

Kub

CHAPTER I

August readings 1905

1905

First Meeting

9 months older
than A. H.

9 or 10 months older?
than A. H.?
a Leo

I WAS BORN in Linz on the third of August, 1888.

Before his marriage my father had been an upholsterer's assistant at a furniture manufacturer's in Linz. He used to have his midday meal in a little café and it was there he met my mother who was working as a waitress. They fell in love, and were married in July, 1887.

At first the young couple lived in the house of my mother's parents. My father's wages were low, the work was hard, and my mother had to give up her job when she was expecting me. Thus I was born in rather miserable circumstances. One year later my sister Maria was born, but died at a tender age. The following year, Therese appeared; she died at the age of four. My third sister, Karoline, fell desperately ill, lingered on for some years, and died when she was eight. My mother's grief was boundless. Throughout her life she suffered from the fear of losing me, too; for I was the only one left to her of her four children. Consequently all my mother's love was concentrated upon me.

It's
childhood

parallel
to
A. H.

Scene
came out in
early meeting

D.T.

Note: Not that
early. In beginning
K doesn't trust
After an argument.

Then discover
their background
on one of their
first walks.
Al + K takes it
as a sign.

Al + K
They were perfect
for each other

Young men of
endangered blood
who will become
giants

Bk pg 21

CHAPTER I

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~~1905~~ 1905
during description
of their
relationship.

D



Comment
my 0705

D.T.
these two
wholly
born together
in the
geopol

of intense and
heartfelt mother-love

Friends in Leipzig

2

1905

Kub

THE YOUNG HITLER I KNEW

Meanwhile, my father had set up on his own and had opened an upholsterer's business at No. 9 Klamstrasse. The old Baernreiterhaus, heavy and ungainly, which still stands there unaltered, became the home of my childhood and youth. The narrow, sombre Klamstrasse looked rather poor in comparison with its continuation, the broad and airy promenade, with its lawns and trees.

Our unhealthy housing conditions had certainly contributed to the early death of my sisters. In the Baernreiterhaus things were different. On the ground floor there was the workshop and, on the first floor our apartment, which consisted of two rooms and a kitchen. But now my father was never free from money troubles. Business was bad. More than once he contemplated closing down the business and again taking a job with the furniture makers. Yet each time, he managed to overcome his difficulties at the last moment.

I started school, a very unpleasant experience. My mother wept over the bad reports I brought home. Her sorrow was the only thing that could persuade me to work harder. Whereas for my father there was no question but that I should in due course take over his business — why else did he slave from morning till night? — it was my mother's desire that I should study in spite of my bad reports; first I should have four years at the Grammar School, then perhaps go to the Teachers' Training College. But I would not hear of it. I was glad when my father put his foot down and, when I was ten, sent me to the Council School. In this way, my father thought, my future was finally decided.

For a long time, however, there had been another influence in my life for which I would have sold my soul: music. This love was given full expression when, at nine years of age, I was given a violin as a Christmas present. I remember distinctly every single detail of that Christmas, and when today in my old age I think back, my conscious life seems to have started with that event. The eldest son of our neigh-

K. explaining himself to Adolf.

9 Years as A.H.
+ w Klamstrasse

K.

1898

1897



FIRST MEETING

bour was a young pupil-teacher. I learned fast and well.

When my first violin teacher entered the lower grade of the did not like it there very much more advanced than the other once more had private lessons, the Major of the Austro-Hungarian straightway made clear to me that began to teach me the elementary fashion." It was real by Kopetzky. Sometimes when I sergeant-major manners he continued with more progress, I should become musician into the army, in his cian's glory. I gave up my study the intermediate class of the School taught by Professor Heinrich D sensitive teacher. At the same trombone and musical theory, orchestra.

I was already playing with the life's work when hard reality left the Council School when I began as an apprentice. Formerly of labour, I had had to lend a hand was familiar with the work.

It is a repulsive job to re-upholstering and remaking the stu clouds of dust in which the people. What rubbishy old mattresses were. All the illnesses that had been overcome — left their mark under that upholsterers do not live the more pleasant aspects of my

It would be a great idea to have
 THE YOUNG HITLER I KNEW
 and, at a sign from the conductor, had sung his part only to prove to the audience in the stalls, nay to an attentive world, that in reality he was not that pale, lanky fellow from the upholsterer's shop in the Klammsstrasse, but that his place was really on the stage in the theatre!

Ever since that moment I have remained under the spell of the theatre. Washing down the walls in a customer's house, slapping on the paste, affixing the undercoat of newspaper and then pasting on the wallpaper, I was all the time dreaming of roaring applause in the theatre, seeing myself as conductor in front of an orchestra. Such dreaming did not really help my work, and at times it would happen that the pieces of wallpaper were sadly out of position. But once back in the workshop, my sick father soon made me realise what responsibilities faced me.

Thus I swayed between dream and reality. At home nobody had any inkling of my state of mind; for rather than utter a word about my secret ambitions, I would have bitten off my tongue. Even from my mother I hid my hopes and plans, but she perhaps guessed what was occupying my thoughts. But should I have added to her many worries? Thus there was no one to whom I could unburden myself. I felt terribly lonely, like an outcast, as lonely as only a young man can be to whom is revealed, for the first time, life's beauty and its danger.

The theatre gave me new courage. I didn't miss a single opera performance. However tired I was after my work, nothing could keep me from the theatre. Naturally, with the small wages that my father paid me, I could only afford a ticket for standing room. Therefore I used to go regularly to the so-called Promenade, from which one had the best view; and moreover, I found, no other place had better acoustics. Just above the promenade was the Royal box supported by two wooden columns. These columns were very popular with the habitués of the Promenade as they were only places where one could prop oneself up with an un-

FIRST MEETING

The role is Kundry
 disturbed view of the stage. For if you leaned against the walls, these very columns were always in your field of vision. I was happy to be able to rest my weary back against the smooth pillars, after having spent a hard day on the top of the stepladder! Of course, you had to be there early to be sure to get that place.

Often it is the trivial things which make a lasting impression on one's memory. I can still see myself rushing into the theatre, undecided whether to choose the left- or the right-hand pillar. Often, however, one of the two columns, the right-hand one, was already taken; somebody was even more enthusiastic than I was.

Half annoyed, half surprised, I glanced at my rival. He was a remarkably pale, skinny youth, about my own age, who was following the performance with glistening eyes. I surmised that he came from a better-class home, for he was always dressed with meticulous care and was very reserved.

We took note of each other without exchanging a word. During the interval of a performance some time later we started talking, as apparently neither of us approved of the casting of one of the parts. We discussed it together and rejoiced in our common adverse criticism. I marvelled at the quick, sure grasp of the other. In this he was undoubtedly my superior. On the other hand, when it came to talking of purely musical matters, I felt my own superiority. I cannot give the exact date of this first meeting; but I am sure it was around All Saints' Day in 1904. *No. 1905*

This went on for some time — he revealing nothing of his own affairs, nor did I think it necessary to talk about myself. But all the more intensely did we occupy ourselves with whatever performance there happened to be and sensed that we both had the same enthusiasm for the theatre.

Once, after the performance, I accompanied him home to No. 31 Humboldtstrasse. When we took leave of each other he gave me his name: Adolf Hitler.

Kundry doesn't like him at first glance

Discussion of Wagner's Parsifal. Kundry has the book & Lohengrin.

First meeting in 1905

No. 1905

** 12 mats AH*

Look up the Wagner Pic Club

131

D.T.

CHAPTER II

Kubeloh Balls in Court
 with ~~himself~~ ~~for the first time~~
 began to believe in
 Growth of a Friendship
 will in find a young
 soldier not think
 as yet of love with
 women.

FROM NOW ON we saw each other at every Opera performance and also met outside the theatre, and on most evenings would go for a stroll together along the Landstrasse.

While Linz, in the last decade, has become a modern industrial town and attracted people from all parts of the Danube region, it was then only a country town. In the suburbs there were still the substantial, fortresslike farmhouses, and tenement houses were springing up in the surrounding fields where cattle were still grazing. In the little towns the people sat drinking the local wine; everywhere could hear the broad country dialect. There was only a few-drawn traffic in the town and the carriers took care to that Linz remained "in the country." The townspeople, though largely themselves of peasant origin and often closely tied to the country folk, tended to draw away from the more intimately they were connected with them. At least all the influential families of the town knew each other in the business world, the civil servants and the military

GROWTH OF A FRIENDSHIP

9

determined the tone of society. Everybody who was anybody took his evening stroll along the main street of the city, which leads from the railway station to the bridge over the Danube and is called significantly "Landstrasse." As Linz had no university, the young people in every walk of life were all the more eager to imitate the habits of university students. Social life on the Landstrasse could almost compete with that of Vienna's Ringstrasse. At least the Linzers thought so.

Patience did not seem to be one of Adolf's outstanding characteristics; whenever I was late for an appointment, he came at once to the workshop to fetch me, no matter whether I was repairing an old, black horsehair sofa or an old-fashioned wing chair, or anything else. My work was to him nothing but a tiresome hindrance to our personal relationship. Impatiently he would twirl the small black cane which he always carried. I was surprised that he had so much spare time and asked innocently whether he had a job.

"Of course not," was his gruff reply.

This answer, which I thought very peculiar, he elaborated at some length. He did not consider that any particular work, a "bread-and-butter job" as he called it, was necessary for him.

Such an opinion I had never heard from anybody before. It contradicted every principle which had so far governed my life. At first I saw in his talk nothing more than youthful bragging, although Adolf's bearing and his serious and assured manner of speaking did not strike me at all as that of a braggart. In any case, I was very surprised at his opinions but refrained from asking, for the time being at least, any further questions, because he seemed to be very sensitive about questions that did not suit him; that much I had already discovered. So it was more reasonable to talk about Lohengrin, the opera which enchanted us more than any other, than about our personal affairs.

D.T. Let us ponder the matter
 (Indeed, but how?)

K
 Ball in
 Linz on
 the
 red land.

1905-

Q?

"It is
 not
 necessary
 for
 someone
 like
 myself."

father, if
 it is the "Do
 not ask from
 where I come."

1906

D.T.

* It is one of the
happiest emotions
and a relief
available to us

10

D.T. 4
disappointed
or angry
*

still
thinks
he is
an
artist

fish-glue

He does
not
want
to work
at school
who
did not
know of
schooling

Also

D.T.
already
he was

Perhaps he was the son of rich parents, I thought, perhaps he had just come into a fortune and could afford to live without a "bread-and-butter job" in his mouth that expression sounded full of contempt. By no means did I imagine he was work-shy, for there was not even a grain of the superficial, carefree idler in him. When we passed by the Café Baumgartner he would get wildly worked up about the young men who were exhibiting themselves at marble-topped tables behind the big windowpanes and wasting their time in idle gossip, without apparently realising how much this indignation was contradicted by his own way of life. Perhaps some of those who were sitting "in the shop window" already had a good job and a secure income.

Perhaps this Adolf is a student? This had been my first impression. The black ebony cane, topped by an elegant ivory shoe, was essentially a student's attribute. On the other hand it seemed strange that he had chosen as his friend just a simple upholsterer, who was always afraid that people would smell the glue with which he had been working during the day. If Adolf were a student he had to be at school somewhere. Suddenly I brought the conversation round to school.

"School?" This was the first outburst of temper that I had experienced with him. He didn't wish to hear anything about school. School was no longer his concern, he said. He hated the teachers and did not even greet them any more, and he also hated his schoolmates whom, he said, the school was turning into idlers. No, school I was not allowed to mention. I told him how little success I had had at school myself. "Why no success?" he wanted to know. He did not like it at all that I had done so badly at school in spite of all the contempt he expressed for schooling. I was confused by this contradiction. But so much I could gather from our conversation, that he must have been at school until recently, probably a grammar school or perhaps a technical school, and was incorporating his father's strength

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GROWTH OF A F
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Adolf spoke but
it was advisable no
people with their
one's own plans.
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Adolf, should lear
this opinion.



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that this presumably had ended in disaster. Otherwise this complete rejection would hardly have been possible. For the rest, he presented me with ever recurring contradictions and riddles. Sometimes he seemed to me almost sinister. One day when we were taking a walk he suddenly stopped, produced from his pocket a little black notebook — I still see it before me and could describe it minutely — and read me a poem he had written.

I do not remember the poem itself any longer; to be precise, I can no longer distinguish it from the other poems which Adolf read to me in later days. But I do remember distinctly how much it impressed me that my friend wrote poetry and carried his poems around with him in the same way that I carried my tools. When Adolf later showed me his drawings and designs which he had sketched — somewhat confused and confusing designs which were really beyond me — when he told me that he had much more and better work in his room and was determined to devote his whole life to art, then it dawned on me what kind of person my friend really was. He belonged to that particular species of people of which I had dreamed myself in my more expansive moments; an artist, who despised the mere bread-and-butter job and devoted himself to writing poetry, to drawing, painting and to going to the theatre. This impressed me enormously. I was thrilled by the grandeur which I saw here. My ideas of an artist were then still very hazy — probably as hazy as were Hitler's. But that made it all the more alluring.

Adolf spoke but rarely of his family. He used to say that it was advisable not to mix too much with grownups, as these people with their peculiar ideas would only divert one from one's own plans. For instance, his guardian, a peasant in Leonding called Mayrhofer, had got it into his head that he, Adolf, should learn a craft. His brother-in-law, too, was of this opinion.

"Because they are mediocrities, they have no imagination concerning young people, let us who have room in their hearts for so much more."

1905

Oct 1907

He didn't ask him
what more he had
in his room
he just believed
him.

Raulul.

196

D.T.

THE YOUNG HITLER I KNEW

this was not acting, not exaggeration, this was really felt, I saw that he was in dead earnest. Again and again I was with astonishment at how fluently he expressed himself how vividly he managed to convey his feelings, how the words flowed from his mouth when he was completely carried away by his own emotions. Not what he said pleased me first, but how he said it. This to me was something new, magnificent. I had never imagined that a man could produce such an effect with mere words. All he tried from me, however, was one thing — agreement. I came to realise this. Nor was it hard for me to agree with him, because I had never given any thought to the many problems which he raised.

Nevertheless, it would be wrong to assume that our friendship confined itself to this unilateral relationship only. This would have been too cheap for Adolf and too little for me. An important thing was that we were complementary to each other. In him, everything brought forth a strong reaction and forced him to take a stand; for his emotional outbursts were only a sign of his passionate interest in everything. I, on the other hand, being of a contemplative nature, accepted unreservedly all his arguments on things that interested him and yielded to them, always excepting musical matters.

Of course, I must admit that Adolf's claims on me were endless and took up all my spare time. As he himself did not have to keep to a regular timetable I had to be at his disposal and call. He demanded everything from me, but was prepared to do everything for me. In fact I had no alternative. My friendship with him did not leave me any room for cultivating other friends; nor did I feel the need of it. Adolf was as much to me as a dozen other ordinary friends. Only one thing might have separated us — if we both had fallen in love with the same girl; this would have been serious. As I was seventeen at the time this might well have happened. But it was precisely in this respect that fate

A.H. it's before of the occasion of departing. Then he says — Such an examination, such a comparison

of a few of them had a mutual measuring in the laboratory and was much. 15 two half off in the corner handling each other up, up and right over the edge. If you have the handwriting D.T. #

GROWTH OF A FRIENDSHIP had a special solution in store for us. Such a unique solution — I describe it later in the chapter called "Stefanie" — that, rather than upsetting our friendship, served to deepen it.

1905

I knew that he, too, had no other friends besides me. I remember in this connection a quite trivial detail. We were strolling along the Landstrasse when it happened. A young man, about our age, came around the corner, a plump, rather dandified young gentleman. He recognised Adolf as a former classmate, stopped, and grinning all over his face, called out, "Hello, Hitler!" He took him familiarly by the arm and asked him quite sincerely how he was getting on. I expected Adolf to respond in the same friendly manner, as he always set great store by correct and courteous behaviour. But my friend went red with rage. I knew from former experience that this change of expression boded ill. "What the devil is that to do with you?" he threw at him excitedly, and pushed him sharply away. Then he took my arm and went with me on his way without bothering about the young man whose flushed and baffled face I can still see before me. "All future civil servants," said Adolf, still furious, "and with this lot I had to sit in the same class." It was a long time before he calmed down.

Another experience sticks out in my memory. My venerated violin teacher, Heinrich Dessauer, had died. Adolf went to the funeral with me, which rather surprised me as he did not know Professor Dessauer at all. When I expressed my surprise he said, "I can't bear it that you should mix with other young people and talk to them."

There was no end to the things, even trivial ones, that could upset him. But he lost his temper most of all when it was suggested that he should become a civil servant. Whenever he heard the word "civil servant," even without any connection with his own career, he fell into a rage. I discovered that these outbursts of fury were, in a certain sense, still quarrels with his long-dead father, whose greatest desire

* D.T. can comment on this

Kub

Kub
ful of a very
infected
after this

the boys had been a crowd of them
should be seen in
called them
sit down

mewhat staring, penetrating gaze was even more marked the son and had even more force and expressiveness. It was uncanny how these eyes could change their expression, especially when Adolf was speaking. To me his sonorous voice meant much less than the expression of his eyes. In fact, Adolf spoke with his eyes, and even when his lips were silent one knew what he wanted to say. When he first came to our house and I introduced him to my mother, she said to me in the evening, "What eyes your friend has!" And I remember quite distinctly that there was more fear than admiration in her words. If I am asked where one could perceive, in his youth, this man's exceptional qualities, I can only answer, "In the eyes."

Naturally his extraordinary eloquence, also, was striking. But I was then too inexperienced to attach to it any special significance for the future. I, for one, was certain that Hitler some day would be a great artist, a poet I thought at first, then a great painter; until later, in Vienna, he convinced me that his real talent was in the field of architecture. For these artistic ambitions his eloquence was of no use, rather a hindrance. Nevertheless, I always liked to listen to him. His language was very refined. He disliked dialect, in particular Viennese, the soft melodiousness of which was utterly repulsive to him. To be sure, Hitler did not speak Austrian in the true sense. It was rather that in his diction, especially in the rhythm of his speech, there was something Bavarian. Perhaps this was due to the fact that from his third to his sixth year, the real formative years for speech, he lived in Passau, where his father was then a customs official.

There is no doubt that my friend Adolf had shown a gift for oratory from his earliest youth. And he knew it. He liked to talk, and talked without pause. Sometimes when he was asked too high in his fantasies I couldn't help suspecting that at all this was nothing but an exercise in oratory. Then again I thought otherwise. Did I not take everything for

gospel that he said? Sometimes Adolf would try out his powers of oratory on me or on others. It always stuck in my memory how, when not yet eighteen, he convinced my father that he should release me from his workshop and send me to Vienna to the Conservatory. In view of the awkward and unforthcoming nature of my father this was a considerable achievement. From the moment I had this proof of his talent — for me so decisive — I considered that there was nothing that Hitler could not achieve by a convincing speech.

He was in the habit of emphasizing his words by measured and studied gestures. Now and then, when he was speaking on one of his favourite subjects, such as the bridge over the Danube, the rebuilding of the Museum or even the subterranean railway station which he had planned for Linz, I would interrupt him and ask him how he imagined he would ever carry out these projects — we were only poor devils. Then he would throw at me a strange and hostile glance as though he had not understood my question at all. I never got an answer; at the most he would shut me up with a wave of his hand. Later I got used to it and ceased to find it ridiculous that the sixteen- or seventeen-year-old boy should develop gigantic projects and expound them to me down to the last detail. If I had listened only to his words the whole thing would have appeared to be either idle fantasy or sheer lunacy; but the eyes convinced me that he was in deadly earnest.

Adolf set great store by good manners and correct behaviour. He observed with painstaking punctiliousness the rules of social conduct, however little he thought of society itself. He always emphasized the position of his father, who as a customs official ranked more or less with a captain in the army. Hearing him speak of his father, one would never have imagined how violently he disliked the idea of being a civil servant. Nevertheless, there was in his bearing something very precise. He would never forget to send regards to

great craftsman. Gosh! how the making of a great artist. I know of the artists at Gropius in Vienna. They are potential musicians. But in Gosh's playing it

19 05 / 06

he was
a
woman.
They are
so
studious
They are
like the
meanest
people!
D.T.?

in the
world
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new idea
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But he
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Every
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I hear a potential that was a man only came from, etc.

~~1904~~ 5 1905

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PORTRAIT OF THE YOUNG
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Adolf set great store by his honour. He observed with pain of social conduct, however low. He always emphasized the fact that his customs official ranked more than an army. Hearing him speak have imagined how violently a civil servant. Nevertheless, thing very precise. He would

mewhat staring, penetrating gaze was even more marked the son and had even more force and expressiveness. It is uncanny how these eyes could change their expression, specially when Adolf was speaking. To me his sonorous voice meant much less than the expression of his eyes. In fact, Adolf spoke with his eyes, and even when his lips were silent one knew what he wanted to say. When he first came to our house and I introduced him to my mother, she said to me in the evening, "What eyes your friend has!" And I remember quite distinctly that there was more fear than admiration in her words. If I am asked where one could perceive, in his youth, this man's exceptional qualities, I can only answer, "In the eyes."

Naturally his extraordinary eloquence, also, was striking. At I was then too inexperienced to attach to it any special significance for the future. I, for one, was certain that Hitler some day would be a great artist, a poet I thought at first, then a great painter; until later, in Vienna, he convinced me that his real talent was in the field of architecture. For these artistic ambitions his eloquence was of no use, rather a hindrance. Nevertheless, I always liked to listen to him. His language was very refined. He disliked dialect, in particular Viennese, the soft melodiousness of which was utterly repulsive to him. To be sure, Hitler did not speak Austrian in the true sense. It was rather that in his diction, specially in the rhythm of his speech, there was something Slavonian. Perhaps this was due to the fact that from his birth to his sixth year, the real formative years for speech, he lived in Passau, where his father was then a customs official.

There is no doubt that my friend Adolf had shown a gift for oratory from his earliest youth. And he knew it. He liked to talk, and talked without pause. Sometimes when he appeared too high in his fantasies I couldn't help suspecting that at all this was nothing but an exercise in oratory. Then again I thought otherwise. Did I not take everything for

D.T. ?

PORTRAIT OF THE YOUNG HITLER

gospel that he said? Sometimes Adolf would try out his powers of oratory on me or on others. It always stuck in my memory how, when not yet eighteen, he convinced my father that he should release me from his workshop and send me to Vienna to the Conservatory. In view of the awkward and unforthcoming nature of my father this was a considerable achievement. From the moment I had this proof of his talent — for me so decisive — I considered that there was nothing that Hitler could not achieve by a convincing speech.

He was in the habit of emphasizing his words by measured and studied gestures. Now and then, when he was speaking on one of his favourite subjects, such as the bridge over the Danube, the rebuilding of the Museum or even the subterranean railway station which he had planned for Linz, I would interrupt him and ask him how he imagined he would ever carry out these projects — we were only poor devils. Then he would throw at me a strange and hostile glance as though he had not understood my question at all. I never got an answer; at the most he would shut me up with a wave of his hand. Later I got used to it and ceased to find it ridiculous that the sixteen- or seventeen-year-old boy should develop gigantic projects and expound them to me down to the last detail. If I had listened only to his words the whole thing would have appeared to be either idle fantasy or sheer lunacy; but the eyes convinced me that he was in deadly earnest.

Adolf set great store by good manners and correct behaviour. He observed with painstaking punctiliousness the rules of social conduct, however little he thought of society itself. He always emphasized the position of his father, who as a customs official ranked more or less with a captain in the army. Hearing him speak of his father, one would never have imagined how violently he disliked the idea of being a civil servant. Nevertheless, there was in his bearing something very precise. He would never forget to send regards to

* These are times when Kerschbach can't stand him, but is afraid to lose his distinguished friend.

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Drugs from him all 1905-1906

with him in 1906

D.T. ?

*

1905-06

When seeing young officers in the street.

1906

THE YOUNG HITLER I KNEW

people, and every postcard bore greetings to my "esteemed parents."

When we lodged together in Vienna, I discovered that evening he would put his trousers carefully under the press so that the next morning he could rejoice in a crease. Adolf realised the value of a good appearance, and, in spite of his lack of vanity, knew how to make the best of himself. He made excellent use of his undoubted musical talents, which he cleverly combined with his gift of oratory. I used to ask myself why Adolf, in spite of all his pronounced capabilities, did not get on better in Vienna; only later did I realise that professional success was not all his ambition. People who knew him in Vienna did not understand the contradiction between his well-learned appearance, his educated speech and his self-assured bearing on the one hand, and the starveling existence he led on the other, and judged him either haughty or pitiful. He was neither. He just didn't fit into any of our order.

Adolf had brought starvation to a fine art, though he ate well when occasion offered. To be sure, in Vienna he badly lacked the money for food. But even if he had it, he would prefer to starve and spend it on a theatre seat. He had no comprehension of enjoyment of life as others had. He did not smoke, he did not drink, and in Vienna, at least, he lived for days on milk and bread only. In his contempt for everything pertaining to the body, which was then coming into fashion, meant nothing to him. I read somewhere of how audaciously the young Hitler had swum across the Danube. I do not recollect any of the sort; the most swimming we did was an occasional dip in the Rodel stream. He showed some interest in the skating club, mainly because they ran an ice rink in the city. And this only because the girl he adored used to skate there.

PORTRAIT OF THE YOUNG HITLER

Walking was the only exercise that really appealed to Adolf. He walked always and everywhere and, even in my workshop and in my room, he would stride up and down. I recall him always on the go. He could walk for hours without getting tired. We used to explore the surroundings of Linz in all directions. His love of nature was pronounced, but in a very personal way. Unlike other subjects, nature never attracted him as a matter for study; I hardly ever remember seeing him with a book on the subject. Here was the limit of his thirst for knowledge. Details did not interest him, but only nature as a whole. He referred to it as "in the open." This expression sounded as familiar on his lips as the word "home." And, in fact, he did feel at home with nature. As early as in the first years of our friendship I discovered his peculiar preference for nocturnal excursions, or even for staying overnight in some unfamiliar district.

Being in the open had an extraordinary effect upon him. He was then quite a different person from what he was in town. Certain sides of his character revealed themselves nowhere else. He was never so collected and concentrated as when walking along the quiet paths in the beech woods of the Mühlviertel, or at night when we took a quick walk on the Freinberg. To the rhythm of his steps his thoughts would flow more smoothly and to better purpose than elsewhere. For a long time I could not understand one peculiar contradiction in him. When the sun shone brightly in the streets and a fresh, revivifying wind brought the smell of the woods into the town, an irresistible force drove him out of the narrow, stuffy streets into the woods and fields. But hardly had we reached the open country, than he would assure me that it would be impossible for him to live in the country again. It would be terrible for him to have to live in a village. For all his love of nature, he was always glad when we got back to the town.

As I grew to know him better, I also came to understand

Kab

21

1905-07

my friend

Seeing the effects of the city! how he would say, "I always to come there with me has always as

and they will look down on the cities they inhabit

1905 1908

this apparent contradiction. He needed the town, the variety and abundance of its impressions, experiences and events; he felt there that he had his share in everything; that there was nothing in which his interest was not engaged. He needed people with their contrasting interests, their ambitions, intentions, plans and desires. Only in this problem-laden atmosphere did he feel at home. From this point of view the village was altogether too simple, too insignificant, too unimportant, and did not provide enough scope for his limitless need to take an interest in everything. Besides, for him, a town was interesting in itself as an agglomeration of houses and buildings. It was understandable that he should want to live only in a town.

On the other hand, he needed an effective counterweight to the town, which always troubled and excited him and made constant demands on his interests and his talents. He found this in nature, which even he could not try to change and improve because its eternal laws are beyond the reach of the human will. Here he could once more find his own self, since here he was not obliged, as he was in town, eternally to be taking sides.

My friend had a special way of making nature serve him. He used to seek out a lonely spot outside the town, which he would visit again and again. Every bush and every tree was familiar to him. There was nothing to disturb his contemplative mood. Nature surrounded him like the walls of a quiet, friendly room in which he could cultivate undisturbed his passionate plans and ideas.

For some time, on fine days, he used to frequent a bench on the Turmleitenweg where he established a kind of open-air study. There he would read his books, sketch and paint in water colours. Here were born his first poems. Another spot, which later became a favourite, was even more lonely and secluded. We would sit on a high, overhanging rock looking down on the Danube. The sight of the gently flow-

1905
065
↓
beginning
of 2007

ing river always moved me of his plans up the by his feelings and give member him once de journey to the country see the mighty ships of the river.

Quite different were preparation was necessary only requisite. With 1 a coloured shirt and, a long trip, would spend with two tassels hanging with us, but somewhere bread and a glass of those were!

We despised railway on foot. Whenever w outing for my parents my father treated us started out early enough which they had come fond of a little village because nearby was the bathe on warm summer.

A little incident that had left the inn for swimmers, but my mother followed us and stood. The rock sloped down moss. My poor mother us, slipped on the moss too far away to help jumped in after her remained attached to

1905-6

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THE YOUNG HITLER I KNEW

mother's eightieth birthday, he sent her a food parcel, and I never discovered how he came to know about it.

Adolf was particularly fond of the Mühlviertel. From the Pöstlingberg we would walk across the Holzpoldl and the Elendsimmerl to Gramastetten or wander through the woods round the Lichtenhag Ruins. Adolf measured the walls, though not much of them remained, and entered the measurements in his sketchbook, which he always carried with him. Then with a few strokes he sketched the original castle, drew in the moat and the drawbridge and adorned the walls with fanciful pinnacles and turrets. He exclaimed there once to my surprise, "This is the ideal setting for my sonnet!" But when I wanted to know more about it he said, "I must first see what I make of it." And on our way home he confessed that he was going to try to extend the material into a play.

We would go to St. Georgen on the Gusen to find out what relics of that famous battle in the Peasants' War still remained. When we were unsuccessful Adolf had a strange idea. He was convinced that the people who lived there would have some faint memory of that great battle. The following day he went again alone, after a vain attempt to get my father to give me the day off. He spent two days and two nights there, but I don't remember with what result.

For the sole reason that Adolf wanted, for a change, to see his beloved Linz from the east, I had to make with him the unattractive climb up the Pfennigberg, in which the Linzers, as he complained, didn't show enough interest. I also liked the view of the city, but least of all from this side. Nevertheless, Adolf remained for hours in this uninviting spot, sketching.

On the other hand, St. Florian became for me, too, a place of pilgrimage, for here, where Anton Bruckner had worked and hallowed the surroundings by his memory, we imagined that we actually met "God's musician" and heard his in-

*Bruckner was a Jew
CK.*

PORTRAIT OF THE YOUNG HITLER
spired improvisations on the g church. Then we would stand stone let into the floor beneath master had been buried ten y monastery had aroused my friend. He had stood in front of the or more — at any rate much to did he admire the splendour o impression was made on him overdecorated apartments of t simple room. When he saw strengthened in his belief that always goes hand in hand with

Such visits were revealing to very reserved. There was always personality into which he would. He had his inscrutable secrets remained a riddle to me. But the door to much that would enthusiasm for beauty. All t when we stood in front of such the Monastery of St. Florian. Adolf would lower all his defence joy of our friendship.

I have often been asked, and invited me to visit him in Linz him, had any sense of humour people of his entourage said. and should have had his share of humour. Certainly one's is after a short and superficial deeply serious man. This en overshadow everything else. young. He approached the concerned with a deadly earnest

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St. Florian became for me, too, a place where, where Anton Bruckner had worked. In his surroundings by his memory, we imagined "God's musician" and heard his in-

spired improvisations on the great organ in the magnificent church. Then we would stand in front of the simple gravestone set into the floor beneath the choir, where the great master had been buried ten years earlier. The wonderful monastery had aroused my friend to the heights of enthusiasm. He had stood in front of the glorious staircase for an hour or more — at any rate much too long for me. And how much did he admire the splendour of the library! But the deepest impression was made on him by the contrast between the overdecorated apartments of the monastery and Bruckner's simple room. When he saw its humble furniture, he was strengthened in his belief that on this earth genius almost always goes hand in hand with poverty.

Such visits were revealing to me, for Adolf was by nature very reserved. There was always a certain element in his personality into which he would allow nobody to penetrate. He had his inscrutable secrets, and in many respects always remained a riddle to me. But there was one key that opened the door to much that would have remained hidden: his enthusiasm for beauty. All that separated us disappeared when we stood in front of such a magnificent work of art as the Monastery of St. Florian. Then, fired by enthusiasm, Adolf would lower all his defences and I felt to the full the joy of our friendship.

I have often been asked, and even by Rudolf Hess, who once invited me to visit him in Linz, whether Adolf, when I knew him, had any sense of humour. One feels the lack of it, people of his entourage said. After all, he was an Austrian and should have had his share of the famous Austrian sense of humour. Certainly one's impression of Hitler, especially after a short and superficial acquaintance, was that of a deeply serious man. This enormous seriousness seemed to overshadow everything else. It was the same when he was young. He approached the problems with which he was concerned with a deadly earnestness which ill suited his six-

first
visit?

1938?
after
meeting
Hitler
again

1906

teen or seventeen years. He was capable of loving and admiring, hating and despising, all with the greatest seriousness. One thing he could not do was to pass over something with a smile. Even with a subject in which he did not take a personal interest, such as sport, this was, nevertheless, as a phenomenon of modern times, just as important to him as any other. He never came to the end of his problems. His profound earnestness never ceased to attack new problems, and if he did not find any in the present, he would brood at home for hours over his books and burrow into the problems of the past. This extraordinary earnestness was his most striking quality. Many other qualities which are characteristic of youth were lacking in him: a carefree letting go of himself, living only for the day — the happy attitude of "What is to be, will be." Even "going off the rails," in the coarse exuberance of youth, was alien to him. His idea, strange to say, was that these were things that did not become a young man. And because of this, humour was confined to the most intimate sphere as if it were something taboo. His humour was usually aimed at people in his immediate circle, in other words a sphere in which problems no longer existed for him. For this reason his grim and sour humour was often mixed with irony, but always an irony with friendly intent. Thus, he saw me once at a concert where I was playing the trumpet. He got enormous amusement out of imitating me and insisted that with my blown-out cheeks I looked like one of Rubens' angels.

after
rep

I cannot conclude this chapter without mentioning one of Hitler's qualities which, I freely admit, seems paradoxical to talk about now. Hitler was full of deep understanding and sympathy. He took a most touching interest in me. Without my telling him, he knew exactly how I felt. How often this helped me in difficult times! He always knew what I needed and what I wanted. However intensely he was occupied with himself he would always have time for the

affairs of those people in whom by chance that he was the one to let me study music and the decisive way. Rather, this attitude of sharing in all the me. Sometimes I had a feeling well as his own.

Thus, I have drawn the well as I can from memory. known and unexpressed, which I have not to this day found intentions when he created

1905

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CHAPTER IV

~~Dwight - I have been
and a few pages left out,
keep them that way,~~

Portrait of His Mother

Alois dies
1/1903

Once

WHEN I FIRST met her, Klara Hitler was already forty-five years old and a widow of two years' standing. Whenever I saw her I had — I don't know why — a feeling of sympathy for her, and felt that I wanted to do something for her. She was glad that Adolf had found a friend whom he liked and trusted, and for this reason Frau Hitler liked me, too. How often did she unburden to me the worries which Adolf caused her. And how fervently did she hope to enlist my help in persuading her son to follow his father's wishes in the choice of a career! I had to disappoint her, yet she did not blame me, for she must have felt that the reasons for Adolf's behaviour were much too deep, far beyond the reach of my influence.

Just as Adolf often enjoyed the hospitality of my parents' home, I went often to see his mother and on taking leave was unfailingly asked by Frau Hitler to come again. I considered myself as part of the family — there was hardly anybody else who visited them.

No. 31 Humboldtstrasse is a three-storied, not unpleasant

CHAPTER IV

Portrait of His Mother

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Ambsdorfstrasse is a three-storied, not unpleasant

PORTRAIT OF HIS MOTHER

tenement building. The Hitlers lived on the third floor. I
can still visualise the humble apartment. The small kitchen,
with green painted furniture, had only one window, which
looked out on to the courtyard. The living room, with the
two beds of his mother and little Paula, overlooked the
street. On the side wall hung a portrait of his father, with a
typical civil servant's face, impressive and dignified, whose
rather grim expression was mitigated by the carefully
groomed whiskers à la Emperor Franz Joseph. Adolf lived
and studied in the closet, off the bedroom.

Paula, Adolf's little sister, was nine when I first met the
family. She was a rather pretty girl, quiet and reserved. I
never saw her gay. We got on rather well with each other
but Adolf was not particularly close to her. This was due
perhaps to the difference in age — he always referred to her
as "the kid." Paula never married and now lives in Königs-
see, near Berchtesgaden.

Another acquaintance I made in the Hitler family was a
striking-looking young woman of just over twenty, called
Angela, whose place in the family puzzled me at first, al-
though she addressed Klara Hitler as "Mother," just as Paula
did. Later I learned the solution of the mystery. Angela,
born on the twenty-eighth July, 1883, that is to say six
years before Adolf, was a child of the father's previous mar-
riage. Her mother, Franziska Matzelsberger, died the year
after her birth. Five months later the father married Klara
Pözl. Angela, who naturally had no recollection of her own
mother, looked upon Klara as her mother. In September
1903, a year before I became acquainted with Adolf, Angela
had married a revenue official called Raubal. She lived with
her husband nearby and often came to visit her stepmother,
but never brought him with her; at any rate, I never met
Raubal. Angela was quite unlike Frau Hitler, a jolly person
who enjoyed life and loved to laugh. She brought some life
into the family. She was very handsome with her regular
features, and her beautiful hair which was as dark as Adolf's.

Jan 1905

1905

From Adolf's description, but also from some hints of his mother's, I gathered that Raubal was a drunkard. Adolf hated him. He saw in him a personification of everything he despised in a man. He spent his time in the pub, drank and smoked, gambled his money away, and on top of that — he was a civil servant. And as though that were not enough, Raubal thought it was his duty to support his father-in-law's views by urging Adolf to become a civil servant himself. This was enough to antagonise Adolf completely. When Adolf talked of Raubal his face assumed a truly threatening aspect. Perhaps it was Adolf's pronounced hatred of his half sister's husband that kept Raubal away from the Humboldtstrasse. At the time of Raubal's death, only a few years after his marriage to Angela, the break between him and Adolf was already complete. Angela remarried later, an architect in Dresden, and died in Munich in 1949.

I learned from Adolf that from his father's second marriage there was also a son, Alois, who spent his childhood with the Hitler family but left them while they were living ~~in Landbach~~. This half brother of Adolf's — born on December 13, 1882, in Braunau — was seven years older than Adolf. While his father was alive he still came to Leonding a couple of times, but as far as I know he never appeared in the Humboldtstrasse. He never played any important part in Hitler's life, nor did he take any interest in Adolf's political career. He turned up once in Paris, then in Vienna, later in Berlin, and today, seventy years old, lives in Hamburg. His first marriage was to a Dutchwoman and they had a son, William Patrick Hitler, who in August 1939 published a pamphlet, *My Uncle Adolf*; a son by his second wife, Heinz Hitler, fell as an officer on the Eastern Front.

Frau Hitler did not like to talk about herself and her worries, yet she found relief in telling me of her doubts about Adolf. Naturally she didn't get much satisfaction from the vague and, for her, meaningless utterances of Adolf about his future as an artist. The preoccupation with the well-

PORTRAIT OF HIS

being of her only son. "Our poor father came to Adolf, "because what distinguishes the meaning of the word and why you're not

Gradually I learned woman endured. S about the hard time

So I came to know I was told, the circularly mention was made but it was difficult for his father's relations family had relations: other Austrian civil over the country. Cler's paternal and second generation, Adolf had only one did visit some relations a picture postcard from Waldviertel nearest taken him there. I relations in that part the landscape; poor the rich and fertile hard peasant country and paternal ancestor

Frau Klara Hitler in Spital, a poor Johann Baptist Pöl maiden name was spelt differently in spelling Hiedler and first time by Adolf's

1906

1906

worries

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Adolf Hitler did not like to talk about herself and her mother, yet she found relief in telling me of her doubts about her future. Naturally she didn't get much satisfaction from the mother and, for her, meaningless utterances of Adolf about his future as an artist. The preoccupation with the well-

being of her only surviving son depressed her increasingly. "Our poor father cannot rest in his grave," she used to say to Adolf, "because you *will* flout his wishes. Obedience is what distinguishes a good son, but you don't know the meaning of the word. That's why you did so badly at school and why you're not getting anywhere now."

Gradually I learned to understand the suffering this woman endured. She never complained, but she told me about the hard time she had had in her youth.

So I came to know, partly by experience, partly by what I was told, the circumstances of the Hitler family. Occasionally mention was made of some relations in the Waldviertel, but it was difficult for me to understand whether these were his father's relations or his mother's. In any case, the Hitler family had relations only in the Waldviertel, quite unlike other Austrian civil servants, who had relatives scattered all over the country. Only later did I come to realise that Hitler's paternal and maternal lineage already merged in the second generation, so that from the grandfather upwards Adolf had only one set of forebears. I remember that Adolf did visit some relatives in the Waldviertel. Once he sent me a picture postcard from Weitra, which is in the part of the Waldviertel nearest to Bohemia. I do not know what had taken him there. He never spoke very willingly about his relations in that part of the country, but preferred to describe the landscape; poor, barren country, a striking contrast to the rich and fertile Danube valley of the Wachau. This raw, hard peasant country was the homeland of both his maternal and paternal ancestors.

Frau Klara Hitler, née Pölzl, was born on August 12, 1860, in Spital, a poor village in the Waldviertel. Her father, Johann Baptist Pölzl, was a simple peasant. Her mother's maiden name was Johanna Hüttler. The name Hitler is spelt differently in the various documents. There is the spelling Hiedler and Hüttler, while Hitler is used for the first time by Adolf's father.

1905

Adolf
told me
that he
was
Forrest
quaker

D.T.

Pg (37)

CHAPTER V

Portrait of His Father

Alois dead Jan '03

Adolf was 13.

ALTHOUGH his father had been dead nearly two years when I first met Adolf he was still "ever present" to his family. The mother perpetuated his personality in every way, for with her malleable nature she had almost entirely lost her own, and what she thought, said and did was all in the spirit of the dead father. But she lacked the strength and energy to put into effect the father's will. She, who forgave everything, was handicapped in the upbringing of her son by her boundless love for him. I could imagine how complete and enduring the influence of this man had been on his family, a real patriarchal father-of-the-family, whose authority was unquestioningly respected. Now his picture hung in the best position in the room. On the kitchen shelves, I still remember, there were carefully arrayed the long pipes which he used to smoke. They were almost a symbol in the family of his absolute power. Many a time, when talking of him, Frau Hitler would emphasise her words by pointing to these pipes as though they should bear witness how faithfully she carried on the father's tradition.

④ D.T. Authority — magnified in him by her magnification of her husband.

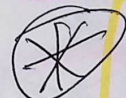
In this sense, she felt loyal to Alois, and believed she was filling the emptiness of the old relationship to his father. But Alois he proud of him on the other side, and that would be good for Adolf.

which for her was the most interesting of the husband's

which for her was the most interesting of the husband's

Cub

1906



After the death he takes on some of the father's sense of bearing.

1905



two surviving children, a care which she had to bear after the death of her husband. Small comfort that was a quiet, easily led child; all the greater was the over the only son, an anxiety that only ended with death.

If really loved his mother. I swear to it before God. I remember many occasions when he showed this to his mother, most deeply and movingly during her illness; he never spoke of his mother but with deep affection. He was a good son. It was beyond his power to carry out her most heartfelt wish to see him started on a safe career. When we lived together in Vienna he always carried his father's portrait with him.

CHAPTER V

Portrait of His Father

1905 37

Alois dies
Jan 1903

Norman
These pages are
in narrative order,

He is
in brackets
Adolf.
"He is using
on top of
me now
thunderous"

D.T. Knechtges
Adolf was
getting some of
the benefits of
Alois' personality

→ 1905
ALTHOUGH his father had been dead nearly two years when I first met Adolf he was still "ever present" to his family. The mother perpetuated his personality in every way, for with her malleable nature she had almost entirely lost her own, and what she thought, said and did was all in the spirit of the dead father. But she lacked the strength and energy to put into effect the father's will. She, who forgave everything, was handicapped in the upbringing of her son by her boundless love for him. I could imagine how complete and enduring the influence of this man had been on his family, a real patriarchal father-of-the-family, whose authority was unquestioningly respected. Now his picture hung in the best position in the room. On the kitchen shelves, I still remember, there were carefully arrayed the long pipes which he used to smoke. They were almost a symbol in the family of his absolute power. Many a time, when talking of him, Frau Hitler would emphasise her words by pointing to these pipes as though they should bear witness how faithfully she carried on the father's tradition.

* D.T. Authority - magnified in him as her magnification of her husband.

OK and copy

Hiedler, who is well known to the undersigned witnesses, has acknowledged paternity of the child Alois of Anna Maria Schicklgruber and requests that his name be entered in the Baptismal Register.

The entry is signed by the Parish priest and four witnesses.

Johann Georg Hiedler again acknowledged his paternity in an official document concerning some inheritance in 1876 before the Notary in Weitra. He was then eighty-four years old and the child's mother had been dead for over thirty years. Alois Schicklgruber had been a customs official in Braunau for many years.

As the boy was not officially adopted after his mother's wedding, his name remained Schicklgruber. He would have kept this name throughout his life had not Johann Nepomuk Hiedler, Johann Georg's younger brother, made a will and left a modest sum to the illegitimate son of his brother. But he made the condition that Alois should assume the name Hiedler, and on June 4, 1876, the name Alois Schicklgruber in the Church Register of the Parish of Döllersheim was altered to Alois Hiedler; the local government authority in Mistelbach ratifying this alteration on January 6, 1877. From now on Alois Schicklgruber called himself Alois Hitler, a name which meant as little as the other, but which secured him his legacy.

Once when we were talking about his relatives Adolf told me the story of his father's change of names. Nothing his "old man" ever did pleased him as much as this; for Schicklgruber seemed to him so uncouth, so boorish, apart from being so clumsy and unpractical. He found "Hiedler" too boring, too soft; but "Hitler" sounded nice and was easy to remember.

It is typical of his father that instead of accepting the version "Hiedler," as did the rest of his relations, he invented the new spelling, "Hitler." It was in keeping with his mania for ceaseless change. His superiors had nothing to do with

*Father's
name
change*

1905

secret

*in
connection
to the
lottery
salon*

*was talking a head
a Schicklgruber
Schicklgruber - a proper name - an ass Hitler he wanted to have*

this; for in all I only four times. den, Braunau, I that they form the But hardly had he began to move Braunau there a ably there were moved twice. So to Hafeld, from Inn, then to a m then to Leonding removals and had be true to say the housing condition was very fond of was one of the fine whole of Braunau after Adolf's birth dwelling into a j tant thing; rather strange mania?

Perhaps Alois and as his service wanted some change got used to certain. To live meant to experienced in Austria.

Three times I true that this was certainly fate played his first wife, Anna which eventually responsible for her was still alive, Alois who became his

*with
laughter
a lot
he had created*

(131)

1905

THE YOUNG HITLER I KNEW

wife fell gravely ill and died, Klara, the third wife, was already expecting a child of his. Just sufficient time elapsed for the child to be born in wedlock. Alois Hitler was not an easy husband. Even more than from Frau Hitler's occasional hints could one gather this from her weary, drawn face. This lack of inner harmony was perhaps partly due to the fact that Alois Hitler never married a woman his own age. Anna was fourteen years older, Franziska twenty-four years younger, and Klara twenty-three years younger.

D.T.

absolute
absorption
in
oneself

common
feature
in
men

regarding
that one
is able
to see
oneself

from the
eyes of
others

tablets
or plates
of
younger
than
oneself

This strange and unusual habit of the father's, always to change his circumstances, is all the more remarkable as those were peaceful, comfortable times without any justification for such change. I see in the father's character an explanation of the strange behaviour of the son, whose constant restlessness puzzled me for so long. When Adolf and I strolled through the familiar streets of the good, old town — all peace, quiet and harmony — my friend would sometimes be taken by a certain mood and begin to change everything he saw. That house there was in a wrong position; it would have to be demolished. There was an empty plot which could be built up instead. That street needed a correction in order to give a more compact impression. Away with this horrible, completely bungled tenement block! Let's have a free vista to the Castle. Thus he was always rebuilding the town. But it wasn't only a matter of building. A beggar, standing before the church, would be an occasion for him to hold forth on the need for a State scheme for the old, which would do away with begging. A peasant woman coming along with her milk cart drawn by a miserable dog — occasion to criticize the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for their lack of initiative. Two young lieutenants sauntering through the streets, their sabres proudly clanking — sufficient reason for him to inveigh against the shortcomings of a military service which permitted such idleness. This inclination to be dissatisfied with things as they were, always

→ Narcissists are more in need of objective criteria

D. T.

PORTRAIT OF HIS FATHER

to change and improve them, w.

And this was by no means acquired through external influence home or at school, but an innate element in his father's unsettled character, comparable to a motor drive.

Nevertheless, father and son in different ways. The father's by one steady factor — his office gave his volatile character again and again he was saved hard exigencies of his duties.

The uniform of the customs anything that may have gone on private life. In particular, being edly accepted the authority on. Although Alois Hitler was inclined inclination not uncommon in that he would never have questioned epitomized in the person of the thing to this accepted authority, safely through all the dangerous life, on which otherwise he might

This also throws a different light make a civil servant of Adolf. father's usual preoccupation with pose was rather to direct his son sited submission to authority. father did not himself realise that but his determination in insisting that he must have felt how much. So well did he know him.

With equal determination A his father's wishes, although he ideas about his future. To be

→ Incestuaries, all else being equal, usually become universal

absolute love for everything that was German combined with his aversion to the Hapsburgs was the decisive revelation for the young Adolf. His devoted devotion to the German people gave him a direction for the rest of his life.

He remained grateful to his old history teacher, indeed his attachment to school and to the passing of the years. In 1938 Hitler met Pötsch again. He spent more time in the room alone with the frail old man. When he said to those accompanying him, "You know how much I owe to that old man."

His frequent opinions of Hitler's about his teachers only confirmed the real picture of his schooldays and the subsequent opinions of the teachers about him — not to speak of the very contradictory opinions of his numerous classmates. The truth is — and that Adolf left school with a fundamental conviction — that he would take care not to bring the conversation to the subject; but he sometimes would be obliged to hold forth against it violently. He kept in touch with any of the teachers, not only in the past. On the contrary, he avoided them and did not recognise them when he met them in the future.

At the school was going on at the same time as his life which was much more important to him: his relationship with his mother. This expression is not understood. Adolf tried to spare his mother's feelings. But this became impossible when he was in school and so gave up the career which his mother had planned for him. Adolf was much more preoccupied with this psychological conflict than with the conflict with the teachers. What did he care for? But to his mother they meant that Adolf was going to school.

I myself witnessed how Adolf tried to spare his mother during the last school year, and yet he could not spare her because it was impossible to convince her that his future lay elsewhere. Where, he did not yet know himself; and not for many years after his mother's death. So she took this, her greatest worry, the future of her son, with her into the grave.

In those gloomy days of autumn, 1905, Adolf was on the razor's edge. Superficially, the decision the sixteen-year-old had to take was whether to repeat the fourth form in the technical school at Steyr, or leave school forever. But its meaning for him was graver: should he, for his mother's sake, continue on a path which he knew was mistaken and hopeless for him; or should he ignore the grief that he would cause his mother and choose the other way, of which he could only say that it was the path towards art, a word which, one can understand, didn't offer much comfort to his mother?

But in view of his nature this was not for Adolf really a decision in the true sense of the word; for in reality there was no dilemma at all. He simply could not do otherwise and, leaving school, he embarked on the second path without looking back. But he knew how upset his mother was by this decision and this, I know, caused him immeasurable grief.

In those months Adolf passed through a grave crisis, the gravest during the years of our friendship. It manifested itself by his falling seriously ill. He describes it in his book as lung trouble. His sister Paula mentions a hemorrhage. Others again assert that it was some gastric trouble brought on by autosuggestion. I visited him almost every day during his illness, because I had to give him regular reports about Stefanie, who even at that time he worshiped. As far as I can remember, his illness was actually some lung trouble. I know that for a long time afterwards he was plagued by coughs and nasty catarrhs, especially on damp, foggy days.

Also, in his mother's eyes, he was released by this illness from continuing school. Thus, it just suited his decision. To

1905

He grieved for his mother

He went to school in Steyr

D.T. He resigned this illness. I had no idea

1905-06

1905

She was afraid he'd die if he continued to school

of his sense of the Volk.

his illness was autosuggestion, to what extent tural consequence of his inner crisis, to what purely constitutional, I cannot say.

If rose from his sickbed, he had made up his d definitely finished with school and without oubt or inhibition he steered his way towards an artist.

ars of his life that followed were without any In the hollowness of the life of leisure" is the o this phase when, in compiling *Mein Kampf*, with some uneasiness this gap in his career. his title is correct. He did not go to school, her about any practical training, he lived with d let her keep him.

his chapter of his life was filled with unceasing ketched, he painted, he wrote poems and he t remember that Adolf was ever idle or felt r a single hour. If by chance he got fed up g, as for instance a play that we saw, his bore- a condemn the play so vehemently that, in this d himself to highest activity. To be sure, he very systematic. There was no apparent pur- goal. He only accumulated with unbounded sions, experience and material. What would f it all remained an open question. He did arch, he searched everywhere and always.

Adolf found a way of proving to his mother y further schooling would have been for him. - how typical of his way of tackling problems ng his mother of the futility of the whole "One can learn much better by oneself," he ubscribed to the library of the Adult Educa- d the Museum Society and borrowed books . He also used some lending libraries. From remember Adolf as always surrounded by

1905
books, especially by the volumes of his favourite work, with which he never parted, the *German Mythology*. How often did he persuade me, when I came from my work, to take with me and study this or that book which he had just read so that he could discuss it with me. Now suddenly he had all the qualities which he had lacked at school; application, interest and pleasure in learning. He had, as he said, beaten the school at its own game.

(188)

Worth chasing
against Grimm
Dragons - take this up
with me.

OK
12/3

CHAPTER VII

Stefanie

the truth, it is not very agreeable for me to be
tiness — apart from Stefanie herself — who can
end's youthful love, which lasted four years from
g of his sixteenth year. I fear that by giving a pic-
tural facts, I shall disappoint those who are ex-
ational disclosures. Adolf's relations with this
much respected family were confined to those
the prevailing code of morals and were abso-
l, unless today's conception of sexual morality
down that one considers it abnormal if two
have an affair and — to put it briefly — "noth-

to be excused from mentioning this girl's sur-
as her later married name. Occasionally I have
persons engaged in research on Hitler's youth,
ied me as to their good faith. Stefanie, who was
ps, two years older than Adolf, later married a
officer and now lives, a widow, in Vienna. The
efore understand my discretion.

STEFANIE

One evening in the ⁵ spring of 1905, as we were taking our
usual stroll, Adolf gripped my arm and asked me excitedly
what I thought of that slim blond girl walking along the
Landstrasse arm-in-arm with her mother. "You must know,
I'm in love with her," he added resolutely.

Stefanie was a distinguished-looking girl, tall and slim.
She had thick fair hair, which she mostly wore swept back in
a bun. Her eyes were very beautiful — bright and expres-
sive. She was exceptionally well dressed and even her bear-
ing indicated that she came from a good, well-to-do family.

The photograph by Hans Zivny, taken in Urfahr, on her
leaving school was somewhat earlier than this meeting and
Stefanie could only have been then seventeen, or, at the
most, eighteen years old. It shows a young girl with pretty,
regular features. The expression of the face is completely
natural and open. The abundant hair, still worn in the
Gretel fashion, serves to strengthen this impression. A fresh-
ness and lack of affectation show in the girl's healthy counte-
nance.

The evening stroll along the Landstrasse was, in those
years, a favourite habit with the Linzers. The ladies looked
at the shopwindows and made little purchases. Friends met
— and the younger generation amused themselves in inno-
cent ways. There was a lot of flirting and the young army
officers were particularly good at it. It seemed to us that
Stefanie must live in Urfahr, for she always came from the
bridge up the main square, and strolled down the Land-
strasse arm-in-arm with her mother. At five o'clock, almost
precisely, mother and daughter appeared — we stood waiting
at the Schmiedtoreck. It would have been improper to
salute Stefanie, as neither of us had been introduced to the
young lady. A glance had to take the place of a greeting.
From then on, Adolf did not take his eyes off Stefanie. In
that moment he was changed, no longer his own self.

I found out that Stefanie's mother was a widow and did,
indeed, live in Urfahr, and that a young man who occasion-

she only came back
to Linz in November 1906.
(after the birth of to Vienna)

might

be

1906 -

Emmet

Autumn

'05

Autumn

off

off

Colf

in

December

1906

He says

was

on a

stage

was

she

smiled

at

her

next

night

also

1905

58

1906

THE YOUNG HITLER I KNEW

ally accompanied them, to Adolf's great irritation, was her brother, a law student in Vienna. This information eased Adolf's mind considerably. But from time to time the two ladies were to be seen in the company of young officers. Poor, pallid youngsters like Adolf naturally could not hope to compete with these young lieutenants in their smart uniforms. Adolf felt this intensely and gave vent to his feelings with eloquence. His anger, in the end, led him into uncompromising enmity towards the officer class as a whole, and everything military in general. "Conceited blockheads," he used to call them. It annoyed him immensely that Stefanie mixed with such idlers who, he insisted, wore corsets and used scent.

To be sure, Stefanie had no idea how deeply Adolf was in love with her; she regarded him as a somewhat shy but, nevertheless, remarkably tenacious and faithful admirer. When she responded with a smile to his inquiring glance, he was happy, and his mood became unlike anything I had ever observed in him; everything in the world was good and beautiful and well ordered, and he was content. When Stefanie, as happened just as often, coldly ignored his gaze, he was crushed and ready to destroy himself and the whole world.

Certainly such phenomena are typical of every first great love, and one might perhaps be tempted to dismiss Adolf's feelings for Stefanie as calf love. This may have been true as far as Stefanie's own conception of them was concerned, but for Adolf himself, his relation to Stefanie was more than calf love. The mere fact that it lasted more than four years, and even cast its splendour over the subsequent years of misery in Vienna, shows that Adolf's feelings were deep and true, and real love. Proof of the depth of his feelings is that for Adolf, throughout these years, no other woman but Stefanie existed — how unlike the usual boy's love, which is always changing its object. I cannot remember that Adolf ever gave any thought to another girl. Later, in Vienna, when Lucie

STEFANIE

Weidt roused his enthusiasm, the highest praise I minded him of Stefanie. suited for the part of Elmer's operas, and we spoke she had the necessary voice inclined to take it for granted never failed to attract bounded enthusiasm. H Stefanie. "Hymn to the them, which he read to Stefanie, a high-born daughter, rode on a white ste loose hair fell in golden spring sky was above. E can still see Adolf's face hear his voice reciting thoughts so completely planned for the future, growing estrangement from and more influence over a word to her.

My ideas about these things I remember very well our — and my recollections are particularly distinct. Stefanie, everything would a word being exchanged. ings as himself and Stefanie the usual communication human beings would up Whatever the subject was always sure that Stefanie but that she shared the comment that he hadn't

~~Durige~~
~~Put~~
~~cutting~~
~~out~~
~~all of~~
~~Stefanie~~
~~in the~~
~~1906~~
~~1904~~
~~12/04~~

all
that
follows
is
speculation
concerning
the
two boys!
He makes
the
mistake
to
be
Stefanie

(more in folder D. T.)

58 *Second evening. Fri*

182

~~1905~~ 1906

THE YOUNG HITLER I KNEW

ally accompanied them, to Adolf's great irritation, was her brother, a law student in Vienna. This information eased Adolf's mind considerably. *Scene* But from time to time the two ladies were to be seen in the company of young officers. Poor, pallid youngsters like Adolf naturally could not hope to compete with these young lieutenants in their smart uniforms. Adolf felt this intensely and gave vent to his feelings with eloquence. His anger, in the end, led him into uncompromising enmity towards the officer class as a whole, and everything military in general. "Conceited blockheads," he used to call them. It annoyed him immensely that Stefanie mixed with such idlers who, he insisted, wore corsets and used scent.

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*for 4 nights in November
no more. a copy*

Elche: p 59 Xerox after Anna.

1905

STEFANIE

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Final

Nov 1906

1904

1906

1906

1904

Scene

*d.7. She had been taught
my brother to smile
at General Goltz
with the full awareness that
what he could be doing.*

I KNEW
 on, was her
 ation eased
 ne the two
 ficers. Poor,
 ope to com-
 t uniforms.
 elings with
 uncomprom-
 , and every-
 ls," he used
 fanie mixed
 s and used

Adolf was in
 hy but, nev-
 airer. When
 nce, he was
 had ever ob-
 and beauti-
 Stefanie, as
 aze, he was
 whole world.
 ry first great
 miss Adolf's
 been true as
 ncerned, but
 ore than calf
 ur years, and
 ars of misery
 ep and true,
 gs is that for
 but Stefanie
 ich is always
 olf ever gave
 when Lucie

*\$ This is my
 hymn to the Beloved,
 I will call it that*

*by day
 * and they rode
 on their meadows,
 beneath a spring sky
 radiant as the
 with of gold trees
 the meadows and
 in flower speak
 to the and a her
 their touches
 their hands in
 other words*

STEFANIE

Weidt roused his enthusiasm in the part of Elsa in Lohengrin, the highest praise he could give her was that she reminded him of Stefanie. In appearance, Stefanie was ideally suited for the part of Elsa, and other female rôles of Wagner's operas, and we spent much time wondering whether she had the necessary voice and musical talent. Adolf was inclined to take it for granted. Just her Valkyrie-like appearance never failed to attract him and to fire him with unbounded enthusiasm. He wrote countless love poems to Stefanie. "Hymn to the Beloved" was the title of one of them, which he read to me from his little black notebook. Stefanie, a high-born damsel, in a dark blue, flowing velvet gown, rode on a white steed over the flowering meadows, her loose hair fell in golden waves on her shoulders. A clear spring sky was above. Everything was pure, radiant joy. I can still see Adolf's face glowing with fervent ecstasy and hear his voice reciting these verses. Stefanie filled his thoughts so completely that everything he said, or did, or planned for the future, was centred around her. With his growing estrangement from his home, Stefanie gained more and more influence over my friend, although he never spoke a word to her. — *with a lot to know*

My ideas about these things were much more prosaic, and I remember very well our repeated arguments on the subject — and my recollections of Adolf's relationship to Stefanie are particularly distinct. He used to insist that, once he met Stefanie, everything would become clear without as much as a word being exchanged. For such exceptional human beings as himself and Stefanie, he said, there was no need for the usual communication by word of mouth; extraordinary human beings would understand each other by intuition. Whatever the subject we might discuss at any time, Adolf was always sure that Stefanie not only knew his ideas exactly, but that she shared them enthusiastically. If I dared to comment that he hadn't spoken to Stefanie about them, and

*Joy is pure and radiant
 Mormon high she sits on high
 in her velvet gown, blue
 as the evening sky, she wears
 velvet as dark as
 flowing as ^{evening} ~~unbroken~~
 can be. ^{blowing} ~~blowing~~
 Her horse is a great steed
 white as the clarity of her eyes*

panied them, to Adolf's great irritation, was her law student in Vienna. This information eased him considerably. But from time to time the two were to be seen in the company of young officers. Poor, youngsters like Adolf naturally could not hope to compete with these young lieutenants in their smart uniforms. This intensely and gave vent to his feelings with his anger, in the end, led him into unbecoming

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(1905)

The
first
time
Kubitz
was
about
Stefanie
It
was
wonderful
I'm
in
love."
Etc
Pain
of
K
who
is
in
love
w
A.H.

to express my doubts as to whether she was at all interested in such things, he became furious and shouted at me: "You simply don't understand, because you can't understand the true meaning of extraordinary love." In order to quiet him down, I asked him if he could transmit to Stefanie the knowledge of such complicated problems simply by gazing at her. He only replied, "It's possible! These things cannot be explained. What is in me, is in Stefanie too." Of course, I took great care not to push these delicate matters too far. But I was pleased that Adolf trusted me so much, for to nobody else, not even to his mother, had he talked about Stefanie.

He expected Stefanie to reciprocate his love for her to the exclusion of all others. For a long time he put up with the interest she took in other young men, especially the officers, because he regarded it as a sort of deliberate diversion to conceal her own tempestuous feelings for him. But this attitude often gave way to fits of raging jealousy; then Adolf would be desperate when Stefanie ignored the pale youth who was waiting for her, and concentrated her attention instead on the young lieutenant escorting her. Why, indeed, should a lively young girl have been satisfied with the anxious glances of a secret admirer, while others expressed their admiration so much more gracefully? But I, of course, would never have dared to express such a thought in Adolf's presence.

One day he asked me, "What shall I do?" Never before had he asked for my advice and I was extremely proud that he did; at last, for a change, I could feel superior to him. "It's quite simple," I explained. "You approach the two ladies and, raising your hat, introduce yourself to the mother by giving your name, and ask her permission to address the daughter and to escort them."

Adolf looked at me doubtfully and pondered my suggestion for quite a while. In the end, however, he rejected it.

"What am I to say if the motion? After all, I have to mention it would be best to add it to demic painter,' or something academic painter, and I can For the mama, the profession the name."

I thought for a long time to approach Stefanie. And yet I back. His conception of the was already then so high that acquaintance of a girl seemed was opposed to flirting in any Stefanie had no other desire come to ask her to marry him at all; but Adolf, as was agitated him, had already married a girl, who was a stranger to her word with him, succeeded where even his mother had failed: for his future which would ask for Stefanie's hand.

We discussed this difficult result that Adolf's commission about Stefanie.

In the Music Society there sionally seen talking to Stefanie learned that Stefanie's father had died some years earlier. home and was in receipt of used to give her two children. Stefanie had attended the Gymnasium. She had a great wonder, beautiful as she was the previous winter, had gone

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He looked at me doubtfully and pondered my suggestion a while. In the end, however, he rejected it.

"What am I to say if the mother wants to know my profession? After all, I have to mention my profession straightway; it would be best to add it to my name — 'Adolf Hitler, academic painter,' or something similar. But I am not yet an academic painter, and I can't introduce myself till I am. For the mama, the profession is even more important than the name."

I thought for a long time that Adolf was simply too shy to approach Stefanie. And yet it was not shyness that held him back. His conception of the relationship between the sexes was already then so high that the usual way of making the acquaintance of a girl seemed to him undignified. As he was opposed to flirting in any form, he was convinced that Stefanie had no other desire but to wait until he should come to ask her to marry him. I did not share this conviction at all; but Adolf, as was his habit with all problems that agitated him, had already made an elaborate plan. And this girl, who was a stranger to him and had never exchanged a word with him, succeeded where his father, the school and even his mother had failed: he drew up an exact program for his future which would enable him, after four years, to ask for Stefanie's hand.

We discussed this difficult problem for hours, with the result that Adolf commissioned me to collect further information about Stefanie.

In the Music Society there was a cellist whom I had occasionally seen talking to Stefanie's brother. Through him I learned that Stefanie's father, a higher government official, had died some years earlier. The mother had a comfortable home and was in receipt of a widow's pension, which she used to give her two children the best possible education. Stefanie had attended the Girl's High School and had already matriculated. She had a great number of admirers — small wonder, beautiful as she was. She was fond of dancing and, the previous winter, had gone with her mother to all the

Get pages 62 & 63.

ial and Royal police were not capable of protecting houses from the Czech mob, so that it was necessary to proclaim a state of siege in Prague in peacetime. Linz was then still a German town with German administration and a German majority in the Town Council. Adolf's classmates who came from Prague, Budweis and Pilsen, used to weep with rage when they were joked "Bohemians"; for they wanted to be solely German. Soon there was even unrest in Linz. Hundreds of Czechs lived there, as quiet and modest workmen and artisans, without anybody taking much notice of them. A Capucine Monk, a Czech named Jurasek, who belonged to the Sokol Club, preached in St. Martin's Church in Linz and collected money for the building of a Czech church. This has caused a great sensation in the town and some Nationalists already saw in the action of the fanatic monk a preparation of a Czech invasion. Of course that was not intended. Nevertheless, just this Czech activity made the Linzers feel that they were threatened, with the result that almost unanimously, they joined in the Nationalist movement.

The teachers of the Technical School, who were named after the struggle. Dr. Leopold Pötsch, the history teacher, was an active politician. As a member of the Town Council, he was one of the leading lights of the Nationalist movement. He hated the Hapsburg multi-racial state (which he thought that a change — seems to us to be the very model of a national community) and all the enthusiastic Nationalists took up his watchword. He would remain loyal to a dynasty which again and again betrayed, past and present, the interests of the people for their own advantage?"

Hitler definitely and irrevocably had abandoned his hopes in favour of a pan-German program. When he went on, let himself go on this train of thought, I

could hardly keep up with what he was saying, let alone take an active part in the discussion. Yet one word, which regularly cropped up in his discourse, always struck me: the "Reich." With this word he used to wind up his long outpourings. Whenever he had talked himself into a blind alley and was at a loss how to continue, he would say categorically: "This problem will be solved by the Reich"; if I asked, for instance, who would finance all these gigantic building projects which he sketched on his drawing board, his brief answer was, "The Reich." Even trivialities were left to the care of the "Reich." There was a "Reich's Stage Designer," who would improve the unsatisfactory equipment of provincial theatres. (It is well known that, after 1933, there really was a man who filled that post. I remember that Adolf Hitler coined that term as far back as his Linz days, when he was sixteen or seventeen.) Even the care of the blind, or the protection of animals belonged, in his opinion, to the jurisdiction of the "Reich"!

The word "Reich" is used in Austria for the territory of Germany; its inhabitants are called Reich's Germans. But my friend's use of the term, meant more than merely the German State, though he carefully avoided any more exact definition. For to him the word was simply a portmanteau expression, which comprised everything that was politically important for him — and that was a lot.

With the same fanaticism with which he loved the German people, and this "Reich," did he reject everything foreign. He had no desire to know other countries. That longing for distant lands so typical of all open-minded young people was utterly alien to him — even the artist's classical enthusiasm for Italy. There was only one place for his plans and ideas — the Reich.

His violent nationalism, which was unequivocally directed against the Hapsburg Monarchy, showed all the particular predispositions of his character, especially the iron consistency.

ound Stefanie. But his aversion was deeper. Even of compulsory military service could infuriate him. would never let himself be forced into being a soldier he would do it of his own , and certainly never in the Austrian army.

concluding this chapter on Adolf Hitler's political ment, I would like to deal with two questions, which me to be more important than anything else there about politics: the young Hitler's attitude to Jewry the church. Adolf Hitler himself writes about his to the Jewish problem during the years in Linz:

difficult, if not impossible, for me today to say when "Jew" first gave me food for thought. At home, in r's lifetime, I cannot remember ever having heard d. I believe that the old gentleman would have it a cultural retrogression to give this word any mphasis. In the course of his life he had acquired re or less cosmopolitan ideas, which not only co- with his strong nationalism, but influenced me too. school nothing led me to change this inherited con-

ue that at the Technical School I met a Jewish boy, e all handled with care, but only because owing to xperiences, we couldn't rely on him not to give us ut we didn't give the matter any thought. efore I was fourteen or fifteen years old did I occa- hear the word "Jew," partly in the course of political tions. I felt a slight resentment against it and the epleasant feeling that overcame me when people l about religious matters in my presence. was all I knew about it. There were not many Jews ...

s sounds very plausible, but it doesn't correspond to essions.

To begin with, it seems to me that the character sketch of his father had been touched up to emphasise his liberal ideas. The circle in which he moved in Linz already subscribed to the ideas of Schönerer, and it can therefore be presumed that his father was also against Jews.

In describing the school years, Hitler omits to mention that some of the teachers of the Technical School were openly anti-Semitic and made no bones about acknowledging their hatred of the Jews in front of their pupils; and Hitler, at the Technical School, must certainly have been aware of the political aspects of the Jewish problem. It cannot have been otherwise, for when I met Adolf Hitler first, his anti-Semitism was already pronounced. I remember distinctly that once when we were going along the Bethlehem-strasse and passed the little synagogue, he said to me, "This shouldn't be here."

As far as I know, Adolf Hitler was already a confirmed anti-Semite when he went to Vienna. And although his experiences in Vienna might have deepened this feeling, they certainly did not give birth to it.

In my opinion, Adolf Hitler's own version seeks to convey the following: In Linz, where the number of Jews was negligible, the question did not concern me. It was only in Vienna, where the Jews were more numerous, that I was forced to face this problem.

His attitude to the church is a somewhat different matter. *Mein Kampf* hardly mentions it at all, except for a description of his childhood experiences in Lambach.

As I had singing lessons at the Monastery in Lambach in my spare time, I had an excellent opportunity of revelling, again and again, in the festive splendour of the magnificent church ceremonies. Nothing was more natural than that I should see a most desirable ideal in the Abbot, as once my father had done in the little parish priest. This was so, at any rate, for some time.

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1924

Hitler's forebears were certainly religious, churchgoing people, as is natural with peasant folk. But Hitler's own parents were divided in this respect; his mother was pious and devout, his father liberal, a lukewarm Christian. It is certain that the question of the church interested his father more than the Jewish problem. As a servant of the state, in view of the close connection between state and church, he could not afford to be openly anti-clerical.

As long as the little Adolf remained close to his mother, he was completely influenced by her devout behaviour and receptive to all the grandeur and beauty of the church. The pale little choir boy was absorbed by his faith. Though Hitler devotes only a few words to the subject, what he does say means a lot. The magnificent monastery had become familiar to him. In his childish susceptibility he was attracted by the church and his mother certainly encouraged him. As he grew away from his childhood experience, with the passing of the years, and became closer to his father, the latter's liberalism gained in influence. The school in Linz also helped. Franz Sales Schwarz, who taught religion at the Technical School, was not the man to have any effect on these young people, for the pupils did not take him seriously.

My own recollections can be summed up in a few sentences: as long as I knew Adolf Hitler I never remember his going to church. He knew that I used to go every Sunday with my parents, and accepted this fact. He never tried to persuade me not to go, though he said occasionally that he couldn't understand me — his mother was also a religious woman, but nevertheless he would not let her drag him to church. Moreover he made these comments only by the way, with a certain tolerance and patience, which was not usual with him. But in this case, apparently, he was not even interested in imposing his own idea. I cannot remember that, when he used to meet me at the close of the Sunday service, he ever made any derogatory remarks about this

*Klara - He is just like his father.
He was always a helper.*

THE YOUNG NATIONALIST

Sunday churchgoing, or behaviour, he never made this

Yet one day he came to me with a book about witch trials and the Inquisition. But however events described in these books, I did not draw conclusions from them. Perhaps I did not consider me the right

Every Sunday his mother I can't remember that Adolf's Frau Klara would have asked herself, she was resigned to it. It may be that in this different attitude of the father was still her model for her son.

In conclusion, I would describe the church at that time as different to the church, but nothing.

To sum up, it can be said that I was a nationalist. I have seen with as early as that, he gave him a good example. Only in this people could he be other than this people.

hot

few of them in existence. Although he gave me several, only one of them is left, a purely architectural drawing with little meaning. It shows a villa at No. 7 Stockbauerstrasse. It had just been built and it appealed to Adolf. So he drew it and made me a present of it. Apart from revealing his love for architecture, it is of no significance.

Casting my thoughts back to those years, I have to say this: Adolf never took painting seriously; it remained rather a hobby outside his more serious aspirations. But building meant much more to him. He gave his whole self to his imaginary building and was completely carried away by it. Once he had conceived an idea he was like one possessed. Nothing else existed for him — he was oblivious to time, sleep and hunger. Although it was a strain for me to follow him, those moments remain unforgettable. There he stood, with me, in front of the new Cathedral, this pallid, skinny youth, with the first dark brown showing on his upper lip, in his shabby pepper and salt suit, threadbare at the elbows and collar, with his eyes glued to some architectural detail, analysing the style, criticising or praising the work, disapproving of the material — all this with such thoroughness and such expert knowledge as though he were the builder and would have to pay for every shortcoming out of his own pocket. Then he would get out his drawing pad and the pencil would fly over the paper. This way, and no other, was the manner of solving this problem, he would say. I had to compare his idea with the actual work, had to approve or disapprove, and all this with a passion as though both our lives depended on it.

Here he could give full vent to his mania for changing everything, because a city always has good buildings and bad. He could never walk through the streets without being provoked by what he saw. Usually he carried around in his head half a dozen different building projects, and sometimes I could not help feeling that all the buildings of the town were

lined up in his brain like had selected one detail, energy. I remember on bank for Upper Austria was demolished. With rebuilding. He was too should not fit into its the rebuilding, he had give him periodical reports his letter of July 21, 1900 completed, please send me no picture postcard and a photograph of the new. Incidentally, the building

There were a lot of constant interest. He dragged building going up. He was being built. But examples was he taken himself originated. Here At first I watched these wondered why he so obd which, I thought, would remote the realisation of himself in it. To him actual as though they v town rebuilt according and could not distinguish building that existed on him it did not make a was a matter of only so

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THE YOUNG HITLER I KNEW

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ADOLF REBUILDS LINZ

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lined up in his brain like a giant panorama. As soon as he had selected one detail, he concentrated on this with all his energy. I remember one day when the old building of the bank for Upper Austria and Salzburg on the central square was demolished. With feverish impatience he followed the rebuilding. He was terribly worried lest the new building should not fit into its surroundings. When, in the middle of the rebuilding, he had to leave for Vienna he asked me to give him periodical reports on the progress of the work. In his letter of July 21, 1908, he wrote, "As soon as the Bank is completed, please send me a picture postcard." As there was no picture postcard available, I got out of it by procuring a photograph of the new building and sending it to him. Incidentally, the building met with his approval.

There were a lot of such houses in which he took a constant interest. He dragged me along wherever there was a building going up. He felt responsible for everything that was being built. But even more than with these concrete examples was he taken up with the vast schemes that he himself originated. Here his mania for change knew no limit. At first I watched these goings-on with some misgiving and wondered why he so obstinately occupied himself with plans which, I thought, would never come to anything. The more remote the realisation of a project was, the more did he steep himself in it. To him these projects were in every detail as actual as though they were already executed and the whole town rebuilt according to his design. I often got confused and could not distinguish whether he was talking about a building that existed or one that was to be created. But to him it did not make any difference; the actual construction was a matter of only secondary importance.

Nowhere is his unshakable consistency more evident. What the fifteen-year-old planned, the fifty-year-old carried out, often, as for instance in the case of the new bridge over the Danube, as faithfully as though only a few weeks, instead

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It was as if he had decided before.

D.T. on rebuilding. Places + in images

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Adolf could give full vent to his mania for changing the town because a city always has good buildings and bad. He would never walk through the streets without being provoked by what he saw. Usually he carried around in his head a number of different building projects, and sometimes I would help him, feeling that all the buildings of the town were

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It was possible even at the close of the O.E. Danube bridge was

D.T.

It was too important that early on we encouraged him to believe that he was the center of aesthetic progress.

200

of decades, lay between planning and execution. The plan existed; then came influence and power and the plan became reality. This happened with uncanny regularity, as though the ~~five-year-old~~ had taken it for granted that one day he would possess the necessary power and means. This is just too much for me to take in. I cannot conceive that such a thing is possible. One is tempted to use the word "miracle," because there is no rational explanation for it.

Indeed, the plans which that unknown boy had drawn up for the rebuilding of his home town Linz are identical to the last detail with the town planning scheme which was inaugurated after 1938. I am almost afraid of giving, in the following pages, my account of these early plans, lest my veracity should be suspected. And yet every single syllable of what I am going to recount is true.

On my eighteenth birthday, August 3, 1906, my friend presented me with a sketch of a villa. Similar to that planned for Stefanie, it was in his favourite Italian Renaissance style. By good luck, I have preserved the sketches. They show an imposing, palazzo-like building, whose frontage is broken up by a built-in tower. The ground plan reveals a well-thought-out arrangement of rooms, which are pleasantly grouped around the music room. The spiral staircase, a delicate architectural problem, is shown in a separate drawing, and so is the entrance hall, with its heavy beamed ceiling. The entrance is outlined with a few brisk strokes in a separate sketch. Adolf and I also selected a fitting site for my birthday present; it was to stand on the Bauernberg. When, later, I met Hitler in Bayreuth, I took good care not to remind him of this imaginary house. He would have been capable of actually giving me a villa on the Bauernberg, which presumably would have been finer than the original idea, and very much in the taste of the epoch.

More impressive are two sketches still in my possession, samples of his numerous designs for a new concert hall in

Linz. The old theatre was inadequate in every respect, and some art lovers in Linz had founded a society to promote the construction of a modern theatre. Adolf immediately joined this society and took part in a competition for ideas. He worked for months on his plans and drafts and was seriously convinced that his suggestions would be accepted. His anger was beyond measure when the society smashed all his hopes by giving up the idea of a new building and, instead, had the old one renovated.

I refer to his biting remarks in the letters he sent me on August 17, 1908. "It seems they intend to patch up once more the old junk heap."

Full of fury, he said that what he would like to do best would be to wrap up his manual of architecture and send it off to the address of this "Theatre-Rebuilding-Society-Committee-for-the-Execution-of-the-Project-for-the-Rebuilding-of-the-Theatre." How well did this monster title express his rage!

My two sketches, on either side of one sheet, date from that period. The one side shows the auditorium. Columns break up the walls and the boxes are placed in between them. The balustrade is adorned by various statues. A mighty domed ceiling covers the hall. On the back of this bold project, Adolf explained to me the acoustic conditions of the intended building, in which I, as a musician, was particularly interested. It clearly shows how the sound waves, rising from the orchestra, are reflected from the ceiling in such a way as to be, so to speak, poured over the audience below. Adolf took a great interest in acoustic problems. I remember, for instance, his suggestion to remodel the Volksgarten Hall, whose bad acoustics always annoyed us, by structural alterations of the ceiling.

And now for the rebuilding of Linz! Here his ideas were legion, yet he did not change them indiscriminately, and indeed held fast to his decisions once they were taken. That

* D.T. The question arises - when did
the sketch come - there were others
all no many talented boys and girls

much better

not

1908

this had not been possible during the Christmas (it was high time, he said, to bring matters to a

walking through the snow-covered village. There I one-storied house, No. 61, which had once belonged to Adolf's father; the big beehive, of which his father was so proud, was still there, but now it was owned by the Next to it was the cemetery. His father's grave, his mother had now been buried, was near the well, and the fresh little mound was covered with snow. Adolf stood in front of it with a stern, set face; he looked sad and severe, and there were no tears in his eyes. His father's hands were with his beloved mother. I stood by his side, and he was pained.

way back, Adolf said that he would probably stay in Leonding throughout the month of January until the home was disposed of and the estate settled. He foresaw, and he heated arguments with his guardian. Certainly he wanted to do his best for Adolf, but what use was it to him if the "best" was nothing more than an apprenticeship to a master baker in Leonding?

Joseph Mayrhofer, Hitler's guardian, now well advanced in years, still lives in Leonding. Naturally, he has not asked about his experiences with the young Hitler, but his impressions of him. In his simple, disinterested way, he has replied to all questioners — first the enemies, then the friends, and then again the enemies of his ward — that the policies have always been the same, irrespective of the different people's opinions.

On January 1, 1908, he would say, the Hitler-Adolf, with dark down on his upper lip and a deep, almost grown man, came to see him to discuss the matter of his inheritance. But his first sentence was: "I am to Vienna again." All attempts to dissuade him from his stubborn fellow, like his father, the old Hitler. Mayrhofer still has in his possession the documents

relating to these discussions. The application for an orphan's pension for himself and his sister which Adolf made at his guardian's request, reads as follows:

To the Respected Imperial and Royal Finance Administration. The respectfully undersigned herewith request the kind allocation of the Orphans' Pension due to them. Both of these applicants, after the death of their mother, widow of an Imperial and Royal Customs Official, on December 21, 1907, are now without either of their parents, are minors, and are incapable of earning their own living. The guardian of both applicants — Adolf Hitler, born on the 20th April, 1889, in Braunau-on-Inn, and Paula Hitler, born on the 21st January, 1898, in Fischlham, near Lambach, Upper Austria — is Mr. Joseph Mayrhofer, of Leonding, near Linz. Both applicants are domiciled in Linz.

ADOLF HITLER
PAULA HITLER

Incidentally, Adolf obviously signed the application for his sister Paula, for the name "Hitler" in both signatures shows the same downward-sloping tendency which was so characteristic of his signature in later years. Besides, he made a mistake in the date of birth of his sister; Paula was not born in 1898, but in 1896.

According to the legislation then in force regarding state officials, orphans of under twenty-four years of age, with no means of their own, were entitled to claim an orphan's pension amounting to one half of the widow's pension which their mother had been receiving. Frau Hitler had received a pension of 100 crowns a month since her husband's death; therefore, Adolf and Paula were entitled to a total of 50 crowns a month, and Adolf's share was thus 25 crowns a month. This, of course, was not enough for him to live on: for example, he had to pay 10 crowns a month for his room at Mrs. Zakreys'.

1908

had awakened a *Sperrsechserl* (a penny for opening the big door of the house. Mrs. le me up a primitive bed on the floor of though midnight was long past, Adolf still edly. But I stopped listening — it was just . The moving farewell from my home, my , the journey, the arrival, the noise, the ina of the Stumpergasse, the Vienna of the worn out, I fell asleep.

uld not stay at Frau Zakreys'. Anyhow, it , put a grand piano in the little room. So s, when Adolf finally got up, we set out to As I wanted to stay as near as possible to andered at first along the nearby streets. this alluring city, Vienna, from the "other ourtyards, narrow, ill-lit tenements and and more stairs. Adolf paid Frau Zakreys hat was what I reckoned to pay. But the own at that price were mostly so small and ould have been impossible to get a grand and when we did find a room that would ough, the landlady would not hear of having ed the piano.

ressed and low-spirited and full of home-nd of big city was this Vienna? Full of in-athetic people — it must be awful to live espairing and miserable, with Adolf along nce more we saw a notice "Room to Let." nd the door was opened by a neatly dressed l us into an elegantly furnished room con-nt twin beds. "Madame is coming imme- maid, curtsied, and vanished. We both it was too stylish for us. Then "Madame" oorway, very much a lady, not so young,

She wore a silk dressing gown and slippers trimmed with fur. She greeted us smilingly, inspected Adolf, then me, and asked us to sit down. My friend asked which room was to let. "This one," she answered, and pointed to the two beds. Adolf shook his head and said curtly, "Then one of the beds will have to come out, because my friend must have room for a piano." The lady was obviously disappointed that it was I and not Adolf who wanted a room, and asked whether Adolf already had a room. When he answered in the affirmative, she suggested that I, together with the piano I needed, should move into his room and he should take this one. While she was animatedly suggesting this to Adolf, through a sudden movement the belt which kept the dressing gown together came undone. "Oh, excuse me, gentlemen," the lady exclaimed, and immediately fastened the dressing gown together again. But that second had sufficed to show us that under her silk covering she wore nothing but a brief pair of panties.

Adolf turned as red as a peony, gripped my arm, and said, "Come, Gustl."

I do not remember how we got out of the house. All I remember is Adolf furiously exclaiming as we got into the street again, "What a Mrs. Potiphar." Apparently, such experiences, too, were part of Vienna.

Adolf must have realised how hard it was for me to find my way around in this bewildering city, and on our way home he suggested that we should take a room together. He would speak to Frau Zakreys; perhaps she would fix up something in her own house.

In the end he succeeded in persuading Frau Zakreys to move into his little room and let us take over the somewhat bigger room that she occupied. We agreed on a rent of twenty crowns a month. She had nothing against my playing the piano, so this was an excellent solution for me.

The next morning, while Adolf was still asleep, I went to

D.T.
What
a pure
lightening
bolt
of
terror
he had
felt.
I was
astounded.
Give
me a
client
is a
terror
of sex
and
I can
put
them
down

— many a pace in the course
of their development.

I was most depressed by the startling differences between the good-class boardinghouse in which these young ladies lived and our wretched hole that always stank of kerosene. Usually, at the end of the lesson, I partook of a tea so substantial that it served me for supper as well. When there was added to the group the daughter of a cloth manufacturer from Jägerndorf in Silesia and the daughter of a magistrate in Agram, my half-dozen pupils together represented every corner of the widespread Hapsburg Empire.

And then the unexpected happened. One of them, the girl from Silesia, found she could not get on with a piece of written homework, and came round to me in the Stumpergasse to ask for my help. Our good old landlady raised her eyebrows when she saw the pretty young girl. But that was all right; I was indeed only concerned with the musical example which she had not understood, and I explained it to her. As she copied it down quickly, Adolf came in. I introduced him to my pupil, "My friend from Linz, Adolf Hitler." Adolf said nothing. But hardly had the girl got outside when he went for me wildly — for since his unfortunate experience with Stefanie he was a woman hater. Was our room, already spoilt by that monster, that grand piano, to become the rendezvous for this crew of musical women, he asked me furiously?

I had a job to convince him that the poor girl was not suffering from the pangs of love, but from examination-pains. The result was a detailed speech about the senselessness of women studying. Like blows the words fell upon me, as though I were the cloth manufacturer or the brewer who had sent his daughter to the Conservatory. Adolf got himself more and more involved in a general criticism of social conditions. I cowered silently on the piano stool while he, enraged, strode the three steps along and the three steps back and hurled his indignation in the bitterest terms, first against the door, and then against the piano.

Altogether, in these early days in Vienna, I had the im-

* He had believed Stefanie could not do without him, and I encouraged such thoughts. When he turned to the piano he was distracted by his absence, he had the

pression that Adolf had become unbalanced. He would fly into a temper at the slightest thing. There were days when nothing I could do seemed right to him, and he made our life together very hard to bear. But I had known Adolf now for over three years. I had gone through terrible days with him after the wreck of his scholastic career, and also after his mother's death. I did not know to what this present mood of deep depression was due, but I thought that sooner or later it would improve.

He was at odds with the world. Wherever he looked, he saw injustice, hate and enmity. Nothing was free from his criticism; nothing found favour in his eyes. Only music was able to cheer him up a little, as, for instance, when we went on Sundays to the performances of sacred music in the Burkapelle. Here, one could hear at no expense soloists from the Vienna Opera House and the Vienna Boys' Choir. Adolf was particularly fond of this famous Boys' Choir, and he told me again and again how grateful he was for that early musical training he had received at Lambach. But in other ways, to remember, just at that time, his carefree childhood was particularly painful to him.

All this time he was ceaselessly busy. I had no idea what a student at the Academy of Arts was supposed to do. In any case, the subjects must have been exceedingly varied; one day he would be sitting for hours over books, then again he would sit writing till the small hours, or another day would see the piano, the table, his bed and mine, and even the floor, completely covered with designs. He would stand, staring tensely down at his work, move stealthily on tiptoe among the drawings, improve something here, correct something there, muttering to himself all the time and underlining his rapid words with violent gestures. Woe betide me if I disturbed him on these occasions. I had great respect for this difficult and detailed work, and said I liked what I saw of it.

When, getting impatient, I would open the piano, he would shuffle the sheets quickly together, put them in a cup-

because he needed women very empty and loved uniforms more than a man's soul,

Recall
or
comment
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a cheap and practical means of travel. Only the ere, in those days, able to provide transport for

design was by no means concerned with the one-owner-occupier type of house, as is being built was he interested in "settlement." His idea was on the old type of tenement house, carved up into Thus came into being as his smallest unit the house, a one-storied, well-proportioned structure, two flats on the ground floor and two on the first basic unit was the prevailing type. Where conuired, from four to eight of these units were to ed to form housing blocks for eight or sixteen it these blocks, too, remained "near the ground," y, they still consisted of one story only, and were by gardens, playing grounds and groups of trees. -family house was the limit.

esigned the types of house necessary to relieve the n the town, my friend could now turn his atten- problem itself. On a big map of the town, which e for the table and had to be spread out on the f laid out the network of railways and roads. ntries were marked, residential districts suitably as always in his way when he was engaged on nning job. There was, indeed, not a square foot he room that was not utilised for this task. If it pursued his course with such grim determina- d have regarded the whole thing as an interest- pastime. Actually, I was so depressed by our using that I became almost as fanatical as my hat is no doubt the reason why so many details d in my memory.

Adolf thought of everything. I still remember reoccupied with the problem of whether inns essary or not in this new Vienna. Adolf was as osed to alcohol as he was to nicotine. If one

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neither smoked nor drank, why should one go to an inn? In any case, he found for this new Vienna a solution which was as radical as it was bold: a new popular drink! On one occasion in Linz I had to redecorate some rooms in the office building of the firm of Fränck, who manufactured a coffee substitute. Adolf came to see me there. The firm provided the workers with an excellent iced beverage which cost only one heller a glass. Adolf liked this drink so much that he mentioned it again and again. If one could provide every household, he said, with this cheap and wholesome beverage, or with similar nonalcoholic drinks, one could do without the inns. When I remonstrated that the Viennese, from my knowledge of them, would be most unlikely to give up their wine, he replied brusquely, "You won't be asked!" as much as to say in other words "Nor will the Viennese either."

Adolf was particularly critical of those countries, and Austria was one of them, which had established a tobacco monopoly. In this way, he argued, the State ruined the health of its own subjects; therefore all tobacco factories must be closed and the import of tobacco, cigars and cigarettes forbidden. But he did not find a substitute for tobacco as a companion to his "People's Drink."

Altogether, the nearer Adolf came in his imagination to the realisation of his projects, the more utopian did the whole business become. As long as it was only a matter of the basic principles of his planning, everything was quite reasonable; but when he thought out the details of its execution, Adolf juggled with ideas which seemed to me completely nebulous. Having to pay ten of my father's hard-earned crowns for a half share in a bug-ridden room, I had the fullest sympathy with the idea that in his new Vienna there should be no landlords and tenants. The ground was to be owned by the State, and the houses were to be not private property but administered by a sort of housing co-operative. One would pay no rent, but instead a contribution to the building costs of the house, or a kind of housing

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