

April 4, 2006

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Tape 4 per NM (typed JM) Revised April 4, 2006

Chapter

On the
The day of Edmund's funeral Alois told Klara that he ~~could~~ *would* not go. At first, he ~~would~~ *could* not even give a reason. He stood there like a pillar of stone.

Then, his ~~real motive~~ *he* emerged. He began to weep. "I cannot control my feelings today," he said. "Would you have me break down in the church? A church that I hate?" For the first time in their marriage, she raised her voice in anger. "Yes," she said, "this church that you hate. But I go to it for peace ~~and~~ *For a* consolation. A little peace, a little consolation. ~~There~~ *then*, I am able to speak to our Gustav and to Ida and Otto, and now"—it was her turn to burst into tears—"to Edmund," ~~she~~ *she* ~~wailed~~. "Our little one just lost."

They did not quarrel. They wept together. She said at last, "You must stop ~~being so hard on~~ *being so hard on* your ~~only hope~~ *for a good son,* beating Adolf. He is now ~~your~~ only hope. Why must you beat him into the ground?"

Alois ~~actually~~ *here* nodded. "I will make a promise," he said. "That is, if you ~~will stay with me today~~ *For* (I cannot go to the funeral. I will not be able to keep myself together." Before he could finish speaking, he was weeping again. He hugged her. "I need you," he said. "I need you ~~here~~ *to stay* with me in this house." He

had never said that to her before. He could hardly believe he was saying it. "Yes," he declared, "I will take a solemn promise. I will not strike Adolf again."

It is a mistake to interrupt a husband and wife who are in pain, but I cannot resist remarking that in my experience, few marriages exist where a vow, even a so-called sacred vow, is not countermanded by a secret covenant with oneself.

Yes, that is our Alois, he has already told himself, "No, I will not strike Adolf again unless he does something awful," but then, Klara ^{also was not} is ~~not at all~~ of one piece now ^{either}. She was beginning to wonder if it was the fate of her family to be destroyed. Indeed, she was ready not to go to the funeral. For this once, let God pay attention to her.

So, Klara told Angela that she must represent the family. ^{"when"} If people ask, just say that your parents are stricken. ^{For} All this is true," said Klara. "I don't ~~ever~~ trust myself to go, and your father is having a breakdown. I have never seen him weep before. He is near to being out of his mind. Angela, it is so terrible for him. I cannot leave ^{the man} him alone. I must not ~~leave him alone~~. So today, you will act as the woman of the family. For today at least, you must be the woman."

Angela said, "You have to go to church with Adolf and me. It will be a scandal if you don't."

"Young lady," said Klara, "you are much too young to worry about scandal.

Tell them we are ill. That has to be sufficient."

"Will you stay here at least, will you ^{promise to} stay in the house?" asked Angela. "I am afraid he will ^{have} want to go out. He will want you to ^{bring} take him to the tavern. He will get drunk so it doesn't hurt so much. You must not leave the house ^{with him}." ⁴¹

"It depends on your father."

"You are his slave."

"Silence yourself!" Klara said.

So to Adolf's surprise, he and Angela went to church by themselves. ^{when} ~~He~~ asked for a reason, all Angela said was, "Before we go, you must take a bath. You smell awful again."

Chapter

Alone with Alois, Klara could not bear to think of each and every death there had been in her family, not only ^{to own} her children, but ^{to} her brothers and sisters. "Cannot God have mercy?" she asked herself. She felt a frightening weariness, as if she were standing in an old house and the floor was about to give way. She was ~~so~~ tired of believing that the fault must be her own.

I have to admit that I was tempted to ^{approach} try to turn her into a client, but I knew I would be ^{refusal} told off by the Maestro. What, after all, could be gained by looking to ^{pick up a client} attract a person like Klara at this point? We could put the Cudgels in a bit of disarray for losing her. But what ^{labor} work there would be with ^{to train} so new and difficult a client.

^{I soon recognized that} Indeed, ^{now} Klara was merely having a rebellion ^{no more than} that is common among pious people. Piety, after all, is often a dead-wall to keep the pious from recognizing how profoundly angry they are at a God who has failed to treat them by what they see as their proper rights. Since this illicit wrath is usually submerged in ~~the~~ pestilential waters of modesty and guilt, they do not make sterling clients for us, ^{@1 though} but in the event, we do use a number. Pious people can derange those in their family who are less pious. Repetition does kill the soul.

On this long day, Klara and Alois did stay at home, and Alois was savaged. *Given the great ~~break~~ cleavage left in his ego after the loss of Edmund, he felt so savaged that he had to look back openly into the fact of his incest.* by thinking openly for the first time of his incest. He wondered whether he and Klara were polluted people. If so, Edmund could be better off dead. Again he wept. Still within him was the body of fears he had neither accepted nor indulged before.

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At one point, Klara began to have second thoughts and actually said, "Maybe we should go to the church after all," *he was seized with fear,*
"For me to break down in public, *in church,*" he said again, "That is worse than death." Now Klara asked herself, "What is wrong with weeping in church if one's heart is broken?" She began to wonder. Was Alois evil? Did he belong to the Evil One? Did she? What of the vow she had taken when Alois-

Junior seemed so lifeless on the ground? Perhaps it was better, yes, actually *did* better, that they *forever* stayed away. *to* Evil people *hurt* attending a funeral could affect the fate of the departed. Slowly, over that long day, as they remained at home, she felt an awful flush in her *bust* *chest.* Was that her fury with God? *for* She was now afraid to go to church. Yes, how could one ever dare to bring such fury into a holy place? That would be like taking another vow of allegiance to the foul one.

At the funeral, Adolf heard none of the words. His head was ablaze. ^{was crazy} ~~He~~
~~kept thinking~~ of how Alois had said to him in the hour that Edmund died, "You
are now my only hope."

"Yes," Adolf ~~now~~ said to himself, "it is true, my father used to see Edmund
as the only hope. That is what he really was saying."

^{He hates me. He thinks I was cruel to Edmund.}
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~~mistreated Edmund. He told himself, "It was exactly the way Alois-Junior had~~
~~used to~~ ^{no more than} ~~treated me."~~ If this inspired a temporary sense of righteousness, he began soon

enough to feel full of dread again. He was most aware at this moment of how deep
and unrelenting ^{might be} ~~was~~ the anger of the angels, and all of it seemed directed at him.

He could not help himself from thinking of the next to last times ^{had come} ~~he~~ had
seen Edmund. Just a few days before he ~~came~~ down with his own measles, he had

taken Edmund for a walk in the woods. Given his ongoing fears ^{that the} ~~about the~~
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~~It was a~~ ritual move. One drew a short stick in a circle around the captured
soldier's head just above the forehead, above the left ear, under the back of the

head, and then back above the right ear to return to the forehead. Adolf did this to

Edmund and said, "Now, I own all that is in your head. ~~Now~~ your brain is mine."

"How can you say that?" ^{said} asked Edmund, "that is stupid."

"Don't be a fool," said Adolf. "Why do you think Indians ^{wanted scalps?} went in for ~~scalping~~? It was because that way they could own the mind of the person they had captured." (Just)

"But you are my brother."

"It is better for you that your brother owns your brain than some stranger. A stranger who could throw it away."

"Give it back to me," said Edmund.

"^{I will} Only when the time comes." Only when the time comes

"When will that be?"

"When I tell you. Not before."

"I don't believe you. I don't believe you own my brain. It feels the same."

"Oh, you will ~~see~~ ^{get} see a difference. You will feel little headaches. They will just a little bother you. That is the first sign."

Edmund was ready to cry but ^{he} would not, ^{he} did not, and ~~so~~ they walked home in silence.

Now, in church, Adolf's heart was beating in time, step by step, with the pace they had taken all those weeks ago ^{on returning} ~~when coming back~~ from the woods.

It can be said that ~~from the recollection~~, he was now feeling a most peculiar pain in his heart. from the brunt of this recollection. It was as sharp as a splinter driven under one's fingernail.

Looking to lose such pain, he told himself not to think about Edmund any more on this day. Indeed, he prayed to cease thinking of Edmund and (with my help) ~~he~~ did succeed to the degree that one can remove nearly all of ~~the~~ ^a splinter that is under the nail. Yet the fragment that remains ~~from the point of the thrust~~ has now become a root ready to offer a different and more constant ~~variety of~~ discomfort.

I can say that Adolf was absolutely certainly not ready to think ~~again~~ ^{very} of the other last time he had seen Edmund, and ~~so~~ ^{these (see)} the memory festered ~~in~~ his heart.

It was his turn now to be ready to weep. He thought of how Klara used to call him "Ein Liebling Die Gotter." He remembered how she used to tell him that he was indeed a beloved of God ^{"Oh, she would tell him in those years"} and so most special. (It was ~~also~~ ^{very} true, he told himself, that he had survived. He had ~~been~~ ^{not} unlike Gustav and the others. Perhaps truly he had been selected by Destiny ~~Selected~~ for some special purpose. Everything in Klara's ^{a (most)} attitude had said as much. ^{extent of the reconstruction)}

I could see the ~~work~~ ^{Adolf} that now lay before me. I would have to bring all of Klara's once-loving words back to ~~him~~ ^{restore him once more to}; remind him of what he knew when he was three. Yes, he, Adolf, had been the one selected to go on living.

Now, to the contrary, he had begun to feel that his mother would be ready to abandon him, just as she had abandoned Edmund. Why, then, must he feel so guilty? Let her be the one to feel these pains. She had pretended to love Edmund and yet she was not here in church. How awful. So unfeeling!

Several nights after the funeral, I prepared a dream-etching. An angel did speak to Adolf long enough to tell him ^{that} his cruelties to Edmund would not only be

forgiven but justified. Why? Because Adolf's life had been spared in infancy ~~for a~~. ^{And why was that? Because there was a} special purpose yet to come. He need only remain loyal to commands from above.

In ^{this} ~~that~~ manner, he ^{could} ~~would~~ escape the ordinary death of mortals. He would become God's gift to the people, ^{the} ~~that came~~ ^{yet} ~~as steel.~~ ^{since as a fine and as strong}

It was a fine and carefully worked-up dream, but I did ask myself whether such a belief in himself was being implanted too soon. It did suggest that he would never die. Of course, that is not ^{at all} impossible to believe. It is indeed difficult

for any human to picture his or her own death. In secret, ^{the soul} ~~a most private part~~ ^{does} ~~does~~ expect to be immortal, and to a degree, this is ^{may be} ~~even~~ true. Many humans are

~~qualifiably immortal. They are born again, which is (to say not born again via a~~ church ceremony ^{under} ~~by receiving~~ the passing hand of a priest ^{or} ~~of~~ reverend, not ^{born again} by

being dunked in water, no, they are born again by being reincarnated. ^{The Maestro} ~~We are told~~

^{has stated} by the Maestro that this is part of the D.K.'s conceptual scheme. He does see

^{as the Divine Artist.} Himself as an artist. As the Maestro remarked: "Among the galactic gods, He is ^{u says it} ~~is~~

^{Maestro, "It is not} ~~far from the best regarded of artists, and certainly is not~~ ^{each man is He seen as} the most talented. He is,

indeed, a blunderer—so many of His creations are botched. A good many are

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Even as they ^(came) ~~came~~ out of the church, many of the congregation did pay attention to Angela who was ^(embarrassed at knowing how red-faced) ~~red-faced~~ as she spoke of how terrible were her parents' feelings. "It is so frightful a day for them—they are both in bed. They are too weak to stand." On ~~and on~~ ^(and red faced) she went, embarrassed yet excited to be the ^(leading) ~~bereaved~~ of the occasion.

Once they were alone, however, and could walk off into the forest, he did say, "Why do I know that my mother will not come to my funeral?"

Angela berated him: "Klara is the finest person I have ^(ever) known. The kindest. No one is more good! How can you say something like that? She is suffering for your father. How ^(so much!) ~~he~~ loved Edmund!" And when in payment for this remark, Adolf loosed his ^(a most toxic frown) ~~darkest~~ look at her, she added, "As well he should. Edmund was a beautiful child. I cannot say that of you. Even on this day of your brother's funeral"—she had to repeat it!—"you still have an unpleasant body odor."

"What do you mean?" he answered. "I took a bath. You know that. You even forced me to. You said, 'Going to the funeral, smelling as you do! Get into the tub,' and I told you it would take too long to boil the water. What did you care?"

He had had to use cold water. It had been a splash and a wipe, no more. Maybe he did still smell. "No," he ^{said} ~~said~~ now, "I forbid you to speak that way to me, ~~any~~ ^{any} more. I do not have an unpleasant odor. I did take a bath."

Angela said, "Bath or no bath, Adolf. You just may not be a very good person."

He was so furious with her that he ^{stepped trail} ~~walked~~ off the forest ~~path~~ into the snow. She, just as upset and just as angry, followed him. The moment they were out of earshot of any person who might have been at the service, she yelled at him so loudly that he ran off, "Not a good person. An awful ^{one} ~~person~~. You are a monster."

Alone in the forest, Adolf began to have fears of his own death. It was so cold in the snow. He had pictures of Gustav and Ida and Otto and Edmund. And ^{now} in his mind, he ~~now~~ saw Edmund's arm rise out of the grave. He recalled the look of terror in Edmund's eyes as he listened to the Grimm Brothers fairy tales.

When Angela caught up with him, they walked home silently to find their father with a red and swollen face. Alois turned to him, weeping, and said, "You are now my life." He embraced Adolf and began to weep all over again. How false were his words, thought Adolf. He knew better. Alois still believed that Edmund ^{was the} ~~had been his~~ only hope. He could not even pretend ~~very well~~ that anything else ^{was} ~~is~~ true. "I hate my father," Adolf said ^{again} ~~to himself~~, even as Alois

^{those}
continued to weep with great goutts of fluid coming out of his eyes and running
down his nose.

disasters which He plows back into the food chain—His only means of removing

His multitudinous meaningless spawnings. Yet, He is dogged. He is ^{stifi} always

looking to improve His previous creations. As the Maestro ^{describes it} tells us, the

Dummkopf is bound to try ~~to do it~~ over and over, even with many of His most

unsatisfactorily developed human ^{And that} creatures. That is why few men and women

really believe that they will cease to exist. They would say it aloud if they did not

fear they would appear ridiculous. Indeed, ^{there is} the real anxiety is that the new life,

because of the ^{ways in which they wasted} possible waste of the last one, could be more perilous and much

^{much} closer to the cloud of the Dummkopf's Wrath than ^{any} the previous incarnation. One's

new position in life could be a reflection of how ~~poorly~~, even ^{poorly} odiously, the last life

was lived. A pure example of human Hell. ^{while living in the new reborn life} While the Maestro does not impart the

answer to us, I am convinced that there is a region ~~then~~ in the unconscious of

every human being where ~~the~~ belief does exist that one is immortal.

I may as well add that this ^{conviction of personal} belief in immortality does cause considerable

difficulty for us ^{all}. Many of our clients, particularly late in life, come to the

conclusion that if they atone for their sins, they will be reborn. That can play

havoc with hitherto dependable clients. ^{men and women} They are not, after all, completely

unbalanced on this ^{certainly} point. ^{No matter how} The D.K. as reincarnated abominable and unrepentant

^{are a few of the} humans chosen by Him, ^{it must be} nonetheless, to be born again. Doubtless, He feels there

that life feels

have is something exceptional ~~there~~ ^{present} even if it failed to develop properly ~~on the~~ ^{this} last time out.

At this point, I ^{even} began to wonder whether the Maestro had developed his own species of reincarnation and might ^{so} ~~even~~ have input on some of the D.K.'s councils. It is, obviously, too large a question for me to know the answer, but the Maestro does seem to know which of our clients have been chosen ~~by the D.K.~~ for ^{so} ~~such~~ rebirth. But to speak of this with greater authority, I would have to know how the D.K. envisions the future of His Creation. Is it comparable to the ruthlessness of our Maestro? Is ruthlessness indeed a necessary passion in these *divine* matters?

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Then, his real motive emerged. He began to weep. "I cannot control my feelings today," he said. "Would you have me break down in the church? A church that I hate?" For the first time in their marriage, she raised her voice in anger. "Yes," she said, "this church that you hate. But I go to it for peace and consolation. A little peace, a little consolation. There, I am able to speak to our Gustav and to Ida and Otto, and now"—it was her turn to burst into tears—"to Edmund," she wailed. "Our little one just lost."

They did not quarrel. They wept together. She said at last, "You must stop beating Adolf. He is now your only hope. Why must you beat him into the ground?"

Alois actually nodded. "I will make a promise," he said. "That is, if you will stay with me today. I cannot go to the funeral. I will not be able to keep myself together." Before he could finish speaking, he was weeping again. He hugged her. "I need you," he said. "I need you here with me in this house." He

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I have to admit that I was tempted to try to turn her into a client, but I knew I would be told off by the Maestro. What, after all, could be gained by looking to attract a person like Klara at this point? We could put the Cudgels in a bit of disarray for losing her. But what work there would be with so new and difficult a client.

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On this long day, Klara and Alois did stay at home, and Alois was savaged by thinking openly for the first time of his incest. He wondered whether he and Klara were polluted people. If so, Edmund could be better off dead. Again he wept. Still within him was the body of fears he had neither accepted nor indulged before.

At one point, Klara began to have second thoughts and actually said, "Maybe we should go to the church after all."

"For me to break down in public. In church," he said again. , "That is worse than death." Now Klara asked herself, "What is wrong with weeping in church if one's heart is broken?" She began to wonder. Was Alois evil? Did he belong to the Evil One? Did she? What of the vow she had taken when Alois-Junior seemed so lifeless on the ground? Perhaps it was better, yes, actually better, that they stayed away. Evil people attending a funeral could affect the fate of the departed. Slowly, over that long day, as they remained at home, she felt an awful flush in her chest. Was that her fury with God? She was now afraid to go to church. Yes, how could one ever dare to bring such fury into a holy place? That would be like taking another vow of allegiance to the foul one.

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Looking to lose such pain, he told himself not to think about Edmund any more on this day—he prayed to cease thinking of Edmund and (with my help) he did succeed to the degree that one can remove nearly all of the splinter that is under the nail. Yet the fragment that remains from the point of the thrust has now become a root ready to offer a different and more constant variety of discomfort.

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continued to weep with great gouts of fluid coming out of his eyes and running down his nose.

After the funeral, I proposed a dream-vision. An angel did speak to Adolf long enough to tell him his creditors to Edmund would not only be forgiven but justified. Why? Because Adolf's life had been spared in infancy for a special purpose yet to come. He need only remain loyal to commands from above. In that manner, he would escape the ordinary drudgery of mortality. He would become God's gift to the people.

It was a fine and carefully worked-up dream, but I did ask myself whether such a belief in himself was being implanted too soon. It did suggest that he would never die. Of course, that is not impossible to believe. It is indeed difficult for any human to picture his or her own death. In secret, a most private part does expect to be immortal, and to a degree, this is even true. Many humans are qualitatively immortal. They are born again, which is to say not born again in a church ceremony by receiving the passing hand of a priest of reversed, not by being dunked in water, no, they are born again by being reincarnated. We are told by the Maestro that this is part of the D.K.'s conceptual scheme. He does see himself as an artist. As the Maestro remarked: "Among the galactic gods, He is far from the best regarded of artists, and certainly is not the most talented. He is, indeed, a blunderer—so many of His creations are botched. A good many are

Several nights after the funeral, I prepared a dream-etching. An angel did speak to Adolf long enough to tell him his cruelties to Edmund would not only be forgiven but justified. Why? Because Adolf's life had been spared in infancy for a special purpose yet to come. He need only remain loyal to commands from above. In that manner, he would escape the ordinary death of mortals. He would become God's gift to the people.

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disasters which He plows back into the food chain—His only means of removing His multitudinous meaningless spawnings. Yet, He is dogged. He is always looking to improve His previous creations. As the Maestro tells us, the Dummkopf is bound to try to do it over and over, even with many of His most unsatisfactorily developed human creatures. That is why few men and women really believe that they will cease to exist. They would say it aloud if they did not fear they would appear ridiculous. Indeed, the real anxiety is that the new life, because of the possible waste of the last one, could be more perilous and much closer to the cloud of the Dummkopf's Wrath than the previous incarnation. One's new position in life could be a reflection of how poorly, even odiously, the last life was lived. A pure example of human Hell! While the Maestro does not impart the answer to us, I am convinced that there is a region then in the unconscious of every human being where the belief does exist that one is immortal.

I may as well add that this belief in immortality does cause considerable difficulty for us all. Many of our clients, particularly late in life, come to the conclusion that if they atone for their sins, they will be reborn. That can play havoc with hitherto dependable clients. They are not, after all, completely unbalanced on this point. The D.K. as reincarnated abominable and unrepentant humans chosen by Him, nonetheless, to be born again. Doubtless, He feels there

is something exceptional there even if it failed to develop properly on the last time out.

At this point, I began to wonder whether the Maestro had developed his own species of reincarnation and might even have input on some of the D.K.'s councils. It is, obviously, too large a question for me to know the answer, but the Maestro does seem to know which of our clients have been chosen by the D.K. for such rebirth. But to speak of this with greater authority, I would have to know how the D.K. envisions the future of His Creation. Is it comparable to the ruthlessness of our Maestro? Is ruthlessness indeed a necessary passion in these matters?

Tape 5, dictated 1/23/06, revised 3/14/06 PM

Five months after he goes to the realschule, Klara is called in to discuss his work, just before the first report cards are given out late in January. Afterward, on the way home in the trolley, her eyes are shut tight to hold in her tears. She does not know if she has the courage to break the news to Alois, and this time she does lose her nerve. It is all too awful to contemplate. Adolf's marks are dreadful.

Indeed, when Alois does learn, it comes for him on the worst day of the year, the first of February. He's been preparing for the first anniversary of Edmund's death on the next day, February 2, 1901, but runs into Mayrhofer on the street at midday and the Mayor does something most unusual, which is to propose they go to the tavern for a drink. Rarely does

he leave his shop in the care of his assistants unless he has work in Town Hall as Mayor. And now, he's making this offer in working hours.

After they sit down in the tavern, they speak first of the anniversary of Edmund's death. They clasp hands tightly like good men in the grip of honorable sorrowful emotions. Then Mayrhofer does something he has never done before. He says: "You must promise not to punish the messenger," to which Alois replies with confidence, "You would never be the bearer of ill tidings." Already he feels the worst stirrings in his stomach.

And Mayrhofer says, "Yes, in this, in this, it is not good tidings. You have a son also named Alois. Is that not the case?"

Now Alois seizes the Mayor's arm so hard that he bruises it. Mayrhofer frees himself with a most unhappy smile. "Well," he says, "you have punished the messenger already. Alois, the news I have is not good."

"Yes, I know that beginning." This is the first time that Alois' tone has ever been ugly when speaking to his friend.

"Enough," says the Mayor. "I will tell you. Your son, Alois-Junior, is in prison now or has been—I don't know which. A report came through today that circulates through the district. . ."

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

"Alois, he is in for theft."

A low guttural sounds between a wail and a groan comes out of Alois.

"I cannot believe it," he said, but he knew it had to be true.

Mayrhofer said, "I will find out if he is still in prison so you can visit him should you so desire."

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

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

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

They sit and drink, and Mayrhofer remarks that there is a story that the tavern-owner here was once married to a very attractive girl, but a wild

one, like a Gypsy, and their children offered great difficulty, especially the boy. Alois has been bonding with Mayrhofer but now is suspicious, doubly suspicious because he does think of Fanni and thereby becomes horny and soon feels full of rage and loose ends. Is Fanni still speaking to him from beyond the grave? Jeering at him because of Alois-Junior?

By the time he gets home that evening, Adolf, at Klara's insistence, shows him the report card and Alois catches his breath and says to her, "I must break my vow." Klara, infuriated with Adolf, yet convinced she is betraying her son, says only, "I will not argue."

So Alois states, "I took a vow with your mother, precisely at your mother's request, that I would never whip you again because of the tragedy in our family a year ago. And now, you can be certain, I will break my vow. I will break it in a large way. That is the only course to take when the

vow is to be disavowed. Remember that! Now, come, you and me are going to your bedroom."

Once more, he is holding in his temper to the best of his ability. It breaks, however, as he puts Adolf over his knee and starts to beat him with his belt. Adolf tells himself, "My mother said that this will be my century. I will not cry out, I will not cry out!" But the blows are so severe he begins to weep despite himself. Alois had never used a leather strap before. The force of the flame in this leather! Would he die now? Was this the hour of his death? He felt as if he was falling from one terror down into another. He does not want to die! His heart begins to surge on him; he feels as if it will burst. Indeed, he does not know what will do him in—this excruciating scourge of his buttocks or the galloping fright of his heart, and at that

moment, his father, seriously winded, eases off and finally stops, pushes

Adolf off his knee and says, "You may stop crying now."

Alois sits back, invaded by his own terror. He has begun to think of

Alois-Junior on the ground.

The whipping is now engraved in Adolf's memory. There was no need for a dream-etching here, I decided. Whippings, we knew, could be as powerful as dream-etchings.

New chapter:

In the aftermath of the beating, Alois went into his own depression.

He could have no confidence in the poor remains of his male line. He

started going to the tavern in the afternoon—a risky business now to become drunk. Would they hear about it at the Burger-Abends?

But the loss was too great to allow him to wait without a drink through the day. So, for a time, he only went to the tavern, and no longer looked to dominate conversation, which was also a loss because he was one of those men who could feel in full possession of powers close to eternity through no more than the joy that they are dominating the room. Now, it was as if such epiphanies had lost interest for Alois. He soon grew tired of drinking in the tavern. "I do not enjoy my beer any more now that Edmund is gone," he said to Mayrhofer.

Chapter

Adolf was suffering as intimately as Alois, but not for the loss of Edmund. It was for the loss of the high place his drawings had occupied in his self-esteem.

He had dared to submit them to his art teacher so that any number of them could be chosen and thereby receive the honor of being tacked to the cork wall on the side of the art studio reserved for the work of students.

He had prepared for these honors to come. He had taken it for granted that his work would be chosen—his drawings, after all, were so much better than anyone else's.

That would be a fine moment for him. It would make up for all that was not equally superb in his other studies. Those indifferent marks would be forgotten, and his lack of popularity with other students would now be a

thing of the past. Having just learned the concept of deus ex machina, that was now the manner in which he saw his submission. He would yet be prominent in this school.

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

Adolf had his talent, and it was not remarkable—I could see at a glance that he would never be a great artist. (Young Pablo Picasso, for example, was already by 1901 a young man in whom we were interested.) Yet young Adolf Hitler did work that was good enough, certainly, to hang in his school room, indeed, he would have been one of the best.

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

I was in good position to accomplish this. Adolf's art instructor was one of our clients. Indeed, he bore a close resemblance to the "half-successful pumped-up mediocre artist" the Maestro had described. So, I had to do no more than inflict a fearful headache on him (by besieging him the night before with contradictory suggestions on how to deal with his rebellious son. Adolf's work was seen the next morning through the bilious haze of a migraine. Adolf's work was rejected. He was not hung on the wall.

He could not believe it. None of his drawings, not even one, had been chosen. In that hour, he withdrew forever from the idea that he would ever look again for success in school. Like Alois-Junior, he would have to learn to live on his own.

Of course, he would not leave home, no need for that as yet. The thought of Toga-Boy still brought a sweat to his back. No, he would have to wait. He still had the power of force, of all further force in his mind, and so he would live among others while living on his own, and possessing, unbeknownst to others, a will of iron.

Such thoughts were reinforced when Karl May came to town. Karl May, the author he revered more than any other in the world. So he went to hear him on a Saturday afternoon in Linz. He gave up the big battle reserved for Saturday afternoon in the woods. But the word had reached the school: Karl May would give a reading in Linz on that afternoon.

Having no money, he had to confide in Klara that he wishes to go. She, not knowing the difference, thought that his wish to hear a famous author was a sign of culture, and so she gave him the two kronen he would

need for admission. Ever since her implicit collaboration with Alois over the beating administered to Adi, she had been rueful. It was certainly easier for her to give him the money than to refuse.

So he had enough to buy a ticket in the rear of the orchestra and was soon disappointed by the appearance on stage of Karl May. The man was small in stature and possessed no elegance. He might be well-dressed, but he looked seedy.

Such criticisms ceased to exist, however, so soon as May started to read aloud from his work. He was richly histrionic and Adi felt most creative in response. He began to think of how, when next they played at war, it would not be the Boers against the English but the frontiersmen against the Indians.

On his return home, he swore his mother to secrecy about his trip. No need to hear his father's comments. But Alois, poking through Adolf's pockets after he went to sleep, came across a ticket stub the boy had been saving.

Next morning, Alois chose to say, "I am not impressed with this Karl May. He is a convicted criminal just like your older brother." Which, of