

Novel Dictation, January 27, 2006

At the Schmidt's farm, Adolf unlike all the other members of the Hitler family ~~did~~ ^{does} not work. He ~~spent~~ ^{spends his} all his time that summer playing with

the younger Schmidt children and others in the neighborhood. ^{He starts new} Starting war

games after the afternoon chores were done. ^{but these kids are too slow to pick it up} In the morning and the early

afternoon he ^{to} would read and draw and wander into the woods ^{to} where often ^{they are} ~~study new positions, and with recollections~~ ^{of the sex museum in Lure} ~~he would masturbate while listening to the rustling of the leaves. Once in a~~

while he ^{could} ~~would~~ be asked to join ⁱⁿ with the field work, but ~~he~~ managed to

avoid it for the most part by complaining of trouble with his lungs. Klara, in

a panic, ^{tells} vetoed asking him for any labor at all. She even told her sister

Theresa that she ^{would} ~~would~~ pay for his food.

After the summer, Angela's marriage took place on September 15th, in

Linz to a man named Leo Raubel, a fellow who worked as a notary, a clerk

^{in a bank} ~~he~~ ^{decides} ~~he~~ ^{for most of day, maneuvered with military, and protected by Klara over the loss of Adolf} ~~he proceeds in the early morning and early~~

and ^{is} ~~was~~ all too satisfied with himself. Adolf ^{can't} ~~couldn't~~ stand Raubel who ^{is} ~~was~~

always telling him how to live as if now that Alois was gone, a replacement

⁴ Your lungs are not as bad as you claim, isn't
 was needed. ^{The only positive element that Adolf ^{can} see with the ^{to} ^{hand} ^{the} ^{truth?}}

^{upcoming} ^{is} marriage ~~was~~ that his own financial condition ^{will} ~~would~~ improve. Once Angela

^{beginning} ~~was~~ living in another home, there ^{will} ~~would~~ be more ^{pension} money in future years for

Klara to spend. In her turn, Angela, like a ^{horde} ~~hoard~~ of other women ~~all over the~~

^{is} ~~was~~ entering into marriage with a man she ^{can hardly} ~~could not~~ adore but a man,

^{nonetheless, who is available} ~~who seemed to be the only one truly available~~. She ^{is} ~~was~~ more than ready to

accept such a marriage ^{she feels as if she has} ~~and she felt she'd been living long enough with a~~

terribly guilty secret. She ^{has} ~~had~~ never stopped pining for Alois, Jr. She ~~had~~

~~known~~ ^{she knew} ~~back~~ in 1896 after the fight with his father, that he would never come

^{but through} ~~back~~, Through the years more and more she'd come to accept him as ^{that} ~~her~~

model of ^{what} ~~a~~ fine figure of a young man, ^{she should look like} ~~She could never stop thinking about~~

how handsome he had ^{been} ~~looked~~ when he was up on Ulan. And after a year or

two she even began to play at the edge of an illicit dream, a terribly illicit ~~one~~

~~dream~~ ^{she and Alois, Jr.} for Angela. She was certain, of course that ~~they~~ would never go too

^{yet} ~~but~~ once in awhile in ^{the course of} this fantasy she would allow her brother to

dismount from ^{his} ~~the~~ horse and kiss her. She soon learned, however, that the

mind ^{is always ready} ~~looks~~ to tarnish such explanations. ^{and so before} ~~Before~~ long Angela began ^{to} ~~to~~ think

of ~~one of the~~ ^a girls that Alois, ^{Jr.} ~~(Jr??)~~ had known. ~~And~~ this girl had always

been ready to smile at her and most intimately as if both shared the same

secret, a frightful secret; they both knew her brother all too well. ^{Equally well!} By the fall ~~By the fall~~
 "It's not true," Angela ~~would~~ ^{actually} whisper aloud,

^{Yes,} ~~in~~ 1898 after the family moved to the garden house in Leonding, Angela had

a room to herself and there, carefully hidden from everyone else, she kept a

photograph that an itinerate photographer had taken of Alois back in Hafeld

in the course of photographing members of the family. ^{one summer day,} ~~Her~~ brother had been

so pleased with ^{the} ~~this~~ image ^{that had been taken} of himself standing by his horse, ~~Angela~~ had ^{chosen} ~~chosen~~

^{to steal} ~~stolen~~ the picture. That had been her ^{chosen} ~~way~~ of paying Alois back for how he

had teased her in ^{so many times} those weeks all those seven years ago ^{during these weeks when} she had been reluctant ^(she had)

to get up on Ulan. ^{All the same,} But ^{seemed to have} once Alois' photo had disappeared, she had sworn on

a stack of bibles which did not exist for one moment in her mind that she

had no idea where ^{his} the picture might be. She did not care that he was

suffering just as much as if he'd lost a gold watch. He deserved to suffer for

the way he ^{had} teased her; so cruel! Now Angela ^{was still most} had become so secretive

about her hiding place for ^{this} the photo in her room in Leonding ^{yet} and, as her

marriage approached, she became progressively more concerned about this ^{carnal redolence she contained in her heart,} ^{this innocent yet maybe not so innocent attachment} small redolence to the carnal that she'd attached to a fading brown portrait of

Alois until finally she came to ^a the cruel recognition ^{that} that there was no

otherwise, she would be in danger that Leo would ^{discover it} ^{and} ^{see} ^{thoroughly} ^{her} ^{excuses} ^{that} ^{could} ^{tarnish} ^{the} ^{marriage} ^{So, in} ^{a curious} ^{seemingly} ^{a small} alternative but to destroy it or she would tarnish the marriage to come. ^{in a}

small ceremony she tore it into many pieces ^{after} on a night when she was unable

to sleep. And there, ^{long after she} close to midnight, took the pieces, found a small bowl

and put a kitchen match to them ^{weeping} in it and wept silently as the pieces of the ^{the bits of the}

photograph turned to brown and then to black, ^{and then all} ~~were charred.~~

~~Chapter~~ After the marriage back in school Adi is bothered by thoughts of how

ugly Angela and Leo must be in bed. How frightful they must smell. ^{(He was} ~~The~~ ^{taking his own species of revenge for how} ^{she had teased him over the years. The} ~~old verse in Latin from the bishop of Cluney with which he had teased his~~

~~teacher~~ now came back to torment him. How could Angela who had always

accused him of smelling bad ^{was now} ~~now~~ be engaged in a practice with Leo's

erection (and Adolf had seen the groom's organ once when they'd urinated

side by side in a field and it struck him as particularly ugly and doubtless

^{but now he was} ~~now~~ ^(right) awful in odor) ~~now~~ to be rubbing in and out between Angela's two holes of

feces and urine—how disgusting! His thoughts came to a halt when he

recognized that his father and mother were ^{no} ~~not free or~~ ^{then} ~~different from~~

^{was this} ~~secret~~ ^{had to keep on} ~~about~~ ^{these} ~~matters.~~ newlyweds. How awful

NEW CHAPTER

By May of that next year, 1904, in addition to ^a ~~his~~ mediocre record,

Adolf failed French. A make-up exam would await him in the fall. He took

it and received a passing mark but was told by the principal, still furious

about the way he had treated ^{~~the~~ Herr Schumann} the religion teacher, that he had been given this

passing mark on the ^{sole} condition that he not return to the Realschule for the

fourth term. ^(He could look for his graduation elsewhere) What a telling insult. Adolf said to himself, "I will never let

this school insult my intelligence again." D.T. remarks that he is ^{indeed} a

prodigiously spoiled darling. "With his ilk, we look first to intensify their

cruelty. We lift them from the small éclat they ^{obtain} gain by tearing the wings off

flies to observing how long it takes to drown ^{many minutes must elapse for} a new born kitten ~~in eight~~

^{to drown in eight} inches of water. With Adolf, my constant task was to intensify his sense of

self-importance. The Maestro, never one to explain his motive ^{or direction},

told me that Adolf's whole and superior ^{sense that he was separated} separation from the non-descript ~~any nondescript categories of~~

field of humans out there was the most particular enforcement I could give ^{this adolescent} ~~him~~. Now that his father was dead, there would be no one ^{there daily} powerful enough

to impinge on his ~~daily~~ sense of himself. That opened an opportunity for us

^{which} ~~that~~ had not existed before. So long as Alois ^{was} ~~had been~~ alive ^{he had} ~~had~~ been able ^{many of our ego-enforcements} to spoil ~~any evening~~ for Adolf by no more than a contemptuous look.

So for his last year, his fifth year in the Realschule, ^{after only} for four years of

^{real} progress, Adolf was sent to a town called Steyr which was fifteen miles

^{from Leonding} away. ^{given the separate departures of} For Clara, since expenses were now smaller ^{with the absence of} ^{death and marriage} Alois and Angela, ^{Klara} could afford to have ^{Adolf in Steyr} him room there (rather than be

obliged to ~~suffer the~~ travel every day back and forth by train. And so ^{he}

^{from Sunday night until Friday afternoon} ~~stayed with a woman named Frau Sekira in Steyr from Sunday night to~~

^{together} ~~Friday afternoon~~ in company with six other students she ~~also~~ boarded. It

was her duty to see to it that they were reasonably well fed and did their

homework and, indeed, she was friendly ^{even} and motherly. Adolf always

addressed her in a formal manner, ^{but he was} the only one to remain so aloof. ^{He spent his} His spare

time ^{he spent} reading and drawing. His marks in the new school were no

better than before and ^{at the end} he even failed ^{that we last year's French} French. And so would have to take this ^{another exam} another exam

^{after} exam over again before he could graduate. ^{He started the school in}

^{if he} ^{started in Steyr during September} September of 1904 and his first long vacation at home was ^{at} Christmas. ^{no thank}

By ^{he had} that time ^{he had} grown weary of listening to Klara speak of Alois. ^{By now,} In her mind

he was ^{to her} by ^{now} a pillar of the ^{to} empire, a most dedicated Civil Servant and the

most prestigious father in the town of Leonding. His pipes, particularly the

long one, she kept on the mantelpiece, ^{installer} (tape stops, starts)...reinstalled

^{bowel} upright on a special holder. It was family gospel by now ^{this good} that this

father, Alois, no matter ^{particular small} what his faults had climbed a mountain ^{in his lifetime} to reach

^{to reach where} where he was when he died, and so he, Adolf, had been blessed with a

Adolf, he was ^{fortunate} ^{He had been blessed} with a powerful father. "Indeed," says D.T. ^{with my} "I had had to tell" ^{By way}

and more mundane of want? I had looked to dream etchings I'd succeeded in implanting into his thoughts the notion that one notion over and over. It was that his father, ^{by climbing upward} had climbed throughout his life and reached a summit that could serve as enough of a platform, for Adolf in turn to be marked by the fact that he, Adolf, might become the most prestigious

(a wholly unique father, a great man who could be father in the nation's father to the German people. And these thoughts, so I must say whether through Klara, myself or by way of horror of us, these thoughts were so settled in Adolf's brain, that in Mein Kampf, twenty years later, he would

Adolf would

(write about Alois: "Not yet thirteen years old, the little boy he then was,

buttoned up his things and ran away from his homeland, Waldbiertel. A

bitter

resolve it must have been to take to the road into the unknown with

Bart's

only three Guilders for traveling money. By the time the thirteen year old

had

was seventeen he passed his apprentices examination, a long time of

through she

hardship for which had passed with endless poverty and misery strengthened

his resolve with all the tenacity of one who'd grown old through wanton

sorrow while still half a child this seventeen year old youth clung to his

has

decision and became a Civil Servant. Now there has been realized the promise

of the vow to which the poor boy once had sworn, not to return to his native

before he had
village until he'd become something."

~~D.T. remarks. "Wanton sorrow. It has a fine sound in German;~~

~~Mangel und Sorge."~~

Over,
On the next summer of 1905 the family goes back to Spital, ~~and~~ back
when that is over, ~~in September to~~ the Steyr to take his final make-up

examination in September. ~~(And)~~ ^(Friedrich) he passes the exam and ^{so} receives his

a certificate that he has completed his schooling. In celebration, he and some

of the new boys at Frau Sekira's have a party to begin the school year. It ^{sooey}

blossoms, ~~because~~ ^{one} of the boys has brought four bottles of wine and is

generous enough to share them. "My father," he says, "said that this is for

you and your friends. Four bottles. It's good to make a pig of yourself once

a year, ^{That} is just what my father said; just once, not twice." ^{They}
all applaud ~~this~~ ^{the} about father.

Adolf wondered what it would be like to have a ^{good} father like that and ~~he~~

~~proceeded to get~~
 gets very drunk off just a few glasses, brooding over ~~the~~ cruelties done to

him ~~even~~ now that he ^{must} ~~could~~ respect the heights to which his father had ^{climbed} ~~risen~~.

~~The students~~ late finishing the bottles,
 With the wine they stay out very late and when Adolf gets back to his room

at Frau Sekira's he is very drunk. "I'm as drunk as my father ever was," he

says to them all. ~~And then~~ ^{he} falls asleep in his room. In the morning he

discovers that his certificate of graduation is gone. He will be going home

later in the day. He has to have something to show to his mother. She

~~will~~
 would never believe that he earned his degree if he ~~couldn't~~ ^{can't} show it to her ^{technically}

~~He tries to work up an explanation, hangover and all. He thinks that maybe~~

~~He wonders whether to tell~~
 if he told her that he unfolded the certificate in the train ^{in order} to enjoy looking at it,

^{since it} ~~he had to~~ open the train window and
 but it is a warm day, and there by the open window of the train a gust of wind

~~Stepping outside, he recognizes that it will not~~
 had carried it off. He doesn't feel it would ~~work~~, it has not been a warm

~~work~~ It is a cold ~~September~~ day for September
 enough day. When he mentions his troubles to Frau Sekira she suggests

that he not attempt to deceive his mother. ^{it is} That was not advisable. ^{if} For if ^{your story} it is

is accepted)

successful, you will feel guilty about it," she told him. "And if your mother

finds out, it is so much worse. Think about it."

Now, he
For the first time, Adolf looks at her as if she is a thoughtful human being

being. Up to then she had just been the woman who served him food every

day and changed the sheets. Hung over, miserable and feeling weak he asks,

"What do you think I should do then?" She suggests that he apply for a

duplicate certificate. So he goes back to the school he thought he would

never see again and the director keeps him waiting for a long time and when
after all, a busy day of registration at the school,
But when the ~~Director~~ Rector does let him in,
he does let him in, it is after all a busy registration day at the school, he

it is to, a cloud door behind him)
opens his drawer and takes out a heavy paper bag and says with a look of

he says,
terrible displeasure, "Your certificate is in here. It has been torn into four

pieces. You will discover that it is in an inglorious condition." Then the

Rector stares at him in much the way Als dis-
director glares at him. "It is one thing to be a student celebrating graduation,

his graduation, please that he has passed
completing a course, finishing an examination successfully, hoping to enter
a make-up examination. At last he can
allow himself to think that he has earned

taken his first adult ~~steps~~ steps toward
 the life that awaits you with some inner feeling that you have earned what
 his fathering but it is quite another matter
 over work you will acquire, but I will tell you, Herr Hitler, it is quite another
 matter to enter into a ^{state} ~~state~~ of intoxication that ^{finds its termination} ~~ends~~ in despicable acts,
^{absent-minded} ~~absent-minded~~ acts where ^{the perpetrator} ~~you~~ cannot even recall the bestialities you have
 indulged himself in.
 enacted.

Adolf is so reduced that he says, "What have I done?"

"Oh, young man, ^{my dear Herr Hitler, it}
 seems that you took this document, this

parchment so precious to you, or ^{so} it certainly should be, what with the success ^{delivered}

of your education inscribed upon it, and ~~you~~ chose to treat it"—and here he

took a deep breath and ^{holds} ~~held~~ (the bag away from him—^{"yes,"} ~~you~~ chose to treat it

as toilet paper!" He hands over the closed bag, his hands shaking with

disgust and says, "Do not open it in my office! I cannot bring myself to

believe that ^a ~~any~~ student in our school could have ever ^{brought himself to} ~~committed~~ such a base

act. You would do well to fear that it will happen again, that you will go

through life never learning to govern such perverse impulses, such ~~stinking~~

~~unmentionable~~ and wholly embarrassing activities. Shall I ~~tell~~ ^{write to} your mother, or do you ^{? No, I will} not. ~~She does not deserve such a striking~~
~~embarrassment. Instead, you must promise~~
~~promise to offer me the comfort that from the time you leave this office, I~~

will not only never have to see your face again but will never have to hear
 about your deeds."

Adolf nodded ~~empty~~. He set his face in ~~as~~ ^{what would later intensify} pious expression ~~that~~ ^{could}
 he could accomplish. ~~But what intensified~~ his shame is that he ~~remembered~~
~~that~~ ^{that} he had wiped his ass with ^{with a} the certificate in the sure sense of intoxication
~~of self love, of inner grandeur. Yes, he'd wiped his ass with the knowledge~~

~~that even that ass was superior to all other things.~~ ^{all their nonsense} (What made it worse, ~~that~~ ^{was}

~~on~~ the walk back to Frau Sekira's house ~~he~~ ^{he} had to wonder how the director
 had gotten a ~~hold~~ ^{hold of the certificate} of it in the first place. And then he realized one of the
 only one likely explanation. One of the ~~slow~~ ^{slow}
 students he'd been drinking with must have given it to him. Even as he
 to the Reformer. But whom? Once home, he spent
 a long ^{at the washbasin} time in her washbasin cleaning the certificate very carefully.

~~then~~ ^{at last} drying it and gluing it together ^{to} on another piece of paper. ~~Having this~~

Pasted together, ^{it was} certificate at least of evidence, knowing ~~he~~ ^{that} he would come up

with some explanation of how he happened to tear it by mistake, ~~he kept~~ ^{Since 4}

~~kept~~ wondering which of the four students ~~he had been drinking with~~ ^{was the} had been a

traitor, ^{he} ~~and~~ decided that he would never drink again in company. "Liquor is

~~the golden drink of traitors,~~ ^{for} he told himself. He kept sniffing the document

to make certain that it smelled of talcum powder ^{now} ~~now~~ and nothing else.

I have to remark that nothing
D.T.'s comment: "Nothing until now, since Alois' death ~~had so been~~

has been so
(able to impinge on Adolf's ~~daily~~ sense of his own importance. ~~He had built~~

^{had been built}
Such a great wall of protection around this vision of himself that the episode

^{made a breach of course it was}
with the certificate had breached it. It was a wound, not a disaster, and

^I ~~D.T.~~ knew that ^{I and would} he could build on it, even use the humiliation as ~~an~~ ^{whole}

^{available}
employable and highly effective force to contain the ~~extent~~ of Adolf's manic

love of himself ^{on these} upon certain occasions when a reduction was more in order.

D.T. remarks: "It is interesting that Adolf blames the French exam for this

episode and in consequence truly detests the French."

~~TAPE ENDS~~

end of chapter

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At the Schmidt's farm, Adolf unlike all the other members of the Hitler family did not work. He spent all his time that summer playing with the younger Schmidt children and others in the neighborhood. Starting war games after the afternoon chores were done. In the morning and the early afternoon he would read and draw and wander into the woods where often he would masturbate while listening to the rustling of the leaves. Once in a while he would be asked to join in with the field work, but he managed to avoid it for the most part by complaining of trouble with his lungs. Klara, in a panic, vetoed asking him for any labor at all. She even told her sister Theresa that she would pay for his food.

After the summer Angela's marriage took place on September 15th, in Linz to a man named Leo Raubel, a fellow who worked as a notary, a clerk

and was all too satisfied with himself. Adolf couldn't stand Raubel who was always telling him how to live as if now that Alois was gone a replacement was needed. The only positive element that Adolf could see with the marriage was that his own financial condition would improve. Once Angela was living in another home there would be more money in future years for Klara to spend. In her turn Angela, like a hoard of other women all over the world, was entering into marriage with a man she could not adore but a man who seemed to be the only one truly available. She was more than ready to accept such a marriage and she felt she'd been living long enough with a terribly guilty secret. She had never stopped pining for Alois, Jr. She had known back in 1896 after the fight with his father that he would never come back. Through the years more and more she'd come to accept him as her model of a fine figure of a young man. She could never stop thinking about how handsome he had looked when he was up on Ulan. And after a year or

two she even began to play at the edge of an illicit dream, a terribly illicit dream for Angela. She was certain, of course that they would never go too far but once in awhile in this fantasy she would allow her brother to dismount from the horse and kiss her. She soon learned, however, that the mind looks to tarnish such explanations. Before long Angela began to think of one of the girls that Alois (Jr.??) had known. And this girl had always been ready to smile at her and most intimately as if both shared the same secret, a frightful secret; they both knew her brother all too well. By the fall of 1898 after the family moved to the garden house in Leonding, Angela had a room to herself and there, carefully hidden from everyone else, she kept a photograph that an itinerate photographer had taken of Alois back in Hafeld in the course of photographing members of the family. Her brother had been so pleased with this image of himself standing by his horse. Angela had stolen the picture. That had been her way of paying Alois back for how he

had teased her in those weeks all those seven years ago she'd been reluctant to get up on Ulan. But once Alois' photo had disappeared she had sworn on a stack of bibles which did not exist for one moment in her mind that she had no idea where the picture might be. She did not care that he was suffering just as much as if he'd lost a gold watch. He deserved to suffer for the way he'd teased her; so cruel! Now Angela had become so secretive about her hiding place for the photo in her room in Leonding and, as her marriage approached, she became progressively more concerned about this small redolence to the carnal that she'd attached to a fading brown portrait of Alois until finally she came to the cruel recognition that there was no alternative but to destroy it or she would tarnish the marriage to come. In a small ceremony she tore it into many pieces on a night when she was unable to sleep. And there, close to midnight took the pieces, found a small bowel

and put a kitchen match to them in it and wept silently as the pieces of the photograph turned to brown and then to black.

After the marriage back in school Adi is bothered by thoughts of how ugly Angela and Leo must be in bed. How frightful they must smell. The old verse in Latin from the bishop of Cluney with which he had teased his teacher now came back to torment him. How could Angela who had always accused him of smelling bad now be engaged in a practice with Leo's erection (and Adolf had seen the groom's organ once when they'd urinated side by side in a field and it struck him as particularly ugly and doubtless awful in odor) now to be rubbing in and out between Angela's two holes of feces and urine—how disgusting! His thoughts came to a halt when he recognized that his father and mother were not free or different from the newlyweds. How awful a secret women kept about these matters.

NEW CHAPTER

By May of that next year, 1904, in addition to his mediocre record Adolf failed French. A make-up exam would await him in the fall. He took it and received a passing mark but was told by the principal, still furious about the way he had treated the religion teacher, that he had been given this passing mark on the condition that he not return to the Realschule for the fourth term. What a telling insult. Adolf said to himself, "I will never let this school insult my intelligence again." D.T. remarks that he is a prodigiously spoiled darling. "With his ilk, we look first to intensify their cruelty. We lift them from the small éclat they gain by tearing the wings off flies to observing how long it takes to drown a new born kitten in eight inches of water. With Adolf my constant task was to intensify his sense of self-importance. The Maestro, never one to explain his motive or direction,

told me that Adolf's whole and superior separation from the non-descript field of humans out there was the most particular enforcement I could give him. Now that his father was dead there would be no one powerful enough to impinge on his daily sense of himself. That opened an opportunity for us that had not existed before. So long as Alois had been alive he'd been able to spoil any evening for Adolf by no more than a contemptuous look."

So for his last year, his fifth year in the Realschule, for four years of progress, Adolf was sent to a town called Steyr which was fifteen miles away. For Klara, since expenses were now smaller with the absence of Alois and Angela, could afford to have him room there rather than be obliged to suffer the travel every day back and forth by train. And so he stayed with a woman named Frau Sekira in Steyr from Sunday night to Friday afternoon in company with six other students she also boarded. It was her duty to see to it that they were reasonably well fed and did their

homework and, indeed, she was friendly and motherly. Adolf always addressed her in a formal manner, the only one to remain so aloof. His spare time he spent reading and drawing. His marks in the new school were no better than before and he even failed French. And so would have to take this exam over again before he could graduate. He started the school in September of 1904 and his first long vacation at home was at Christmas. In that time he'd grown weary of listening to Klara speak of Alois. In her mind he was by now a pillar of the empire, a most dedicated Civil Servant and the most prestigious father in the town of Leonding. His pipes, particularly the long one, she kept on the mantelpiece. (tape stops, starts)...reinstalled bowl upright on a special holder. It was family gospel by now that this father, Alois, no matter what his faults had climbed a mountain to reach where he was when he died and so he, Adolf, had been blessed with a powerful father. "Indeed," says D.T. "I told him as much myself. With my

dream etchings I'd succeeded in implanting into his thoughts the notion that his father had climbed throughout his life and reached a summit that could be marked by the fact that he, Adolf, might become the most prestigious father in the nation; a father to the German people. And these thoughts, so settled in Adolf's brain, that in Mein Kampf twenty years later he would write about Alois: "Not yet thirteen years old, the little boy he then was, buttoned up his things and ran away from his homeland, Waldbiertel. A bitter resolve it must have been to take to the road into the unknown with only three Guilders for traveling money. By the time the thirteen year old was seventeen he'd passed his apprentices examination. A long time of hardship for which had passed with endless poverty and misery strengthened his resolve with all the tenacity of one who'd grown old through wanton sorrow while still half a child this seventeen year old youth clung to his decision and became a Civil Servant. Now there'd been realized the promise

of the vow to which the poor boy once had sworn, not to return to his native village until he'd become something."

D.T. remarks: "Wanton sorrow. It has a fine sound in German; Mangel und Sorge."

On the next summer of 1905 the family goes back to Spital. And when that is over, Adolf returns the Steyr to take his final make up examination in September. And he passes the exam and receives his certificate that he has completed his schooling. In celebration, he and some of the new boys at Frau Sekira's have a party to begin the school year. It blossoms because one of the boys has brought four bottles of wine and is generous enough to share them. "My father," he says, "said that this is for you and your friends. Four bottles. It's good to make a pig of yourself once a year, that is just what my father said; just once, not twice."

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gets very drunk off just a few glasses, brooding over the cruelties done to him even now that he could respect the heights to which his father had risen.

With the wine they stay out very late and when Adolf gets back to his room at Frau Sekira's he is very drunk. "I'm as drunk as my father ever was," he says to them all. And then falls asleep in his room. In the morning he discovers that his certificate of graduation is gone. He will be going home later in the day. He has to have something to show to his mother. She would never believe that he earned his degree if he couldn't show it to her.

He tries to work up an explanation, hangover and all. He thinks that maybe if he told her that he unfolded the certificate in the train to enjoy looking at it but it is a warm day and there by the open window of the train a gust of wind had carried it off. He doesn't feel it would work; it has not been a warm enough day. When he mentions his troubles to Frau Sekira she suggested that he not attempt to deceive his mother, that was not advisable. "For if it is

successful, you will feel guilty about it," she told him. "And if your mother finds out, it is so much worse. Think about it."

For the first time, Adolf looks at her as if she is a thoughtful human being. Up to then she had just been the woman who served him food every day and changed the sheets. Hung over, miserable and feeling weak he asks, "What do you think I should do then?" She suggests that he apply for a duplicate certificate. So he goes back to the school he thought he would never see again and the director keeps him waiting for a long time and when he does let him in, it is after all a busy registration day at the school, he opens up his drawer and takes out a heavy paper bag and says with a look of terrible displeasure, "Your certificate is in here. It has been torn into four pieces. You will discover that it is in an inglorious condition." Then the director glares at him. "It is one thing to be a student celebrating graduation, completing a course, finishing an examination successfully, hoping to enter

the life that awaits you with some inner feeling that you have earned what ever work you will acquire, but I will tell you, Herr Hitler, it is quite another matter to enter into a bout of intoxication that ends in despicable acts. Absent minded acts where you cannot even recall the bestialities you have enacted."

Adolf is so reduced that he says, "What have I done?"

"Oh, young man. It seems that you took this document, this parchment so precious to you, or it certainly should be what with the success of your education inscribed upon it, and you chose to treat it"—and here he took a deep breath and held the bag away from him—"you chose to treat it as toilet paper!" He hands over the closed bag, his hands shaking with disgust and says, "Do not open it in my office! I cannot bring myself to believe that any student in our school could have ever committed such a base act. You would do well to fear that it will happen again that you will go

through life never learning to govern such perverse impulses, such stinking and wholly embarrassing activities. Shall I tell your mother, or do you promise to offer me the comfort that from the time you leave this office I will not only never have to see your face again but will never have to hear about your deeds.”

Adolf nodded emptily. He set his face in to as pious expression that he could accomplish. But what intensified his shame is that he remembered that he had wiped his ass with the certificate in the sure sense of intoxication of self love, of inner grandeur. Yes, he'd wiped his ass with the knowledge that even that ass was superior to all other things. What made it worse, that on the walk back to Frau Sekira's house he had to wonder how the director had gotten a hold of it in the first place. And then he realized one of the students he'd been drinking with must have given it to him. Even as he spent prodigious time in her washbasin cleaning the certificate very carefully

and drying it and gluing it together on another piece of paper. Having this pasted together certificate at least of evidence, knowing he would come up with some explanation of how he happened to tear it by mistake, he kept wondering which of the four students he had been drinking with had been a traitor and decided that he would never drink again in company. "Liquor is the golden drink of traitors," he told himself. He kept sniffing the document to make certain that it smelled of talcum powder now and nothing else.

D.T.'s comment: "Nothing until now, since Alois' death had so been able to impinge on Adolf's daily sense of his own importance. He had built such a great wall of protection around this vision of himself that the episode with the certificate had breached it." It was a wound, not a disaster, and D.T. knew that he could build on it, even use the humiliation as an employable and highly effective force to contain the extent of Adolf's manic love of himself upon certain occasions when a reduction was more in order.

D.T. remarks: "It is interesting that Adolf blames the French exam for this episode and in consequence truly detests the French."

TAPE ENDS