

Novel Dictation January 26, 2006 Tape 6, Second Draft

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I think it is time to take another look at the Burger-Abends. Alois had

become such a regular that he was even there on the night before he died.

But that is later. For now it is enough to repeat again that they meet four times a week, and each evening one of the Burger gives, at the least, a short

talk concerning his latest thoughts on fine food, wine, or cultural matters.

Topics of the day are also considered legitimate. On one particular night,

which grew most lively, the speaker, a portly man, offered the thesis that

railway travel had by now affected long-established social relations. "Our

sense of the world has been turned inside out by the railroads," he declared.

"The king of Saxony, for example, is not in favor of such travel. As he put it

recently, 'The laborer can now arrive at his destination on the same train as a

king. And it will take him no longer to get there.' This is equal to saying

that ~~those~~ ^{men} who are well-to-do no longer travel more rapidly than ~~our~~ ^{the} lower

classes. Social disharmony could be the eventual result of all this."

In the period of discussion which followed, another member ~~stands~~ ^{stands} up to ~~say~~ ^{say}

~~speaks~~ of pocket watches: "I agree with my distinguished friend. The fact is

that many of these so called modern improvements ~~may be dubious~~ ^{are of the most}. Pocket ~~dubious~~ ^{value}. Pocket watches are certainly ~~watches I would say~~ ^{now} one example. Anyone can buy a time piece ~~now~~ ^{now} at

~~at~~ ^{not so long ago} a reasonable price, whereas ~~it used to be~~ ^{it used to be} a privilege to carry a fine watch.

The people who were ~~working for you~~ ^{in your employ} knew where to inquire if they wanted

to ~~determine~~ ^{learn} the precise time of day. And in the course of ~~that~~ ^{this} they might ~~they might~~ ^{making their inquiry} They would leave your presence with respect also take note of the fine quality of your watch chain. ~~Now it is altogether~~ ^{not}

~~different~~ ^{Now, any} Any roustabout can pull a piece of ~~junk~~ ^{shoddy} out of his pants and

declare that his time keeps better than yours. Do you want to hear the worst

of it?—Sometimes, ^{that} ~~it~~ is even true."

Hoots and laughter followed this remark. "No, gentlemen," the

speaker continued, "a cheap watch can be more accurate in this matter than

our family pieces which, after all, are cherished because they have been

with us for so long.⁴
passed from father to son."

Another member joined the argument: "Everything you gentlemen

said is true, but allow me to demur. I happen to like railway travel. It allows me

on any given afternoon morning
go to (that week then)
allows me to visit Vienna for the opera and then I can stay over if I wish to

for another night.

hear a great tenor. Last month I happened to be Leo Slezek. Had the

incomparable pleasure of hearing ^{a great tenor} ~~that~~ offer a special evening of Leider.

Afterward, I was able to enjoy ^{my} ~~a~~ room at the Sacher hotel. Incomparable

tortes are served with the morning coffee. Or, if I so decide, I can reserve a

seat on a train through the Swiss Alps. Just five years ago, I visited the

French Riviera."

"Well," says another, "That must have been an ambitious venture.

But I like ^{will take a} trains for a more ^{practical} specific reason. They offer a quick trip to

Munich. So, I use them often for my ^{many} newest commercial undertakings ^{in Munich.}

There are quite a few varieties of conversation. One evening, the

lecture ^{was} on dueling scars. That ^{left} leaves Alois wistful. ^{as he listened} They speak of the ^{he it} ~~for discussions at the best locations for the wound,~~ ^{meaning of} the left or right cheek, the chin, ^{on} the corner of the lips, or near the

~~eye.~~ He did however chime in toward the end of the discussion by remarking

that when he was a young officer in the Customs Service many of his

superiors bore those scars and "we did respect them." He ^{sat} ~~sits~~ down flushed.

He ^{knew} ~~realizes~~ that his remark ^{had} contributed very little. It ^{did ever} ~~would~~ not do to sound

so lame at the Burger-Abends.

On another occasion, his feelings were hurt by a sportsman (with a fine dueling scar) who entered into a long conversation with him. The first auto tour from Paris to Vienna had passed recently through Linz, and it was said at the Burger-Abends, that ~~now~~ ^{now} Linz, ^{the} capital of Upper Austria, ~~could~~ ^{would soon} be recognized throughout Europe as a city of some importance.

The reference to the capital of Upper Austria, and the auto-tour opened ~~an important, and~~ ^a controversial discussion. The man with the dueling scar not only owned a motor car but had been in several races and had indulged himself, as he put it, in a good deal of touring ~~by auto.~~

Soon, the members were having a most heated discussion over the question of whether it was sensible to purchase a car. Alois, silently counting his financial resources, had to feel financially barred from this discussion. Nonetheless, he was pleased to be at this Burger-Abends because no matter how little he could contribute on this or many other

occasion, it was, indeed, culture. And on this particular night, it was nothing

less than ~~exciting~~ ^{rousing.} The sportsman who owned the car had stimulated the

most fiery discussion. Considering that this was the Burger-Abends, the

heat of the discussion approached rude manners. Those who were opposed

to automobiles spoke contemptuously of the dust, the mud, the fumes, and,

worst of all, the noise. But the man who was giving the speech replied,

“Yes, I know—the fumes of these infernal machines. They are awful to you,

~~and that I have to admit~~ ^{but}, gentlemen, I happen to like the odor. For me, these

fumes are an aphrodisiac.” For this, he was greeted with hoots and howls ^{at} ~~to~~

which he laughed and kept shaking his head. “Say what you will, he

remarked, “these fumes offer ^{me} a hint of debauch. And I am not referring to

the meaner sots of debauch”.—at which he sniffed his fingers to the groans

and laughter of the company. But there you are with your carriages, your

livery, your stables. Whereas, I look for the vivacity of traveling at high speeds."

"Oh, no," someone called out.

"Oh, yes," the speaker replied. "The sense of danger is welcome to me. I even confess that the attention of those many pedestrians who used to admire a fine horse and carriage are now transfixed by the virtues of my new iron monsters. You would be amazed at how extravagantly I am admired while driving through our streets."

Alois was certainly impressed by this rich sport, especially when he capped his argument by saying, "Yes, to drive an automobile does offer risk. But so is it dangerous to rein in a horse that has broken loose ~~in his traces~~. I would rather ^{risk} ~~break~~ my neck in a motor car than shatter my bones in an over-

turned fiacre. Or, trudge along with some old asthmatic nag of a beast

who secretly hates my guts"
How they roared at that, nothing
worse than such a horse

Later, once the debate was over—they had all been drinking happily and were more tipsy than usual—the speaker chose to engage Alois in a conversation whose concealed agenda soon became clear, ^{for} he began to ask ~~many~~ ^{until} questions about Custom's House procedures, ~~so many~~ ^{so many} indeed that Alois ~~who~~ ^{was spending} was offended that this man who ~~wished to spend~~ ^{was spending} time with him, after being so brilliantly full of himself at the podium, was now ~~so~~ obvious in his motive. "You sound as if you are preparing to cross a few borders," Alois remarked.

"Indeed I am," ^{said} ~~says~~ the Sport, "I am about to. But they do say the English can be the worst." He made a point of speaking in ~~a~~ profile so that Alois might be properly impressed with the dueling scar on the left side of his face.

It was a good one, perfect for a man as handsome and well-possessed of himself as this fellow, but Customs work did offer its own local ^{wisdom} ~~culture~~.

and so Alois could distinguish between a genuine scar ^{occasional guy} when the other

fellow's saber finally ^{hacking} hacked through the padding on your face to ^{and} leave a

so leaving ^a ~~thereby a~~ ^{self-created} bona-fide laceration as opposed to ~~create~~ dueling scars where some

^{worked up by some} (ambitious ninny looking to charm the ladies ^{he would} would, In secret, use a razor to

open a ^{wound on his face} ~~wound~~ and would then embed horse-hair in the slash to ^{build} raise the scar

^{into} to a welt high enough to dignify the rest of his career.

^{when well-done the false scar} ~~was~~ ^{could appear to} be ^{authentic} ~~but~~ ^{now} The final difference was subtle, but Alois had decided that this over-

confident sport was almost certainly a trickster as well, and ^{who} probably had

manufactured his own dueling scar. ^{It} ~~He~~ did sit, ^{after all} ~~after all~~, too perfectly on his

face.

So, Alois said no more in return than, "We used to be as good as the

English, I would say, when it came to catching ^{a man who was} these people who were,

looking to bring precious objects into Austria without paying duty. "Celer et

vigilans," added Alois. "That used to be my motto." It was a happy lie—he

had memorized the ^{saying the before} ~~verse in the last week~~ "Quick" Yes, ~~the~~ ^(?) and watchful."

That ought to give the fellow ^{a little} ~~some kind of~~ pause.

To which Alois added, "In any case, dear sir, let me wish you the best of crossings."

That evening at the family dinner, Alois was feeling expansive. The excitement of the discussion was still with him, and as he recounted the details, and his final observation on the dueling scars, Adolf did listen avidly. Some day he would have his own motor-car. Perhaps, even, his own dueling scar. Next morning, he paid attention to the middle-class people he passed on his way to school. Only a few had ^{such} ~~the~~ marks. The rest of these

~~people~~ looked uninteresting. Even the ~~buildings of Linz~~, the government

^{of Linz and certainly} ~~and~~ the larger homes had more to offer than ^{these} ~~the~~ stultified faces, and

that was true even when he knew that if he had been the architect he would

^{those buildings} have made ~~them~~ ^{more} more impressive, more noble; he certainly saw better

buildings in his imagination. "Yes, someday I will be a great architect," he

~~told~~
tells himself.

How near to uncontrollable was his need to believe that no one would

near to equality) (as an artist and an architect)
come close to what would be his future ability. This vanity would, however

suffer from a visit to the opera.

CHAPTER

To Adolf's surprise ~~Even to his father's surprise~~ there came a night

when Alois ~~did take him to Linz~~ ^{took} ~~and its opera house to hear Lohengrin.~~ ^{yes in Linz,} The

~~event had come about because of an improvement shown in Adolf's report~~ ^{— they were to hear Lohengrin —} ^{in his}
^(by way of)

^(During) card for February of 1902. Being obliged to repeat the two semesters of the

~~first year, he had now for the first half of his second year,~~ ^{which was, due}
~~for his laziness, a repeat of the first half,~~ ^{received passing}
~~of the first year, he did receive passing~~ ^{to his satisfaction,}
grades in ~~all of his~~ ^{all of his} courses. There were even favorable remarks on his

diligence and conduct. This occasioned Alois to declare, "A very good sign.

Once you allow diligence and conduct to be your first concern, ^{the rest has} ~~everything~~
^{been known to)} ~~that Alois was easing up on his demands,~~
^{else will follow.} ~~Actually, Alois has been ill. Two months earlier, in,~~
^{he had been ill. Two months earlier, in}

December of the previous year, 1901, he had had influenza, and that

frightened him. Once again, he felt an overbearing need to ^{be able to} improve this

^{knew} recalcitrant son and ~~he~~ did not know how.

So, in early February, soon after the second anniversary of Edmund's

death, Alois decided to try once again to come a little ^{closer} ^{hair} nearer to the boy.

Having noticed that Adolf listened with intense interest whenever Alois

described the Burger-Abends discussions ^{of the Boer wars}, he was also

pleased that Adolf would read all the newspapers that were brought home.

Indeed, by virtue of a few remarks Adolf had offered at the family table of

Alois ^{knew that some of} how his fellow students from the ^{more well-to-do} ^{would} richer families were always talking in

recess about ^{the} ^{so} operas they had seen. Alois ^{even} decided to take the boy.

Alois did not know this, but given the ^{special attention} ^{of the} ^{advised} special accompaniments with

to Adolf from the instant he was ~~conceived~~

which he was conceived, which talents, of course, and I have fortified over—
conceived (not to mention our presence in
the act) it should come as no ~~surprise~~ surprise
the years. I would offer that for a boy soon be 13 he understood one

a few human complexities ^(to) that / Adolf sensed
complexity that very few adolescents were ^(other) ^(ready) quick to grasp. It was (that when

one's best and one's worst motives were in accord—for different reasons,

needless to say, but nonetheless in accord—then one was capable of ~~the~~

most powerful actions ^(at least) ~~(great)~~ as compared ^{impetus} to the lesser ~~force~~ of one's

customary deeds.) So, Adolf wondered, then suspected, then knew what his

father's second ^{and less noble} ~~and more ignoble~~ motive might be.

Before we come to such ^{that} disclosures, however, ^{let me} I must add that Alois' ^{command of the noble could be niggardly.} ~~on this occasion~~ did his best to spoil the best of his good motive by speaking

derogatively of the Linz opera house. "To Linzer's" he ^{tell} ~~tells~~ Adolf, ^{4 their} "this

^{is a splendid building, a true} opera house of theirs, ~~is a~~ cultural center, but if you ^{have} spent time in Vienna

^{so,} and know as I do, how a true opera is supposed to sound, ^{the performance} ~~it~~ is not so

impressive here. Unless one comes, as you do, from Hafeld or Lambach or

even Leonding. For that reason, I expect that you will feel you are ^{truly hearing} ~~in the~~

~~presence of~~ high opera. And indeed, Linz has obtained the right to call itself

^{what we will hear tonight} a city. Nonetheless, ~~it~~ is in no way equal to Vienna. Adolf, if you prove

successful ^{if} enough in life, ~~should~~ you have a career that thrives, then

someday perhaps you will live in Vienna and given your natural good voice

for singing, you will then truly enjoy the heights of vocal and aesthetic pleasure." He leaned toward his son to impart a fatherly confidence. "Some would call it pleasure." / Alois was pleased with the speech. He had come to the point in

his life where he felt that if much else was diminishing his ability to speak

^{vocal)} with high intelligence like a true Burger-Abender was ~~perhaps~~ increasing.

His knees were not as flexible as ^{once} (they had been and ^{now} his arms and chest ~~had~~ as

as powerful, but his mind—that was improving ~~all the time~~.

So Adolf was taken to hear his first Wagner in a second-rate opera

house. And despite his father's comments, he was ^{for the most part} enthralled. Lohengrin

excited notions of his own talents. Tears came to his eyes. In love and

warmth and adoration for himself, he saw himself again as a future talent in

the Realschule. He would now be able to mix among students who spoke of

operatic performances they had attended.

Alois, in turn, was off on his own meditation ^{while} listening to the

~~music~~. He was brooding over the skill of the upper classes and their good

aesthetic ecstasy"

And proper installation ^{for} ~~as officers in~~
 luck. They were so often able to install (their sons, able or not, into the army,

^{in the army} ~~so~~ could usually be justifiably
 or the church, and they were so proud of the achievements of their family.

Yet, he saw no reason ~~not~~ ^{not} to conclude that he was as good as any of them.

^{Granted} ~~but~~
 Even if he had come from a low place, he could live with their point of view,

^{that might be}
~~yes~~ down at his own level perhaps, but it was their point of view, simple,

~~and~~ forceful, you might even say, obligatory. They understood that the

oldest son must be ready to fulfill the destiny of the family. And that was

not only true for the army and the church but for government officials as

well. Bureaucrats, after all, could become ministers of state. That had not

been for him—he had had to start too low on the ladder—yet he felt entitled

to one certainty. If he had had ~~the~~ ^{such} of ^{of Gentz} ~~proper family~~ (advantages), he would have

made a fine minister. Now, should Adolf actually become a son worthy of

his respect, then when would ~~he~~ ^{the last} not be in position to rise far beyond his

father's honorable achievements. That, as Alois measured it, was also in the

conceivability of things. And given the music, so true to his mood, so

so bold,
vaulting, so ambitious, Alois, in the dark of the auditorium, allowed himself

to loose a few happy tears upon a well-spent life, and oh, now! so finely

they were
mingled with Lohengrin's last sounds. Applause! His palms were red from

the outburst he gave to this second-rate opera house.

Adolf, however, was not ebullient. ~~He had been, but he plummeted~~

Given (he had plummeted)
with the power of the last chords from a high and splendid mood into

despondency.

I would say that it is one of our basic problems. We have more than

our share of clients who can rise high into the intoxications of their private

brought all the way down by
dreams, but then are ~~drenched with~~ the ugliness of their real condition. So

we have developed the ability to calm them when they are too ready to soar

beyond their means. Adolf's excitement at the prospect of becoming a great

architect for which he was, by his own measure, immaculately destined,

would now collapse. Even as he was falling in love with Wagner, the

downfall of his confidence was commencing. Wagner was a genius, ^{he had decided instantly and} ^{distinctively} But Every note spoke to him. But could he say that less

~~was that~~ true of himself, or was he not a genius after all, [?] not next to Wagner.

CHAPTER

Alois, ^{going} was a hint gloomy ^{on the way} back to Leonding ^{on} the last

trolley car. Now that he had given Adolf the ^{gift of} trip to Lohengrin, he must

^{find a way to} ^{Would the boy feel obliged now to} present the bill. ^{He must oblige the boy to go} on a visit to the Custom's ^{accompany him}

House. [?] For months, he had been contemplating each and every reasonable ^{occupation}

~~profession~~ avenue for Adolf to pursue, and ~~he~~ had come to the conclusion that the

Custom's House remained the best choice ^{his} for a future ~~occupation~~. Given the

^{own} ^{any} father's successful service, the son's position ^{was certainly} would be analogous to entering

^{any external} ^{the} ^{profession} service from a good family. ^{Now} ^{at that} ~~the~~ ^{The} he must persuade Adolf to appreciate the

~~Custom's House offer~~ ^{Finanzwach presented} the most powerful future that the Custom's House could offer in these circumstances.

It was an uneasy meditation. Whenever conversation moved in ^{that} such

direction, Adolf ^{would have} looked to speak ~~instead~~ of becoming an artist. ~~But~~ Alois

(Without question, you can do both)
 would then suggest, "You can do both. Have I not done more than one thing

in my life?"

Well, there was the boy nodding in gloomy resignation, as if it was
 obligatory to keep paying homage to a father's repetitions, ~~but debilitating as~~
~~well~~. In time, Alois ^{had} ceased speaking of the Custom's Service. The small

results obtained left him feeling liverish.

Yet, the improvement in Adolf's marks did remind Alois that a father
 must not fail to recognize ^{the smallest hint} ~~any sign~~ of a positive change in an adolescent son.

He must, therefore, make one more effort to give the boy a worthy life. Yes,
 he must get him to come along on a visit to the Customs House. The
 architecture, alone, so big, so powerful, would have to impress his Adolf.

So, on a given night, Alois gave one of his monologues at the family
 table and felt that the spirit of the Burger-Abends now enabled him to speak
 with more clarity than ever. "There is one fellow in our club who keeps

saying, and I must agree it is an interesting opinion, that the gap between the wealthy and the poor is being diminished."

"Is that so," asks Klara, wishing to come into the conversation.

"Yes, absolutely. We've had fine discussions on ^{this} ~~that~~ matter. It is ^{due to} ~~the~~ ^{our railway system} ~~the~~ railway that does it. You can be rich or you can be poor but ^{no matter!} ~~either way you~~

travel at the same high speed. Oh, I tell you, and you children pay attention

to this, you, Angela, and you, Adolf. Remember ^{this} ~~my~~ predictions; the cities

are going to expand and there ^{will be} ~~is going to~~ be money everywhere. I've heard

talk in these evenings at the Burger-Abends of peasants, people so poor that —

I will use an expression you are now old enough to understand, ~~that~~ ^{there are}

occasions when one must speak frankly, ^{that he had to} ~~there are~~ people so poor that ~~he~~

^{had to} ~~whispers~~ (the next) — "they use their hands to wipe themselves."

"Oh, Daddy!" ^{screamed} ~~screams~~ Angela.

Alois could not resist. "And then they scrape their fingers in the dirt to get them clean."

To which Angela ^{could only} screams again, "Oh, Daddy! Oh, Daddy!" but she ~~was~~ ^{was ready to disgust} laughing at the way he ~~disgusts~~ her and yet ^(knew) knows her so well. "Oh," says

Alois, "that was the way it used to be. But, now, some of these formerly ^{are smart enough to know} impoverished people ~~do know very well~~ what is coming next. I even hear of

peasants who have saved enough to purchase ^{a piece of} ~~some~~ land cheaply in their

district, and then ^{there} sell such holdings to men who are planning to build

factories ^{just} there ~~so~~ soon as the roads come. And the roads will come. Some

of these lowly people are truly crude, gross people but, dirty or not, they sell

their land for a good deal. If there is one thing true of a peasant it is that he

knows nothing if he doesn't know the value of his land. And the smartest

know when the value changes. You cannot cheat a peasant, no way, no way

at all."

Possessing this much of the gift of speech, he often became the embodiment of what he was ready to say. So, now he spoke as if he were still a peasant and had never arrived in Hafeld, and had never stewed over how the neighboring people had laughed at his inadequate knowledge of the land he had purchased. "Yes," he said, "Everything is racing forward and even the peasants are in this race. But you, Adolf, with your intelligence, yes, I've come to the conclusion that you are potentially a very intelligent young man, and will yet be cultured. So I would look to warn you. These changes in society are going to alter the nature of the work we all do. You are not the sort who should even begin to think of making a living from horses, from hauling or carrying goods over bad roads. You are not the one to ride behind Graubart all day while he lets you know what the oats you've fed him have done to his gas-pipes."

"Oh, Daddy!" shrieked Angela.

"But there will soon be no need for that. The railroads will replace such hauling. Clothing factories will push out shoe makers and tailors.

Women who sew well may still retain their occupation on a small scale.

That could also be true for tailors. But people like that blacksmith you used

to like in Lambach, ~~he~~ ^{Adolf} too will soon be gone. Education is coming,

^{and it} ~~Education~~ will take over everything. Even fools will ~~be~~ be able to read and

write. Of course, and we discuss this often at the Burger-Abends, it is

important that not everybody become so educated that we lose all distinction

of what it should still mean to be called *Herr Doktor*. Adolf, if you study

very, very hard at your school, yes, it is only the Realschule not the

Gymnasium, nonetheless, you will be able to go on and be an engineer may

it be, and they will call you, once you get your Ph.D. yes, that will be the

day for you and for all of us. Your Ph.D. and your doctorate of philosophy,

then you, too, will be called *Herr Doktor*. I can tell you I would have liked

to have been addressed in such a way and thereby even enjoy a higher level of respect in the community than I do now." He held up his hand.

"Although I certainly do not complain. Not at all. But if I had been *Herr*

Doktor, your mother would have been called *Frau Doktor* even though she

has never seen the entrance gates to a university." At this point Alois laughed

and Klara ^{turned} ~~reddens~~ ^{said} "Yes," ~~says~~ Alois, "It is possible that your interests may

turn to business, to becoming a businessman. In my day that was not

possible for someone with my origins. But now there is money to be made

there. It is not like it was when I was young. Now, maybe your gift will be

for commerce or technology. And yet, I must say I do not really see you as

an engineer or a businessman because there is one fault with all such

success—you have no time to yourself. A businessman has no peace. He

takes his work home with him. So does an engineer. What if his bridge

collapses?" He then paused, took a deep breath and remarked: "If you

should ever decide to work in Customs, your evenings and your weekends will always be there, open to your choice. You will be able to work at your art."

Despite all, Alois was having his affect. Such talk left Adolf with a ~~truly~~ nervous stomach. But that was because he was no longer certain whether his father was absolutely a fool, or might have to be listened to. If the latter, then there ^{could} ~~might~~ be some most miserable choices ahead and nothing but awful people to live ^(and work) among. What if he was not destined to be a great artist or a great architect? ^{What if he was no Wagner of the future in what he did?} There was one thing that could be said for Customs and his father had made ^{the} ~~his~~ point ^{the} he could have a separate private life after work.

So they did go to the Customs House. Despite all the preparations, the visit succeeded only in depressing both of them. The worst of it was they came through the door into the main accounting house where all the clerks

were working, a decision Alois had made in advance because his inner conviction was that Adolf was too uneasy with strangers to be able to work outdoors many hours with active investigations, whereas a job ^{indoors} ~~inside~~ going

over papers might, provided he was ready to accept such an existence, ^{might} ~~could~~
^{yes, strings properly pulled, might}
 (help him to become an officer from the start. ^{at most}

It went wrong, however, and for the simplest reason. An unhappy odor came up from the general collection of middle-aged bodies gathered together in one room working under desk lights with eye-shades on their forehead. Adolf hated the smell. It was too much like the air around ~~bad~~

^{smelly}
~~smelling~~ feet. Naturally, his father would be at home with such aromas.

When young, he ^{had} ~~is~~ made shoes, boots, fancy boots and had to ^{sniff} ~~smell~~ officer's

toes during the fitting. No, he, Adolf, would not spend his life in a

mausoleum with cubicles full of the old ~~bad~~ smells of old men sitting on

top of each other like monkeys. Of course they were not all middle aged, but to a thirteen year old, middle-aged men are old.

At the dinner table, Alois made another attempt. "So many of my colleagues," he said, "grew into good old friends. I have friends all over Upper Austria, friends still in Breslau and Passau, yes." Adolf was wondering where they might all be. He had rarely seen anyone come to visit. But Alois goes on: "There are so many benefits, yes. The pensions, the time that is there for yourself. I can tell you, security plus a good pension enables a man to avoid all misery in his middle years and ^{that is true} even more so in his later years. He does not have to worry about not having enough money. Nothing, I warn you Adolf, creates more discord in a family than lack of money. That is why our family does not have ugly arguments. There is no need for them."

Since this speech was at the dinner table Angela, passing behind Alois could not help herself. She was thinking of the departure of Alois, Jr. No ugly arguments! How could her father speak that way? She stuck out her tongue at Alois' back, and then, worried that Klara might have ^{seen} glimpsed that, ^{Angela} twisted her head enough to point ^{the} her tongue at Adolf and then tried to ~~make it look as if she were licking her lips.~~

As the months went by, Alois gave up the idea of the Customs House.

^{His son} ~~Adi~~ was not going to follow decent advice. ^{But it} ~~He~~ ate at Alois. That summer, worried about his ^{own} health, and determined to strengthen his physical

condition, he was ~~also~~ ^{fine} excited by a ^{A coal} superb bargain offered him ~~by a man~~

~~merchant~~ ^{he guessed slightly}

who needed to sell his ~~coal~~ ^{a few loads} to pay off debts, but had ~~no customers in~~

^{too few in} ~~The deal was made~~ ^{however. She told him for} (summer) Alois chose to ignore Klara's advice, ~~that he hire~~ ^{ask} an assistant to

help him with the job. He also ignored her second suggestion that he ~~use~~

Adolf. He did not wish to share labor with ^{that boy} him, (not after the visit to the

Customs House.

Still Klara's suggestions bore weight. ^{Having succeeded} Alois did succeed in purchasing the coal at half price. Then, he ^{he did debate on the day of delivery,} debated whether to carry the load down to the basement himself, or ^{was} pay an ^{Klara right? Should he hire an assistant,} assistant. He tried to bargain, "I expect you," he told the seller, "to bring it

down to my bin," at which point the ^{dealer} seller replied, "Oh, you rich fellows.

You are always so determined to keep us ~~poor~~ poor. No, sir, I cannot carry the

coal down for you ^{Not at this} at the same price." At which Alois decided to do it

himself. "I may not be as rich as you think I am," ["] he told the man, "but I am certainly stronger than I look."

So he did it. He sensed that ^{not what he wanted} to pay the man more would take ^{for this last part of the job would take him} ~~huster off~~ ^{task} ~~off~~ the economy of his purchase. So he did it himself, ^{task} ~~all the way from their~~ ^{coal}

It took two hours in the sun and yard down to the bin in the basement. After the job was completed, he

keeled over with a hemorrhage.

in
the
dark
of
the
cellar

CHAPTER

For weeks, following Alois' recovery, Adolf was to hear his mother

talk about how much blood had ^{spurred} come out of Alois' ^{months} That ~~proved~~

~~was~~ inflammatory. That there ~~was~~ ^{the} a possibility ^{that} his father might die ~~proved~~

stimulating. Indeed, it became attached in his mind to the excitement ^{he shared} ~~among~~

^{with} the Realschule students about Schoenerer and the Pan-Germans. By now, he

loved their ideas. National superiority was supposed to be a characteristic of

the German heart and the German mind and, now, ^{—one could add—} ~~most of all,~~ the German

blood. Alois' prodigious loss of blood became part of ^{Adolf's} ~~his~~ intellectual

^{possession.} ~~context.~~ Blood, claimed Schoenerer, was the ^(required to obtain) ~~basic element~~ in national

superiority. It was the ^{only} ~~true~~ vehicle for historical progress, ^{one blood!}

Germany and Austria together! Thinking of how his father's blood had

~~he~~^{he} regretted, even if he could not quite admit it to himself, that

he had not been there on that occasion ~~and~~^{to} verify the thesis for himself.

"All the same," he told himself, "it has to be true ~~that one's~~^{the} spirit lives in the blood rather than in the air."

Responding to the Maestro's suggestion, I encouraged him ^{to elaborate on} in this

idea. ~~For that matter, it~~^{For that matter, it} posed little difficulty. Adolf was thrilled by the

concept. Blood, ^{was} with all its magic, ^{for it} was what could be shared by a people.

When he looked at the strongest and most handsome boys in his class he

tingled in those places that his ^{groin} ~~body~~ (usually reserved for the forest. ^{when} ~~How the~~

blood charged to his penis, ^{it was} ~~the~~ blood that he shared with these particular

fellow students. I, of course, was free of attitude on this matter. I was ready

to work with German clients who, like Adolf, believed in German blood but

I could work just as well, ^{that matters} ~~for example,~~ with Orthodox Jewish clients who

believed in the supremacy of Jewish blood. I could also work, and very well

indeed, with Jewish clients who were Socialists, or with gentile German

I was comfortable with
Socialists, indeed ~~any host of~~ clients whose emphasis was on the air, the

spirit, the intellect—all of those invisible currents and gasses where one

looked for enlightenment and the ~~prevailing~~ security of ~~good~~ un-bloody

world views. And, of course, I also worked with clients who were

Communist and would not have called themselves Reds if they did not, in

their fashion, believe in blood. We ~~would, after all, be ready to begin with,~~ *were always able to work on*

start
~~with the same~~ (the ~~intrinsic~~ beliefs with which our clients had grown up. Only then would *once established*
in their prejudices, we could then move on,
~~we proceed~~ to alter their certainties enough to serve our needs. Usually that
often we would)

was to intensify the hatred such clients felt for all that was opposite to them

in other humans.

I could not trace altogether the connections
his ~~Following this new interest in the Pan-Germans,~~ *however,* Adolf became
Adolf's new made between the Pan-Germans
and his new interest in the death poses of,
interested in the fixed positions of the rats he had succeeded in killing that

winter. Few of those frozen carcasses were ever nibbled at by passing dogs

and cats, so he could study their ^{expressions} ~~expressions~~. Often, ~~after the immediate~~ ^{during}

~~death~~, there had been a good deal of blood issuing forth from so small a

creature, sometimes an iced-up puddle lay under their bodies. Now as he

studied ^{these rats} ~~them~~ ^{their} in these early stages of decomposition, he was intrigued by

those who looked tortured as opposed to those who looked sardonic or

contemptuous, ^{Others appeared} ~~even those who were~~ outraged. Death left signatures he

could not follow. So many sentiments, so many curses. He wondered

whether similar expressions were to be found under the coffin lids of the

human bodies in the cemetery. ~~He felt an indefinable relation to these~~

~~deaths.~~ (A source of power arose in him at the thought that the expression of

these dead rats might be of some indescribable ^{value} ~~value~~ to him, and he thought

often of how Klara had said that the new century would belong only to him.

Much of his dispirit over the power of Wagner's genius began to fade as he

hunted rats. Yes, he too, might be a genius. ^{Who else would look} ~~at dead rats?~~

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*Delete this page,
Keep in a separate file*

34

While he hunted, the Boer war was also on his mind. Dead rats were fact, and death was the mysterious principle beneath, yet his heart also felt sympathy for all those Boers—David's fight against Goliath. Poor Boer farmers opposing the greediness of British Imperialism! Despite all, he listened with pleasure to his father at the dinner table when Alois spoke of how money was being collected and signatures were coming in to support the Dutch. Boer songs were being sung, Boer hats were worn in Linz and there was even a great deal more interest these days in eating herrings and sausages which the Boers seemed to like just like the Viennese. "Yes," said Alois to Klara, "It would be good to have some herring with onions and a good thick cream."

"No," said Klara. "Are you sure it would be good for your heart?"

NEW CHAPTER

The beatings ~~had~~ trailed off. Occasionally, perhaps once a month when Alois thought the boy was becoming too sure of himself, and too impolite in subtle ways towards his mother and most directly impolite

toward Angela, even a hint cocky toward himself, Alois would threaten a

beating. *but the event had lost all dramatic and* But he knew the threat was weak. If, on occasion he did have a

whipping to offer it *was* was done with half a heart and *worse* half an arm.

Once again, the boy was not doing well in his homework, but then to what

effect were these *valid* excuses for a real whipping? *Now would he* Not a sound was emitted by

Adolf and, *Alors* in turn, he had not been able to hide his shortness of breath.

In the Burger-Abends just a couple of nights before New Years Eve of 1903, the members ^{Cellowed themselves a little more to drink} ~~got a bit drunk.~~ And after two years of showing up as

religiously as any other member, and able by now to recognize many a mood

in advance, ^{Alois} ~~he~~ felt more disturbance on this occasion ~~in the mood.~~ Over the

last few weeks in a town called Budweis, in Czechoslovakia, the Imperial

Royal Police had proved incapable of protecting German houses from a

Czech mob. Indeed, it had been necessary to declare a state of siege in

Prague. Yet Budweis was still, at least supposedly, an Austrian town with a

German majority on the town council. So, there had been a good deal of

discussion in the Burger-Abends and Alois had even heard from Adolf that

~~certain~~ students in Adolf's class whose family came from Prague did not like

~~now~~ to be called Bohemians. ~~The smaller ones were ready to weep with~~

~~rage when teased, the burlier ones were close to striking the student who was~~

~~teasing them.~~ "I'm solely German," they would say. "I'm just like you."

Moreover, that fall, a number of protests had begun in Linz because a

Cappucine Monk named Jurichek, a Czech, had not only been invited to

preach in St. Martin's church but would ^{deliver his sermon} ~~spea~~k in the Czech language. That

was in order to collect money for a proposed Czech school. Even at the

Burger-Abends, some began to complain (most incorrectly as it turned out)

that before long there would soon be a Czech invasion of ^{Linz} ~~newcomers~~. It was

clear. The middle class of Linz felt threatened, ^{II} ~~and~~ Alois, following these

events, was ^{left most uneasy,} ~~torn by them~~. "If there is a Czech uprising," he ^{said} ~~says~~, "it could

^{mean} ~~create~~ the end of the Austrian-Hungarian Empire and yet," as he would

murmur to the others, "my best friend is Czech." During a brief discussion

between Alois and Karl Wesseley, who had passed by when on a business

trip to Salzburg, ^{"we} ~~The~~ Czech's are no problem," Alois was ^{Wesseley had said} ~~assured~~. ^{had been} ~~They~~

^{and added,} "Czechs have ^{of you} ~~more~~ loyalty to the emperor than all these ~~Austrian-~~

^{here} ~~Germans~~ who would dissolve the ~~Empire~~ ^{just} in a moment if they could ~~and~~ link

up with the Prussians." Then Wesseley went away—his oldest friend—but, since their mutual retirement, they now lived at opposite ends of Austria.

Wesseley's brief visit left Alois, however, in a ~~terrible~~ state of confusion. Contradictory remarks had been coming out of him in recent weeks at the Burger-Abends. First, he would seem ^{to be} (at the argument) on one side, then the other, and he was talking more and more to constantly less cogent effect.

Finally, he was attacked by one of the oldest gentlemen in the club ^{who} ~~unfortunately~~ ^{if unfortunately, this usually fine elder statesman} had drunk a good deal on this occasion. "Herr Alois," he

said, "You have been so totally opposed to our poor little local priest who wants to invite ^{poor} Czechoslovakian workers to ^{free} food kitchens when they are

hungry ^{that} ~~you~~ ^{do} sound like a pro-German. 'Get rid of these ^{dirty} ~~poor~~ Czechs', ^{it is}

^{what you} ~~seem~~ ^{to be} ~~you are~~ saying. But, I cannot follow you. Your best friend, you ^{tell us,} ~~says,~~

is a Czech. You also say you do not like the Prussians. Yet you make

^(The priest who wants a ~~local~~ kitchen must see you ~~can only~~) remarks that could ~~be~~ taken as pro-German. At the same time, you ^{also} ~~also~~ seem

that way, At the

same time, you declare 5 yourself to be pro-Empire. You have esteem for Franz Josef. You do not seem to

object to the presence of Gypsies and Hungarians and all sorts of mongrel more or less

people in our Empire. Or, do you? Dear Herr Hitler, I hesitate to say this ^{to}

your a disease we are all
~~you but I must attribute these confusions to premature old age. You are not~~
~~in danger of suffering from, and that's~~
~~premature old age. You are not~~
~~an old man yet, not as old as I am, but, my esteemed fellow Burger-Abender,~~

your confusions swallowing you up
I must say that ~~old age~~ will soon be chasing you unless you stop talking this

way. How can you sound like a Pan-German if you are loyal to the

Emperor? I tell you, Herr Alois, ~~when I hear you speak~~, you leave me

confused. You are lucky. I am so old that I ^{too} live in my own confusion, ⁴ ~~too~~.

And abruptly he ^{sat} ~~sits~~ down as if to apologize for having gone too far. ~~He~~

~~certainly had gone farther than was generally acceptable.~~

Unhappily for Alois, the old man had been all too accurate. Alois
indeed had ~~lost~~ his clarity of mind 5 since the lung hemorrhage, that clarity of which

he had been so proud. Now, so many of his thoughts seemed to come into

his head for no better purpose than to ^{say the opposite of} contradict his previous thoughts. ^{(This}

^{was perhaps a}

(reaction ~~I would say~~ to all his years in the Customs Office when his beliefs

had ~~had~~ to fit ~~into~~ one tightly capped container.) Indeed Alois confessed as

much to Wesseley on the last visit. "I like talking to you," he had said. "In

my opinion, you ^{are} ~~are~~ as deep as the sea."

"Alois, tell the truth. Have you ever even seen a large body of water?" asked Wesseley.

"Beautiful lakes I have seen, and plenty. That is enough." He paused. "Whereas now I feel as if I am living in ^{the desert?} ~~a state of deep confusion.~~"

A couple of nights after the old member's tirade was visited upon him, Alois could remember that some of the Burger-Abenders had kept nodding their heads ^{in agreement}. And Alois could keep hearing the old man's voice:

"Your opinions are so much at odds with each other. You say that we give too much to the Czechs and ~~we~~ have too little concern for the interests of the

local German people. Yet you also say, and I have heard you, that to be
 against the Jews and the Hungarians and the Czechs is antagonistic to good
 culture. Do you know that you are too much for me [?] ~~my, dear old friend?~~ For
 which I must apologize."

Alois felt so weak after this upbraiding that he had not enough
 strength to stand up and leave the room. Almost not enough. But then he
 found such strength. Not often did members walk out of the Burger-Abends
 in such a manner, but on this occasion it became a matter of honor ~~for him,~~
 no matter how weak he felt. ~~Several days later, on January 3, he was dead.~~

It was furious beyond measure. It
 now seemed to him that he had
 been tolerated at the Burger-Abend,
 no more. Did they laugh at what he
 had said when he was not in the
 room? Was it really that bad? Had
 he been a fool—their resident fool?

It all gave him a frightful headache.
 Several days later, on January 3, he was

dead
 before
 noon.

ended chapter