

Tape 7 dictated 1/25/06, revised 3/15/06

~~Ready for fighting~~Double-Mace
burial

On the morning of January 3, 1903, Alois was not feeling too well,

~~so he~~ and shortened his daily walk through Leonding ~~to stop~~ ^{and stoppage} at the Gasthaus

Steifel for a morning drink. He was depressed. Even before his physical

breakdown last summer, he had lost his small hive of bees. Here in winter,

he was still brooding about that. They had departed in a swarm and he was

not able to locate their new habitat. Indeed, if he had found them, could he

have climbed the tree—any tree!—on which they had relocated themselves?

(The fight to Klara—see Notebook Nov, 2005)

Soon after came the purchase of his coal at a cheap price. He had
 thought to get the man from whom he bought it to deliver it all right down
 to his basement, but the fellow insisted the payment was at such a good

Faxed to JM
 by DW 3/22/06

put on a
 separate page and note

P2

price he would have to add a fee for the extra labor. So, Alois took on the task by himself. That, he decided, would be a good way to rid himself of some of the bad feeling that clung to him after losing his bees. Instead, it had brought on his hemorrhage.

~~That was back in July of 1902, but he was still thinking about the lost swarm and his foolishness with the coal, and so, to cheer himself up, on this~~

morning of January 3, he did decide to have a glass of wine. ^{In order to} ~~To~~ rouse his

^{own} good spirits to meet the wine, he chose to remind himself of an agreeable occasion from the past.

Back in Customs, fifteen years ago, examining the possessions of a well-dressed traveler, he ^{had come} ~~came~~ across a box of cigars whose seal had been carefully removed ~~and~~ then re-pasted. He could tell as much by the thin line of cement around the edge of the stamp, and when the box was opened, he

found a diamond under the cigars. He was even tempted to pocket it. The

^{centrally} smuggler indicated that he could have the ^{bauble} diamond if he didn't bring him in

for trial. Alois, however, was afraid of a trap. He was also proud of his

honesty. He had never indulged in such chicanery. Of course, he was

tempted, because it looked to be a most valuable ^{stone} diamond but, indeed, he

did turn it over to the authorities, and thereby gained an Honorable Citation.

That certainly helped to advance his later promotions ~~and served as well as~~

~~a tonic to his ego~~

^{as a tonic to his ego}
He had used this memory ~~in the past~~ more than once, but now at the

Gasthaus Steifel, he did not capture the pleasure expected ^{not even} as he took his

first sip from his morning glass of wine. Instead, to the consternation of the

few Saturday morning drinkers, he collapsed. It was absolutely without

warning. His last thought had been in

Latin: Acta est fabula. ^{What else, indeed, for Alois? Those}
^{were the last words from Caesar}
"The play is over!"

The innkeeper and his assistant carried him to ^{a sudden} the next room which was ^{empty} quiet. Next, the waiter suggested that he run ~~out~~ to get a priest. A short discussion ensued. The tavern owner said, "I don't think he would want that!"

The waiter said, "Sir, ~~are you certain?~~ Can one be certain in matters like this?"

The innkeeper shook his head. ^{"All right,"} ~~Just~~ go get him. Leave me out of it."

But it developed that Alois was dead before the priest arrived, dead from a pleural hemorrhage, as the doctor declared ^{when} ~~as~~ he came in next.

Klara and the children arrived a few minutes later, and Adolf burst into tears ^{right} immediately after Angela ^{began to sob for she was the} who was first to see her father's body ~~laid~~ laid out on a ~~table~~ table. Indeed, Adolf and Angela embraced. He was terrified.

^{dreamed of} He had wished for his father's death over so long a period that when the

waiter came rushing to their house, knocked once on the door, and came in,

Adolf did not believe the news. He was certain his father was pretending to

be dead in order to rouse a little sympathy from the family. Indeed, he

remained convinced even as they ^{hurried} ~~ran~~ through the streets to the Gasthaus.

Only when he saw the body was he overcome. He wept, loudly and without

cease, as if his immediate necessity was to conceal every last one of his

wishes for the death of his father, indeed, hide such feelings from God. ^{If he could!} ~~It~~

~~It~~ was as if the ^{more} ~~harder~~ he wept, the more might God believe that he did mourn

~~So~~ his father after all. (That he was certain of God's interest in him had been

one of my contributions to his development.)

Again, on January 5, the day of the funeral, he wept again in church.

By now, however, he had to will himself to do so. He forced ^{his} tears to

^(all the many men and women who) ~~impress~~ ~~those who might be staring at him.~~ I, in my turn, had more than a
stet

little work to perform as a guardian angel. (Wholly ersatz!) It had now

become my task to convince him that God would not be angry. ^{I was} ~~I had to do~~

posing once again as his guardian angel. That served
~~as much.~~ (It would be more difficult to mold him further if he kept living in
a purpose.)

terror of the Almighty. While we can, on occasion, play with such fear ~~to~~ ^{for}

a given end
suit our purposes. (It is ^{for us} an unbalanced activity, since the better we are

at it, the more is the risk that the client will become sufficiently pious to

attract the attention of the Cudgels who will then be particularly vindictive

toward us since we have dared to imitate them.

CHAPTER

Several days after the funeral, on the 8th of January, the Linz Tages

Post wrote: "We have buried a good man—this might we say of Alois

Hitler, Higher Collector, Retired, from the Imperial Customs Service, who

was borne here to his final resting place today." Klara was proud of this

notice. The paper had the largest circulation in upper Austria, and that was

read the lines over and over in order
each
a feat to bring back every moment of the funeral for her. She saw Adi weep

again, and felt ^{she} considerable comfort from this. To herself she said, "He did love his

father, after all."

Indeed, to ^{cry}~~weep~~ at this funeral, was a demand altogether different

from Adolf's ^{burst of}~~spontaneous~~ weeping on the first morning of his father's death.

Now, in order to find a few sobs, he had to ~~think, and to search,~~ ^{recover bits} for the few ^{and pieces from the few} good conversations he had ~~ever~~ had with Alois. It helped that ^{he was able} now he could ^{that was hardly enough to} to admire the way his father could speak. But this ~~did not serve to~~ prime the well of his ^{most limited}~~small~~ sorrow. At last, he had to think of the day when they went

to Der Alte's house for the first time. He was able to weep at this

recollection, but did not know whether ^{it was a}~~he was crying~~ ^{partially} instead for Der Alte

who had been so kind to him, ~~and now was dead.~~

This weeping, in full view of everyone in church, took on ^{several}~~a few~~

constrictions. ^{Given}~~What with~~ its false basis, he was close to hiccups ~~even~~ as he wept, and his sobbing was pinched off each time he saw Alois' body laid out

on the Gasthaus Steifel table. He was ^{only}able to weep again ^{when he}~~so soon~~ because

he reminded himself to think of Der Alte—oh, yes!—the poor man had died

alone. So awful! He ^{had only been} found some days later, his remains badly

decomposed.

Yes,

Der Alte had been the kindest man he had ever known, and so before

the funeral was over, Adolf was even able to weep for Der Alte's little

companion, the bee with the amputated wings.

Set

Klara ~~was~~ close to Adolf on this occasion, and proud of his ability to

mourn openly for his father ^{then} ~~and~~ given her maternal sensitivities, she, too,

was soon thinking of bees. She remembered how sometimes in Hafeld she

would talk to the two large Langstroth boxes on spring and summer

evenings when Alois was at the tavern in Fischlham, and now she wondered

whether she might even leave a wreath on the empty beehive which still

remained at the back of the house in Leonding. That hive had only given

them a most modest amount of honey, but still, when back in Hafeld, she had followed the old customs of Spital and Strones, and had made a point of talking to the beehives to tell them of what was going on in the family. In childhood she had been told that it was bad luck not to tell your bees. You had to. And if you ever were so unlucky as to see a swarm land on a dead plant, why, then, a member of the family was bound to die.

In 1901 she had told Alois about this practice, and asked him if he would like her to do it again. He laughed and told her not to bother. "I can see the point if it's a bee-house as big as Der Alte had. When there's such a large investment," said Alois, "one would not wish to endanger it in any manner. So, of course, a few superstitions cannot hurt and one never knows what will help. ~~So, by~~ ^{then,} all means, tell the few bees we have now everything about us. I know they would like to pass such gossip to the newspapers but

as yet have not found the means to do so," and he had laughed heartily at his own joke, and she regretted telling him.

She remembered how just six months ago, Alois had cursed bitterly when his bees had swarmed away. That indeed had been the end of the hive in Leonding. The dream he had had in Hafeld that he would lose his bees had taken place instead, ~~all these~~ six years later, in the summer of 1902. At this moment, she was weeping herself, and more naturally than Adolf. She was convinced. Those treacherous bees who had swarmed away last

That was because
 summed had helped to produce his lung hemorrhage. ~~Plus carrying the coal—~~
She knew he had been afraid to climb the tree which they had swarmed, so instead he had had to carry the coal
 down to the cellar, so foolish an act. His disappointment with Adolf, his

not for a
 heartbreak about Paula—no, she must not get into any of this and blinked, ~~moment now must she dare to think of~~
Edmund, and she blinked back a storm of
 back her tears for a few moments in order to gain some control. One must ~~grieve~~
grieve when throat constricted. One must weep properly at a funeral. One could not cry out.

The priest's ~~words in memoriam~~ ^{memoriam} proved ^{most} acceptable. She had ^{chosen} had to ^{not to} avoid ~~telling~~ him how irreligious was her husband, even as she knew he must have heard many a rumor of her husband's antipathy to ~~him~~ ^{the} and the cloth. All the same, this priest now served nobly and repeated the words that had been printed in the newspaper, and went on to describe Alois' service to the Empire which could also become the good religion of certain good men. That was also God's desire.

Later, after the funeral, as people come to visit, Klara ^{looked} looks to convince herself that Adolf's grief was real. He had loved his father, she decided. It was just that neither knew how to express such matters. They had lived too much in their pride, ^{and such pride had to become} in their cloud-banks of animosity. They were men. Anger was natural to them. But beneath, was love. ^{Since} And such love ^{could not} cannot even be expressed directly to a man one loves, not often. So, ^{from one man to another}

so she knew that

(after the death, in years to come, wisps of grief were, *he said* she knew, going to

wander through Adolf's soul, grief with all the tenderness of a mist.

~~Hatred for a parent, unless it is absolutely complete, can arouse more tears at their death than love that was part of the daily life. I must add that I was impressed by the quality of her insights and wondered if the Cudgels had been helping her.~~

The funeral took place on an icy day. The roads were glass. *All the* ~~The~~

trees were bare, *and* ~~Overhead~~, the skies were dark. Virtually everyone they

knew in Leonding seemed to be there and down from Linz came his

colleagues from the Customs' office. His closest friend, Karl Wesseley,

had come all the way from [on the road] to Prague. (it)

spoke to Klara for a little while and said, "Oh, we used to tease each other

unmercifully, (but how we laughed)
with such ability, Frau Hitler, Alois, as you know, loved his beer, and I had

my preference for wine. 'Ach! You are nothing but an Austrian,' I would

enjoy!
 (Cave elevates many to)
 tell him, "so you drink beer like a German, but we Czechs ~~have~~ wine." Now

~~we joked back and forth.~~ 'Ach! You Czechs,' he ~~used~~ ^{would then} say to me. 'You

are cruel to grapes. You torture them. You stamp all over them ^{with your dirty feet} and then,

when they're feeling ^{very sour and} ~~very~~ bitter ~~and sour~~ from such mishandling, you add

sugar and pretend to be connoisseurs, ^{You sip} while you drink sour juice and sugar,

And try not to make a face.)

Beer, at least, comes from grain. Its feelings are not so tender.'" He

^{Cher} laughed as he told it. "Your husband knew how to talk. We had fine times

together."

Mayrhofer told her of the frightful day when he told Alois about

Junior being in prison. "Dear Frau Hitler," he said, "I wake up at night and

upbraid myself for having been the messenger."

The local paper, the Linz Tages Post, carried an ad in strong type:

"Bowed in deepest grief, we, on our own behalf, and on behalf of all the relatives, announce the passing of our dear and unforgettable husband, father, brother-in-law, uncle, Alois Hitler, High Official of the Royal Imperial Customs, retired, died Saturday, January 3, 1903, at 10 o'clock in the morning in his 65th year, suddenly fell peacefully asleep in the Lord."

In the cemetery, on Alois' stone was hung his photo protected by a glassed frame. Beneath the picture was the following inscription:

**Here rests in God
Alois Hitler
Higher Customs Officer and Householder.
Died 3rd January, 1903 in his 65th year**

Adolf seethed. His mother was a hypocrite. She would honor his father's memory, yes, indeed! "Rests in God," indeed! All that was left of him was his photograph resting in a frame set on the headstone in the cemetery, the frame ready to protect his photograph with waterproof glass

from all the wrath of the weather, his hair close-cropped to conceal his

~~monk's tonsure~~, and his father's small eyes, ^{standing out} small and beady as a bird's, ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{there}

^{above} ~~(his Franz Josef sideburns and~~ ^{his} mustache sprouting ^{out like a dumb} in such pride. Yes, he was

^{goat's horns. Yes, he was} ~~a man who had served his Emperor, but was he now resting in God? His~~ ^{how could anyone see he was}

^{such} mother was ~~a~~ damned hypocrite. Adolf decided ~~in his rage~~.

Each year, Klara would now receive a pension from the government

which came to half of Alois' annual salary. In addition, other monies were

to be paid to the children when they turned 18. Alois-Junior, being of age

already, was eligible for immediate payment, but ^{would} ~~could~~ only receive the

minimum required by law, 305 kronen, plus another 1000 kronen that by

the will of his mother would go to him after his father's death. Adolf,

Angela, and Paula were each entitled to more than double that, 305 Kronen,

652 kronen directly from Alois's will. Angela, being over 18, could also

count on the 1000 Kronen that Fanny had left her. The money for Adolf and Paula had to be obtained from a loan on the Garden House. Alois had paid 8700 Kronen for it late in 1888, of which 5200 had been in cash. Since that mortgage had not been retired, Klara's capital now consisted of 3700 Kronen. The total would be enough to keep them comfortable.

Adolf could remember Alois's remarks about security in a family, and now had to recognize that it did make some kind of sense. He certainly would not have liked to go to work at this point.

NEW CHAPTER

Attending the *Realschule* for the second half of his third year from February 1903 to June, Adolf ^{he felt} feels that some of the students ^{were} are less hostile.

^{was} Is this due to the death of his father? He also ^{felt} feels more comfortable with

his studies. ^{Moreover, it was,} ~~It is certainly~~ agreeable to be free of Alois' unspoken wrath

^{had never needed} which ~~seemed to need no~~ more than a quick look to detect that some ^{thing}

unpleasant ~~moments~~ had occurred that day in class. Now, free of his father's

displeasure, Adolf feels a little more ready to ^{talk back to} spar verbally with his

teachers, one in particular, an unhappy fellow who was there to conduct religious instruction.

Adolf decided that the man had to be the poor relative of someone who had enough influence to get him the job,
~~important in the school.~~ He was a sad, dank, old man, but there he was,

teaching religion. Adolf began to feel ready to ask him a few direct
~~questions which he knows would be shocking.~~

During recess one morning, Adolf heard one of the students talking about some ~~medieval~~ ^{medieval} saint or churchman ~~called~~ ^{the} the Bishop of Cluny. "I have a brother who studies Latin," the boy said, "and he gave me my first lesson. 'Inter faeces et urinam nascimur.'" So soon as this was translated by the boy, Adolf was in turn shocked, upset, then thrilled ^{what} by the words. He was so aroused that he decided to go to the ~~sex~~ ^{Anatomy Museum} museum ^{(Dwayne note: In}

~~my research they were Anatomy Museums~~ in Linz after school is out. He

managed^{was able} to get in by lying about his age, and so ~~gets~~ to see a wax penis and ~~an~~

open vagina ^{both} also modeled in wax, as well as a few ^{full-sized} (naked men and women

also in wax. The Latin ^{kept} keeps torturing his mind. To be born between piss

and shit! How ^{could} can sex be so filthy?

On the other hand, he discovers^{ed} that the visit has made him more

^{They asked him for details again and again,}
popular with the students, ~~and~~ ^{this} encourages him to be daring with the

^(part the)
teacher. ~~He actually receives a nice clap on the back from one of the~~

~~students who has ignored him up to then.~~ After recess, ~~then~~, he dares^{ed} to ask

^{mention}
in class ~~about~~ the phrase uttered by the Bishop of Cluny. Herr Schwamm

^{pretended}
blanches, then pretends not to understand what Adolf ^{had} has said. Already a

few of the boys ^{were} are tittering.

"Latin must be precise," says Herr Schwamm. "The manner in which

you pronounce these words is not at all clear^{ed} to me."

Adi replies, "I will speak in German then, since I think you have

asked me to do so." He ~~frowns, he swallows,~~ ^{frowned, he swallows,} and then he enunciates,

"Zwischer der Urin und das Kot wer sind geboren."

~~Herr~~ ^{Herr} (Schweamm) ^{begin}

The teacher begins to weep. "I have never experienced such

rudeness," he managed to say, and ^{then walked} walks out of the classroom. For Adi, came

~~There were~~ fifteen seconds of bliss. ~~Some~~ ^{of the} students who had ignored him all year

For the first time in his life, Adolf receives a standing ovation. ~~It~~

~~green until it came from most of the class.~~ ^{But} comes from more than half of the students. Two monitors ~~came in five~~ ^{were seen there to}

~~three~~ ^(escorted) minutes later and ~~escort~~ Adolf to the principal, Herr Doktor Trieb, who ^{told}

him, "If it were not so close to the end of the year, and if we all had not ^{teachers,}

worked so hard, ~~perhaps harder than you, young man,~~ ^{grades,} to improve your most

~~mediocre grades,~~ I would be ready to expel you. Under the circumstances, I

will recognize that the much-mourned death of your father may have been a

factor underlying such uncivil and irresponsible behavior, and so I will

accept your presence in school for another year provided that there ^{would be} ~~is no~~
~~no continuation of ^{this} ~~your~~~~
~~more outrageous~~ behavior. This must be the last. You will, of course,

apologize to poor Herr Schwamm."

~~(scene with Schwamm)~~

He feels helpless and muzzled. The only leavening to his school
existence is the one history teacher, Dr. Poeltsch, who expounds on
Treitschke's work and quotes him.

"It was time to show the French their place. Those valiant
northern Germans exemplify for us the integrity of their original
purity. A sense of mission has been opened to us as Germans to
recognize that the pure German is the universal man, the man
who has been racially equipped to bring all other men in the
world to our Germanic point of view. God has given all
Germans the earth for a potential home, and this assumes that
there will come a time when there will be a leader of all the
world, a leader to serve as the embodiment, the incarnation, the
essence of a most mysterious power which will tie the people to
the invisible majesty of the nation."

22ab

March 21, 2006

22a

~~SPECIAL INSERTS FOR TAPE 7 (see page 22)~~

Double-Space final

By his example, Herr

ff That proved to be a most curious meeting. ~~Herr~~ Schwamm taught

Adolf an unforgettable lesson, ^{It is} ~~which was~~ that you know nothing about

^a ~~another~~ person until you ^{have} ~~had~~ acquired ~~some dependable~~ knowledge of a

weak man's strengths or a powerful fellow's weaknesses,

Herr Schwamm was wearing his best suit on this occasion, and spoke

to the point. He did not try to look into Adolf's eyes, but ^{could} ~~said~~ in a tone more ^{yet was able to say}

severe than he ^{was} ~~seemed~~ to be able to muster in class, "We will not discuss

the reason you are here. Instead,
~~yesterday's events.~~ I will insist ~~instead~~ that you read the following prayer

whenever, (In full capitals, it
aloud," and he presented the text to Adolf. ^{what he} ~~It~~ had been ~~spelled~~ out by him ~~in~~

~~full capitals~~ on a page of good linen paper.

THY GLORIOUS MAJESTY, WE SUPPLICATE THEE TO
 DELIVER US FROM THE TYRANNY OF THE INFERNAL
 SPIRITS, FROM THEIR SNARES, THEIR LIES AND THEIR
 FURIOUS WICKEDNESS—OH, PRIME OF THE HEAVENLY
 HOST, CAST INTO HELL SATAN AND ALL EVIL SPIRITS WHO
 WANDER THROUGH THE WORLD SEEKING THE RUIN OF
 SOULS, AMEN.

“Do you know to whom that prayer is addressed?” asked Herr
 Schwamm.

“Is it not addressed, sir, to St. Michael, the Archangel.”

Of course! That's

Yes, ~~that~~ was one prayer he knew well enough. *Add it* He had a picture

an image

~~again~~ of himself teetering on a stool, Angela's dress draped over his

shoulder, “Yes sir,” he replied, “the prayer is to St. Michael the Archangel,”

he even felt an
 and felt the echo of his first erection.

22c

Herr Schwamm was non-plussed. The ^{short speech} lecture he had prepared on the
fires of Hell now seemed ^{and perilous} ~~negative~~ ^{Indeed, he} ~~to him~~ he felt the most unhappy
^{again in front of} paralysis before this sullen and most unpredictable young student. He could
characterize the moment as the signature of his experience. So little ever
turned out as ~~he had~~ expected.

He offered a few phrases to the effect that he was pleased to recognize
a "sober side in you, young Hitler," and stopped before he began to
stammer. There was something not quite definable but ^{certainly} unrelenting about his
student's ^{responses}. "I apologize most ^{abjectly} for my actions

yesterday, Herr Schwamm," this young Hitler now said and ^{was obviously} ~~that was the end~~
^{not in the least abject.}
~~It that proved to be the end~~
of all that took place between them. Herr Schwamm felt himself
uncomfortable ^{namely} close to weeping for reasons he could not ^{name on} separate. Was it ^{his}
^{frankly} ~~those words he had prepared~~ or was it
frustration at the loss of his lecture or the compassionate force of his

Dear tender sentiments
~~that~~ that a student as wild and sacrile

~~SPENT~~ that a student as wild and sacrilegious as the young fellow ~~also~~ ^{he has many}

qof had enough depth of religious investment to know the prayer to St.

Michael the Archangel?

Herr Schwamm could ^{only} maintain his composure ~~only~~ by ~~holding~~ at

~~Adolf~~ ^{white} making a modest gesture of dismissal.

Once on the other side of the door, Adolf was ^{in a fury} angry all over again.

They were all such frauds, such hypocrites. They would not face, could not

face the simple truths of the body.. They should be hog-tied
and dragged to see the wax vagina at
the Anatomical Museum, his fellow

Indeed, he was preparing the speech he would give to the students

when they surrounded him at recess to find out what had transpired.

"Well," he would say, "I certainly held my own with the poor old

Schwamm," and ~~he~~ ^{long} said it to ~~line~~ the unhappy connotations of the name—

poor old Fungus, poor old Mushroom — this
curious nonentity — Schwamm

p 22e

I was ~~not as~~ pleased with the occasion. I found Schwamm's

choice of the prayer to St. Michel a most peculiar and unpleasant

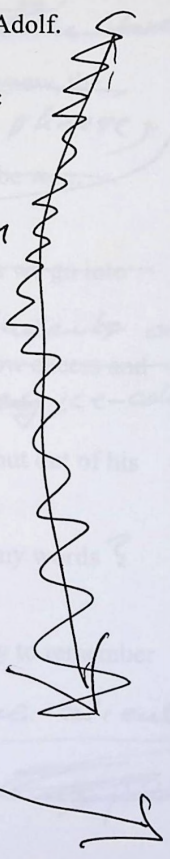
coincidence. The Maestro did not let us forget that coincidences were ~~never~~ ^{not}

to be ignored—they ~~were~~ ^{could always be} aspects of communication between the Cudgels

and ourselves, ~~and~~ ^{would appear} if that were true in this case, it ~~could seem~~ ^{could seem} that they were

more alert that I had assumed to our profound investitures in Adolf.

¶ No, I was not pleased.
Questions about our clients
that we cannot answer
are most unpleasant. I
think we devils suffer even
more over such ~~uncertainties~~
uncertainties ~~than~~
than the men and women
we represent.



In Dr. Poeltsch's class, Adolf also comes across a poem which blazes
in his chest:

"We'll redden the Iron with blood,
"With hangman's blood,
"With Frenchmen's blood:
"Oh, sweet day of revenge!"

~~CHAPTER~~
^{late} It is a cold afternoon in March when he comes out of school but he
^(a snow-ball fight with a few students)
^(initiates a good battle) in the twilight of the forest,
initiates a battle in the snow and keeps chanting the verse. By now, the
while he keeps repeating a few phrases,
Boers have lost to the English, but there will be other wars to be won.

"Optimism, fire, blood, and steel—~~this we will repeat as we go into~~
and? the three students on his
battle." He is immensely pleased that his army of the forest now cheers and
side in this impromptu and ~~very~~ ice-cold fracas,
repeats the phrase—his phrase—^{it} has not come from a book but out of his

own throat: "Optimism, fire, blood and steel." (Or were they my words?)

~~originally~~ Given the number of clients I attended, I ~~did~~ ^{do} not try to remember

ⁱⁿ all I have done with each client.
each detail in all I did.)

(\$*) added 2/23/06

SP 23A

accept your presence in school for another year provided that there is no

~~no continuation of this~~

more outrageous behavior. This must be the last. You will, of course,

apologize to poor Herr Schwamm."

(scene with Schwamm)

He feels helpless and muzzled. The only leavening to his school

existence is the one history teacher, Dr. Poeltsch, who expounds on

Treitschke's work and quotes him.

Comes
refers after
page 23

~~"It was time to show the French their place. Those valiant northern Germans exemplify for us the integrity of their original purity. A sense of mission has been opened to us as Germans to recognize that the pure German is the universal man, the man who has been racially equipped to bring all other men in the world to our Germanic point of view. God has given all Germans the earth for a potential home, and this assumes that there will come a time when there will be a leader of all the world, a leader to serve as the embodiment, the incarnation, the essence of a most mysterious power which will tie the people to the invisible majesty of the nation."~~

* Have it that he picks up his volume of Treitschke when he gets to home and Poeltsch mentions the words

~~CHAPTER~~
 In late spring of 1903, ^{this war game in the forest} ~~these wars~~ take on more dimension each

Saturday afternoon. The complexities of the ^{contest} ~~game~~ have developed,
^{encounters}
~~enormously~~. Now there are times when there are not only fifty boys to a

^{is ~~not~~ engaged with}
 side, but Adolf has encountered his first problems in logistics. Both armies

must now deal with their own wounded, ^{as well as with the} ~~and with prisoners~~ ^{they have taken,} Some must ~~go~~
^{wait in} ~~wait in~~ the place behind the lines that is
^{called} the field hospital. When enough collect, other soldiers have to be

detached to serve as their nurses. Different groves in the forest, therefore,

^{now} become assembly areas. In order to keep the battles ^{some of these} ~~flowing~~, ~~some~~ who

^{put} ~~were~~ out of play earlier are ^{now} ~~allowed~~ to come back ^{fully} ~~recovered~~ from their symbolic

The exception is for those who have ~~been~~ ^{symbolic} wounds. Then there are those whose skulls have been symbolically

^{scalped} ~~smashed~~ (they are out of it altogether. They must even go home. ^{which is} ~~This is~~

the cruelest punishment for Saturday afternoon.

has been seen (until recently)
 Even as Adolf is seen as a minor presence in his school, so he now is ~~by full contrast~~
~~so he is, now~~ *he is the only one also*
 a generalissimo in the forest. Only he can keep track of each option. *[note:]*

pronouncing new battle codes,
~~[DT] Alpha and Omega.~~ Indeed, he is forever legislating, then changing his

a given
 own rules. On ~~one~~ Saturday he will decide that once a man is captured, the

only choice is to put him in prison and kill him later in the day. *¶* Then he

this man
 decides that ~~will end the~~ battles too quickly. With fewer soldiers, they will

when a bellows, they
 have to revert to earlier methods. So now, ~~they capture but~~ can choose not

also to kill. Serious discussions *required* arise about the periods of time for incarceration.

For or ? And who
 Should it be 30 minutes, an hour, an hour and a half? Who will keep time—

involved
~~can it be~~ *involved* a time keeper. *(One of the boys has a watch!)*
 a soldier in other actions or ~~a judge~~? The prisoner can gain his freedom more

all offers
 quickly, however, by becoming a spy. Or, he can refuse and stay in prison,

that choice is not often taken

but that is rare. Adolf is aware that ~~the captured~~ *men* get bored.

~~NEW~~ CHAPTER

In the late spring of 1903, school ^{ended} ~~ends~~ in June. Unlike the last summer vacation ^{which had been spent} ~~(in Leonding at the Garden House, which had ended with~~ a summer that

Alois' hemorrhage, now this family without a father went to the country.

Everything they needed was placed into two huge trunks and Klara,

Amgela, Adolf and Paula traveled to ~~the home in~~ Spital where Klara's sister

Theresa and the rest of the Schmidt family still lived. There, they spent ^{the} ~~the~~ summer for the first time. When Alois was alive there was no question of returning. ^{his} ~~life~~ It reminded him of the mother

^{and how she had had} ~~who had~~ to sleep in a cattle trough.) But ^{for now} the farmer, Schmidt, married to

Theresa, ^{had} ~~has~~ a holding ^{large enough} ~~which has grown over the years~~ to become a center

for all who ^{were} ~~are~~ in the clan of Heidler/Poelzl. Johanna Poelzl, Klara's

mother, ^{was} also staying there, together with Klara's sister, Johanna, the

hunchback. The farm ^{came to} is no more than ^{the land, the house, the} an old peasant holding with ^{sheds}

and ^{the} outbuildings, but Schmidt, ^{was a} who is one hard worker, ^{and he had} has managed, at

least by the measure of Spital, to make it profitable. With several fields to

work, and woodlands to harvest ^{for nature, he was ready to} in part, he can use all the work Klara can ^{labor Klara could}

offer. "It'll be good for her sorrow to work some of it off," he said.

Johanna, Klara's mother, ^{was the one to} mourns Alois most, ^{which encourages} that encourages me to

^{me to} comment on married love, ^{over the erosion of the} and how it is eroded by the years. That is wholly ^{years, it grows in the opposite} opposed to the intensity of fragmentary love. Most of Klara's grief comes

from ^{there is} the enforced extirpation, ^{the} the psychic amputation ^{she is undergoing}

the loss of so many old married habits good and bad that she has formed

over ^{the} all these years. "What I miss," she confesses to her mother, "is the

habit more than the man."

Johanna is furious. "How can you say that? Your husband was always the most exceptional person in our family!" It is one of the few times that Klara has ever seen her mother glare at her with wrath. Johanna's fury is a storm. She is in a near hysterical rush to avoid the complexities of Klara's relationship to uncle Alois. ^{That} ~~They~~ must not be there to think about.