

Tape 5A? 5B

Tape 6, dictated 1/23/06, revised 3/23/06 PM

Chapter

Late in January, five months after Adolf has begun his studies at the Realschule, Klara ^{Wes} is requested to come to the school to discuss his work. This is just before the report cards would be given out for the semester just completed.

Afterward, on the way home in the trolley, her eyes shut tight, Klara was trying to control her tears. She ^{Klara} did not know ^{whether} if she had the courage to break the news to Alois. ^{then had given her Adolf's report} It is all too awful to contemplate. ^{Conrad and his marks were dreadful} Adolf's marks are dreadful. She is not able to tell him.

Indeed, when Alois ^{did} does learn, it ^{came} comes on the ^{second-worst} worst day of the year for him, the first of February. He was trying to be ready for the anniversary of Edmund's death on the next day, February 2, 1901, and in the course of walking through Leonding, trying to think of nothing at all, he encountered Josef Mayrhofer on the street at midday. The Mayor ^{suggested} then did something most unusual. He proposed that they go to the tavern for a drink. Rarely did he leave his shop in the care of his assistants unless he had work in Town Hall as Mayor, and now in the course of returning from there to his store, he made this offer.

Klara to Jan 4/3/06

At the tavern, they spoke first of the ^{oncoming} ~~weight of the~~ anniversary. They clasped hands tightly—good men in the grip of ~~honorable~~ sorrowful emotions. Then Mayrhofer did something he had never done before. He said: "You must promise not to punish the messenger."

Alois replied with confidence, "You would never be the bearer of ill tidings," ^{he} but already he was feeling ^{unseemly} the worst stirrings in his stomach.

Mayrhofer said, "You do have an older son ^{with your ~~real~~ name.} also named Alois. Is that not the case?"

^{Alois} He seized the Mayor's arm so hard that he bruised it. Mayrhofer freed himself with a most unhappy smile. "Well," he said, "you have punished the messenger already." He held up a hand. "Enough," he said. "Your son, Alois-Junior, is in prison now—a report came through today that circulates through the district. . ."

"In prison—~~how can that be?~~ For what is he in prison?"

^{at 13} "Alois, ~~he is in~~ for theft."

^{emerged} A low guttural sound came out of Alois. "I cannot believe it," ~~he~~ ^{Alois} said. He knew it had to be true.

Mayrhofer said, "You can visit him should you so desire."

"Visit him?" says Alois. "I don't think so." His back had broken out in a rash. He was full of sweat. He was on the edge of losing the last of his

good manners, but managed instead to speak calmly and ruefully, even, with a dignity that was as externally impressive as it was internally false. "The hardest thing I ever had to do in my life was to disavow ^{this} one of my children completely," he managed to put together. "But, Mayrhofer, you must understand, we are such a good family. My wife and I have been careful to raise them properly. Yet, Junior was the rotten apple in the barrel. Without ~~disavowing~~ ^{disowning} him, the other children would have been ruined. And now the two who are alive—" he catches himself, but does not sob—"yes, these two will turn out very well indeed, that much I know. They will be good children, just like yours."

Mayrhofer says, "I thank you. I have good children, yes."

They sit and drink, and Alois begins to think of Fanni and although he considers it highly inappropriate to have such thoughts on such a day, he feels horny, ^{he is certainly} and is at loose ends. Can Fanni be speaking to him from beyond ^{was she jeering} the grave? Jeering at him because of Alois-Junior?

^{That evening,} By the time he gets home, Adolf, at Klara's insistence, ^{Adolf came} comes forward to show his report card. Alois ^(caught his) catches a breath, then ^{said} says to her, "I must

break my vow." ~~Until this moment~~ Klara had been infuriated with Adolf,

but now, frightened by the expression on Alois' face, ^{she felt} and feeling as if she is

^{was} betraying her son, ^{for she said no more than,} she says only, "I will not argue."

In tones sufficiently somber to ^{pronounce} announce the onset of a war, Alois stated: "I took a vow with your mother, ^{at her} precisely at your mother's request. ^{That was a year ago,} I said that I would never whip you again. ^{We were thinking of the tragedy} in our family ^{a year ago}. But now, you can be certain, I will break my vow.

That is the only course to take when the vow has been dishonored. ^{by the} ~~And~~ ^{person most protected by it. Come!} come, come now. ^{You and me are going to your bedroom."}

Once more, he was holding ^{by} ~~in~~ his temper to the best of his ability. It broke, however, ^{so soon} as he took off his belt and ^{placed} put Adolf over his knee. ^{As the} ~~As he~~ ^{first lash of the belt} started to beat him, Adolf told himself, "My mother said that this will be my century. So, I will not cry out, I will not cry out!" The blows ^{were} ~~are~~, however, so severe that he begins to shriek ^{despite himself}. Alois had never used a leather strap before. ^{A tongue} The spirit of flame ^{the} itself was in this leather! Was this the hour of his death? He ^{ad} ~~felt as if he were~~ plummeting from one terror into ~~the horror of~~ another. He did not want to die! His heart began to feel as if it would burst. Indeed, he did not know what ^{would} ~~will~~ end him—this ~~excruciating~~ scourge ^{upon} of his buttocks or the galloping ^{leaps} ~~fright~~ of his heart, and at that moment, his father, seriously winded, eased off and stopped, pushed Adolf off his knee and said, "You can stop crying now."

Alois sat back, invaded by his own terror. He had begun to think of Alois-Junior on the ground.

The whipping was now engraved in Adolf's memory. There was no need for a dream-etching, ~~I decided~~. Such whippings, we knew, were as powerful as dream-etchings. *One could not alter them, One could only work around them.*

In the aftermath of this beating, Alois went into his own depression, *that was now fixed on to live as long as he could* over Adolf's school marks. He could have no confidence in the poor *and to be able to feel no confidence in the* remains of his male line. He even started going to the tavern in the

afternoon—a risky business now, ~~to become drunk~~. Would they hear about it at the Burger-Abends?

But the loss was too great to allow him to wait through the day *and have no* without a drink. So, for a time, he ~~only~~ *only* went to the tavern. He no longer looked to dominate conversation there *and that was his loss,* which was a loss. He was one of *exceptional* those men who could feel in full possession of powers ~~that might be close to~~ *while* eternity by experiencing the joy of dominating a bar. Now, ~~it was as if~~ *even* such epiphanies were without interest for Alois. He ~~soon~~ grew tired of drinking in the tavern. "I do not enjoy my beer ~~any more~~ now that Edmund is gone," *to be* he said to Mayrhofer.

Chapter

Adolf was suffering as intimately as Alois, but not for the loss of Edmund. It was for the loss of ^{self-esteem} the elevated place his drawings ^{used to} had formerly occupy in his ^{thoughts} ~~thoughts~~ ^{occupied in his self-esteem.}

He had dared to submit them to his art teacher. His assumption was that any number of ^{his submissions} ~~them~~ would be chosen and thereby he would receive the honor of being tacked up on the cork-wall at ^{one} ~~the~~ side of the art studio reserved for students' work.

He had prepared himself for these honors to ~~come~~. He had thought of the quietly confident remarks he would utter ^{always} in the best of taste when receiving the compliments of his new compatriots. There could be no question that his work would dominate all ^{student work there} the other drawings. They were, ~~was, after all, no comparison.~~ ^{after all, so much better than anyone else's.}

^{These fine moments soon to come}
The fine moment when it would be announced ^{It also personally} could make up for all the slights he had had to swallow ^{marks} and would compensate him for the ^{those poor} indifferent remarks on his first report card. Such marks could now be forgotten ^{as well as his lack of popularity with other students} He would yet be prominent in this school.

I must admit that I had a role in the judgment that was to follow.

While Adolf did have ~~some~~ talent, it was not remarkable—I could see at a

glance that he ~~would~~ ^{could} never be a great artist. (Young Pablo Picasso, for

example, was already by 1901 a young man in whom we were most

interested.) ~~Yet~~ ^{By contrast,} (young Adolf Hitler ~~did work that was~~ ^{produced drawings that were} good enough to hang ~~well~~ in his school room.

"Divert him ^{from this}," were the instructions I received. ^{From the Maestro,} "The last thing we need ^{is a} ~~said the Maestro~~ ^{is a} ~~half-successful~~ pumped-up mediocre artist with a sour spirit at his lack of ~~real~~ ^{strange} recognition. Better to put him into a real slump."

^{I must say I} ~~I~~ was in position to accomplish this. Adolf's art instructor was one of our clients. Indeed, he bore a close resemblance to the ~~"half-successful~~ ^{was the Maestro,} ~~pumped-up mediocre artist"~~ the Maestro had described. So, I had to do no more than inflict a fearful headache on the man (by besieging him the night before with contradictory suggestions on how to deal with his rebellious son and his rude wife.) Adolf's work was seen the next morning through the ~~haze~~ ^{and light-sluffs,} of a migraine. ~~Adolf's work was not~~ ^{None of Adolf's work was} tacked to the cork wall.

He could not believe it. Not ~~even~~ ^{one} drawing had been chosen. In that hour, he withdrew forever from the idea that he would ever look again for success in school. Like Alois-Junior, he would ~~have to~~ ^{learn} to live on his own.

Of course, he would not leave home, no need for that as yet. The thought of Toga-Boy still brought a sweat to his back. No, he would have to wait. He would live among others while possessing, unbeknownst to ~~these~~ ^{her} others, a will of iron.

Such thoughts were reinforced when the author, Karl May, came to town. He revered Karl May more than any writer he had ever read. ~~So he went to hear him on a Saturday afternoon in Linz. He gave up the battle reserved for Saturday afternoon in the woods. But word had reached the school.~~ ^{So when} ~~that~~ ^{on Saturday afternoon} Karl May would give a reading in Linz at the Roter Krebs, the hotel where he was staying, ~~Adolf canceled the battle.~~

Having no money, he had to confide in Klara that he wished to go. ^{Future promise for his studies,} She saw his wish to hear a famous author as a sign of culture and so gave him the two kronen he would need for admission. ^{she had been feeling} Ever since her implicit ~~rueful~~ ^{rueful ever since her implicit} collaboration with Alois over the beating with the belt, she had been rueful.

He had enough, therefore, to buy a ticket ^{at} in the rear of the orchestra, but was soon disappointed by the appearance on stage of Karl May. The man was small in stature. ~~He possessed no elegance.~~ ^{lacking in elegance,} He might be well-dressed, but his appearance was, nonetheless, ~~seedy.~~

Such criticisms ceased, however, so soon as May began to read aloud from his work. ^{had a rich voice and glatterhand} He was richly ~~histrionic~~, and Adi began to think of how

might as well have ~~been speaking from~~
 when next they played at war, it would not be the Boers against the English but
 the ~~podium,~~
 the frontiersmen against the Indians.

On his return home, he swore his mother to secrecy about his trip.

There was no need to hear his father's comments. But ~~after the boy went to~~
 after he went to sleep, ^{later that night} Alois, poking through Adolf's pockets on a good retired Customs'

Officer's impulse, came across a ticket stub.

Next morning, ^{his father} Alois chose to say, "I am not impressed with this Karl
 Max, I hear that he has never been to America
 and makes it all up. ~~Nevertheless he~~
 is a convicted criminal just like your ~~other~~ brother. Can that be
 why you were saving the stub?"

This stimulated the beginning of ^{a number of} (imaginary conversations with his
 father. ^{Since} Adolf could not ^{now} even trust his voice when speaking to his father. So
 he began to conceive of ^{that took place entirely} ~~uttered~~ dialogues within his mind.

This obliged me to take a risk. For ^{own} imaginary conversations ^{can be} usually
 degenerate into a psychic quicksand. Yet ^{Adolf's} his spirits were so low that it was
 now necessary to breathe a few fresh triumphs into his ego. That they
^{if imaginary} starving humans will eat shoe leather, so
 would not be real would leave me in a position not unlike a parent who has

to keep taking the temperature of a child in fever. It was an unhappy
 practice, but I was ready to encourage it now.

The first imaginary conversation was concerned with the subject of
 those young Czechoslovakians who were ^{now} living in Linz. Some were even

going to class with him at the Realschule. Since Adolf was not yet certain of his own attitude, I was twice concerned. Most often, we work to wipe out conflict in a client's opinions. Most of our men and women are at their most serviceable when there is ^{little} ~~not too much~~ oscillation in their thoughts.

We are not interested in developing ~~many clients with~~ ^{the majority of our clients} an appreciation of nuance. Rather, we look to keep ~~them~~ ^{us} squarely on the white or black side of

the question chosen. Yet, here was Adolf, ready to enter his first imaginary

conversation with ~~Alois~~ ^{but not yet}, and not even certain whether to join the ~~German~~ ^{pan-German}

position and fight against Slavization in Austria, or, to the contrary, speak favorably of the Czechs.

His teachers were certainly pro-German ^{Since his} and ~~that had to exercise his~~ first impulse ^{by now was} which was always to go against his teachers, but then, the same ^{he was} ~~cause~~ ^{confused because the teachers' position} had also been taken over by the German students in the Realschule, ~~who spoke German from birth.~~

As pan-Germans they believed that Austria

should belong to Germany—which was equal to saying: ^{Out with the} ~~Get rid of the~~

Hapsburgs as well as the Hungarians, the Bohemians, the Jews, the Serbs,

the Croations, the lot—all of that polluting lot. Good Austrians should

become wholly German.

~~Despite the need to agree with his teachers,~~ ^{Finally} Adolf ^{certainly} decided to take up this side of the argument ~~against Alois.~~ His father ^{disliked} the Prussians.

They had, he often said, exhibited intolerable arrogance toward Austrians, yes, he had encountered a good deal of such snobbery when working with German Customs agents in Passau who happened to be Prussian. He had to deal with them every day. ^{So on} On the given evening when he made ^{had} his maiden ^{a full} speech at the Burger-Abends, he had even said, "It is not cultured to insist that we Germans are superior to all other races of people. Indeed, we may be, but is it not rudeness to rub the noses of others in our belief? In addition, I would say it is highly impractical. What good is likely to come from such a program?" Then he had repeated his speech to Klara, Angela, and Adolf.

Moreover, Alois was always ready to say that Karl Wesseley, ^{many} who had ~~been~~ a fellow officer with Alois in Customs over ~~the~~ years, had in the course of all that, become his oldest friend. So Alois would defend Czechs.

That was Adi's guide. ^{And} He ^{would} could speak derisively of the Czechs.

Here is the imaginary conversation that took place in his head with all the force of a loud debate in a public theatre:

ADOLF: Your best friend is a Czech. How can you do that to our family? Czechs are not even worthy of being called stupid. I speak from my experience of the students I know.

ALOIS: You do not know the Czechs. They are interesting people. I have heard that Prague is a more beautiful city than Vienna.

ADOLF: Impossible.

ALOIS: You say "impossible" to your father? How can you dare when you have not even seen Vienna?

ADOLF: I can, because I know. You, sir, have no taste.

At this point, the playlet was over. Alois merely stamped his foot and looked absurd.

^{easy} It was all too easy. Yet, this quick trip of the imagination had given Adolf a taste of what heaven might be like. ~~Yes, heaven~~ ^{Yes, heaven} would be the free play of one's imagination, with no payment to ~~put up~~ afterward.

^{continued (his)} So Adolf went on with the imaginary conversations. He recognized that if pan-German ideas prevailed, then the Hapsburg realm might cease to exist. At that point, the Austrian-Germans would become dependent on the Prussians. While Alois often repeated how much he disliked Prussians, Adolf sensed a certain weakness in him, a vulnerability. It was likely, the son decided, that Alois believed the Prussians would finally dominate Austria.

So for his next imaginary conversation, Adolf scoffed at Crown Prince Rudolf.

ADOLF: If I were a prince, I would never commit suicide. How weak! How shameful! Rudolf hurt Austria. We will never be the same. No Prussian would ever do such a thing.

That was not a dialogue but a triumphant monologue. In his mind, Adolf could picture Alois afflicted by breathlessness, asthma, fury—a wonderful, impotent fury for the son to witness.

I intervened.
 Enough, however. *(If these conversations were not to degenerate further into self-serving slapstick,)*
 altogether, then Adolf was obliged to give them ~~more~~ depth. He had the tools, after all. He had learned the arguments already from ~~conversations,~~ *(and his father's meanderings at dinner)* newspapers, ~~and~~ authors like Treitschke and Erdt. He was ready at last to build arguments for Alois as well.

ALOIS: These pan-German Austrians have suffered prodigious defeats in Vienna and in Lower Austria. Even here in Linz, *and that is a German city* which is much more *in its sympathies, yet these* German These Schoenerites are idiots who have no chance to collect enough votes. They *(will)* get applause, yes, *(of Linz)* when they speak to a group as young and stupid as boys like yourself, but *serious* people do not vote with their passions, but for their interests. For their bank account, not for

their heart. Especially the people in Linz, respectable people who shy away from the vulgarity of extreme change. ^{They} ~~These~~ Pan-Germans in Linz offer nothing but ridiculous little newspapers that they print and distribute by hand. The fellows who do this job for them are so poor that their noses run in the cold. You, Adolf, are in such a hurry to support them but do you read their ridiculous ^{offerings?} ~~journals?~~ Der Fliegiliner Blatter—what a weekly! Absurd! Weak! ~~It's~~ revolting. ~~And~~ I can say ^{even} worse for the Alte-Deutsche Blatter—a weak sister, comes out only twice a month. There are not interesting political people. This is a cult. Filthy and secret.

ADOLF: You are totally mistaken, Father. I know better. In school, my fellow students are devoted to the Alte Deutche. They love the cornflower, which, as ^{you may} ~~every~~ doubtless ^{you} know, is the emblem of the ~~Schoernerist~~ ^{vigorous} movement. But perhaps you are ignorant of why students wear the cornflower? It is our way of saying we have German hearts, not Austrian but German, and these hearts dream of a time when we can cross the border back and forth. So, we keep a secret in school. I'll even tell you what it is if you also agree to keep it a secret.

ALOIS: "Well, you never offered anything like that before. All right. I must keep it a secret, unpleasant as that is for me.

ADOLF: Well, when they play the Austrian national anthem, we do not sing the words we are supposed to sing. We are in tune with the melody, but we sing "Deutschland uber alles." As you know, or maybe as you do not know even with all your bragging about all you know, these two musical anthems are the same. Which we see as a sign that all along, we Austrians have wanted to become Germans. German is the language we wish to speak.

Now, the
These imaginary conversations had, ~~by now~~, become too bloated. So I brought Adolf back to recognizing that if these conversations had been real, Alois would have taken a club to his head.

Adolf, however, continued to do poorly in school. The report card of his first full year which he handed over to his father in June showed a failure in two courses, Mathematics and Natural History. That meant he would have to repeat this first year of class in the year to come, which also meant that school would take five years, not four. Poor Alois. He could not muster the energy to give Adolf a beating.

That summer, Adolf was equally depressed, but proceeded to tell himself (with my assistance) that the art of learning was something he comprehended far better than any top student. It was only important to

retain the essentials and ignore the non-essentials. Students were too ready to busy themselves with the endless study of details. Just like the teachers. They could only recite categories. They were bores. They spoke like parrots. They smiled as if they were truly intelligent whenever a teacher approved of what they said. These were the ones who pulled down the good marks.

such conceits

He was considerably above that. So he told himself. He was

interested ⁽ⁱⁿ⁾ rather in what the hidden core of each situation might be. That *was the valuable* (for which, to search, the knowledge would be the knowledge to fortify a will of iron. Whereas it would damage that could fortify a will of iron, so he would not bend his mind to other methods. *He had his* ~~He had his~~ *used that could only damage his* *brain.*

(Heredity) It was imperative by now to cheer him up. His best amusement, *now* *had become his power* was to tease Angela. Physically, he was, at last, her equal in strength. So

criticized him, whenever she *opened her mouth,* he called her a "stupid goose." For

Angela, that was a dreadful term. She would even run to Klara to complain.

She hated geese. She had seen them *landing* ~~alighting~~ in the town pond, but to her, they were filthy. Angela had *watched as they crowded* ~~seen~~ those geese, *crowding* along on the banks, leaving their droppings behind them. She was, she told herself, more like a swan.

I had to allow him one more imaginary conversation. I encouraged him to imagine himself as a teacher at the Realschule. He dressed in elegant style and was always clear-voiced, incisive, and ^{regarded with} ~~never without wit~~ admiration for his wit.

ADOLF: Here is the essential, young men. Do

not try to remember all the facts of every historical event.

That is a discipline many of my colleagues are bound to look to impress upon you. I would say to them as well as to you, "Watch out for yourself. You are swimming in

clouded water, full of foam and debris." Some of these facts you have memorized ^{are merely debris to} ~~will~~ contradict other facts you

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

The secret is ^{I can rescue you from that} ~~instead~~ to retain the essentials. That is all.

From there, ^{few can} ~~go on to~~ select those facts which clarify the issue. But remember—these facts ^{must} ~~can only~~ be derived

from the principles which created them. That is because

principles, if wisely chosen, are immortal, and facts at

best are unreliable. ^{At worst, they are false and treacherous.} ~~(So it is that facts must never try to~~

~~be allowed to~~ dominate your principles.

On a given day, however, after a visit to the town doctor, Klara came home with the news that Paula might be retarded. It had been one of the worst afternoons of her life. When the doctor asked Paula the word for her legs, her toes, her feet or her fingers, she could not give the answer. At home, she did know "Toes," but could not remember it in his office. Nor could she balance on one foot, and Klara was not surprised.