

Novel Dictation, January 27, 2006 TAPE 8, revised March 28, 2006

Chapter

Take 8

That summer, unlike other members of the family, Adolf ^{did} does not work. At Schmidt's ^{played} farm, he ~~plays~~ with the younger farm children and once their afternoon chores ^{were and tried} are done, he ~~tries~~ to teach a few war games but his recruits ^{were} are tired and ready to fall asleep at their stations. ^{without success. His} That puts Adolf into a rage worthy of his father.

For most of the day, he remained ^{idle} unoccupied. Protected by Klara, he ^{spent his} proceeded in the morning and early afternoon to read and draw, and would then ^{he would} wander into the woods to ^{search for} study new military positions. Given his recollections of

the Anatomy Museum, he would masturbate while listening to the rustling of the leaves. Once ^{he was even the} in a while he would be asked to join in the field work, but ^{he was even the} managed

to avoid this draft by complaining of his ongoing trouble with his lungs. In a

panic, Klara ^{considering} had declared that he must do no labor at all. She even told her sister Theresa that ^{since she did not wish him to do any labor, she} she would pay for his food.

After the summer, Angela's marriage would take place in Linz on

~~September 15th~~. She was going to marry a man named Leo Raubel who worked as a notary in a bank. Adolf couldn't stand him. Raubel was always telling him how

to live and was obviously all too satisfied with himself. "Your lungs are not as bad as you claim, isn't that the truth?" he would say, and ^{thereby leave} ~~(Adolf would be incensed.~~
^{could have picked up}
Where ~~had~~ Raubel ~~got~~ such an idea if not from Angela?

The ~~only~~ ^{could in this however} positive element that Adolf ~~can~~ see to the marriage ^{was that his}
^{a larger share of the}
own financial condition would improve. There would be ~~more~~ ^{for him} pension money ~~for him~~
^{once was}
with his big sister ~~gone~~ from the household. Of course, Angela was hardly
bewitched by her situation. She was entering into marriage with a man she ~~could not~~

~~hardly~~ adore, but a man, nonetheless, who was available. So, Klara's grand plans
^{if}
for Angela's future had come to little. Angela was ready to accept such a marriage,
~~regardless of whether it was or was not an upward move.~~
Klara was not only
disappointed but surprised. She did not know that Angela had been living too
long with a guilty secret. She had never stopped pining for Alois-Junior. Back in
1896, after his fight with Senior, she knew that Junior would never come back, but
through these seven years of his absence, she had transmuted him into the
definitive model of a perfect young man. She remembered how handsome he had
been on Ulan. And for all these years, she had been playing at the edge of an illicit
dream. She was certain, of course, that she and Alois-Junior would never take one
improper step even if still together, yet, ^{in her mind} ~~once in a while~~, she would ^{now} ~~still~~ allow her
brother to dismount from his horse and kiss her. She soon learned, however, that

~~(the picture)~~
 the mind was quick to take ~~their~~ excursions further. Before long, Angela remembered a bad girl that Alois-Junior used to know in Hafeld, and this girl had always been ready to smile intimately at Angela as if they both kept the same secret. "That is not true," Angela would actually whisper aloud to her thoughts.

Yet even in 1898 after the family moved to the Garden House and Angela now had a room to herself, she still kept, carefully hidden, a photograph ^{taken by} an itinerant photographer ^{It was} had taken of Alois back in Hafeld ^(and her) in the course of posing all the family members on a fine spring day. Her brother had been most pleased with ^{this} picture of himself standing by his horse. Indeed, he had taken Ulan out of the stable and led him up to the view camera.

Angela had chosen to steal that picture. It had been her way of paying Alois back for the times he had teased her in those weeks, all of seven years ago, when she ~~had~~ refused to ^{mount} climb up on Ulan. All the same, once the photo had disappeared, she had to swear to Alois-Junior that she had no idea where it might be. "I say this on a stack of Bibles," she had said.

"Where are these Bibles?" Alois-Junior asked.

"In my mind. They ^{are there.} exist in my mind. You can trust me."

She did not ^{mind} care that he was suffering just as much as if he had lost a gold watch. He deserved to suffer for the way he had teased her; so cruel!

Now, Angela still kept her ^{hidden} hiding place for this photo, but, as ~~her~~ marriage ^{the} ~~the date of her marriage~~ ^{that the picture had to be destroyed} ~~heard~~, she became more and more concerned about the carnal redolence that ^{remained} ~~stirred~~ in her heart, this innocent—yet maybe not so innocent—attachment to a fading sepia portrait of Alois-Junior. Finally, she came to a ^{the} ~~a~~ cruel recognition ^{that the picture had to be destroyed} ~~There was no alternative but to destroy the picture.~~ Otherwise, Leo Raubel would find it sooner or later. That ^{would} ~~could~~ tarnish the marriage. So, in a small but most private ceremony, she tore this connection from the past into many pieces on a night when she was unable to sleep. And by the side of her bed, long after midnight, she put the scraps in a small bowl and set a kitchen match to them, weeping silently as bits of the photograph turned to black.

After the wedding, Adolf was bothered by thoughts of how ugly Angela and Leo must be ^{while} ~~when~~ performing in bed. The Bishop of ^{Cluny} ~~Cluny~~ had come back to torment him. ~~The Anatomical Museum was on his mind again.~~ Adolf had seen the groom's ^{phallus once when he} ~~organ once when the two men had urinated side by side in a field, and he classified it then as particularly ugly.~~ Now, ^{thought it was} ~~this~~ Leo was rubbing it in and out ^{of this} ~~right in the supposedly sacred~~ ^{passage} ~~hole~~ between Angela's two unmentionable holes—how disgusting! His thoughts came to a halt when he recognized that his father and mother were no different from the newlyweds. How awful was this secret that men and women had to keep silent about.

By May of that next year, 1904, in addition to another mediocre set of marks, Adolf failed French. A make-up exam would await him in the fall. He did receive a passing mark, but the principal was ^{hardly less} still furious about the episode ^{with} ~~that~~ ^{might be ready to} had tormented Herr Schwamm, and so Adolf Hitler ^{could} enter his last year in a Realschule ^{but} only on the condition that he did not return ^{to Linz} here. (In retaliation, Adolf said to himself, "I will never allow this school to insult my intelligence again.")

~~Indeed~~ I can say with some pride that I ~~certainly~~ succeeded in creating a prodigiously spoiled mother's darling. That is not routine. ^{One must first} ~~To begin, we look first~~ to bring to focus their latent cruelty. We inspire them up and away from that earlier but happy state obtained by tearing the wings off flies. Rather, we look to intensify their sense of self-importance. The Maestro had instructed me to keep ^{intact} ~~always in mind that~~ Adolf's ~~whole and superior~~ belief that he was entirely apart from any and all humans out there, ^{and now} ~~was the most particular enforcement I could~~ offer. ~~Now that his father was dead, there would be nobody to impinge daily on~~ ^{It would be easier.} ~~and Angela would see me out of the house, and~~ his view of himself. ~~An opportunity that had not existed before was now open to~~ us. ^{We could magnify this private adoration of himself. That was also aided by his} ~~So for his fifth year in the Realschule, Klara sent Adolf to a town called~~ ^{and} ~~(It was there that he would finish his Realschule.)~~ Steyr, fifteen miles from Leonding. Since her expenses were now ^{less} smaller, Klara

attendance at a different school.

to rent
could afford ~~renting~~ a room for Adolf ~~in Steyr~~ rather than be obliged to pay for his

travel back and forth every day by train. And so, from Sunday night to Friday

afternoon, Adolf stayed with a woman named Frau Sekira ^{who was also boarding} together with six other

students, ~~she boarded~~. It was her duty to see to it that they were reasonably well fed

and did their homework and, indeed, she was motherly. Adolf always addressed

her in a formal manner and then was off to his room, where he ^{would spend} spent his time

reading and drawing. His marks ~~on this year~~ in the Steyr Realschule were no better, ^{(however,}

than in Linz, and by the end he even failed French once more and would have to

^{he would have to face a makeup exam}
~~face another exam~~ In the fall of 1905 in order to graduate.

Over the next summer, Klara too Paula and Adolf back to Spital but in

September, he ^{went to again} had to return to Steyr ^{tests} for his examination in French. This time he

passed the exam and received his graduation certificate. In celebration, he and

some of the new roomers at Frau Sekira's house decided to have a party. One of

the boys had brought four bottles of wine from home and was generous enough to

share them. "My father said that it is good to make a pig of yourself once a year.

^{"Da, ja"}
That is just what my father said, just once, not twice." They all applauded the
absent father.

Adolf wondered what it would be like to have had a nice parent like that and
soon was drunk on a few glasses. The students stayed up late, however, and by the

end, Adolf declared, "I am as drunk as my father ever was," and fell asleep on the floor. In the morning, he could not find his certificate of graduation. It had been in his pocket and now it was gone. Since he would be going home later in the day, he had to have something to show to his mother. She would never believe that he earned his degree if he could not present the ^{certificate.} proper paper ^{tonight.} Trying to put together an explanation, he wondered whether he could tell her that that on the train, he had unfolded ^{that precious piece of paper} the certificate in order to enjoy looking at it, ^{and} since it was a warm day, he ^{had also,} opened the train window. ^{With no warning,} Like that, a gust of wind carried it off! ^{Yet} ^{now} so soon as he stepped outside to clear his mind, he recognized that ^{such} a story would ^{hardly suffice,} not suffice. ^{was a particularly} (For late September, it happened to be a cold day.)

Preparing to say farewell to Frau Sekira, he did mention his troubles. Frau Sakira suggested that he not attempt to deceive his mother. "That is so inadvisable," she said. ^{up} "For ^{straight} if your story is accepted by her, you will feel so ^{then} guilty. And if your mother ^{does} should find out, it will be ^{much} worse."

Over the previous school year, she had been no more than the woman who served him food every day and changed the sheets. Now, ^{she had become} he looked at her as if she ^{she was to be} were a rare and thoughtful human being. In misery, he asked, "What should I do then?" "Oh," she said, "tell them the truth at the school. ^{They may be a} The certificate being ^{little unhappy but} lost, ^{copy.} they will certainly give you a duplicate."

So Adolf went back to a school he thought he would never see again, and the Rector kept him waiting. It was, after all, a day of registration. ^{Yet} But when the Rector did let him in, it was to open a locked closet and take out a heavy paper bag. ^{After which,} Then he said, "Your certificate is here. It has been torn into four pieces. You will soon see its condition." Now, the Rector stared at him. "It is one thing for a student to celebrate his graduation when he is pleased that he passed a make-up examination. At last, he can allow himself to think that perhaps he has taken an adult step toward his future. It is, however, another matter, Herr Hitler, to enter into a bout of intoxication that ends in despicable acts." He shook his head. "I can see by the absence of recognition in your face that you do not even recall the bestialities you indulged."

This was becoming equal to passing before the long-nosed priest again.

~~Yes, it was just as evil as anathema.~~

Finally, he managed to speak. "Sir, what have I done? Be so good as to tell me."

"My dear Herr Hitler, I will tell you. You took this document, this parchment so precious to you, and ~~you~~ chose to treat it as toilet paper!" His hands shaking with disgust, he passed the bag over to Adolf and said, "I cannot bring myself to believe that any student in our school could have brought himself to

commit such a low act. You would do well to fear that you will go through life

never learning to govern your most perverse impulses. Shall I write to your

mother? No, I will not. ^{is probably a good woman who} She does not deserve such a stinking embarrassment.

Instead, you are to ^{swear to} ~~promise~~ me that from the moment you leave this office, I will

never have to see your face again ^{no} and I will ~~never have to hear about your future~~

~~deeds~~. Just be certain that you do not open the bag while you ^{remain} ~~are still~~ within the

~~four~~ walls of this school."

Adolf nodded. By now, he could remember. Yes, he had wiped his ass with the certificate. The moment came back. ^{He had been feeling} ~~I had given him~~ such a sense of self-love.

^{True} ~~and~~ inner grandeur! How his drinking mates had applauded! His ass was superior to all the ^{scholarly} ~~nonsense~~.

What made it worse was that now, on the walk back to Frau Sekira's house, he had to wonder how the Rector had found out. There was only one explanation.

One of the four students with whom he had been drinking must have given it to him. But who would that be? He did not want to find out. Such a confrontation ^{One of those perpetrators} could add to his shame. What if the ~~fellow~~ was bigger than himself?

He spent a long time at the washbasin cleaning the certificate, then drying it. At last, pasting it onto another piece of paper, it would be, at least, evidence that

he had passed his exam. For Klara, he would come up with some explanation of

how he happened to tear it.

"Oh, Mother, the more I looked at it, the more did I realize how much you sacrificed for me, and how little I had understood. I tore it up to keep myself from crying like a baby." Yes, thought Adolf, that will take care of that.

He had to keep wondering, however, which of the four students ^{had been} ~~was~~ the traitor. He decided that he would never drink again in company. "Liquor is for traitors," he told himself. He kept sniffing the document to make certain that it now smelled of talcum powder.

I have to remark that no event in the ^(twenty-one months) ~~near to two years~~ since Alois' death had been so able to breach Adolf's sense of his ^(person) ~~importance~~. I had built such an enclosure around his vision of himself that ^{even this} ~~the episode with the certificate~~, while it left ^{no small} ~~its~~ wound, did not become a whole disaster. I knew that I could and would even be able to use the ^{recollection} ~~humiliation~~ as a restraint upon the full extent of Adolf's

love of himself ⁱⁿ on those particular occasions yet to come when a reduction ^{might be} ~~was in~~

in order for tactical reasons.

Chapter

Klara wept with love when she received the finely fashioned tale of how the certificate had come back to her in four pieces.

"It is even more valuable to me this way," she said. "I will be proud to put it into a frame."

That was the hour when he decided that the ability to lie with art and selection was one of the finer skills, and indeed, they had a lovely evening, mother and son, so soon as Paula was put to sleep. They sat side by side on the sofa and reminisced over old times when he had been two and three.

That was a special occasion. Over the previous year, coming back from Steyr each weekend, he had certainly grown weary of listening to Klara speak of Alois. The old man had been polished and ^{up} redecorated in her mind. ~~Alois~~ ^{HK} was now to be ^{remembered} ~~seen~~ ^(profoundly) as a pillar of the empire, a dedicated Civil Servant, a prestigious father. His pipes, particularly the long-stemmed ones, were ^{set up} ~~kept~~ by Klara on the mantelpiece, each installed in a special holder, ~~part of the~~ ^{was now being composed,} family gospel. ~~It was all there to be repeated.~~ (Alois had climbed the equal of a mountain in his lifetime. He had given his blessing to Adolf. It was a blessing to have ^{so} powerful ^{aw} father.)

I was ready to tell him as much myself. These days, I looked to implant one notion into his thoughts. It was that Alois, by climbing to his particular *ledge of society* ~~summit~~, had given Adolf the opportunity to start from a higher place, and so become *a much more* ~~in turn the most~~ prestigious father ~~in the nation~~, a wholly unique father, a great man who could be father to the German people, ~~and~~ Germans and ~~and~~ Austrians both. I must say, whether through Klara's latterday adoration, or by way of both of us, these thoughts became so embedded in Adolf's brain, that by the time he wrote Mein Kampf nineteen years later in 1924, he would speak of Alois in eulogy:

Not yet thirteen years old, the little boy he then was, buttoned up his things and ran away from his homeland, Waldviertel. A bitter resolve it must have been to take to the road into the unknown with only three Guilders for traveling money. By the time the thirteen year old was seventeen he had a long time of hardship. Endless poverty and misery strengthened his resolve with all the tenacity of one who'd grown "old" through wanton sorrow. While still half a child, this seventeen year old youth clung to his decision and became a Civil Servant. Now there has been realized the promise of the vow to which the poor boy once had sworn, not to return to his native village until he'd become something.

*end of chapter
P13 is a blank and discarded
was kept*

Klara sold the house in Leonding. The family moved to an apartment in Urfahr just across the river from Linz, ^{during the day} and Adolf rarely left these new premises, ~~during the day~~. Given his academic record, he did not see any profitable way to enter the ranks of the employed. For that matter, he had very little desire to work. Besides, he did feel a touch consumptive ^{— enough to keep} which left Klara in a whole state of in-held terror. Would he, like Alois, die of a lung hemorrhage? It was not difficult ~~then~~ ^{should not} to persuade her that he ~~wait to~~ look for a career at this point. As he presented it to her, he would ~~still~~ ^{quite possibly} be seen one day as a great painter, a great architect, or both. It was the same speech he had offered to himself for years and, ~~he presented it to her with considerable distinction.~~ ^{(at present,} While he was staying home, he told her, he would amplify his education: ~~he~~ ³ would read and he would draw. He did not need to say more. His mother's fear that he might die gave him an open passport ~~to the future, and~~ ³ after five years of the rigors of the Realschule, he was certainly able to enjoy this new life on Humboldt Strasse in Urfahr. His mother paid the bills and Paula cleaned the bathroom. He grew a mustache. He rarely stepped out into the sun. Only in the evening did he take a stroll across the Danube from Urfahr to Linz in order to walk by the opera house. Klara had

bought him some clothes and he ventured out in a new suit, wearing a dark overcoat, black fedora, and a silver-handled cane. He would be seen, he believed, as one of the ^{younger} young gentry of Linz. Every glimpse he caught of his reflection in store windows confirmed this effect.

~~Such behavior was not uncommon for a client.~~ His need to stay in the house during the day was matched only by his love of darkness. In truth, we were usually ready to encourage that tropism, but then, some of the cliches concerning ^{are not altogether false.} the devil ~~happen to be true.~~ Most humans do not begin to appreciate the depth of the general assumption that what is commonly condemned as Evil does indeed ^{seek} ~~prefer~~ the dark. This is for good cause. The night is ~~certainly~~ more evocative. ~~It becomes easier to turn a client to our will,~~

Klara ^{was} of course, ~~was~~ taking great pride in his appearance. Her hope was that once he ^{was} ~~is~~ feeling better, nice opportunities would ~~indeed~~ open for him. ~~For~~ ^{for now} ~~her,~~ he was not only a most unusual ^{for now} boy, but probably needed this kind of ^{leisure} ~~life~~. In time, she was certain, he would make his move into larger social horizons. ~~She would say in this manner, she understood Adolf almost as well as we did. She was aware that he did feel altogether unlike anyone else in the world.~~

In due course, Adolf's style of masturbation also altered. That was interesting. In the forest, he had always been spewing ~~all~~ over the leaves. (He

loved ~~the~~ leaves and he loved befouling them.) Now, locked behind the door to

his room, he kept a handkerchief at the ready. Yet, before he would allow his thoughts to excite him past all control, he would practice holding his arm up at a forty-five degree angle for as long as he could bear it. He would think of the times in the Realschule bathroom when he had demonstrated this prowess to other students. Of course, those had been occasions when the general interest was in another direction. The boys had collected around the urinals in order to compare genitals. It ~~was~~ ^{had been} a curious occasion. They were always afraid a teacher might barge in. Erections were ~~gained~~ ^{lost}, therefore, and ~~lost~~ with great speed. Adi's ability to hold his arm erect never became a major ^{was only a curious} distraction. ^{But now,} Now, when he did it ~~alone~~ in his room, he found that he could maintain his erection ^{every} just as well when his arm was raised. Thoughts of the great variety of personal equipment he had seen among the students was ~~now~~ enough to keep him in ~~the~~ full surge of hearty remembrance.

^{One} ~~One~~ flaw remained, however, in his present life. ^{that} This absolutely ^{not} dependable ~~flaw~~ was Angela's husband, Leo Raubel. He could ^{have to} speak to Adolf without droning into his ear. "Fellow, you ~~must~~ start earning your living. You will keep feeling unwell until you do. I think that is because you are depressed by the thought that all your relatives in Spital think you are a good-for-nothing. We

know that is not true, but you give up your present occupation which consists of have to doing nothing."

Adolf would walk out of the room. Angela would be full of dismay. How rude he was to her husband! Klara, hearing it all, would be silent, but that was only in respect for Angela. This oaf, Leo Raubel, was, after all, her dear step-therefore, she daughter's husband. She would not cause trouble therefore. She would not be a mother-in-law creating serious division in a young married couple. That was even worse than having to listen as your son was scolded by this new son-in-law who had much too exaggerated an opinion of the worth of his advice. To herself, Klara declared, "Adolf is not a loafer. Yes, he does sit at home, but he works so hard and when he draws. Besides, he has no need to drink, he doesn't smoke. That is not a loafer. He does not waste his time. There are no bad girls on the horizon that I must worry about. Maybe he will yet become a great artist. Who is to know? Who is to say? He is so serious. When he is alone and working, he is so strong and so proud of himself. He is full of the knowledge that he will amount to something. To that degree, he He is just like Alois to that degree. Or, maybe even more so. Alois wanted too many things at once." And again, she repeated, "Adolf does not waste time with bad girls. There are no girls on the horizon."

Nor would there be. Not for a long time. She would have done better to worry about love affairs yet to come with men and boys, some of them even with bad men and bad boys.

Since Klara saw Adolf by now with all the love of her heart, she was hardly the sort to ponder what might be in his head when he masturbated. Indeed, how could she guess? There was no evidence. He was careful to rinse out his handkerchiefs. No, she did not know that while stroking himself, coming closer and closer to ~~ejaculation~~ ^{being shot out of his own cannon,} he would wonder whether there was a ~~direct relation~~ ^{any connection, work at} between his refusal to enter the Customs House and his father's last hemorrhage. Had his father's lungs exploded from such a disappointment? If so, that would make two people that he had scalped in real life: Edmund and Alois. And this thought, in concert with recollections of ^{the gang showings at} ~~the urinals at the Realschule where all~~ ^{BP} those erections had been compared, so excited the pits of his fast-increasing ^{compressions} ~~congestion~~ that he could hold it no longer and presto! it was over. It was over, and he was happy, he was thrilled, ^{and} he was exhausted by how much had been ^{within} churning ~~from~~ such an exceptional spew.

Chapter

Years later, a girl who used to go to the same school as Paula often saw Klara go out with her on the street in order to send the child nicely (to school). ^{a company like Paula part of the week} The girl, until recently, ^{last year} had lived on a farm, but now her family moved to the city, but

Klara come out
~~now~~ almost every school day she saw ~~them come out~~ of their house. Klara would
and always walk with Paula a good part of the way *before saying* and then say goodbye with a kiss.

Nothing like that ever happened to this farm girl. Her mother had always been
busy and usually was angry. But the girl did like watching Klara *take care of* embrace Paula.

Paula was backward in class, and had been left behind, but the farm girl envied her
all the same. A mother's love—that, she decided, must be as sweet as honey itself.

Indeed, it is. We are there to enjoy it as well.