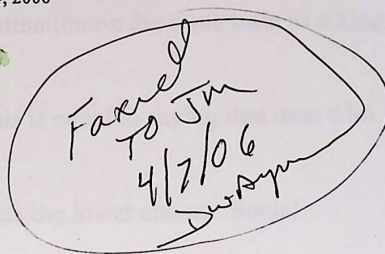


Revised April 4, 2006



I think it is time to take another look at the Burger-Abends. Alois ~~had~~, by ^{now} ~~was~~ ^{had turned up} ~~now, become~~ a regular. Indeed, he ~~was~~ even there on the night before he died. But

I am not ready to offer my description of that. For now, it is enough to repeat that

the Burger-Abends take place four times a week, and on each evening one of the

Burgers gives a short talk concerning his latest thoughts on fine food, wine, or

cultural matters. Topics of the day are also considered legitimate. On one

particular night, which grew most lively, the speaker, a portly man, offered the

thesis that railway travel had ^(some of the most) ~~by now~~ affected long-established social relations.

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

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

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

~~And it will take him no longer to get there?~~ This is equal to saying that men who

are well-to-do no longer travel more rapidly than the lower classes. Social

disharmony could be ^{an} ^{product} the eventual ~~result~~ of all this."

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

"I agree with my distinguished friend ~~The fact is~~ that many of these so-called

modern improvements are of ~~the most~~ dubious value. Pocket watches are certainly

^{a prime} ~~one~~ example. Anyone can now buy a time piece at a reasonable price. ^{Yet I} ~~Not so long~~

^{can still recall a time when}

~~ago~~, it used to be a privilege to carry a fine watch. The ~~people who were~~ in your

employ knew where to inquire if they wanted to learn the ~~precise~~ ^{might} time of day. And

^{I add that}

(in the course of making this inquiry, they ^{would have to} might also take note of the fine quality

^{and its} of your watch ~~chain~~. They would leave your presence ^{respectfully} ~~with respect~~. Now, any

roustabout can pull a piece of shoddy out of his pants and declare that his time

keeps better than yours. Do you want to hear the worst of it?—sometimes, that is

even true.”

Hoots and laughter followed this remark. “No, gentlemen,” the speaker

~~continued,~~ ^{went on} “a cheap watch can be more accurate in this matter than our family

pieces which, after all, are cherished because they have been with us for so long.”

Another member joined the argument: “Everything you gentlemen said is true, but allow me to demur. I happen to like railway travel. It allows me on any given morning to go to Vienna for the opera and then I can stay over if I wish for another night. Last month I happened to hear Leo Slezek. That offered the incomparable pleasure of hearing a great tenor offer a special evening of Leider. Afterward, I was able to enjoy my room at the Sacher hotel. Incomparable tortes are served with the morning coffee. Or, if I so decide, I can reserve a seat on a train through the Swiss Alps. Just five years ago, I visited the French Riviera.”

"Well," ^{said} ~~says~~ another, "That must have been an ambitious venture. But I
~~will take a train for a more practical reason. I use them often for any many~~

^{my} commercial undertakings in Munich."

One evening, the lecture was on dueling scars. That left Alois wistful ^{even} ~~as he~~

^{as he} ~~(~~ ^{carefully} listened to discussions of the best location for the wound, be it the left or right

cheek, the chin, or the corner of the lips. He did, however, chime in toward the

end of ~~the~~ discussion by remarking that when he was a young officer in the

Customs Service, many of his superiors bore those scars and "we did respect

them." He sat down flushed. He knew ~~that~~ his remark had contributed ~~very~~ little.

It did not do ~~over~~ to sound ~~so~~ lame at the Burger-Abends.

On another occasion, his feelings were hurt by a sportsman (with a fine
dueling scar) who entered into a long conversation with him. The first auto tour
from Paris to Vienna had passed recently through Linz, and it was said at the

Burger-Abends, that Linz, now the capital of Upper Austria, would soon be

recognized throughout Europe as a city of some importance.

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

Soon, the members were having a most heated discussion over the question of whether it was sensible to purchase a car. Alois, silently counting his financial resources, had to feel financially barred from ^{entering} ~~this discussion~~. Nonetheless, he was pleased to be at this Burger-Abends because no matter how little he could contribute on this ~~or many other~~ ^{and} occasion, it was, indeed, culture, ~~and on this~~ ^{particular night, it was} nothing less than rousing. The sportsman who owned the car had stimulated the most fiery ~~discussion~~ ^{teen and two of}. Considering that this was the Burger-

comment:

Abends, the heat of the ~~discussion~~ ^{to end this} approached rude manners. Those who were

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

and, worst of all, the noise. But the man ~~who was~~ giving the speech replied, "Yes,

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

gentlemen, I happen to like the odor. For me, these fumes are an aphrodisiac."

~~For this,~~ ^{but} he was greeted with hoots and howls ~~at which he laughed and kept~~
~~shaking his head.~~ "Say what you will," he remarked, "these fumes offer me a hint

of debauch. And I am not referring to the meaner sorts of debauch." At which he

sniffed his fingers to the groans and laughter of the company. "But there you are

with your carriages, your livery, your stables. Whereas, I look for the vivacity of

traveling at high speeds."

"Oh, no," someone called out.

"Oh, yes," the speaker replied. "The sense of danger is welcome to me. I

even confess that the attention of those many pedestrians who used to admire a fine horse and carriage are now transfixed by the virtues of my new iron monster.

You would be amazed at how extravagantly I am admired while driving through our streets."

Alois was certainly impressed by this rich sport, especially when he capped his argument by saying, "Yes, to drive an ^{auto}~~auto~~ ~~car~~ does offer risk. But so is it

dangerous to rein in a horse ^{who}~~that~~ has broken loose. I would rather risk my neck in

a motor car than shatter my bones in an over-turned fiacre. Or, ^{is it behind}~~tug~~ along with

on my carriage seat behind
(some old asthmatic nag of a beast who secretly loathes my guts."

How they roared at that! Nothing worse than such a horse.

Later, once the debate was over—they had all been drinking happily and were more tipsy than usual—the speaker chose to engage Alois in a conversation

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whose concealed agenda soon ^{was} ~~became~~ ^{revealed,} clear. He began to ask ^{more than a few} questions about

Custom's House procedures ^{until} ~~until~~ Alois was offended that this man ^{who} ~~was~~ was spending

time with him after being so brilliantly full of himself at the podium, ^{had} ~~was~~ now

^{became} obvious in his motive. "You sound as if you are preparing to cross a few borders,"

Alois remarked.

"Indeed I am," said the Sport. "I am about to. But they do say the English

^{To this, he even smiled and added, "No} can be the worst." He made a point of speaking in profile so that Alois might be ^{personal to person, intended}

properly impressed with ^{his} the dueling scar on the left ^{check,} side of his face.

^{jailed cicatrizing} It was a good ~~one~~, perfect for a man as handsome and well-possessed of

himself as this fellow, but Customs work ^{had offered} ~~did offer~~ its own local wisdom, and so

Alois could distinguish between a genuine scar occasioned by the ~~other fellow's~~

^{of the duelling partner} ~~saber~~ finally hacking through the padding on your face and so leaving a bona-fide

laceration, as opposed to self-created dueling scars worked up by some ambitious

~~him~~ ^{sa fellow like that} looking to charm the ladies. In secret, ~~he~~ ^{he} would use a razor to open a

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

~~up~~ into a welt high enough to dignify the rest of his career.

When well done, the false scar ~~could~~ ^{might well} appear to be authentic, but Alois had

~~now~~ ^{already} decided that this over-confident sport was almost certainly a trickster ~~who~~ ^{and}

had manufactured his own dueling scar. It did sit too perfectly on his face.

So, ~~Alois~~ ^{he} said no more in return than, ^{"I can tell you. Was} ~~he~~ ^{used to be as good as the}

English, ~~I would say~~ ^{any fool} when it came to catching a ~~man~~ ^{man} (who was looking to bring

precious objects into Austria without paying duty. Celer et vigilans," added Alois.

"That used to be my motto." It was a happy ~~lie~~ ^{prevarication} — he had memorized the saying ~~the~~ ^{one}

~~week before~~ ^{ago}. Yes, "Quick and watchful." That ought to give the fellow ~~a little~~ ^{some}

pause.

"Nunquam non paratus," answered the sport to which Alois ~~lead to~~ ^{could only} ~~quite~~ ^{quite}.

First act on his return to home was to look up the meaning. "Never unprepared." An old Customs vernath came back to him for a moment. How he ~~would~~ ^{could} like to get his hands on that fellow!

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

~~crossings.~~

All the same, *reminded of his*
 That evening at the family dinner, Alois was feeling expansive. ~~The~~
own family dinner to forgive the sport's
last rally. The
 excitement of the discussion was still with him, and as he ~~recounted the details,~~ *he counted*

~~and~~ his final observation on the dueling scars, Adolf did listen avidly. Some day

he would have his own motor-car. Perhaps, even, his own dueling scar. Next

Adolf even
 morning, he paid attention to the middle-class people he passed on his way to
on their faces
 school. Only a few had such marks. ~~The~~ rest looked uninteresting. Even the

government offices of Linz ~~and certainly the larger homes~~ had more to offer than

these stultified faces, ~~and that was true even when he knew that if he had been the~~ *Yet*

desired these to be
 architect, he would have made those buildings more impressive, more noble. He

~~certainly saw better buildings in his imagination.~~ "Yes, someday I will be a great

architect," he told himself.

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

~~near to equalling his future ability as an artist and an architect. This vanity would,~~
~~his vanity would even suffer none the less,~~
~~however suffer from a visit to the opera.~~

Chapter

To Adolf's surprise, there came a night when Alois ^{did take} ~~took him to the opera~~
~~house in Linz~~. The event—they were to hear Lohengrin—had come about by way
of an improvement in his report card for February of 1902. During the first half of
his second year, which was, ^{per usual} (due to his failure) a repeat of the first half of the first
year, he did receive passing grades in all courses. There were even favorable
remarks on his diligence and conduct. This occasioned Alois to declare, "A very
good sign. Once you allow diligence and conduct to be your first concern, the rest
has been known to follow."

Alois was easing up on his demands. He had been ill. Two months earlier,
in December of the previous year, 1901, he had had influenza, and that frightened
him. Once again, he felt an overbearing need to be able to improve this recalcitrant
son and knew he did not know how.

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

Alois decided to try once again to come a little closer. Having noticed that Adolf

listened with intense interest whenever Alois described the Burger-Abends

discussions, he was also pleased that Adolf would read all the newspapers ^{his} that

^{father} were brought home. Indeed, by virtue of a few remarks Adolf had offered at the

family table, Alois knew that some of his ^{sons'} fellow students ^(obviously) from the more well-to-do

families ^{did} would talk in recess about operas they had ^{attended} seen. ^(it was time) (So Alois decided to take

the boy.

^(to the reader)
I will have ~~suggested that~~
Alois did not know this, but given the special attention offered to Adolf

^{very} from the ^{was} (I am referring to) instant he ^(not to mention our presence in the act) as conceived, it ^{should} would

^{had developed in this} ^{an understanding of a}
~~come as no surprise that for a boy soon to be thirteen, he understood a few human~~

^{not even older} complexities that very few other adolescents were ready to grasp. Adolf ^{could} sensed

^{when someone else's}
that when one's best and one's worst motives were in accord—for different

At such times, reasons, needless to say, but nonetheless in accord ~~then one was capable of~~
~~one could be capable of more striking~~
~~actions than ~~the~~ one's usual deeds~~
 powerful actions (as compared, at least, to the lesser impetus of one's customary

~~deeds.~~) So, Adolf wondered, then suspected, then knew what his father's second

^{generous}
 and less ~~noble~~ motive might be.

Before we come to that disclosure, however, let me add that Alois'

^{was usually ready}
~~command of the noble could be niggardly.~~ So he did his best to spoil the best of

^{So, now, he spoke}
 his good motive ~~by speaking~~ derogatively of the Linz opera house. "To Linzers,"

^{"this}
 he told Adolf, "~~their~~ opera house is a splendid building, a true cultural center, but

if you have spent time in Vienna and so know as I do, how a true opera is

^{look and} ^{here}
 supposed to ~~found~~, the performance ~~is not so impressive here.~~ Unless ^{coming} one comes,

^{and} ^{I expect that you will}
~~as you do~~, from Hafeld or Lambach, or even Leonding. For that reason, I expect

^{believe tonight that}
~~that you will feel~~ you are truly hearing high opera. And, indeed, Linz has obtained

^{and he proud of its opera house,}
 the right to call itself a city. Nonetheless, what we will hear tonight is in no way

proceeding it, he was overcome by Elsa's aria of
 equal to Vienna. Adolf, if you prove successful, if you have a career that thrives,

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

for singing, you will then truly enjoy the heights of ^{musical} vocal and aesthetic pleasure."

He leaned toward his son to impart a fatherly confidence. "Some would call it

aesthetic ecstasy." Alois was pleased with the speech. He had come to the point in

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

vocal intelligence like a true Burger-Abender was increasing. His knees were not

as flexible as once they had been, nor his arms and chest as powerful, but his

mind—that was improving.

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

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

and more than once enthralled. ^(*)
 Lohengrin excited notions of his own talents. Tears came to his eyes. In love and

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

* He is swayed at the entrance of the great
 seven that was coming to Lohengrin's wedding
 rescue of Elsa after he can be seen the queen and
 the birds made by the two men inside the door and

questing to Lohengrin, her saviour, "I see in splendour
 shining a knight of glorious power... whom I have long
 hung to see me. He shall win Lohengrin's love"
 (All this was exciting notions of his)

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

performances they had attended. *During intermission he listened to specific comments on the music. How brilliant of Wagner, a social one elegant impression man to another into the violins and*
 Alois, in turn, was off on his own meditation, brooding over the skill of the

(There was a foundation to)
 upper classes, and their good luck. They were ~~so often~~ able to find proper

installations for their sons, ~~able or not~~, in the army, or the church, and so they

(then they)

could usually be justifiably proud of the achievements of their family. Yet, he saw

why
 no reason to ~~conclude~~ that he was not as good as any of them? Granted, he had

(started)

try to
 come from a low place, but he could live with their point of view. That might be

he would keep to
 down at his own level perhaps, but ~~it was~~ their point of view, simple, forceful, you

(able or not, had to)
 might even say, obligatory. They understood that the oldest son must be ready to

fulfill the destiny of the family. And that was not only true for the army and the

church but for government officials as well. Bureaucrats, after all, could become

(at the bottom of)
 ministers of state. That had not been for him—he had had to start ~~too low~~ on the

the
 woodwind
 violin
 team
 he
 trapped
 the
 harp?
 Lesquer
 knows
 Celestak
 Soudak
 It is
 as
 if he
 lives
 at the bottom
 of the
 team.
 Violins
 color
 and
 bassoon
 yes,
 and
 away
 with
 the
 harp?
 Yes,
 the
 Alois
 he
 would
 be
 at the bottom of
 tomorrow
 of
 school.

ladder—yet he felt entitled to one certainty. If he had had ~~such~~ advantages of

birth, he would have made a fine minister. Now, should Adolf actually become a

son worthy of his respect, then when would the boy not be in position to rise far

beyond his father's ^{considerable} ~~honorable~~ achievements? That, as Alois measured it, was also

in the conceivability of things. And given ^{this music now, elevated} ~~the music~~, so true to his mood, so

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

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

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

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

Adolf, however, was not ebullient. Given the power of the last chords, he

had plummeted from a high and splendid mood into ^{familiar} ~~despondency~~.

I would say ^{this} ~~that it~~ is one of our basic problems. We have more than our

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

but then are brought all the way down by the ugliness of their real condition. So

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

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

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

now collapse. Even as he was ~~falling in love with Wagner~~ ^{soaring to Wagner}, the downfall of his

confidence was commencing. Wagner was a genius, he had decided instantly and

distinctly. Every note spoke to him. But could he say this was ~~that~~ ^{all} true of

himself, or was he not a genius after all? Not next to Wagner.

Chapter

~~more~~ ^{less happy} Alois, was a ~~hint~~ ^{gloomy} going back to Leonding on the last trolley car.

Now that he had given Adolf the gift of Lohengrin, he must find a way to present

the bill. Would the boy feel ^{ready} ~~obliged~~ now to accompany him on a visit to the

Custom's House? For months, he had been contemplating each and every

reasonable occupation for Adolf to pursue, and had come to the conclusion that

the Custom's House remained the best choice. ^{since that would be} ~~Given his own successful service~~

~~the son's position was certainly~~ analogous to entering ^{an} ~~any~~ esteemed profession

from a good family. ~~Now~~ ^{he} must persuade Adolf of that. The Finanzwach

^{best and} presented the ~~most~~ powerful future.

It was an uneasy meditation. Whenever conversation moved in that

direction, Adolf would try to speak of becoming an artist. Alois would then

suggest, "You can do both. Without question, you can do both. Have I not done more than one thing in my life?"

Well, there was the boy nodding in gloomy resignation, as if it was obligatory to keep paying homage to a father's repetitions. In time, Alois had ceased speaking of the Custom's Service. The small results obtained left him feeling liverish.

Yet, the improvement in Adolf's marks did remind Alois that a father must not fail to recognize the smallest hint of a positive change in an adolescent son. He must, therefore, make one more effort to give the boy a worthy life. Yes, he must get him to come along on a visit to the Customs House. The architecture, alone, so big, so powerful, would have to impress his Adolf.

So, on a given night, Alois gave one of his monologues at the family table ~~and felt that the spirit of the Burger-Abends now enabled him to speak with more~~

clarity than ever. "There is one fellow in our club who keeps saying, and I must

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

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

"~~Yes~~, absolutely. We've had fine discussions on this matter. It is due to our railway system. You can be rich or you can be poor—no matter! You travel at the same high speed. Oh, I tell you, and you, children, pay attention to this, you, Angela, and you, Adolf. Remember this prediction: The cities are going to expand and there will be money everywhere. I've heard talk in these evenings at the Burger-Abends of peasants, people so poor that—I will use an expression you are now old enough to understand. There are people so poor that ~~(he had to~~ — he had to ~~whisper the next)~~ "they use their hands to wipe themselves."

"Oh, Daddy!" screamed Angela.

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

To which Angela could only scream again, "Oh, Daddy! Oh, Daddy!" but she was laughing at the way he was ready to disgust her and yet knew her so well.

"Oh," says Alois, "that was the way it used to be. But, now, some of these formerly impoverished people are smart enough to know what is coming next. I even hear of peasants who have saved enough to purchase a piece of land cheaply in their district, and then they sell such holdings to men who are planning to build factories there just so soon as the roads come ^{in.} And the roads will come. Some of these lowly people are truly ~~brute~~ gross people but, dirty or not, they sell their land for a good deal. If there is one thing true of a peasant it is that he knows nothing if he ^{does not} ~~doesn't~~ know the value of his land. And the smartest know when the value changes. You cannot cheat a peasant, no way, no way at all."

Possessing this much of the gift of speech, he often became the embodiment

of what he was ready to say. So, now he spoke as if he were still a peasant and

had never arrived in Hafeld, and had never stewed over how the neighboring

people had laughed at his inadequate knowledge of the land he had purchased.

"Yes," he said, "Everything is racing forward and even the peasants are in this

race. But you, Adolf, with your intelligence, yes, I've come to the conclusion that

you are potentially a very intelligent young man, and will yet be cultured. So I

would look to warn you. These changes in society are going to alter the nature of

the work we all do. You are not the sort who should even begin to think of

making a living from horses, from hauling or carrying goods over bad roads. You

are not the one to ride behind Graubart all day while he lets you know what the

oats you've fed him have done to his gas-pipes."

"Oh, Daddy!" shrieked Angela.

"But there will soon be no need for that. The railroads will replace such hauling. Clothing factories will push out shoe makers and tailors. Women who sew well may still retain their occupation on a small scale. That could also be true for tailors. But people like that blacksmith you used to like in Lambach, Adolf, he, too, will soon be gone. Education is coming, and it will take over everything. Even fools will be able to read and write. Of course, and we discuss this often at the Burger-Abends, it is important that not everybody become so educated that we lose all distinction of what it should still mean to be called *Herr Doktor*. Adolf, if you study ~~very hard~~ hard at your school, yes, it is only the Realschule not the Gymnasium, nonetheless, you will be able to go on and ^{become} ~~be~~ an engineer, may it be, and they will call you, once you get your Ph.D., yes, that will be the day for you and for all of us. Your Ph.D. and your doctorate of philosophy, then you, too, will be called *Herr Doktor*. I can tell you I would have liked to have been addressed in

such a way and thereby ~~even enjoy~~ a higher level of respect in the community than

I do now." He held up his hand. "Although I certainly do not complain. Not at

all. But if I had been *Herr Doktor*, your mother would have been called *Frau*

Doktor even though she has never seen the entrance gates to a university." At this

point Alois laughed and Klara turned red. "Yes," ^{said} ~~says~~ Alois, "It is possible that

your interests may turn to business, ~~to becoming a businessman~~. In my day that

was not possible for someone with my origins. But now ^{it} ~~there~~ is money to be

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

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

engineer or a businessman because there is one fault with all such success—you

have no time to yourself. A businessman has no peace. He takes his work home

with him. So does an engineer. What if his bridge collapses?" He then paused,

took a deep breath and remarked: "If you should ever decide to work in Customs,

your evenings and your weekends will always be there, open to your choice. You

will be able to work at your art."

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

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

decision Alois had made in advance because his inner conviction ~~was~~ that Adolf

was too uneasy with strangers to be able to work outdoors many hours with active investigations, whereas a job indoors going over papers might, provided he was ready to accept such an existence, might, yes, strings properly pulled, might help him to become an officer almost from the start.

It went wrong, however, and for the simplest reason. An unhappy odor came up from the general collection of middle-aged bodies gathered together in one room working under ~~desk lights~~ ^{gas lamps} with eye-shades on their forehead. Adolf

hated the smell. It was too much like the air around smelly feet. Naturally, his

father would ~~be at home with~~ ^{not mind} such aromas. When young, he had made shoes,

boots, fancy boots and had to sniff officers' toes during the fitting. No, he, Adolf,

would not spend his life in a mausoleum with cubicles full of the old smells of old

men sitting on top of each other like monkeys. Of course, they were not all middle

aged, but to a thirteen year old, middle-aged men are old.

after the visit,
At the dinner table, Alois made another attempt. "So many of my

colleagues," he said, "grew into good old friends. I have friends all over Upper

Austria, friends still in Breslau and Passau, yes." Adolf was wondering where

(not even Karl Wessely, his best friend)
they might all be. He had rarely seen anyone come to visit. But Alois went on:

"There are so many benefits, yes. The pensions, the time that is there for yourself.

I can tell you, security plus a good pension enables a man to avoid all misery in his

middle years and that is true even more so in his later years. He does not have to

worry about not having enough money. Nothing, I warn you, Adolf, creates more

discord in a family than lack of money. That is why our family does not have ugly

arguments. There is no need for ~~them~~ *that.*

Since this speech was at the dinner table, Angela, passing behind Alois,

could not help herself. She was thinking of the departure of Alois-Junior. No

ugly arguments! How could her father speak that way? She stuck out her tongue

at ^{his} Alois' back, and then, worried that Klara might have seen ^{the gesture,} that, Angela twisted

her head enough to point ^a the tongue at Adolf.

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

son was not going to follow decent advice. But it ^{did spoil many a mood,} ~~ate at Alois.~~ (That summer,

worried about his own health, and determined to strengthen his physical condition,

he ^{gazed at} was excited by a fine bargain ^{in the neighborhood} offered him. A coal merchant ^{Small} he knew slightly

^{who lived near-by} needed to sell a few loads to pay off debts, but customers were all too few in

Alois made a very good deal with him. ~~The deal was made.~~

^{He} ~~however,~~ Alois chose to ignore Klara's advice, ~~however,~~ She told him to hire an

^{of getting the load down to the cellar bins.} assistant to help ~~him~~ with the job. He also ignored her second suggestion that he

~~ask~~ use Adolf. He did not wish to share labor with that boy, ~~not after the visit to,~~ ^{They would} ³⁰

~~only have a dispute over his lazy attitude~~
~~the Customs House.~~

^{did hear some}
Still, Klara's suggestions bore weight. Having succeeded in purchasing the

coal at half price, he ~~did debate on the day of delivery whether to carry the load~~

~~down to the basement himself, or was Klara right? Should he hire an assistant?~~

~~He~~ tried to bargain. "I expect you," he told the seller, "to bring it down to ~~my~~ ^{the}

bin," at which point the dealer replied, "Oh, you rich fellows. You are always ~~so~~ ^{ready}

~~determined~~ to keep us poor. No, sir, I cannot carry the coal down for you. Not at

this price." At which Alois decided to do it himself. "I may not be as rich as you

think I am," he told the man, "but I am certainly stronger than I look."

So he did it. To pay the man what he wanted for ~~this~~ ^{the} last part of the job

would take ~~the~~ ^{the} luster off ~~the~~ ^{the} economy of his purchase. So he ~~did it himself~~ ^{he} toted a

half-ton of coal all the way from their yard down to the bin in the basement. ~~It~~ ^{the other coal}

OK
weight
change

It took two hours in the sun and *in* the dust of the cellar. After the job was

completed, he keeled over with a hemorrhage.

For weeks, following Alois' recovery, Adolf ^{would} ~~was to hear~~ ^{the wonder} ~~his mother talk~~
^{in his mother's voice at}
about how much blood had spurted out of Alois' mouth. That was inflammatory,
^{to the boy's spirits.}
(The possibility that his father might die proved ^{directly} stimulating. Indeed, it became
attached ~~in his mind~~ ^{also felt} to the excitement he ~~shared with the Realschule students~~
about Schoenerer and the Pan-Germans. By now, he loved their ideas. ~~National~~
^{natural})
(superiority was ~~supposed to be~~ a characteristic of the German heart and the
German mind and, now, ^{add German} one could add ~~German~~ blood. Alois' prodigious loss
of blood became ^{one} ~~part~~ of Adolf's intellectual possessions. ^{For blood as} ~~Blood, claimed~~
^{claims, essential element in}
Schoenerer, was the ~~element required to obtain~~ national superiority. ~~It was the~~
^{the only} ~~only true vehicle for~~ historical progress. One blood! Germany and Austria
together! Thinking of how his father's blood had spewed forth, he regretted, even
if he could not quite admit it to himself, that he had not been there on that

occasion to verify the thesis for himself.. "All the same," he told himself, "it has to

be true. The spirit lives in the blood rather than in the air."

Responding to the Maestro's suggestion, I encouraged him to elaborate on this idea. It posed little difficulty. Adolf was thrilled by the concept. Blood was magic, for it could be shared by a people. When he looked at the strongest and most handsome boys in his class he tingled in those places that his groin usually reserved for the forest. When blood charged to his penis, it was blood that he shared with these particular fellow students. I, of course, was free of attitude on this matter. I was ready to work with German clients who, like Adolf, believed in German blood, but I could work just as well ~~that matter~~ with Orthodox Jewish clients who believed in the supremacy of Jewish blood. I could also work, and very well indeed, with Jewish clients who were Socialists, or with gentile German Socialists. I was comfortable with clients whose emphasis was on the air, the

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

enlightenment and the security of un-bloody world views. And, of course, I also

worked with clients who were Communist and would not have called themselves

Reds if they did not, in their fashion, believe in blood. We were always able to

work on the beliefs with which our clients had grown up. Once established in

their prejudices, we could then move ~~on~~ ^{far over} to alter their certainties ^{enough} to serve

our needs. Often we would intensify the hatred such clients felt for all that was

opposite to them in other humans.

I could not trace altogether the connections Adolf now made between ~~the~~

the Pan-Germans and his ~~new~~ interest in the death poses of the rats he had

^{these last two winters,}
~~these last two~~
succeeded in killing ~~that~~ winter. ^{few} of those frozen carcasses were ever nibbled

^{last final}
at by passing dogs and cats, so he could study their dying expressions. Often,

there had been a good deal of blood issuing forth from so small a creature;

sometimes an iced-up puddle lay under their bodies. Now, as he studied these rats

in their early stages of decomposition, he was intrigued by those who looked

tortured as opposed to those who looked sardonic or contemptuous. Others

appeared outraged. Death left signatures he could not follow. So many

sentiments, so many curses. He wondered whether similar expressions were to be

found under the coffin lids of the human bodies in the cemetery. A source of

power arose in him at the thought that the expression of these dead rats might be

of some indescribable value to him, and he thought often of how Klara had said

that the new century would belong only to him. Much of his dispirit over the

power of Wagner's genius began to fade as he hunted rats. Yes, he too, might be a

genius. Who else would look at the last expressions of dead rats?

The beatings trailed off. Occasionally, perhaps once a month when Alois thought the boy was becoming too sure of himself, and too impolite in subtle ways towards his mother, and most directly impolite toward Angela, even a hint cocky toward himself, Alois would threaten a beating, but the event had lost all drama and was done with half a heart and half an arm. Once again, the boy was not doing well in his homework, but then to what effect were these valid excuses for a real whipping? ~~Not even~~ ^{no fever} a sound be emitted by Adolf. In turn, Alois had not been able to hide his shortness of breath.

~~At~~ ^{At} the Burger-Abends, just a couple of nights before New Years Eve of 1903, the members allowed themselves a bit more to drink. And after two years of showing up as religiously as any other member, and able by now to recognize many a mood in advance, Alois felt more disturbance on this occasion. Over the

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

Police had proved incapable of protecting German houses from a Czech mob.

Indeed, it had been necessary to declare a state of siege in Prague. Yet Budweis

was still, at least supposedly, an Austrian town with a German majority on the

town council. So, there had been a good deal of discussion in the Burger-Abends

and Alois had even heard from Adolf that students in Adolf's class whose family

came from Prague did not like to be called Bohemians. "I'm solely German," they

would say. "I'm just like you."

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

Cappucine Monk named Jurichек, a Czech, had not only been invited to preach in

St. Martin's church but would deliver his sermon in the Czech language. That was

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

Abends, some began to complain (most incorrectly as it turned out) that before

long there would soon be a Czech invasion of Linz.

Alois, following these events, was left most uneasy. "If there is a Czech uprising," he said, "it could mean the end of the Austrian-Hungarian Empire and yet," as he would murmur to the others, "my best friend is Czech." During a brief discussion between Alois and Karl Wesseley, who ^{was able to pass} had passed by ~~when~~ on a

^{from Prague} business trip ^{told him,} to Salzburg, "We Czechs are no problem," Wesseley had ~~said, and~~

~~and~~ added, "Czechs have more loyalty to the Emperor than all of you Austrian-Germans

^{are so ready to} who would ~~dissolve~~ the Empire in a moment if ^{you} ~~they~~ could just link up with the

Prussians." Then Wesseley went away—his oldest friend—but ^{they} ~~since their mutual~~

~~retirement,~~ they now lived at opposite ends of Austria.

Wesseley's brief visit left Alois, however, in a state of confusion.

Contradictory remarks had been coming out of him in recent weeks at the Burger-

Abends. First, he would seem to be on one side of the argument, then the other,

and he was talking more and more to ~~constantly~~ less cogent effect. Finally, he was

attacked by one of the oldest gentlemen in the club.

Unfortunately, this usually fine elder statesman ^{*was unbalanced*} ~~had drunk a good deal on~~

this occasion. "Herr Alois," he said, "you have been so totally opposed to our ~~poor~~

little local priest who wants to invite poor Czechoslovakian workers to free food

kitchens when they are hungry. You do sound like a pro-German. 'Get rid of these

dirty Czechs,' it seems you are saying. But, I cannot follow you. Your best friend,

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

remarks that can only be taken as pro-German. ~~The priest who wants a food~~

~~kitchen must see you that way.~~ At the same time, you declare yourself to be pro-

Empire. You speak of your esteem for Franz Josef. You do not seem to object to

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

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

~~must~~ ^{never been approaching} attribute your confusions to a disease we are all ~~in danger of suffering from,~~
^{here in danger of approaching these days}
and that is premature old age. You are not an old man yet, not as old as I am, but,

my esteemed fellow Burger-Abender, I must say that your confusions will soon be
swallowing you up ~~unless you stop talking this way.~~ How can you sound like a
Pan-German if you are loyal to the Emperor? I tell you, Herr Alois, you leave me
confused. You are lucky. I am so old that I, too, live in my own confusion." And
abruptly he sat down as if to apologize for having gone too far.

Unhappily for Alois, the old man had been all too accurate. Since the lung
hemorrhage, Alois had indeed lost ^{some} his clarity of mind, that clarity of which he had
been so proud. Now, ~~so~~ many of his thoughts seemed to come into his head for no
better purpose than to say the opposite of his previous thoughts. (This was
perhaps a reaction to all his years in the Customs Office when his beliefs had to ~~be~~
^{sit in}

one tightly capped container.) Indeed Alois confessed as much to Wesseley on

the last visit. "I like talking to you," he had said. "In my opinion, you are as deep as the sea."

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

"Beautiful lakes I have seen, and plenty. That is enough." He paused.

"Whereas now I feel as if I am living in the desert."

A couple of nights after the old member's tirade was visited upon him, Alois could remember that some of the Burger-Abenders had kept nodding their heads in agreement. And Alois could keep hearing the old man's voice: "Your opinions are so much at odds with each other. You say that we give too much to the Czechs and have too little concern for the interests of the local German people. Yet you also say, and I have heard you, that to be against the Jews and the

Hungarians and the Czechs is antagonistic to good culture. Do you know that you

are too much for me me? For which I must apologize."

Alois felt so weak after this upbraiding that he had not enough ^{vigor} strength to

stand up and leave the room. Almost not enough. But then he found such

strength. Not often did members walk out of the Burger-Abends in such a manner,

but on this occasion it became a matter of honor, ^{all} ~~no matter~~ ^{and flamed to} how weak he felt.

^{so} He was ^{Now it seemed undeniably clear} furious beyond measure. It now seemed to him that he had been

tolerated at the Burger-Abends, no more. Did they laugh ^{at those remarks by} at what he had said when ~~made provided to hear them?~~
(he was not in the room) Was it really that bad? Had he been a fool—their

resident fool?

It ~~at~~ gave him a frightful headache. Several days later, on January 3, he
was dead before noon.