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Ready for typing?

Tape 5, dictated 1/23/06, revised 3/22/06

Double space

new chapter

had been evil?

A few months after Edmund's death, Klara ^{began} had begun to have fearful thoughts. ~~They were repetitive, and thereby seemed~~ ^{They were obsessive.} She could not brush them from her mind ^{son's sister to her. Was it possible that} Was Adolf's relation to Edmund evil? In the days when the brothers played

together in the room they shared, Angela told her that she had overheard

~~them~~ ^{Adi} was terrifying Edmund with tales from Grimm, ^{but} the worst ones.

^{had to} This caused ^{for me} some concern. In his reaction to Edmund's death, Alois ^{despite himself} ~~was becoming more and more~~ had, despite himself, become more severe than ever in his opinion of Adolf.

I certainly could not afford to have Klara turn on him as well. ^{It was necessary} I had to

^{to} reverse her feelings, ^{sure} and that was a task. She was not a client, but I could

lay atmospheres upon her sleep that would by way, I hoped, of spiritual osmosis, affect her dreams. I believe I even succeeded to a good degree.

Klara had a change of heart.

^{From her bedroom window} I knew that before I commenced such work, Klara ^{could} used to see from her bedroom window how often Adi sat on the cemetery wall and shot at rats. She would flinch every time she heard the flat slap of the airgun's

Done

(equal to a)
 discharge. For her, the sound was like the disgruntled voice. She felt as if
 she could hear disaffected cemetery spirits. (coming up to her from the cemetery)
 When someone is not a client,

we can still have our modest everyday influence on them—we have, after

all, been associates for years, and in this case, I certainly did not wish Adi to

slip deeper and deeper into his depression, ^{indeed,} which, (he would if I did)

^{not have} Indeed, I had some success in changing Klara's attitude. ^{I did lay} I was able ^{I tried} to
 at atmospheres upon her sleep, and by way of these admittedly undependable turnings of her dreams, (to suggest

that Adi was not evil but suffering terribly. ^{our first} That technique is always ^{and indeed} possible with any mother who retains some love for her child, ^{did} Indeed, ^{how great was} over a
^{instrument in working} period, the situation ^{improved} noticeably. Klara came to recognize ^{(the need}

to soften Alois' feelings. Why, the boy's dreadful mood, she told her

husband, was even beginning to affect his marks in school. ^{They were no}

longer as splendid as once they had been.

^{Since Adolf was very bright, she said, the}
 The only explanation was that Adi was mourning Edmund. Up to that
for his last report card

point, Alois had been fulminating that the boy was losing every chance he

had to go to the gymnasium and becoming a cultured person. "He is now

afraid of you," Klara dared to say, "he hates disappointing you. Alois, ^{give}

^{must} him a chance. Will you become again the good man full of love for a son,

who depends on you and needs kind treatment? I would love you so for
 that."

These were the most heartfelt words ~~she had~~ ^{to Adolfs,} ever offered and it
 reawakened his love for Edmund, gone, lost, and now ^{naught but} a tear in his eye, yet ^{Adolfs, alas,}
^{All the same,} he nodded for her. ^{was not} Edmund.

"I will do what I can," he said. "Sometimes my heart slams shut like a door."

Once aroused, ^{however,} ~~she~~ ^{was} she was not about to close off any feelings. She was
^{she must find a way to be near again to Adolfs} ready to love Adi again. She was happy this change had come. Now each
^{his heart could also shut like a door. So, she chose.} day, she would look for a way to remind him that the century was new.

"This," she ^{said, "this new century is going to be} ~~says, making it up as she goes along, or so she believes,~~ "will be

your century." They were no longer in the 1800s. Now it was the 1900s.

"This century will be yours. ^{as she said} It will belong to you, I know it. You will do
^{time to come."} wonderful, wondrous things in this century."

^{did} He loved it when she spoke to him like that. He did feel important,
 then. Of course, he hardly knew whether to believe her or not. How could it
 be his century? He felt ~~so~~ incapable of accomplishing anything at this

point. So he nagged her. "Is that so, is that really so?" ^{He wanted her to}
^{on far too long,} confirm and reconfirm the belief. Perhaps he even went a little too far for
^{At last, she said, and her tongue slipped far enough} she said at last, "You are the one I must love. And I do. I must love you,
^{to uncover the truth,} and I do." Her phrasing worried him. He brooded ^{over her phrasing,} on it. (He was aware for

the first time that women were not ^{since} just there to love you because that was

their duty, but indeed, ^{women} they had a great power. They could offer love, ^{that was} ~~or a substitute that was not as real,~~ ~~they could withhold it.~~

~~the Maestro intervened. "Come to~~
Here, I must have made a mistake for I was looking to convince him

that women might also react to his power over them, but I was reprimanded

by the Maestro. "Do not," I was told, ^{"try to dissuade him, I would not"} "encourage any undue interest in

women. Let him remain fearful of them."

^{Let balance return to the family — their old familiar grudging}
~~That was not difficult to accomplish. He had so many fears. One had~~

~~only to ease off from him. And from Klara. Balance returned to the family, a grudging balance, with each of them returned again to primary concerns, Alois to his health, his grief, and his disappointment in Adolf, Klara to her doubts, and Adi to hunting his rats.~~

balance.

Chapter

~~Adolf's~~
Edmund's grave was visible from ~~Adi's~~ bedroom window. On

~~late afternoons~~ ^{and the damp adobe of}
overcast days, when there was fog, the stones reflected a patina of moss and mold that would draw Adi down after school to sit in the damp of early

~~Adi would~~ ^{and wait for}
spring on the low cemetery wall. When the rats came out in the dusk, ^{their}

^{There} ^(in any scattering of light) ^(whenever)
eyes would shine in the late light when they faced the west, and so then

offered ^{clear} ~~better~~ targets. Nonetheless whenever he was able to ^{shoot} ~~hit~~ one with his

air gun and it fell where he had shot it, he did not feel up to examining the

corpse. It was too close to evening and he did not wish to step down into the cemetery from the low cemetery wall.

Early morning, however, before he was off to school, he would go by, and if no dogs or cats had dared the graveyard spirits through the night, and the cadaver of the rat was still there, he would inhale the early ^{aroma} ~~odor~~ of

carrion and it would stir his mood. He ^{was} ~~is~~ troubled by that and wondered if ^{were} ~~there were~~ comparable manifestations going on now in Edmund's flesh, a

thought which was exaggerated by any rats who remained dead and,

~~undisturbed for more than a day.~~ ^{It} During March and April of 1900, he did

not feel ready to go back to the forest and ^{kept to} ~~preferred~~ his perch on the

cemetery wall. His reluctance was to be expected. Often, when he had ^{there were} ~~taken~~ Edmund out alone for a walk in the woods, he would retell one or,

another story he had read in Grimm, and Edmund would be properly chilled.

^{moments when he} Now he, in turn, was terrified. He expected Edmund's arm to rise from the

^{It} ~~grave~~. I, in turn, ^{In turn, I was} ~~uneasy about when~~ the next caveat ^{that} ~~might come from the~~

Maestro ^I ~~had~~ decided not to discourage Adi's guilt ^{over} ~~over~~ his part in Edmund's

~~death~~. Indeed, my instinct was corroborated. "Encourage it to fester," ^{I was told} ~~was~~

~~the word that arrived~~. "Guilt is as much as a tool for us as ~~is~~ ^{is} for the

Cudgels." I did not need to be reminded. The ^{think that} ~~Cudgels~~ ^{of course} ~~were~~

always looking for ^{in their clients} ~~their clients~~ atonement, and for a development in their

~~stimulate~~
 cases of a recognition that there was a need for change in oneself) ~~We, to~~
~~looked to build a~~
~~the contrary, look to enhance the calcification of guilt. Of course, there is a~~
~~It can~~
 danger to this. We reduce our clients by narrowing their possibilities, ~~It~~

~~It can prove a~~ ~~rough~~ ~~savage treatment when used to excess.~~
~~On what it came down to was that I had~~ ~~still~~
 At this point, however, I would ease the intensity of his guilt
 to be ready to raise ~~ambush in~~ ~~when it was~~ ~~when~~
 whenever I considered ~~his depression on the edge of becoming too extreme.~~

So, I had to use my judgment ~~since~~ ~~when it was~~ ~~when~~ on many an evening, ~~Adi~~ continued to sit on
 the cemetery wall and wonder ~~what he would do if Edmund's arm rose~~ ~~did rise~~
~~suddenly~~ out of the grave. Would he run? Would he ~~attempt~~ ~~try~~ to talk to Edmund?
 Or would he pelt the limb with his air gun? Could those little pellets force
 the arm to lower itself back to the grave?

All through the winter, the spring, and the summer of 1900, the ~~death~~ ~~memory~~
~~of Edmund's illness remained~~ ~~dead weight on~~
 of Edmund remained with Adolf like a stone he carried in his chest.

I decided that the boy still ~~has~~ ~~possessed your~~ deep funds of conscience. Taken by

~~so~~
 itself, conscience can become our most ~~profound enemy~~, our ~~most~~
 determined antagonist, ~~even as self pity is our lubricant,~~ ~~our bonus~~ ~~and one~~
 of the most useful products we can develop in any client. ~~Since~~ ~~the~~ ~~entrance~~ ~~of~~ ~~English~~ ~~emotions,~~ ~~and~~ ~~is~~ ~~them by~~ ~~one~~
 whip their favorites into shape by way of an active conscience, we, in turn,
 dealing with the ~~best and rarest~~ ~~most promising~~ of our clients, will actually look to extirpate
 conscience. Once successful, we are then able to create a substitute which

is ready and able to justify a good many of the ^{passions} emotions that the Cudgels seek to repress: greed, lust, envy, gluttony—no need to go through ^{all} the seven deadly sins. But when ^(an uneasy) ~~looks suitable~~ ^{is properly} ~~developed~~ ^{can} ~~our use is~~ ^{agility} developed with some elegance by us, we are able to strengthen our clients' self ^{to justify} justification of the acts we ^{want} encourage them to perform. Our primary task is to transform ^{release} ~~conscience into~~ ^{at odds with} ~~aversion~~ from the shameful memories which roused ^{it} ~~the conscience~~ in the first place. We are successful when ^{such one's} ~~conscience~~ begins to feel treacherous to one's sense of strength, as if it is a useless ^{scourge} ~~scourge~~ that exhausts ^{at odds with} ~~unduly~~. One realization (which the Maestro has ^{well-being} ~~well-being~~) (A murderer can manage ^{in the time it takes to} ~~in the time it takes to~~ certainly passed on to some of us), is that a good deal of the dread that ^{On, to put it otherwise,} ~~humans feel when the angels wish to punish them, can be incinerated by~~ ^{abviated by} ~~violent acts, particularly by killing others. Often, thereby, we benefit from~~ ^{to Danish as} ~~war. When our clients must operate without such sanction to kill, the matter~~ ^{Conscience} ~~grows more difficult. Calmer times call upon the skills of advanced devils~~ ^{when} like myself particularly ^{if} ~~if~~ we are looking to encourage murder. I will say it is not at all routine to convince ^a ~~any~~ man or woman to slay another, ^{that is} ~~that is~~ ^{they know instinctively that} ~~because~~ murder is the most selfish of the acts. Primitives know ^{it} ~~that~~ so well.

Ready to sacrifice an animal for one of their feasts, they are wise enough to ask forgiveness ^{before they can perform} ~~from the beast~~ ^{the execution.}

I had to labor, therefore, to fortify Adi's sense of the power that murder ^{can} offers the murderer. Of course, he was too young for ~~more~~ ^{the most} developed techniques, but I did work up a dream-etching where Adolf was a hero in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. This entailed the suggestion that he had been there in his previous life almost two decades before he was born in 1889. It was not difficult to bring him to believe he had massacred a platoon of French soldiers who had made the signal mistake of attacking his lonely outpost. Of course, such a dream etching ^{was} ~~is~~ gross, but it ^{did} ~~could~~ prepare a track on which to lay more sophisticated impulses later. Standing by itself, the Franco-Prussian dream etching was ~~as empty as~~ ^a pure wish fulfillment.

May I say that we knew all about ~~that~~ ^{wish-fulfillments} long before Doctor Freud had anything to say on the matter. Our approach to ^{human} ~~the~~ psychology of ^(many) ~~humans~~ must of necessity go far beyond where all those ^{many} ~~good~~ Viennese doctors ^(looked) ~~managed~~ to reach. Indeed, we smile at the superficiality of so many of Freud's analyses. ^{That} ~~It~~ is his fault. He wanted nothing, after all, to do with angels or demons, and was willfully determined not to recognize the ^{engagement} ~~involvement~~ of the Dummkopf and the Maestro in large or even small human matters.

On the other hand, praise can be given to Freud for his delineation of the ego. That concept has become one of the tools by which humans can *become almost as adept as we are at assessing* ~~calibrate certain changes in themselves or others almost as well as we can~~ ~~assess~~ shifts of self-worth in our clients.

Chapter

Adolf Hitler's readiness to
Obviously, ~~Adolf's relation to the murder of~~ untold hordes of humans *a longing, known until lately as* was not in any way an ability that a boy like Adi was ready to contemplate, ~~at this point~~. If I speak for a moment now of a year like 1944, there can be no comparison to 1900 and the ensuing months after Edmund's death. Yet, prodded by the Maestro, I was looking already to intensify a sense, even then, that he, young Adolf Hitler, *could become* ~~was~~ a high agent of the gods of death, *and* ~~thereby he could~~ believe that his own death would not be like others. I find it interesting that in the beginning of 1945, living in *(the defeat of)* his last few months, he wished to be cremated. The meanest aspect of his life had always been his body, that somewhat foul-smelling flesh towards which Angela often reacted as if his soul was bound to it. Yet, even *late in life,* ~~by then,~~ he could not recognize that such understanding was false. By then, his soul (even by our measure) was much more befouled than his torso. Of course it is also true that when one holds the power to chose those classes and ranks

of people who are going to die, one does become an overseer of death, and is, thereby, less likely to feel intimate horror over the price to one's soul.

Most statesmen who become leaders of a country at war have usually risen

to such positions because they were ready, ^{then often} already, if necessary, to become

such overseers, ^{when thinking of} and so did not suffer serious anxiety later over the large

number ~~who were~~ slain on the other side. They were able to immunize

their conscience and ^{call forth} enact such deeds through the use of our mightiest ^{engine} ~~engine~~

^{engine} ~~not~~ patriotism. That is our sword and our shield, ^{still most dependable} even as fidelity to

revealed religion ^{promises to} may become our future weapon of mass destruction.

All that is beyond our compass for now ^{Indeed, too} large thoughts can be as

Maestro detects large thoughts in us. It speaks of ^{empty} ~~empty~~ vapors. Let me return, then, to more modest matters. them as

In 1944, one of the worst years of his life, with the war going badly,

Adolf, out at the Wolfschanze, his underground retreat in East Prussia, liked

to tell his secretaries how his father, on many a night, would lay a strong

whipping on him; usually thirty strikes to his back or his buttocks. But, he

assured his secretaries, he had been as brave as an American Indian under

torture. Never did he make the smallest sound. On he went, regaling the

ladies with his heroism. By then, of course, ^{he was} much older than his years—

fifty-five—^{Adolf} ~~he~~ was already enjoying the few advantages of old age. He was

at last ready to inhale the admiration of women without having to undergo

the anxiety of whether he should seek to copulate with them. His sexual spirit, so wholly unlike Alois', had never committed itself to the ~~pleasure~~ ^{or disaster} and uncontrollable glory of high consequences. (The fear of embarrassment was prodigious in Adolf and we looked to keep it that way, one more ^{small} tool at our command!) Given the sum of the levers and buttons we had installed in the Fuehrer by then, an earthly woman was not in the least necessary to our aims.

Of course, the story he told to the secretaries was a whole exaggeration. On occasion he would even speak of two hundred and thirty strikes delivered by his father's hand, but by then he'd been lying routinely for a long time.

Once, in the late 1930's, talking to Hans Frank, he told him, "When I was ten or twelve I had to go late at night into this stinking smoke-filled tavern. I made no attempt to spare my father's feelings. I went right up to the table where he sat staring at me doltishly and I shook him. 'Father,' I would say, 'it's time for you to come home. Up you get.' And often I would have to wait for a quarter of an hour or more, pleading and scolding before I could get him to his legs. Then I supported him home. I never felt so horribly ashamed. Oh, Frank, I know what a demon alcohol can be. Because of my father, it was the bane of my youth." Indeed, he told the

story so well that Herr Frank even repeated it in the course of the Nuremberg trials.

Chapter

~~In fact,~~ ^{Actually,} Alois happened to be drinking ^{with care} most carefully. He did not dare ^{when he did, they} to take too much. The morning hangovers were acute. His depression over

the death of Edmund was close then to unendurable. He would wake up

^{Dead} feeling as if he had consumed a bowl of ashes. ^{in his sleep,} Moreover, he needed to be alert

^{on many an evening} alert. He went often to the Burger-Abends ^(now) these days, and the gentry ^(come)

present were certainly more cultivated than he was. So he ^{was not ready to} rarely came home

^{In truth, he needed} drunk. Indeed, he had ^{some} need to attend the Burger-Abends. Often, they

could lift him for an hour out of his depression. ~~He did feel less of a man~~

~~since the loss of his child.~~ Without this elegant diversion, he had to spend

his night, whether in drink or ^{sober} without it, brooding on Edmund's death. And

so he became a regular and was usually present all four nights a week at the

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

his behavior, that condition was eased by the quiet compassion he was now

being offered ~~for the loss of his son.~~ A general courtesy received him now

when he came in and many offered their warmth again when he left in the

evening. "This is the good side of the gentry," he decided. At Custom's, he

had always seen them as over-friendly if they had something to hide or chilly in their manner when passing through honestly. What also impressed him now was that one of the members present most often at these Burger-Abends was a rabbi named Moriz Friedmann who had been a member of the Austrian District School for 18 years. Alois could see that the other gentry were respectful of him and this certainly ^{helped} ~~moved~~ to reinforce his notion that ~~all of~~ humankind could be divided into those who were cultured and those who were not. If ^a ~~one~~ Jew could be acceptable to this Burger-Abend, he told himself, then so could ^a ~~one~~ peasant born into the lowest circumstances, yes, even if it were never to be mentioned, a child born illegitimately to a woman who slept on straw in an abandoned cattle trough. No, he was not about to drink too much on these evenings. Adolf never had to bring him home drunk. Given the decent welcome the Burger-Abends gave him now, he felt much too much warmth toward them. Indeed, the more he thought about it the more he concluded that he had a right to belong ^{in their society} ~~to the Burger~~ ~~Abends~~ because he, too, like Rabbi Moriz Freedmann, was a special individual. He knew ^{there were} ~~there was~~ something like six hundred Jews ^{and that} ~~living~~ in Linz at that time, ^{which} ~~which~~, given a population of sixty thousand, ^{came to} ~~was~~ one man or woman in one hundred. Most of these Jews came from Bohemia and were actually not so crude as one would expect—as he would have told

Klara if she had not supposed he was Jewish. Indeed, many of them were assimilated. They didn't walk around in old caftans smelling of stale places. Many were professionals or manufacturers, and many, like Moriz Freedman, had honorary federal posts. So, yes, they had come from the outside and so had he.

By now, Alois felt (just like Mayrhofer) that the town tavern was too raw. Given his grief, the loud tavern voices could bring him close to tears ^{whenever} ~~when~~ he thought of Edmund. That was probably because he drank ~~much~~ more at the tavern—but what an unmanly sight it would be, bursting into tears—a waterfall flowing out of his eyes and, worse, his nostrils!

CHAPTER

Adolf entered Middle School in September of 1900, close to eight months after Edmund's death. If he proved able to pass all his grades over the next four years—no routine matter—he would be out by his fifteenth birthday. His preference had been to attend the Gymnasium with its curriculum focused on the classics and art rather than the Realschule (which

was to say the realistic school!) where the emphasis was ^{given to} ~~placed on~~ practical disciplines.

Alois and Adi had their discussions concerning this. Sometimes, Klara would sit in the room, sometimes not, but the point at issue was the

Gymnasium. Adi felt he could work there to good effect, ^{since} ~~his~~ ^{he} ~~his~~ talent, ^{he} ~~he~~ ^{declared,} ~~(was for art.~~ Looking to put Alois in a compliant mood, he added that he was also looking forward to studying the classics. Alois was scornful.

"Lately, your spelling in German has become atrocious."

Klara spoke up. "Adi is upset. Naturally, it affects many other things."

"I can appreciate some of his unhappy thoughts," said Alois, ^{that the} ~~since~~ ^{trying to enter} ~~at least, I~~ ^{(share them.} But that is neither here nor there. I see no use in ~~applying to~~ the Gymnasium ^{when} ~~(he is not going to get in.~~ For this, he chose to look into Adi's eyes. "Since you seem unable to spell German correctly these days, how, in the name of what your mother calls the Good God, will you ever do anything with Greek? Or, for that matter, Latin?"

At this point, Alois chose to speak to him in Latin. Not to test him, ~~(Adi knew no Latin)~~ but to mock him. Absque labore nihil," said Alois.

"And what does that mean?" ^{asked} ~~said~~ Klara sharply. How cruel of Alois! He made a show of lighting his pipe, pulling smoke in slowly, then exhaling ^{"Nothing} ~~without labor,~~ ^{is what it means,} ~~he said,~~ ^{exhaling in small cultivated puffs of his}

Lower lip. "I would say that applies to one's schooling. The future -> p 16

~~a good deal~~ before he said, "The future for most young men today is likely to be in the technical subjects. Latin and Greek ~~after all~~ are ancient languages." He looked into Adi's eyes once more as if he to confirm what small readiness there would be to ^{study the ancients.} ~~learn anything about the ancients.~~ "Yes," he said, "in the Gymnasium the students must master grammar in Latin and in Greek, ⁹ until it becomes ~~almost~~ as correct as their own German. Those are fine knowledges to acquire. It would give you superiority over others for the rest of your life. But there is nothing without proper labor, and that school, Adolf, is not for you. Nor do you need courses in Ancient History or Philosophy or Art. In very few of them do I believe you would excel. It is better for you, in my opinion, to go to the Realschule. Not only is their practical teaching what you need, but I can help you get in there." (He was thinking of Mayrhofer's assistance.) "The ^(Gymnasium) ~~other one~~ will be closed to you, no matter what efforts I put forth. One look at your spelling ^{and they} ~~is all it would~~ ^{we'll send you home} ~~take."~~

Alois knew that he could ask some of the ^{he now knew} ~~other~~ gentry for recommendations to the Gymnasium, but to what end? He would lose so much more than he could gain, and to no point or purpose. He sighed.

Chapter

~~The Realschule~~ ^{was} ~~was in Linz~~ ^{the city} five miles away, and with its sixty thousand inhabitants, it ^{should he miss} was twenty times larger than Leonding. A trolley car was available once an hour, but ~~if he missed it~~, there was a long walk across fields and forest before he reached the Realschule, a dark building ^{and} ~~in~~ the center of the ~~city~~ ^{Linz}, indeed, a most forbidding edifice on cloudy days.

Each morning, he would be reminded in one or another manner by his father, his mother, or even Angela, that he was the only one left of Alois' sons and so the family must be able to count on him. Klara's homilies about honoring and fearing one's father ^{were} ~~was~~ back in force, even if he was being asked to honor such sentiments in the face of Alois' view that he ^{would be} ~~was~~ ^{a bright} spoiled boy, ^{was also spoiled enough to ruin it} bright, but in near danger of becoming useless.

Before long, he came to ^{loathe} ~~dislike~~ the Realschule intensely. Gone was the pleasure he had taken in Hafeld, in Lambach, and in Leonding at ^{how he} ~~could excel~~ ^{the} ~~excelling~~ the others in school. Now when he entered these dark walls, ^{so far} ~~the~~ school seemed full of the same gloom as ^{his} ~~his~~ chest. And thought often of the day when Alois, weeping over Edmund's death, had come close to

suffocating him more than once with the force of his embrace even as he kept repeating, "Now, you are my only hope," Alois' ^{and it was all full of} ~~tobacco~~ ^{breath} ~~breath~~ ~~the~~ ~~sideburns~~. Yet, even as he was saying it several times over, it was as if he was offering these words to ^{no more than} ~~the~~ the air, as if to see whether the

atmosphere itself could believe in such a possibility. And the recollection of his father's assertion, so full of misery, was now attached to the portals of the Realschule.

His classmates, for the most part, seemed to come from well-to-do homes. They carried themselves differently from the farm boys and town boys he had known for the last few years, and he did not believe his mother when she told him: "Your father is the second most important man in Leonding. And the first, the mayor, Mayrhofer, is his good friend."

He doubted that their importance reached the city of Linz. No one there seemed to respect where he came from. Why, the mayor, the most important man in Leonding, also sold vegetables in his store—a most elevated mayor! ~~Adi, now calling himself Adolf,~~ had not been in the school for a day before he felt uncultivated. In recess, he overheard two students speaking of the merits of the opera they had been taken to by their parents the night before. *That was enough to give him pause, but* Moreover, he was all but certain ~~he~~ *that was enough to give him pause, but* he had overheard a remark about himself: "This Hitler, he comes from the peasants." ~~He was~~ *for him being* obviously among strangers. ~~It was obvious that he was seen as some poor~~ *all the way* dolt who had to walk to school from the provinces. Yes, on rainy days, he could take the trolley, but only if his parents gave him the pfennigs to afford it. An outlander! So many of these boys from Linz had never even seen

*but
that
than
he
was
to
think*

^{probably}
 Leonding. They ~~assumed~~ it was a mud-ridden hamlet. They certainly had
 no idea of the beauty of Lambach's monastery. ^{And then} He ~~knew they laughed at the~~
~~thought that it took over an hour to walk to school. Indeed, he could hardly~~
 remain after class and make friends with ~~the others~~. ^{anyone had to play} No, he was forever
~~alone, trudging over to Linz and plodding back to Leonding.~~ ^{The} His mock
 wars were only possible now on Saturday. ~~Weekdays, it was too close to~~
~~dark as school went out and winter came on.~~ Now, there was no time to
 train troops or discover new rules of warfare.

Before long, he was ~~in a prodigious slump and~~ overcome once again
 with the fact—was it truly a fact?—that he was the ^{person} most responsible for
 Edmund's death. Once more, he ^{chose to} ~~was talking~~ to the trees. But the
^{that invigorated against} conversations had become orations ~~concerning~~ the stupidity of his teachers,
 and their stale clothing. "They must be earning a pittance," he said to a
 stately oak, "because it is obvious. They cannot afford to change their
 linens ^{these teachers,} every day. Angela should smell them. ^{Then} she would respect her
 brother!" He had other topics. To an old elm, he declared, "It is supposed
 to be an advanced school, but ^{I can say that} it is a stupid place. It is inelegant, it is
 uncultured, it is uncouth." He could hear the leaves murmuring ^{in return} back. "I
^{go back} have decided to ~~return~~ to my study of drawing. I will do that at once. I
 know that I am excellent at capturing in every detail the most interesting

buildings in Leonding and ^{also} in Linz. When I show my drawings to my parents, even my father approves. He says, 'You are an excellent draftsman.'

But then, he must spoil it. He ^{also} says, 'You have to learn more about perspective. You have not found the right size for the people who walk in front of your buildings. Some could be eight feet tall, others are Pygmies.

You must learn to draw them to scale. Their bodies must be in proportion to the size of the building. Can you take into account, Adolf, whether they are

nearer to the eye than the building, or further away? It is a pity you cannot

get this right, because ^{your drawing of this} ~~this~~ building, taken by itself, would be an excellent sketch. ^{That, I can} appreciate the accuracy you bring to the most prominent ^{element in your} subject."

This half-praise from his father was worth more than all of his ^{loud exclamations over his work} mothers Oohs and Ahhs. It proved his point. "Scholarly work," he told the

next grove of trees, "is not worth pursuing. It is clear to me. The teachers

already show a lack of interest in ^{my possibilities} me. They are snobs. They dance around

disgustingly over ~~the~~ boys who come from well-to-do families! Ridiculous

^{school teachers} snobs. The air of this ^{place} has become intolerable to me." What he does

not tell the trees is that the only students who will have anything to do with

him ^{during} recess happen to be the ugliest kids in class or the stupidest, ^{or} the poorest.

Chapter

Some mornings he would wake up late and be obliged to take the train from Leonding to Linz. That bothered Klara. It was not a ^{large} ~~great~~ expense but ^{it was certainly} ~~an unnecessary one~~ if the sun was out. She had a gnawing sense of loss ^{any} ~~at~~ money spent unnecessarily. ^{Even the pennies} (She used to feel as if coins spent in such a manner fell into a well that was ^{bone-dry} ~~dry~~ at the bottom and so made an awful clatter when they struck ~~the stone at the bottom~~—a blow to your spirit. She could hear an angel ^{ask} ~~say~~, "Are you wasteful?"

In contrast, Adolf made ~~more of~~ ^{whenever} a point of taking the train ~~on every~~ occasion he could present a reason. Still, on those many mornings when he did have to walk, his route would take him across ^{fine old} ~~beautiful~~ meadows and he did become interested in the ~~old~~ forts on the way, particularly after he learned that these crumbling, ~~moss-ridden~~ towers were left over from the earliest years of the 19th century when the Austrians had lived in fear that ^{was bound to} ~~come one year or another~~, Napoleon would march his armies across the Danube. So they had built these watchtowers. One morning, thinking of the workers who had put it together and the soldiers who had inhabited it, he became so excited that he had an ejaculation even as he was walking by. Afterward, he was languid, but joyous. He was, of course, very late for school and was sent home with a note his mother was required to sign. She did not know whether to believe him that he had missed the train. For the

next few days, however, the pfennigs were available to buy a ticket and get to school on time.

Chapter

There was ^{one} irony of which Adolf was not aware. Leonding ^{in the least} most-
~~certainly~~ ^{It did not see it on his way to school but then} did have an upper class. There were gentry who owned fine homes.

Indeed, they ^{made up} composed the corps of regulars at the Burger-Abends, and ^{the subtle differences} ~~their~~ ^{various} of status among them came to intrigue Alois. He even began to feel

like a geologist who digs through one level of strata, believing that he has acquired incontrovertible knowledge, only to discover that there is another level just beneath, with more relics, and more contradictory material. The

study began as a diversion from his grief ^{but then} until he discovered that his grief was constant, ^{No matter what else he did or tried,} and he must continue to descend into it step by step, while

^{all the while he encountered} encountering fearful confusions on his route, confusions so pervasive that ^{his grief} ^{an awful} ^{For a few moments} that he began to wonder if his sanity was endangered. At one point, he even

^{believed} began to believe that Edmund ^{had been} was Fanny's child and so was a true son, not an incestuary. He had to clap his hands together to signify that this had to be nonsense.

It was not always so fearful. In time, he began to feel ^{might be} as if he were recovering ^{perhaps even} more and more from the death, literally recovering his strength,

~~and~~ ^{But not altogether} his confidence, and his public manner. ~~Nonetheless~~ there remained
~~within him~~ a hole drilled through his heart, his intestinal fortitude, yes, he
 told himself, ^{a hole} ~~even his soul~~. A pipe ^{looked} which was ready to drain all that was in

him. So he looked forward more and more to the Burger-Abends. ~~No~~ ^{the}

~~Such evenings~~ ^{Such evenings} ~~in which he had~~ ^{in which he had} ~~some~~ ^{seemed to be helping him}
 became a regular. He needed to hear witty conversation. Occasionally ~~it~~
~~he was able to show some of~~ ^{he was able to show some of}
 gave him a moment to show his own wit. These were the smartest and the

best-educated people he had ever known ^{SP} ~~this~~ well socially, and ~~he~~ on good

days, he did his best to enjoy it to the hilt, even took undue pleasure from ~~the~~
~~matters such as the night~~ ^{the} nights when beer had been imported from the town of Rheingau. A

splendid beer. He was hardly about to confess to the other regulars how

many pissy libations he had rolled around in his gut ^{And he did} ~~over the years. He~~

listened with high attention on another night when one of the gentry,

obviously possessing a comfortable, even superior knowledge of wine,

~~said in passing~~ ^{said in passing} remarked, "The British call this Hock. But that is only because the Reisling

they ~~know and~~ like so much comes from Hochheim." Alois had learned to

give a self-satisfied nod at each such bit of culture gained ^{as if} ~~as if~~ it had always

been in his possession. One night Silvaner was served in oddly shaped

bottles called Bocksbeutel. A round of laughter followed ~~the bottle~~ as it was

~~passed about for the sake of its label~~. "Bocksbeutel" meant "Ram's

Testicle." Alois' mood lifted sufficiently to wonder whether he should

speak up ~~here~~. Who could know more about ram's testicles? Hadn't he once
 owned them? Ask the ladies. But he did not dare to speak. He knew the
 difference between himself and these gentry. Most of them had spent their
 lives, at least in recent years, being able to stay in bed after the sun was up.
~~Egg~~ ^{If it came to it, they} they were able to eat and drink well into the evening. They ^{could} go
 on to midnight ~~if it came to it~~. All those years, he had ~~seldom~~ rarely
 reached midnight unless he happened to be in a new woman's bed. Sad to
 say, he might just as well have been a common laborer all his life, going to
 work ~~daily~~ ^{some} with a loaf of bread and liverwurst and a jar of soup. He could
 see these gentry, now in their retirement, getting up to have a light
~~breakfast~~ ^{Egg Bened. it!} then a ride around town. After which, they might enjoy a Petit
 Dejeuner (and these were two French words he had committed to memory
 after he recognized they were a reference to lunch, not to dinner.) Often in
 the late afternoon, these gentry might enter their carriages and drive into
 Linz with their wives in order to have a five o'clock tea at the Hotel
 Wolfinger or ~~the~~ Der Drei Mohren, founded, yes, in 1565. There they
 would listen to violins. What did he know of that?

Yet, if he had just a little more money to spend, and Klara were not
 always so concerned with expenses, it might make sense for him to buy a
 carriage and teach Adolf to take care of the two horses. Another dream to

give up. Yes, it would be a rare late afternoon when he would have five o'clock tea at Der Drei Mohren or look at Der Haupt Platz from the lobby of Der Wolfinger, after which a visit to the opera. As he told Klara, ^{these were} ~~(the ones~~ ^{in Leonding} ~~with the most elevated ideas~~ of themselves, the ones who could be seen as belonging legitimately to the upper classes. ^t "Yes, he told her, "forget about Mayrhofer, he's a fine fellow but he's not the one I'm talking about. There are all these ^{other} ~~people above him~~ who come from very old families and often have six courses for dinner. I have heard of as many as eight."

Klara remarked, "I could do that for you."

"No, my dear, no," he told her. "I am not even considering such a matter. Because the secret is you can't serve fancy dishes unless you have Nymphenberg porcelain to lay them out on, or can serve Beluga caviar on good Meissen china from Berlin, or French Champagne in the proper wine glasses."

"Proper wine glasses," she parroted. To her surprise, she was in ^{some} ~~see~~ pain listening to him.

"Yes," he said, "fine glasses for champagne. You can hear the ring if you flick a finger."

Indeed, he was invited to one of ^{those} ~~these~~ dinners. He went alone. Klara stayed home to take care of the children. When he came ^{back} ~~home~~ by the last

trolley, Klara remarked that perhaps they should invite these people ~~back~~ to their home. After all!

Alois replied, "They have indoor plumbing. Their bathroom is not some shed outside of their house. The door to their bathroom does not have a hole cut into it in the shape of a heart. Our new friends, if they were such, would look upon such conditions as irresponsibly . . . droll." He had never used that word before. ^(At least, not with) ~~with her.~~ "No," he went on, "we cannot have guests of that sort ~~here~~. What could I say when they ask, 'Where might the water closet be found?'" and I answer, 'I hope you don't mind a hole in the plank. Nobody will peep!' No, Klara, we are not inviting anyone. They would be shocked to see that we don't get our water by turning a tap."