

Tape 5a Revised March 30, 2006

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## CHAPTER

A few months after Edmund's death, Klara began to have fearful thoughts. Was it possible that Adolf's attitude to Edmund had been <sup>unforgivably</sup> much ~~too~~ cruel? ~~In the days when the brothers played together in the room they shared,~~ <sup>had</sup> Angela <sup>if she had</sup> told her that he ~~had~~ overheard Adi terrifying Edmund with fairy tales from Grimm, ~~and they seemed to be~~ the very worst ones.

From her bedroom window, Klara could see <sup>Adolf sitting</sup> how often Adi ~~sat~~ <sup>while he</sup> on the cemetery wall ~~and shot~~ at rats. She would flinch every time she heard <sup>sound of the</sup> the ~~air-gun's~~ <sup>air-gun</sup> discharge. For her, the ~~sound~~ <sup>air-gun</sup> was equal to an ugly voice. She felt as if she could hear disaffected spirits coming up to her from the cemetery. When someone is not a client, we can still exert a modest everyday influence on them, and in this case, I certainly did not wish Klara

to be impelling Adolf more deeply into his depression so I did lay  
 atmospheres upon her sleep to suggest that Adi was not evil, but suffering  
 terribly. <sup>This</sup> ~~That~~ technique is always there to work with any mother who  
 retains some love for her child, and so, over a period, the situation did  
 improve. Klara came to recognize how great was the <sup>once again</sup> ~~need~~ to soften Alois'  
 feelings. The boy's dreadful mood, she told her husband was even  
 beginning to affect his marks at the little school in Leonding <sup>and</sup> ~~where~~ he had  
 been doing so well. <sup>there</sup> Since Adolf was very bright, she said, the explanation  
 had to be that he was mourning for Edmund. "But he is also afraid of you,"  
 Klara dared to say, "he hates disappointing you. Alois, you must become  
 again a good man full of love for a son."

Those were heartfelt words, but they succeeded only in reminding him  
 of Edmund. Adolf, alas, was not Edmund. All the same, he nodded.

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

Once aroused, however, she was <sup>not</sup> ~~to~~ about to close off her own  
 feelings. She must find a way to be near again to Adolf. His heart could  
 also shut like a door. So, she chose to remind him that the year was 1900—  
 they were in a new century. "Adolf, this will be your century," she told him.

"This century will belong to you. I know it. You will do wonderful things in time to come."

He did feel important when she spoke <sup>in that tone,</sup> like that. (Of course, he hardly knew whether to believe her. How could it be his century? At this point, he felt incapable of accomplishing anything <sup>large</sup> So, he nagged her. "Is <sup>it</sup> ~~that~~ really so?" he kept asking her. Perhaps he went on for too long. At last, her tongue slipped enough to uncover the truth, "You are the one I must love," she said. "And I do. I must love you, and I do." He brooded over her phrasing. He was aware for the first time that women were not there just to love you because that was their duty. Instead, they could offer love that was real, or a substitute that was not as dependable. ~~But can I~~

Here, the Maestro intervened. "Do not," I was told, "encourage any undue interest in women. Let him remain fearful."



## CHAPTER

On late overcast afternoons in early spring, when there was a fog, and the odor of moss and mold <sup>wetted off</sup> <sup>Adapt</sup> lived on many a tombstone, ~~Adi~~ would sit in the damp of the low cemetery wall and wait for rats to come out in the dusk.

When ~~over~~ they faced to the west, their eyes would shine <sup>even</sup> in the light of <sup>Sunsets, even in a clouded sunset</sup> ~~a clouded sunset~~, and so would offer <sup>Sharp</sup> clear targets. When he was able, however, to hit one with his air gun, he did not feel up to approaching the corpse. It was too close to evening for him to be ready to step down into the cemetery from the low wall.

Early morning, however, before he was off to school, he would go by, and if no dogs or cats had been ready to dare the graveyard <sup>at</sup> ~~spirits~~ of night, and the cadaver of the rat was still intact, he would inhale <sup>a hint of</sup> the faint hints of the aroma of carrion and <sup>that</sup> it would stir his mood. He <sup>wondered whether</sup> was troubled that comparable manifestations <sup>had</sup> must have gone on in Edmund's flesh.



Even by spring, he did not feel ready to go back to the forest. He kept to his perch on the cemetery wall. ~~There were moments when he wondered whether he would expect Edmund's arm to rise from the grave.~~

In turn, I had decided not to discourage Adi's guilt. Indeed, <sup>this</sup> instinct was <sup>soon</sup> corroborated. "Encourage it to fester," I was told. ~~I did not need to be reminded.~~ While the Cudgels were partial to guilt since they ~~were looking for more~~ looked for atonement in their clients, we would often choose to calcify guilt, ~~leave it, so to speak, bone-dry, even if that did raise a~~ despite the risk that we could reduce our clients by narrowing their ~~risk that we were were reducing~~ narrowing the possibilities, a delicate choice in this situation ~~and I had to be ready to raise~~ <sup>but</sup> Adolf from his depression before it grew too extreme. ~~There were signs of that.~~ Depression can plunge into aberration. On many an evening, Adi sat on the cemetery wall wondering what he would do if Edmund's arm were <sup>to</sup> rise suddenly out of the grave. Would he run? Would he attempt to talk to Edmund? Would he ask for forgiveness? Or would he pelt the limb with his air gun?

All through the winter, the spring, and the summer of 1900, the memory of Edmund's illness remained like a dead weight on his chest.

I could discern the reason. Adolf still possessed some funds of conscience. Even as self pity is a lubricant <sup>often</sup> we use to smooth the entrance of the heart into uglier emotions (and is thereby one of the most useful products

we can develop in any client) so does conscience become our most determined antagonist. The Cudgels whip their people into shape by exercising <sup>their</sup> an active conscience. We, in turn, when dealing with the most

advanced of our clients, do our best to extirpate <sup>it all together,</sup> conscience. Once <sup>accomplished,</sup> successful, we then proceed to <sup>build up</sup> create a good substitute <sup>for conscience,</sup> ready and able to

justify most of the passions that the Cudgels seek to repress: greed, lust, envy, gluttony—no need to list <sup>the sacred</sup> ~~all~~ seven. The point is that when a facsimile

of a working conscience is properly developed by us, our clients' ability to justify their ugliest acts is <sup>exceptionally</sup> strengthened. We have <sup>succeeded then</sup> in

releasing conscience from the shameful memories that <sup>caused</sup> ~~excited~~ it to stir in the first place. <sup>and I can say that we</sup> ~~We~~ are most successful when the <sup>ghost</sup> of the old conscience <sup>now sits</sup> begins to feel at odds with one's <sup>new</sup> sense of strength, <sup>and so</sup> feels like a useless

scourge, an enemy to one's well being. (Murderers who ~~can~~ take pride in their daring have <sup>usually</sup> succeeded in banishing all conscience.) Or, to put it

otherwise, a good deal of the dread that humans feel when the angels wish to punish them, can now be obviated by <sup>more and more</sup> violent acts, particularly by killing others. So we benefit from war. <sup>Our work is easier then. It is calm periods</sup> ~~Calm~~ times <sup>that</sup> call upon the skills of

advanced devils like myself, ~~particularly when we are obliged to encourage~~

<sup>a part</sup> ~~murder~~. I will say that it is not at all routine to convince a man or woman to <sup>Left to themselves, they</sup> slay another. They ~~worry~~ that murder may be the most selfish of the acts.

*certainly*  
 Primitives know that to be true. Ready to sacrifice an animal for one of their feasts, they are wise enough to ask forgiveness before they raise the knife.

In turn, I was now ready to fortify Adi's sense of the power that murder can offer the murderer. Of course, he was too young for ~~the most~~ <sup>our</sup> 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 gross, but it did prepare a track on which to lay more sophisticated impulses later. Standing by itself, the Franco-Prussian dream-etching was a pure wish-fulfillment.

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



On the other hand, a small portion of 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 shifts of self-worth in our clients.

*Be it said that the had become*  
 The state of Adolf's ego ~~became~~ the focus of my attention. It would do no good to keep raising his estimate of his own worth if, at the same time, he was terrified that he had helped to kill Edmund. Because he did not wish to believe it, he most certainly did feel guilty and the worst of it was that I hardly knew <sup>the</sup> answer. *Had he, or had he not?*

The facts were simple—which is to say that the deed was clear, but the consequences were not. In the last days of his measles, one morning when Angela was working with Klara and Paula in the garden and Alois was out on his walk, Adolf found Edmund playing <sup>alone</sup> in ~~what was now his room,~~ <sup>the nursery</sup> indeed that they had shared until Adolf's illness.

Adolf walked over and kissed Edmund. Simple as that. I must admit that I was impelling him. If, personally, I <sup>certainly did</sup> ~~happened~~ to feel something comparable to affection for Edmund, there was little I could do about it in this situation. In those days, I was <sup>not</sup> ~~hardly~~ prepared to defy any order given to me directly by the Maestro.

"Why are you kissing me?" asked Edmund.

"Because I love you."

"You do?"

"I love you, Edmund."

"Is that why you scalped me?"

"You must forget that. You must forgive me. I have suffered for scalping you. That must be why I caught the measles."

"Is that the <sup>real</sup> reason?"

"Yes, I think so. Yes. And that is why I must kiss you <sup>now,</sup> ~~know~~."

That is the way I can give you back the scalp I took."

"You ~~don't~~ <sup>do not</sup> need to do that. I don't have ~~too many~~ headaches"

"We cannot take a chance. Let me kiss you again."

"Isn't that bad to do ~~when~~ <sup>after</sup> you have <sup>had these</sup> measles?"

"Between brothers and sisters, yes, but not between brothers."

<sup>It has been</sup> That is established ~~medical practice~~ <sup>medically that brothers</sup> ~~can kiss even when one has had measles.~~

"Momma said we must not kiss you. None of us."

"That is because she is a woman and did not understand that it is all right between brothers."

"You swear?"

"I swear."

"Let me see your fingers when you swear."

Adolf was impelled most definitely by me then. He held up his hands, fingers out-stretched. "I swear," he said, and kissed Edmund

repeatedly, a boy's kiss full of slobbering, ~~and Edmund slobbered back. It was so happy that Adolf did leave him after.~~ ~~And~~

~~And~~ Edmund did come down with the measles and they proved ~~fatal.~~ ~~And the disease did prove fatal.~~ I know no more than Adolf. (We were responsible for his death or we

were not. ~~I left it all to the powers of wish-fulfillment.~~ ~~So I made it go. I buried such questions.~~ Night after night a ~~under~~

~~Adolf's~~ new platoon of French soldiers was massacred in his sleep, and if there had ~~he had~~ not been many other problems with which to contend, I think he ~~would~~ ~~might~~ have been more ready to move ~~most of~~ ~~his~~ ~~psychic~~ ~~strengths~~ over to ~~belief~~ ~~in~~ the

power that murder offers a murderer.

~~He~~

kissed him back, full of his own slobbering. It was so happy that Adolf did leave him after.



## CHAPTER

~~Obviously, Adolf Hitler's later readiness to murder untold hordes of~~  
~~humans~~ <sup>at this time</sup> was not in any way <sup>now</sup> an active longing that the boy was ready to  
 contemplate. If I <sup>now</sup> speak for a moment ~~now~~ of a year like 1944, it is to make  
 no direct connection to 1900 in the months after Edmund's death. <sup>although</sup> Yet,  
~~it is apparent that~~ <sup>it is apparent that</sup> ~~guided by the Maestro,~~ <sup>guided by the Maestro,</sup>  
~~prodded by the Maestro,~~ I was looking already to intensify a sense, even  
 then, that he, young Adolf Hitler, could yet become a high agent of the gods  
 of death, and so be able to believe that his own <sup>end</sup> ~~death~~ would not be like  
 others. I find it interesting that in the beginning of 1945, close to the last  
 few months of his life, 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 were bound to it. Yet, this late in  
 his life, such understanding was false. <sup>—for any but our measure—</sup> By then, his soul was much more  
 befouled than his torso. Of course it is also true that when one holds the  
 power to <sup>pick</sup> choose those ~~gangs and~~ classes of people who are going to be  
 liquidated, one does become an overseer of death <sup>and such leaders have to be</sup> most protected by the  
<sup>their</sup> ~~unbelievably~~ hard shell of one's ego. One is less likely, thereby, 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 eminence because they  
 were ready, if necessary not to suffer <sup>sleepless nights</sup> ~~serious anxiety~~ when obliged to think  
 of the casualties <sup>groaning</sup> ~~inflicted~~ on the other side. Obviously, they were able to  
 immunize their conscience <sup>They were ready to</sup> and they could call forth any bloody deeds they  
<sup>At their disposal was</sup> needed ~~through~~ using the mightiest of all our social engines of destruction—  
 patriotism! That is still our most dependable lever upon the masses, even as  
 fidelity to revealed religion promises to become our future weapon of mass  
 destruction.

These are the conclusions I have come to. But I would warn a reader:  
 The Maestro detests large thoughts in us. He speaks of them as vapors. He  
 reminds us to return to more modest matters.

The Fuehrer shared this sentiment. In 1944, one of the worst years of his life, with the war going badly, Hitler, out at his underground retreat in East Prussia—The Wolfschanze—liked to tell his secretaries passing anecdotes <sup>over dinner?</sup> As, for example, how his father, on many a night, would lay a strong whipping on him. 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 modest tales of heroism. By then, being much more aged than his actual years—fifty-five—Adolf was ready to enjoy the few advantages of old age. He delighted in receiving the admiration of women without having to pass through the anxiety of deciding whether he should seek to copulate with them. His sexual spirit, so wholly unlike Alois', had never committed itself to seeking the glories or disasters of new fornication. (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 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

Actually, Alois happened to be drinking with care. He did not dare to take too much. The fact that Edmund had died and so would not be there to greet him in the morning was still close to unendurable. He would feel as if he had consumed a bowl of ashes in his sleep.

Moreover, on many an evening, he needed to be alert. He went often to the Burger-Abends, and the gentry present were certainly more cultivated than himself. So he was not ready to <sup>get</sup> come home drunk. <sup>not when</sup> In truth, he needed ~~to attend~~ the Burger-Abends. They could lift him for an hour out of his worst moods. Without this elegant diversion, he would have to spend his night, whether in drink or sober, brooding on the young one's death. And so he became a regular and was usually present all four nights a week at the



<sup>stiff (in)</sup> ~~which ever was the chosen inn for that occasion~~  
 chosen inns in Leonding. (If, in the beginning, he had been most cautious in ~~careful~~  
<sup>departments</sup> his behavior, that condition was eased by the quiet compassion he was now  
 being offered. A general courtesy met him <sup>these days</sup> now when he entered and many  
 offered their warmth ~~again~~ when he left in the evening. "This is the good  
 side of the gentry," he told himself. At Custom's, he had always seen them  
 as chilly in their manner except when they had something to hide. Then they  
 were over-friendly.

What 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 Friedmann and this certainly helped  
 to reinforce his notion that humankind could be divided into those who were  
 cultured and those who were not. If a Jew could be acceptable to a Burger-  
 Abend, he told himself, then so could a 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 because he, too, like Rabbi Moriz Freedmann, was a special individual. Something like six hundred Jews were living in Linz at <sup>this</sup> ~~that~~ time which, given a population of sixty thousand, meant that there was one such man or woman in one hundred. Most of these Jews came from Bohemia and were actually not as crude as one would expect—so 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 he thought of Edmund. That was probably because he drank more at the tavern—but what an unmanly sight it would be, bursting into tears—~~and~~ <sup>feeling a</sup> 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. <sup>Provided he was</sup> 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 <sup>is</sup> ~~was~~ to say the realistic school!) where <sup>would be</sup> the emphasis ~~was~~ given to practical disciplines.

Alois and Adolf had 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. His talent, 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. <sup>"The classics? when even</sup> ~~"Lately, your spelling in German has become atrocious."~~ <sup>determines</sup>  
<sup>late 4.4</sup> <sup>"Our boy"</sup> <sup>that</sup>

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

"I can appreciate some of his unhappy thoughts," said Alois, "But <sup>what</sup>  
<sup>you say</sup> ~~that~~ is neither here nor there. I see no use in trying to enter the Gymnasium  
~~he~~ <sup>prove acceptable</sup> when he is not going to ~~get in.~~ <sup>For this,</sup> he chose to look into Adolf's eyes.

"Since you seem unable these days to spell German correctly, 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, but  
 to mock him. Absque labore nihil," said Alois.

"And what does that mean?" asked Klara sharply. How cruel of  
 Alois! He made a show of lighting his pipe, pulling smoke in slowly, then  
 exhaling <sup>at leisure,</sup> ~~a good deal~~ before he said, "'Without labor there is nothing,' is  
 what it means," he said, offering up the smoke <sup>with</sup> in small cultivated puffs of  
 his lower lip. <sup>choice of</sup> "I would say that applies to one's schooling. The future for  
 most young men today is likely to be in the technical subjects. ~~Latin and~~  
~~Greek are ancient languages.~~ He looked into his son's eyes once more as if  
 to confirm what small readiness there would be to study the ancients.



"Yes," he said, "in the Gymnasium the students must master <sup>their</sup> grammar in Latin and in Greek, ~~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 <sup>so</sup> that school, Adolf, is not for you. Nor do you <sup>require</sup> ~~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 <sup>"</sup> ~~there.~~" (He was thinking of Mayrhofer's assistance.) "The other one will be closed to you, no matter what efforts I put forth. One look at your spelling and they will send you home."

Alois knew that he could ask some of the Burger 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

Linz was five miles away, and with its sixty thousand inhabitants, the city was twenty times larger than Leonding. A trolley car was available once an hour, but should Adolf miss it, there was a long walk across fields and forest before he reached the Realschule, a most forbidding edifice on dark 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 back in force, even if he was being asked to honor such sentiments in the face of Alois' view that he might be bright, but was also spoiled enough to live in danger of becoming useless.

Before long, he came to loathe the Realschule. Gone was the pleasure he had taken in Hafeld, in Lambach, and in Leonding at how he could excel in class. Now when he entered, the dark halls shared the gloom that sat on his chest. He thought often of the day when Alois, weeping over Edmund's death, had come close to suffocating him with the force of his embrace even as he kept repeating, "Now, you are my only hope,"—and such hope was full of tobacco breath. Yet, even as Alois was speaking, it was as if he was offering these words to the air. Could the atmosphere ever believe in such a possibility? And this 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, came 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! 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 then he began to think he had also heard a remark about himself: "This Hitler, he comes from the peasants." It was obvious to him that he was being seen as a dolt who had to walk all the way 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 Leonding. They probably assumed it was mud-ridden. They certainly had no idea of the beauty of Lambach's monastery. And then he could hardly stay for long after class and make friends with anybody. No, he had to plod back to the Garden house. His mock wars in the forest were only possible now on Saturday. There was no time to train troops or try out new rules of warfare.

Before long he was overcome once again with the fact—was it truly a fact?—that he was the person responsible for Edmund's death. Once more, he chose to talk to the trees. But the conversations had ~~now~~ become orations. He inveighed against the stupidity of his teachers, and the repulsiveness of their stale clothing. "They are earning a pittance," he said to a stately oak. "It is obvious. They cannot afford to change their linens. Angela should smell these teachers. 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 uncouth." He could hear the leaves murmuring in assent. "I have decided to go back 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 in Linz. When I show <sup>these</sup> 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 bodies to scale. The people must be in proportion to the size of the building. Can you take into account, Adolf, whether they are nearer to the eye than <sup>13</sup> the building? or further away? It is a pity you cannot get this right, because your drawing of <sup>the edifice</sup> this building, taken by itself, would be an excellent sketch. Then, I could appreciate the accuracy you bring to the most prominent element."

Of course, half-praise from his father was worth more than all of <sup>Ant was worth pursuing, not scholarship.</sup> Klara's loving exclamations. It proved his point. "Scholarly work," he told the next grove of trees, "is not worth pursuing. <sup>pretentious. That</sup> It is clear to me. <sup>we why my</sup> ~~The~~ <sup>teachers already</sup> That may show a lack of interest in my possibilities. They are snobs. They dance around disgustingly over boys who come from well-to-do

families! ~~ridiculous ones~~. The air of this school, therefore, 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.

He believes in the wisdom of these old trees. They seem as wise to him as <sup>full-grown</sup> ~~old~~ elephants. He would not want them to have a low opinion of <sup>young Adolf 17, then,</sup> ~~him~~. The roots of an amputated conscience <sup>can</sup> still seek approval.

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 expense but it was certainly unnecessary when the sun was out. She had a gnawing sense of loss at any money disbursed heedlessly. Even the pfennings. She used to feel as if coins spent in such a manner fell into a well that was dry at the bottom and so ~~then~~ made an awful clatter when they struck—a blow to your spirit.

In contrast, Adolf had no bad conscience about taking the train whenever he could. Still, on those many mornings when he did have to walk, his route would take him across fine old meadows and he did become interested in the forts on the way, particularly after he learned that these crumbling towers were left over from the earliest years of the 19<sup>th</sup> century when the Austrians had lived in fear that come one year or another,



Napoleon was bound to 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. 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 travel to school at his ease.

## CHAPTER

There was <sup>an</sup> ~~one~~ irony of which Adolf's schoolmates were not aware.  
~~Far from being a~~ <sup>much-visited</sup> ~~happily haunted~~ <sup>town,</sup>  
 Not most of them. Leonding did have an upper class and they owned fine

homes. Indeed, they made up the corps of regulars at the Burger-Abends,  
~~where~~ <sup>various members</sup> and the subtle differences of status between ~~them~~ began to intrigue Alois.

He ~~even~~ was able to feel something like a geologist who digs through one  
 level of strata, believing that he has acquired <sup>substantive</sup> ~~incontrovertible~~ knowledge,

only to discover ~~that there is~~ <sup>9</sup> another level just beneath, with more relics ~~left~~  
 The study began as a diversion from his grief but then he discovered <sup>until he recognized</sup> that his  
 grief would not dissipate. He must continue to descend into <sup>his sorrow</sup> ~~it~~ step by step,

and all the while he encountered <sup>such</sup> fearful confusions on his route, ~~confusions~~  
~~so anomalous~~ <sup>in question</sup> that he began to wonder if his sanity was endangered. For a

few moments, he even believed that Edmund had been Fanny's child and so  
 was a true son. He had to clap his hands together to signify that this had to  
 be nonsense.

that  
 confusions  
 can round  
 the  
 previous  
 findings.

It was not always so fearful. In time, he began to feel as if he might be recovering from the death, perhaps even recovering his strength, and his public manner. <sup>Only</sup> <sup>Not even</sup> ~~But~~ not altogether. There remained a hole drilled through

his heart, ~~yes, he told himself, a hole ready to drain all that was in him. So~~ <sup>All the same, these</sup>

~~He did~~ <sup>It none the less, these</sup> look forward to the Burger Abends. Such evenings seemed to be

helping him. He needed to hear witty conversation. Occasionally, he was able to display some of his own wit. These were the smartest and the best-educated people he had ever known this well socially, and, on good days, he did his best to enjoy it to the hilt, even took undue pleasure from little matters. On one night, for example, the 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 listen with high attention on another night when one of the gentry, obviously possessing a comfortable, even superior knowledge of wine, said in passing, "The British call this Hock. But that is only because the Reisling they like so much comes from Hochheim." Alois had learned to give a self-satisfied nod as if each such bit of culture gained had always been in his possession. One night Silvaner was served in oddly shaped bottles called Bocksbeutel. A round of laughter followed. "Bocksbeutel" meant "Ram's Testicle." Alois' mood lifted sufficiently to wonder whether he



should speak up. Who could know more about ram's testicles? Hadn't he once owned a well-endowed pair? 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. Ergo, they were able to eat and drink well into the evening. If it came to it, they could go on to midnight. All those years, he had 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 going to work with a loaf of bread, some liverwurst and a jar of soup. He could see these gentry, now in their retirement, getting up to have a light breakfast—Eggs Benedict!—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 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, such people were the ones in Leonding with the most elevated idea of themselves, the ones who could be described as belonging legitimately to the upper classes. "Forget about Mayrhofer," he told her, "he's a fine fellow but he's not the one I'm talking about. There are all these other people 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 <sup>offer</sup> ~~serve~~ fancy dishes unless you have Nymphenberg porcelain to lay out, or can <sup>present</sup> ~~serve~~ Beluga caviar on good Meissen china <sup>from Berlin</sup> ~~from Berlin~~, or <sup>serve</sup> ~~French~~ Champagne in proper wine glasses."

"Proper wine glasses," she <sup>asked</sup> ~~parroted~~. To her surprise, she was in some pain listening to him.

"Yes," he said, "fine glasses for champagne. You can hear the ring if <sup>they give a ring if you flip your finger on the ring</sup> ~~you flick a finger on the rim and the glass will ring~~ <sup>finger on them</sup> ~~of answer you. It rings.~~"

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

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

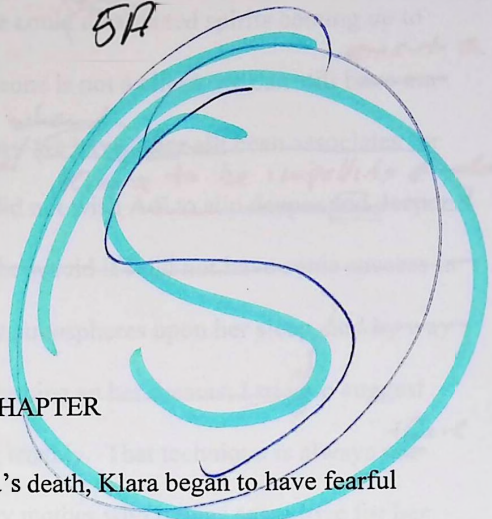
Alois replied, "They have indoor plumbing. Their bathroom is not ~~some shed outside of their house~~ <sup>an outside shed</sup>. The door to their bathroom does not have a hole cut into it in the shape of a ~~heart~~ <sup>half-moon</sup>. Our new friends, if they were such, would look upon such conditions as irresponsibly . . . droll." He had never used that word before. "No," he went on, "we cannot have guests of that sort. What could I say when they ask, 'Where might I find the water closet?' and I answer, 'I hope you don't mind the hole. 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."



Tape 5b Revised March 30, 2006

5A

Done  
4/4/06



CHAPTER

A few months after Edmund's death, Klara began to have fearful thoughts. ~~They were repetitive, and thereby seemed sinister to her.~~ Was it possible that Adolf's <sup>attitude</sup> ~~relation~~ to Edmund had been ~~evil~~ <sup>much too cruel?</sup> In the days when the brothers played together in the room they shared, Angela told her that he had overheard Adi terrifying Edmund with fairy tales from Grimm, ~~the~~ <sup>and they seemed to be</sup> ~~very~~ worst ones.

~~This had to cause concern for me. (Alois, despite himself, was remaining most severe) becoming more and more severe in his opinion of Adolf. I certainly could not afford to have Klara turn on him as well. It was necessary to reverse her feelings.~~

From her bedroom window, Klara could see how often Adi sat on the cemetery wall and shot at rats. She would flinch every time she heard the ~~flat slap of the~~ <sup>flat</sup> ~~airgun's~~ <sup>airgun's</sup> discharge. For her, the sound was equal to an

<sup>ugly</sup> disgruntled voice. She felt as if she could <sup>hear</sup> disaffected spirits coming up to her from the cemetery. When someone is not a client, we can still <sup>exert a</sup> have our

modest everyday influence on them. ~~we have after all been associates for~~

<sup>Klara to be compelling Adolf</sup> years, and in this case, I certainly did not wish Adi to slip deeper and deeper

<sup>more deeply / so I</sup> into his depression which <sup>indeed</sup> he would if I did not have some success in

changing Klara's attitude. I did lay atmospheres upon her sleep and by way

~~of these admittedly undependable turning so her dreams, I tried to suggest~~

that Adi was not evil, but suffering terribly. That technique is always <sup>there</sup> ~~our~~

<sup>to work</sup> first instrument in working with any mother who retains some love for her

child. <sup>so</sup> and <sup>indeed</sup>, over a period, the situation did improve. Klara came to

recognize how great was the need to soften Alois' feelings. <sup>Why</sup> The boy's

dreadful mood, she told her husband, was even beginning to affect his marks

<sup>of reading</sup> in school. <sup>in Leonardo</sup> <sup>where he had been doing</sup> <sup>so well</sup>

Since Adolf was very bright, she said, <sup>the</sup> only explanation for his last

<sup>he</sup> <sup>for</sup> <sup>had to be</sup> report card was that <sup>he</sup> was mourning Edmund. Up to that 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, you must become

again <sup>a</sup> <sup>"</sup> the good man full of love for a son. I would love you so for that."



~~Those~~ <sup>but they succeeded</sup> These were the most heartfelt words ever offered to Alois, and it <sup>only in reminding him of</sup> reawakened his love for Edmund, gone, lost and now naught but a dear in ~~his eye~~. Adolf, alas, was not Edmund. All the same, he nodded.

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

Once aroused, however, she was to about to close off <sup>her town</sup> any feelings.

She must find a way to be near again to Adolf. His heart could also shut like a door. So, she chose to remind him that the <sup>year was 1900 - they were in</sup> century was new. "This, she <sup>she told him</sup> said, "this new century <sup>Adolf, this will</sup> is going to be your century," <sup>They were no longer in</sup> the 1800's. Now it was the 1900's. "This century will belong to you," she

said. "I know it. You will do wonderful ~~wondrous~~ things in time to come."

He did <sup>feel important</sup> love it when she spoke ~~like~~ like that. ~~He did feel important~~

Of course, he hardly knew whether to believe her ~~or not~~. How could it be his century? <sup>At this point, he</sup> He felt incapable of accomplishing anything at this point. So, <sup>he kept asking</sup> he nagged her. "Is that so, ~~is~~ that really so?" <sup>he kept asking</sup> Perhaps he ~~even~~ went on for too long. At last, ~~she said~~ and her tongue slipped ~~for~~ enough to uncover the truth, <sup>"she said. "And</sup> "You are the one I must love, ~~And~~ I do. I must love you, and I do."

He brooded over her phrasing. He was aware for the first time that women <sup>merely</sup> were not there <sup>because</sup> just to love you since <sup>Instead they</sup> that was their duty, but indeed, women



~~had a great power. They~~ could offer love that was real, or a substitute that was not as real. *dependable.*

Here, the Maestro intervened. "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 balance."~~

## CHAPTER

*in early morning*

The late overcast afternoon when there was a fog, and the color of  
 snow and mud was in every pore, and the color of

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## CHAPTER

On late overcast afternoons, <sup>in early spring,</sup> when there was a fog, and the odor of moss and mold <sup>(lived)</sup> was on many a tombstone, Adi would sit in the damp of

~~early spring~~ on the low cemetery wall and wait for rats to come out in the

~~Whenever they faced to the west, their~~  
~~dusk. Their eyes would shine in any scattering of light whenever they faced~~  
~~even in the light of a clouded sunset,~~  
~~the west, and so would offer clear targets. Whenever he was able to shoot~~

~~for him~~ one with his air gun and it fell where he had shot it, he did not feel up to

~~approaching~~ examining the corpse. It was too close to evening and he did not wish to

~~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 <sup>(been ready to dare)</sup> dared the graveyard spirits through the night, and

the cadaver of the rat was still <sup>intact</sup> there, he would inhale the <sup>first hints of the</sup> early aroma of

carriage and it would stir his mood. He was troubled <sup>that</sup> by that and wondered if comparable manifestations were going <sup>must have gone</sup> on now in Edmund's flesh.

<sup>Even by Spring</sup>  
During March and April of 1900, he did not feel ready to go back to the forest <sup>like</sup> and kept to his perch on the cemetery wall. His reluctance was to be expected. There were moments when he expected Edmund's arm to rise from the grave.

In turn, ~~uneasy about the next caveat that might come from the~~  
~~Maestro~~, I had decided not to discourage Adi's guilt. Indeed, my instinct was corroborated. "Encourage it to fester," I was told. "Guilt is as much a tool for us as it is for the Cudgels." I did not need to be reminded. While the Cudgels <sup>(partial to guilt since they looked)</sup> were always looking for atonement in their clients, <sup>(which might we would often choose to calcify for)</sup> ~~stimulate recognition that there was a need for change in oneself~~ we looked <sup>despite the wish that we could reduce our</sup> to build a calcification of guilt. Of course, there is a danger to this. It can <sup>be a delicate choice</sup> reduce our clients by narrowing their possibilities, <sup>in this situation since I also</sup> ~~when used to excess.~~

<sup>Adapt</sup>  
What it came down to was that I still had to be ready to raise him <sup>before it grew</sup> from his depression <sup>there were</sup> when it was on the edge of becoming too extreme. <sup>So, I had</sup> signs of that Depression can plunge into aberration. to use my judgment on many an evening when Adi continued to sit on the <sup>suddenly</sup> ~~grave~~ <sup>were to rise</sup> cemetery wall wondering what he would do if Edmund's arm did rise out of the grave. <sup>Would he ask for forgiveness?</sup> Would he attempt 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

memory of Edmund's illness remained like a dead weight on his chest.

*I could discern the reason. Adore*  
~~I decided that the boy still possessed some funds of conscience. Even~~  
 as self pity is <sup>a we use</sup> ~~our~~ lubricant <sup>the heart into</sup> (to smooth the entrance of uglier emotions) (and is

thereby one of the most useful products we can develop in any client) ~~So~~  
*so does,*

(conscience ~~can~~ become our most determined antagonist. ~~So do~~ the Cudgels  
 whip their <sup>people</sup> favorites into shape by way of an active conscience. We, in turn,  
<sup>exercising</sup>  
~~(dealing with the most promising of our clients, look to extirpate conscience.~~  
*when advanced do our best*

Once successful, we ~~are~~ <sup>proceed good</sup> then able to create a substitute which is ready and  
 able to justify <sup>most</sup> ~~a good many~~ of the passions that the Cudgels seek to repress:

greed, lust, envy, gluttony—no need to go through all seven. <sup>more first</sup> But when an  
*The point*  
~~is that when a facsimile of a working conscience~~  
~~uneasy conscience is properly developed by us, we can strengthen our~~

<sup>their ugliest</sup> ~~our~~ clients' ability to justify of the acts we want them to perform. <sup>is strengthened</sup> ~~Our primary~~  
~~task is to release conscience from the shameful memories which roused it in~~  
~~the first place. We are successful when one's conscience begins to feel at~~  
*that excited it to stir in the ghost of the old*

odds with one's sense of strength, <sup>most</sup> ~~useless scourge~~, an enemy to one's well  
<sup>feels like a</sup>  
 being. ~~(A murderer can manage in the time it takes to banish all~~  
*(Murderers who can take pride in their doing have*

~~succeeded in banishing all~~  
 conscience.) Or, to put it otherwise, a good deal of the dread that humans

feel when the angels wish to punish them, <sup>now</sup> can be obviated by violent acts,  
 particularly by killing others. <sup>So, we</sup> We benefit from war. Calmer times call upon  
 the skills of advanced devils like myself, particularly when we are <sup>obliged to</sup> looking to  
 encourage murder. I will say <sup>that</sup> it is not at all routine to convince a man or  
 woman to slay another. <sup>Just</sup> ~~First of all, they have to worry~~ They know instinctively that murder is the most  
 selfish of the acts. Primitives know <sup>that to be true</sup> it so well. <sup>may be</sup> Ready to sacrifice an animal  
 for one of their feasts, they are wise enough to ask forgiveness before they <sup>raise</sup>  
~~with the knife.~~  
 perform the execution.  
~~In turn, I have no idea that I was now ready~~  
~~I had to labor, therefore,~~ to fortify Adi's sense of the power that

murder can offer the murderer. Of course, he was too young for 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 gross, but it did prepare  
 a track on which to lay more sophisticated impulses later. Standing by itself,  
 the Franco-Prussian dream-etching was a pure wish-fulfillment.

May I say that we knew all about wish-fulfillment long before Doctor  
 Freud had anything to say on the matter. Our approach to human



psychology must of necessity go far beyond where all those ~~many~~ good Viennese doctors ~~looked to reach~~. Indeed, we smile at the superficiality of so many of Dr. Freud's analyses. That is his fault. He wanted nothing, after all, to do with angels or demons, and was willfully determined not to recognize the engagement of the Dummkopf and the Maestro in large or ~~even~~ small human matters.

~~(a small portion of)~~  
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 shifts of self-worth in our clients.

~~Ego was precisely~~

→ 9a  
↓  
9b  
↓  
9c  
↓  
9d





(95)

him. If, personally, I happened  
to feel something comparable to  
~~some~~ affection for Edmund, ~~and~~  
~~certainly~~ there was ~~not~~ little I  
could do about it, in this  
situation. ~~At~~ <sup>In those days,</sup> I was hardly  
prepared ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> defy  
any order given to me <sup>by the</sup>  
stacchio, and that one ~~was~~  
~~been clear enough.~~

"Why are you visiting me?"  
asked Edmund.

"Because I love you."

"You do?"

"I have always loved you,  
Edmund."

"Is that why you scalp me?"  
~~my friend.~~

"You must forget that you  
must forgive me, you ~~idea~~  
~~brother~~, I have suffered for  
scalping you. That must be  
why I caught the measles!"

"Is that ~~what~~ <sup>the</sup> reason?"

"Yes, I think so. <sup>Yes</sup> And



(9c)

that is why I must kiss  
you now. That is the way I  
can give you back ~~your brain~~,  
the scalp I took.

"You don't need to <sup>do that</sup> I don't  
have <sup>too many</sup> ~~any~~ headaches." ~~Maybe~~

"We cannot take a chance.  
Let me kiss you again." <sup>have</sup>  
"Isn't that bad with <sup>to do when you</sup> ~~proceed~~?"

"Between mothers and sisters,  
~~between~~ yes, but not between  
brothers, that is established  
medical practice."

"Mamma said we must not  
kiss you. None of us."

"That is because she is a  
woman and did not understand  
that it is all right between  
brothers."

"You swear?"

"I swear."

"Let me see your fingers  
when you swear."

Adolf was <sup>most definitely</sup> truly imbecilic for  
me then. He held up his hands  
fingers outstretched ~~and~~



(9D)

"I swear," <sup>he said,</sup> ~~and~~ kissed Edmund  
repeatedly, a boy's kiss full  
of ~~stobbering~~ <sup>stobbering</sup> ~~stobbering~~

If ~~And~~ Edmund ~~did~~ <sup>and then</sup> come  
down with measles ~~that~~ <sup>and then</sup> proved  
fatal. I knew no more than  
Adolf. We were responsible  
for his death or we were not.  
I left it all to the powers  
of wish-fulfillment. Next  
after night a new platoon  
of French soldiers was  
massacred in his sleep,  
and if there had not been many  
other problems with which to  
contend, I think he would have  
been more ready to move more  
of his psychic strengths over  
to belief in the power that  
murder offers a murderer.

end of chapter

## CHAPTER

Obviously, Adolf Hitler's <sup>later</sup> readiness to murder untold hordes of  
 humans was not in any way <sup>an active</sup> ~~in the~~ <sup>longing</sup> that a boy known until lately as Adi  
 was ready to contemplate. If I speak for a moment now of a year like 1944,  
<sup>it is to make no direct connection</sup>  
 there can be no comparison to 1900 and the ensuing months after Edmund's <sup>death</sup>  
<sup>of course</sup> ~~death~~ <sup>obviously</sup> prodded by the Maestro, I was <sup>get</sup> looking already to intensify a  
 sense, even then, that he, young Adolf Hitler, could <sup>so be able to</sup> become a high agent of  
 the gods of death, and thereby <sup>close to the</sup> believe that his own death would not be like  
 others. I find it interesting that in the beginning of 1945, <sup>of his l. k.</sup> living in 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 <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>this his</sup> bound to it. Yet, <sup>even</sup> late in life, 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 <sup>ranked and</sup> ~~classes and ranks~~

of people who are going to <sup>be liquidated</sup> ~~die~~ one does become an overseer of death, <sup>most</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>large</sup> ~~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 <sup>eminence</sup> ~~positions~~ because they were ready, if necessary, <sup>not to</sup> ~~to become such~~

~~overseers~~. So, then did not often suffer serious anxiety when thinking of the <sup>(obliged to think)</sup> ~~casualties inflicted~~. Obviously, they <sup>large number slain on the other side.</sup> ~~They were able to immunize their~~

conscience and call forth such deeds through the use of our mightiest <sup>they could</sup> ~~engine~~ <sup>(any bloody deeds they needed)</sup>

<sup>through using the mightiest of all</sup> ~~engine~~ <sup>social engines of destruction</sup> ~~That is still our most dependable induction motor, our~~ <sup>destroying</sup> ~~dynamo, our jet pulse for the masses, even as fidelity to revealed religion~~

promises to become our future weapon of mass destruction.

<sup>These are the</sup> ~~These conclusions I have come to. But I~~ <sup>are the</sup> ~~All that is beyond our compass for now. Indeed, the Maestro detests~~ <sup>would warn the</sup> ~~large thoughts in us. He speaks of them as vapors. Let me return, then, to~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~more modest matters.~~ <sup>reminds us to return to</sup>

~~At the Fuehrer shared this sentiment,~~

<sup>In 1944, one of the worst years of his life, with the war going badly,</sup> ~~He, Hey, and at~~ <sup>(the Wolfsschanze)</sup> ~~Adolf, out at the Wolfsschanze, his underground retreat in East Prussia, liked~~ <sup>passing anecdotes, for example,</sup> ~~to tell his secretaries how his father, on many a night, would lay a strong~~

<sup>whipping on him</sup> ~~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

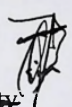
~~engines of destruction — patriotism!~~



ladies with <sup>modest tales of</sup> his heroism. By then, <sup>being much more app</sup> of course, he was much older than his <sup>actual</sup> years—fifty-five—Adolf was <sup>to</sup> already enjoying the few advantages of old age. He was at last ready to <sup>delighted in receiving</sup> inhale the admiration of women without having to <sup>pass through deciding</sup> undergo the anxiety of whether he should seek to copulate with

them. His sexual spirit, so wholly unlike Alois', had never committed itself <sup>to</sup> ~~seeking the glories and disasters of new fornication,~~ to the glory or disaster 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



So would not be there  
to greet him in the  
morning was still  
close to unendurable.  
A

## CHAPTER

Actually, Alois happened to be drinking with care. He did not dare to  
take too much. ~~The fact that Edmund had died and,~~  
When he did, the morning hangovers were acute. ~~The death~~

~~of Edmund was close then to unendurable.~~ ~~So, coming home every evening,~~  
He would feel as if he had

consumed a bowl of ashes in his sleep. ~~Moreover, he needed to be alert~~  
on many an evening.

He went often to the Burger-Abends, and the gentry

present were certainly more cultivated than ~~he was~~ <sup>himself</sup>. So he was not ready to

~~show himself~~

~~come home drunk.~~ In truth, he needed to attend the Burger-Abends. They

could lift him for an hour out of his ~~depression~~ <sup>worst moods,</sup>. (Without this elegant

diversion, he ~~had~~ <sup>would have</sup> to spend his night, whether in drink or sober, brooding on ~~the~~

~~his little one's~~

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. A general courtesy <sup>met</sup> ~~received~~ him

now when he <sup>entered</sup> ~~came in~~ (and many offered their warmth again when he left in

the evening. "This is the good side of the gentry," he <sup>told himself</sup> ~~decided~~. At Custom's,

he had always seen them as ~~over-friendly~~ <sup>chilly in their manner except when</sup> if they had something to hide or

~~passing through except when they had~~ <sup>chilly in their manner when passing through honestly</sup>. What also impressed

~~something to hide. Then they were all friendly~~ <sup>to what impressed him now was that one</sup> 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 <sup>Friedmann</sup> ~~him~~ and this certainly helped to reinforce his notion that

humankind could be divided into those who were cultured and those who

were not. If a Jew could be acceptable to <sup>a</sup> ~~this~~ Burger-Abend, he told

himself, then so could a 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

because he, too, like Rabbi Moriz Freedmann, was a special individual. He

<sup>←</sup> ~~know~~ <sup>5</sup> something like six hundred Jews were living in Linz at that time, <sup>richly</sup> ~~and~~

~~that~~ <sup>it meant that there was</sup> given a population of sixty thousand, ~~came to~~ <sup>such</sup> one man or woman in one hundred. Most of these Jews came from Bohemia and were actually not ~~so~~ <sup>a</sup> crude as one would expect—~~as~~ <sup>so</sup> 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 he thought of Edmund. That was probably because he drank 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 practical disciplines.

Alois and ~~Adi~~<sup>Adolf</sup> had ~~been~~ 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. His talent, 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, <sup>at the</sup> ~~least, I share them.~~ <sup>4</sup> But that is neither here nor there. I see no use in trying to enter the Gymnasium when he is not going to get in." For this, he chose to look into <sup>Adolf's</sup> ~~Adi's~~ eyes. "Since you seem unable <sup>these days</sup> 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, but to mock him. Absque labore nihil," said Alois.

"And what does that mean?" asked Klara sharply. How cruel of Alois! He made a show of lighting his pipe, pulling smoke in slowly, then exhaling a good deal before he said, <sup>"Without labor, there is nothing,"</sup> ~~"Nothing without labor"~~ <sup>offering up the smoke</sup> 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 for most young men today is likely to be in the technical subjects. Latin and Greek are ancient languages." He looked into <sup>his son's</sup> ~~Adi's~~ eyes once more as if to confirm what small readiness there would be to study the ancients. "Yes," he said, "in the Gymnasium

the students must master grammar in Latin and in Greek 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 other one will be closed to you, no matter what efforts I put forth. One look at your spelling and they will send you home."

Alois knew that he could ask some of the <sup>Bürger</sup> ~~gentry~~ ~~the new knes~~ for recommendations to the Gynmasium, but to what end? He would lose so much more than he could gain, and to no point or purpose. He sighed.

## CHAPTER

Linz ~~was~~<sup>was</sup> five miles away, and with its sixty thousand inhabitants,  
 the city was twenty times larger than Leonding. A trolley car was available  
 once an hour, but should ~~he~~<sup>add</sup> miss it, there was a long walk across fields and  
 forest before he reached the Realschule, ~~a dark building and~~  
 forbidding edifice on ~~cloudy~~<sup>dark</sup> 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 back in force, even if he was being  
 asked to honor such sentiments in the face of Alois' view that he might be  
 bright, but was also spoiled enough to live in danger of becoming useless.



Before long, he came to loathe the Realschule. Gone was the pleasure he had taken in Hafeld, in Lambach, and in Leonding at how he could excel *in class.* ~~in school.~~ Now when he entered, the ~~dark walls~~ *walls shared the* seemed full of the same gloom ~~at~~ *that* sat on his chest. He 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,"—and ~~it was all~~ *such hope was* full of tobacco breath. Yet, even as ~~he~~ *Alois* was ~~saying it several times over,~~ *speaking,* it was as if he was offering these words to the air, ~~as if to see whether the atmosphere itself could~~ *could* believe in such a possibility. ~~And the~~ *But this* 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~~ *came* 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~~ *M*, the most important man in Leonding, also sold vegetables in his store—a most elevated mayor! 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 then he began to think he had <sup>also</sup> overheard a remark about himself: "This Hitler, he comes from the peasants." It was obvious to him that he was being seen as <sup>a</sup> ~~some~~ poor dolt who had to walk all the way 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 Leonding. They probably assumed it was ~~a~~ mud-ridden hamlet. They certainly had no idea of the beauty of Lambach's monastery. And then he could hardly <sup>stay for</sup> ~~long~~ remain after class and make friends with <sup>any body,</sup> ~~anyone~~. No, he had to plod back to <sup>the Garden (to buy)</sup> ~~Leonding.~~ <sup>in the forest</sup> ~~The~~ mock wars <sup>try out</sup> ~~were~~ only possible now on Saturday. There was no time to train troops or ~~discover~~ new rules of warfare.

Before long he was overcome once again with the fact—was it truly a fact?—that he was the person ~~most~~ <sup>the man</sup> responsible for Edmund's death. Once more, he chose to talk to the trees. But the conversations had <sup>now</sup> ~~become~~ orations <sup>he</sup> ~~that~~ inveighed against the stupidity of his teachers, and <sup>the repulsiveness of</sup> ~~their~~ stale clothing. "They <sup>are</sup> ~~must be~~ earning a pittance," he said to a stately oak, "because <sup>it</sup> ~~it~~ is obvious. They cannot afford to change their linens. Angela should smell these teachers. Then she would respect her brother!" He had

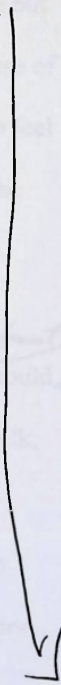
other topics. To an old elm, he declared, "It is supposed to be an advanced school, but I can say that it is a stupid place. ~~It is inelegant, it is uncultured,~~ <sup>It's uncouth, "as sent,"</sup> ~~and it is uncouth.~~" He could hear the leaves murmuring in return. "I have decided to go back to my 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~~ <sup>also</sup> 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 <sup>bodies / the people</sup> them to scale. Their <sup>bodies</sup> 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 building, taken by itself, would be an excellent sketch. Then, I <sup>could</sup> appreciate the accuracy you bring to the most prominent element, <sup>4</sup> subject."  
<sup>Of course,</sup> This half-praise from his father was worth more than all of <sup>Klara's</sup> ~~his~~ mother's loving exclamations <sup>over his work</sup>. 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. They



are snobs. They dance around disgustingly over boys who come from well-to-do families! Ridiculous snobs. The air of this school, therefore, 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.

He believes in the wisdom of these old trees. They seem as wise to him as old elephants. He would not want them to have a low opinion of him. The roots of an amputated conscience still seek approval.

Some mornings he would wake



## ~~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 expense but it was certainly unnecessary <sup>when</sup> the sun was out. She had a gnawing sense of loss at any money <sup>(disturbed her less by)</sup> spent unnecessarily. Even the pfennings. She used to feel as if coins spent in such a manner fell into a well that was ~~bone~~ <sup>then</sup> dry at the bottom and so made an awful clatter when they struck—a blow to your spirit. ~~She could hear an angel ask, "Are you wasteful?"~~

In contrast, Adolf <sup>had no ~~conscience~~ but conscience a giant</sup> made a point of taking the train whenever he could, ~~present a reason~~. Still, on those many mornings when he did have to walk, his route would take him across fine old meadows and he did become interested in the forts on the way, particularly after he learned that these crumbling towers were left over from the earliest years of the 19<sup>th</sup> century

when the Austrians had lived in fear that come one year or another, Napoleon was bound to 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~~ <sup>while</sup>. 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~~ <sup>travel</sup> to school ~~on~~ <sup>at his ease,</sup> ~~time~~.



## CHAPTER

There was one irony of which <sup>Adolf's schoolmates were</sup> Adolf was not in the least aware.  
~~not aware. Not most of them.~~

Leonding did have an upper class. ~~He did not see it on his way to school~~  
~~and then~~  
 but ~~there were~~ gentry who owned fine homes. Indeed, they made up the

corps of regulars at the Burger-Abends, and the subtle differences of status  
~~between~~ <sup>between</sup> ~~among~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~came~~ <sup>was</sup> 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 he discovered that his grief was ~~not~~ <sup>would not</sup>

~~constant. (No matter what else he did or tried,)~~ <sup>disappear</sup> he must continue to descend

into his <sup>its</sup> ~~grief~~ step by step, and all the while he encountered fearful

confusions on his route, confusions so anomalous that he began to wonder if

his sanity was endangered. For a few moments, he even believed that Edmund had been Fanny's child and so was a true son. He had to clap his hands together to signify that this ~~had to be~~ <sup>was</sup> nonsense.

It was not always so fearful. In time, he began to feel as if he might be recovering from the death, perhaps even recovering his strength <sup>and</sup> his ~~confidence, and his~~ public manner. But not altogether. There remained a hole drilled through his heart, yes, he told himself, a hole ready to drain all that was in him. So he ~~looked~~ <sup>(did)</sup> forward ~~more and more~~ <sup>more</sup> to the Burger-Abends. Such evenings ~~seemed~~ <sup>display</sup> to be helping him. He needed to hear witty conversation. Occasionally, he was able to ~~show~~ <sup>display</sup> some of his own wit.

These were the smartest and the best-educated people he had ever known <sup>thus</sup> ~~so~~

well socially, and, on good days, he did his best to enjoy it to the hilt, even took undue pleasure from little matters, such as the night when <sup>On one night, for example, the</sup> 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 listen with high attention on another night when one of the gentry, obviously possessing a comfortable, even superior knowledge of wine, said in passing, "The British call this Hock. But that is only because the Reisling they like so much comes from Hochheim." Alois had learned to give a self-satisfied nod as if each such bit of culture gained

had always been in his possession. One night Silvaner was served in oddly shaped bottles called Bocksbeutel. A round of laughter followed.

"Bocksbeutel" meant "Ram's Testicle." Alois' mood lifted sufficiently to

wonder whether he should speak up. Who could know more about ram's

testicles? Hadn't he once owned ~~them~~ <sup>(a well-endowed pair?)</sup> 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. Ergo, they were able to eat and drink well into the

evening. If it came to it, they could go on to midnight. All those years, he

had 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 with a loaf of bread, some liverwurst and a jar of soup.

He could see these gentry, now in their retirement, getting up to have a light

breakfast—Eggs Benedict!—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 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, <sup>such people</sup> ~~these~~ were the ones in Leonding with the most elevated idea of themselves, the ones who could be <sup>described</sup> ~~seen~~ as belonging legitimately to the upper classes. "Yes, he ~~told her~~, "forget about Mayrhofer, <sup>he told her, "he's</sup> he's a fine fellow but he's not the one I'm talking about. There are all these other people 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 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 dinners. He went alone. Klara stayed home to take care of the children. When he came back by the last trolley, Klara remarked that perhaps they should invite these people 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 her.)~~ "No," he went on, "we cannot have guests of that sort. What could I say when they ask, 'Where might ~~the~~ <sup>I should</sup> ~~the~~ water closet <sup>be found?</sup> ~~be found?~~' and I answer, 'I hope you don't mind ~~a~~ <sup>the</sup> 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."