, "Primitives know that, ^{as well,} On sacrificing an animal

for one of their feasts, they ^{wise} ~~are wise~~ know enough to ask the beast to forgive them. In turn,

~~Also -~~
~~It is the most selfish of the acts.~~

See P 20 on Conscience

D.G. remarks that

page 20 is inserted
on p 5

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when the conscience punishes a person it interfere grievously with our use of a

client. An active conscience tends to be installed by the Cudgels to whip their

favorites into shape. But for the best and the rarest of our clients, we look to

extirpate conscience. Once successful, we can create a substitute more responsive

to our needs. In that manner, we can justify a good many of the emotions that the

Cudgels seek to repress: greed, lust, ^{envy, murder, in fidelity, jealousy, ambition,} no need to go through the seven deadly sins.

But when a conscience proper to our use is developed with some elegance by us,

we are able to strengthen our clients' self-justification of the acts we had

encouraged them to perform.

Julio - a list, please, of
the seven deadly sins.

murder, the seven deadly sins
both - superiority

envy - competent
competent
murder?
greed

~~Attention is necessary, which
to focus on conscience here, or earlier
on p 5 it ref.~~

~~Chapter~~

The Realschule was in Linz, not Leonding, and that introduced a serious

shift in the conditions of Adi's life. Linz was five miles away and ~~large~~

I worked to fortify Adi's sense of the power of murder by implanting a dream

I worked up a dream-etching

etching of himself as a hero in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. There, in his last

that he was then in his previous life before
life before he was born in 1889, it was not difficult to bring him to believe he had

who had made
shot down a score of French soldiers after they made the signal mistake of

Of course, such
attacking his lonely outpost. Such a dream etching is pure wish fulfillment. We

all about that
knew of their value in dreams long before Doctor Freud had anything to say on the

matter. ~~Of course~~, our approach to the psychology of humans must of necessity go

all those (doctors) managed to
far deeper than the good Viennese Doctors would reach, indeed, we smile at the

after all
superficiality of so many of Freud's analyses since he would have nothing to do

willfully
with angels or demons, and was certainly determined not to recognize the possible

and
existence of the Dummkopf of the Maestro in large and small matters. *on the*
other hand, some praise is due Jan for his delineation
of the ego. that concept is now become one of the

"It is probably necessary by now," D.T. continues, "that I offer an

introduction to our view of human psychology." He then goes on to speak about

tools by which we calibrate certain changes in our clients - ambition etc.

()*

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Alpha and Omega, and offers a first description of the difficulties involved with

separate characteristics
7 *and the*

So both the Cudgels and ourselves when we obtain clients. *We* ~~For on either side we~~

notice a great tendency in Alpha, for example, to be congenial to elements in

Omega, and the reverse to be true for Omega. *Neither the Cudgels nor ourselves*
then trust
~~So, we do not have a client we can~~

count upon completely, ~~no more than can the Cudgels~~. Freud and Jung were of

course aware of the *expansive and the insensibility*
the manner by which
~~dimensions~~ (of the unconscious, particularly of how contrary

man *well*
elements ~~draw~~ from one ~~side~~ of the psyche to the other. Be it said that once we

capture a client, which is to say, dominate his Omega—our habitual terrain!—

its
much of ~~the~~ creative wealth soon wishes to ~~be able to~~ live in Alpha. The worst of

also
human beings ~~often~~ have moments when they are convinced that their saintly

must
qualities ~~will~~ yet be paramount. The reverse, of course, is equally true. The

sweetest, most devoted, most gently pious women ~~also~~ have dreams ~~deep~~ in their

with
spiritual caverns where they cavort ~~in~~ absolute debauch. The proportions vary, of

course, but any attempt to capture a client obliges us to battle against the forces of

Alpha that remain antagonistic to us. The opposite ~~same~~ is true for the Cudgels

who ~~always~~ have to contend with those ^{intensities} forces in Omega that wish to reject their

influence ~~altogether~~. Be it said, this is an ongoing war within the man or woman

The potential is always there to welcome ^{come or} even when neither angel nor demon is present. ^{step} Over the years large portions of ^{other}

the psyche ^{do} move across from Alpha to Omega ^{on} and vice-versa. Sometimes I ~~even~~

believe that this double system was ^{actually} initiated by the Dummkopf to make our task

of conversion

(more difficult. It could be argued that it is just as difficult for the Cudgels, ^{but}

^{then} Perhaps the D.K. was ^{probably} confident, right or wrong that under such a system He would

eventually prevail. I expect ~~that is because~~ He sees Himself as a gambler. So He

knows, as does the Maestro, that on any specific occasion a large advantage in the

funds available ^{is a} will often have the force to carry the day. While the Maestro will

never admit it, that may be our situation in relation to the D.K. Our skill and our

intelligence may be superior to the Cudgels, but the ~~forces of energy~~ ^{energies} available to

~~our opponents~~

them remain greater, even if the D.K. will waste Time ~~with less concern than the~~ ^{galore, like Cadgels}

do live in the light
Maestro.

~~Adolf's relation~~
Obviously, Adolf's relation to the murder of untold hoards of humans was

~~in any way~~
not an ability that Adi was ready to contemplate at this point. If I were to speak of

a year like ~~1945~~ ¹⁹⁴⁴, there can be no comparison to 1900 and the months ~~ensuing~~ ^{the following}

Edmund's death. Yet, ~~following~~ ^{then was already being} my instinct most fortified by a few hints of

~~encouragement from the Maestro~~ ^{and so}, I was looking to intensify ~~his~~ ^{the boy's} sense, even then,

that he was a high agent of the gods of death, ~~and~~ ^{he} thereby could believe that his

own death would not be like others. ~~It is interesting that his final wish~~ ^{I find it} in his last months
~~at the beginning of 1945, he wished~~
~~year was~~ to be cremated. The meanest aspect of his life had always been his body.

~~That foul-smelling body~~ ^{somewhat flesh} towards which Angela often reacted as if his soul was

~~bound to it~~ ^{then}. Yet even by ~~1945~~ ^{then} he could not recognize that his understanding was

false. By then, his soul was much more befouled than his torso. Of course it is

also true that when one holds the power to choose the people who are going to die,

one has become ~~in that sense~~ an overseer of death, yet ~~in that rare state~~, one is less

likely to suffer ~~deep and~~ horror over the ~~effect on~~ one's soul. Most statesmen

who become leaders of a country at war have usually risen to such positions

because they are already ~~overseers of the power~~, and so do not have to suffer

~~serious~~ anxiety over the large numbers of dead ~~on the other side~~. They are able to

immunize their conscience on matters like this. By 1944, even the deaths of his

own ~~German~~ soldiers would bother Adolf no more than the dead rats of his

~~by created~~ back in childhood, or ~~those putrefying dead rats~~ childhood.

It is interesting to me that in 1944, one of the worst years of his life, with

the war ~~was~~ going badly, that he, out in underground retreat in East Prussia, his

at his Wolfschanze, came to tell his secretaries how his father, on many a night, would

lay a strong whipping on him; usually thirty strikes to his back or his buttocks.

But, he assured his secretaries, he had been as ^{brave}~~strong~~ as an American Indian under torture. Never did he make the smallest sound. On he went, regaling the ladies

with his heroism. By then, of course, much older than his actual age of fifty-five,

he was ~~like an old man~~ enjoying the advantages of old age. He was finally ready

^{in wake} to ~~enjoy~~ the admiration of women without having to undergo the anxiety of

seeking to copulate with them when his spirit, unlike Alois', was never fully

committed to the pleasure and conceivably uncontrollable glory of the

consequences. (The fear of embarrassment was prodigious in Adolf and we always

looked to keep it that way. ^{do} (We ~~did~~ use ~~on~~ the tools at our command!) Given the

sum of the levers and buttons we had installed in him by then, a woman was not

necessary to our aims. ~~That Adolf Frank even reported it in the course of the~~

Of course, the story he told to the secretaries was an exaggeration. On

occasion he would even speak of two hundred and thirty strikes ^{believed by} of his father's hand ^{smack onto} upon his buttocks, but by then ^{he had} he'd been lying routinely for a long time.

Once, in the late 1930's, talking to Hans Frank, he told him, "When I was ten or

twelve I had to go late at night into ^{this} the stinking smoke-filled tavern. I made no

attempt to spare my father's feelings. I went right up to the table where he sat

staring at me doltishly and I shook him. 'Father,' I would say, 'it's time for you to

come home. Up you get.' And often I would have to wait for a quarter of an hour

or more, pleading and scolding before I could get him to his legs. Then I

supported him home. I never felt so horribly ashamed. Oh, Frank, I know what a

demon alcohol can be. Because of my father, it was the bane of my youth." Indeed,

he told the story so well that Herr Frank even repeated it in the course of the

Nuremberg trials.

The ~~actual~~ ^{basis} for the story was that on one occasion when Alois had been out

at the Burger-Abend and was a little late on returning one evening, Klara called on

Adolf to go ~~out~~ looking for him, ^{however} but just then, Alois came through the door. That

was all the ~~basis~~ ^{to} there was ^{fact} for the story. (He had learned ~~already~~ from Mein Kampf

that an anecdote which was altogether false could, when attached to a moral point

or a political maxim, become a powerful ^{instrument} tool. In truth, Alois in these days after

Edmund's death was drinking most carefully. He did not dare to take too much on

any given night, ~~and this for a variety of reasons.~~ The morning hangovers were

acute, ^(was close then to unendurable) and his depression over Edmund's death ~~intensified~~. He could wake up

feeling as if he had just consumed a bowl of ashes. Moreover he needed to be alert

^{on Burger-Abends} for these respectable drinking sessions since the gentry present were more

cultivated than he was. So he rarely came home drunk. Indeed, he did feel ^{less} ~~smaller~~

^{of} as a man since the loss of his child. The same gentry toward whom he had often

became 2/7/06

felt superior when at his customs post he could note their fear of him, now

Sewing

possessed the advantage. And he ~~did~~ *had some* need to attend the Burger-Abends. Often,

their

they could lift him *for an hour* out of his depression. Without them, he had to spend *his* many a

night, whether in drink or without it, brooding on Edmund's death. And so he

became a regular and was usually present *all* ~~those~~ *chosen* four nights a week at the ~~finest~~

inns in Leonding. If, in the beginning, he had been most cautious in his behavior,

and was not at all comfortable, that condition *was* eased by the quiet compassion he

now being was offered for the loss of his son. There ~~was more consideration and~~ *A* general

courtesy *was* offered him now when he came in and many offered their warmth *again* when

he left in the evening. "This is the good side of the gentry ⁴ ~~to discover~~," he now

decided. At the Custom's Post, he had always seen them as over-friendly if they

had something to hide or most impolite in the chill of their manner when they were

passing through honestly. What also impressed him *now* was that one of the members

who ~~was there~~ ^{present} most often at these Burger-Abends was a rabbi named Moriz

Friedmann who had been a member of the Austrian District School for 18 years.

Alois could see that the other gentry were ^{respectful of} impressed by him and this certainly

moved to reinforce his notion that all of humankind could be divided into those

who ^{were} ~~are~~ cultured and those who ^{are} ~~were~~ uncultured. If one Jew could be acceptable

to this Burger-Abend, he told himself, then so could one peasant born into the

lowest circumstances, yes, even if it were never to be mentioned, a child born

illegitimately to a woman who slept on straw in an abandoned cattle trough. No,

he was not about to drink too much on these evenings. Adolf never had to bring

him home drunk. ^(toward them) He felt much too much warmth himself ^{given} the decent

welcome they gave him after his tragic loss. Indeed, the more he thought about it

the more he concluded that he had a right to belong to the Burger-Abends because

he, too, like Rabbi Moriz Freedmann was a special individual. He knew there was

something like six hundred Jews living in Linz at that time, which, given a

population of sixty thousand, was one man or woman in one hundred. Most of

these Jews came from Bohemia and were actually not so crude as one would

expect—as he would have told Klara if she had not supposed he was Jewish.

Indeed, many of them were assimilated. They didn't walk around in smelly old

swelling of state places,
captains. Many were professionals or manufacturers and, of course like Moriz ^{many} ~~and~~ ~~use~~

Freedman, many had honorary federal posts. So yes, they had come from the

outside and so had he.

outside and so had he. ^{place felt just (like Mayrhofer)}
By now he ~~was~~ ^{was} that the town tavern
was too new for his taste for some ^{brought} ~~reason~~
reason, the crudity of the voices ^{as Edmund}
close to tears whenever he ~~thought~~ ^{thought} as Edmund
and that ^{was} ~~was~~ probably because he drank so
much more at the tavern what a giant
that would be, bursting into tears.
a waterfall running out of his nostrils

CHAPTER

Adolf, now eleven, was ready for Middle School which he entered in

September of 1900, close to eight months after Edmund's death. Should he pass

all his grades for the next four years, he would be out by his fifteenth birthday.

His preference for Middle School was to ~~go to~~ ^{a few} the Gymnasium where the

emphasis would be on the classics and art rather than ^{go to} the Realschule which put its emphasis on ~~more~~ practical disciplines.

Alois and Adi had a few discussions ^{concerning this} on where he should go. Sometimes,

Klara would sit in the room with them, sometimes not, ^{but} the point at issue was

that Adolf wanted to go to the Gymnasium. There he felt he could work to good

effect, given its emphasis on art, and, looking to ~~do his best to~~ ^{he} put Alois in a

compliant mood, ^{he} added that he was looking forward to studying the classics. Alois

was scornful. ^{"Catchy, you"} "Your spelling in German has become atrocious ["] lately."

Klara spoke up. "The boy is upset. Naturally, he is most upset."

Alois: "I can appreciate some of his unhappy thoughts, since, ^{he} I can tell you,

I share them. But that is neither here nor there. I see no use in applying to the

Gymnasium if he is not going to get in." For this he chose to look with force into

Adi's eyes. "Since you can't write German without some serious misspelling,

how, in the name of what your mother calls the Good God, will you ever do

anything with Greek? Or for that matter, Latin?"

At this point, Alois *chooses to* speak to him in Latin. Not to test him (Adi knows none

of those words) but to mock him. Then *Alois* he makes a big point of lighting his pipe,

pulling it in then
inhaling it slowly, exhaling a good deal of smoke and says, "The future for most

young men *today* is likely to be in the technical subjects. Latin and Greek are ancient

languages." He looks into Adi's eyes again as if he knows he will find small

readiness there to learn anything about the ancients. "Yes", he says aloud, "in the

Gymnasium the students become so well equipped in Latin and in Greek, that

indeed, *day* then it becomes almost as good as their own German. Those are fine

knowledges to acquire. It gives superiority over others for the rest of your life.

But that school is not for you. Nor do you need courses in Ancient History or

~~Eliminate~~ the Realschule was in ~~his mind~~ and

Practical teaching)
go to the Realschule where the teaching is practical. That is exactly what you

need, my son. Moreover, ~~that is a school~~ ^{the Realschule} I can help you get into. The other one

will be closed ^{for you} no matter what efforts I make. One look at your spelling is all it

will take." ^(his thought to himself that) Get into he could ask some of the gentry for recommendations, but is

ashamed to. ^{he could lose so much more than he could gain.)}

Up to now, Adi had had the notion that he had done well in school, and

^(even been able to do his homework)
Indeed, he had until Edmund died. Since then, he had not. His spelling had

suffered most ^{the} of all. He had even forgotten the spelling of ~~words he had~~ ^{to use}

while drilling Edmund for the sheer joy of showing his superiority. D.T. intrudes

here to remark that he is concerned about this matter for it ^{does} suggests an excess of

conscience, ~~a species of guilt over Edmund's death~~. He expatiates a bit on spelling

as a reflection of an attitude towards one's sense of oneself. ~~And he remarks that~~

→ P21

Chapter
The Deal school was in Leung not Leonding and
that introduced a shift in Ali's life. Linz was Pingu
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city to the boy. At the time, it held sixty thousand inhabitants, and so was twenty

times larger than Leonding. There was a trolley car he could take which ran

intermittently, but if he missed it, there was a long walk across fields and forest

that which took more than an hour, and his destination proved to be a dark building in

the center of the city, which was most forbidding (on cloudy days).

Each morning, his ego was choked with one notion as weighty forbidding as the

building itself. He was the only one left of Alois' sons and so his father must be

able to count on him if the family was to continue its progress upward which was

not only most important to Alois but to Klara as well. Her old lecture about

honoring and fearing one's father was back in force, even if he was being asked to

honor such sentiments in the face of Alois' view that he was a spoiled and

hopeless boy, bright, but useless.

21
into
away
and
set
like
a
lamp

From Leonding
did run there

timing - get into it

a edifice

Before long, he disliked the Realschule intensely. Gone was the pleasure he

had taken in Hafeld, in Lambach, and in Leonding at going to a school where he

excelled. Now when he entered these dark walls, the school was but an extension

end fall of the same gloom,
of the gloom in his chest. *Adi* thought often of the day when Alois, weeping over

Edmund's death, almost suffocated him with the force of his embrace *while he*
Alois' tobacco breath his side burns,
kept repeating, "Now you are my only hope." Yet even as he said it several times

over, it was as if he was offering these words to no more than the air, as if to see

whether he even believed in such a possibility. And the recollection of the sound

of that voice so full of misery was now attached to the portals of the Realschule.

His classmates seemed in great part to come from well-to-do homes. They carried themselves differently from the boys he had known up to now. Klara had once told him, "Your father is the second most important man in Leonding and the first, the mayor, Mayrhofer, is his good friend."

D.T. remarks: "I do not know whether Adi had picked this up, from Alois,

from Klara, or from the spiritual emanations that came off of Der Alte, but he was,

by now, a ferocious snob." He knew that no one in Linz would respect ^{where he} Leonding.

came from. where

And ^{Leonding} the mayor, the most important man in town, sold vegetables in his store—a

^{Adi New Adels} most elevated mayor! ~~He~~ had not been in the school for a day before he felt

uncultivated. In recess he overheard two boys speaking of the merits of the opera

they had been taken to by their parents ^{the night before} last night in Linz. ^{also} ~~Now~~ he could swear he

had overheard a remark about himself: "This Hitler, he comes from the peasants."

Klara might tell him that his father ^{was} is the second most important man in Leonding

but even if that were true, ^{how could that have any} (and it was not) ~~that had no~~ meaning in Linz. Here he

was among strangers. Back in Lambach and Leonding, students had respected

him. His father did indeed have a reputation, but here it was obvious ^{the son, seen as} ~~he~~ was some

poor fool who had to walk to school from the provinces. On rainy days, he could

would give him the pfennig to
 take the trolley if his parents ~~could~~ afford it. An outlander! But then many of

these boys from Linz had never even seen Leonding. They assumed it was a

hamlet. They knew nothing of the importance of the town's architecture. They

had no idea of the beauty of Lambach's monastery. He knew they laughed at the

took
 thought that it ~~had taken~~ an hour and a half to walk to school. Indeed, he could

class
 hardly remain after ~~school~~ and make friends with other students. No, he was

to Linz *to Leonding* *only*
 forever alone, walking ~~there~~ and back. The mock wars he enjoyed were ~~possible~~

now ~~only~~ on Saturday. ~~On~~ == weekdays, it was close to dark as school went out and

winter came on. One had to wait all week for such battles and now, there was no

time to train troops or develop new methods *that had been* which was so large a part of what he

enjoyed about the game.

Before long he was in a prodigious slump at the Realschule, *and* *again* overcome (with the

was the most *Once more, he* *was talking to*
 fear that he ~~is~~ responsible for Edmund's death. He ~~picks up~~ picks up again the habit of

~~talked to~~ the trees as ~~once~~ he had done in Hafeld, but now, ^{however} the conversations ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~have~~

become orations. He confesses ^{many matters,} to the trees, ^{the trees,} he speaks to them of the elements

which are bothering his life. ^(examples of this) ~~[a chapter of his dialogue?]~~ The stupidity of his

teachers, their foul odors, for indeed many of them could hardly afford to change

their linens every day. "Angela should smell them. Then she would respect her

brother!" , the difficulty of the school he was now in. "It is supposed to be an

advanced school," he would tell the trees. "But it is a stupid place. It is inelegant,

it is uncultured, it is uncouth." And the trees ^{I feel} would murmur back. He feels the

courses getting more and more away from him ^{me. I will go back} and he turns more and more to his ^{my}

drawing. ^{I that I am} He knows he is excellent at capturing in detail some of the more

interesting buildings in Leonding and in Linz. When ^I he shows them to his ^{my} parents

^{even my father approves. He says} they approve, even Alois who says, "You are an excellent draftsman, but you have

^{he must spend it - For next, he says 'you have}

to learn more about perspective to find the size of the people who walk in front of

these buildings. Some could be eight or nine feet tall, others are Pygmies. You

have to study scale. Their bodies must be in proportion to the size of the building.

and you have to take into account whether they are nearer to the eye than the building.
~~The~~ The building, however, by itself is an excellent sketch. I appreciate the accuracy

most prominent
 you bring to the subject."

half-
 Receiving this praise from Alois, he decides that his scholarly work is not

worth pursuing. It is clear, ~~The~~ the teachers already show a lack of interest in him.

To the trees:

than
 "They are snobs," he tells ~~himself~~ himself. "Money and elegance is all they care about.

any of who
 They dance around disgustingly over the stupidest of the boys if they come from

some well-to-do established families! Ridiculous snobs." *→ p?*

But when he submits
~~his drawings to be hung on the wall like the drawings of the other young artists in~~

~~the school, the pictures are rejected.~~ The air of the place is now near to intolerable

~~to him.~~ What makes it worse is that the ugliest kids, the ones whom nobody else

will have anything to do with, are the ones who approach him.

CHAPTER?

Book 11 onward tape 4 dictated 1/24/06 revised

2/7/06

27

Back home on Saturday in the Kurzburger forest, he goes to war with great

energy. He loves having younger kids in his army; he is so full of power! But at

the school just the day before he had heard a comment about himself. Something

~~to do with bad physical odor.~~ ^{something about him.} He had taken pains not to hear it too clearly. Let

these idiots talk behind his back. For if he recognized what they were saying he

would not for the sake of his pride be able to allow them to get away with it and

yet what could he do?

Some mornings he would wake up late and be obliged to take the train from

Leonding to Linz. That bothered Klara. It was not a great expense but it ~~was~~ an

unnecessary one, ^{which} ~~which~~ was worse. She ~~still~~ had an intense sense of annoyance,

~~even less,~~ at money ~~being~~ spent when not necessary. She used to feel as if ~~such~~ ^{her}

^{such} ~~money~~ ^{coming} fell into a well that was dry at the bottom and so made an awful clatter

when they struck the stone, a ~~disruptive tug~~ ^{blow to} on your spirit. She could hear an

angel say, "~~I hear an ugly noise!~~ Are you wasteful in your life?"

In contrast, Adi ~~became lazier and~~ made more of a point of taking the train

~~as often as~~ ^{when} he could. Still, on mornings when he did have to walk, his route would

take him across beautiful meadows and he ~~became~~ ^{then} interested in the watchtowers

on the way when he learned that these were fortifications left over from the

earliest years of the 19th century when the Austrians had lived in terror that one

year or another, Napoleon's armies would march ~~upon~~ ^{over} them. So they had built

these watchtowers. Indeed, he became so excited one morning ^{in the forest,} thinking of the

workers who had put it together and the soldiers who had inhabited it, ^{All of a sudden,} that he had

the first ejaculation of his life. Afterward, he was languid, but ~~he was~~ joyous. He

knew something incomparable had entered his life. He was, of course, very late

for school and ~~he~~ was sent home with a note his mother was required to sign and

she did not know whether to believe him ~~or not~~ that he had missed the train.

CHAPTER

Leonding did have an upper class. There were gentry who owned fine

homes and the most social of them, among the men, enjoyed their Burger-Abends

immensely. In time, Alois, ~~looking to recover from the death of Edmund~~ ^{still looking) & STET} began to

feel like a geologist who digs through one level of strata ~~and thinks that he has~~ ^{believing)}

acquired ~~permanent~~ ^{incontrovertible} knowledge only to discover that ~~yes~~ ^{STET} there is another level of

strata ^{just} ~~beneath~~ with more relics, ~~full of~~ more contradictory material. And so Alois

descends into his grief step by step, ^{and feels} with confusions ~~that~~ ^{intense enough to} endanger his sense of his

own sanity. At one point, he begins to believe that Edmund was a child of Fanny

and so a true son, not an incestuary, and then realizes that is nonsense. While he

usually feels as if he is ~~getting stronger all the time and is~~ recovering more and

more from the death, ~~recovering~~ ^{and} ~~literally~~ ^{and} his strength, his confidence, his public

manner, there remains ~~a hole~~ ^{and} within him drilled through his heart, a pipe, driven

through his heart, his soul and, yes, his intestinal fortitude. A pipe which still

drains ~~everything else~~ ^{all that is} in him. So he looks forward to the Burger-Abends. There

are four of them a week. He becomes a regular. He needs to hear the conversation

which is witty, ~~for~~ ^{show his own witi} occasionally it gives him occasion to ~~shine himself~~ ^{shine himself}. These are

the smartest people he has ever known ~~fairly~~ ^{this} well socially, and he does his best to

enjoy it to the hilt, even takes undue pleasure on nights when ~~imports~~ ^{important} beer from

the town of Rheingau is served. A splendid beer. He is careful to speak of how

good it is. He is hardly about to confess how many ~~cheap~~ and pissy libations he

has rolled around in his ~~mouth~~ ^{gut} over the years. He listens with high attention on

another night when one of the gentry, ~~who possesses~~ ^{with possessing} a superior knowledge of wine,

remarks, "The British call this Hock. But that is only because the Reisling they

know and like so much comes from ~~the town of~~ Hochheim." And Alois has

learned to give a self-satisfied nod at each bit of culture gained as if it has been in

his possession for years. Another speaks ^{of Franconia and its} on one occasion of Silvaner. Indeed one

night it is served and he discovers that it comes in oddly shaped bottles called

Bocksbeutel ^{which} that ~~come from Franconia~~. A round of laughter follows.

"Bocksbeutel" means "Ram"s Testicle." Alois' mood lifts even sufficiently to

think that he should speak up here. Who would know more about ^{rams} testicles

than himself ^{Wade + he once} since he'd ~~owned~~ them himself [?] at one time? Just ask the ladies. But

he does not dare to speak. He knows the difference between himself and these

~~Burger~~ ~~Abend~~ gentry. Most of them have spent their lives, at least in recent years,

being able to stay in bed after the sun is up, ergo they are able to eat and drink well

into the evening. Yes, they can go on to midnight if it comes to it. All these years,

he has rarely reached midnight unless he happened to be in a new woman's bed.

Sad to say, but he had been

just like a common laborer all his life when you get down to it, bringing bread and

carrying a long

liverwurst and a jar of soup to ~~his~~ work. How different had ~~such~~ ^{these} lives been from

these ~~here~~

his own. These gentry, now in their retirement, would have a light breakfast ~~on~~

~~these mornings of their retirement~~, and then a ride around town after which they

enjoy a Petit Dejeuner (two French words he committed to memory after he

recognized that was a reference to lunch, not to dinner.) Often in the late

afternoon, these gentry might enter their carriages and drive into Linz with their

wives to have a five o'clock tea in one of the best hotels. And there they would

the Hotel Wolfinger on the Danube

founded in 1565. There
Drei Mohren, and then they would

listen to violins. What did he know of that?

Note for earlier: At a certain point which is when we speak of good hotels

in Linz where the burghers might go for an afternoon tea, one of them is the Hotel

~~W~~olfinger in Linz, and what he said of that hotel is that it's 500 years old with

antique furniture and modern facilities. A view of the town square, the Haupt

Platz. In the back there's a romantic courtyard and on warm days the burghers take their tea there.

Another hotel to be mentioned is the Drei Mohren, which means the Three Moors, situated in the middle of the Old Town of Linz, and dates back to 1565.

Fine bar, etc. Just insert this much material; it will be useful to mention it.

Yet, if he had just a little more money and Klara were not always so

concerned with expenses, it might make sense for him to buy a carriage and teach

Adolf to take care of the two horses. Another dream to give up. Yes, it would be

a rare late afternoon when he would have five o'clock tea in the best hotels of Linz

or look out at Der Haupt Platz ^{from the} lobby of Der Drei Mohren ^{at Der Drei Mohren} after which a visit and listen to the violins. After which, these Burgers would return in the evening,

to the opera. As he

~~to Leonding—assuming they had not gone to the opera or to a café in Linz. As he~~

told Klara, the ones with the most elevated ideas of themselves, the ones who

could be seen as belonging legitimately to the upper classes—"Yes, he told her,

"forget about Mayrhofer, he's a fine fellow but he's not the one I'm talking about.

There are all these people above him who come from very old families and often

have six courses for dinner. I have heard of as many as eight."

Klara remarks: "I could do that for you."

"No, my dear, no," he tells her. "I am not even considering such a matter.

Because the secret is you can't serve fancy dishes unless you have the proper

luxuries to lay ^{them} out ~~next to them~~, Nymphenberg porcelain, for example, or ^{serve} Beluga

caviar, ^{an} good Meissen china from Berlin, French Champagne, ^{proper} ~~even~~ venison, ^{in glass}

^{where you can hear the ring if you} Imported tomatoes from Italy. Once, I hear they even served American

^{just} ~~just~~ fitch a finger.

watermelon.

Indeed, one time he is invited to one of these dinners. He goes alone. Klara

stays home to take care of the children. When he gets back on the last train, Klara

remarks to him just a bit stiffly that perhaps they should invite these people back

to their home. *After all!*

Alois replies, "They have indoor plumbing. Their bathroom is not some

~~ranked~~ ^{their} shed outside of ~~the~~ house. The door to their bathroom does not have a

hole cut into it in the shape of a heart. Our new friends, if they were such, would

look upon such conditions as ~~irresponsibly crude~~. *irresponsibly...droll.* "He had never ^{used} ~~that~~ ^{word} ~~before~~ ^{with} ~~us~~ ^{"Aha"} ~~we~~ ^{went} ~~on~~

that sort here. What could I say when they ask, 'Where might the water closest be

and I always ^{Nobody will peep!"} found?' ~~I would have to tell them,~~ ^{the} 'I hope you don't mind a hole in a plank.' No,

^{shocked!} Klara, we're not inviting anyone. They would be ~~appalled~~ to see that we don't get

our water by turning a tap."

*P 36 is blank
and has been discarded*

Five months afterTape 5.Once he goes to the realschule, however, Klara is called in several~~times to discuss his work, particularly in January, just before the first report~~~~late in January. Afterwards,~~
cards are given out. She spends some time with his teacher, and on the wayhome ⁱⁿ the trolley, her eyes are shut tight ~~much of the time~~ to hold ~~back~~ ^{in her}~~the tears just back of her lids. She worries about Alois's reaction, but does~~~~not know if she ^{will have} the news to Alois, and~~
~~has the courage to break it to him in advance. And indeed,~~this ~~is one time when~~ ^{too} she does lose her nerve. It is all so awful tocontemplate. Adolf's marks are dreadful,Indeed, when Alois does ^{leaving for him} find out, it comes on the worst day of the ^{year}~~year for him, the first of February. He's been prepared for the first year~~February 3, 1905,
anniversary of Edmund's death on the next day, but runs into Mayrhofer onThe Mayor
the street at midday and Mayrhofer ~~does~~ something most unusual, which is~~he proposes they go to the tavern for a drink, something Mayrhofer rarely~~LNM#
123
Days 1, 2, 3
became
part
of
tape
4

~~can longer~~
~~does and never in working hours~~ Rarely does he leave his shop to ⁱⁿ the care of

his assistants unless he has work in Town Hall as Mayor. And now, he's

making this offer, ^{in working hours,}

After

When they sit down in the tavern, they speak first of the anniversary

They clasp hands tightly like good men in
 of Edmund's death. Then Mayrhofer does something he has never done ^{the}
^{grip}
^{of}
^{honorable}
^{gave}
^{savoured}
^{emotion}

He says:

before. He ~~puts~~ ^{lays} his hand on Alois's arm and says: "You must promise not

to which Alois replies
 to punish the messenger," and they go back and forth with that a bit, Alois

^{yy}
~~saying~~ with confidence, "But you would never be the bearer of ill tidings."

Already he feels ^{the worst} ~~stirrings~~ ^{stirrings} in his stomach.
^{it is not good tidings}

~~And~~ Mayrhofer says, "Yes, in this, I am. You have a son also named

Alois. ~~Is~~ that not the case?"

Mayor's
 Now Alois seizes the other man's arm so hard that he bruises it.

with a most unhappy smile

Mayrhofer frees himself after wincing, "Well, you have punished the

we says, "you"

messenger already. Alois, the news I have is not good at all. The news is ^{information}

"Yes, ^{I know that beginning} ~~what is your information~~ ^{this is the}

expand a line a two back for
 first time ^{has} ~~there~~ has ever been ^{Alois?}

^{in tone}
 ugly when speaking to his friends
 "snarling" says Mayrhofer, "I will tell you
 you. Your young Alois, Junior, is in prison now"

~~that~~ ^{status} your son Alois is in prison now or has been, I don't know which. A

report came through today that circulates through the district. . ."

"But ⁱⁿ prison—how can that be?" ^{For what is he in prison?}

~~Mayrhofer dared to say a damning~~
~~word about Alois, even~~

"For theft."

^{"Alois, he is in for theft."}

A low guttural sound ^{comes} out of Alois, halfway between a wail

and a groan. ^{to be said,} "I cannot believe it, ~~cannot~~ believe it," but, of course, he ^{know}

^{it had to be true}
believes it completely. He knows it is true.

Mayrhofer said, "I ~~had to tell you~~ ^{had}. I will find out if he is still in

prison so you can visit him ^{should} if you so desire. I apologize for bringing you

~~the news so late.~~

"Visit him?" says Alois. "I don't think so." His back had broken out in a

~~inter~~ rash. He ^{was} full of sweat. He ^{was} realizes he's on the edge of losing ^{the last} his

~~of his~~ ^{but he managed instead to speak calmly}
^{and rationally, even}
good manners and says, "The hardest thing I ever had to do in my life was to

^{with a dignity that was as externally}
^{impressive as it was internally}

disavow one of my children completely. ^{u he managed to put together} But, Mayrhofer, you must

understand, we are such a good family. My wife and I have been ~~so~~ careful

to raise them properly. ^{But Junior} Only he ~~was~~ the rotten apple in the barrel. Without

disavowing him, the others ^{children} would have been ruined. And now the two

who are alive—" he catches himself ^{but does not} from a sob ^(yes, these two)— "will turn out very well

indeed, that much I know. They will be good children, just like yours."

Mayrhofer says, "I thank you. ~~Yes~~, I have good children, ^{yes.}"

They sit ~~there~~ and ~~they~~ drink, and Mayrhofer remarks that there is a

story that the tavern-owner ^{here} was once married to a very attractive girl, but a

wild one ^{like a Gypsy} (and their children offered great difficulty, especially the boy.

Alois has been bonding with Mayrhofer, but now is suspicious, doubly

suspicious because he does think of Fanni and ^{thereby} ~~he~~ becomes horny ^{soon} and feels

full of rage and loose ends. ^(*) ~~No one to trust, everything going wrong.~~

⊕ Is Fanny still speaking to him from beyond the grave? Jeering at him because of Alois Junior?

By the time he gets home that evening, Adolf, at Klara's insistence,
shows him the report card and Alois catches his breath and says to her, "I
must break my vow," ^{Klara,} and she, half infuriated with Adolf ^{yet} and half convinced

she is betraying him, ^{says} (only says, "I will not argue ^{about} this."

So Alois ^{states:} says to the boy, "I took a vow with your mother ^{precisely} at your

mother's request, that I would never whip you again because of the tragedy ^{recent}

in our family. ^{a year ago,} And now, you can be certain, I will break ^{my vow,} it. I will break ~~my~~ it

~~vow~~ in a large way because ^{that} is the only course to take when ^{the}
vow is to be disavowed,

relinquishing a vow. Remember that! Now, come, you and me are going to

your bedroom."

^{Once more, he} He is holding in his temper to the best of ^{his} ability. It breaks, however,

as he puts Adolf over his knee and starts to beat him with his belt. Adolf

tells himself, "My mother said that this will be my century. I will not cry

out, I will not cry out!" But the blows are so severe he begins to weep

Alois had never used a leather strap before,
despite himself. *He thinks of the night in Hafeld when they had all*

believed that Alois-Junior was dead from the blows, and now he realizes the

the same in this leather! would
the force of ~~them~~ *and* wonders in a panic. Will he die now? *Yes* this the hour of

his death? He *felt* *was* *down* as if he is falling from one terror into another. He does

not want to die! *And* his heart begins to surge on him; he feels as if *it* he will

burst. Indeed, he does not know *what* *this excruciating* ~~when pain~~ will do him in—the back of his

scourge of his *galloping fright* *his father,*
buttocks or the ~~core~~ of his heart, and at that moment, Alois, seriously

winded, eases off and finally stops, pushes Adolf off his knee and says,

"You may stop crying now."

Alois *He has*
He sits back, invaded by his own terror. *Alois* He had begun to think of

Alois-Junior on the ground.

The whipping is now engraved in Adolf's memory. ^{There was no} "No need for a
^{need for a} dream-etching here," ^{I decided,} remarks D.T. ^{we knew could} Whippings can be as powerful as

~~dream-etchings, nor do we control them, although I did my best to restrain~~

~~Alois's hand." Over the years, Adolf will remember such whippings on odd,~~

~~uncomfortable occasions.~~

~~(The dream etching side by
 side with the reality, when
 does D.T. explain that?)
 Just this late earlier?~~

Perhaps the most dramatic recollection took place in 1930 when as
 the head of the young Nazi party, in possession of the still-distant hope of
 yet coming to power, he was invited to meet with President von
 Hindenberg. The distaste, indeed, the anathema that comes off the old
 Prussian brings to mind the priest who had scolded him for smoking and
 with that, his father's wrath. That beating on February 1, 1901, had also
 come upon him like pure anathema.

P11 is deleted

Actually, there was a parallel occasion at the Realschule on the day

his drawings were rejected. He had assumed for a long time that these drawings were so much better than anyone else's that by their presence alone, they would make up for all his other poor marks and all his lack of popularity. In truth, he saw his drawings as the deus ex machina to lift him from his own depression and remove altogether the lack of prominence that sat upon him in this school. [scene?]

New chapter:

In the aftermath of the beating, Alois went into his own depression.

He could have no confidence in ^{the poor remains} what was left of his male line. He started

going to the tavern in the afternoon—a risky business now to become drunk.

Would they hear about it at the Burger-Abends?

P 143
More to elaborate with
be some the proper & clear

But the loss was too great to allow him to wait ^{without a drink,} through the day.

^{only went to the}
~~without a drink.~~ So, for a time, he stopped going to the Burger Abends. In

the tavern, ^{and} he no longer looked to dominate conversation, ^{which was also} which he had
 a loss since he was one of those ^{that there}
 always been able to do with great ease before, even as he had always been.

circumspect at the Burger-Abends.

men who could feel in full possession of
~~his faculties~~ powers close to eternity

DT now remarks that some men drink in bars to feel closer to the
 through no more than the joy that
 power of eternity. "What a joy they feel if they can dominate the room."

^{when}
 they are dominating the room,
~~It allows them to~~ epiphanies,
 They feel closer to the cosmic!" Now, it was as if such forces had lost

^{He soon}
 interest for Alois. Then, ~~he even~~ grew tired of drinking in the tavern. "I do

^{now that}
 not ~~even~~ enjoy my beer any more since Edmund is gone," he said to

Mayrhofer.

Chapter

13A

Adolf was suffering as intimately as Alain, but not for the loss of Edmund. It was for the loss of the high place his drawing had occupied in his self-esteem.

He had dared to submit them to his art teacher so that they ~~could~~ ^{could} any number of ~~them~~ ^{them} could be chosen, and thereby receive the honor of being ~~on~~ ^{being} tacked to the cork wall on the side of the art studio, preserved for the work of students.

He had prepared for these honors to come. He had taken it for granted that his work would be chosen — his drawings, after all, were so much better than anyone else's.

That would be a fine moment for him. It would make up for all that was not equally superb in his other studies. Those indifferent marks would be forgotten, and his lack of popularity.

With other students would now be a thing of the past. Having just learned the concept of being by means of his submission, he would yet be prominent in this school. (13A)

more than inflict a fearful headache on him (by besieging him the night before with contradictory suggestions or how to deal with his rebellious son, Adolf's work was seen next morning through the billions haze of a migraine, Adolf's work was rejected, it was not being on the wall, well, the well,

P14

If I have to admit that I took a role in the judgement ~~of~~ that was to follow, ~~but~~ ^{Adolf} that his talent, and it was not remarkable, I could see at a glance that he would have been a great artist, ~~but he might also be~~ (Young Pablo Picasso ^{for example} was already by 1901 a figure young man in whom we were interested.) Yet young Adolf Hitler did well that was good enough, certainly to hang in his school room, indeed, he would have been one of the best.

"Divert him from this," was the intuition I received ~~from~~ from the ~~beauty~~ ^{half-successful} "the last thing we need is a ^{young} ~~young~~ ^{critic} ~~artist~~ ^{mediocre} artist with a ~~good~~ ^{lack} of real recognition." Hitler to put him into a real slump."

I was in good position to accomplish this. Adolf's art instructor was one of our clients, indeed, he was a close Moulton to the "half-successful pumped-up mediocre artist," the Maestro had described. So, I had to do ~~no~~

(13B)

(14)

He could not believe it, many
of his drawings, not even one
had been chosen. In that
~~hour~~ hour, he withdrew forever
from the idea that he would
ever look again for success,
in school. Like Alois, ~~union~~
he would have to ~~live~~ learn
to live on his own.

Of course, he would not ~~leave~~
home, no need for that as yet.
The thought of ~~Top~~ ^{Boys} still
brought a sweat to his ~~back~~
~~but~~ ^{Boys} he would wait. He still
had the power of force, of self
future force in his mind, and
so he would live among
others while living on his
own, and possessing -
~~state~~ unknownst to others,
a will of iron.

Such thoughts were reinforced
when Karl May came to town.
Karl May, the author he revered

Ever since her implicit collaboration with Alois over the beating ~~blatant~~ administrator to their, she had been much easier for her to give him the way than to her.

At this point, Karl May happens to come to town, Karl May, the

author he ~~reverses~~ ^{revere} more than any other in the world. So he ~~goes~~ ^{went} to hear him

on a Saturday afternoon in Linz. He even ~~gives~~ ^{gave} up the battle reserved for

Saturday afternoon in the woods. But there it is; the word has ~~reached~~ ^{been} the

school: Karl May ~~will~~ ^{would} give a reading in Linz ~~in the~~ ^{on that} afternoon. Indeed, he is

staying at the Roter Krebs, the Red Crab. This may need to be checked

since the dictionary gives two meanings, crayfish and we have to check it

eventually.

~~He~~ ^{he} ~~confides~~ ^{confides} in Klara that he wishes to go and she, not knowing the

~~thought~~ ^{thought} that his wish to hear a ~~Samuel~~ ^{Samuel} difference, thinks that going to hear any author is a sign of culture, and ~~goes~~ ^{goes}

~~gives~~ ^{gives} him the ~~kronen~~ ^{few} he will need for admission. He slips in the back, ~~sits~~ ^{sits}

So he had enough to buy a ticket in the rear ~~seats~~ ^{seats}, or the orchestra, and ~~was~~ ^{was} soon disappointed in the rear, torn by whether to go up to Karl May afterward or not. But he is

by the appearance on stage of Karl May, disappointed to some degree by the small stature of the man and his lack of ~~the man was~~ ^{in stature and possessed no elegance} ~~he might be well-dressed but he looked~~ ^{yet} ~~real elegance. Indeed, he well-dressed, yet~~ ^{looks heavily}

~~Such criticisms ceased to exist, however, soon~~

~~So soon as~~

All this changes when May starts to read aloud from his work. He is ~~was~~

~~richly~~ ^{set most} ~~marvelously~~ ^{in response it began to} ~~histrionic and Adi feels creative as he listens to think of how,~~ ^{and begins to} ~~when next team played at here, it would~~ ¹⁾
when they play next, this will be not the Boers against the English but the

frontiersmen against the Indians, and the Indians will carry short sticks as

opposed to the long ones they've been using as rifles or swords, and with

these short sticks, when they capture a frontiersman, they will put an arm

around the boy's neck and draw the stick in a circle around his scalp, ~~at~~ ^{AK}

^{goal post} which point the ~~violated~~ frontiersman will be out of the game.

~~On his return home, he~~ ^{swore} ~~He has sworn his mother to secrecy about his trip. He knows his~~ ^{no need} ~~to hear his father's comments,~~

~~father will not like it. When he is caught out by Alois, who, keeping a tight~~ ^{But poking} ~~through Adolf's pockets after he went~~ ^{pockets} ~~to sleep, came~~ ^{two days later} ~~watch on the boy, comes across a ticket stub he has been saving. Alois says~~ ^{then}

~~Next morning, Alois~~ ^{Next morning, Alois} ~~chose to say, "I am not impressed~~ ^{with this Karl May, it is a convicted}

Earlier, he had
trapped Edmund

Adi and
Karl May

Adi's
criminal
last
he says
"Ober
brother!"

~~Next morning, Alois says "I am not impressed with this Karl May. He is a convicted criminal,~~

~~just like your older brother Alois." Which, of course, is true, but as DT~~

~~remarks, "The insult to his sense of literary taste is ~~so~~ unacceptable that~~

~~imaginary conversations with his father begin."~~

[NOTE: Possible cut from here through the imaginary conversations..

Everything from here to the end of tape is problematical.]

~~From pp 17-34 ~~no~~ pages are usable.~~

This is the beginning of imaginary conversations with his father,

Alois's thoughts yes now were

much too strong to utter aloud. He begins to have many such dialogues, with his father, but only in his own mind. Before long, we was playing both parts. imaginary conversations. DT remarks: "Here we were obliged to take a

If I have to say that this ~~other~~ obliged me to take a degenerate into a psychotic risk. For imaginary conversations can become a quicksand into which our

was used few client can sink. On the other hand, it is often necessary to breathe a little air

fresh spirits, which was in danger of becoming into an ego when it becomes too depressed. So I allowed this to go on. At

these practise

times, I even encouraged it."

Fixed by Dwayne
3/14/06
Tuesday

FAH to Judd
in the morning (about 14?)

Indeed, the first imaginary conversation was concerned with the

subject of ^{those young (who were)} Czechoslovakians living in Linz and going to class with him at

the Realschule. ^{Since} Adolf was not yet certain of his own attitude ^{toward} ~~and that~~

^{them, I was doubly concerned} concerned me," said DT. "One of the things ^{by} we work on all the time is to

wipe out internal conflict in a client's opinions. For the majority of our

^{men and women to be serviceable}

clients to be effective, there must not be too much oscillation in their

^{we only make an exception to this} thinking, ^{except in the} most special cases. We are not interested in

developing ^{who have a real} too many clients with an appreciation of nuance. ^{Rather, we} We look to

keep them ^{squarish} on the white or black ^{side} of the question chosen." And here, Adolf, ^{yet} ^{was}

^{ready to enter} before he even entered his first imaginary conversation with Alois, ^{and} was not

^{good German} even certain whether to join the fight against Slavization, ^{in Austria, or to} or whether to ^{cheer} be for the ^{the contrary,} speak favorably of the Czechs, ^{Gzechs.}

His teachers were certainly pro-German and that ~~initiated~~ ^{initiated} ~~tested him~~. His first ~~had to initiate his choice~~. His first impulse ~~was to go against them~~, but the cause had also been taken over by

the German students in school. The idea of these pan-Germans was that ~~the Real-Schule~~ ^{they as} ~~believed~~

~~that~~ ^{which was to say, get rid of} Austria should belong to Germany ~~not to~~ the Hapsburgs and certainly not

to the Hungarians, the Bohemians, the Jews, the Serbs, the Croations, all of

~~that polluting lot~~

them. The Austrians should become wholly German. And at first, he hardly

~~knew~~ ^{too much} knows how to take up such an argument against Alois. Confusion ~~arises~~ ^{was present}.

Alois's best friend is a Czech. And his father ~~dislikes~~ ^{didn't} the Prussians and

he often said, exhibited intolerable

~~snobbery~~ ^{yes, he had} their arrogance toward Austrians. He encountered too much of such

~~snobbery~~ ^{happened to be} arrogance in those German Customs agents in Passau who were Prussian.

He had to deal with them every day, and now there were even a few of ^{at}

Burger-Abends. On a given evening when he made his maiden speech to ^{there}

the others, ^{he} he said, "It is not cultured to insist that the Germans are superior

Do perhaps not as an Ie
but that's the point

to all other ^{types of} people. Indeed, we may be, but is it not rudeness to rub the ~~on~~
~~noses of other people~~ ^{our} noses in this belief? In addition, I ~~would say~~
 Moreover, it is highly impractical.

What good is likely to come from such a program?"

Of course, Alois ^{was the first to know that his father} ~~not being a client~~ ^{(was} rarely bothered by ~~the~~
 contradictions in his opinions, remarks ^{DT} "We may remember," DT says,
^{he could certainly remember,} ~~that~~ ^{had wanted to}
 that Alois was furious at the local priest who put together a soup kitchen
 I think Adoff even guessed ~~that~~
 for local indigents. Now Alois ~~even lives~~ in fear that when Alois-Junior

^{came} comes out of prison if, ^{and when, he would probably} as is likely, he ^{becomes a tramp, he is likely to be} ~~becomes a tramp~~ ^{and so be}

^{appear} among ~~these~~ ^{those} very Bohemians. What would be the horror of encountering
 Alois Junior if he ^{was} ~~is~~ now a bum with his
~~hand in his hand~~ ^{hand in his hand} ~~at one of~~
 him in one of those soup kitchens. ~~Because this local priest, a 'mama's~~

boy' ~~was very idealistic.~~

Alois had heard a good deal about Mayor Lueger of Vienna who once
 said, "I decide who is a Jew," and Alois decided he could make the same

remark in relation to the Czechs. Of course, Karl Wesseley, being his best

friend and a Czech, he ^{never such in} made these remarks ~~beyond~~ Wesseley's hearing.

~~That was Adolf's guide. He would speak~~

Using that as his guide, ~~Adi~~ decides to speak (derisively of the Czechs.)

Here is the imaginary conversation that ~~and the imaginary conversation takes place as follows:~~

took place in Adolf's head with all the ~~some of a loud debate in a public theatre,~~

"How," says Adolf, "can one raise the level of conversation with

ADOLF: Your best friend is a Czech. ~~How can you do that to our family?~~
~~How can Czechs are not even~~
Czechs when they're not even worthy of being called stupid. I speak from

my experience of the students I know.

ALOIS: You do not

Alois replies, "You don't know the Czechs. They are interesting people. I have heard

people. I have heard that Prague is a more beautiful city than Vienna."

ADOLF: Impossible

"Impossible!" replies Adolf.

ALOIS: You say 'impossible' to your father?
How can you dare when you

"You say 'impossible' to your father? When you have not even seen Vienna?"

ADOLF: I can, because I know
You, sir, have no taste
Vienna?" Alois stamps his foot. He looks absurd doing so.

At this point, the playlet is over.
Alois merely stamps his
foot and looks assured.

This quick trip of the imagination has

~~"This quick triumph of the imagination,"~~ remarks DT, "gives Adi a

given Adolf a

taste of what heaven must be like.

Yes, heaven ~~is~~ must be the free play of one's imagination with no consequences to pay.

Enjoying this quick, if imaginary victory, the boy goes on. He

So, Adolf goes on with the imaginary conversations, like

recognizes that Alois has no toleration whatsoever for ~~these~~ pan-German

notions. If the Hapsburg realm were to cease to exist, then ~~all~~ ^{of course} the Austrian

Germans would become, ~~if necessary~~, dependent on the Prussians. ~~At~~ ^{while}

Alois often keeps ^{at dinner}

dinner, Alois has kept repeating how he dislikes Prussians, and yet Adolf

was ~~sensed~~

also sensed a certain weakness in him, a vulnerability, that deep down Alois

the son ~~desires~~, that Alois believes

believes that yes, the Prussians will finally dominate Austria.

So, in the next ~~imaginary conversation~~

In some of the imaginary conversations, Adi goes in for remarks on

Adolf scoffs at Crown Prince Rudolf,

how attractive the cornflower is that the pan-Germans wear, and sensing

ADOLF: If I were prince, I would

further that Alois secretly believes the Prussians will win in the end, makes

How weak! How shameful!
How ignoble! Rudolf hurt

jokes about Rudolf Mayerling - Crown Prince Rudolf at Mayerling. "If I

Austria, we will never be
the same. No Prussian would ever do
such a thing.

That was not a dialogue but a

~~Delator?~~

were prince," he says in another imaginary conversation, "I would never

commit suicide. How weak! How shameful! How ignoble! Oh, Rudolf

hurt Austria. No Prussian would do such a thing."

← triumphant monologue. In Adolf's

Adolf saw

In his imagination, Adolf now sees Alois afflicted by breathlessness,

a wonderful impotent fury for Adolf

asthma, fury, DT remarks earlier that the skills of these imaginary

One time, these imaginary

conversations improve and deepen, and all that the boy learned from

in newspapers, and from Treitschke and Erndt

conversation, and occasional reading becomes magnified and clarified so he

becomes so clear to him that he is ready

to present powerful arguments for Alois as well.

Alois: These pan-German Austrians

So here is Alois speaking to say that these pan-German Austrians,

these Schoenerers, are all

so divided. Adolf,

these Schoenerers, or even the apostates of these pan-Germans, they are all

poor boy, recognize the

sad fact. There is no

so divided. Of course there's more than one party saying the same thing,

poor boy looking at the facts

splitting the vote. "Adolf, recognize the sad fact," says Alois, "it means that,

no German party in Austria which looks to stress German nationalism can have influence in the Austrian Parliament."

This argument proceeds in Adolf's head, but only after Alois has made many remarks at the dinner table. "Look at the facts," he says.

"These Pan-Germans, the Alte-Deutsche, have suffered prodigious defeats

in Vienna and in Lower Austria. Even ^{here in} areas like Linz, ~~here~~, which is

much more German, ~~where~~ the electorate is only qualified by the ownership

of property. ^{So,} the Schoenerites and the Wolfites, ^{are} these idiots ^{who} have no chance

to collect enough votes. ^{They get} Get applause, ^{yet,} perhaps, when they speak to a group,

^{as young and stupid as boys like yourself} ~~because~~ ^{but} people do not vote with their passions," says Alois ~~most cogently.~~

People vote for their ~~more superficial~~ ^{for} interests, if you will. ~~They vote for~~

their bank account, not for their heart. ~~But~~ the people in Linz who vote are

^{who} respectable, and respectable people shy away from the vulgarity of extreme

without single space
or space and a half

change. Those Pan-Germans in Linz have nothing ^{but tokens} ~~Tokens~~ is all they have.

^{little} Little, ridiculous newspapers that they print and distribute by hand with

^{They} such poor fellows—^{such} ~~such people~~ to do a job for them ^{are so poor} that these poor fellows

^{their} (noses run in the cold. You, you, Adolf, you're in such a hurry to support

them—read! Read their ridiculous journals. Der Fliegilnzer Blatter—what

a weekly! Absurd! Weak! It's revolting to look at it. And I can say ^{weak} ~~as~~

~~much~~ for the Alte-Deutsche Blatter—a bi-weekly, not even a weekly, a ^{weak} ~~bi-~~

^{sister} ~~weekly~~, twice a month. There are not interesting political people. This is a

cult. ~~Alois speaks of "cult" as if it were a filthy bodily organ.~~ "They

^{probably} should have ~~secret~~ obscene ceremonies among themselves. ^{Filter and secrets} (They should not

be looking for votes."

ADOLF! You are totally mistaken
In the imaginary conversation, Adolf replies, "You are totally
^{Father}

mistaken, Father. I know better. In school, my fellow students are devoted

Simple & 1/2 space under

to the Alte Deutche. They love the cornflower, which, as doubtless you

know, ~~since you speak of it~~, is the emblem of the Schoernerist movement.

But perhaps you are ignorant of ^{these} ~~such~~ details. ^{The} ~~This~~ cornflower happened to

be the favorite of a very old emperor of Germany, William the First, yes. So

why do students wear the cornflower? It is our way of saying we have

German hearts. Our hearts are not Austrian but German, and these hearts

dream of a time we can cross the border back and forth. So we have a secret

in school. I'll even tell you what it is if you agree to keep it a secret."

~~Alois:~~ ^{ALOIS} Well, you never offered anything like that before. All right.

I must keep it a secret, unpleasant as that is for me."

~~ADOLF:~~ ^{ADOLF: Well then} "Well," says Adolf, "when they play the Austrian national anthem, we

do not sing the words we are supposed to sing. We are in tune with the

melody, but we sing 'Deutschland uber alles.' As you know, or maybe as

1 1/2 pages cut out

you do not know even with all your bragging about all you know, these two

musical anthems are the same, ^{That} which should be a sign that all along, we

Austrians have wanted to become Germans. German is the language we

wish to speak."

I would say that these imaginary

DT remarks: "This had gone on long enough. It was becoming too

conversations had to now become too
unreal, too self-serving. Because for us, the balance between (sufficiently

and too easy over-elevation of oneself
self-serving and too much is ~~over~~. So I brought him back to reality. I had

recognizing that these were indeed
the boy recognize it was indeed an imaginary conversation, because if it had

been real, Alois would have taken a club to his head. He ^{"might"} be too weak

Adolf would certainly
to beat any longer on your bottom or your back, but he could use a club."

For that matter, as Adolf could recognize, ~~other~~ fine phrases in Latin

now had become Alois' club. *Virtually* Indeed, almost as a reflex, given Adolf's *growing and obvious* hostility

toward the Hapsburgs, Alois seemed to be studying Latin more and more at

night and he would use it at the Burher-Abends. At the dinner table, he

~~gave~~ ^{gives} quotations in Latin and smiles with a superiority to enrage Adolf

~~because~~ ^{because} none of them, not Klara, not Angela, not Paula nor himself can

answer. ~~Particularly he likes to do that when Adolf quotes Schopenhauer [and~~

~~possible cut]~~

~~The more, however, that these imaginary conversations continue, the~~

~~Adolf continued to do poorly in school~~
~~more poorly does Adolf do in that first year. His report card which he~~

~~fall year which he brought~~
~~brings to his father in June, marks his moral conduct as "adequate," which~~

~~a grace of the teacher who made the decision, for he was surly in class. His~~

~~expressions were irritating. The small sounds he made were contemptuous,~~

~~and yet he had had a sense of where to cease, and so one could not speak of~~

~~his moral conduct as less than adequate. His diligence was certainly erratic~~

~~and was marked as "most erratic, poor," and he failed two courses,~~

delete?

~~Adolf failed two courses~~

(Mathematics and Natural History, which meant that he'd have to repeat the

first year of class all over again in the year to come, which would mean five

years in the school, not four.

^{blow}
That was a true shock to Alois.

^{It weakened him, indeed}
~~Indeed, it was so depressing that he~~
^{he could not muster}
~~did not feel the energy to try to beat Adolf.~~ It came over him that he hardly

felt the strength to raise his hand.

~~On his side,~~ that summer, Adolf was equally depressed, and in the

depths of his ~~depression~~, his inability to do well in school, ^{upward to tell} that he told

himself ^{necessary} (with my assistance) that the art of learning was something he

comprehended far better than ~~the A students~~, and the top students, and even

the best teachers. He knew that what was important was to retain the

essentials and learn how to ignore the non-essentials. ^{5 students could} He had one good

~~history teacher, in his mind, a Dr. Leopold Poeltsch. He decided that the~~

~~others could hardly understand what Poeltsch was saying. These students,~~

would busy themselves, like the ~~other~~ teachers, with the endless study of

details. They could recite categories; ~~they~~ ^{They} were such bores. They recited

like parrots ~~to the rest of the class.~~ ^{And} smiled as if they were truly

intelligent when the teacher approved of what they said. They were the

^{they} ones who got good marks.

He was above that, ^{so,} he told himself. He was interested in what the ^{hidden}

core of ^a each situation might be ^{that would be knowledge} and so this kind of study was onerous. You

^{you} could not subscribe to it. You could not bend to it. It would damage ^{his} ~~your~~

^{and if he ever bent to such methods,} ~~brain~~ ^{other} ~~How much more he knew than any of them, for example, about the~~ ^{Indeed,}

^{the rest about the}

Boer War. ~~For~~ ^{every} Saturday afternoon he drilled younger ~~school~~ boys to

be English or Dutch and they fought battles that ^{even} reflected some of the

episodes he read about in the newspapers.

Nonetheless, he did not like looking at himself in the mirror these days. He was pale, even gaunt. He would not use the word for himself—he used it for so many others—but he was looking seedy.

One day in October, in 1901, soon after entering his second term at the Realschule, which was but a repetition of the first year, he decided before coming home from Linz ~~that day~~ to buy a whistle, and he practiced blowing it all the way through Kurzberger Forest, back to the Garden House. He ^{would now} ~~could~~ use this whistle as a signal to his troops: One blast for attack. Two peals of the whistle for maneuvers. Right flank to move to the left, or the left to the right. Three blasts in succession, attack. Each Saturday the signals ^{became} ~~grew~~ more complex. The idea was to confuse the enemy. He trained his armies to recognize the meaning of four or five separate ^{perps and blasts} ~~signals~~ from the whistle and arrived at these concepts while staring

out the window at Edmund's grave on the other side of the cemetery wall.

He even wondered if Edmund may have forgiven him to some degree and so

had sent him the idea. DT remarks, "That was my work. The need by now

imperative That was my notion. The need by now was to cheer him up. ~~at the imaginary conversations~~ had lost their restorative force

~~with it all~~ *few* *few* *now* one of the ways to cheer himself was to tease Angela.

Physically, he was ~~now~~ *at least* her equal in strength. So he enjoyed calling her a ~~stupid goose~~ *whenever she opened her mouth*

we called her a For Angela, that "stupid goose" ~~whenever she opened her mouth~~ That was a dreadful term

~~for Angela~~ *back to being* He had virtually reduced her ~~to~~ a young girl. She would even

run to Klara to complain. She hated geese. She had seen them alighting in

the town pond, but to her, they were not only noisy but filthy. She was

so told more like a swan, she ~~tells~~ herself.

On Saturday evenings he ~~was~~ *Before* at his worst. With each successful battle,

became he grew crueler ~~with~~ her. She could not bear it. Angela had seen those

geese, crowding along on the banks, leaving their ~~excrement~~ ^{slimy drop} behind them.

I had to allow him to have one over and over again. ~~more~~ ^{monologue} ~~imagining~~ ^{I even} ~~(Dr. Leopold Poeltsch)~~ ^{encouraged him to} ~~the argument~~

He is grateful for Dr. Leopold Poeltsch. The man had such an elegant,

~~Now, Adolf~~ ^{(imagined himself as}

~~style. Adi would rehearse it to himself. He was clear-voiced, incisive, and a teacher at the Real-Schule. He dressed in elegant style and was never without wit. His students laughed often. He gave such a clear always clear-voiced, incisive, and never without wit.~~

~~explanation of the methods of studying. "This is central," Poeltsch would~~

~~'ADOLF! Here is the essential, young men. Do not try to remember all the facts at each given occasions of every historical event. That is a discipline~~

~~an historical event — that is a discipline many of my colleagues are bound to look to impress upon you. I would say to them as well as to you, 'Watch out,~~

~~for yourself. You are swimming in clouded water, full of foam and debris.'~~

Some of these facts you have memorized will contradict other facts you

have memorized, and you will be in a state of confusion. Retain the

essentials. That is all. From there you may select those facts which clarify

ADOLF
+ SWIMMING
+ SINKING

1000 End
and Sample - space

the issue ~~for you~~. They can only grow out of the principles which created them. Facts, therefore, must never dominate principle. That is because principles, if wisely chosen, are immortal, and facts at best are unreliable."

~~With Poeltsch, Adolf was able to recognize that his methods were excellent, of course, as he taught, but could be an embarrassment in other classes where all the teacher wanted was that you learn the facts, not which ones were essential. (TAPE ENDS)~~