

Payne

Life & Death of A.H.

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179-182 ~~112-110~~ 271-2

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et seq. ^{clearly} ^{thru}
591

The Life and Death of Adolf Hitler

Last Testament of A.H.

The Trial ^{Chapter}
pp 183-192
also following
Chapter
The Prisoner

Robert Payne

454
Geli Raubach's
suicide
suicide
of the fall
of Hitler

~~165-170~~
166-167
194
186-7
216
225
270
Emil
Maurice
copyright
1975

For Sale

592-598
Important
Chronology

~~also included~~
~~568-574~~

Geli Raubach
225-30
347-348
454-457
567

Praeger Publishers
New York • Washington

X, XI, [5-18] 20-25, 28-34,
41-43, 46, [48-59] 63-67, 69-73,
77 [79-91] [93-102] [106-120]

171-172

179-192 ~~42-40~~

225, 230
271-2

585-Even
et seq. ^{clear} ^{thru}
571
Last Testament
of A.H.

The Life and Death of Adolf Hitler

The Trial Chapter
pp 183-192
also following
chapter
The Prison

454
Geli Raubach's
suicide
scissors
after fall
of Statuette

Robert Payne

592-598
Important
Chronology
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For Sale

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X, XI, 5-18, 20-25, 28-34,
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in his life he chose to live in small bare rooms not much larger than a prisoner's cell. In the Männerheim in Vienna, in the various apartments he occupied in Munich, and in the underground bunkers from which he conducted his wars, he lived in a space so small that an ordinary workman would have felt ashamed to live in it. It was as though he deliberately contrived to lock himself up in a self-made prison from which there was no escape except into dreams.

From a very early age he was at the mercy of his dreams. August Kubizek, who knew him in his youth, has described how Hitler wandered through the streets of Linz, dreaming of the day when he could raze the city to the ground and create it anew in a shape more to his liking. Even then there was a terrifying urgency in his voice. When he went to live in Vienna, he was full of plans for destroying it and rebuilding it. When he came to power, the weapons of destruction were at his command, and all of Europe was in danger of being destroyed. His nihilistic fury was especially directed at cities he had never seen, and he would debate calmly with himself whether Moscow, Leningrad, Belgrade, or Paris, which he visited briefly, should be permitted to exist. Having reached his conclusion, he would issue the requisite orders and return to his prisoner's cell like a man returning to his coffin and drawing the lid over himself.

There was madness in him almost from the beginning. His mind was a distorted mirror in which he saw himself as a vast imperial figure overshadowing the world, the supreme judge and executioner, the destined master who had come to cleanse the world of its iniquities. His ferocious hatreds fed on mythologies, which he only half believed, and he had no deep affection for the Germans, who became the willing instruments of his self-serving will to power. In his dreams he saw himself as one marked by destiny, protected by a divine providence, but destiny and providence have their own mythologies. Because he lived, 40 million people died, most of them in agony, and as though this were not enough, he spent his last days giving orders for the destruction of Germany, devoutly hoping that no Germans would be left alive to mourn over their defeats. "They are not worthy of me," he said. Such was his ultimate verdict on the people who had obeyed him as blindly as the children obeyed the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

In nearly all the great figures of history we can distinguish an essential logic, a recognizable pattern of the mind that can be mapped without too much dependence on guesswork. The same virtues and vices coexist, intensifying through the years and reacting upon one another, and there are rarely any abrupt changes of direction. The young Alexander the Great and the young Napoleon already possessed the traits of conquerors. The young Hitler possessed none of them. He was a

ne'er-do-well who seemed content reserved for the poor ill-tempered "under the floor boards, wh torture and to be to be proud and to he could say: "The wor tea." He had no loya If he belonged to an ligentsia, which was strength lay in the fa him whether he conq

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What Hitler was co fury. He destroyed fir and those who were r able. He drove his ov suicide, and he killed poor and because they his destructive energie because it was intoler that he had depended he drew the logical co: killing everyone within

The mass murderer eye and without showi own times, and is likely tion are at hand, waiti to press a trigger or pu barely perceptible smil Since the time of Hitler

The psychopath in a place, for no one excep power is to be damne beyond any hope of uli rupts in ever widening

lessly and irresponsibly, a fact well known to every little functionary placed in a position of authority. Hitler was power raised to its ultimate potential: he was therefore totally corrupt and totally irresponsible. He gave himself many titles, but the one that gave him the greatest pleasure was Oberster Gerichtsherr, or Supreme Law Lord, which indicated that he was above all laws and responsible to no one. It was strange that he should have rejoiced in such a title, for there were few periods in his life when he had not regarded himself as above the law.

The rise to power of Hitler and his final downfall constitute the most crucial and mystifying event of this century. Other dictators arose, but there was some semblance of logic in their decisions. They knew what they were doing, never saw themselves as sleepwalkers, and attempted to do some good by their own lights. Hitler, beyond good or evil, employed power to pursue his own private fantasies and compelled the Germans to act out his dreams and nightmares. The mystery is how he succeeded in transforming the Germans into his willing victims, and why they were so eager to march to their doom. If it can happen once, it can happen again.

We need to come to terms with Hitler by knowing more about him, because his spirit is far from dead. It lingers abroad, waiting to enter the body of the next dictator, the next president, the next prime minister. Wherever there is absolute authority, the temptation to indulge in terrible fantasies is always present, and inevitably the authoritarian figure loses the most precious of his possessions, his common humanity. Divorced from the mainstream of life, commanding forces he scarcely comprehended, Hitler inescapably involved himself in crime. The enormity of his crime and the immensity of his guilt lie at the heart of this study. One of the major tasks of the present age is to ensure that supreme authority is answerable to the people and that no one alone shall assume that authority. Supreme power is always criminal, and the world cannot afford any more Supreme Law Lords.

In the following pages I have attempted to draw a rounded portrait of Hitler the man, as distinct from the legends that have accumulated around him. The early years are important because the springs of his behavior and the shapes of his dreams were first manifested during this period. A good deal is known about his childhood and youth, and the years he spent as a painter of postcards in Vienna can be reconstructed fairly accurately. His visit to England and his relations with his step-brother have been explored at some length, and I have carefully examined his record as a dispatch runner in World War I. The murder-suicide of Geli Raubal has also been discussed at length, because it was one of the most traumatic experiences of Hitler's life. I have said very little about the social background of Germany after his rise to power,

and nothing at all about Schacht was able to present a social or political philosophy of National or no more than one cause in order to exalt the Fuehrer. He attempted to write a book kept close to the under Chancellery in Berlin, and to see the war through giving little space to so Goering, the lame dwarf of murderous clowns, but were merely puppet.

For the rest, this is a man who nearly succeeded in "the hardest man there" of himself.

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Lorenz Hiedler had none
the farm and nothing more



The northern border region of Austria, including the Waldviertel, showing places connected with Hitler's family.

The middle brother, Johann Georg Hiedler, also left the farm and became a journeyman miller, traveling around the Waldviertel, rarely settling down for more than a few years. He married a peasant girl in Hoheneich in 1823, but she too vanishes from sight, and it is possible that she died early in the marriage. He had the reputation of being a shiftless wanderer, and it is just possible that he was the grandfather of Adolf Hitler.

The mystery begins with the birth of a certain Alois Schicklgruber during the morning of June 17, 1837. The mother was an unmarried forty-two-year-old peasant woman, Maria Anna Schicklgruber, who lived in the hamlet of Strones. The nearest town of any size was Zwettl, which lies about 15 miles southeast of Weitra. Alois Schicklgruber is described in the birth register in the parish of Döllersheim as "Catholic, male, illegitimate," and the mother is described as "Maria Anna Schicklgruber, unmarried, daughter of Johann Schicklgruber of Strones #1 and his wife Theresia, born Pfeisinger from Dietreichs, of Strones #15." We know very little about Maria Anna Schicklgruber, who was born in April, 1795, one of eleven children, six of whom survived infancy. The family seems to have been wretchedly poor. One brother, Josef,

1837, 1876

inherited the farm and sold out when he fell into financial difficulties, and another brother became a common laborer and a drunkard.

There were thousands of illegitimate children in the Waldviertel, and the birth of Alois Schicklgruber caused no particular surprise. No shame was attached to illegitimate birth, but there were inevitable disadvantages, for such children tended to become farm workers without any legal claim to any property, and usually they were doomed to poverty.

The boy spent the first five years of his life at Strones. On May 10, 1842, Johann Georg Hiedler married his mother, and shortly afterward the boy was taken to live in the household of Johann Nepomuk Hiedler at Spital.

No one knows why Alois Schicklgruber became the ward of Johann Nepomuk Hiedler. What is known is that Johann Georg and his new wife were living in great poverty in Strones, and it may have been simply an act of mercy to rescue the child. It has been suggested that Johann Nepomuk was the real father, and by taking the boy into his household he was assuming the responsibilities of fatherhood. But all this is surmise, as unrewarding as the many theories advanced to prove that this or that person was the boy's father. The father might have been almost anyone at all, and it is quite possible that Maria Anna Schicklgruber did not know who the father was. Hans Frank, once Governor

General of Poland, remembered or half-remembered that toward the end of 1930 he was directed by Hitler to investigate a story that the father of Alois Schicklgruber was the nineteen-year-old son of a Jewish family called Frankenberger, living in Graz. He says he found letters written by the Jewish family to Maria Anna Schicklgruber, and that for the first fourteen years of his life regular payments were made for the boy's support. According to Hans Frank the results of his inquiry were "to the highest degree painful," but Hitler remained unconvinced. He had heard differently from his father and believed that his grandfather was Johann Georg Hiedler. No substantial proof that Hitler had a Jewish grandfather has ever been offered.

The birth certificate of Alois Schicklgruber survives, and we know that it was tampered with in a strange way during the summer of 1876, almost certainly at the instigation of Alois. Originally the document had blank spaces under the words "Father" and "Remarks." These were now filled. Under "Father" the local priest wrote: "Georg Hitler. Cath. rel. Living in Spital." Under "Remarks" he wrote:

The undersigned witnesses hereby confirm that Georg Hitler, who was well known to them, acknowledged paternity of the child Alois, son of Anna Schicklgruber, and they request that his name be entered in the

baptismal register. +
Breiteneder, Witness +

These insertions in the a mark, prove only that and found a compliant years had passed since had died of consumption passed since the death of with the help of three il gruber legitimized himself

Only one of the witnesses with the family. This was Nepomuk's daughter. Was his testimony would have only led to believe that, as "living in Spital," while about the altered document

If there was deliberate and August Kubizek, a friend, reason was a very simple daughters and the family. He therefore wrote a will on condition that he had been found.

On January 6, 1877, as recorded in the government Schicklgruber was always

The mystery of Alois' records possess no legal force. It was the Austrian custom legitimacy unless they in considerable wealth. If a man no obligation to submit documents legal proceedings. He himself of the matter. The fact that than Hiedler has no specification on a name that was specified

To the question: Who Both Johann Nepomuk and candidates, but there are them. Nor are there any candidates. A number of photographs

* D. T. We could find out but it would take too much disbursement of effort

337, 1876
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1876
 baptismal register. +++ Josef Romeder, Witness +++ Johann
 Breiteneder, Witness +++ Engelbert Paukh, Witness.

These insertions in the register, with the witnesses signing by making
 a mark, prove only that Alois Schicklgruber wanted to be legitimized
 and found a compliant priest to fill the blank spaces. Nearly thirty
 years had passed since Maria Anna Hiedler, formerly Schicklgruber,
 had died of consumption and dropsy, and nearly twenty years had
 passed since the death of Johann Georg Hiedler. Now, in a single stroke,
 with the help of three illiterate witnesses and a priest, Alois Schickl-
 gruber legitimized himself and adopted the name of Alois Hitler.

Only one of the witnesses is known to have had any close association
 with the family. This was Josef Romeder, who was married to Johann
 Nepomuk's daughter Walburga. Johann Nepomuk was still alive, and
 his testimony would have carried more weight. The priest was appar-
 ently led to believe that Johann Georg was still alive, for he is described
 as "living in Spital," when in fact he was lying in his grave. Everything
 about the altered document suggests deliberate deception.

If there was deliberate deception, then there was some reason for it,
 and August Kubizek, a friend of the young Adolf Hitler, thought the
 reason was a very simple one. Johann Nepomuk had fathered three
 daughters and the family name would die out unless Alois adopted it.
 He therefore wrote a will, leaving a modest sum of money to Alois
 on condition that he changed his name. The will, however, has never
 been found.

On January 6, 1877, the change of name became official, for it is
 recorded in the government office at Mistelbach. Henceforward Alois
 Schicklgruber was always known as Alois Hitler.

The mystery of Alois's father remains unsolved, for the doctored
 records possess no legal force and shed no light on what really happened.
 It was the Austrian custom not to inquire too closely into questions of
 legitimacy unless they involved the nobility or people possessing con-
 siderable wealth. If a man wanted to change his name, he was under
 no obligation to submit documents to the courts and go through lengthy
 legal proceedings. He simply changed his name, and that was the end
 of the matter. The fact that Alois gave himself the name of Hitler rather
 than Hiedler has no special significance: it was simply one more varia-
 tion on a name that was spelled within the family in many different ways.

To the question: Who was Alois's father?—no answer can be made.
 Both Johann Nepomuk and Johann Georg must be included among the
 candidates, but there are no compelling arguments in favor of either of
 them. Nor are there any compelling arguments to favor a Jewish father.
 A number of photographs of Alois have survived, and in all of them

he has the characteristic features of a peasant from the Waldviertel.

In the normal course of events Alois would have remained a peasant in Spital for the rest of his life. He had little to hope for, no more and no less than any other illegitimate boy born on a farm. He was apprenticed to a cobbler called Ledermuller, who lived near the house of Johann Nepomuk, and at the age of thirteen he left Spital and made his way to Vienna. The story of his early life is told in the opening pages of *Mein Kampf*:

924
As the son of a poor cottager, he could not even in those early days bear to stay at home. Before he was thirteen the youngster laced his tiny knapsack and fled from his homeland, the Waldviertel. Despite all the attempts of "experienced" villagers to dissuade him, he made his way to Vienna in order to learn a trade. This was in the fifties of the last century. It was a bitter decision to take to the road and plunge into the unknown with only three gulden for travel money. But by the time the thirteen-year-old had grown to seventeen, he had passed his apprentice's examination, but was not yet content with his lot. On the contrary. The long period of hardship, the endless poverty and misery he had suffered, strengthened his determination to give up the trade in order to become something "better." Once the village priest had seemed to the poor boy the embodiment of all humanly attainable heights, so now, in the great city, which had so powerfully widened his perspective, it was the rank of a civil servant. With all the tenacity of a young man who had grown "old" in suffering and sorrow while still half a child, the seventeen-year-old clung to his new decision—and he became a civil servant.

Adolf Hitler's sympathetic account of his father's rise to officialdom was quite accurate. The former apprentice cobbler became a very junior customs official attached to the Austrian Ministry of Finance in 1855, and six years later he was already a supervisor stationed in Saalfelden. In 1864 he was promoted to provisional assistant in the customs service at Linz. In 1870 he was appointed assistant collector at Mariahilf, and in the following year he received another, more important promotion to assistant inspector at Braunau am Inn, where he remained for the next twenty years. Because he lacked a formal education, the highest ranks of the inspectorate were closed to him: he would never, for example, become a chief inspector. Nevertheless, he could progress slowly through the lower ranks. In 1875, the year before he changed his name, he was appointed a senior assistant inspector at Braunau am Inn, a rank he retained for seventeen years.

If it was not an especially adventurous career, it had certain advantages. In a small border town like Braunau am Inn, even an assistant

GENE/

JOHANN GEOR
1792-1
Maria Anna Sc

ALOIS SCHICK
(later Hn
b. June 17
d. January

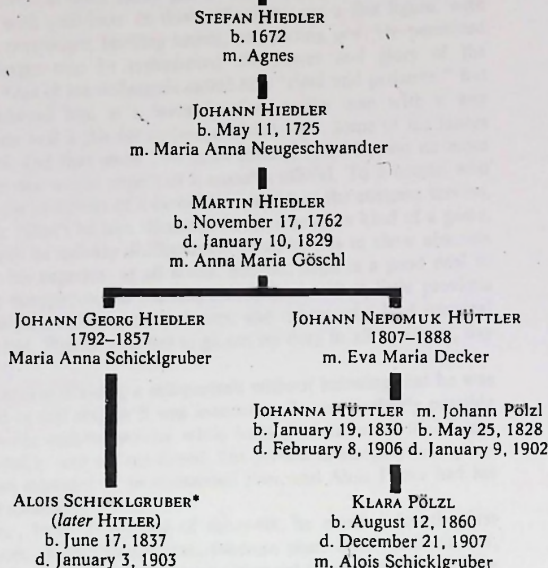
Alois Hitler married
Jiska Matzelsberger
children, two by Frau
were:

- (1) Alois Matzelsberger
- (2) Angela Hitler, b. 1879
- (3) Gustav Hitler, b. 1881
- (4) Ida Hitler, b. 1883
- (5) Otto, d. shortly after birth
- (6) Adolf Hitler, b. 1889
- (7) Edmund Hitler, b. 1891
- (8) Paula Hitler, b. 1893

Angela Hitler had
11, 1879, d. August 10
(1) Leo Rudolf Raub
(2) Angela (Geli)
(3) Elfriede Rauba

* The paternity of Alois is uncertain.

GENEALOGICAL TREE OF ADOLF HITLER



Alois Hitler married (1) Anna Glassl-Hörer (1823-1888), (2) Franziska Matzelsberger (1861-1884), and (3) Klara Pölzl. He had eight children, two by Franziska Matzelsberger and six by Klara Pölzl. They were:

- (1) Alois Matzelsberger, later Hitler, b. January 13, 1882
- (2) Angela Hitler, b. July 28, 1883, d. 1949
- (3) Gustav Hitler, b. May 17, 1885, d. December 8, 1887
- (4) Ida Hitler, b. September 25, 1886, d. January 2, 1888
- (5) Otto, d. shortly after birth in 1887
- (6) Adolf Hitler, b. April 20, 1889, d. April 30, 1945
- (7) Edmund Hitler, b. March 24, 1894, d. February 29, 1900
- (8) Paula Hitler, b. January 21, 1896, d. June 1, 1960

Angela Hitler had three children by her husband, Leo Raubal (b. June 11, 1879, d. August 10, 1910). They were:

- (1) Leo Rudolf Raubal, b. 1906
- (2) Angela (Geli) Raubal, b. January 4, 1908, d. September 18, 1931.
- (3) Elfriede Raubal, b. January 10, 1910

* The paternity of Alois Schicklgruber, later known as Alois Hitler, remains uncertain.

1913

inspector of the customs service possessed status, and he was paid at least as well as the principal of the local school. He was given a resplendent uniform with many gilt buttons and a cocked hat richly embroidered with gold lace. In this uniform he cut a fine figure, with his sweeping mustaches, beetling brows, and jutting jaw. He permitted no one to forget that he represented the power and glory of the bureaucracy. One of his colleagues called him "rigid and pedantic," but others remembered him as a warm-hearted, earthy man with a wry sense of humor and a gift for enduring friendships. Some of his letters have survived, and they show him to be kindly, sensible, and no more pedantic than one would expect of a customs official. To a cousin who asked about the prospects of a career for his son in the customs service, he answered: "Don't let him think the *Finanzwach* is a kind of a game, because he will be quickly disillusioned. First, he has to show absolute obedience to his superiors at all levels. Second, there is a good deal to learn in this occupation, all the more so if he has had little previous education. Topers, debtors, card players, and others who lead immoral lives cannot last. Finally, one has to go out on duty in all weathers, day or night."

Alois Hitler was drawing a self-portrait without knowing that he was doing so, but in one respect it was inaccurate. It was perfectly possible to remain in the customs service while leading an immoral life. Gross public immorality was not condoned, but private immorality was tolerated and even expected of an unmarried man, and Alois Hitler had his full share of romances.

1980

In October, 1873, at the age of thirty-six, he married for the first time. His bride, Anna Glassl-Hörer, fourteen years older than himself, was the daughter of an inspector in the imperial tobacco monopoly. She was a widow, and it is possible that he married her for her money. She soon became an invalid, and he seems to have lost interest in her quite early in the marriage. Since he lodged in an inn, where chambermaids and waitresses were available, he continued to enjoy an ample sexual life. His wife endured his infidelities until 1880, when she finally sued for a legal separation. After the separation there was very little change in Alois Hitler's way of life, for he continued to live with his mistress, Franziska Matzelsberger, a farmer's daughter who worked as a waitress in the Gasthaus Streif, where he was lodging. In addition to Franziska, known as Fanni, another young woman was living in Alois Hitler's apartment, ostensibly as a maidservant. This was Klara Pölzl, the twenty-year-old granddaughter of Johann Nepomuk Hüttler.

Franziska Matzelsberger had no illusions about Alois Hitler, and she insisted that the maidservant leave the apartment. Klara Pölzl went

to live elsewhere permanent mis illegitimate son Alois Hitler di able to marry child. The wed

In a small t long, and Alois He was not th and since he w and got on wel his job. After His daughter, Those who the When Franzisl recuperate, Alo servant, his mi at the age of ty common-law wi

Klara Pölzl v so settled in his weight and cur Josef. A vigor panionship of t a sitting, but n always rose pur for supper.

His common gentle manners. seven inches, v She dressed ne she had almost life on the farm ficulty. playing months after th him "uncle."

Since Alois S legal purposes. Hitler blood in difficulties. Alois consulted a pri dispensation fro

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Handwritten notes at the top right of the page, including the name "Franziska" and other illegible scribbles.

Handwritten note: "in a small t long, and Alois"

Handwritten note: "the child he liked her classmate"

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The Ancestors.

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He liked her
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to live elsewhere, and Alois Hitler settled down with Franziska as his permanent mistress. On January 13, 1882, Franziska gave birth to an illegitimate son, who was given the name of Alois. The legal wife of Alois Hitler died of consumption the following year, and he was then able to marry Franziska, seven months pregnant with their second child. The wedding was attended by Alois's friends in the customs service.

In a small town like Braunau am Inn no secrets could be kept for long, and Alois Hitler's complicated marital affairs were well known. He was not the kind of man who cared what people said about him, and since he was neither a drunkard nor a gambler, but worked hard and got on well with his superiors, he was never in any danger of losing his job. After the marriage, he promptly adopted his illegitimate son. His daughter, born a few weeks later, was given the name Angela. Those who thought he had settled down to domesticity were wrong. When Franziska fell ill with tuberculosis and was sent away to recuperate, Alois Hitler again sent for Klara Pölzl. She was his maid-servant, his mistress, and perhaps his niece, and when Franziska died at the age of twenty-three on August 10, 1884, Klara Pölzl became his common-law wife.

Klara Pölzl was twenty-four, and Alois Hitler was forty-seven, a man so settled in his ways that he was beyond changing. He was putting on weight and curling his mustaches in the manner of the Emperor Franz Josef. A vigorous, opinionated, bullet-headed man, he enjoyed the companionship of the tavern and regularly drank three large jugs of beer at a sitting, but no one ever saw him drunk. A friend remembered that he always rose punctually from the tavern table so that he would be in time for supper.

His common-law wife was a quiet, reserved young woman with gentle manners. She was nearly as tall as her husband, about five feet, seven inches, well-built, with thick, dark brown hair and blue eyes. She dressed neatly and simply, and never raised her voice. Although she had almost no education, and although she had lived for most of her life on the farm, she knew the ways of a small town and had no difficulty playing the role of a customs official's common-law wife. For months after they had been living together, she found herself calling him "uncle."

Since Alois Schicklgruber had changed his name and become for all legal purposes Alois Hitler, even though it is possible that he had no Hitler blood in him, the question of their marriage presented grave difficulties. Alois Hitler was determined to marry her, and he therefore consulted a priest, who helped him to draw up a plea for a special dispensation from the Bishop of Linz:

** N.B. To a degree, they are a game like roulette, & one never knows which of the two that are possible become predominant but the one that wins, is to a large extent a large payoff, at least as far as the*

of my kind of people 1000. In any case, the game is played on a large scale, & we can see the difference to the dealer of the game who were to be placed to be a large payoff, at least as far as the
in the same way as the game of roulette, & one never knows which of the two that are possible become predominant but the one that wins, is to a large extent a large payoff, at least as far as the

Most Reverend Episcopate!

Those who with most humble devotion have appended their signatures below have decided upon marriage. But according to the enclosed family tree they are prevented by the canonical impediment of collateral affinity in the third degree touching the second. They therefore make the humble request that the Most Reverend Episcopate will graciously secure for them a dispensation on the following grounds:

The bridegroom has been a widower since August 10th of this year, as can be observed from the enclosed death certificate, and he is the father of two minors, a boy of two and a half years (Alois) and a girl of one year and two months (Angela), and they both need the services of a nurse, all the more because he is a customs official away from home all day and often at night, and therefore in no position to supervise the education and upbringing of his children. The bride has been caring for these children ever since their mother's death, and they are very fond of her. Thus it may be justifiably assumed that they will be well brought up and the marriage will be a happy one. Moreover, the bride is without means, and it is unlikely that she will ever have another opportunity to make a good marriage.

For these reasons the undersigned repeat their humble petition for a gracious procurement of dispensation from the impediment of affinity.

Braunau am Inn, 27 October, 1884

ALOIS HITLER, Bridegroom
KLARA PÖLZL, Bride

With this document went the essential elements of the family tree, showing that Alois Hitler was the son of Johann Georg Hiedler, whose brother Johann Nepomuk Hüttler was the grandfather of Klara Pölzl.

The Bishop of Linz felt that he could not grant the dispensation, and Alois Hitler's plea was therefore translated into Latin and sent to Rome, a friendly priest having arranged that Alois Hitler should receive a certificate of poverty, a *testimonium paupertatis*, so that he should incur no expense in what was usually a costly proceeding. The papal court dealt leniently with such petitions, and the dispensation was granted three weeks later. Alois Hitler and Klara Pölzl were accordingly married in the Catholic church at Braunau am Inn on January 7, 1885, with the bride nearly four months pregnant, and once more Alois's friends in the customs service attended the wedding. The marriage took place early in the morning, and Klara is said to have complained: "We were married at six o'clock in the morning, and my husband was already at work at seven."

In the evening there was a wedding reception at the Gasthaus zum Pommer, attended by a few relatives and friends. Klara's younger sister, a hunchback called Johanna, was present. The maidservant, Rosalie Schichtl, prepared the wedding supper and piled so many logs

in the fireplace that her about her inability were all very hot, supper, which was so man, and it would meal. There was no h

Since Klara was husband, the marriage own but never permitted husband, she was de observed that she w band's two children every young girl ho granted to me," and pen?" She was not he was.

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In those days sma year hundreds of th measles, pneumonia, died of diphtheria an many children do not Klara's parents died in their eighties. One the mother of a hunc existed in her family.

To all outward ap lives conventionally raised their children saints' days, and did class family. Alois Hi husband, and his you suffering, but this is t

in the fireplace that the room became unbearably hot, and Alois teased her about her inability to lay a proper fire. Except for the fact that they were all very hot, no one remembered anything about the wedding supper, which was scarcely a wedding feast. Alois Hitler was a thrifty man, and it would never have occurred to him to offer an expensive meal. There was no honeymoon.

Since Klara was modest and quiet and made no demands on her husband, the marriage was comparatively happy. She had a will of her own but never permitted it to conflict with her husband's. Unlike her husband, she was deeply religious and regularly attended Mass. It was observed that she was especially kind to Alois and Angela, her husband's two children by his former marriage. Once she said: "What every young girl hopes for and dreams about in marriage was not granted to me," and then she added: "But does such a thing ever happen?" She was not a complaining wife and accepted her husband as he was.

She gave him six children, four sons and two daughters, and of those one son and one daughter survived. Gustav, born in May, 1885, died in his second year. Ida, born in September of the following year, also died in her second year, while the third child, Otto, died a few days after birth. All these children were born during the first three years of the marriage. Adolf was born in April, 1889, after Klara had been given nearly a year's respite from childbearing. Thereafter there were no more children for nearly five years, until Edmund, the fifth child, was born in March, 1894. Paula, the sixth and last child, was born in 1896 and died in 1960. Neither Adolf nor Paula had children, and there are therefore no living descendants of Alois and Klara Hitler.

In those days small children in Europe died like flies, and every year hundreds of thousands of them were carried off with diphtheria, measles, pneumonia, and other diseases. We know that Gustav and Ida died of diphtheria and that Edmund died of measles. The deaths of so many children do not prove that Alois or Klara came from weak stock. Klara's parents died in their seventies, and her paternal grandparents in their eighties. One of her sisters was a hunchback and the other was the mother of a hunchback. This is the only deformity known to have existed in her family.

To all outward appearances Alois and Klara Hitler lived out their lives conventionally and respectably. They lived within their means, raised their children as well as they could, celebrated birthdays and saints' days, and did all those things which are expected of a middle-class family. Alois Hitler has been represented as a drunken, tyrannical husband, and his young wife as a supine woman embittered by a life of suffering, but this is to misinterpret the weight of the evidence. Children

were born and died; the breadwinner was posted to different stations; and the family followed him. We hear of no feuds, no violent outbursts of temper, no sudden upheavals. The very ordinariness of the family commands a kind of respect.

Klara lived out her full and quiet life with dignity and patience. She had her vanities, as we can see from the only surviving photograph, which was taken when she was about twenty-five, not long after her marriage. She wears a dress of dark silk with a neat white collar, and her hair is parted, with small curls framing her smooth forehead. At her breast there is a bib of white lace, on which she has pinned a little bunch of grapes made of blown glass. Both the curls and the grapes set off her large and luminous eyes, her most attractive feature.

In the photograph she looks vulnerable, but not too vulnerable. She was a spirited woman who could, if necessary, stand up to her husband. She was not beautiful in the conventional sense, but her face suggests an uncommon gentleness and tenderness, an essential goodness. She was one of those women who live for their husbands, their children, and their faith.

Adolf Hitler's birth on the evening of April 20, 1889, at a quarter past eight, was the first child of Ignaz Probst, the boy-farmer. Adolf's name is given in the official records, and Klara is given as Pözl, peasant, and not as Franziska Pointe. Her father was a distant relative living in Vienna. And

In the normal course of events, the birth would be recorded on the birth register, and the recorder of the birth would be aware of his illegitimacy, and in its certificates and in its

The small border town of Braunau, in the nineteenth century, had some of the crumbling medieval walls and imposing towers of the old imposing Stefanskirche, which was fought over during the Thirty Years' War. Johann Palm, a Nuremberg writer, has written a pamphlet about the town, *Her Deepest Humiliation*.

Although Adolf was born in Braunau, he would share the fate of his father's child. A photograph taken of him when he had inherited

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Although Adolf he would share his child. A photograph of him to have in the

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The Early Years

Adolf Hitler's birth certificate records that he was born at six o'clock in the evening on April 20, 1889, and it goes on to record that two days later, at a quarter past three in the afternoon, in the presence of Father Ignaz Probst, the boy was baptized in the local church. On the certificate Adolf's name is given as Adolfus. Alois Hitler is described as a customs official, and Klara is described as "the legitimate daughter of Johann Pözl, peasant, and of Johanna, born Hitler." We learn that the midwife was Franziska Pointecker and the godparents were Johann and Johanna Prinz, distant relatives of the family, originally from Spital but now living in Vienna. Another godparent was Johanna, Klara's sister.

In the normal course of events Alois Hitler's parentage would also be recorded on the birth certificate. Presumably this was not done because the recorder of the diocese of Linz, who issued the certificate, was aware of his illegitimacy. The Church was responsible for all birth certificates and in its wisdom preferred not to give offense.

The small border town of Braunau am Inn, founded in the thirteenth century, had some importance in history. There remained some crumbling medieval walls and seventeenth-century fortifications, and the imposing Stefanskirche with its Gothic vaults. The town had been fought over during the Napoleonic wars, and it was remembered that Johann Palm, a Nuremberg bookseller, had been shot there for having written a pamphlet against Napoleon entitled *Germany in the Hour of Her Deepest Humiliation*.

Although Adolf was sickly at birth and for some weeks Klara feared he would share the fate of her other children, he grew into a sturdy child. A photograph taken when he was nine or ten months old shows him to have inherited her features: the same oval face, the same bright

eyes, the same nose and mouth. It is as though no trace of the father was permitted to remain. The chubby child sitting up in the velvet chair in the photographer's studio wears a white dress, white stockings, and a frilly white collar, and as he gazes out of the photograph he has an air of appealing innocence and intelligence, so that one could imagine him growing up quite normally, without strain, secure in the affections of a mother who treated her two stepchildren with the same loving care as she treated her son.

At the time of Adolf's birth his half-brother, Alois, was seven, and his half-sister, Angela, was five. They were noisy, rather mischievous children, and soon it became necessary to leave the Gasthof zum Pommer for a larger apartment. They found one in the Linzerstrasse, a stone's throw away, and there the family remained until the summer of 1892, when Alois Hitler was promoted to the position of Higher Customs Officer at Passau. He had spent twenty years as a lowly customs officer in an unimportant town, and this was his first big promotion. Passau was on the German side of the border, but by an arrangement between the German and Austrian governments all the work of the customs was concentrated there.

While Braunau am Inn was little more than a sleeping village, Passau was an ancient city. Once the Prince-Bishop of Passau ruled over large areas of Bavaria and Austria. The splendor of the Middle Ages clung to the castles, towers, and churches built on a little tongue of land at the confluence of the River Inn and the Danube.

For Alois Hitler the promotion meant a substantial increase in income, and he was now receiving 2,600 kronen a year. Yet the change must have produced a wrench, for he was a man of settled habits and had deep roots in Braunau am Inn, where his former wives were buried. According to the official calendar of the Austrian Ministry of Finance, he received only a provisional appointment, which meant that he would have to satisfy his superior before the appointment was confirmed. He probably regarded the transfer with some trepidation, because it involved a test of his ability.

Adolf, who was known as Adi, was just over three years old when the family moved to Passau. He was at the impressionable age when the sights and sounds of a large town produce enduring images on the brain. Speech patterns, too, begin to acquire their final form, and to the end of his life he would speak in the accents of this German border town. He said later that he always felt more German than Austrian, and he was never to forget the impression left on him by this old German imperial city. The years he spent as a child in Passau were as close to paradise as he ever came.

On March 23, 1893, Klara gave birth to a son, her fifth child. The

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boy was called Edmund. A week later Alois Hitler, who had evidently satisfied his superiors, was appointed to an even higher post in Linz. Because Edmund was too young to travel, Klara and the children remained for another year in Passau.

In this way Adolf came to enjoy another year of paradise, for he was permitted to do whatever he wanted by his indulgent mother, and there was no father to warn and chastise him. He says nothing about the years spent in Passau in *Mein Kampf*, but one does not write about childhood in a book devoted to revolutionary struggle and invective. Nevertheless it was here that he encountered Gothic and Baroque architecture in their fullness, and saw the Renaissance flowering around him. During the last year at Passau, when his father was absent in Linz and Alois and Angela were off to school, he had his mother to himself, for Edmund was too young to challenge his hold on her affections.

Adolf was a mother's boy, a *Muttersöhnchen*, one of those who are incurably devoted to their mothers and therefore capable of latent and sometimes open hostility to the father. He was perfectly aware of it and seems to have thought it was a natural state of affairs, not to be questioned. For his father he possessed a respect amounting to awe, because he was so old and so powerfully built, because he was so obviously an authoritarian figure whose instant commands must be obeyed. To the very end of his life, when he was living in a subterranean bunker in the heart of burning Berlin, he kept his mother's photograph with him and found himself continually gazing at it. He did not keep a photograph of his father, and on the rare occasions when he spoke about his father, it was usually with suppressed fury.

Already the seeds of many future disasters were being sown. By being so devoted to his mother, Adolf was ensuring that he would find no woman equal to her, for she alone represented the ideal. All women would be compared with Klara, and most of them would be found wanting. From his father he inherited the authoritarian temper, the stern dogmatic approach to all problems, and a sense of purpose.

Early in 1895 Alois Hitler made one of the most important decisions in his life. He decided to retire from the customs service and bought property in the village of Hafeld, some thirty miles southwest of Linz. It was a small village with about two dozen houses and about a hundred inhabitants, and there was a fine view of the Salzkammergut mountains. The village was on a high ridge, and there were orchards and nut trees in abundance.

There were serpents in this paradise, but the first impression was one of serene beauty. Later, when the autumn rains came and the sharp winds blew from the mountains, Alois Hitler would have second

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thoughts about his acquisition. He was a peasant at heart, and he enjoyed the prospect of farming his own land and keeping bees. Adolf vividly remembered the bees and said later: "It was the most normal thing in the world to be stung by bees. My mother would pull out as many as forty-five or fifty stings from the old gentleman when he returned from clearing the hives. He never protected himself in any way, except by smoking all the time. In other words it was a good excuse for another cigar!" Adolf's "forty-five or fifty stings" was probably an exaggeration, but there was no doubt that the old man was a passionate beekeeper.

His decision to retire caused no surprise in the family. He was simply going back to the traditions of his ancestors: he enjoyed physical work and hated idleness. It has been suggested that he was suffering from some unidentified sickness, or alternatively that he was disliked by the senior customs officials who forced his early retirement, but there is no evidence that he was either ill or unpopular. He retired on June 25, 1895, shortly after his fifty-eighth birthday. He was a strong, rugged man, devoted to his family, his farm, and his bees. He hoped the farm would pay its way, but if he failed as a farmer, he could always fall back on his substantial pension. There is nothing in the least surprising about a man wanting to retire early before old age settled on him. Alois had evidently been planning his retirement for some time.

Hafeld was one of those villages which look larger than they are because the farmsteads are widely scattered. Alois's cottage stood on a slight elevation and was completely invisible from the road because it was hidden by an orchard. There were stables for the farm horses and cows, and there was a hayloft where the children played. Everything about the new property was pleasing, except the most important thing. It was not good land, and though Alois worked hard, he could not make it pay. More than a year passed before he realized that he was farming unproductive land, but with the stubbornness of an old peasant he continued to farm the land for some time before abandoning it.

Young Adolf's life of leisure came to an end on May 1, 1895, shortly after his sixth birthday, when he went to school for the first time. Since Hafeld had no school of its own, he attended the little country school at Fischlham nearby, walking across the fields every morning and afternoon. One of his teachers, a man called Mittermaier, remembered him as a lively, bright-eyed, and intelligent six-year-old who came to school hand-in-hand with his twelve-year-old sister Angela. Both children were neat and orderly, and Mittermaier was of the opinion that they had been well trained at home. Adolf was always at the top of his class, and it was noted that he received the highest marks for deportment.

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at Fischlham, and because the farm was not paying its way. In July, 1897, he sold the property, which was to exchange hands a dozen times in the next twenty years.

As soon as the farm was sold, the whole family went into lodgings at Lambach, the nearest town of any size. Lambach was halfway between Linz and Salzburg, and like Passau it had an ancient and distinguished history. There was a great Benedictine monastery, which had been founded in the eleventh century. Byzantine frescoes and many paintings by medieval masters were still preserved in the monastery. Lambach had many other churches, including the famous Paura Church, built in the form of a triangle with three towers, three gates, three windows, and three altars.

1897
Adolf was admitted to the school attached to the Benedictine monastery and was immediately fascinated by the new world of church ritual, the black-robed monks, the abbot ruling his flock with all the authority of an earthly king. He did well in the school and was overwhelmed by the beauty of the services. Ecclesiastical music fascinated him, and in his spare time he took singing lessons so that he could sing in the choir. "Again and again I enjoyed the best possibility of intoxicating myself with the solemn splendor of the dazzling festivals of the Church," he wrote later. "It seemed to me perfectly natural to regard the abbot as the highest and most desirable ideal, just as my father regarded the village priest as his ideal." There was thus no trace of anticlericalism in the family. For two years Adolf contemplated the possibility of one day joining the community of monks, eventually rising to the position of abbot, with supreme authority over all the monks. But while he enjoyed the church ceremonies and looked upon the abbot with awe and veneration, he remained a quite normal schoolboy with a schoolboy's capacity for mischief. One day, when he was about nine years old, a priest caught him smoking a cigarette. This was a serious matter, and for a while he was in danger of receiving exemplary punishment. The danger passed, for the priest quickly forgave him, and he resumed his schooling as though nothing had happened.

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Visitors to the monastery have observed one curious and memorable detail. In six or seven places—over the ornamental gateway, over a stone well, and over some of the stalls in the abbey—a swastika appears. The swastika was included in the coat of arms of Abbot Theodorich von Hagen, who ruled over the monastery in the fifties and sixties of the last century. In German a swastika is a *Hakenkreuz*, and evidently the abbot regarded it as a pun on his own name, the difference between *Haken* and *Hagen* being so small that it might pass unobserved. The abbot's swastika inspires no fear: it was carved delicately and simply, and the only emotion it conveys is one of surprise that an abbot should

amuse himself with such in a well-designed building. Kirchengasse, could see it apartment, and he saw it Theodorich von Hagen's *Hakenkreuz*.

About this time Alois roof. He was the black came from him. In 1900 imprisonment for theft, tence, this time of eight many and France, practicing him in Dublin, and in the small restaurant in Liverpool. Dowling, and fathered a World War I he abandoned he was sentenced to six of Hamburg for bigamy, opened a bar and restaurant much frequented by Nazi closely related to the one called *Café Alois*, prosperous, Heinz, by one of his Russia and was taken prisoner many years later. In 1945 and nothing more was ever

Although Alois Jr. was member of the family, 1 women, and lived by his getting rich quickly, and poverty soured him. He when he was about to be his latest wife. He was

The unhappiest member January 21, 1896. She was docile. Quiet and easily in the day of her birth and married, and died in 1960

The family at Lambach children, Angela, Adolf, lodging house in the center apartment on the second smith's shop. The children

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amuse himself with such an obvious pun. Adolf, who was now living in a well-designed building at the corner of the Linzerstrasse and the Kirchengasse, could see the swastika from the window of his father's apartment, and he saw it more clearly when he went to school. Abbot Theodorich von Hagen's swastika was probably the ancestor of the Nazi *Hakenkreuz*.

About this time Alois Hitler's eldest son, Alois Jr., left the family roof. He was the black sheep of the family, and no good news ever came from him. In 1900 he was arrested and sentenced to five months' imprisonment for theft, and two years later he received another sentence, this time of eight months' imprisonment. He wandered to Germany and France, practicing the trade of a waiter. In 1909 we find him in Dublin, and in the following year he became the owner of a small restaurant in Liverpool, where he married an Irish girl, Elizabeth Dowling, and fathered a son, William Patrick Hitler. Shortly before World War I he abandoned his wife and settled in Germany. In 1924 he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in the provincial court of Hamburg for bigamy, and when his half-brother came to power he opened a bar and restaurant in Berlin on the Wittenbergplatz. It was much frequented by Nazi officers, who were not aware that Alois was closely related to the dictator of Germany. The restaurant and bar, called *Café Alois*, prospered, and Alois himself survived the war. A son, Heinz, by one of his many marriages, fought in the war against Russia and was taken prisoner. He, too, survived, returning to Germany many years later. In 1945 Alois Hitler changed his name to Hans Hiller, and nothing more was ever heard of him.

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Although Alois Jr. was the black sheep, he was probably the happiest member of the family. He had an earthy robust character, charmed women, and lived by his wits. He was always inventing schemes for getting rich quickly, and most of them came to grief. Neither prison nor poverty soured him. He was unfailingly good-humored and polite, even when he was about to be sentenced by a judge or when he was abandoning his latest wife. He was one of those who enjoy life to the full.

The unhappiest member of the family was Paula, who was born on January 21, 1896. She was the last of Klara's six children, and the most docile. Quiet and easily led, she faded into the background almost from the day of her birth and spent most of her life in obscurity. She never married, and died in 1960 as quietly as she had lived.

The family at Lambach now consisted of Alois, Klara, and the four children, Angela, Adolf, Edmund, and Paula. At first they lived in a lodging house in the center of the town, but later they moved into an apartment on the second floor of a mill, where there was also a blacksmith's shop. The children appear to have enjoyed the move, but Alois

still pined for a farm where he could end his days working the land and looking after his beehives. In November, 1898, he bought a small property in the little village of Leonding on the outskirts of the provincial city of Linz. With the house went half an acre of land, and it was therefore known as the garden house. Next to the property was the local cemetery, and the village church was across the way.

It was a pleasant, solid, capacious house with a tiled roof and two chimneys, and there were many trees in the small garden. Alois set up his beehives, and Adolf went to the local *Volksschule*, or elementary school, where as usual he did well. Klara busied herself about the house, looking after the young children, Paula and Edmund, and keeping an eye on Angela and Adolf, who were both mischievous. Josef Mayrhofer, who knew the family well, remembered that Klara came to his house to buy vegetables two or three times a week, always neatly dressed and always friendly, saying: "I can't stay, because there is so much work waiting for me."

Alois was a creature of habit, and every day was like every other day. In the morning he worked in his garden, and there would be the inevitable visit to the Gasthaus Stiefeler for a drink with his cronies. In the evening there would be another round of drinks at one of the local inns. Josef Mayrhofer remembered that Alois went to church only on the Emperor's birthday, and that although he was strict with his family, his bark was worse than his bite. He never struck his children, but he would sometimes say to Adolf: "You little wretch, I'll give you a beating!" without ever carrying out the threat. Adolf tended whenever possible to stay out of his father's way.

About a year after the family began to live in Leonding, Edmund, who was nearly six years old, died of measles. It was the first time Adolf had encountered death, and the death of his brother left a deep psychological wound, which perhaps never completely healed. We know almost nothing about the circumstances of Edmund's death, and we can only guess at the bonds of affection between the two brothers, but it is certain that there was a dramatic change in Adolf's character during the year following his brother's death. From being a rather cocky, good-humored, outward-going boy who found his lessons ridiculously easy, sailing through life as though all things were possible to him, he becomes a morose, self-absorbed, nervous boy, who never again did well in his lessons and continued to wage a sullen war against his teachers until they gave up in despair.

A school photograph taken when he was attending the fourth class at Leonding in 1899 shows him with an open, eager face, a forelock falling across his forehead, his arms folded across his chest, and as he stands there, in the center of the top row, he wears an expression of

calm self-assurance and a lowering year, when he was looking glumly and moody former self-assurance.

Quite suddenly some of the soul or a sickness of the in his character must reprobably the main cause out of the bedroom window grave lay just behind the inconsolable, for they had remaining two.

Years later, when Adolf times descend on Leonding about him. They remember Red Indians, or pretend English, for the Boer War bered him standing on a manded his followers to would sometimes put two shrill whistle. Immediately and run to his father, with an air of authority exact that in the presence of I also remembered a curious other memories. They saw on the cemetery wall, ga The Linz *Realschule*, he was eleven years old equivalent to a high school a classical education and a professional career, the languages and prepared engineering. In the Gym until he could write the native German. The *Real* ancient history, or philosophy practical.

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calm self-assurance and conscious ease. A photograph taken in the following year, when he was attending the *Realschule* at Linz, shows him looking glumly and moodily at the camera, and there is no trace of his former self-assurance.

Quite suddenly something had snapped within him: a sickness of the soul or a sickness of the flesh. Exactly what caused this abrupt change in his character must remain unknown, but the death of Edmund was probably the main cause, outweighing all others. Whenever he looked out of the bedroom window, he would be reminded of Edmund, for the grave lay just behind the high cemetery wall. Alois and Klara, too, were inconsolable, for they had lost four of their children and feared for the remaining two.

Years later, when Adolf had become famous, journalists would sometimes descend on Leonding and ask the villagers what they remembered about him. They remembered him climbing the apple trees, or playing at Red Indians, or pretending to be a Boer soldier fighting against the English, for the Boer War had broken out in 1899. Many people remembered him standing on a hill near Leonding, his arms waving as he commanded his followers to attack. They remembered how old Alois Hitler would sometimes put two fingers to his mouth and there would come a shrill whistle. Immediately Adolf would stop whatever he was doing and run to his father, whose broad shoulders, fierce drooping mustache, and air of authority exacted instant obedience. And they remembered that in the presence of his father he was quiet and humble. But they also remembered a curious detail that had nothing in common with their other memories. They said Adolf was sometimes seen at night sitting on the cemetery wall, gazing up at the stars.

The Linz *Realschule*, which Adolf entered in September, 1900, when he was eleven years old, provided a four-year course of education, equivalent to a high school. Unlike the *Gymnasium*, which emphasized a classical education and prepared the student for the university and a professional career, the *Realschule* emphasized science and modern languages and prepared the student for a career in technology and engineering. In the *Gymnasium* a student learned Latin and Greek until he could write those ancient languages almost as well as his native German. The *Realschule* had no courses in Latin and Greek, or ancient history, or philosophy, or art, and the teaching was severely practical.

Adolf sometimes made the journey from Leonding to Linz on foot, but more often he went by train. The journey on foot, lasting about an hour and a half, was not unpleasant, for there were rolling meadows and watchtowers left over from the days when the Austrians feared the approach of Napoleon's army, and there were also some ruined castles,

1900

ie-in
Bayer
the most impressive being the Kurnberg Castle with its beetling towers. According to a local tradition the *Nibelungenlied*, the great German epic, had been composed in one of those towers.

The school was a gloomy building on the Steinstrasse in the center of the city. During his first year Adolf did appallingly badly. His moral conduct was only "adequate," his diligence was "erratic," and he failed in mathematics and natural history. Although he enjoyed drawing and sometimes thought of himself as a potential artist, the teachers did not share his enthusiasm for his work. Other boys had their drawings hung on the classroom wall for all to admire, but no one hung Adolf's drawings. He seemed incapable of any concentrated effort, disliked his teachers, and was not popular with the other boys. He did so badly that he had to go through the work of the first class all over again the following year.

That he was obviously having grave difficulties with his work and that he was completely unable to adapt himself to the *Realschule* showed that he was suffering from some profound psychological malaise, not that he was stupid. His pride had been assailed, the inner citadel of his life no longer stood firm, and he was at the mercy of all those accumulative shocks that attack people in a state of depression, leaving them almost defenseless. Edmund's death, his burial in the depth of winter, the whole family in mourning, all this threw a long shadow over his life, but there were many other things that contributed to his misery. For the first time he was living for a large part of the day away from home among strangers who neither knew nor cared what happened to him. Loneliness, too, played an important part in the sudden change that came over him.

Inevitably the boy found solace in a dream world, sank deeper and deeper into himself, and cherished more and more the one talent he thought he possessed—drawing. At home he was confronted by a father exasperated almost beyond endurance by the failure of the son on whom the hopes of the family depended, and at school he was confronted by teachers who were uninterested in him because he was uninterested in his lessons. If there was any safety, it was outside the school and outside the home, in the no man's land where a boy walks alone, lost in his dreams.

The first year in the *Realschule* was a critical year, perhaps the most critical in his life. The pattern, which was to remain fixed until his death, was emerging. To the end he would remain a man walking alone, lost in dreams, declaring war on a world he despised.

During this first year there must have been many unhappy confrontations with his father. In *Mein Kampf* Hitler relates that the main confrontation took place when he was twelve, that is, after April, 1901,

probably about the time repeat a year's work all (c) mined to become an arti father thought he had g account goes on:

But when it was explai seriousness of my intenti his nature. His decisio slightest heed to any tale

"Artist, no! Never as qualities, had apparentl answer was given back opposite.

Thus the situation rei from his "Never" and theless."

The consequences, i became embittered, and me to entertain any hopa step further and declare course, after such a "dec man relentlessly enforc and turned my threats. father saw what little pr whatever happened, let

There is no doubt that is some doubt whether it the bold champion of art planned to sabotage his w relent, to let him study ar an autobiographer's lice champions when he was n that he was not quite so b Hitler was not the kind from a twelve-year-old bo foot down, ordering him childish dreams, and the loved his father and said would therefore show him The reason why he was st by his quarrel with his fa

Alois Hitler was not a

probably about the time when his father learned he would have to repeat a year's work all over again. Adolf announced that he was determined to become an artist and no longer wished to study. At first his father thought he had gone mad and demanded an explanation. The account goes on:

But when it was explained to him and especially when he realized the seriousness of my intentions, he opposed me with all the determination of his nature. His decision was quite simple, and he refused to pay the slightest heed to any talents I might have possessed.

"Artist, no! Never as long as I live!" As his son, among various other qualities, had apparently inherited his father's stubbornness, the same answer was given back to him. Of course, the meaning was just the opposite.

Thus the situation remained on both sides. My father did not depart from his "Never" and I was even more determined with my "Nevertheless."

The consequences, indeed, were not very pleasant. The old man became embittered, and much as I loved him, so did I. My father forbade me to entertain any hope of being allowed to study painting. I went one step further and declared that I absolutely would not study any more. Of course, after such a "declaration," I got the worst of it, and now the old man relentlessly enforced his authority. Thereafter I remained silent and turned my threats into action. I felt certain that as soon as my father saw what little progress I was making in the *Realschule*, he would, whatever happened, let me devote myself to the happiness I dreamed of.

There is no doubt that a painful confrontation took place, but there is some doubt whether it took precisely this form. He paints himself as the bold champion of art who stood up to his father and deliberately planned to sabotage his work at school in order to induce his father to relent, to let him study art. Since very often in *Mein Kampf* he invokes an autobiographer's license to portray himself as the boldest of champions when he was merely a minor spear-carrier, we may conclude that he was not quite so brave, or so determined, as he pretended. Alois Hitler was not the kind of person who would tolerate any nonsense from a twelve-year-old boy. It is more likely that Alois Hitler put his foot down, ordering him to behave well at school and to put away childish dreams, and the boy then turned sullen and resentful. Adolf loved his father and said so. To the extent that he loved his father, he would therefore show him obedience, or at least a pretended obedience. The reason why he was such a failure at school is only partly explained by his quarrel with his father and all its attendant miseries.

Alois Hitler was not a learned man, but he possessed a small library

1901

1942, 1903

the horizons, with power over all living creatures, perpetually at war with the inferior races and consigning them to their doom. Long after his boyhood was over he continued to read these novels, and he was reading them again while he fought the war against Russia, which exceeded in brutality anything Old Shatterhand ever dreamed of. Sometimes, when talking about the Russians, he would refer to them as "Redskins."

The strange moody boy who read Karl May's novels and failed in his lessons was entering a world of fantasy, which gradually closed round him. From time to time he would break out of the circle, but the world of fantasy was the only place where he felt completely at home.

Outwardly he looked like any other schoolboy, except that he was unusually pale and thin. Professor Theodor Gissinger, who taught science in the Linz *Realschule*, remembered that he looked like a consumptive and had bright, glowing eyes but otherwise left neither a favorable nor an unfavorable impression. He did, however, add one curious detail. "I remember," he said, "that he used to hold conversations with the windblown trees."

Meanwhile the boy was still waging a sullen, resentful war against his father, who wanted him to do well at school and become an official, gradually working his way up to the top and finally achieving an assured pension. One day the boy accompanied his father to the customs house. As he remembered it many years later, the customs officials were cooped up in little cages, and his determination never to become an official was reinforced. As he tells the story, he was overcome by panic when he saw the cages. In fact, the customs officials under the Habsburg Empire were not cooped up in cages but moved about freely in the customs sheds like customs officials today. It was one more of the fantasies he wove around his father.

In December, 1901, the old gentleman caught a bad cold and was in bed for several weeks. By the spring he had fully recovered. In August he felt strong enough to haul coals into his cellar and as a result suffered a lung hemorrhage. Such hemorrhages were not considered dangerous, and he was soon on his feet again. He appeared to be in fairly good health all through the later part of the year. On Saturday, January 3, 1903, he went out early to see a farmer about buying some apples. It was a bitterly cold day, and suddenly feeling unwell he made his way to the inn and called for a glass of wine. While waiting for the wine, he collapsed. There was a story that just before he collapsed someone offered him a "black," or clerical, newspaper, and he shouted indignantly that he would never read a newspaper that was full of lies, but the story is probably apocryphal. They carried him to an adjoining room, and he was dead within a few minutes.

This quiet and unspaciously and unspectacular three times and father restlessly from place to behavior to suggest that typical small bureaucratic wine, without any redee the *Linz Tagespost* print with all the appropriate

Leonding, January 5. A say about Alois Hitler, who was carried to his month his life came to in the Gasthaus Stiefl unwell, hoping to revive

Alois Hitler was in of joy and sorrow. He first learned the traditional knowledge needed for tinction, and in addition Braunau, Simbach, Lin

Alois Hitler was a and as such he was a v always cheerful, not to fell from his lips could rough exterior. He was Well-informed on all ki pronounce authoritative happier than when in sphere of beekeeping characteristics was his great all Hitler's passing has a widow and four child of his friends and acqu him.

Although the obituary acquaintances, there were stationed in Salzburg. It provided for. That has he regarded himself as us, for bureaucrats habit as authorities on all sub a man who was wholly p

This quiet and unspectacular death suited a man who had lived quietly and unspectacularly all his life. It was true that he had married three times and fathered nine children, and that he had wandered restlessly from place to place, but there was nothing in his life or behavior to suggest that he was anything out of the ordinary. He was a typical small bureaucrat, reasonably honest, fond of his pipe and his wine, without any redeeming virtues or vices. Two days after his death the *Linz Tagespost* printed an obituary from its Leonding correspondent with all the appropriate clichés:

Leonding, January 5. We have buried a good man—this we can rightly say about Alois Hitler, Higher Official of the Imperial Customs, retired, who was carried to his final resting place today. On the third of this month his life came to a sudden end as a result of an apoplectic stroke in the Gasthaus Stiefler, where he had gone because he was feeling unwell, hoping to revive himself with a glass of wine.

Alois Hitler was in his 65th year, and had experienced a full measure of joy and sorrow. Having only an elementary school education, he had first learned the trade of a cobbler, but later taught himself the knowledge needed for a civil service career, which he served with distinction, and in addition he achieved success in husbandry. Salzburg, Braunau, Simbach, Linz, were among the places where he saw service.

Alois Hitler was a progressively minded man through and through, and as such he was a warm friend of free education. In company he was always cheerful, not to say boisterous. The harsh words that sometimes fell from his lips could not belie the warm heart that beat under the rough exterior. He was always an energetic champion of law and order. Well-informed on all kinds of matters, he could always be counted on to pronounce authoritatively on any subject. Fond of singing, he was never happier than when in a joyful company of fellow enthusiasts. In the sphere of beekeeping he was an authority. Not the least of his characteristics was his great frugality and sense of economy and thrift. All in all Hitler's passing has left a great gap, not only in his family—he leaves a widow and four children not well provided for—but also in the circle of his friends and acquaintances who will preserve pleasant memories of him.

Although the obituary was written by one of Alois Hitler's Leonding acquaintances, there were one or two small errors. He had never been stationed in Salzburg. The four surviving children were reasonably well provided for. That harsh words sometimes fell from his lips and that he regarded himself as an authority on most subjects does not surprise us, for bureaucrats habitually utter harsh words and regard themselves as authorities on all subjects. The writer of the obituary had described a man who was wholly predictable, a typical product of his environment.

Alois Hitler was buried in the Leonding cemetery under a headstone with an appropriate inscription:

*Here rests in God
ALOIS HITLER
Higher Official of Imp. Customs, retired
and Householder
Died 3 January 1903 in his 65th year*

According to the custom of the time a small photograph was set in the headstone and covered with glass to protect it from the weather. The photograph shows the old customs officer and householder as he was about a year before his death, his skull close-cropped, his small beady eyes gazing dimly at a world he never understood, his Franz Josef mustaches curling up and giving him an air of benevolence and propriety becoming in a man who had served his Emperor well. It is the face of a solid, respectable citizen who never doubted that he was living in the best of all possible worlds.

The T

The funeral of Alois Hitler when the roads were covered with lowering skies. Nearly every relative from Spital service. His closest friend an Austrian customs official his wine and enjoyed access. He was one of the pallbearers. Leonding. About forty or fifty small church at Leonding.

Bowed in deepest grief, relatives announce the presence of father, brother-in-law, uncle

A

Higher Official of Royal and Imperial Customs, died January 3, 1903, at 10 o'clock fell peacefully asleep in the morning.

The burial will take place in the morning.

Leonding, January 3, 1903

ANGELA HITLER
PAULA HITLER
daughters

under a headstone

retired

65th year

photograph was set in the
from the weather. The
householder as he was
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The Troubled Student

The funeral of Alois Hitler took place on a bitterly cold, wintry day, when the roads were covered with ice and the trees were bare under lowering skies. Nearly everyone from the village attended, and so did the relatives from Spital and Alois's old friends from the customs service. His closest friend and lifelong companion was Karl Wessely, an Austrian customs official of Czech descent, a convivial man who liked his wine and enjoyed accompanying Alois on his rounds of the taverns. He was one of the pallbearers. Emmanuel Lugert, a much younger customs official, was another, and so was Josef Mayrhofer, the mayor of Leonding. About forty other people attended the funeral Mass in the small church at Leonding.

Bowed in deepest grief, we on our own behalf and on behalf of all the relatives announce the passing of our dear and unforgettable husband, father, brother-in-law, uncle

ALOIS HITLER

Higher Official of Royal and Imperial Customs, retired, who on Sunday, January 3, 1903, at 10 o'clock in the morning, in his 65th year, suddenly fell peacefully asleep in the Lord.

The burial will take place on Monday, January 5, 1903, at ten o'clock in the morning.

Leonding, January 3, 1903.

ANGELA HITLER

PAULA HITLER

daughters

KLARA HITLER

wife

ALOIS HITLER

ADOLF HITLER

sons

Of his father's death Adolf wrote many years later: "When I was thirteen my father died suddenly. The old gentleman, who was always so robust and healthy, suffered an apoplectic stroke, and thus painlessly ended his wanderings on earth, plunging us all into the depths of despair."

Adolf was now the male head of the family, a position of considerable responsibility. His mother and Josef Mayrhofer became his legal guardians until he came of age, and Emmanuel Lugert seems to have kept an eye on the family on behalf of friends in the customs service. Both Mayrhofer and Lugert were intelligent men, genuinely fond of Klara and the children.

Although the writer of the obituary in the *Linz Tagespost* had said the orphaned children were not well provided for, they managed well enough according to the normal standard of living in Leonding. The family was far from impoverished. Klara would continue to receive 100 kronen a month, half her husband's pension, for the rest of her life, while the three children each received 23 kronen a month from the government pension fund, and in addition Klara received 600 kronen in death benefits. She owned the substantial house in Leonding, for which her husband had paid 7,700 kronen, most of it in cash, with only 2,500 kronen carried as a mortgage. Fritz Jetzinger, who was the first to investigate the finances of the Hitler family, concluded that they were in good financial shape and could live very much as they had while Alois was alive.

All the children received legacies. Alois, the black sheep of the family, received 300 kronen from his father together with the 1,000 kronen from his mother, Franziska Matzelsberger, which fell due to him. Angela received 650 kronen from her father and 1,000 kronen from her mother. Adolf and Paula received 650 kronen each. The figures show that the children were in no dire need and would be able to continue their education without any difficulty. Adolf could now afford to stay at a boys' home at Linz during weekdays, thus avoiding the long journey back and forth. The home was kept by a Frau Sekira, who had charge of five or six boys and saw that they were well fed and did their homework. She remembered that Adolf was not a particularly endearing schoolboy. He seemed nervous and ill at ease, always addressed her in a formal manner, and spent nearly all his free time reading and drawing.

Adolf's marks at school were no better than before his father's death. He failed in mathematics, and, while his general conduct was considered satisfactory, his diligence clearly left much to be desired. In the fall he would have to take his mathematics examination over again.

In June, when school broke up, the whole family went off to spend

the summer holidays with Klara's sister, married to Klara's mother, Johanna there, and so were the two of them a hunchback like the hunchbacks at the fam

Adolf played with his younger brother Anton. Schmidt invited him to do other things to do. He did not had to catch up in his studies.

It was a pleasant holiday of the Schmidts, for he had them. July and August passed with their heavy traveling more months of detestable long, lonely journey experiment of sending him

On September 14, 1914, some pleasure. His half-sisters, married Leo Raub. Angela was twenty, and Leo career ahead of him. Adolf's real sister Paula, who was than himself. Leo Raubal who liked to argue in favor of public honor and a pension of the civil service, came to affection for his half-sister made demands on him. The boy and two girls. Shortly died at the age of thirty-one.

While the marriage of Leo had other things that pleased him on badly at school, baiting and generally behaving well. knows he is going to fail. to failure. There was no particular sufficiently interested in his special counseling. He said were slightly mad, and it is him.

One of the teachers who

* He knew the family was in of course the children.

the summer holidays with Aunt Theresia at Spital. Aunt Theresia was Klara's sister, married to Anton Schmidt, a small farmer and landowner. Klara's mother, Johanna Pölzl, now well into her seventies, was living there, and so were the two Schmidt children, Anton and Eduard, who was a hunchback like Aunt Johanna Pölzl. The appearance of two hunchbacks at the family table apparently caused no distress, and Adolf played with his young cousins in the woods and fields. But when Anton Schmidt invited him to do some farming, he refused. He had other things to do. He did a lot of drawing and reading, and he also had to catch up in his mathematics.

It was a pleasant holiday, and Adolf evidently enjoyed the company of the Schmidts, for he was to spend five more summer holidays with them. July and August passed, and then it was time for the Hitlers to put their heavy traveling cases on the train back to Linz. There were more months of detestable schooling ahead, and once more there were the long, lonely journeys out of Leonding every morning, for the experiment of sending him to Frau Sekira's home had failed.

On September 14, 1903, there occurred an event that gave Adolf some pleasure. His half-sister Angela, the less tractable of his two sisters, married Leo Raubal, a young assistant tax inspector from Linz. Angela was twenty, and Leo Raubal was twenty-three, with a promising career ahead of him. Adolf liked his half-sister, but he preferred his real sister Paula, who was quiet and easily led, and seven years younger than himself. Leo Raubal was one of those rather dogmatic young men who liked to argue in favor of a civil service career as a sure way to public honor and a pension. Eventually Adolf, who had a low opinion of the civil service, came to dislike Leo Raubal, but he had nothing but affection for his half-sister, who was gay, laughed easily, and never made demands on him. Three children were born of the marriage, one boy and two girls. Shortly after the birth of his third child Leo Raubal died at the age of thirty-one, leaving his widow a satisfactory pension.

While the marriage of his half-sister pleased Adolf, there were few other things that pleased him during the rest of the year. He was getting on badly at school, baiting his teachers and quarreling with the pupils, and generally behaving with the studied insolence of a schoolboy who knows he is going to fail and must therefore show himself indifferent to failure. There was no parental discipline, and his teachers were not sufficiently interested in him to take him under their wing and give him special counseling. He said later that he thought most of his teachers were slightly mad, and it is likely that they thought the same thing about him.

One of the teachers whom Adolf baited unmercifully was Father

** He knew that at the least, this family was under a special mark. Of course he would have no children. What if his woman bore him a hundred*

"When I was ... who was always ... and thus pain- ... into the depths of

... position of consider- ... Mayrhofer became his legal ... Lugert seems to have kept ... the customs service. Both ... genuinely fond of Klara

... *Linx Tagespost* had said ... for, they managed well ... of living in Leonding. The ... would continue to receive 100 ... for the rest of her life, ... 12 kronen a month from the ... Klara received 600 kronen ... house in Leonding, for ... most of it in cash, with ... Fritz Jetzinger, who was the ... family, concluded that they ... very much as they had while

... the black sheep of the ... together with the 1,000 ... which fell due to him. ... and 1,000 kronen from her ... known each. The figures show ... would be able to continue ... could now afford to stay ... thus avoiding the long ... by a Frau Sekira, who had ... were well fed and did their ... was not a particularly endearing ... always addressed her in ... time reading and drawing. ... than before his father's death. ... conduct was considered ... In the fall he ... over again.

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Franz Sales Schwarz, who taught religion, not one of the more popular classes. Father Schwarz was short and fat and rather ugly. He kept an enormous dirty snot-stained blue handkerchief in the folds of his cassock, and one day, during class, the handkerchief dropped to the floor. After the class Adolf scooped it up, held it at arm's length, and approached the teacher, who was talking to some other teachers. "Here is your handkerchief, sir," he said. Father Schwarz grabbed the handkerchief and glared at Adolf and his fellow mischief-makers, who burst out in wild laughter.

*to be
used
later
in his
speeches*

Adolf enjoyed taunting any teacher who showed signs of weakness, and Father Schwarz, who had difficulty maintaining order in his classes, was his chief victim. Hitler had learned that insolence can be a formidable weapon against a teacher, and insolent answers to simple questions were likely to draw applause from the schoolboys. At Easter the religious lessons turned to the subject of confession, and the schoolboys were asked to give examples of sins. One boy announced that he had been having evil thoughts about his teacher, another that he was troubled because he had caused the teacher to suffer, and so on. Father Schwarz said they were obviously not being serious and were sinning gravely by not going deeper into themselves. So the students agreed that they would all confess to appalling sins. Adolf wrote out on the blackboard a horrendous confession: "I have committed fleshly sin, outside of marriage." But when the whistle blew to announce the beginning of a new class he lost courage, knocked the blackboard to the floor, and went back to his bench. When the blackboard was righted, the words were at the back, hidden from view, and some months passed before anyone saw the words Adolf had written. Father Schwarz recognized Hitler's characteristic handwriting, and said: "You, Hitler, keep your examples to yourself, otherwise I will have to teach you a lesson."

The long-suffering priest with the long nose and the voluminous cassock never punished his most refractory pupil and in fact gave him good marks. He was the first to conclude that Hitler was probably to be counted among the damned. One day Klara came to the school to make inquiries about her son's low grades. Father Schwarz met her and gave it as his opinion that her son was a lost soul, past hoping for. Turning to Adolf, the priest said: "You poor, unhappy boy—"

"I'm not at all unhappy," Adolf answered.

"Yes, you are, and you'll realize how unhappy you are when you enter the next world."

"I have heard about scientists who doubt whether there is a next world."

"What do you mean?" the priest said, turning on the boy and using the familiar *Du*.

The opportunity to be missed.

"I must inform you are addressing me with

"Well, you won't get

"Not even if I buy self, because he belie

Hitler vividly remembered and there is little to Schwarz was a memory. Hitler had a very sparing seemingly in knowledge. Once, when prayers in the early morning I never say my prayer a schoolboy?" Adolf nature of God, the virgin remained with him to Saint Anthony flagellated flesh, and this seemed Christianity was full be left to old women.

The *Realschule* was the main street running on the Steinstrasse, with female relatives. It was a tenses, too, must be the shop, which was such that they wanted to the shop sold no wares and squeaking at the nantly protesting that see. It was Adolf's idea.

There were other were probably played that in spring the school and shouted: "O-oh, in the room!" When boys near the window stove to gather at the the opposite end and crept of arranging conversation Schwarz entered the

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...drew a remarkably
...he was attending the *Real-*
...roduced in this book, shows
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...head, and high cheekbones.
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Cichini gave him one of her famous cups of coffee and then asked him whether he had received his certificate. Immediately he began searching for the certificate in his pockets, but it was nowhere to be found. He turned his pockets inside out. No certificate! How would he face his mother? He was almost distraught with worry. Petronella Cichini suggested there was a simple remedy. All that was necessary was to go to the *Realschule* and ask for a duplicate certificate. Already Adolf had thought of an excuse: he would tell his mother that he had opened his wallet to examine his certificate while on the train from Steyr to Linz, and it had blown out of the window! Petronella Cichini did not think much of the story and insisted that he go back to the *Realschule*, explain that he had lost the certificate, and ask for another.

The director of the *Realschule* deliberately kept the boy waiting for a long time. He had reason to be offended, for the certificate, torn into four pieces, was in his possession, and he had received it that very morning. He knew exactly what had happened; the evidence was unmistakable that it had been used for toilet paper. At last he summoned Adolf into the room, showed him the four stained pieces of paper, and gave him such a dressing-down that the boy was reduced to shivering jelly. It was probably the most painful and humiliating experience in his life. In 1942, when he told the story to some friends, he could still feel the waves of humiliation rising over him and drowning him. Obviously, he reasoned, all this had happened because he was drunk. "So I made a promise to myself that I would never get drunk again," he said, "and I have kept my promise."

But it is equally possible that the act was committed before he got drunk, when he was cold sober. Since he detested the school and was consumed with a passionate fury against his teachers, he may have felt there was need for a symbolic gesture of defiance, and what symbolic gesture could be more appropriate than using a school certificate for toilet paper? Consciously or unconsciously he was so arranging his life that he would never have to face a schoolmaster again. The four scraps of stained paper were his verdict on the world of scholarship and on the teachers who had so often failed him, those "dim presences with thin beards" who exhausted his energies, got in his way, and made life intolerable. The world of humiliation was one he was beginning to know intimately, and his occasional acts of bravado were attempts to break out of the tragic circle.

Now, at sixteen, leaving school, with no father and no teachers to discipline him, he could depend only on his own anarchic impulses. Except for a very brief period when he may have attended an art school at Munich, he would never attend classes again, and everything he learned he would learn by himself. Though he clung to the idea that he

would one day, as though by magic, become a famous painter, he had neither the stamina nor the talent to become a serious artist.

But for the moment no urgent decisions had to be made, for the summer holidays had begun, and he spent them as he usually did with his young cousins in Spital, under the watchful eye of Aunt Theresia. Klara and Paula went with him, and once more the whole family was together. Klara's mother, Johanna Pölzl, was still living but aging rapidly, and she would be dead the following year. Old Anton Schmidt, smoking his long meerscham pipe, ruled over the family with a light hand and, being a good peasant, was more interested in his fields than in the problems of his difficult nephew.

Adolf, however, was in even greater trouble this year than in the previous year. During previous summer holidays he was always active, playing Indians with his cousins, reading, writing, and sketching. But this year he was curiously listless and uncommunicative, and not only because he had suffered a humiliating experience at school. He was very ill. He was suffering from a respiratory ailment, probably consumption. It was sufficiently serious to demand the services of Dr. Karl Keiss, who rode over to Spital from the neighboring town of Weitra. The doctor foresaw a slow recovery. He was quite sure the illness was not imaginary. "Adolf will never be healthy after this sickness," he told Aunt Theresia. Klara came to her son's room every morning with a large bowl of warm milk. Cow's milk, good food, and a long period of rest in the country air were the traditional cures suggested for consumptives at that time, and all were easily available in the small village of Spital. It was not at all surprising that he should come down with consumption, for the family had a long history of similar illnesses. In later years Hitler remembered this summer as the one period in his life when he was seriously ill. By the end of the summer the fever had passed and he was well enough to travel to Steyr to take the examination for mathematics needed to fulfill the requirements of his school curriculum, but this was a mere formality. He received a "satisfactory" mark, but it was no use to him, for no *Oberrealschule* would take him, and in any case he had no intention of pursuing formal studies. He had come to the end of his school days. In front of him were long years of loneliness and quiet despair.

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On June 15, 1905, Klara took the family to live in a new house, and perhaps the keenly of her dead husband next to the house. Adolf had developed a fondness for Klara. Klara was able to sell the property had increased before. The sale price was 2,300 kronen over the previous year.

She rented an apartment on Humboldtstrasse, a long station to the center of the city and its façade had some solid, well-designed building. Klara was ashamed to live there. The kitchen, with the green and the living room looked like a graph of Alois Hitler's. Klara and Paula were in the room next to it, with a room usually slept late. Paula for any reason he had to and kiss him." He detested avoid any further attention.

Adolf's way of life was changing as long as he lived.

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The Young Dilettante

On June 15, 1905, Klara Hitler sold the garden house at Leonding and took the family to live in Linz. There were many reasons for selling the house, and perhaps the most important was that it reminded her too keenly of her dead husband and her dead son, who lay in the cemetery next to the house. Adolf, too, probably had a say in the decision, for he had developed a fondness for Linz and had no deep roots in the village. Klara was able to sell the garden house at a profit, for the value of the property had increased since her husband had bought it seven years before. The sale price was 10,000 kronen, which meant a net profit of 2,300 kronen over the price Alois had originally paid for it.

She rented an apartment on the third floor of a large tenement at 31 Humboldtstrasse, a long, monotonous street which ran from the railroad station to the center of the city. The tenement had recently been built, and its façade had some pretensions to elegance. It was one of those solid, well-designed buildings that age slowly, and no one would be ashamed to live there. The Hitler apartment was rather small. The kitchen, with the green painted furniture, looked out on the courtyard, and the living room looked out on the street. Inevitably, a large photograph of Alois Hitler gazed down sternly from the wall. The beds of Klara and Paula were in the living room, and Adolf occupied a small room next to it, with a bed, books, papers, and painting materials. He usually slept late. Paula remembered that he slept heavily and that, if for any reason he had to be awakened early, Klara would say: "Go in and kiss him." He detested being kissed and would bound out of bed to avoid any further attentions from his sister.

Adolf's way of life was now settled, and there would be no essential changes as long as he lived. He studied and read during most of the

"Servus, Hitler!"—the usual greeting among students. Adolf disliked being treated in this familiar way, and he was incensed when the former student took him by the arm and asked him how he was doing. Adolf's face turned scarlet with rage, he shook the man off, and shouted: "What the devil has that got to do with you?" "Future civil servants!" he complained later to Kubizek. "That's the kind of scum I had to go to class with!" It took him a long time to calm down.

Kubizek was fascinated by Adolf's violence, his totally unpredictable behavior, which seemed to be connected in some way with his ill health. He did not speak the German normally spoken in Linz, but spoke with a perceptible Bavarian accent derived from the period when the family was living in Passau, and this added to his strangeness. He dressed well and took great pains with his appearance, but obviously had no source of income. In those days he affected a curious hairdo, combing his hair straight down over his forehead, evidently because no one else did so. He was shy of strangers but wanted to be noticed. No wonder Kubizek was fascinated by the young man who seemed to have stepped out of a novel.

There were moments when the friendship seemed about to collapse under the weight of Adolf's rages, his possessiveness. When Kubizek attended the funeral of his favorite music teacher, he suddenly found Adolf standing at his side. Since Adolf had never known the music teacher, Kubizek was a little puzzled. "I couldn't bear it if you mingled with all those other people and talked to them," Adolf said. Kubizek took it all in good part, but there was something almost sinister in Adolf's possessiveness. "Sometimes," wrote Kubizek plaintively, "I felt he was living my life as well as his own."

They quarreled rarely, perhaps because they were both so devoted to art that they saw no reason to dispute about something so much greater than themselves. The mild-mannered Kubizek was content to watch and listen, accompanying his friend everywhere. There came a time when they knew every street in the city and all the surrounding villages. They climbed all the neighboring hills, even the Freinberg, which the people of Linz seldom visited because they thought there were better views from the other hills. They visited the baroque monastery of Saint Florian, where Anton Bruckner was buried, and Adolf went into raptures over the beauty of the design. Sometimes they wandered beside the Danube in search of high rocks, from which they could look down at the dark, swirling waters below. Adolf enjoyed these excursions outside of Linz, but he was emphatically a city-dweller without any desire to live in the countryside. He told Kubizek: "I'll never live in a village like Leonding again!"

One day Adolf decided to build a house where they could both live

for the rest of their lives. find a beautiful woman would make the grand and whatever other business with a tower, a spiral music room, and comfort. In the brilliantly lighted guests. Some preliminary and it is clear that Adolf



One of Hitler's sketches

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ornamental gateway. He was deadly serious about building the house. It could be paid for very easily by winning a large sum of money in the lottery. He proposed that they both contribute five kronen toward a lottery ticket, and he spent a long time poring over the tickets until he found a number that was sure to win. He was so certain that he would win that he was already contemplating ordering the furniture. Kubizek half believed his claim that he could choose the winning ticket by an act of will, but when the lottery winners were announced his name was not among them. Adolf screamed and cursed. The lottery was nothing more than a damnable fraud committed at the expense of sheeplike citizens; and from cursing the lottery he went on to curse the state, which exploited the credulous and insulted good artists by taking their money.

This story and many similar stories were told by August Kubizek in a book called Hitler, the Friend of My Youth, published in 1953. Until the appearance of the book very little was known about Adolf Hitler's life in Linz. They were the crucial years between leaving school and vanishing into the anonymity of Vienna, the years when his mind was being formed and his attitudes were becoming crystallized. Kubizek's book describes a perfectly credible Hitler, neither wholly good nor wholly evil, strolling through the streets as though he owned them. Kubizek fell under his spell, but at the same time he retained sufficient critical ability to observe him clearly, without prejudice, and with a kind of lingering affection, while never quite understanding his strange and wayward friend.

It is easy to find fault with Kubizek, for he sometimes gets his dates wrong and writes down as facts things that he only half remembers. An Austrian jurist, Franz Jetzinger, has attacked him unmercifully, producing a long list of errors, many of them of very little importance. Jetzinger pounds the table with his fists, produces documents and certificates, and commands Kubizek to stand at the bar of history and confess his errors. Kubizek answers simply that of course there are errors, no elderly man can write about his youth and remember everything in perfect detail, and sometimes hindsight has distorted the picture. But not even Jetzinger could deny that Kubizek had known Hitler well, for he possessed postcards and letters written to him by Hitler, and many drawings and paintings. Above all there were his memories, sometimes brilliantly clear, sometimes dulled by the passage of time, but always as true as he could make them. Kubizek writes well, with a feeling for atmosphere and the colors of things, while Jetzinger writes like a country lawyer.

One of the strangest stories told by Kubizek concerns the young woman with whom Adolf fell in love. It was one of those hopeless platonic love affairs and seems to have begun early in the spring of 1906. Infatuated by her beauty, lost in dreams of her, never summoning up the

courage to speak to her at her with open-mouthed arm with her widowed Linz. She was tall and well-formed mouth, but spaced, very brilliant, as well and obviously camouflaged breeding and dist

In those days it was the every evening along the women walked with their articles in the shops with young bloods in the street, and the present romance. Young officers surreptitiously, and some of the city; lacking the fanciest attire. These are hundred years, and they

Adolf sent Kubizek to family. He learned that recently, and that the young her brother, a law student though not Jewish she time Adolf was not yet least concerned whether ing her from a position r smiled in his direction.

In his black notebook highly romantic poems sentiment of all grace and meadows, her honey-combed mantle falling to her feet progress everywhere.

This was far more than that he had lost his sense in his traffic with dreamment toward her, and y intimate thoughts. One became clear. Here is K

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about building the house. A large sum of money in the state five kronen toward a lottery over the tickets until he was so certain that he would win the furniture. Kubizek won the winning ticket by an act of chance. His name was not in the lottery was nothing more than a sense of sheeplike citizens; to curse the state, which took their money. Published by August Kubizek in 1953. Until Adolf Hitler's death, Kubizek was between leaving school and working. Kubizek's mind was crystallized. Kubizek's mind was neither wholly good nor wholly bad, though he owned them. At that time he retained sufficient prejudice, and with a kind of understanding his strange and

he sometimes gets his dates only half remembers. An unmercifully, producing little importance. Jetzinger's arguments and certificates, and his errors, and confess his errors. He is errors, no elderly man everything in perfect detail, secure. But not even Jetzinger's, for he possessed postcards and many drawings and sometimes brilliantly clear, always as true as he could be for atmosphere and the country lawyer.

Kubizek concerns the young man was one of those hopeless. In the spring of 1906, never summoning up the

courage to speak to her for fear that she would reject him, Adolf gazed at her with open-mouthed wonder whenever she came strolling arm-in-arm with her widowed mother along the Landstrasse, the main street of Linz. She was tall and slender, with a round forehead, straight nose and well-formed mouth, but her most notable feature was her eyes—widely spaced, very brilliant, and of the deepest blue. She dressed elegantly and well and obviously came from a rich family. Everything about her suggested breeding and distinction.

In those days it was the custom of the well-to-do in Linz to promenade every evening along the Landstrasse. Here, after five o'clock, young women walked with their chaperones, pretending to be examining the articles in the shops while all the time gazing at the reflections of the young bloods in the shop windows. There were flower-sellers along the street, and the presentation of a bouquet might be the beginning of a romance. Young officers in gaudy uniforms whispered, passed notes surreptitiously, and sometimes shouted their admiration. The young men of the city, lacking gold-braided uniforms, were decked out in their fanciest attire. These evening promenades had not changed for two hundred years, and they continue to this day.

Adolf sent Kubizek to find out more about the young woman and her family. He learned that she lived in Urfahr, that her father had died recently, and that the young man who sometimes accompanied her was her brother, a law student in Vienna. Her name was Stefanie, and though not Jewish she bore a surname common among Jews. At that time Adolf was not yet infected with anti-Semitism and was not in the least concerned whether any Jewish blood flowed in her veins. Observing her from a position near the Schmiedtoreck, he was in raptures if she smiled in his direction and downcast if she failed to notice him.

In his black notebook Adolf wrote poem after poem to her. In these highly romantic poems she appeared as the goddess of love, the embodiment of all grace and beauty. She rode a white horse over flowering meadows, her honey-colored hair flowing in the wind, a blue velvet mantle falling to her feet. The skies sang, and joy accompanied her progress everywhere.

This was far more than puppy love. He was so infatuated with her that he had lost his sense of reality and was dangerously compromised in his traffic with dreams. He never spoke to her, never made any movement toward her, and yet he believed that she was aware of his most intimate thoughts. One day he would meet her, and everything would become clear. Here is Kubizek describing Adolf's state of infatuation:

He kept saying that once he met Stefanie, then everything would become abundantly clear without a single word being exchanged between them.

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Between such exceptional beings as himself and Stefanie there was absolutely no need for the usual form of spoken communication. He told me that exceptional people came to understand one another by intuition. Whatever we were talking about, Adolf was quite sure she knew what he was thinking, and she shared his own immense enthusiasm for the ideas he expressed. When I suggested that it was quite possible that she was not in the least concerned about his ideas because he had never spoken to Stefanie about them, he became furious and screamed at me: "You understand nothing! You have not the slightest comprehension of an extraordinary love!" To quieten him, I asked him whether it was possible for him to communicate complicated ideas to Stefanie by exchanging long glances with her. He only said: "It is possible. No one can explain these things. All that is in me is also in Stefanie!"

Of course I took care not to plunge too deeply into these delicate matters. Yet it pleased me that he had so much trust in me. To no other person, not even to his mother, did he speak about Stefanie.

He demanded of Stefanie that she should possess for him the same exclusive affection he possessed for her. For a long while he tolerated her interest in other young men, especially the officers, because he believed it to be a deliberate diversion to conceal her own tempestuous feelings for him. But this tolerant attitude gave way to paroxysms of jealous rage. He became absolutely desperate when Stefanie took no notice of the pale youth waiting at the Schmiedtoreck, but concentrated her attention instead on the young lieutenant who frequently escorted her. Why, indeed, should a happy young woman have been satisfied with the glances of a secret admirer, while others expressed their admiration so much more gracefully? But I dared not say this in Adolf's presence.

Kubizek, a brave young man, finally brought himself to the point where he dared to suggest that the simplest solution was the best. Obviously Adolf should raise his hat, present himself, and see what happened. The difficulty, according to Adolf, was that Stefanie's mother would ask what profession he followed, and he could not say: "I am an academic painter," because he had not yet acquired the proper credentials. In fact, he had no profession and no prospects. Learning that Stefanie attended all the balls, where she danced in the arms of idiotic young officers, he seriously contemplated taking dancing lessons. Then he thought of kidnapping her, until Kubizek reminded him that they would have nothing to live on. He thought of jumping off the Danube bridge and drowning himself, thus putting an end to his misery. Then he thought of pursuing his studies at the Academy of Art in Vienna and when his studies were completed in four years' time he would return to Linz to claim her for himself. But nothing came of all this. There was only the lonely youth waiting for a sign, hopelessly in love with an unapproachable goddess.

One day there was a Flower Festival in Linz. Stefanie and her mother took carriages making their way through the narrow streets. A band marched in front of them in the narrow Schmiedtoreck. Most of the carriage passengers were looking at the reason Stefanie had decided to go to the festival — white marguerites, blue — wearing a gray silk dress, walking through it colored St hooks. Would she or would she not?

Just as the carriage passed the bouquet, smiled, and threw the sign he was waiting for. Kubizek and said: "She has fallen for me!"

Franz Jetzinger was a dealer in the Flower Festival seemed to have examined the Linz *Tagespost* reference anywhere to a Franz Kubizek the full name of Stefanie had been attending school in 1906; when she returned to Linz, she added she knew nothing whatsoever remembered receiving an answer respondent saying that he was in Vienna and when he had married her. She could not remember the letter itself.

Whether the incident on which Kubizek remembered it was based, infatuated with Stefanie all around her such a web of fate a life of his own. Stefanie and his thoughts, and with supreme. If she smiled, it doing and of his very existence to look into the eyes of a young man have done wrong, and your relationship was a continuous woman who was scarcely beautiful, rich, and unattainable.

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Stefanie in Linz from Nov 1906 until 1908, her marriage to Adolf

One day there was a Flower Festival in Linz, and, as Adolf expected, Stefanie and her mother took part in the procession of gaily decorated carriages making their way through the crowded streets. A regimental band marched in front of the procession. The two friends stood together in the narrow Schmiedtorstrasse, waiting for Stefanie's carriage to appear. Most of the carriages were decorated with roses, but for some reason Stefanie had decided to decorate her carriage with wild flowers —white marguerites, blue cornflowers, and red poppies. Her mother, wearing a gray silk dress, was holding a red sunshade, and the sunlight falling through it colored Stefanie's face rosy red. Adolf was on tenterhooks. Would she or would she not throw a flower to him?

Just as the carriage passed them, Stefanie plucked a flower from her bouquet, smiled, and threw it at Adolf. He was overjoyed, for this was the sign he was waiting for. Trembling with excitement, he turned to Kubizek and said: "She has fallen for me! You see what happened! She fell for me!"

Franz Jetzinger was a deeply suspicious man, and Kubizek's story of the Flower Festival seemed to call particularly for investigation. He examined the Linz *Tagespost* from 1904 to 1908 and could find no reference anywhere to a Flower Festival. Then, having learned from Kubizek the full name of Stefanie, he wrote to her and learned that she had been attending schools in Munich and Geneva until November, 1906; when she returned to Linz. Two years later she married a captain stationed in Linz. She added one curious piece of information. Although she knew nothing whatsoever about Adolf's infatuation for her, she remembered receiving an extraordinary letter from an unknown correspondent saying that he was about to enter the Academy of Art in Vienna and when he had completed his studies he would return and marry her. She could not remember who signed it, but she vividly remembered the letter itself.

Whether the incident on the Schmiedtorstrasse took place exactly as Kubizek remembered it is not so important as the fact that Adolf was infatuated with Stefanie almost to the point of madness. He had woven around her such a web of fantasies that he no longer seemed to possess a life of his own. Stefanie was at the center of all his hopes, his ideas, and his thoughts, and within the structure of his fantasies she reigned supreme. If she smiled, it meant that she approved of what he was doing and of his very existence, and if she failed to see him, preferring to look into the eyes of a young officer, she was saying, in public: "You have done wrong, and you must be punished." Implicit in this strange relationship was a continuing judgment. He was at the mercy of a young woman who was scarcely aware of his existence, and that she was beautiful, rich, and unattainable only made her more desirable. Accord-

ing to Kubizek she was "the most beautiful, the purest and the most fruitful dream of his life," but she was also a destructive agent, paralyzing his will and reducing him to a state of frustration so overwhelming that he was incapable of thinking of anything else. Wherever he walked, the invisible Stefanie walked by his side.

Although she filled his days and nights with her presence, there were nevertheless times when he was able to forget her, if only for a few hours. He regularly attended the performances at the Linz Opera House, where it was his preference to stand in the promenade immediately below the royal box. The price of admission to the promenade was very small, but only the first comers had an uninterrupted view of the stage. Adolf was usually one of the first in line. The opera season was a long one, lasting from September to the following May. Although few of the singers and musicians were well known and fewer still were talented, they made up for their defects with their enthusiasm. Operagoers in Vienna looked down on the performances in Linz, but the people of Linz were proud of their performers.

The repertoire at the Linz Opera House was enormous: twelve or thirteen productions were put on each month. On one memorable evening the two friends attended a performance of Richard Wagner's early opera *Rienzi*, concerning the life and death of Cola da Rienzi, who rose to power in Rome in 1347 and seven years later was stoned to death by the enraged populace while his house was being put to flames. The libretto was based on Bulwer-Lytton's novel *Rienzi: The Last of the Tribunes*. The opera reflected many of Wagner's own experiences when he was a revolutionary in 1848 and breathed a spirit of revolutionary ardor. Rienzi was pictured as a man of the people determined to free the Romans from the oppression of the nobles, and all the best lines and best music are given to him.

Throughout the opera Rienzi is a solitary figure, weighed down by the knowledge of his own greatness, proud and remote, his temperament so aristocratic that he might be one of the nobles he despises. While the trumpets blare, the people shout after him: "Heil, Rienzi! Heil, the tribune of the people!" He seems not to be listening, as he contemplates his own majestic powers. He is the one who gives freedom to others, but is himself not free. From the beginning he knows he is doomed, and when we see him last he is standing on the walls of his burning house, singing:

*It is I who made you great and free!
No more the sound of your jubilation
Greets my ears, no more applause
Greets me, who gave you peace and freedom!*

Instead, the Roma cursing him becaus

Kubizek says his into a kind of tra Adolf insisted on and whenever Kubi they reached the to gripped his friend's about his own futui and lead the people and as Kubizek st become remote and formed ambitions. it was obvious that Up to that time Ku artist, a painter or a thing I could not y believed that the v goals, the one most mandate he would c servitude to the he and said goodby ou It was three o'clock

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you peace and freedom!

Instead, the Romans throw stones at him and rejoice in his downfall,
cursing him because he gave them the freedom they had never desired.

Kubizek says his friend was profoundly moved by the opera and went
into a kind of trance. Although it was past midnight and very cold,
Adolf insisted on walking out of the city and climbing the Freinberg,
and whenever Kubizek began to talk Adolf replied: "Silence!" But when
they reached the top of the small mountain Adolf's humor changed. He
gripped his friend's hands and began to talk in a strange, strained voice
about his own future, and about how he too would become a *Volkstribun*
and lead the people. He was still in a trance, his eyes burning feverishly,
and as Kubizek stood beside him, he had the feeling that Adolf had
become remote and unapproachable, lost in a world of dreams and half-
formed ambitions. Although he did not once mention Rienzi by name,
it was obvious that he was comparing himself with the dictator of Rome.
Up to that time Kubizek had believed that Adolf wanted to become an
artist, a painter or architect. "Now he aspired to something higher, some-
thing I could not yet fully understand. All this surprised me, because I
believed that the vocation of an artist was for him the highest of all
goals, the one most worth striving for. But now he was speaking of a
mandate he would one day receive from the people, to lead them out of
servitude to the heights of freedom." They came down the mountain
and said goodbye outside Kubizek's parents' house on the Klammsstrasse.
It was three o'clock in the morning.

"What are you going to do now?" Kubizek asked.

Adolf made it clear that he was going back to the mountain, where he
would spend the remainder of the night under the stars communing with
his destiny.

In 1939, when Kubizek was a guest of Frau Winifred Wagner at
Bayreuth, he heard his friend retell the story of the journey to the moun-
tain after the performance of *Rienzi*. When he had told the story, Adolf
added solemnly: "In that hour it began."

While Kubizek's story is almost too patently prophetic to be entirely
credible, it cannot be lightly dismissed. Adolf was in a state close to
madness, his nerves stretched to the breaking point, his brain in turmoil,
living in a world of fantasies. He had announced that he would become
an artist, but the prospects of a career in art were remote. It was there-
fore perfectly possible that he would suddenly on an impulse see himself
as a revolutionary hero, choosing the proper time and place to divulge
the secret to his one and only confidant. As a hero, even a tragic hero,
he would be more worthy of Stefanie.

In April, 1906, Adolf celebrated his seventeenth birthday. It would
appear that his mother gave him a sum of money for a birthday present,
and with this money he decided to go to Vienna to see as many operas as

possible. He had relatives in Vienna and could stay with them, and it was therefore not an expensive undertaking. It was his first visit to the capital, and not surprisingly he was overwhelmed by the beauty of the city. He probably set out the day following his birthday and returned about six weeks later. In *Mein Kampf* he speaks about a two-week visit to Vienna, "which I took when I was not yet sixteen," but since he was notoriously inaccurate in his dates, it is probable that the journey he thought he had taken at fifteen was actually taken when he was seventeen.

His letters to his mother have not survived, but four postcards to Kubizek have. The first, with a postmark dated May 7, 1906, shows a picture of the Karlsplatz with the Karlskirche in the center. It was one of those postcards that open out like a concertina, so that it formed a triptych presenting a wide view of the square and the church with its dazzling baroque façade. He wrote:

In sending you this postcard I must apologize for not writing to you for such a long time. I arrived safely, and I have been moving around industriously. Tomorrow I shall see "Tristan" at the Opera, and on the following day "The Flying Dutchman," etc. Although I find everything very beautiful here, I am longing for Linz. Tonight Stadt-Theatre. Greetings from your friend.

ADOLF HITLER

It was not an especially informative postcard, and he felt the need to write another on the same day. This time he chose one depicting the stage of the opera theater. He wrote:

I cannot enthuse over the interior of this palace. While the exterior is hugely majestic, thus granting to it the severity of a monument of art, the interior, though commanding admiration, does not impress by its dignity. Only when the powerful sound waves flow through the theatre and the whispering of the wind gives way to the terrible roaring of those waves of sound, only then does one feel sublimity and forget the gold and velvet with which the interior is overloaded.

ADOLF H.

On the following day he wrote a third postcard to his friend. This time the postcard showed the exterior of the Vienna Opera House, and instead of writing "Gustav Kubizek" in the address he wrote "Gustaph Kubizeck" very carefully and painstakingly in his neatest copperplate handwriting. This was possibly a tip-off that the letter contained coded signals. He wrote:

I am longing to be back a must see Benkieser again. Thursday at 3.55. If you to your esteemed parents.)

This postcard is something. Ritter von Benkieser Urfar was Urfahr misspelled that Benkieser was simply unlikely. Adolf did not receive another postcard dated June building designed by Theopigantly admired. He wrote:

To you and your esteemed and many greetings. Respe

This was the last postcard Vienna. In *Mein Kampf* he tecture and visiting the mu returned to Linz he was still without roots, without a fit as usual the family went off Aunt Theresia Uncle Antor holidays, for Johanna Pölz early in February and all th

When he returned to Linz not enough to be a painter i Kubizek had been taking called Josef Prevatzki, and five kronen a month. He ev a piano for him, and his s made by Heitzmann-Flügel world. Adolf worked consc him reserved and rather tir starting to play the piano abruptly at the end of Ja piano—on the contrary, he steadily—but because the f.

Klara was ill, perhaps dying her breast. On January 14, family doctor, in his consu

and could stay with them, and it was his first visit to the city. He was overwhelmed by the beauty of the city following his birthday and returned to Linz. In *Mein Kampf* he speaks about a two-week visit to Vienna, "but since he was not yet sixteen," but since he was actually taken when he was seven-

not survived, but four postcards to his mother dated May 7, 1906, shows a postcard of the Karlskirche in the center. It was one like a concertina, so that it formed a square of the square and the church with its

He apologizes for not writing to you for a long time and I have been moving around industriously at the Opera, and on the following days etc. Although I find everything very interesting in Linz. Tonight Stadt-Theatre. Greetings

ADOLF HITLER

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ADOLF H.

On a third postcard to his friend. This is the interior of the Vienna Opera House, and in the address he wrote "Gustaph" staking in his neatest copperplate pen-off that the letter contained coded

I am longing to be back again at my beloved Linz and Urfahr. Want and must see Benkieser again. What is he up to, and am returning to Linz Thursday at 3.55. If you have time and permission, meet me. Greetings to your esteemed parents. Your friend,

ADOLF HITLER

This postcard is something of a puzzle, and so far it has defied solution. Ritter von Benkieser had been a student at the Linz *Realschule*. Urfahr was Urfahr misspelled, apparently deliberately. Kubizek explained that Benkieser was simply the code-name for Stefanie, but this seems unlikely. Adolf did not return on that Thursday, for there survives another postcard dated June 6, 1906, with a picture of the Parliament building designed by Theophil von Hansen, an architect Adolf extravagantly admired. He wrote:

To you and your esteemed parents heartiest good wishes for the holidays and many greetings. Respectfully,

ADOLF HITLER

This was the last postcard he sent to Kubizek during this visit to Vienna. In *Mein Kampf* he says he spent his days admiring the architecture and visiting the museums, and he went to the opera. When he returned to Linz he was still the aimless dilettante, without an income, without roots, without a future. There were no pressing problems, for as usual the family went off to spend the summer holidays at Spital with Aunt Theresia, Uncle Anton, and their children. A shadow fell over these holidays, for Johanna Pölzl, Adolf's maternal grandmother, had died early in February and all the family was in deep mourning.

When he returned to Linz in the late summer he decided that it was not enough to be a painter and an architect: he would become a pianist. Kubizek had been taking piano lessons from a Polish music teacher called Josef Prevatzki, and Adolf attended his classes regularly, paying five kronen a month. He even succeeded in inducing his mother to buy a piano for him, and his sister Paula remembered that the piano was made by Heitzmann-Flügel, whose pianos were among the best in the world. Adolf worked conscientiously at his scales, but Prevatzki found him reserved and rather timid, which is what one expects in a student starting to play the piano so late in life. These music lessons ceased abruptly at the end of January, 1907, not because he disliked the piano—on the contrary, he had a good ear for music and was progressing steadily—but because the family had been struck a sudden blow.

Klara was ill, perhaps dying. For a long time there had been a pain in her breast. On January 14, 1907, she called on Dr. Eduard Bloch, the family doctor, in his consulting room on the Landstrasse. He knew all

the members of the family well, for they came to him for their colds, bruises, and whatever small ailments afflicted them. He was a Jew, born in Frauenburg, a tiny village in southern Bohemia, and he had studied medicine at Prague before joining the Austrian Army as a military doctor. He had been practicing in Linz since the turn of the century, and he was known as the "doctor of the poor," for he was especially kind to poor patients.

This time it was not a small ailment. Klara complained that the pain kept her awake at night and was almost unendurable. She had been so busy with her household that she had neglected to seek medical aid, but now at last something would have to be done. Dr. Bloch examined her and found an extensive tumor of the breast. He did not tell her of his diagnosis, but on the following day he summoned Angela Raubal and Adolf to his office, telling them that Klara was gravely ill and would have to be operated on immediately. Adolf's long sallow face grew longer, tears flowed from his eyes, and he asked whether there was any chance of a full recovery. "Only a small one," the doctor answered. Then they went off to tell Klara the doctor's verdict.

Two days later Klara was admitted to the Hospital of the Sisters of Mercy on the Herrenstrasse. Deeply religious, she accepted her fate gracefully, and it would never have occurred to her to complain. The next morning Dr. Karl Urban, the chief of the surgical staff, and his assistant performed the operation to remove the tumor, and at Klara's request Dr. Bloch remained by the operating table while the surgery was performed.

"I shall never forget Klara Hitler during those days," Dr. Bloch wrote many years later. "She was forty-eight at the time; tall, slender and rather handsome, yet wasted by disease. She was soft-spoken, patient; more concerned with what would happen to her family than she was about her approaching death. She made no secret of these worries, or about the fact that most of her thoughts were for her son. 'Adolf is still so young,' she said repeatedly."

The doctor was wrong about her age, for she was only forty-six, and Adolf would soon be eighteen. According to the doctor, he was shattered by his mother's illness. The operation was believed to be successful, but not very much was known about cancer in those days, and in fact she suffered from a malignant cancer. She spent nineteen days in the hospital and then returned to the house on the Humboldtstrasse, and Johanna came down from Spital to look after her. From time to time Dr. Bloch called at the apartment and gave her an injection of morphine to relieve the pain. She was obviously failing.

The cost of the operation amounted to about 100 kronen, a bed at the hospital for nineteen days cost nearly 50 kronen, and in addition she

paid Dr. Bloch about 60 l occupied a good deal of her to have distributed her wealth Paula and Adolf. In May 0 into an apartment at 9 Blü were on the ground floor, th up the stairs. Adolf had a 1 courtyard.

The house on the Blüten impressive than the Humbo the arched doorway, and th with moldings in the Italian cleanliness of the small furn dust on the chairs and table No doubt this was due to frequent visitor to the apar kitchen apron and getting d Both Dr. Bloch and Kubizel and the fear lurking in his ey ful, bowing gravely and the visit.

"I never witnessed a close certain there was nothing in was simply that a deep aff adored her son, and the son she was in pain.

In October the Academy c inations for prospective stud ning of October to prepare f 29 Stumpergasse in a lodgi woman, Maria Zakreys. The from the Westbahnhof, the r If there was bad news abou next train and be back in l passed the examination wil confronted him would be Academy he would be admit

He presented himself at Renaissance style on the Schi and the candidates were giv subjects were religious, and c Cain kills Abel, Adam and Prodigal Son, death, mourni

1907

came to him for their colds, and them. He was a Jew, born in Bohemia, and he had studied in the Austrian Army as a military doctor at the turn of the century, and for he was especially kind to

Klara complained that the pain was unbearable. She had been so distressed to seek medical aid, but alone. Dr. Bloch examined her. He did not tell her of his summons. Angela Raubal and Klara was gravely ill and would not. Adolf's long sorrowful face grew. He asked whether there was any hope, "the doctor answered. The doctor's verdict.

At the Hospital of the Sisters of Mercy, she accepted her fate. She returned to her to complain. The doctor of the surgical staff, and his assistant, remove the tumor, and at Klara's bedside table while the surgery was

During those days," Dr. Bloch wrote at the time; tall, slender and young. She was soft-spoken, patient; she appeared to her family than she was. She made no secret of these worries, or that were for her son. 'Adolf is still

for she was only forty-six, and according to the doctor, he was shattered. He was believed to be successful about cancer in those days, and in fact. She spent nineteen days in the hospital on the Humboldtstrasse, and he took after her. From time to time he gave her an injection of morphine to ease her suffering.

He paid about 100 kronen, a bed at the hospital 50 kronen, and in addition she

paid Dr. Bloch about 60 kronen for his visits. The family finances occupied a good deal of her attention, and about this time she appears to have distributed her wealth, settling comparatively large amounts on Paula and Adolf. In May or June, perhaps to save money, she moved into an apartment at 9 Blütengasse in Urfahr. The three small rooms were on the ground floor, thus saving her from the necessity of walking up the stairs. Adolf had a room of his own, which looked out on the courtyard.

The house on the Blütengasse was solid and imposing, even more impressive than the Humboldtstrasse house. There was a balcony over the arched doorway, and the windows facing the street were decorated with moldings in the Italian fashion. Dr. Bloch was impressed with the cleanliness of the small furnished apartment. There was not a speck of dust on the chairs and tables, not a fleck of dirt on the scrubbed floor. No doubt this was due to Johanna's good housekeeping. Kubizek, a frequent visitor to the apartment, remembered Adolf wearing a blue kitchen apron and getting down on his hands and knees on the floor. Both Dr. Bloch and Kubizek speak of his attentiveness to his mother, and the fear lurking in his eyes. To the doctor he was unfailingly respectful, bowing gravely and thanking him courteously at the end of each visit.

"I never witnessed a closer attachment," the doctor wrote, and he was certain there was nothing in the least pathological in the relationship. It was simply that a deep affection flowed between them. The mother adored her son, and the son adored his mother and suffered whenever she was in pain.

In October the Academy of Fine Arts in Vienna regularly held examinations for prospective students. Adolf set out for Vienna at the beginning of October to prepare for the examination, renting a single room at 29 Stumpergasse in a lodging house kept by a small, wizened Polish woman, Maria Zakreys. The lodging house was only a few blocks away from the Westbahnhof, the railroad station serving all trains going west. If there was bad news about his mother's health, he could hop on the next train and be back in Linz within a few hours. Meanwhile, if he passed the examination with flying colors, then all the problems that confronted him would be solved, for by his mere presence in the Academy he would be admitted into the company of artists.

He presented himself at the Academy, a handsome building in Renaissance style on the Schillerplatz. The examination lasted two days, and the candidates were given a wide range of subjects. Many of the subjects were religious, and on the first day they included, among others: Cain kills Abel, Adam and Eve find Abel's body, the return of the Prodigal Son, death, mourning, farewell, the expulsion from Paradise.

There was a similar program the second day, when the examination in drawing composition called for the student to draw the following subjects: the Magi, the blinding of Samson, the Good Samaritan, pilgrims, prayer, peace, evening rest, an episode from the Flood, night, the fishermen, and the storyteller. He could, of course, choose among these subjects. Adolf failed lamentably. The Academy published a list of the candidates, reporting on their success or failure. "The following took the test with inadequate results or were not accepted . . . Adolf Hitler, Braunau am Inn, April 20th 1889, German, Catholic, Father senior official. 4 classes in *Realschule*. Few heads. Test drawings unsatisfactory."

In *Mein Kampf* he records that he awaited the results of the examination impatiently, proudly confident of success. Instead, he suffered a crushing disappointment. When he returned to Linz, he did not tell his mother he had failed. He continued to look after her tenderly. She was sinking rapidly, but she could still sit up for an hour or two each day. Dr. Bloch made regular visits; Johanna looked after the household; Angela Raubal often sat by the bedside. August Kubizek, who knew Adolf as a proud, explosive, and difficult youth, full of strange ideas and wild ways, could scarcely trust his eyes when he saw the change in his manner. Adolf became quiet, solicitous, gentle. He set up his bed in the narrow kitchen to be nearer his mother. An atmosphere of relaxed, almost serene contentment surrounded the dying woman.

On December 20 Dr. Bloch made two calls. He saw that the end was approaching; she might live another week, or another month, or she might die at any moment. Kubizek was another visitor. He saw her lying in bed, very weak, and she could scarcely speak above a whisper. She said: "Go on being a good friend to my son even when I am gone. He has no one else." She died in the early hours of the next morning.

On December 23 a small procession left the house on the Blütengasse for the cemetery at Leonding. The funeral Mass was celebrated in the small yellow church near the garden house, and she was laid to rest beside her husband.

Surviving documents show that the funeral, together with the coffin, cost 370 kronen, a comparatively large sum for a lower-middle-class family to pay. The official death record, which listed the survivors and the value of the estate, was drawn up on January 18, 1908. From this we learn that "Adolf Hitler, art student," his sister Paula, and Aunt Johanna were still living in the apartment on the Blütengasse. Alois Jr. was living in Paris, where he worked as a waiter. We also learn that Klara's clothes were "without value," and the expenses of the funeral were borne by the children.

A few days after the funeral Angela, Adolf, and Paula went to call on Dr. Bloch to thank him for what he had done and to pay for his medical

services. Dr. Bloch remembered knotted cravat, and then his forehead. His eyes were he stepped forward and said: "I shall be grateful."

There was a story told at the graveside. Adolf remained mother. "In all my care so prostrate with grief as

A few weeks later he

1908

The Two Friends

When Adolf Hitler came to live permanently in Vienna in February, 1908, the Austro-Hungarian Empire was in a state of decay. Nearly sixty years had passed since his father had arrived in Vienna as an apprentice cobbler, but the same Emperor was on the throne. Franz Josef was now old and senile, dependent upon the advice of corrupt ministers, no more than a frail figurehead ruling over a dying empire composed of twenty different peoples at odds with one another. Poles, Galicians, Ruthenians, Slovaks, Bohemians, Moravians, Hungarians, and many more were all in a state of rebellion, waiting for an opportunity to throw off the oppressive weight of the monarchy and to claim their independence. Vienna reflected the turmoil in the far-off provinces. Outwardly quiet, composed, extravagantly beautiful, the city suffered from the disease of futility.

Alois Schicklgruber had brought to Vienna his talents as a cobbler and a fierce determination to succeed. Adolf Hitler brought more complicated talents. Among his ill-assorted gifts were a fervent imagination, an undisciplined intelligence, some skill in drawing and painting, an enthusiasm for Wagnerian opera, a wide knowledge of architecture, a ferocious spirit of independence, an exalted opinion of himself. He had strange ideas about extra-sensory communication and believed he could communicate with Stefanie across all obstacles, his unspoken words penetrating the walls of houses and soaring across space. Meanwhile he was determined to go his own way, at whatever the cost to himself and others, but he had no idea what he wanted to do with his life. He was thinking, reading, and dreaming furiously, and for the present he was content to be a dilettante. He wore a wide-brimmed hat like an artist and sported a small, downy mustache, but he was not yet grown to man-

hood. He was a conundrum to the few people who met him, and he was probably a conundrum to himself.

One of his more notable accomplishments had occurred during the weeks following his mother's death. For a long time his friend Kubizek had wanted to study music at the Vienna Conservatory but had had no success in convincing his father he would be able to make a career out of music. If he stayed in Linz, he would eventually inherit an upholsterer's shop and have an assured income. One day Adolf came to the shop to argue his friend's case, speaking with extraordinary self-assurance. He succeeded in convincing the old man that everything would be gained and nothing lost if his son were permitted to study at the conservatory. He explained that it would not be a permanent arrangement, merely a trial period of a few months: August must be given the chance to prove himself. Kubizek was surprised by Adolf's air of sweet reasonableness, for he generally spoke violently. But Adolf had taken the measure of the old man, who was stubborn and rarely convinced by argument. Finally the old master upholsterer assented, and Kubizek was wild with joy.

Adolf settled into his tiny apartment in the Stumpergasse and waited impatiently for the arrival of his friend. There were delays, letters were sent to the conservatory, there was always the possibility that Kubizek's father would change his mind. On February 18, 1908, Kubizek received a postcard with a magnificent picture of the armor collection at the Hof Museum:

Dear Friend! Am anxiously awaiting news of your arrival. Write soon, so that I can prepare everything for a festive welcome. The whole of Vienna awaits you. Therefore come soon. I will, of course, meet you.

The weather here is a little better. Hopefully it will improve when you come. Also, as I have already explained, you will stay with me at first. Later we shall see what happens. You can buy a piano here at the so-called "Dorotheum" for around 50-60 florins. Many good wishes to you and your esteemed parents from your friend,

ADOLF HITLER

Beg you again, come soon.

Adolf was obviously desperately anxious that the plan should not miscarry. Five days later Kubizek arrived in Vienna on the six o'clock train to find Adolf, attired in a dark overcoat and broad-brimmed hat, twirling an ivory-handled walking stick, waiting for him at the station. They kissed on the cheek, according to the Austrian custom. Kubizek was weighed down with heavy luggage, including a canvas bag filled to overflowing with roast pork, cheeses, ham, jam, coffee, and cakes, his mother's last-minute gifts to him. Then they crossed the Mariahilferstrasse and went in search of Adolf's lodgings.

Kubizek was delighted became increasingly dispirited themselves in the rear portion of the house, Maria Zakreys. Adolf smelled horribly of kerosene, and a few moments later Maria Zakreys.

Then, although it was a friend out of the house to Vienna. Adolf took him to almost as much as the performance was not yet over admire the entrance hall, and the gilded ceiling. Kubizek's soaring spire of Saint Stephen and when they entered the church. One of the jewels of Vienna Church, and this had to be return home. Exhausted, he wanted to go to sleep, but awake and insisted on talking still talking when Kubizek finished.

Kubizek needed a room morning they went in search of Mariahilferstrasse looked came to a house with the sister, an elegant woman wearing a sash. She led them into a room. Adolf pleased the woman, Kubizek suggested that Kubizek Stumpergasse. A little while dressing gown opened, and underneath. They departed lodging house in despair. There certainly none large enough situation to the landlady, with room to them and to take of the larger room was twenty Kubizek was able to rent a room.

It was not a perfect arrangement. Two windows looked out against the window on the

1908

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ADOLF HITLER

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Kubizek was delighted with the façade of 29 Stumpergasse but became increasingly dispirited as they crossed the courtyard and found themselves in the rear portion of the house ruled over by the old Polish woman, Maria Zakreys. Adolf's room was littered with his sketches and smelled horribly of kerosene. Here they devoured the food in the canvas bag, and a few moments later Adolf introduced his friend proudly to Maria Zakreys.

Then, although it was getting late, Adolf insisted on dragging his friend out of the house to see the sights. Kubizek had never been to Vienna. Adolf took him to see the Opera House, which he admired almost as much as the Parliament with its slender columns. The performance was not yet over, and so they were able to slip inside and admire the entrance hall, the superb staircase, the marble balustrade, and the gilded ceiling. Kubizek particularly wanted to see the immense, soaring spire of Saint Stephen's Cathedral, but it was shrouded in mist, and when they entered the nave of the cathedral it too was shrouded in mist. One of the jewels of Vienna is the small Gothic Maria am Gestade Church, and this had to be shown to Kubizek before he was allowed to return home. Exhausted, he reached Adolf's room at half past one. He wanted to go to sleep, but Adolf, who slept during the day, was wide awake and insisted on talking about their plans for the future. He was still talking when Kubizek fell asleep on the floor.

Kubizek needed a room large enough to hold a piano, and the next morning they went in search of a place for him. The side streets off the Mariahilferstrasse looked drab and sinister in the morning light. They came to a house with the sign, "Room to Let," and were greeted by an elegant woman wearing a silk dressing gown and fur-trimmed slippers. She led them into a room with two luxurious beds. For some reason Adolf pleased the woman, and she spoke of renting the large room to him, suggesting that Kubizek could remain in Adolf's room in the Stumpergasse. A little while later the woman's belt became loose, the dressing gown opened, and they saw that she was wearing very little underneath. They departed hurriedly and returned to Maria Zakreys's lodging house in despair. There seemed to be no rooms anywhere, and certainly none large enough to hold a grand piano. Adolf explained the situation to the landlady, who offered to surrender her somewhat larger room to them and to take over Adolf's apartment herself. The price of the larger room was twenty kronen a month. For ten kronen a month Kubizek was able to rent a grand piano.

It was not a perfect arrangement, but both Kubizek and Adolf were satisfied. Two windows looked out on a dark courtyard, where sunlight was visible for only a few minutes each day. The grand piano was set against the window on the right, the study table with a kerosene lamp

stood against the window on the left. Two beds, two chairs, a wardrobe, a washstand and a night chest filled the rest of the cramped room. Adolf needed to walk while he was talking, but the only place where he could walk was along the wall between the door and the grand piano. There he could take three steps forward and three steps back, and Kubizek had to turn his eyes away from him to avoid becoming dizzy.

In the morning Kubizek left for his classes at the conservatory, while Adolf remained in bed. It was some time before Kubizek learned the true state of affairs. He thought Adolf was attending art classes at the Academy, for he was drawing incessantly, but whenever Kubizek raised the question, he was greeted with explosions of rage. What was he doing? Where did he eat? It appeared that he was living on bread, butter, and milk, for his only income at the time was 25 kronen a month from the government pension fund. Though he had received a fairly large sum from his mother shortly before her death, it was apparently being doled out to him by his guardian, Josef Mayrhofer, in comparatively small amounts. Although he was frugal, did not smoke or drink, and had no vices, he was obviously having difficulty making ends meet. Much of his money went for the opera, the drug that kept him alive. He attended the opera at least once a week, sometimes twice. In this way he saw his favorite Wagnerian operas, *Lohengrin* and *Die Meistersinger*, several times, and attended at least one performance of *The Flying Dutchman*, *Tannhäuser*, *Tristan and Isolde*, *Parsifal*, and the *Ring* cycle. He also saw Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro* and *The Magic Flute*, Beethoven's *Fidelio*, and five operas by Verdi: *The Masked Ball*, *Il Trovatore*, *Rigoletto*, *La Traviata*, and *Aida*, which he admired more than the others. He showed no enthusiasm for Gounod's *Faust*, which he regarded as vulgar, or for the operas of Tchaikovsky and Smetana. In his eyes Wagner reigned supreme above all other operatic composers. It was an opinion he had formed in Linz, and it was now confirmed by the superb performances he saw at the Opera House, with Gustav Mahler conducting.

At the opera Adolf seemed to go into a trance, escaping into a mysterious dream world where everything was possible and where there was no poverty, no turmoil, no cold wind sweeping along the Mariahilferstrasse. Kubizek describes Adolf attending a Wagnerian opera:

When he listened to the music of Wagner, he was transformed. His violence left him, he became quiet, submissive, tractable. His gaze lost its restlessness, and his daily preoccupations were as though they had never been. His own destiny, however heavily it weighed upon him, no longer appeared to have any importance. He no longer felt lonely, an outlaw, a man kicked around by society. He was in a state of intoxicated ecstasy. Willingly he allowed himself to be carried away into a

legendary world more real every day. From the stale, courtyard, he was transported into antiquity, which was for his endeavors.

At the end of the opera, ordered back to their apartment arrive before the concierge closed the outer door. They were so devoted they were carefully budgeted.

One day Adolf decided to sit down at the piano and start to write down the notes of musical theory, but his grace that was curiously pleasing. anything to do with the new furiously, argued interminably after some weeks the prelude completed. The opera was called the legendary hero of the Norse sagas.

There were many reasons. Wagner had at one time thought of Smith and had sketched out papers after his death. Then, today, a subject on which Adolf all, the theme lent itself to sagas of carnage. After Wieland the he avenged himself by raping brothers and drinking out of had hammered out in his implacable and totally ruthless with harshly by the world, not.

They worked on the opera. Adolf would wake up his friend a new twist in the plot, a scene was set in a mythological are fishing in a lake called the volcanoes, icy glaciers, huge helmets and wearing white robes. Kubizek objected strongly, adamant. "There was a good moment. For this scene Adolf He wanted to have the music

two chairs, a wardrobe, of the cramped room. Adolf only place where he could and the grand piano. There was back, and Kubizek had feeling dizzy.

at the conservatory, while before Kubizek learned the standing art classes at the whenever Kubizek raised of rage. What was he he was living on bread, was 25 kronen a month he had received a fairly death, it was apparently Mayrhofer, in comparison, did not smoke or drink, difficulty making ends meet. that kept him alive. He comes twice. In this way he and *Die Meistersinger*, performance of *The Flying*, *Parsifal*, and the *Ring*, *Peter and The Magic Flute*, Verdi: *The Masked Ball*, *Il*, which he admired more for Coumad's *Faust*, which of Tchaikovsky and Smetana. all other operatic composers. and it was now confirmed by Opera House, with Gustav

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legendary world more real to him than the world he saw around him every day. From the stale, musty prison of the room at the back of the courtyard, he was transported into the blessed regions of German antiquity, which was for him the ideal world, the highest goal of all his endeavors.

At the end of the opera, or even before the end, the two friends hurried back to their apartment, hoping against hope that they would arrive before the concierge charged her usual small fee for unlocking the outer door. They were so desperately poor that even these few pennies were carefully budgeted.

One day Adolf decided to compose an opera of his own. He sat down at the piano and started to thump the keys, insisting that Kubizek should write down the notes. He had not the least understanding of musical theory, but his graceless music had a rough, elemental quality that was curiously pleasing. At first Kubizek absolutely refused to have anything to do with the new opera, but finally relented. They quarreled furiously, argued interminably, and exhausted each other's patience, but after some weeks the prelude and a good part of the first act were completed. The opera was called *Wieland the Smith* and was based on a legendary hero of the Norse sagas.

There were many reasons why Adolf chose this theme. Richard Wagner had at one time thought of composing an opera on *Wieland the Smith* and had sketched out a libretto, which was found among his papers after his death. Then, too, it was a subject out of Norse mythology, a subject on which Adolf considered himself an authority. Above all, the theme lent itself to satisfactory dramatic effects, with a good deal of carnage. After *Wieland the Smith* was lamed by the king he served, he avenged himself by raping the king's daughter and killing her two brothers and drinking out of their skulls before flying away on wings he had hammered out in his smithy. *Wieland* was personified revenge, implacable and totally ruthless. For a youth who felt he had been dealt with harshly by the world, no subject could be more satisfying.

They worked on the opera for three or four weeks, and sometimes Adolf would wake up his friend in the middle of the night to announce a new twist in the plot, a new character, a new theme. The opening scene was set in a mythological Iceland, where *Wieland* and his brothers are fishing in a lake called Wolf Lake. In the background are flaming volcanoes, icy glaciers, huge rocks. Suddenly three Valkyries in shining helmets and wearing white robes over their armor float out of the clouds. Kubizek objected strongly to the floating Valkyries, but Adolf was adamant. "There was a good deal of flying in our opera," he commented. For this scene Adolf composed strange, haunting, lively music. He wanted to have the music played on ancient Teutonic instruments,

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was so taken by it that he learned it by heart. It was apparently the stage setting for the first act of a verse play:

In the background the Holy Mountain. In the foreground a huge sacrificial stone overshadowed by giant oaks. Two formidable warriors grasp the black sacrificial bull firmly by the horns, and press the heavy head of the sacrificial beast toward the hollow of the stone. Towering behind them stands the priest in a light-colored raiment. He grips the battle-sword with which he will sacrifice the bull. All around him solemn bearded men, leaning on their shields, their lances at the ready, watch the festive scene with steady gaze.

Adolf was a child of the German romantic tradition, reveling in mythologies, miracles, murders, and sacrifices. The curse of the German romantic movement was the belief that storm and stress were wholly desirable and enjoyable for their own sake. Since Faust and Mephistopheles rage, then everyone must rage; and since the Creation was an act of violence, then all creation must continue in the path of violence. Excess and exaggeration were the law of life. The young Werther had pointed the way with an apparently innocent question. "If energy is strength, why should excessive energy be the opposite?" he asked. It was the young Werther too who observed: "I have come to appreciate how it is that extraordinary people who have achieved something great, something apparently impossible, have been decried as drunkards or madmen." Adolf was determined to become "an extraordinary man."

De Th
on
Gustav

Living with Adolf must have been terribly exhausting, and Kubizek seems to have been relieved when the Easter holidays came along and he could return to his family in Linz. Adolf had no family and remained alone in the room in the Stumpergasse, absorbed in his own projects. Kubizek, afraid his eyesight was failing because he had been studying too hard, wrote a letter to Adolf telling him about his fears and saying that he would soon be coming to Vienna with his father. On April 19, the day before his birthday, Adolf replied to his friend's letter:

Dear Gustl,

While thanking you for your kind letter, I must tell you how happy I am that your dear father is coming with you to Vienna. If you and your father have no objections, I will be waiting for you at the station at 11 A.M. on Thursday. You write that you are having wonderful weather, and this saddens me, for if it were not raining here, we too, and not only the people of Linz, would be enjoying wonderful weather. I am delighted that you are bringing a viola. On Thursday I shall buy two kronens' worth of cottonwool and 20 kreuzers' worth of sticking plaster, for my ears naturally. That, on top of all this, you are growing blind, has plunged

me into a profound depression: you will play even more wrong notes than before. Then you will go blind and I will gradually go deaf. Alas! Meanwhile I wish you and your esteemed parents at least a happy Easter, and I send them my hearty greetings, and to you, too. Your friend,

ADOLF HITLER

It was an affectionate letter, with some judicious jokes about sticking plaster and the weather, but like the previous postcards it had an oddly schoolboyish quality, as though the writer had not yet grown up. He seemed to be living on two levels. He was still a schoolboy, and at the same time he was hard at work teaching himself so many things that he was growing dizzy with intellectual excitement, like a totally undisciplined undergraduate.

When Kubizek arrived in Vienna a few days later, they resumed their life together as though there had been no interruption. Once more there were fantastic projects. Adolf had come to the conclusion that the entire social economy would have to be changed; war and prostitution must be outlawed; workers and students were to receive especially favorable treatment from the government. There must be government loans to provide working girls with trousseaus, and all students were entitled to rooms in clean, well-lit hostels, and to receive grants enabling them to travel. He was becoming interested in politics, but without committing himself to any party. Once he dragged Kubizek off to attend a session of Parliament. The president rang his bell, the members banged their desks, people came running in and out of the chamber as though they were performing a complex parliamentary dance, and suddenly a Czech member of parliament rose and began to speak in a manner that suggested he would never come to an end. He was "filibustering." Most of the members of parliament left the chamber. Kubizek was bored and wanted to leave, but Adolf dragged him down by the coattails and insisted that he stay. Adolf was fascinated by the performance, but he had not the slightest intention of embarking on a political career. What interested him were the mechanics of Parliament and the dance of the parliamentarians, as though it were a form of opera without music.

Although Adolf was confidently rebuilding the city in his imagination and enjoyed outlining social programs, his attitude to political questions was fairly conventional. According to Kubizek, he was a pacifist, anticlerical, antimonarchical, but without any strong bias in favor of any of the existing political parties, though he tended to follow the Christian Socialist Party led by Dr. Karl Lueger, the aging Mayor of Vienna, who had miraculously remained in office for a decade in spite of the Emperor's intense dislike for him. Dr. Karl Lueger was a demagogue of genius, an opportunist, and a practical politician of extraordinary virtuosity. He had the human touch, and Adolf especially admired him because he

could speak directly to the leader of the racist Pan-C his loyalty to the Emperor and prayed for the dissolution of the German Austri Schoenerer was a visionary, a cautious anti-Semite, alt friends. Adolf, too, was slo

Kubizek tells the story of Stumpergasse in a state of station, where he had been on the Mariahilferstrasse. I wore long caftans and lived streets. A policeman had ar and proclaimed that he wa policeman asked for witness along to the police station. kronen were found in the ma

Adolf's attitude toward despising the Handelees, he spoke enthusiastically about Felix Mendelssohn. Occasio anti-Semitic rages, which unexpected and appeared to

One day Adolf insisted th in the dismal Brigittenau d Danube. A Jewish wedding the solemn benediction of th impressed by the music. He impressed and was horrified "I have joined the Anti-Sem down." Kubizek saw no re society he detested. "I kept my own affairs in the future recriminations, but they coo room in an uneasy alliance.

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could speak directly to the masses, unlike Georg von Schoenerer, the leader of the racialist Pan-German movement, who publicly repudiated his loyalty to the Emperor and his allegiance to the Catholic Church and prayed for the dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and the union of the German Austrians with the German Reich of Wilhelm II. Schoenerer was a visionary, Lueger a man of the world. Lueger was also a cautious anti-Semite, although he possessed a number of Jewish friends. Adolf, too, was slowly developing anti-Semitic attitudes.

Kubizek tells the story of Adolf returning one day to the room in the Stumpergasse in a state of excitement. He had just come from the police station, where he had been a witness against a Handelee caught begging on the Mariahilferstrasse. Handelees were East European Jews who wore long caftans and lived by begging and selling knickknacks in the streets. A policeman had arrested the Handelee, who wrung his hands and proclaimed that he was selling knickknacks and not begging. The policeman asked for witnesses, and Adolf was one of those who went along to the police station. There, according to Adolf, three thousand kronen were found in the man's caftan. *scene*

Adolf's attitude toward the Jews at this time was ambiguous. While despising the Handelees, he had a high regard for Jewish musicians and spoke enthusiastically about Gustav Mahler and the compositions of Felix Mendelssohn. Occasionally he showed he was capable of sudden anti-Semitic rages, which disturbed Kubizek because they were so unexpected and appeared to be out of character.

One day Adolf insisted that Kubizek accompany him to a synagogue in the dismal Brigittenau district, far away on the other side of the Danube. A Jewish wedding was taking place, there was chanting and the solemn benediction of the bridal couple, and Kubizek was especially impressed by the music. He had the feeling that Adolf was similarly impressed and was horrified a few days later when Adolf announced: "I have joined the Anti-Semitic League and I have also put your name down." Kubizek saw no reason why anyone should make him join a society he detested. "I kept silent," he wrote, "but I resolved to handle my own affairs in the future." There appear to have been quarrels and recriminations, but they continued to live in the small overcrowded room in an uneasy alliance.

Although they were temperamentally very different—Kubizek was gentle, warm-hearted, and submissive, while Adolf was violent, cold-hearted, and domineering—they shared a common attitude toward women. They both idealized women, gazed at them from a distance, and were genuinely concerned with morality. Many women found Adolf sexually attractive, but these were precisely the women he despised. Although he still dreamed of the unattainable Stefanie, he had escaped

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from the dangerous fixation that bound him to her. Her image was present in his mind, he spoke about her often and still regarded her as the incarnation of perfect womanhood, but the terrible adolescent frenzy had passed away, if only because he no longer saw her in the flesh and was separated from her by a distance far greater than the distance between Linz and Vienna. He had entered another world.

Just off the Ring, in one of the side streets of the Siebensterngasse, the Street of the Seven Stars, there was a red light district occupying a narrow, ill-lit lane. Here the prostitutes showed themselves at the windows, and a man had only to lean over the windowsill to bargain with the object of his choice. If the price was satisfactory, he slipped through the door and the light was turned out. It was the accepted convention that no one peered into a room with an unlit window.

This lane was called the Spittelberggasse, and no one had any trouble finding it because it led out into the Burggasse, one of the main thoroughfares of Vienna. When the two friends walked home from the opera, they could very easily pass by the Spittelberggasse. In fact, they always avoided it, because they were no more interested in prostitutes than in the jewelry shops in the Ring. One day Adolf decided to investigate the street. He led Kubizek up and down it, examining everything that happened with the air of a sociologist, while the women, imagining that they were being examined for other purposes, exhibited themselves more and more brazenly, removing their chemises and unrolling their stockings. Adolf walked home in a savage temper, inveighing against the arts of seduction and the society that made it necessary for poor girls to sell themselves. When they reached the Stumpergasse, Adolf described his impressions with an air of cold disdain, as though they had been visiting a zoo and felt it necessary to describe the behavior of the animals.

In nearly all of Adolf's discussions with Kubizek, we find him talking about objects and ideas, rarely of people. He talked endlessly about architecture, painting, and politics, but Kubizek could not remember a single discussion about anyone's character, about human behavior, or about the strange quirks of the human mind. He seemed to be living in a world where men and women occupied only a very small place.

No doubt his sudden rages and his wildly erratic behavior had their origins in sexual repression. According to Kubizek, he took a normal interest in women but was too poor and too disdainful to express it openly. Kubizek says he never masturbated, detested salacious jokes, and spoke about physical purity as though he believed in some higher law that demanded purity in men and women. A hermit by deliberate choice, Adolf despised homosexuals as much as he despised the women he sometimes encountered at the opera who indicated that they would welcome his advances. His proud, disdainful appearance made him attractive to

women, but he took pleasure in Einseidler, a recluse, and possessed living alone, outside the mainstream.

But not quite alone. Although most of the day, he provided an reality. Without his roommate, audience, Adolf was in danger of lonely creatures who haunt the g noid or more schizophrenic, lost own making. The test would come the long summer holidays and Ad

Kubizek went home at the beginning into his work, more industrious but Frau Zakreys to talk to. He holiday at Spital but apparently him, asking him to do some small money to be given to Riedl, the Adolf wrote on a postcard which

Dear Gustl,

Called on Riedl three times a evening, when I was able to give your letter and especially for I mean the fountain. Since you I triously, often up to 2 or 3 in the I leave. I have no great desire t while it is not warm here, it even you your newspapers and the little esteemed parents.

The postcard was dated July 15, 1909, postcard, which was curiously for vanishing from the circle of Adolf's

Dear Friend! Many thanks for your me any butter and cheese. I thank Today I am going to see *Lohengrin* esteemed parents.

On July 21, exactly two days after wrote a three-page letter to Kubizek failed to write for a long time. The

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women, but he took pleasure in rebuffing them. He called himself an Einseidler, a recluse, and possessed the characteristic temper of a man living alone, outside the mainstream of life.

But not quite alone. Although Kubizek was away at the conservatory most of the day, he provided an essential sheet-anchor, rooting him to reality. Without his roommate, who was also his confidant and only audience, Adolf was in danger of becoming one more of those eccentric, lonely creatures who haunt the great cities, becoming daily more para- noid or more schizophrenic, lost in a strange nightmarish world of their own making. The test would come when Kubizek returned to Linz for the long summer holidays and Adolf would be left alone.

Kubizek went home at the beginning of July, and Adolf threw him- self into his work, more industrious than ever now that he had no one but Frau Zakreys to talk to. He thought of taking his usual summer holiday at Spital but apparently abandoned the idea. Kubizek wrote to him, asking him to do some small errands in Vienna. There was some money to be given to Riedl, the treasurer of the musicians' union, and Adolf wrote on a postcard which had a picture of the Graben:

Dear Gustl,

Called on Riedl three times and did not find him in until Thursday evening, when I was able to give him the money. My heartiest thanks for your letter and especially for the postcard. It looks very prosaic, I mean the fountain. Since you left, I have been working very indus- triously, often up to 2 or 3 in the morning. I will write to you again when I leave. I have no great desire to go, if my sister is also going. Mean- while it is not warm here, it even rains occasionally, and I am sending you your newspapers and the little book. Kind regards to you and your esteemed parents.

ADOLF HITLER

The postcard was dated July 15, 1908. Four days later there was another postcard, which was curiously formal, as though Kubizek was gradually vanishing from the circle of Adolf's acquaintances:

Dear Friend! Many thanks for your kindness. You do not need to send me any butter and cheese. I thank you heartily for your good wishes. Today I am going to see *Lohengrin*. Kindest regards to you and to yr. esteemed parents.

ADOLF HITLER

On July 21, exactly two days after he sent the last postcard, Adolf wrote a three-page letter to Kubizek under the impression that he had failed to write for a long time. The letter was written on black-bordered

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note: "My best wishes for your esteemed saint's day.—A. Hitler." Adolf had decided to spend his summer holiday at Spital after all. Kubizek's saint's day was August 28, and the postcard came just in time.

When Adolf returned to Vienna, he apparently decided to make a complete break with his friend. On November 20, after completing two months of military training at Linz, Kubizek returned to Vienna to resume his studies. He expected to find Adolf waiting for him at the station, but there was no sign of him, nor was he at the Stumpergasse address. He had vanished, taking all his possessions with him. Frau Zakreys was as puzzled as Kubizek. She said he had moved out quite suddenly, leaving no forwarding address. Had he left a message for his friend? No, there was no message, and she could throw no light on his disappearance. Meanwhile the room with the piano and the two beds had been rented to another lodger. Kubizek found other lodgings. He assumed he would soon hear from his friend, or else they would meet at the opera or in the street, or a message from his parents or from friends in Linz would explain the abrupt and inexplicable departure of his friend. But none of these things happened. Adolf had been swallowed up in the vast anonymity of Vienna.

Unknown to Kubizek, Adolf was living only a few blocks away from his old lodgings. In Austria every change of address had to be reported to the police, and accordingly on November 18 he signed a police registration form giving his address as Room 16/22 Felberstrasse. He described himself as a student whereas formerly he had described himself as an artist. The new room had more light than Frau Zakreys's room and cost more money, and he was now even closer to the Westbahnhof. He liked the place well enough to stay there for eight months, living alone, rarely leaving his room, speaking to scarcely anyone, and having no visible occupation.

In October he suffered a blow that probably brought him to the verge of a nervous breakdown. All through the year he had been preparing himself for the examination at the Academy of Fine Arts. He had failed the first time, but he was convinced that the professors would see the error of their ways when he presented himself for the second time. The records of the Academy show that he was not even permitted to take the examination:

The following gentlemen performed their test drawings with insufficient success or were not admitted to the test . . . No. 24. Adolf Hitler, Braunau am Inn, 20 April 1889, German, Catholic, Father senior official. 4 Classes in *Realschule*. Not admitted to the test.

The words "not admitted to the test"—"*Nicht zu Prüfung zugelassen*"—were the final proof that society had no intention of letting him

ADOLF HITLER

from his friend. A few days
of Weitra Castle and a brief

entwurfsbauausführungskomitesge-

1909

The Loneliest Years

When a man sinks into poverty and misery in a vast city, many strange things happen to him. If he is without family or friends and has no roots, he very quickly becomes the prey of delusions. Mysterious voices speak to him, a stranger suddenly glancing at him in the street will fill him with panic, and he believes that a scrap of newspaper blown by the wind to his feet conveys a message from some higher powers. In his loneliness and terror, he learns that he has entered a savage country of strange customs and inexplicable cruelties, a country in which he is a foreigner possessing no rights or privileges, at the mercy of everyone and most of all at the mercy of officials, a hunted creature who feels no security even when he is alone at night in the darkness of his own room.

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We know now much more about these lonely, alienated people than we did fifty years ago, perhaps because modern society creates more of them. We know the complicated contrivances they invent to maintain a sense of human dignity, and we can trace step by step how the shreds of human dignity are torn from them or salvaged in unpredictable ways. Such men are at the mercy of the seasons, for warm days give them a spurious courage and winter reduces them to shivering incoherence. They talk interminably to themselves, and cling desperately to their fantasies. The blue stain on the wall, the stone picked up long ago, the string tied round the middle finger, all these become fetishes without which life would become unendurable. We know too that poverty has its own built-in compensations. In *Down and Out in Paris and London* George Orwell describes the strange, dull euphoria that comes with extreme poverty:

You discover boredom and mean complications and the beginnings of hunger, but you also discover the great redeeming feature of poverty: the fact that it annihilates the future. Within certain limits, it is actually true that the less money you have, the less you worry. When you have a hundred francs in the world you are liable to the most craven panics. When you have only three francs you are quite indifferent, for three francs will feed you till to-morrow, and you cannot think further than that. You are bored, but you are not afraid. You think vaguely, "I shall be starving in a day or two—shocking, isn't it?" And then the mind wanders to other topics. A bread and margarine diet does, to some extent, provide its own anodyne.

But there are not many consolations to poverty, and even apathy becomes exhausting in time. For a nineteen-year-old youth who dreamed of becoming a great artist, the consolation was more likely to be found in fantasies of his own towering eminence in the arts, to the discomfiture of all those who had hindered his progress. It was not in the least necessary that he practice painting or drawing. It was enough that he dream of himself as a superb artist who remains unrecognized only because evil forces are at work. Against those evil forces he would one day wage implacable war: so he would tell himself, while wondering how he could bring himself to live for another day or another week in a world given over to so much evil.

When life became intolerable it was always possible to escape. Suicide was one form of escape; changing one's place of residence was another; a third way was to change one's identity, and from being a great artist to become a bank messenger or a clerk in a store. The third way had no attractions for him, but he changed his address several times. He spent eight months in his lodging on the Felberstrasse. On August 22, 1909, he registered with the police his new address: Room 21/58 Sechshauserstrasse, which was only a few blocks away. This time he described himself as a writer, and since he was always extremely truthful in his descriptions of himself at the police station, we can be reasonably sure that he was devoting his energies to writing, haunting the libraries, and giving himself up to dreams of fame as an author.

By this time his money was running out, for he had exhausted most of the money bequeathed to him by his mother, and there remained only his pension of 25 kronen a month. The days when he could attend the opera two or three times a week were over. By the middle of September he vanished from his lodging on the Sechshauserstrasse, and there is no further record of him until the middle of December, when he appeared in the long line of pathetic wretches waiting to be admitted into the Obdachlosenasyll, the Asylum for the Shelterless, not

far from the Südbahnhof in the been savage that winter, with sn poverty-stricken writer had surviv cheap coffeehouses. He was at th tered, his hands covered with chi been begging in the streets, but no

The Asylum for the Shelterless erected and maintained by a Vie with the problem of the hundrec chiefly from the provinces, who we in the capital. It was a huge build year old. The regulations were un to stay for five nights only. Permiss or might not be granted. He was fected, and he slept in an iron bed brownish-colored sheets, his own food supplied was bread and soup morning and evening. Those who to be out looking for work during

Reinhold Hanisch, a Bohemian those in line waiting for the gat received a five-day ticket, which w taken to a shower bath and had itinerant laborer who had traveled and he spoke the dialect of Berlir In the evening, sitting by his bed, the left. The man wore a blue suit been sodden with rain and snow, dark beard, his hair was uncut and of misery. He said he had not eaten When asked his name, he said: A

The two men took a liking to ea vervation. Hitler spoke about his fi am Inn, and Hanisch remembered a small bond between them; soon t interest in art, and Hitler spoke ab artist and how he had been bitte landlady had dispossessed him, he ing on park benches with no mone He had proved to be an indifferent he approached a drunken gentleman to have the drunkard raise his ca

* D.T. The only reason I could see for the O.G.'s continuing tolerance in him was the depth of his appetite for violence against those who

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far from the Südbahnhof in the south of the city. The weather had been savage that winter, with snow and ice on the streets, and the poverty-stricken writer had survived by sleeping in doorways and in cheap coffeehouses. He was at the end of his resources, his feet blistered, his hands covered with chilblains, his stomach empty. He had been begging in the streets, but no one paid any attention to him.

The Asylum for the Shelterless was one of those new buildings erected and maintained by a Viennese philanthropic society to deal with the problem of the hundreds of thousands of destitute people, chiefly from the provinces, who were unable to make any kind of living in the capital. It was a huge building, as large as a palace and barely a year old. The regulations were unusual, for they permitted the vagrant to stay for five nights only. Permission to stay for a further period might or might not be granted. He was given a bath, his clothing was disinfected, and he slept in an iron bed with wire springs covered with two brownish-colored sheets, his own clothes serving as a pillow. The only food supplied was bread and soup, which were distributed in the early morning and evening. Those who entered the Asylum were expected to be out looking for work during the daylight hours.

Reinhold Hanisch, a Bohemian from the Sudetenland, was one of those in line waiting for the gate to open. Like all the others he received a five-day ticket, which was punched by a supervisor, and was taken to a shower bath and had his clothes disinfected. He was an itinerant laborer who had traveled extensively in Germany and Austria, and he spoke the dialect of Berlin, passing himself off as a Berliner. In the evening, sitting by his bed, he looked across at his neighbor on the left. The man wore a blue suit which had turned lilac because it had been sodden with rain and snow, and he had no overcoat. He had a dark beard, his hair was uncut and uncombed, and he was the picture of misery. He said he had not eaten for several days and was dead tired. When asked his name, he said: Adolf Hitler.

The two men took a liking to each other and were soon deep in conversation. Hitler spoke about his father, the customs officer at Braunau am Inn, and Hanisch remembered that he had worked there. This was a small bond between them; soon there were others. Hanisch had some interest in art, and Hitler spoke about his own strivings to become an artist and how he had been bitterly disappointed in his hopes. His landlady had dispossessed him, he had wandered about Vienna sleeping on park benches with no money, taking to begging as a last resort. He had proved to be an indifferent beggar. One night in great distress he approached a drunken gentleman and begged for a few pennies, only to have the drunkard raise his cane and threaten him. "You should

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slighted him - a proud Jew
 who passed him on the street
 without a glance was enough to
 have him halting all afternoon
 at the thought of what he could do to
 humiliate her back - come some day

1909, 1900

* have known it is not worth while to approach a drunk," Reinhold Hanisch commented.

The problem uppermost in Hitler's mind was food, and since the soup had not appeased his hunger Hanisch was able to get him some bread. An old beggar standing nearby advised him to go to the Convent of Saint Katherine on the Gumpendorferstrasse every morning between nine and ten for the free soup given by the nuns to the poor. From Hanisch and the other habitués at the Asylum he learned about all the other places in Vienna where charity was dispensed. During the following days Hitler "called on Kathie," then wandered along to another shelter endowed by the Jewish Baron Königswarter, and then to the Westbahnhof, where it was sometimes possible to earn a few pennies by carrying the passengers' luggage. There were one or two other stops on the way where a poor man could rest by a warm fireplace. But these journeys were far from enjoyable. Vienna was going through its usual bitterly cold winter, and Hitler was still wearing the blue-checked suit in which he arrived at the Asylum. He had no overcoat. His feet were in bad shape, and he walked painfully and slowly. Because he was not nimble on his feet, he earned very little at the Westbahnhof.

† Hanisch and one or two others attempted to educate him in the various subterfuges practiced by the poor. People sometimes moved out of the Asylum before they had completed their five-day stay, and it was usually possible to "borrow" their tickets. By "borrowing" these tickets from day to day, he was able to prolong his stay for about seven weeks. He made a little money shoveling snow. When there was a call for grave-diggers, he asked Hanisch whether he should apply for the work and was told that it was quite hopeless, because he would not have the strength to climb out of the grave. He was half-dead, and Hanisch wondered whether he had seen anyone so wretched, so full of despair. "What do you want to do with your life?" Hanisch asked him, and Hitler replied: "I don't know."

‡ He had been excited at the prospect of working in a cemetery. Hitler spoke a good deal about his family, especially his father. He had some amusing stories to tell about the life of a customs official. One day Alois Hitler was struck by the inferior quality of the cigars regularly being sent from Germany to a gentleman in Vienna. He therefore decided to examine the cigars, broke one open, and was not particularly surprised when a diamond fell out. Hitler also talked about his two sisters, Angela and Paula, and Hanisch suggested that he write to Angela and ask her to send him some money. Hitler demurred; he did not feel he had any right to demand money from her. But he finally consented when it was pointed out to him that his condition was hopeless. He was coughing and obviously on the verge of a severe illness, and in his present condition he was incapable of earning any respect-

‡ He had been excited at the prospect of working in a cemetery.

* "They are in a fury at what has been done to them. But is nothing to be drunk etc."



1. Hitler as a baby.

1900

to family scene

1909, 1928

able sums of money. Since there was no writing paper at the Asylum, he accompanied Hanisch and a friendly salesman from Silesia to the Café Arthabar nearby and wrote a letter to Angela, asking for money to be sent to him *poste restante*. Angela sent fifty kronen, which arrived shortly before Christmas. The money probably saved his life, for it gave him renewed hope at a time when he had little to hope for. For twelve kronen he bought a winter overcoat at the Dorotheum and could now walk out in the street without danger of dying of influenza.

1909
also
1928
*

When he arrived at the Asylum, he had no possessions. His collection of books, manuscripts, sketches, and architectural drawings had all vanished. It is possible, of course, that they were sequestered by unfriendly landladies for nonpayment of rent, but it is more likely that he simply lost them or abandoned them while drifting helplessly around Vienna. He had possessed an overcoat when he was living with Kubizek: this too was lost, or perhaps it had been taken to the pawnshop. His ivory-handled walking stick had suffered the same fate. He had cultivated the appearance of a bohemian, but by the time he arrived at the Asylum, all the traces of Bohemia had vanished. He had apparently forgotten his pension of 25 kronen a month, which would at the very least have permitted him to eat regularly. His mind was paralyzed, and he had reached that mindless state in which a man is completely incapable of ordering his own life.

?

Hitler never forgot those months of horror. In a statement drawn up in 1914 to explain why he had not registered for military service he wrote: "The autumn of 1909 was for me an interminably bitter time. I was a young man with no experience, without financial assistance, and too proud to accept it from just anyone, let alone beg for it." In *Mein Kampf* he remembered those months as "the most miserable time of my life."

The experience of destitution left its mark on his character. Kubizek convincingly described a strange, awkward, violent youth brimming with ideas, composing an opera, stories, and poems, reading voluminously, and studying architecture with a frightening intensity. A year later the eagerness had gone out of him, and he was little more than the husk of himself. His brilliance, such as it was, died away, to flare up again at long intervals. What he needed now, at any cost, was a sense of security, a regular income, friends or at least acquaintances. Providentially, all these were granted to him a few weeks later when he left the Asylum and went to live in the Männerheim, the Home for Men, at 27 Meldemannstrasse, which was near the Jewish quarter known as Leopoldstadt. His friend Reinhold Hanisch went to live there at the same time. The Asylum was for the desperately poor, while the Männerheim was intended for single men who could make a bare living.

* D.F. It could be said that his relations with Geli came eventually out of this.



Adolf Hitler.

stayed at the Männer-
For longer or shorter
the place he regarded as

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it was unbearably drab
huge building resembled
er, Johann Kanva, who
There were innumerable
ed at their peril. Johann

heim was heaven. In the
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544 separate cubicles,
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double blanket. Under
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their clothes were ragged
was taken to see that
re was a resident doctor on

all his guests live a quiet,
and themselves out on the

street. No women were permitted into the cubicles. Summary justice
was executed whenever there was fighting. In this calm, monastic world
Hitler was soon so much at home that it was as though he had never
lived anywhere else.

Even before he came to the Männerheim Hitler had discussed with
his friend Hanisch the possibility of making a living by selling his
paintings, with Hanisch acting as his agent. There was a market for
postcard-size paintings to be sold in taverns or to art dealers, who
acquired them not so much for their artistic value as for filling
empty frames. Furniture dealers also used colored postcards, which
were inserted in chairs and love seats and then varnished. By the begin-
ning of March Hitler was turning out two or three painted postcards a
day. They were not original works but were traced from existing post-
cards and then painted in watercolor, and to give them a pleasant old-
fashioned quality he would hold them near a fire until they turned
brown or sepia. His usual place of work was by the window in the
lounge. Here he could be seen day after day with his box of paints and
a T square, which he would brandish like a sword if anyone annoyed
or disturbed him.

There were others in the Männerheim who were self-employed, and
Hitler was far from being the only artist in residence. A Hungarian
painted flower designs and initials on postcards, which he sold in the
taverns on the Prater. Josef Greiner, formerly a lamplighter in the
Theater an der Wien, painted signboards for a Jewish entrepreneur
called Josef Neumann, who occasionally visited the lodgers to see
whether they had any "works of art" for sale. Poster art was becoming
fashionable. Greiner painted several posters for shop windows, and
Hitler followed in his footsteps. He was soon on fairly good terms with
Josef Neumann.

The partnership of Hanisch and Hitler continued throughout the
spring and early summer of 1910. Hanisch spent the morning canvass-
ing the frame dealers and furniture dealers for orders. A painted post-
card might sell for five kronen, sometimes ten kronen, and Hanisch
would keep half and give the other half to Hitler. At Easter he sold
about eight postcards, and there was a windfall of forty kronen, which
they divided equally. Hanisch was congratulating himself over his suc-
cess the next morning when he went to look for Hitler, who was not
at his accustomed place by the window. Hitler had in fact gone off
with Josef Neumann on a sightseeing tour of the city. That at least was
the explanation given by bystanders, but it is more probable that Hitler
had found a new agent in the Hungarian Jew, who was less demanding
and more solicitous of his welfare than the gruff and down-to-earth
Hanisch had ever been. Hitler vanished for a week from his usual

scene
of the
mystery

treasure
historians like
dois!

1910

haunts, and it was learned later that he was living with Josef Neumann in a room nearby. Hanisch was troubled, and he could foresee a time when he would no longer be Hitler's agent. When Hitler finally returned penniless to the Männerheim, Hanisch asked him what had happened and was told to mind his own business. As for painting postcards, Hitler said he wanted a rest and was not a coolie.

According to Hanisch, Hitler lacked any kind of discipline and worked only when he pleased, with the result that orders were not filled and it became more and more difficult to sell his painted postcards. A contributory factor was Hitler's delight in political discussions. "When I came back in the evening," Hanisch related, "I often had to take the T square out of his hands, because he would be swinging it over his head, making a speech."

In the spring of 1910 Hitler, at the age of twenty-one, was finally demonstrating a passionate interest in politics. Significantly, this interest coincided with the discovery of a ready-made audience in the lounge of the Männerheim. Not all the lodgers relished his speeches, which were accompanied by a good deal of shouting and wild gestures. A trick sometimes played on him was to invite him to talk about politics while someone tied his coat-tails to a bench. After a few moments one of his interlocutors would bluntly contradict him and he would become absolutely furious, leaping to his feet, shouting, waving his arms, and dragging the bench with him as he advanced on the man who had dared to contradict him. The noise of the bench, the shouts, and the laughter would soon attract the attention of the supervisor, who would order everyone in the lounge to be quiet. Neither then nor at any other time could Hitler tolerate contradiction.

Meanwhile there were other preoccupations besides politics. Like most of the other lodgers, he was attracted to schemes for getting rich. Banknotes quickly wore out, and he thought up a scheme for making them smaller and enclosing them permanently in celluloid. During the summer he proposed to fill old cans with paste and sell them to shopkeepers as antifreeze to be smeared on their windows in winter. As Hanisch noted, this scheme had certain defects, the most important being that merchants in summer were unlikely to be interested in antifreeze. Hitler explained that a good sales pitch would induce them to buy the paste whatever the season. There were many other schemes, some of them ludicrous and all of them unsuccessful.

Hitler's income still came from the sale of his painted postcards. His relationship with Hanisch was becoming strained, chiefly because he often failed to deliver the cards on schedule. It is possible that he had not yet recovered from the shock of the terrible winter months and that he suffered from the lethargy that often follows shock. Greiner de-

scribes him wandering to a knee-length coat given patched shoes, all his close beard like Paul Kruger, clinging to the chin with one of the lodgers, a li washed his shirt today—

Evidently he was not buy a second shirt or a s Johann Kanya seriously regarded him as an object sudden inexplicable friendship. He had to dominate Hanisch criticized his pei a kind of popular folk and steadily and often spent complained that if, after reading room, Hitler saw he would sit down to re. his food and sustenance. He lived on corn puddi went to a coffee shop ar

Inevitably he quarreled quarrels were about mon his paintings, pocketed tl the police, accusing his fo Hanisch was seen in the fried Löffner, who happened violent dispute, the police under arrest. Since he w was in double jeopardy. S and Hitler well, for they also testified, and his test

Adolf Hitler, artist, bo Catholic, single, now li clares: It is not correct of Walter Fritz. I have Fritz. As he was with so that he could sell the sums realized. For rough Männerheim and has del kronen, and a watercolor belonging to him that I

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* D.T. got into the sexual humiliation
of Hitler from Neumann

with Josef Neumann could foresee a time when Hitler finally asked him what had to be done. As for painting postcards, too little.

and of discipline and orders were not filled with painted postcards. A few discussions. "When I often had to take the time swinging it over his

twenty-one, was finally. Significantly, this interest in the audience in the lounge of his speeches, which included wild gestures. A trick to talk about politics while in a few moments one of his he would become absorbed in waving his arms, and on the man who had dared to shout, and the laughter of the supervisor, who would order him not at any other time

besides politics. Like to schemes for getting rich. He set up a scheme for making money in celluloid. During the winter he would go to the market and sell them to shopkeepers in winter. As for the defects, the most important one was to be interested in anti-Semitism would induce them to do many other schemes, but unsuccessful.

of his painted postcards. His was strained, chiefly because he was alone. It is possible that he had a terrible winter months and that it follows shock. Greiner de-

scribes him wandering through the Männerheim wearing a derby hat, a knee-length coat given to him by Josef Neumann, gray trousers, and patched shoes, all his clothes filthy and greasy. Hanisch says he wore a beard like Paul Kruger, the South African nationalist leader, the beard clinging to the chin with no mustache. He possessed only one shirt, and one of the lodgers, a little man from Saxony, liked to say: "Hitler washed his shirt today—there will be fine weather tomorrow."

Evidently he was not making much money, certainly not enough to buy a second shirt or a suit of clothes. His clothes were so tattered that Johann Kanya seriously thought of expelling him. Many of the lodgers regarded him as an object of ridicule. Excitable and erratic, given to sudden inexplicable frenzies, he was incapable of ordinary companionship. He had to dominate, or else he retired into a sullen silence. When Hanisch criticized his paintings, saying that they were not really art but a kind of popular folk art, Hitler flew into a rage. He refused to work steadily and often spent the morning reading the newspapers. Hanisch complained that if, after reading all the newspapers available in the reading room, Hitler saw someone coming in with another newspaper, he would sit down to read that one as well. Reading newspapers was his food and sustenance, and he showed very little interest in real food. He lived on corn pudding and margarine, and on festive occasions went to a coffee shop and ordered cream cakes.

Inevitably he quarreled with Hanisch, and just as inevitably the quarrels were about money. According to Hitler, Hanisch sold two of his paintings, pocketed the money, and vanished. Hitler complained to the police, accusing his former friend of embezzlement. Early in August Hanisch was seen in the street by a Jewish postcard seller called Siegfried Löffner, who happened to be one of Hitler's friends. There was a violent dispute, the police were summoned, and Hanisch found himself under arrest. Since he was living with false identification papers, he was in double jeopardy. Siegfried Löffner testified that he knew Hanisch and Hitler well, for they always sat together at the Männerheim. Hitler also testified, and his testimony has survived:

Adolf Hitler, artist, born 20.4.1889 in Braunau, domiciled in Linz, Catholic, single, now living at 27 Meldemannstrasse, XX District, declares: It is not correct to say that I advised Hanisch to take the name of Walter Fritz. I have never known him by any name except Walter Fritz. As he was without means, I gave him the pictures I painted so that he could sell them. He regularly received from me 50% of the sums realized. For roughly two weeks Hanisch has not returned to the Männerheim and has defrauded me of the painting *Parliament*, worth 50 kronen, and a watercolor to the value of 9 kronen. The only document belonging to him that I have seen is the said employment book in the

scanned

humiliation
man

name of Fritz Walter. I have known Hanisch from the time I lived at the Asylum in Meidling.

ADOLF HITLER

5 August 1910

Hitler was behaving with malice and vindictiveness, for his real complaint had nothing to do with the fact that Hanisch was living under a false name. At the trial, which took place on August 11, Hanisch was sentenced to a few days in jail after a very cursory examination of the case. Hitler withdrew the accusation that Hanisch had stolen a water-color worth 9 kronen, for it was proved that Hanisch had sold the painting and given Hitler half the proceeds. According to Greiner, who saw the painting of the Parliament, it was worth about 10 kronen. Hitler's first court case involved deliberate fraud and misrepresentation.

With Hanisch no longer acting as his agent, Hitler was compelled to sell his own paintings or to invoke the aid of Josef Neumann. Most of the dealers he visited were Jews. They included Jakob Altenberg, with two shops on the Wiedner Hauptstrasse and the Favoritenstrasse; Morgenstern on the Liechtensteinstrasse; and Landsberger on the Favoritenstrasse. He learned to dress more carefully and to work more regularly. Jakob Altenberg remembered that his clothes, though old, were neat and his trousers were well-pressed. When he went on his errands he did his best to control his fierce temper and to behave like a reasonable man of the world with a small but growing business in postcards. Rent for his small cubicle cost him about 12 kronen a month, while food and incidental expenses cannot have cost him much more than 30 kronen a month. Since he was now once more enjoying his 25-kronen pension, which he had not claimed during his period of destitution, and was earning on an average about 70 kronen a month from his paintings, he was doing fairly well and in danger of being expelled from the Männerheim for exceeding the statutory limit of 1,400 kronen of annual income.

In fact, he was soon doing rather better than this, for he had inherited some money from his hunchback aunt, Johanna Pölzl, who died on March 21, 1911. During the previous December she had withdrawn her life savings amounting to nearly 4,000 kronen from the bank, and either before or after her death her nephew received a considerable portion of this money, the exact amount being unknown. His half-sister Angela Raubal, a widow with three children of her own and fifteen-year-old Paula to look after, learned that he was doing fairly well and decided it was only fair that Hitler's pension of about 300 kronen a year should go toward the upbringing of Paula, who received the same pension. With 600 kronen a year most of Paula's expenses would be covered. Angela Raubal therefore approached a lawyer after

consulting Josef Mayrhofer brought the case to the at to give his testimony in t have grudgingly consented survived:

Adolf Hitler, now living, has testified as follows in tain himself and agrees to pension to his sister, and is in possession of consid Johanna Pölzl for the pu

On May 4, 1911, the d and thereafter Hitler's pen help in raising Paula. Sig his share of the orphan's of the court. He had little sented only because there good terms with Angela R:

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He was mellowing a litt background, remembered suddenly embark on a vi and if he found that no or as quickly as he had begu not fanatical, for a fanatic one was paying any attentio His political ideas, sucl 1912 he was turning mor von Schoenerer, who had

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ADOLF HITLER

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consulting Josef Mayrhofer, the guardian of both Paula and Adolf, and brought the case to the attention of the Linz court. Hitler was ordered to give his testimony in the court at Leopoldstadt, and he appears to have grudgingly consented to the arrangement. His testimony has survived:

Adolf Hitler, now living as an artist at 27 Meldemannstrasse, XX District, has testified as follows in the court of Leopoldstadt: He is able to maintain himself and agrees to the transfer of the full amount of his orphan's pension to his sister, and in addition inquiries have revealed that Adolf is in possession of considerable sums of money given to him by his Aunt Johanna Pölzl for the purpose of advancing his career as an artist.

(191)

On May 4, 1911, the decision of the Linz court was handed down, and thereafter Hitler's pension went automatically to Angela Raubal for help in raising Paula. Significantly, Hitler had not offered to surrender his share of the orphan's pension, but was forced to do so by decision of the court. He had little affection for Paula and appears to have consented only because there might be some advantages in remaining on good terms with Angela Raubal.

Meanwhile Hitler's life went on much as usual in the Männerheim. He was becoming one of those venerable habitués who simply by staying for years in the same place acquire the patina of age. In its own way the Männerheim provided a shelter from the world, and Hitler appears to have enjoyed the disciplined, orderly life he practiced within its walls, leaving his cubicle promptly at nine o'clock in the morning, going to the basement for a light breakfast, then to the reading room for the morning newspapers, and then to the lounge, where he painted by the window. He no longer spent most of the night reading and writing, for the rules of the Männerheim did not permit him to stay in bed during the morning. He had at last found himself, and by all reasonable prophecies it might have been supposed that he would remain there for the rest of his natural life. All he wanted was the security of his cubicle and the opportunity to paint postcards.

He was mellowing a little. Karl Honisch, another lodger with a Czech background, remembered that while painting postcards Hitler would suddenly embark on a violent political harangue, gesticulating wildly, and if he found that no one was paying attention to him he would stop as quickly as he had begun and resume his painting. His rhetoric was not fanatical, for a fanatic would have continued talking even when no one was paying any attention.

His political ideas, such as they were, were beginning to ripen. By 1912 he was turning more and more to the Pan-Germanism of Georg von Schoenerer, who had fallen into almost total obscurity, although

* He had a great hunger to share his ideas
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This was our ideal.

1912

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his followers continued to publish pamphlets claiming that the All-German Reich was destined to be the dominating power in Europe. Austria would be incorporated into the Reich; vast areas of Poland, Bohemia, Switzerland, and Northern Italy would be included within the frontiers of a power so vast that it would dictate the future of Europe for generations to come.

Josef Greiner, the former lamplighter, who published his reminiscences in 1947, describes another aspect of Hitler—the explorer of occult mysteries, the student of telepathy, knowledgeable about fakirs who can stop their heartbeats and the rituals of the yogis. Graphology, phrenology, and the study of physiognomy—all those half-sciences, the special preserve of the half-educated—fascinated him. According to Greiner, he would talk at length about Catherine Emmerich, the visionary, who described the Passion of Christ in its minutest details as though she had been present, and about Savonarola, whose ferocious diatribes against the Church led to his martyrdom. What especially intrigued Hitler was the power of the human will: by sheer will power a man could move mountains. Once he held his hand over a gas flame to demonstrate the unflinching power of his will. Reinhold Hanisch, who knew Greiner, was inclined to believe it was Greiner himself who led Hitler along these dubious paths, but it may very well have been the other way round, for Hitler had expressed many of these ideas to Kubizek in Linz.

Hitler's penchant for the occult led him to the strange works of Adolf Josef Lanz, who called himself Jorg Lanz von Liebenfels or more simply PONT, an acronym for Prior of the Order of the New Temple. Lanz published a magazine called Ostara, which was full of oracular statements about the supremacy of the Aryan race threatened by the inferior apelike races, by which he presumably meant the Jews and the Slavs. Ostara was a typical Viennese product of the period, being erotic, mystical, and sentimental without any clear-cut social or political program. According to Wilfrid Daim, who wrote a biography of Lanz, Hitler became one of his most admiring devotees, and it was to Lanz that he owed all his fundamental ideas about the Aryan race, the Jews, the Catholic Church, and the All-German Reich. In fact, Lanz's ideas were so vague that he can scarcely be accused of having any ideas at all, except perhaps the idea that he was the supreme pontiff of the new emerging Aryan kingdom of the world. Lanz claimed that Lord Kitchener and all the most important people in Europe were his followers, though many of them chose to take their vows in secret.

Lanz's biographer claims that while Hitler was living on the Felberstrasse he came upon a copy of Ostara at the nearby tobacconist's shop

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* D.T. Had Gordon Liddy read Greiner's accounts? worth using?

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and was immediately captivated. Some time later he is supposed to have sought out the Master, receiving a special blessing and the gift of many copies of the magazine. Although it is possible that they met, it is certain that Hitler never became Lanz's devotee. *Ostara* was just one more of the many pamphlets and magazines he read, and he was too proud to be the follower of anyone.

Once Hitler told Greiner: "In my life I have often been a prophet, but I have always been laughed to scorn." The words ring true, and they may be connected with his obsession with Savonarola. He liked to speak in prophecies, summoning the wrath of God upon the Austrian Empire and prophesying its eventual destruction, as Savonarola summoned the wrath of God upon the Florentine Republic and prophesied that the city would dissolve into flame and ashes. His rages were directed against empires and races, and sometimes he would rave ferociously against the Church. Greiner reports that he sometimes ended his vitriolic speeches in the Männerheim with the words:

Ohne Juda, ohne Rom,
wird gebaut Germaniens Dom!
Heil!

Without Jews, without Rome,
We shall build Germany's cathedral!
Heil!

According to Greiner, he was not particularly liked or disliked at the Männerheim. A lonely man, he made friends with difficulty and survived by a series of miracles, for he had no talent for survival. He needed to be prodded, to be helped. If Hanisch had not shown him that it was possible to earn a living by painting postcards, he would probably not have survived for so long. He had broken off all relations with his family, and it was therefore no longer possible for him to enjoy the summer holidays at Spital. He was a city-dweller bound by the Männerheim and a few streets in the center of Vienna, day after day seeing the same faces and the same cobblestones.

A man can go mad after living three years in the Männerheim, and indeed he was very close to madness, fits of depression alternating with periods of manic excitement, violent speeches, sudden quarrels. There were days and weeks when he could no longer paint postcards or go on his rounds to the Jewish art dealers who bought his works out of pity and were not always able to conceal their pity. By the autumn of 1912 he was once more in financial difficulties, with a cold winter in front

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1903

A Journey to England

The brothers Alois and Adolf Hitler resembled each other to an extraordinary degree. They had the same thick, rather prominent noses, the same deep blue eyes, the same sloping forehead and high cheekbones. Although Alois was seven years older than Adolf, they might have been taken for twins. Temperamentally, however, they were very different, for the older brother was quick-witted and open-hearted, chiefly interested in his creature comforts, content if he had a woman by his side and a good bowl of soup on the table. He was a man of all trades who lived by his wits, while Adolf could scarcely think in terms of any trade, regarding himself as an artist or a student, someone altogether outside the world of business, even though he sold his painted postcards at a profit. Alois was gregarious and down to earth, while Adolf was ascetic and introverted, with only a casual interest in food, women, or any of the creature comforts. If he was interested in anything, it was in ideas and the abstract shapes of architecture.

Within the family Alois was regarded as the black sheep whose name should never be mentioned. The illegitimate son of the servant girl Franziska Matzelsberger, later legitimized by his father, he grew up under the care of Klara Hitler, who loved him as though he were her own son. He was about sixteen when he left the family roof, and by the time he was twenty he had been twice arrested and imprisoned in Germany for theft. Old Alois Hitler was sickened by the disgrace that fell on the family and left his son in his will the statutory minimum sum of money, thus demonstrating his total disapproval of his son's behavior. The son appears to have regarded imprisonment lightheartedly: it was simply something that happened if you stole someone else's

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property. The experience did not sour his spirits, and he left Germany and settled in Paris, where he worked as a waiter.

There was no love lost between the two brothers. Adolf despised his brother on many counts: for being a waiter, for being a thief, and for being uninterested in culture. On one famous occasion when Alois wrote to his stepmother, needing help because he was in danger of being imprisoned for theft, Klara wrote: "To steal and to be caught means that you are not even a good thief. In that case my advice is to go and hang yourself." Although the letter came ostensibly from the stepmother, it was in Adolf's handwriting.

The letter was probably the worst blow Alois ever received, and it is unlikely that he had any residual affection for his brother. If by some accident they were to meet, one could imagine that Adolf would speak with brutal sarcasm, while Alois would be as tolerant and good-humored as he could be. He was one of those men whose good humor extends even to their sworn enemies.

In the autumn of 1912 he had reason to be good-humored, for he was doing well. He had left Paris in 1909 for Dublin, where he worked as a waiter. By the following year he had saved enough money to go to Liverpool and open a small restaurant on Dale Street, one of the main thoroughfares. Here he met Bridget Elizabeth Dowling, a young actress who was the daughter of a carpenter. She was full-bosomed, with a round Irish face, a pleasant smile, and a nature as good-humored and tolerant as his own. He married her in London on June 3, 1910, and they went to live in a small apartment at 102 Upper Stanhope Street, Toxteth Park, Liverpool, a respectable middle-class residential area. Here, on March 12, 1911, their son William Patrick was born. By this time Alois Hitler was losing interest in his restaurant and most of his energies were being employed in get-rich schemes, which usually ended in failure. Sometimes he was working on three or four schemes at once. He was understandably secretive about them, and his wife knew very little about them.

In 1912 Alois Hitler sold his restaurant on Dale Street and was working as a part-time waiter and a part-time salesman of safety razors. In some mysterious way he was hoping to corner the market in safety razors, which were then becoming fashionable, and he dreamed of a great international sales organization, of which he would be the leading figure, the managing director and the chief salesman.

Some time in the early autumn of that year he invited his sister Angela Raubal to visit him in Liverpool, either because he wanted to give her a holiday or because he wanted to discuss with her the organization of the Central European branch of his sales organization. He sent her money for the journey, and one evening in November Bridget and

Alois Hitler went to Lime visit to England. The per don was not Angela, but A Bridget Elizabeth Hitle the memory of Adolf Hit because it was so unexpe without any luggage came and began agitatedly whi they were saying, but no possess the railroad tick exhausted by the long jou was his lassitude. He loo always exhausted. He was his shirt for many weeks.

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Alois Hitler went to Lime Street Station to welcome Angela on her first visit to England. The person who came off the 11:40 train from London was not Angela, but Adolf Hitler.

Bridget Elizabeth Hitler wrote her memoirs in the late 1930's, but the memory of Adolf Hitler's visit to Liverpool was still vivid, if only because it was so unexpected. A pale, haggard, shifty-eyed young man without any luggage came down the platform, took Alois by the hand, and began agitatedly whispering in German. She did not know what they were saying, but no doubt he was explaining how he had come to possess the railroad ticket sent to Angela. He looked famished and exhausted by the long journey, but the most noticeable thing about him was his lassitude. He looked as though he had always been famished, always exhausted. He was badly dressed and obviously had not changed his shirt for many weeks.

She knew a good deal about her brother-in-law, for Alois had often spoken about him, and she knew even more about Angela Raubal. She knew that her husband disliked Adolf, and she was a little surprised that Alois should be so kindly disposed to someone he disliked, forgetting that it was his nature to look on all disasters dispassionately. Adolf was a disaster. He slept late, expected everyone to wait on him, and was unappreciative and difficult. Bridget Hitler thought he was ill, because his color looked so bad and his eyes had something very peculiar about them. When she washed his shirt, she found the collar was so frayed and worn that it was quite hopeless to follow the usual English expedient of reversing it. He slept on a sofa, and during those first days she would find him lying on it all day long, like an invalid. Since he was sleeping on the same sofa at night, it was as though he was rooted to one spot, unable to move. Bridget Hitler was terrified by the thought that he might become a permanent house guest.

Gradually he thawed and began to take an interest in his surroundings. He went as far as the kitchen, where he played with the baby, now a year and a half old. He announced that he proposed to learn English and to settle down somewhere in England or America, and Alois took him on trips through Liverpool, showing him power plants and the ships' cranes along the Mersey and taking him on board ships. Alois had a salesman's self-confidence with strangers and had no difficulty in getting around. He was fascinated by machinery, especially ships' engines, and he led Adolf down into the engine rooms. For the first time in his life Adolf was confronted with the gleaming instruments of modern power, huge, deafening, and strangely beautiful.

Alois's tours of the Merseyside docks were Adolf's introduction to the modern world of industry and engineering. Sometimes he wandered out alone, leaving the house late in the morning and returning for the

evening meal, and Bridget Hitler assumed that he was prowling along the banks of the Mersey, watching the ships move through the winter mists.

Nowhere else could there be seen such a vast procession of ships. Not even in London or at the royal dockyards was there such a pageant of shipping, from the great Cunarders to the small squat merchant steamers trading with Africa and the Pacific Islands. Ships of every flag steamed up the Mersey past the huge towers of the Customs House, but by far the greater number of them flew the white ensign. Indelibly impressed on Adolf's mind was the supremacy of British maritime power.

For Bridget Hitler the arrival of Adolf was no more than an interlude. She was glad when he went out in the morning, leaving her alone with her young son in the pleasant three-room apartment, for Alois too spent most of the day away on business. She dreaded Adolf's return in the evening: the pale thin face, the haggard eyes, the terrible demands he made on everyone by his mere presence. Even Alois, who seemed resigned to having his brother live with him, sometimes hoped he would leave. But when Alois suggested that Adolf go somewhere else, he was told: "You can't expect me to leave until I have made my own way."

The stranger who comes to stay for a few days and remains for a lifetime is familiar to novelists, and most people have some experience of the long-staying relative. Every effort to make him move only glues him more firmly in place. Adolf knew all the tricks by which hospitality may be extended indefinitely. Alois tried to convince him that his future lay in America, and Adolf replied that he must first learn a trade. But what trade? Once, in a rage, Alois shouted at his brother: "Why don't you go and hang yourself?" The quarrel was short-lived, and Alois soon forgot that there had been any bad blood between them.

Christmas came and went, and soon it was January, with the cold winds sweeping along the Mersey. Liverpool can be as cold as Vienna in winter. Huddled in one of his brother's overcoats, Adolf pursued his solitary explorations of the city. He learned a smattering of English but never learned to speak a correct sentence. Bridget Hitler remembered that he made a few friends among the German residents of Liverpool but never came to know any Englishmen.

She also remembered one puzzling and perhaps important detail. She wrote that Adolf deliberately avoided military service by using the birth certificate of his younger brother, Edmund, who died in 1900 at the age of six, and that when he came to Liverpool he was a fugitive from Austrian justice. In fact, he should have offered himself for military service in 1909, when he reached the age of twenty, and through-

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out his stay at the Männerheim he was technically a deserter liable to arrest. Nevertheless, he appears to have used his real name most of this time, and he certainly used it when he brought charges against Reinhold Hanisch. The police documents show him living at the Männerheim under his real name. These documents are unreliable, however, and it is perfectly possible that from time to time, when it served his purpose, he used Edmund's name. The flight to Liverpool may have come about because he knew or felt that the military authorities were closing in on him.

According to Bridget Hitler, he was still in Liverpool when spring came. He had taken possession of the drawing room at 102 Upper Stanhope Street and appeared likely to remain there permanently. Once Alois took him to London, where he was enchanted by Tower Bridge. Paying the small fee, they visited the engine room and examined the hydraulic machinery used for raising and lowering the bridge. Tower Bridge and its machines appear to have been his chief memory of London.

Returning to Liverpool, Adolf made no effort to find a job and continued to sponge on his brother and to wander aimlessly around the city. He had learned so little English that the question of earning a living was purely theoretical: he had no gift for languages. In April he finally decided that he had outlived his welcome and returned to Vienna. At Lime Street Station Alois and Bridget Hitler saw him off. As the train was leaving the station, Adolf shouted to them: "You'll get everything that is coming to you!" Alois was pleased, because he thought his brother meant he would be reimbursed for all the expenses he had incurred. Bridget, more thoughtful, saw an implied threat in the words; and she shivered.

For four or five months Adolf Hitler lived in England like a ghost, solitary and unknown, haunting the docks and shipyards, living on handouts from a brother he regarded as a mortal enemy. He learned almost nothing about the English and made no English friends, yet to the very end of his life he retained an abiding respect for the English, then at the height of their power and glory. He saw their ships steaming along the Mersey and he saw their intricate machines and he saw their faces, and he never forgot them.

He returned to Vienna, staying once more at the Männerheim. On April 20, 1913, he celebrated his twenty-fourth birthday, having not yet decided what he wanted to do with his life. Apparently he made no drawings or paintings while in Liverpool and none on his return to Vienna. He was looking for a way out, an escape into another world, a place where he would no longer be liable to arrest as a draft-dodger and where he could continue his studies. According to the Austrian

police records he left Vienna on May 24, 1913, "destination unknown." Two days later there was an entry in the police register at Munich stating that Adolf Hitler, painter and writer, was living care of Popp at 34/III Schleissheimerstrasse in that city. He had come at last to the country he would thereafter regard as his own.

Josef Popp was a tailor who spent his working hours in his shop, while his family lived on the second floor and he let out rooms on the third floor, which was reached by a dark and narrow staircase. The Schleissheimerstrasse was an immensely long street consisting of endless rows of gray rooming houses with narrow shops on the ground floor. There was little traffic, and the entire street wore an air of proletarian desolation. Hitler had seen a small handwritten announcement pasted on the window: "Furnished rooms to let for respectable gentlemen," and he had immediately entered the house and a few moments later had rented a small bare room on the third floor. There was a bed, a table, a sofa, a chair, two oleographs on the wall, nothing else. He was once more living as he had lived on the Felberstrasse in Vienna: alone, in a single room, in a vast city.

Many years later, when the National Socialists were in power, Frau Popp was asked what she remembered about her lodger. Naturally, she remembered many things to his advantage: he was kind to her children, Peppi and Liesel, and was modest, well-mannered, and self-effacing. He spent the day painting and drawing, and he studied every evening and night. In his first two or three days in Munich he completed paintings of the cathedral and the Theatinerkirche, and he was soon going on his rounds to the art dealers with his portfolio. She was one of those inquisitive landladies who examine the possessions of their tenants, and she remembered that his books were "all political stuff and how to get on in Parliament."

She also remembered something that others had observed: his solitude. He seemed to have no friends, lived completely alone, refused the Popp's invitation to share their supper, rejected all their overtures, and spent whole days in his room without stirring outside. He lived on bread and sausages and sometimes knocked politely on their kitchen door to ask for some hot water for his tea. "He camped in his room like a hermit with his nose stuck in those thick, heavy books," she said. It puzzled her that he should be both a painter and a voracious reader, and one day she asked him what all his reading had to do with his painting. He smiled, took her by the arm, and said: "Dear Frau Popp, does anyone know what is and what isn't likely to be of use to him in life?"

The Popp family grew fond of their silent lodger, whose manners

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were impeccable and whose rare visits and encounters were fraught
 with a strange significance, as though he had come from another planet.
 He resembled no one they knew. At long intervals a letter would come
 for him, and they understood it was sent by a sister living in Vienna.

Among the very few people who remembered seeing Hitler in Munich
 was Josef Greiner, his old friend from the Männerheim. They met by
 chance at the Munich railroad station, and for the next two months
 Greiner shared Hitler's small room, sleeping on the sofa. It was the
 summer of 1913. Greiner says that Hitler was given breakfast by his
 landlord in exchange for performing a few small household duties. He
 ran errands, beat the carpets, and helped to bring in the coal. He was
 not, therefore, quite so remote a figure as Frau Popp claimed, but he
 kept his distance and rarely engaged in small talk, and they saw very
 little of him.

Once Greiner asked him whether he had any concrete plans for the
 future, since there could be few satisfactions in "vegetating" from day
 to day. Hitler answered that there would soon be a war, and then it
 would not matter whether he learned a trade or not. In the army the
 director of a company was no more important than someone who spent
 his days clipping poodles. He said, too, that he had no intention of join-
 ing the Austrian army, which was composed of Czechs, Slovaks, and
 Croats, and that he had come to Munich to avoid military service. The
 Austrian police were searching for him, but he had shaken them off. He
 thought the coming war would begin when Germany, in alliance with
 Russia, attacked the Austro-Hungarian Empire and put an end to a
 nation so split among different races, so dominated by Rome and the
 Jews, that it had no right to exist. The German part of Austria would
 return to Germany, and Russia would presumably take possession of
 the Czechs and all the Slavs.

Hitler talked a great deal about race and biology, according to
 Greiner. He had the curious idea that the seed of athletic men could be
 mixed together, thus providing a seed bank of formidable potency.
 Greiner says that Hitler attempted to interest two young women in the
 idea, but they refused to have anything to do with it. Rebuffed, Hitler
 took counsel with a young medical student and continued to immerse
 himself in biological theories.

If Hitler thought he could successfully evade the Austrian police, he
 was wrong. By the end of the year the Austrian authorities had learned
 that he was living in Munich, and they asked for the help of the Munich
 police. On January 10, 1914, they were given his exact address, and two
 days later Hitler received a summons to present himself for military
 service at Linz. The summons, with the misspelled name, has survived.

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1914

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 Blushes

Herr Adolf Hietler, born 1889, domiciled Linz am Donau, presently staying in Munich care of Popp, Schleissheimerstrasse 34/III, is hereby summoned to present himself for military registration at Linz, at 30 Kaiserin Elizabeth Quay on January 20, 1914, and in the event of his failure to comply with this summons, he will be liable to prosecution under paragraphs 64 and 66 of the Law regarding Military Service of the year 1912.

These words offered little comfort to the draft-dodger. There was an extradition treaty in force between Austria and Bavaria, and unless he obeyed the summons he was liable to be placed under arrest and escorted to the frontier. In Austria, unless he was exceedingly lucky and had the help of a good lawyer, he would be fined up to 2,000 kronen and sent to prison for a year, after which he would still have to perform his military service.

On January 19, 1914, the day before he was supposed to appear at the military barracks at Linz, Hitler was served a summons by the Munich police and escorted to the Austrian Consulate. Meanwhile he had secured the services of a friendly lawyer, and together they had worked out a plan to rescind the order or at least to reduce its effectiveness. First, Hitler in a written memorandum insisted that he had received the summons as late as the afternoon of the previous day, which was certainly untrue. Second, he announced that his failure to do his military service was due to the fact that he was living in Vienna, while officially domiciled in Linz, and his papers had not caught up with him. Third, he wrote at considerable length about himself, his hopes, his financial position, and his place in society, thus demonstrating that he was someone out of the ordinary and worthy of special consideration.

This long document submitted to the Austrian Consulate, with its mingled truths and half-truths, should be quoted at some length, because it shows Hitler for the first time speaking about himself:

In the summons I am described as an artist. I bear this title by right, but it is only relatively accurate. I earn my living independently as a painter, being totally deprived of an income (my father was a civil servant), and I work only in order to further my education. Only a small portion of my time can be spent in earning a living, for I am still educating myself to become an architectural painter. My income therefore is very modest, just enough to cover my expenses.

As testimony I refer you to my income tax statement, which is enclosed, and I would be grateful if it could be returned to me. It will be seen that my income is estimated at 1,200 marks, which is rather more than I really earn, and does not mean that I actually make 100 marks a month. . . .

With regard to my failure to report for military service in the autumn of 1909, I must say that this was for me an endlessly bitter time. I was

then a young man, from anyone, and to let alone to beg for efforts, I earned only my labors, and this two long years I had companion than eternal youth. Even to

these experiences, and fingers, hands, and for a certain pleasure, in spite of great want, my name clean, had clear conscience—ex failed to register for responsible for. It a penance, and of course

I am sending this signed today at the Consulate transmitted to me that shall fulfill them proving my case have been exceedingly grateful to fulfill my mission hope for such a thin, difficult for me.

I request that you myself

The unpleasant, will be calculated to please the same tone can of. Throughout the letter reach of consular official, for his only criminal, his conscience clear, serve the Austro-Hungarian, know that he despises least intention of abiding. The consular official who wrote so politely.

*Q.T. -
attention to
material*

Donau, presently staying at Linz, is hereby summoned to appear at Linz, at 30 Kaiserin Elisabethstrasse, on account of his failure to appear for prosecution under paragraph 1 of the law of service of the year 1912.

Hitler. There was an attempt to arrest him in Bavaria, and unless he had been under arrest and escaped, he would have been exceedingly lucky and would still have to pay a fine of up to 2,000 kronen.

Hitler supposed to appear at the Consulate in Munich. Meanwhile he had secured a passport and had worked out a plan of escape. First, Hitler received the summons as if it was certainly untrue. His military service was not complete while officially domiciled in Linz. Third, he wrote at the Consulate in a financial position, and that he was someone out of the ordinary.

Hitler, with its help, was at some length, because of his own account of himself:

Hitler bears this title by right, but not independently as a painter, but as a civil servant), and only a small portion of his income. I am still educating myself and therefore is very modest, and my statement, which is enclosed, will show to me. It will be seen that Hitler is rather more than I usually make 100 marks a month.

Hitler's military service in the autumn of 1914 was a very bitter time. I was

then a young man without experience, receiving no financial assistance from anyone, and too proud to accept financial assistance from others, let alone to beg for it. Without support, compelled to depend on my own efforts, I earned only a few kronen and often only a few farthings from my labors, and this was often insufficient to pay for a night's lodging. For two long years I had no other mistress than sorrow and need, no other companion than eternally unsatisfied hunger. I never knew the beautiful word youth. Even today, five years later, I am constantly reminded of these experiences, and the reminders take the form of frost-blisters on my fingers, hands, and feet. And yet I cannot remember those days without a certain pleasure, now that these vexations have been surmounted. In spite of great want, amid often dubious surroundings, I nevertheless kept my name clean, had a blameless record with the law, and possessed a clear conscience—except for that one constantly remembered fact that I failed to register for military service. This is the one thing which I feel responsible for. It would seem that a moderate fine would be ample penance, and of course I would pay the fine willingly.

I am sending this letter independently of the testimony, which I signed today at the Consulate. I request that any further orders should be transmitted to me through the Consulate and beg you to believe that I shall fulfill them promptly. All the declarations made by me concerning my case have been verified by the consular authorities. They have been exceedingly generous and have given me to hope that I may be able to fulfill my military duties at Salzburg. Although I cannot dare to hope for such a thing, I request that this affair may not be made unduly difficult for me.

I request that you take the present letter under consideration, and I sign myself

Very respectfully,
ADOLF HITLER
Artist
Munich
Schleissheimerstrasse 34/III

The unpleasant, wheedling tone of the letter was perhaps deliberately calculated to please the bureaucrats at the Austrian Consulate, but the same tone can often be heard in his later speeches and writings. Throughout the letter he is appealing to a higher court beyond the reach of consular officials. This higher court will pronounce him innocent, for his only crime is poverty: his name is clean, his record blameless, his conscience clear. He claims that his sole ambition in life is to serve the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, and as we read the letter we know that he despises the monarchy and all its works, and has not the least intention of abiding by its orders.

The consular officials were impressed by the penitent young artist who wrote so politely. In their covering note to the authorities at Linz

D.T. - That drew him to my attention again. What marvelous material!

** That he had learned from his father's house of use of small, always a cop.*

they said they could confirm his account of himself and it was quite obvious that he was in ill health and therefore unfit for military service. They also asked that he be permitted to take his medical examination at Salzburg, which was closer to Munich. Accordingly, on February 5, 1914, he presented himself to the Austrian military authorities at Salzburg. The medical examination was very brief, and he was soon dismissed. The report was exactly what he wanted: "Unfit for combatant and auxiliary duty, too weak. Unable to bear arms."

He returned to his small dark room on the third floor, the interminable gray Schleissheimerstrasse, his books, his paint boxes, and his dreams. Every day he went on his rounds to the dealers and every night he studied. He was now on closer terms with the Popp family, which had comforted him when he felt he was in danger of being extradited to Austria, and with the lawyer Ernst Hepp, who had assisted him in his dealings with the Austrian Consulate. Munich attracted painters, sculptors, and poets from all over Germany, but in the vast literature that has accumulated about them he is never mentioned. He lived in the shadows, occasionally selling his painted postcards, content to remain in genteel poverty.

The war that he was confidently expecting was only a few months away.

War

France, the French and British declarations of war followed on August 3 and 4. The war produced the greatest bloodletting in history up to that time, and when it was over much of Europe had been devastated, ten million people lay dead, and four empires had perished. The Habsburgs, the Hohenzollerns, the Romanovs, and the Ottoman sultans of Turkey lost their thrones, and in Russia an entirely new order of government emerged. Europe lost its commanding influence on world history, and the map of Europe was changed almost beyond recognition.

When the news of the assassination of the archduke reached the twenty-five-year-old Hitler, he was working quietly in his small room in the Schleissheimerstrasse. Suddenly Frau Popp, the landlady, burst into the room shouting: "The Austrian heir to the throne has just been murdered!" There was confused shouting in the street. Hitler ran out and joined the crowds surging toward the huge posters announcing the assassination. It occurred to him that some German students might have assassinated the archduke, and he breathed a sigh of relief when he learned that the assassins were fanatical Serbs. Later in the day he returned to his small room. The excitement was soon over, and the people of Munich went about their daily affairs as though nothing had happened.

Throughout July the tempo of events quickened, as Europe blundered into war. Strangely, the young men who would do the fighting were jubilant. On August 3 Hitler wrote a petition to King Ludwig III of Bavaria, requesting permission as an Austrian subject to join a Bavarian regiment. According to his own account, permission was granted the following day. Meanwhile huge crowds gathered on the Odeonsplatz in Munich, singing "The Watch on the Rhine" and other military songs in the intervals of being addressed by soldiers and politicians. A photograph taken by an enterprising photographer shows a youthful and elated Hitler in the foreground.

In *Mein Kampf* Hitler declared that he joined the Bavarian Army in a mood of vast enthusiasm, because it was now given to him to demonstrate his passionate love for Germany by fighting for her freedom. It seemed to him that the war had very little to do with Austria or Serbia; it concerned Germany's right to exist as a world power. That an Austrian archduke should have been assassinated was merely a historical accident, and that his native Austria should be involved in the war was merely one of those inescapable ironies that crowd the pages of history. Austria had brought the war upon herself, and she must suffer punishment by being absorbed within the German Reich. How this would come about he did not know, but he knew that it was so. The fact that Austria, his homeland, would inevitably be destroyed gave him intense pleasure. It was as though the war had come about only in order to avenge his own private sufferings in Austria.

He saw himself as capable of it.

Thus did he reason crowds surged through cheering the members of the palace represented by King Ludwig the immemorial virt emperor was nothing m quarrel with the French, we know, he had never Englishmen. His quarrel

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Thus did he reason during those days of mass hysteria, while the crowds surged through the streets of Munich singing patriotic songs and cheering the members of the royal house whenever they showed themselves on the palace balcony. In his eyes the Bavarian royal house, represented by King Ludwig III and Crown Prince Rupprecht, symbolized the immemorial virtues of triumphant Germany, while the Habsburg emperor was nothing more than a relic of an ancient past. He had no quarrel with the French, the Russians, and the English. Indeed, so far as we know, he had never met any Russians or Frenchmen, and knew no Englishmen. His quarrel was with Austria, not with the enemy.

There were, of course, other reasons why he was elated by the coming of the war. Like hundreds of thousands of other young men caught up in the mass hysteria of those days, he saw the war as an expression of national unity at a time when the nation was confronted by dangers from all sides. There was a sense of common purpose, the scent of danger, excitement in the air. Hitler's elation also derived from the knowledge that the war would take him away from his lodgings on the Schleissheimerstrasse, that long, gray street that seemed to go nowhere. His days of abject loneliness were coming to an end.

On August 16 he was enrolled in the 1st Company of the 16th Bavarian Reserve Infantry, known from its original commander, Colonel List, as the List Regiment. He was Number 148 in the company. He lived in the Oberwiesenfeld Barracks, and much of his training took place on the Exerzierplatz in Munich, where he was drilled, marched, given bayonet practice, and taught to use a weapon. About two weeks later the regiment continued its training at Lechfeld, about seventy miles to the west of Munich, at the confluence of the Lech and the Danube. There, on October 8, he took the oath to King Ludwig III of Bavaria.

Unknown to him at the time, there were two men in the regiment whom he would influence profoundly in years to come. One was Max Amann, who served as the regimental clerk with the rank of sergeant major. He would later become the head of Hitler's vast publishing empire and the business manager of the *Völkischer Beobachter*. The other man was Rudolf Hess, a student of philosophy and geophysics at Munich University, who volunteered and immediately obtained a commission. He would become Hitler's secretary and chief adviser, and later still he would be the Deputy Fuehrer, second only to Hitler in command of the German Reich.

As a twenty-five-year-old volunteer, Hitler was surrounded by recruits much younger than himself. He was reserved, rather diffident, incapable of small talk. In later years he spoke as one who had "shared the common joys and griefs of the soldiers," but this was not the impression he

able of it.

made on them. There was something uncomfortably wayward about him; he did not quite fit in with the others and held himself a little apart. Asked what he had done in civilian life, he would say he was an architectural painter, and throughout the war, whenever there was a lull in the fighting, he would be found with his sketch pad on his knees and a T square and a box of watercolors within reach. The watercolor paintings he made during the war are much better than those he made in Vienna and Munich. They are still flat and curiously empty, as though waiting to be filled with life and air, and too often he used his T square to draw straight lines, but he possessed an intense feeling for the ruined landscapes of war. His rough sketches of soldiers are more convincing, for he had the gift of caricature. While all the surviving paintings made before the war show only that he could copy a photograph with some facility, his war paintings show that he was not entirely without talent and had some justification for calling himself an architectural painter. In these paintings no human figures appear.

By all accounts he was a good soldier who went to considerable pains to attract the attention of his superior officers. In the war he won nearly every medal and decoration available to a soldier but never rose above the rank of corporal and never applied for promotion, apparently because he was perfectly content with being a *Meldegänger*, or dispatch runner. In later years he liked to say that he had been a "front line soldier," but this was a totally inaccurate description. As a dispatch runner he was often in great danger, for he would be sent to the front line trenches in the midst of a battle, but he knew little about the interminable agonies of trench warfare.

Dispatch runners usually went in pairs on the assumption that if one was killed the other would get the message through. They carried no arms except small revolvers, and their leather dispatch wallets were attached to their belts. The dispatches were sealed and marked XXX for "urgent," XX for "quick," and X for "in your own time." There were eight to ten dispatch runners stationed at the regimental headquarters, which might be a mile or more from the front lines.

On October 21, after an unusually brief and inadequate period of training, Hitler's regiment was sent by train to the front. Since the soldiers were constantly singing "The Watch on the Rhine," there was general jubilation when they came in sight of the Rhine, for many of the young Bavarians had never set eyes on it. The long transport train wound its way across Belgium, finally depositing the troops some miles from Lille, which the Germans captured in the early days of the war and then lost. On October 12 they captured it a second time. The 1st Company of the 16th Bavarian Infantry marched into Lille on the night of October 23. For the first time Hitler saw the face of war and did not like

it. "We were almost of guns and ammunition the dark city without a lunar landscape of gloomily above the city given over to sleep when the courtyard of the ornate building he tious and unfinished ture built in 1652, looked unfinished, the following day it was deeply impressive meant the towering two days in Lille, a marched off to the fi

By that time the Antwerp had fallen. Allie attempted a German Army, had Wytschaete-Messine Army under Duke / Crown Prince Rupp heaviest, most was neither side made losses. The British ; mans from reaching wondered whether t men of the List Regi The rest were killed were suffered by the who survived without uniform ripped off by

Hitler led a charm obscurely aware that be seriously wounded lute, quite fearless. I when he wrote a long Ernst Hepp. Here is his first engagement:

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stably wayward about himself a little apart. He said he was an architect, but there was a lull in his work on his knees and a The watercolor paintings were more convincing, than those he made in the trenches, as though he used his T square and compass. He was feeling for the ruined city, more convincing, surviving paintings made a photograph with some talent, not entirely without talent as an architectural painter.

He went to considerable pains in the war he won nearly everything but never rose above the position, apparently because of his position, or dispatch runner. He was a "front line soldier," but as a dispatch runner he was in the front line trenches in the interminable agonies

on the assumption that if one could get through. They carried no other dispatch wallets were sealed and marked XXX in your own time." There were at the regimental headquarters from the front lines.

and inadequate period of rest to the front. Since the war on the Rhine," there was a lull of the Rhine, for many of the troops. The long transport train was waiting the troops some miles in the early days of the war and in the second time. The 1st Company was sent into Lille on the night of the face of war and did not like

it. "We were almost in danger of our lives because the place was so full of guns and ammunition carts," he wrote. The soldiers marched through the dark city without any clear idea where they were going, seeing only a lunar landscape of shattered buildings with Vauban's citadel rising gloomily above the wreckage, no Frenchmen out in the streets, the whole city given over to soldiers. It was bitterly cold, so cold that they were unable to sleep when they were finally told to lie down on the flagstones of the courtyard of the Old Bourse. Hitler had an architect's eye for any ornate building he encountered, and he thought the Bourse was pretentious and unfinished. In fact, it was a noble example of Flemish architecture built in 1652, when the city was under Spanish occupation; if it looked unfinished, it was only because it had been heavily shelled. On the following day they were allowed to roam through the city, and Hitler was deeply impressed by its "gigantic forms," by which he probably meant the towering walls of the citadel dominating the city. He stayed two days in Lille, and on the third night, around 3:00 A.M., they were marched off to the front.

By that time the great battles of the Marne and the Aisne were over; Antwerp had fallen; the first phase of the battle of Ypres, in which the Allies attempted a great turning movement around the right flank of the German Army, had failed. On October 31 the Germans stormed the Wytshaete-Messines Ridge, which overlooks Ypres, throwing the Fourth Army under Duke Albrecht of Württemberg and the Sixth Army under Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria into the battle. It was one of the heaviest, most wasteful, and most tragic battles of the war. While neither side made any considerable gains, both suffered staggering losses. The British and the Belgians succeeded in preventing the Germans from reaching the Channel ports, but at a price so high that people wondered whether they could afford to continue fighting. Of the 3,000 men of the List Regiment, only five hundred survived to go on fighting. The rest were killed or wounded, or had vanished. Similar casualties were suffered by the British and the Belgians. Hitler was one of the few who survived without a scratch, the only damage being a sleeve of his uniform ripped off by a shell fragment.

Hitler led a charmed life during the war, and he seems to have been obscurely aware that he was one of the fortunate ones who would never be seriously wounded. He was a good soldier, cautious, sensible, resolute, quite fearless. He kept a notebook, and he evidently referred to it when he wrote a long letter in February, 1915, to his friend and lawyer, Ernst Hepp. Here is his account of going up the line and taking part in his first engagement:

Then morning came. We were now a long way from Lille. The thunder of gunfire had grown a bit stronger. Our column moved forward like a

giant snake. At 9 A.M. we halted in the park of a country house. We had two hours' rest and then moved on again, marching until 8 P.M. We no longer moved as a regiment, but split up into companies, each man taking cover against enemy airplanes. At 9 P.M. we pitched camp. I couldn't sleep. Four paces from my bundle of straw lay a dead horse. The animal was already half decayed. Finally, a German howitzer battery immediately behind us kept sending two shells flying over our heads into the darkness of the night every quarter of an hour. They came whistling and hissing through the air, and then far in the distance there came two dull thuds. We all listened. None of us had ever heard that sound before.

While we were huddled close together, whispering softly and looking up at the stars in the heavens, a terrible racket broke out in the distance. At first it was a long way off and then the crackling came closer and closer, and the sound of single shells grew to a multitude, finally becoming a continuous roar. All of us felt the blood quickening in our veins. The English were making one of their night attacks. We waited a long time, uncertain what was happening. Then it grew quieter and at last the sound ceased altogether, except for our own batteries which sent out their iron greetings to the night every quarter of an hour. In the morning we found a big shellhole. We had to brush ourselves up a bit, and about 10 A.M. there was another alarm, and a quarter of an hour later we were on the march. After a long period of wandering about we reached a farm that had been shot to pieces and we camped there. I was on watch duty that night, and about one o'clock we suddenly had another alarm, and we marched off at three o'clock in the morning.

We had just taken a bit of food, and we were waiting for our marching orders, when Major Count Zech rode up: "Tomorrow we are attacking the English!" he said. So it had come at last! We were all overjoyed, and after making this announcement the Major went on foot to the head of the column.

Early, around 6 A.M., we came to an inn. We were with another company, and it was not until 7 A.M. that we went out to join the dance. We followed the road into a wood, and then we came out in correct marching order on a large meadow. In front of us were guns in partially dug trenches, and behind these we took up our positions in big hollows scooped out of the earth, and waited. Soon the first lots of shrapnel came over, bursting in the woods and smashing up the trees as though they were brushwood. We looked on interestedly, without any real idea of danger. No one was afraid. Every man waited impatiently for the command: "Forward!" The whole thing was getting hotter and hotter. We heard that some of us had been wounded. Five or six men brown as clay were being led along from the left, and we all broke out in a cheer: six Englishmen with a machine gun! We shouted to our men marching proudly behind their prisoners. The rest of us just waited. We could scarcely see into the steaming, seething witches' caldron which lay in front of us. At last there came the ringing command: "Forward!"

We swarmed out of our positions and raced across the fields to a small

farm. Shrapnel was came whistling through. For ten minutes we advance. I was rig Platoon-leader Stoe think, the fighting the open, we had The first of our me guns. We threw our time to time someone was stuck there. We crawling until the open field again. A big pool of water, and caught our breath out again at full speed us. There, after a beginning to look t

At this time the splendid fellow came of the forest, wh tearing tree trunks again on the edge roots, and enveloped vapor. We can't picture to be killed, it is. Once more we advanced meadows and beneath wire entanglements. "In here! Everyone and in an instant of me, behind me berserkers, and under

Hitler's account. His eagerness and of any real visual him to tell the reader set out marching, although trained himself to could rarely bring perspective. Only when stones and roots, a yellow-green vapor

In the same letter December.

country house. We had until 8 P.M. We no longer, each man taking his own camp. I couldn't find a horse. The animal was killed. The Switzer battery immediately put our heads into the ditch. They came whistling and whining. Then there came two more of that sound before. We lay softly and looking out in the distance. The shells came closer and closer, finally becoming a roar in our veins. The shells waited a long time, then came in again. At last the batteries which sent out shells in the hour. In the morning the shells came up a bit, and about an hour later we were about we reached a point where I was on watch. I only had another alarm, then.

We were waiting for our marching tomorrow we are attacking. We were all overjoyed, and we went on foot to the head of

We were with another company to join the dance. We came out in correct marching positions in partially dug positions in big hollows. First lots of shrapnel came from the trees as though they were without any real idea of waiting patiently for the coming of the shells. We were for six men brown as clay. We broke out in a cheer: six of our men marching. We just waited. We could hear the cauldron which lay in command: "Forward!" across the fields to a small

farm. Shrapnel was bursting left and right of us, and the English bullets came whistling through the shrapnel, but we paid no attention to them. For ten minutes we lay there, and then once again we were ordered to advance. I was right out in front, ahead of everyone in my platoon. Platoon-leader Stoeber was hit. Good God, I had barely any time to think, the fighting was beginning in earnest! Because we were out in the open, we had to advance quickly. The captain was at the head. The first of our men had begun to fall. The English had set up machine guns. We threw ourselves down and crawled slowly along a ditch. From time to time someone was hit, we could not go on, and the whole company was stuck there. We had to lift the man out of the ditch. We kept on crawling until the ditch came to an end, and then we were out in the open field again. We ran fifteen or twenty yards, and then we found a big pool of water. One after another we splashed through it, took cover, and caught our breath. But it was no place for lying low. We dashed out again at full speed into a forest that lay a hundred yards ahead of us. There, after a while, we all found each other. But the forest was beginning to look terribly thin.

At this time there was only a second sergeant in command, a big tall splendid fellow called Schmidt. We crawled on our bellies to the edge of the forest, while the shells came whistling and whining over us, tearing tree trunks and branches to shreds. Then the shells came down again on the edge of the forest, flinging up clouds of earth, stones, and roots, and enveloping everything in a disgusting, sickening yellow-green vapor. We can't possibly lie here forever, we thought, and if we are going to be killed, it is better to die in the open. Then the Major came up. Once more we advanced. I jumped up and ran as fast as I could across meadows and beet fields, jumping over trenches, hedgerows, and barbed wire entanglements, and then I heard someone shouting ahead of me: "In here! Everyone in here!" There was a long trench in front of me, and in an instant I had jumped into it, and there were others in front of me, behind me, and left and right of me. Next to me were Würtembergers, and under me were dead and wounded Englishmen.

Hitler's account of his first engagement tells us a good deal about him. His eagerness and excitement, his deep respect for his officers, his lack of any real visual imagination, his curious feeling for time, which leads him to tell the reader the exact time of day when they came to an inn or set out marching, all these throw light on his character. Although he had trained himself to sketch and paint in watercolors with some skill, he could rarely bring shape or color to a scene or give it depth and perspective. Only when he speaks of the shells "flinging up clouds of earth, stones and roots, and enveloping everything in a disgusting, sickening yellow-green vapor" do we see the scene vividly.

In the same letter we learn that Hitler received the Iron Cross in December.

I was proposed for the Iron Cross, the first time in Messines, then again at Wytschaete by Lieutenant Colonel Engelhardt, who was our regimental commander. Four other soldiers were proposed for the Iron Cross at the same time. Finally, on December 2, I received the medal.

My job now is to carry dispatches for the staff. As for the mud, things are a bit better here, but also more dangerous. In Wytschaete during the first day of the attack three of us eight dispatch runners were killed, and one was badly wounded. The four of us survivors and the man who was wounded were cited for their distinguished conduct. While they were deciding which of us should be awarded the Iron Cross, four company commanders came to the dugout. That meant that the four of us had to step out. We were standing some distance away about five minutes later when a shell slammed into the dugout, wounding Lieutenant Colonel Engelhardt and killing or wounding the rest of his staff. This was the most terrible moment of my life. We worshiped Lieutenant Colonel Engelhardt.

Lieutenant Colonel Engelhardt survived his wounds and went on to become a major general. Many years later, when a journalist wrote in a Hamburg newspaper that Hitler had not shown any particular courage during the war and had not earned his Iron Cross, the retired major general wrote an affidavit testifying to Hitler's courage. He wrote that during the fighting near Wytschaete he stepped out of the woods for a clear view of what was happening, and suddenly Hitler and another orderly called Bachmann had stood in front of him "to protect me with their bodies from the machine gun fire to which I was exposed."

Hitler received the Iron Cross, second class. Before the war ended, he collected four more medals. In September, 1917, he received the Cross of Military Merit, third class, with swords. In May, 1918, he received the regimental diploma. In August, 1918, he received the Iron Cross, first class, and a few days later the Medal of Military Service, third class. He is supposed to have received the Iron Cross, first class, for an outstanding feat of arms—singlehandedly capturing fifteen English or French soldiers encountered when he slipped into an enemy trench while acting as a dispatch runner. Four or five separate versions of the incident were published in official books and newspapers after Hitler came to power, and it was generally believed that an incident of this kind had happened. On the rare occasions when he was asked about it, Hitler was mildly reticent. In fact, the incident never took place and there were excellent reasons for his reticence.

When talking about his experiences in World War I, Hitler was often extremely discursive. He had a vivid memory of the war and in retrospect relished every moment of it. His reticence when confronted with his most memorable achievement would be puzzling if we did not know the cause.

He received the Iron Cross, first class, in 1918. First Lieutenant Hugo Guttmann was awarded the Iron Cross, first class, for his actions, the artillery advance, and many German shells. The patch of grass in the base artillery was a patch runner who crossed the trench. A courageous man indeed. Iron Cross, first class, if he is a mission, and Lieutenant Colonel Engelhardt, July 31, 1918, was his commander, and read as follows:

As a dispatch runner, boldness both in position and in action. He has always volunteered and at the risk of his life the communication line Hitler made it possible.

The Iron Cross, first class, was pinned on his chest. The circumstances leading to the award of the Iron Cross, first class, were a dark mystery was attached to the Iron Cross, first class. It is known that he was a Jew and a Jew officer.

Hitler's letter to Heineke of war. He was opened up to him, the knowledge that he was his life and gave him profound cynicism and most of the soldiers in the front. If he resembled Haie, who announced life. "You must be alive." "Have you a laborer earning a living? He liked to think of himself as a regular food, with free. A noncommissioned officer.

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He received the Iron Cross, first class, on the recommendation of First Lieutenant Hugo Gutmann, who had ordered him to carry urgent dispatches to the rear commanding the artillerymen to stop shelling the German forward trenches. There had been a breakdown in communications, the artillerymen did not know there had been a slight German advance, and many German soldiers had already been killed by German shells. The patch of ground between Lieutenant Gutmann's dugout and the base artillery was under heavy English machine gun fire, and the dispatch runner who crossed that patch of ground would have to be a very courageous man indeed. Lieutenant Gutmann promised Hitler the Iron Cross, first class, if he succeeded. Hitler accomplished his almost suicidal mission, and Lieutenant Gutmann kept his promise. The citation, dated July 31, 1918, was signed by Baron von Godin, the regimental commander, and read as follows:

As a dispatch runner, he has shown cold-blooded courage and exemplary boldness both in positional warfare and in the war of movement, and he has always volunteered to carry messages in the most difficult situations and at the risk of his life. Under conditions of great peril, when all the communication lines were cut, the untiring and fearless activity of Hitler made it possible for important messages to go through.

The Iron Cross, first class, was well deserved. Four days later the medal was pinned on his jacket. When Hitler came to power all the circumstances leading to the award were discreetly veiled as though some dark mystery was attached to it. The mystery was very simple. First Lieutenant Hugo Gutmann was a Jew, and by then Hitler preferred not to let it be known that he owed his Iron Cross, first class, to the recommendation of a Jewish officer in the German Army.

Hitler's letter to Hepp showed him thoroughly enjoying the experience of war. He was excited beyond measure by the new life that opened up to him, the comradeship of arms, the sense of urgency, the knowledge that he was no longer alone. The war filled the emptiness of his life and gave him a sense of purpose. He possessed none of the profound cynicism and appalled contempt for the war that characterizes most of the soldiers in Erich Maria Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front*. If he resembled anyone in the novel, it was the soldier called Haie, who announced to his amused comrades that he rather liked army life. "You must be absolutely out of your head!" they said, and he answered: "Have you ever tried digging peat?" In peace time Haie was a laborer earning a living by digging peat from morning to night, and he liked to think of himself as a noncommissioned officer in the army, getting regular food, with new underwear every week, and all his evenings free. A noncommissioned officer, he explained, "earned respect," and

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Don could I make of my mind to choose him.
He was on his own, he was really supplied with his
feelings, and I think perfect for my purpose, but he was

after his term of duty he would find a job as a village policeman and eventually retire on a pension.

As a dispatch runner Hitler knew war under a very special aspect. Neither an officer nor a common soldier, he was continually moving between them. The small group of dispatch runners were regarded as privileged beings who could do very much as they pleased until the order went out for new dispatches to be sent up the line. They were chosen from those who were somewhat more educated than the rest, and they were well aware of their privileges.

Ignaz Westenkirchner, another dispatch runner and a close friend, remembered Hitler as a man who seemed unusually serious and almost pedantic. Everything had to be done according to the rules. He attended church parade regularly at a time when most of the German soldiers found good excuses for not attending. It was clear that Hitler attended because "it was in the regulations." He was not especially interested in meals, though he had a liking for bread heaped with mountains of jam. Westenkirchner said that Hitler received no letters from home. The statement is not quite true, for we know that he continued his correspondence with Ernst Hepp and with his landlady, but letters arrived infrequently and no parcels came. One day Westenkirchner said: "Haven't you got anyone back home? Isn't there anyone to send you things?" Hitler answered: "No, only a sister, and heaven knows where she is by this time."

In the summer of 1915 the English began to drop leaflets into the trenches and behind the lines. They were propaganda leaflets, designed to sow doubts in the minds of the German soldiers, and they succeeded almost beyond the hopes of the men who wrote them. Hitler read and pondered the leaflets, and though he was not in the least moved by their appeals to surrender, he was deeply impressed by them. "He seemed to think the English understood propaganda better than we did," wrote Westenkirchner. "He expected headquarters would contradict the leaflets, but they never did. Nothing was done to counteract the bad effects of these enemy leaflets."

There was another kind of propaganda which Hitler studied in some detail. German comic papers represented the English and the French as the most stupid creatures under the sun. They were depicted as outlandish beings from another world, contemptible and absurd, running away at the first sign of danger. Hitler had fought them and knew them as formidable fighters who never relinquished a position until they were completely overwhelmed. According to Westenkirchner, he spoke furiously against those national stereotypes, saying that they were not only mistaken but appallingly dangerous.

Hitler was developing a sharply critical attitude toward the German

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high command and sometimes found himself wondering whether they possessed the will power and the determination to succeed. He said later that during the whole course of the war he read only one book, but he read it again and again, finding in it the solutions to many of the problems that perplexed him. The book was Schopenhauer's *The World as Will and Idea*, which celebrates the primacy of the will, seeing it in romantic isolation, detached and inviolable. The will alone rules; all else is illusion. Nevertheless, the assertive will finds itself endlessly frustrated, and the only salvation lies in renunciation through art and asceticism, in the contemplation of the eternal ideas. Hitler's asceticism and his belief in himself as an artist found powerful justification in Schopenhauer, whose extravagant romanticism helped him to endure the miseries of the war.

Throughout the war the List Regiment went on fighting and collecting battle honors with commendable regularity. It fought in the battle of the Somme, that "weedy little river" which thirsted for so much blood. The battle went on from July until autumn, and when it was over the lines had scarcely changed, but there were more widows than anyone could count. The Germans had dug themselves into the low chalk hills, constructing a labyrinthine maze of trenches, dugouts, and traverses. There, at some time early in October, 1916 Hitler received his first wound. He was sitting in a dugout with a dozen other soldiers when an English shell made a direct hit. Four men were killed, six lay hideously wounded on the ground, Hitler received a shell splinter in the face, and Westenkirchner miraculously came out unscathed.

A few days later, on October 7, 1916, Hitler was wounded again, this time more seriously. He was carrying messages near Bapaume at a time when the British were mounting rolling barrages of artillery fire, when no place was safe, and when the life of a dispatch runner could be measured in hours rather than days. In those days it had become commonplace to send out six dispatch runners on the assumption that five would probably be wounded or killed. One particular mission was so dangerous that the lieutenant called for volunteers, but only Hitler and his close friend Ernst Schmidt responded. Schmidt was a tall, saturnine man who enjoyed the same reputation as Hitler: bullets and shell fragments deliberately avoided him. This time Schmidt got through, but Hitler was wounded by a shell fragment in the left thigh. The stretcher bearers found him where he had fallen, and three days later he was on his way back to Germany in a hospital train. He had been fighting continually for two years.

The wound was serious, but under proper treatment in the army hospital at Beelitz near Berlin he recovered quickly, and two months later he was well enough to join the reserve battalion of the 2nd Bavar-

* He was ready at this point to surrender his will to a post-war aesthetic.

Dr. T. H.

++ They have Jewish faces," he
muttered in so low a voice that
I was the only one to hear. But then -

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War and Revolution

ian Infantry Regiment in Munich for light duty. A photograph taken at the Beelitz hospital shows him looking surprisingly well, though painfully thin. The forelock is falling across his forehead, and the heavy, drooping mustache he wore throughout the war has been clipped a little so that his features bear a close resemblance to those that would become familiar later. Germans rarely wore a small, square mustache, which was common among the English, especially among English officers. It has been suggested that Hitler came to wear the characteristic English mustache in unconscious imitation of an enemy he learned to respect.

According to Westenkirchner, Hitler was a restless patient in the hospital. He wanted to get back to the front lines as soon as possible. He was also thoroughly disenchanted by the mood of some of the soldiers at the hospital who had maimed themselves to avoid returning to the front. Many cursed the war and asked why it was necessary to go on fighting, when the battle lines had scarcely changed for two long years. Toward the end of his convalescence Hitler was given a pass to visit Berlin, where poverty, hunger, and anxiety were stamped on every face. The Berliners were demoralized, and people were speaking openly of the necessity of bringing the war to an end. Hitler, with his inflexible belief in his nationalist principles, regarded such talk as treacherous. "Hitler could hardly believe his ears," wrote Westenkirchner. "What they said might be true, but it was unworthy and unsoldierly."

It was the same in Munich, where people were tired of rationing and only too eager to resume their prewar ways. Here Hitler's dark suspicions about the Jews revived. He believed that they were busy fomenting rebellion against the Central Government, and setting the Bavarians against the Prussians. In his eyes all criticism of the central government was treason, and there was an unholy alliance between the Jews and the English.

He volunteered to return to the front, where a man could go about his work without paying any attention to defeatists. On March 1, 1917, he was back again with his own regiment. Westenkirchner says the company cook celebrated his return with a special meal of potato pancakes, bread, jam, and tea. Hitler was in good spirits, but not yet accustomed to dealing with the rats that infested the trenches and dugouts. "Long after the rest of us had turned in, Hitler was still fooling around with a flashlight in the dark and spitting the rats on his bayonet," Westenkirchner reports. "Finally someone chucked a boot at his head, and we got a little peace." ++

Three days after Hitler's return his regiment moved up the line. The war had not changed. It was still trench warfare, with its intricate mazes of trenches cut into a landscape of water-logged shell holes and endless stretches of mud. It rained heavily during the spring, the mud

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The Dispatch Runner 117

turned into lakes, soldiers floundered along the trenches up to their knees in muddy water. The rain cut into their faces like knives, the English attacked with gas, and soon it seemed that all of Flanders and Picardy would become one howling, deafening marsh in which everyone would drown under a cloud of poisoned gas.

In the summer the List Regiment was back in the neighborhood of Ypres. The villages were unrecognizable, so flattened that it was impossible to make out the configurations of the streets in the masses of rubble. The soldiers wore gas masks, sometimes for twenty-four hours at a stretch. English bombers came over, and even worse than the bombers were the tanks, which advanced along a broad front on July 31, 1917, through seas of mud. For a few days the regiment was pulled out of the line to rest and recuperate. Then, the faceless men in gas masks were sent back to confront the English again. During most of his war service Hitler was fighting either the English or the Australians.

Once, for a brief period, the List Regiment went into the rest billets at Dadizele. Later, in the autumn, it was withdrawn from Flanders and sent into camp near Mulhouse in Alsace for a badly needed rest cure, which lasted for two months. It was like a foretaste of paradise, for Mulhouse was far away from the battle front. Here, for a few weeks, it was possible to believe that no war was being fought and that they were living in the best of all possible worlds. Here they received the news that the Russian front had collapsed and that Lenin had almost single-handedly brought into existence a new kind of revolutionary state. Hitler's first reaction to the news was immense hopefulness, now that it was no longer necessary to fight a two-front war. The Italian defeats also uplifted his spirits, which sank when he learned of the strike of the German munitions workers. He regarded this strike as an act of unparalleled treachery brought about by an unholy alliance of the Kaiser, the Jews, and the Marxists. Gradually the victory that had seemed so close, almost within reach, disappeared from sight. The List Regiment was sent up the line again to fight the same interminable war it had fought from the beginning. In March, 1918, it was pulled out of its position on the Oise-Aisne sector and thrown against Montdidier, which was being held by the French.

This time all the orderly procedures of the German Army failed disastrously. The ammunition carts and field kitchens were lost somewhere along the road, and the soldiers were in danger of dying of starvation and running out of bullets. They were under heavy bombardment and could move neither forward nor backward. Westenkirchner tells how he crawled out of his trench one dark night, accompanied by Hitler, in search of something to eat and drink. Westenkirchner carried a knife, Hitler an empty gasoline can. After stumbling among the shell holes,

→ and so he
* The idea had
come to him while
killing the rats

Westenkirchner at last found a dead horse that did not have an overpowering smell and with his knife he carved out a large portion of its quarters, while Hitler filled his can with water from a shell hole. Then they carried the meat and water to the cook.

Westenkirchner depicts a resourceful, abstemious, somewhat fastidious Hitler, who cared deeply for Germany and was obsessed with the thought that the German Government and the high command were both inept. Hans Mend, an orderly in the List Regiment, who published his war memoirs in 1931, saw a somewhat different Hitler, sardonic and crafty and of a coarser texture, given to long silences and sudden rages.

He describes Hitler sitting listlessly in the corner of a dugout with his head in his hands, sunk in thought, unreachable, and then quite suddenly leaping up and running about excitedly, saying that in spite of the big guns victory would be denied to them, for the invisible foes of the German people were a greater danger than the biggest cannon of the enemy. Then, having delivered his harangue, he would return quietly to his place. This is exactly how Hitler had behaved when living in the Männerheim in Vienna. "He always stood apart from us," wrote Mend, "and never troubled himself with our conversations." Mend relates that when the mail arrived men often offered him some of the delicacies they received, but he always declined with thanks. He liked his bread and jam, washed down with flasks of hot tea. Mend, puzzled when he learned that Hitler received no parcels at Christmas, made inquiries. He was told: "Hitler won't get any Christmas presents, because he won't let anyone send them."

According to Mend, Hitler cordially disliked Hugo Gutmann and refused to salute him. One day Mend and Hitler met in the street and began talking. Gutmann strode past, expecting to be saluted, but Hitler paid no attention to him. The adjutant was annoyed and threatened him with punishment. Hitler simply shrugged his shoulders and resumed his conversation with Mend, saying: "I recognize these Jews as officers only in the firing line." The war fed his bitterness against the Jews, for he believed they always got the "cushy jobs."

At various times Hitler announced his ideas on most subjects, and Mend remembered them vividly because they were so very different from anyone else's. He was oddly puritanical, cordially disliked women, had no high opinion of his officers and fellow soldiers, hated Jews and Masons, despised the creature comforts, and was completely self-sufficient. His sardonic humor took strange forms, and he sometimes bowed low with mock courtesy to someone he disliked, or even to Mend, with whom he would sometimes pass the time of day. Once, when Mend rode by on horseback, Hitler bowed and said: "May I wish the immortal knight of Messines a happy New Year." Mend tells us that when Hitler

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was running dispatches he always carefully studied the maps to discover the safest way to reach his objective. He was brave but never foolhardy, and those long, careful studies of all the available maps set him apart from the other dispatch runners, who were more inclined to trust to luck.

Strangely, neither Westenkirchner nor Mend refers to Hitler's sketches and watercolors. During the first two years of the war Hitler sketched and painted continually, but he appears to have lost interest in these pursuits after he was wounded. About forty of his wartime watercolors have survived. The best is probably the earliest, *The Sunken Road at Wytschaete*, which he painted with thick, heavy strokes in the autumn of 1914. He knew this road well, for he had traveled along it often when it was under heavy enemy fire. On a single day 192 German soldiers were killed or wounded while marching down this small country road. Hitler, no longer under the necessity of creating architectural forms, has suggested the stark horror and menace of the landscape with a minimum of means.

In the following year he drew the farmhouse at Fournes where he was billeted, and the drawing has all the marks of a student's architectural drawing. Every window pane, every tile has been drawn in; a bicycle leans properly against the wall; all the odds and ends of the farmyard are in their proper places. It is an unimaginative drawing, flat and monotonous, a world away from the fierce, impressionistic sketch of the sunken road.

He delighted in painting buildings shattered by the war, the roofs caving in, the walls crumbling, the roads littered with rubble. He was not showing a predilection for ruins; he was simply painting what he saw in front of him. A church near Fromelles was sketched and painted several times, but whether drawing with meticulous care or painting impressionistically he rarely succeeded in anchoring his designs in space. As always, except when he was copying photographs, his sense of perspective was faulty; and for Hitler it was all the more difficult to maintain a strong sense of perspective when the building itself was ruined and shapeless. He liked to throw his pictures off balance, or at least he gives every impression of enjoying that curious tortured effect that comes when something essential to the composition is missing. He rode roughshod over perspective. The walls of his ruined buildings remain standing by an act of will.

The best of his war drawings was a caricature showing eight German soldiers marching jauntily through the Flanders mud, with a ruined church and some trees sketched in lazily in the background. The drawing, which is reproduced in this book, is entitled *Auf nach Cannes (On the Way to Cannes)*. Hitler depicts himself in the foreground with an umbrella instead of a rifle over his shoulder, and he is clearly the leader

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In 1921, there was another invented a new title for himself called upon the audience "Fuehrer—our leader. Later Fuehrer; almost an abstraction represented by *Unser*. The the swastika flag the previous demonic accomplishments. The anonymous pamphlet amiable temper. On September, he showed the extent understood, one of the leaders Hermann Esser, and Oscar party, accompanied by their understood was speaking. Branched to the ground. The police officer said, "We did what we are." The "three wild men" charged with creating a public Later in the year Hitler was he was sent to prison, served his first taste of prison, and

the incident when he was headquarters in East Prussia. "dangerous opponent," Hitler against him! His father was a "he was a devilish dialectician!" he could out-argue him was to

increased. Small supplies around Munich. In October A navy lieutenant, Johann who had been a member Kapp putsch, was in command. the men he commanded, he had storm troopers wore red arm-banded Bavarian coats, knee were a ragged army, sauntering year they became more disciplined SA and SS troops.

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ately loosed them at a meeting in the huge hall of the Hofbräuhaus on November 4, 1921. He wanted them to be "quick as greyhounds, tough as leather, hard as Krupp steel"—and so they were. Late in the afternoon he learned that there would be an attempt to break up the meeting, and he ordered forty-two men from his private army to help keep order. At a quarter to eight, when he arrived at the Hofbräuhaus, he realized that the Communists intended to carry out their threats. The hall was packed. Usually it held about 2,200 people, and perhaps a hundred would be Communists spoiling for a fight. This time there were about 700 Communists, one-third of the total. It was not difficult to recognize them, for they were the workmen from the local factories, while his own followers came from the lower middle class: bank clerks, shopkeepers, students, tradesmen, house servants, soldiers, and government employees. There was a strange, sullen atmosphere in the hall, and he heard or thought he heard mocking cries: "We'll get you this time!" He addressed his forty-two-man army and ordered them to attack on the slightest provocation, remembering that attack was the best defense. He threatened that if anyone behaved like a coward, he would personally tear off his armband and drum him out of the party. The men shouted "Heil!" three times and went back to the hall, where they disposed themselves close to the Communists, watching carefully for the signals Hitler would give them. As usual he spoke from a beer table set up against the wall on the long side of the hall.

At first the Communists seemed mildly amused, not belligerent. With occasional interruptions Hitler succeeded in talking for about an hour and a half. He thought he was the master of the situation, but the hecklers were becoming more and more restless, shouting insults and insisting that he answer their loaded questions. They were edging closer to him, ordering more beer, and hiding the empty beer mugs under the table, so that there was already a large accumulated store of ammunition at their disposal. At any moment someone would shout the Communist slogan "*Freiheit!*" and the entire hall would be transformed into pandemonium.

A sudden shout from a Communist took him by surprise; he faltered when replying; and suddenly they were all standing up shouting and hurling beer mugs. There was a deafening chorus of "*Freiheit!*" Tables were being torn apart so the legs could be used as clubs. The storm troopers, commanded by Emil Maurice, a dark-skinned bruiser of French extraction, formed flying columns to wrestle with the Communists. One of the columns was led by Rudolf Hess, who had already shown himself to be a formidable fighter. They used fists, chair legs, and beer mugs, but not knives or guns. Hitler says the fighting lasted twenty minutes, and his forty-two men gave a good account of them-

selves, hurling themselves repeatedly against the Communists until they were all expelled from the hall, which looked as though it had received a direct hit from a bomb. When the battle was won, Hermann Esser jumped on a beer table and shouted: "The meeting continues. The speaker has the floor."

Hitler was well pleased with the meeting. The bloody heads, smashed furniture, and shattered beer mugs provided the demonstrable signs of success. He was a man who enjoyed destruction, and as the months passed his appetite for violence increased.

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convinced that he was the divinely chosen savior of Germany against the hordes of Jews, Bolsheviks, and the "November" criminals in Berlin. Two significant events in September, 1923, went far toward precipitating the crisis.

On September 25 there was a meeting of the heads of all the right-wing military formations and private armies in Munich. The meeting was addressed by Hitler for two and a half hours, and by the end of his speech he was able to convince them that they would act more effectively if they placed themselves under his over-all command. These private armies, once under his control, would permit him to stage a coup d'état in Munich, and with Munich in his hands he thought he would have little difficulty in marching on Berlin. He forgot that these ill-trained private armies would ultimately have to face well-trained and well-equipped troops somewhere between Munich and Berlin. The Kapp putsch had been broken by a general strike, and the march on Berlin, if it ever took place, would be broken by strikers or by the regular army.

On September 30, five days after his talk with the leaders of the private armies, Hitler finally paid a long-promised visit to the Bavarian town of Bayreuth, sacred to the memory of Richard Wagner. He took the salute at a review of the local storm troopers and was invited to the Villa Wahnfried, where Wagner's son Siegfried and his English-born wife, Winifred, held court, while Cosima Wagner, the musician's stately widow, then eighty-six years old, sat quietly within the inner shrine. Here, too, was the Master's son-in-law, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, most fervent of German nationalists, although born the son of an English admiral from Portsmouth. Houston Stewart Chamberlain was the author of a work called *Foundations of the Nineteenth Century*, which sought to prove that the Teutonic race alone possessed the mission to civilize the world. Hitler had made a cult of Wagner, and he was not surprised to learn that the Wagner family had made a cult of him. Cosima kissed him, Winifred took his hand, Siegfried smiled earnestly, and Chamberlain announced that he was "god-given." Never had Hitler received so much affection and applause from people whose opinion he prized. When he returned to Munich, he found a letter from the aged Houston Stewart Chamberlain praising him as a Messiah and comparing Chamberlain himself with John the Baptist. "At one blow you have transformed the state of my soul," he wrote. "That Germany in her hour of need has produced a Hitler testifies to its vitality. . . . Now at last I am able to sleep peacefully and I shall have no need to wake up again. God protect you!" The approbation of the Wagner family appears to have convinced Hitler that he was indeed "god-given." Previously he had sometimes wondered whether he was not

very little about what had happened during the night and ordered his troops to march into Munich the next morning, fully armed, in a show of force. He did not know that about 2,000 rifles issued to his men during the night lacked firing pins.

At a little after eleven o'clock, under a gray November sky, about 3,000 of his men, including some members of the Reich War Flag and Oberland Bund, set off from the Bürgerbräukeller to march on the center of Munich, where they expected to make contact with Roehm's forces in the War Ministry. Two standard-bearers marched in front of the procession, and Hitler and Ludendorff marched at the head. Ludendorff wore his hunting jacket, Hitler wore his trench coat. Most of the men were armed, many with bayonets attached to their rifles. The men were in good spirits, singing and shouting. At the Ludwig Bridge there was a cordon of "Green Police" with raised rifles, but the presence of Ludendorff unnerved them and they lowered their rifles. The long column swarmed over the bridge without any further opposition, while Goering arrested the policemen and sent them under armed guard to the Bürgerbräukeller, which was transformed into a prison.

Ludendorff marched stiffly, looking neither to the left nor to the right. He had not slept during the night. He looked every inch a soldier, though he wore a felt hat and a hunting jacket. Hitler was deathly pale, and he had difficulty keeping up with the long strides of the tall general. He wore a swastika armband on his left sleeve. On the other side of him marched Max-Erwin von Scheubner-Richter, born Max Richter. He was a Balt who had lived through the Russian revolution and taken refuge in Germany. Gottfried Feder and Hermann Kriebel also marched near the head of the column. Behind them came Goering, Rosenberg, Anton Drexler, and Hermann Esser. A certain Theodor von der Pfordten, who regarded himself as the intellectual leader of the revolution, was in the third row. In his pocket he carried a draft of a new constitution for Germany; among its thirty-one points were clauses calling for the "removal" of Jews and Bolsheviks and the death penalty to be administered to everyone advocating democratic government. He also called for "collection camps," where the enemies of the regime would be isolated from the rest of the community.

To reach the War Ministry they needed to pass through the Odeonsplatz, which the police had already cordoned off. It was decided that at all costs Ludendorff's column should not be allowed to join forces with Roehm's small army in the War Ministry. Both the police and the Reichswehr were given orders to shoot if the column insisted on advancing across the Odeonsplatz. If necessary, both Ludendorff and Hitler would be shot.

The column reached the Marienplatz successfully. Police orders to

halt were simply disregarded. The column marched back onto the sidewalk of the Marienplatz, for Hitler answered to the cheer "Ehren" (O Germany they marched along the strasse, and so into the street to march four abreast there was a cordon of young lieutenant, Freikorps, revolvers, rifles, and Ludendorff at the head their voices appearing of the Residenzstrasse army had to be prevented.

Over the next few days everything happened. According to heavy-set bodyguard, Ludendorff is the head of the procession all the others, there placed himself in front of the National Socialistists were within about ten feet shot—no one ever died. In fact, the shooting began ten feet away from the Odeonsplatz, and many National Socialistists or splinters from the ground.

The police fired to throw the procession down on the ground, close to shops and houses. Screaming and shouting, they climbed over the wind their way at gunpoint behind sacks of flour or

Goering fell with the presence of Hitler behind one of the stone palace. Hitler, with the ground when his

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November sky, about the Reich War Flag and Heller to march on the contact with Roehm's men marched in front of the head. Ludendorff's coat. Most of the men carried their rifles. The men of the Ludwig Bridge there were rifles, but the presence of their rifles. The long further opposition, while under armed guard to take to a prison.

to the left nor to the right he looked every inch a fighting jacket. Hitler was with the long strides of a giant on his left sleeve. On the march, Scheubner-Richter, born in 1874, through the Russian revolution, and Hermann Goern. Behind them came Hermann Esser. A certain himself as the intellectual. In his pocket he carried a pistol with its thirty-one points and Bolsheviks and the "advocating democratic reforms," where the enemies of the community.

pass through the Odeonsplatz. It was decided that at the time they were allowed to join forces. Both the police and the column insisted on advancing. Ludendorff and Hitler

successfully. Police orders to

halt were simply disregarded, and the policemen were simply pushed back onto the sidewalk. There was cheering when the column entered the Marienplatz, for half of Munich had turned out to see the parade. In answer to the cheers they burst out singing "*Deutschland hoch in Ehren*" (O Germany high in honor) to a rousing military tune. Then they marched along the Weinstrasse, turned right along the Perusastrasse, and so into the narrow Residenzstrasse, where they were forced to march four abreast instead of eight abreast. At the end of the street there was a cordon of Green Police, security forces commanded by a young lieutenant, Freiherr Michel von Godin. He saw men armed with revolvers, rifles, and bayonets coming up the street, with the unarmed Ludendorff at the head, and they were shouting and singing excitedly, their voices appearing louder because they echoed off the narrow walls of the Residenzstrasse. He knew what he had to do. At all costs this army had to be prevented from entering the Odeonsplatz.

Over the next few seconds mythology has laid a mysterious mist, in which everything appears magnified and all actions take place in slow motion. According to National Socialist historians, Ulrich Graf, Hitler's heavy-set bodyguard, ran forward, shouting: "Don't shoot! His Excellency Ludendorff is here!" Since Ludendorff, though not quite at the head of the procession, was only too obviously present, towering above all the others, there seems to be no reason why Graf should have placed himself in greater danger by running forward. According to National Socialist historians, Hitler and Ludendorff, marching together, were within about ten feet of the police cordon when someone fired a shot—no one ever discovered from which side the first shot was fired. In fact, the shooting began when the procession was still sixty or seventy feet away from the Odeonsplatz. The police had orders to fire into the ground, and many National Socialists were struck by ricocheting bullets or splinters from the granite paving stones.

The police fired for perhaps twenty seconds, but this was enough to throw the procession into complete confusion. Men threw themselves down on the ground, cowered against shop fronts, broke down the doors of shops and houses, or fought their way back along the street. Screaming and shouting, waving their guns, they broke windows and climbed over the windowsills into the houses. About fifty of them forced their way at gunpoint into a bakery, where they concealed themselves behind sacks of flour or made their way up to the roof.

Goering fell with two splinters of granite in his groin, and he had enough presence of mind to crawl along the ground and take cover behind one of the stone lions guarding the Residenz, the old Wittelsbach palace. Hitler, who had linked arms with Scheubner-Richter, fell to the ground when his friend was killed instantaneously. Kurt Neubauer,

Ludendorff's valet, ran forward directly in front of Ludendorff and half of his head was torn off by a bullet. Hitler had fallen so heavily that he dislocated his left shoulder and at first thought he had been wounded. Ulrich Graf, his bodyguard, is supposed to have thrown himself over Hitler's body to protect him and received four or five direct hits.

Because most of the bullets came ricocheting off the paving stones, people in the direct line of fire were unhurt, while others who were in the fourth and fifth row behind Ludendorff were killed as they scattered for cover. Two bank clerks, Wilhelm Ehrlich and Martin Faust, were standing a long way from the front row, but they were killed apparently from bullets ricocheting off walls. The elderly state councilor Theodor von der Pfordten was nowhere near the front row, but he too was killed. Altogether, eighteen National Socialists were killed and about a hundred suffered light or serious wounds. Three members of the Green Police were killed.

A few seconds after the short bursts of fire the Residenzstrasse was deserted except for the dead and wounded and two tall figures who continued to advance right up to the police cordon, as though there had been no shooting and as though they were on a leisurely stroll along the street. They were Ludendorff and his adjutant, Major Hans Streck. Ludendorff advanced with his hands in the pockets of his brown hunting coat, and simply walked through the cordon and across the Odeonsplatz to the Feldherrn Hall. No one had dared to fire on Germany's foremost veteran. Cool and unhurried, with supreme contempt for the police and the Reichswehr with their armored cars, he walked toward that open vaulted hall, which had been erected to honor great military heroes, as though walking to his own home. There, a few minutes later, the police found him and, bowing respectfully, asked him to accompany them to the police station "for a few necessary inquiries."

About this time Hitler was crawling along the sidewalk of the Residenzstrasse, trying to make for the Max-Josephplatz, where a yellow Fiat driven by Dr. Walther Schultze, one of the doctors attached to the party, had been waiting with its motor running for just such an eventuality. An extraordinary story demonstrating Hitler's great courage was later told by the National Socialist historians. According to the story, Hitler was just about to get into the automobile when he saw a wounded boy lying at his feet, bleeding profusely. Although he had dislocated his shoulder and one arm was useless, Hitler lifted the boy into the car, and when one of the Green Police sprang forward he shielded the boy's body with his own. Dr. Schultze then pressed hard on the accelerator, only to be pursued by an armored car bristling with machine guns, painted green and yellow. The small Fiat shot down a side street, while the armored car continued along the main road. In

this way they were able to escape the suburbs. Later, in Uffing, where Hitler's bodyguard, Ulrich Graf, was killed, an account of the photographing of the establishment.

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this way they were able to shake off the armored car and soon were out
in the suburbs. Later in the afternoon they arrived at the village of
Uffing, where Hitler took refuge in the house of his friend Ernst
Hanfstaengl, an accomplished pianist and the owner of an art pho-
tography establishment.

The story of the rescued boy and the pursuit by the green and yellow
armored car has interest only as an example of Hitler's capacity to
invent myths about himself. Since he was in a state of shock, and only
too well aware that the adventure had ended in disaster, he sought for
some compensatory adventure that would show him acting courageously.
He had not marched up to the bayonets of the Green Police, like Luden-
dorff. Instead he had crawled out of the line of fire, melted into the
walls of the Residenzstrasse, and run as fast as his legs could carry him
in the direction of the Max-Josephplatz.

The story of the wild pursuit by the armored car is equally implau-
sible. The guns of an armored car could have blown the little Fiat into
a thousand pieces without the slightest trouble. No doubt Hitler *felt*
that he was being pursued, and the nightmarish armored car hunting
him through the streets of Munich provided the appropriate image.

By the time they reached Uffing, Hitler was almost incoherent. Ernst
Hanfstaengl's wife, who was pregnant, received him, for her husband
was in Munich. She listened to his rambling account of what had hap-
pened on the Residenzstrasse and offered him the use of a small attic
bedroom. On the following day, knowing that the police were search-
ing for him, having slept badly, the pain of the dislocated shoulder now
almost unbearable, Hitler became hysterical. When Frau Hanfstaengl
went to the attic to see him, he pulled out his revolver and screamed:
"This is the end! I will never let those swine take me! I will shoot
myself first!" A handsome woman, built like a Valkyrie, Frau Hanf-
staengl twisted the revolver out of his hand and flung it into a barrel
of flour.

Hitler was sure his political career was over. At best he could escape
to Austria and vanish into obscurity; at worst the Green Police, not
notable for half-measures, would arrest him and shoot him out of hand.
He sat down and scribbled his political testament. It was a surprising
document, for he appointed Rosenberg leader of the party and Max
Amann deputy leader, and with Hermann Esser and Julius Streicher
they were to form the ruling quadrumvirate. Hanfstaengl was appointed
party treasurer. There was no mention of Goering, Drexler, Feder,
Roehm, or any of the others who had helped him to achieve a com-
manding position in the party.

Frau Hanfstaengl was disturbed because the small walled house at
Uffing seemed to be under observation. Goering's gardener, a man

called Greinz, had knocked on the door and asked to see Hitler. Told that Hitler was not living there, Greinz wandered away and spent the night in a local inn. Hitler spent two nights in the attic. On the third night two trucks filled with the Green Police arrived outside the small house, and there was another knock on the door.

A lieutenant and two policemen entered the house and asked for Hitler. Hitler came downstairs, screaming at the policemen because by arresting him they were conniving at Germany's destruction and preventing National Socialism from fulfilling its destined role as the savior of the German people. There was much more in the same vein, but the police were in no mood to take him at his own valuation.

They ordered him to climb into one of the trucks and drove him in the darkness of a wintry night to prison.

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The Trial

The prison at Landsberg am Lech, where Hitler was incarcerated, did not look like a prison. It looked, behind its high walls, like a very large and well-designed country house set in a small Bavarian town that had remained unspoiled since the Middle Ages. Steep, densely wooded hills surrounded the medieval walls with their crumbling watchtowers, and the Lech, an Alpine stream, flashing with white foam, sang musically and gave a freshness to the country air.

Built in 1909, Landsberg prison was officially known as a fortress prison, which only meant that it was a maximum security prison for prisoners serving long sentences. Before World War I it was reserved for common criminals; after the war it was reserved for political prisoners. Among those who had been detained there were Count Arco-Vally, the assassin of the Bavarian Minister President Kurt Eisner. On the night of November 11, 1923, when Hitler was brought to the prison, Count Arco-Vally was awakened and taken to another cell. His cell was given to Hitler.

It was a stormy winter night, with rain lashing the windows and the trees bending and creaking in the wind. Hitler was brought to the prison around midnight, still wearing the gray trench coat he had worn in the Odeonsplatz. He looked exhausted, his face very pale, his left arm in a sling. A warder, Franz Hemmrich, escorted him to his cell, helped him to undress, offered him some food, which he refused, and then locked him in. The cell was furnished with a cot, a table, two chairs, a cupboard, and a bedside table. There were two high barred windows set in the whitewashed wall.

On the following day a small detachment of the Reichswehr arrived to take up guard duty, for Hitler was considered a dangerous prisoner who

must on no account be allowed to escape. The cell next door was reserved for the officer in charge of the detachment. A detail was assigned to guard Hitler, and machine guns were mounted in the courtyard outside. Franz Hemmrich later remembered that the prison resembled an armed camp, with helmets and rifles glittering everywhere, and new telephone lines were installed to connect the prison with the local barracks. Hitler had been arrested for high treason, and he was accompanied by the panoply that attends a man accused of a crime frequently punished by the death penalty.

Hitler himself was scarcely aware of what was happening around him. He was still in shock, listless, and suicidal, so that he had to be continually watched. He refused to eat and announced that he intended to starve himself to death, a statement that sufficiently disturbed the investigating judge so that he issued a court order permitting him to receive visitors. One of his few visitors in those early days was Hans Knirsch, a Sudeten German, founder of a National Socialist Workers Party in Bohemia long before World War I. He found Hitler in a pitiful condition, emaciated and in a deep depression. When Knirsch attempted to revive his spirits, Hitler replied that he had already decided on a course of action and no one could change his mind. He had decided to kill himself.

"Anyone who has had as great a fiasco as I have had has no right to go on living," Hitler said. "Anyone who has the deaths of as many people on his conscience as I have must die himself. I have no other course left than death by starvation. And that is what I shall do."

Knirsch attempted to reason with him, pointing out that the failure of the movement was itself a kind of victory, and that it was perhaps inevitable and necessary that there should be many failures before final victory was achieved. Hitler answered dully that it was a question of conscience: too many men had died, he could not bring them back to life, and therefore he must die. He was determined on suicide, and nothing would dissuade him. So the argument went on until finally, by dint of repetition, Knirsch was able to convince him that he should at least consider the argument against suicide, and to be able to think clearly it was necessary to take some food. Hitler consented to take a plateful of rice, and when he gobbled the rice hungrily Knirsch was convinced that he had won Hitler over.

Nevertheless, Hitler was in bad physical shape and continued to suffer from massive depressions. He had dislocated his shoulder, suffered a fracture of the upper arm, and was in pain. The physical pain was endurable, while the mental pain drove him to the edge of madness.

Gradually the Landsberg prison returned to normal, for most of the soldiers were transferred to an upper floor, out of sight, and only a

small detachment guarding coffee beside their

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small detachment guarded the courtyard. The soldiers could be seen boiling coffee beside their stacked rifles, for it was a miserably cold winter.

In the silence of his cell Hitler could reflect that all the bad things that happened to him took place in winter. His mother, father, and younger brother had all died in winter, and fifteen years before he had wandered like a mindless derelict through a winter of Vienna. He hated all winters and sometimes dreamed of spending his remaining days in an imaginary Italy, in an eternal summer.

The Bavarian Government was half-heartedly rounding up other members of the National Socialist Party. Anton Drexler and Dietrich Eckart were both sent to the Landsberg Prison. Eckart, a morphine addict, was a sick man, obviously in no state to stand trial. He was released ten days later and died before Christmas. When he heard the news, Hitler was grief-stricken and fell into another prolonged fit of depression.

Behind the scenes Franz Guertner was working to arrange a trial that would not deal too harshly with the National Socialist movement. As Minister of Justice, he could use his influence to ensure that justice was tempered with an exquisite mercy. Everything would be done to ensure that the prisoners were given ample opportunities to interfere with the due process of law, but in such a way that the outward forms of a trial were maintained. The charge was a serious one: the punishment was death, or at the very least five years' imprisonment. If Hitler wished for a martyr's death, it was within his reach.

Franz Guertner was an astute man who delighted in playing behind the scenes and moving people around like puppets. He succeeded in dominating the trial while remaining totally invisible. Although more than a hundred had been arrested for taking part in the putsch, he decided that only ten should stand trial. They were Ludendorff, Hitler, Ernst Poehner, Wilhelm Frick (the former head of the political division of the Munich police administration), Ernst Roehm, Friedrich Weber, Hermann Kriebel, and three storm troopers, Brueckner, Wagner, and Pernet. These last were merely spear-carriers, permitted to appear on the stage for decorative purposes. Frick had been one of Hitler's secret agents within the police department, supplying him with a constant stream of information that enabled him to defy the police and escape arrest on countless occasions. Kriebel commanded the Kampfbund, the amalgamation of the Reich War Flag, Oberland Bund, and National Socialist storm troopers, and Weber was the former commander of the Oberland Bund. They were all men practiced in conspiracy, and in any conventional law court they would all have been found guilty.

The trial, which took place in the Munich Infantry School on the

Blütenburgstrasse, lasted from February 16, 1924, to March 27, 1924, and there were twenty-four days of testimony, interrogation, and speeches for the defense and the prosecution. Three lackluster judges presided. They were especially solicitous of Ludendorff and Hitler, and permitted them to interrupt whenever they pleased.

Although he looked pale and anxious, Hitler gave the impression of a man exulting in his destiny and his genius. When he spoke, it was as though a furnace door had opened and the flames roared out. He was not addressing the judge or the court reporters; he was addressing posterity. His speeches from the dock were manifestoes and revolutionary tracts. Since he was almost incapable of any reasoned utterance, he was able to confuse the judges to a quite extraordinary degree. Sometimes he was able to half-convince them that he was the judge and they were the accused.

Inevitably *Generalkommissar* von Kahr, General von Lossow, and Colonel von Seisser gave their testimony. They were easy bait, and only Lossow showed any spirit. All three of them had been compromised by their behavior at gunpoint on the platform of the Bürgerbräukeller. Three thousand people had heard them speak in favor of an insurrection; they could not deny that they had spoken, but they could deny that their words meant what they seemed to mean. Lossow, giving his testimony on the eleventh day of the trial, complained bitterly about Hitler's capacity for intrigue and deception. While Kahr spoke listlessly, reading from a prepared manuscript, scarcely caring whether anyone heard him, Lossow spoke loudly and clearly, and on the whole honestly, about the strange traps into which he had fallen. He had known Hitler well, there had been many meetings in his office in the War Ministry, and he was perfectly aware why Hitler came to see him. Hitler wanted arms and money, an alliance with the military, the protection afforded by the regular army. From the very beginning Hitler had hinted at a putsch, and he said he had always refused to take the hints seriously even when Hitler offered him the post of Minister of the Reichswehr. "Ludendorff and Hitler were like children playing at 'You be the Emperor, and you be the Pope,'" he declared.

All this was true, but it was not the whole truth. In various ways Lossow had helped the party with money and arms, because the army had a settled policy of supporting extreme right-wing movements. In Lossow's eyes there was a healthy element in the Hitler movement, because it was helping to win over the working classes for the national cause. There was also an unhealthy element: Hitler's driving ambition to become the dictator of Germany. There was the "brutal Hitler" who would stop at nothing to achieve his ambition and the "sentimental Hitler" who could woo the masses and play upon them to his heart's

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von Lossow, and easy bait, and only been compromised the Bürgerbräukeller. favor of an insurrection but they could deny Lossow, giving his gained bitterly about Kahr spoke listlessly, ing whether anyone and on the whole had fallen. He had in his office in the Hitler came to see with the military, the very beginning ad always refused to ed him the post of er were like children Pope," he declared. uth. In various ways ms, because the army wing movements. In the Hitler movement, classes for the national ler's driving ambition e "brutal Hitler" who and the "sentimental on them to his heart's

content. They seemed to be two different people, irreconcilable. Sometimes Hitler would announce that he wanted nothing for himself, no position in the state, no reward for his ceaseless efforts of propaganda. He was merely the John the Baptist, the precursor, the drummer of a new age. But John the Baptist merged imperceptibly into the Messiah. There was no escaping from Hitler's arrogant assumption of quasi-divine status.

Lossow's interpretation of Hitler's character was psychologically convincing, but it left him open to Hitler's barbs. Lossow was describing what happened in the small back room.

Lossow: At the very beginning von Seisser reproached him, saying: "You promised on your honor that you would not embark on a putsch," and then Hitler said: "Forgive me, I have to do it for the sake of the fatherland." However many times Hitler says this did not happen, it remains a fact.

HITLER: Was it the brutal or sentimental Hitler who asked for forgiveness?

Lossow: It was neither the sentimental nor the brutal Hitler. It was the Hitler with a bad conscience.

In this way Lossow won his temporary victory, but there were few other victories. They now hated each other with a venomous hatred, engaged in shouting matches, and threw the court into an uproar. Retired from the army, in disgrace, and disgusted with himself because he had fallen into so many traps, Lossow offered his testimony and walked out of history.

Hitler gave his opening speech on February 26, 1924, and it was a month later before he delivered his closing speech. The opening speech began haltingly with the inevitable recital of his own career as a revolutionary in the service of a fanatical idealism. He had been the seventh member of an obscure political party, which had grown into a movement embracing millions dedicated to implacable war against Marxism, "a movement distinguished by incredible terror which is based on a knowledge of mass psychology." He had fought the Marxists, but he had also fought the Berlin government with its incompetent parliamentarians. He had hoped to bring into existence an antiparlamentarian government capable of uniting the country by means of a fierce blaze of revolutionary energy, and he thought he had discovered in Kahr, Lossow, and Seisser his hoped-for allies. Had not Kahr and Lossow both declared for the putsch? As for Ludendorff, he had never been part of the conspiracy and had been informed about it only at the last moment. Ludendorff was innocent; the guilty men were the trium-

virate ruling over Bavaria, who had failed to see that it was in their power to march on Berlin and destroy the government.

Hitler then gave his own version of the events leading up to the putsch. At eight o'clock he arrived at the Bürgerbräukeller and sent a message to tell the three most powerful men in Bavaria that he needed to see them on urgent business. They did not come out, and therefore at exactly 8:34 P.M. he had pushed his way into the hall accompanied by his permanent bodyguard. There were three men in the bodyguard. They were carrying revolvers because they were afraid they would be shot from behind. He fired the shot at the ceiling to command attention. "It was in the nature of this whole affair that I had to fire this shot," he explained. "Only someone who mouths the words of others would fail to understand this." It was a very odd explanation, and there were odder things to come. A Major Hunglinger, attached to General von Lossow's staff, had accompanied Hitler and the triumvirate into the small back room. There was a moment when the major reached in his pocket for something, and Hitler, thinking it was a revolver, sprang at him and pressed his own revolver against the major's forehead. Yes, that was quite true, Hitler admitted, but afterward everyone began to talk gravely and sensibly, for they all agreed that the time had come to strike, that the march on Berlin would be crowned with success, and that Hitler should be the dictator of Germany. They were all profoundly moved by the experience, and Hitler distinctly remembered that the members of the triumvirate had tears in their eyes.

The scenario was being rewritten by a man who had every reason to rewrite it. At all costs, he had to establish that the meeting in the back room had been friendly. It was perfectly true that he had drunk some beer. "Some people have described the situation as though I were jumping from the revolver to the beer mug," he said. "Well, I am almost an anti-alcoholic, and when I suffer from a dry throat, I occasionally drink water or beer." Those who thought he was behaving drunkenly were out of their minds. Kahr had said he had behaved with extreme brutality, and Hitler answered: "He gripped my hand, and I trusted him like a brother."

He described the confrontation with the police in the narrow Residenzstrasse in a manner characteristically his own:

At the Residenz we were held up by a strong cordon of police. We were in civilian clothes, and not one of us had so much as a revolver in his hand. There came a rifle shot and then a salvo. Scheubner fell and pulled me down, and I had the feeling I had received a flesh wound. I tried to get up. The shooting stopped. All around me I saw nothing but dead men. On the ground lay a tall man streaming with blood. He wore a dark coat, and I was sure it was Ludendorff.

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He was speaking now as he spoke at mass meetings, his voice throbbing with emotion, and soon there came the inevitable peroration. Then for the first time during that long afternoon he told the truth. "I alone bear the responsibility," he declared. "If today I stand here as a revolutionary, it is as a revolutionary against the revolution."

On March 27, 1924, he spoke again. In a few hours the verdict would be handed down, and he was fighting for his life.

In his closing speech, the best he ever delivered, Hitler turned against his accusers with an astonishing bravado performance. Lossow had said he was riddled with violent ambition and was a danger to the entire nation. Hitler replied in a long, ringing speech that held the court spellbound, portraying himself as the destined leader, the one man who could break through the inane circle of pettyfogging government officials who held Germany in their power. He said:

How small are the thoughts of small men! Believe me, I do not regard the acquisition of a minister's portfolio as a thing worth striving for. I do not hold it worthy of a great man to endeavor to go down in history just by becoming a minister. One might run the risk of being buried beside other ministers. My aim, from the very first day, was a thousand times greater than becoming a minister. I wanted to become the destroyer of Marxism. I wanted to solve this task, and if I succeeded, then the title of minister would have been, as far as I was concerned, a rank absurdity.

When I stood beside the grave of Richard Wagner for the first time, my heart flowed over with pride at the thought that a man rested here of whom it was forbidden to write: "Here rests Privy Councilor, Music Director, His Excellency Baron Richard Wagner." I was proud that this man and so many men in German history were content to hand down their names to posterity, without any titles. It was not from modesty that I wished at that time to be a drummer. This was my highest aspiration. The rest is but a trifle.

With these fireworks he rid himself of the accusation that he was ambitious for a title. On the contrary, he wanted to be the leader of the nation in the war against Marxism, and for such a man a title could have no meaning. He was not answering Lossow's attack: he was celebrating his own glory, and doing it with extraordinary verve. He went on:

My standpoint is that a bird must sing because he is a bird, and a man who is born for politics must engage in politics whether he is free or in prison, whether he is sitting in a silken chair or contents himself with a hard bench. The fate of his people will absorb him from early morning to late at night. Von Kahr may even become a dictator one day. I ask that

Reichswehr that had besmirched its honor; the honor of the Reichswehr remains untarnished. The day will come when the Reichswehr will stand by our side, officers and men—

At this point the presiding judge interrupted sharply, saying: "Herr Hitler, you say that the honor of the Green Police was besmirched. I cannot permit this."

Hitler brushed the interruption aside, and continued as though the presiding judge was no more than a fly buzzing in the air. The speech had been carefully prepared, and no part of it more carefully than the peroration. He went on:

The army we have formed is growing from day to day, from hour to hour, and faster. Especially in these days I nourish the proud hope that one day the hour will come when those rough companies will grow to battalions, the battalions to regiments, the regiments to divisions, and the old cockade will be taken out of the filth, and the old flag will wave again, and there will be a reconciliation at the Last Judgment, which we are prepared to face. Then will the voice of the real Court of Justice speak from our bones and our graves. For it is not you, gentlemen, who pronounce judgment upon us. Instead, the judgment of the eternal court of history will pronounce against this prosecution which has been raised against us. As for your verdict—I know it already. The eternal court will not ask us: "Did you commit high treason, or not?" That court will judge us, the Quartermaster-General of the old Army, his officers and soldiers, as Germans who wanted the good of their own people and Fatherland, who wanted to fight and die. You may judge us guilty a thousand times over, but the Goddess of Eternal Justice will smile and tear to tatters the brief of the state's attorney and the verdict of this court. For she acquits us!

In the stunned silence that enveloped the courtroom, Hitler sat down, and the presiding judge turned to Captain Roehm and asked whether he had anything to say. Roehm, who had no command of rhetoric, said he had nothing to say because everything had been said by his friend Adolf Hitler. Brueckner and Wagner were also asked whether they had anything to say, and they too had nothing to say. Then the presiding judge said: "The high court will receive no more pleas. The sentences will be handed down at 10:00 A.M. on April 1."

The court had listened to the pleas, taken note of the behavior of the accused, and reached its own conclusions. They were not the conclusions of the Goddess of Eternal Justice, nor were the judges responsible for the sentences that were handed down. The responsibility rested with Franz Guertner, the Minister of Justice, who worked behind the scenes, dominating the trial, although invisible.

Against all the evidence Ludendorff was acquitted and walked out of the court a free man. Hitler was given the minimum sentence of five years' imprisonment. Poehner, Kriebel, and Dr. Weber received the same punishment. Roehm, Frick, Brueckner, Pernet, and Wagner were each sentenced to one year and three months of imprisonment and immediately released on their promise of good behavior. "Never before," wrote the *Berliner Tageblatt*, "has a court more openly denied the foundation upon which it rests and upon which every modern state is built."

The chief victim of the trial was the National Socialist German Workers' Party, which was banned, and all its possessions, including its newspaper, the *Völkischer Beobachter*, were confiscated. The principle beneficiary was Hitler, who could look forward to a restful stay in prison while he deliberated on the next step of his march to power.

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hour journey from Munich he was in a state of collapse. It was as though quite suddenly the full force of the verdict had been revealed to him. He was now at the mercy of prison regulations and the caprices of the prison governor.

During the following weeks Hitler contrived to disobey nearly all the prison regulations. He made the life of the prison governor very nearly intolerable by demanding special privileges and services. All lights in the cells were supposed to be out by ten o'clock: he was permitted to keep his light on until midnight. Prisoners could receive visitors only at stated hours; he was permitted to receive visitors virtually at any hour. Soon the life of the prison began to revolve around its most distinguished prisoner.

If he wanted anyone, the person would appear. Thus it was arranged that his chauffeur, Emil Maurice, was allowed to live in the prison, and later Rudolf Hess was conveniently sentenced to a term of imprisonment. Maurice acted as his valet, Hess as his secretary. Hitler was given a pleasant sunlit cell on the first floor; later he acquired other cells for his library of books and for receiving visitors. His letters were uncensored, and he could order anything he wished from the Landsberg shops.

He spent his days exactly as he would have spent them had he been living in a hotel. In the summer he arose at six, took a bath, breakfasted, usually with his close friends but sometimes alone, at seven, and then walked in the garden or dealt with his correspondence. At ten there was often a general meeting of the National Socialists in the prison, and he might give a brief address or he would read aloud a chapter from the book he was writing. Lunch took place in the communal dining hall, with Hitler sitting at the head of the table. In the afternoon there was more mail to be attended to, visitors came, he worked on his book, and there would be another walk in the garden. His favorite walk was along a narrow gravel pathway under the twenty-foot wall, which came to be known as "Hitler's Walk." Alone or in the company of Rudolf Hess, he walked up and down this gravel path until the guards grew dizzy watching him.

Hitler was *der Chef* or *der Fuehrer*, never permitting anyone to doubt that he was in supreme authority. When he appeared in the communal dining hall he found the National Socialist prisoners standing erect behind their chairs, waiting for him. When he came through the doorway, someone shouted "Attention," and they all stiffened as he strode to his place at the head of the table. Then each man in turn greeted him, and they sat down only when he was seated. He was the feudal lord whose whispers were immediately obeyed, whose wishes were immediately fulfilled. At these lunches he talked to his right- and left-hand neighbors about art, the theater, automobiles, personalities—

rarely about politics—he would announce: "as a waiter, would re conversation would be was possible to engage fruit, tea leaves, flow about a quarter of an watch him silently as

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Every day the mail for him. Fruit, flowe hams, even paintings visited him at the L: said: "You could hav with all the stuff stack warders with a dazzlin Many of the presents that they could not s suffering terrible disc less discomfort.

Franz Hemmrich w where all the prisoner some curious observa

Colonel Kriebel, a good soldier, attacked each parcel as though it were an enemy, wrenching off the string and wrapping by main force. Dr. Friedrich Weber had an intricate and leisurely mind, and he undid every knot with the utmost care and patience. If there were only a few knots Hitler untied them carefully; if there were many he cut through them with scissors.

So, too, when he sat down to write his autobiography, which he had begun in 1922, then abandoned, and now resumed in prison, he dealt very intricately with small knotty problems, while larger and more complex problems were dealt with in the style of someone slashing with a broadsword. Originally he intended to call the autobiography *A Reckoning*. He would tell the story of his life from his obscure origins to his emergence as a prominent political figure at the time of the putsch. By "a reckoning" he meant a settling of accounts, a balance sheet of all his affairs. While in prison, he changed the title to *Four and a Half Years of Struggle Against Lies, Stupidity, and Cowardice*. Instead of a reasonably straightforward and factual account of his life, he was now writing a political tract, fiercely partisan, with the facts bent to whatever purpose he desired, the book of a man consumed with anger. The final version of the book combined both an autobiography and a political tract. On the advice of Max Amann the long unwieldy title was changed to *Mein Kampf* (My Struggle, or My Battle) with the subtitle *A Reckoning*, thus combining the two elements that went into the making of the book.

Hitler dictated some of the opening chapters to his chauffeur, Emil Maurice, who had first come to his attention as a successful brawler in the early beer hall meetings. Maurice was a watchmaker by trade, a cutthroat by profession. He had a long, lean, narrow face with a wide mouth and deep-set eyes, and from a distance he could be taken for Hitler, for they had very much the same build and Maurice sported a small Hitler mustache. He played the guitar, drove Hitler's automobile at a ferocious speed, and was an excellent mechanic, but he had none of the makings of a good secretary. His position was taken over by Rudolf Hess. A volunteer during World War I, he later became a student at Munich University, where he fell under the influence of Karl Haushofer, a Professor of Geopolitics. Hess regarded Hitler quite simply as the destined savior of Germany. Handsome and personable, with beetling brows and a craggy chin, he was oddly diffident and mild-mannered. Like Maurice, he was one of those who first attracted Hitler's attention because he used his fists so successfully during the beer house brawls. There the resemblance ended, for Hess had some pretensions to culture, had read widely, knew how to spell, and could put together a German sentence that was not entirely laughable.

A photograph taken in the summer of 1924 at Landsberg shows

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Hitler, Maurice, Kriebel, Hess, and Weber sitting round a table in Hitler's cell. Hitler wears Bavarian costume with embroidered suspenders over a white shirt; he has put on weight, and his face is puffy. Maurice broods over him like an attentive servant, and Kriebel, who had appeared in full military uniform at the trial, looks as inoffensive as a retired butcher in civilian clothes. Hess, sitting on the arm of a chair, wears a look of youthful innocence. Weber, wearing spectacles and a clerical coat, might be taken for a priest who has come to offer his blessings at a family reunion, his ascetic features giving him a certain gentle gravity. In fact, he was the most notorious brawler of them all.

The photograph, which is reproduced in this book, shows Hitler *en famille*, surrounded by his intimate companions. We might expect to find him at ease, but instead he glowers purposefully and menacingly at the camera: it should not be said that the Fuehrer was ever at ease.

After Hess's arrival in the fortress prison, work on the autobiographical political tract went on uninterrupted. Hess's battered Remington typewriter could be heard at all hours of the day and night. The chapters were dictated, then read out at the regular meetings of the National Socialist prisoners, with Hitler inviting comments. Hitler was a speaker, not a writer, and most of the book reads like speeches taken down verbatim. At one time Hitler had hoped that his book would first appear in the form of articles in a newspaper, but, since the *Völkischer Beobachter* had been confiscated and no other newspaper would print them, the plan was abandoned. By June or July the first chapters of the book had been smuggled out of the prison.

Mein Kampf is one of the seminal books of our time and deserves careful reading. It is a great book in the sense that Machiavelli's *The Prince* is a great book, casting a long shadow. The Renaissance word *terribilità* implies superb daring, immense disdain, an absolute lack of scruples, and a terrifying determination to ride roughshod over all obstacles, and the book possesses all these qualities. The author says: "This is the kind of man I am, and this is what I shall do," and he conceals nothing, as though too disdainful of his enemies to wear a disguise. The armed bohemian describes in minute detail how he will stalk his prey.

The Germans who did not trouble to read the book and the politicians outside Germany who dismissed it as a turgid and repetitious political tract made a great mistake. Few people read it attentively, and there is no evidence that Baldwin, Chamberlain, Churchill, Roosevelt, Stalin, or any of the political leaders most directly affected did anything more than glance at it. If they had read it with the attention it deserves, they would have seen that it was a blueprint for the total destruction of bourgeois society and the conquest of the world.

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sometimes remember his club foot. Women rejected him or were indifferent to him. When Hitler smiled on him, he was in seventh heaven, but at the slightest frown he panicked. He was delirious with joy when Hitler invited him to visit him. He settled down in a hotel at Berchtesgaden and was overwhelmed by loneliness when the expected invitation to Obersalzberg did not arrive. "In the course of time one develops a healthy contempt for the human race," he wrote moodily in his diary, while waiting for the summons. "After all, when all is said and done one is always alone." The rains fell, the mountains were invisible, Berchtesgaden was a nightmare of loneliness, and there was no tap on the door announcing that Hitler's automobile was waiting for him in the hotel courtyard. Three days passed before Hitler sent Emil Maurice to fetch him. It appears that Hitler had been spending his days with Gregor Strasser and Bernard Rust, but Goebbels was not in the least dismayed, for now at last he was permitted to feast his eyes on the man he already regarded as "the creator of the Third Reich." He wrote in his diary on July 24, 1926:

He is a genius. The natural creative instrument of a fate determined by God. I am deeply moved: he is like a child, kind, good, merciful. Like a cat: cunning, clever, agile. Like a lion: roaring and great and gigantic. A fellow, a man! [*Ein Kerl, ein Mann!*]

So might a schoolgirl announce to her diary the simplicities of her first seduction.

Indeed, there was something very feminine in Goebbels, who approached Hitler with blandishments but was seduced with even more intricate blandishments. He spent many hours with Hitler in the mountains discussing the Third Reich, which seemed to be within their reach, and sometimes they would pause and gaze silently into the distance. When Goebbels finally left Obersalzberg, Hitler presented him with a bouquet of red roses.

In Goebbels Hitler found his most beloved disciple. Vain, lecherous, absurd, a failed novelist, a failed dramatist, Goebbels became a superb propagandist for a man he adored and a program he half despised. Hitler continued to shower him with blandishments and forgave him his sins of vanity and lechery for the rest of his life.

The difficulty was to find a place in the party sufficiently challenging for his abilities. Hitler hinted that he had reserved a very special post for his young friend, nothing less than the leadership of the party in Berlin. It was only a hint, and Goebbels went into paroxysms of torment while waiting for the appointment to be officially announced. He was half-promised the post in August, but it was not until October that it was finally given to him on the eve of his twenty-ninth birthday.

In the eyes of that could be won for a march on Berlin of the Communist-ruled Reich, while Goebbels, as softening up the city.

Blood-red posters Hitler's early posters with banner headlines Goebbels added his own posters formed a scene from a distant world intrigued by the scene.

He was also a rascal. To provoke the class district, making war storm troops communists were scattered Goebbels launched he was not surprised. Goebbels enjoyed them to his advantage the Communists with signals he could take with them. At the time there were scuffles were broken and wounded. Goebbels formed where everyone learned long before powerful political was carried onto the addressed him as rising out of his performance was unnecessary so that the sight of the ambulances spectacle. Goebbels times a storm troops of the martyrs vided good headlines.

Hitler had been

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but there was also a private reason. He had appointed himself the guardian of Angela Maria Raubal, his half-sister's daughter. Known as Geli Raubal, she occupied the bedroom next to his own. A blue-eyed brunette with alert, intelligent features and remarkable physical beauty Geli appeared to have had nothing in common with her uncle either in temperament or in physical appearance. She was gay, frivolous, elegant and aware of her beauty. When she entered a room, men turned their heads. She had no interest in politics whatsoever and wanted only to have a good time. Although she looked like an actress, she had no talent at all for acting or dissembling, and every passing thought or emotion could be clearly read in her features.

It was apparently this spontaneity that attracted Hitler to her, for it was a quality in which he was totally lacking. She looked about eighteen but was twenty-one years old when she came to live in the Prinzregentenplatz. She was deeply religious and attended Mass regularly.

The fact that Geli Raubal was living in the same apartment as her uncle caused raised eyebrows among party members. He liked to appear with her at social functions and made no secret of his infatuation. If anyone paid marked attention to her, he would fly into a rage and take her home. Once Otto Strasser invited her to accompany him to one of the famous Munich masked balls. Hitler heard about the invitation, called Otto Strasser on the telephone, and shouted: "I won't allow her to go out with a married man. I'm not going to have any of your filthy Berlin tricks in Munich!" On another occasion he discovered Geli in the arms of Emil Maurice, his chauffeur, and exploded with rage. Maurice, who had written down the opening chapters of *Mein Kampf* in Landsberg Prison at Hitler's dictation, was immediately dismissed from his service, an act Hitler later regretted, for he had a high opinion of Maurice's skill as a chauffeur. Some years later Maurice returned to his service as a bodyguard and troubleshooter.

Hitler was in love with Geli, but in his own peculiar way he was determined both to possess her and to keep her at arms' length. She was the ornament of his home and the delight of his leisure hours, his companion and his prisoner. She had shown no desire to marry him, but he possessed an overmastering will. He would marry her if he thought the risk worth taking.

There was another matter to be considered—the opinion of the party. This was not, perhaps, as serious a problem as it seemed, for he had a supreme contempt for the opinions of the party members and could bend them to his will. If they thought it strange that their forty-year-old leader was living with his own niece, whose single virtue was her beauty, so much the worse for them! He was a man with normal sexual appetites, which he had long ago sublimated in ferocious political

activity. So he kept her and held her at arms' length, afraid to advance and afraid to retreat.

Geli Raubal was the only woman he had ever loved, and inevitably the one-sided love affair proceeded stormily. While she enjoyed the attention she received when in his company, she appears to have been less happy with his private attentions. According to Ernst Hanfstaengl, who knew Hitler well but was never among his intimates, the love affair took on pathological forms. As an artist, Hitler claimed the right to draw her in the nude and produced a number of obscene drawings, which were later stolen and bought back from a blackmailer, and it was said that he whipped her with his bull-hide whip. Hanfstaengl disliked Geli Raubal from the moment he set eyes on her, and the stories he tells about her are not entirely trustworthy. He reports at second or third hand that she once said: "My uncle is a monster. You would never believe the things he makes me do." It is possible that she once said these words: so might any ward bothered by her guardian's attentions. Whatever demands he made on her, she almost certainly accommodated herself to them, for she lived in his apartment for two years. What she seems to have feared most of all were not his sexual advances and bull-hide whip so much as his jealous rages, his screams and denunciations.

She had a soft, pleasant singing voice and a ringing laugh, and it was not long before she began to take singing lessons. Hitler approved, hoping that she would develop into a professional singer. She studied first under Adolf Vogel, an early party member who enjoyed much success as a teacher, and then under Hans Streck, who had once been Ludendorff's adjutant and was famous in Munich because at the time of the 1923 putsch he walked boldly toward the police with Ludendorff, while the others were running for cover. Neither Vogel nor Streck found any great talent in her. Streck, whose studio was in the nearby Gedonstrasse, gave her three lessons a week and was paid 100 marks a month. Hanfstaengl, whose wife also took lessons under Streck, reports that the teacher complained of her laziness. "Half the time she rings up to say that she can't come," he complained, "and when she does come, she learns very little."

The truth was that Geli Raubal was as self-indulgent as her famous uncle, but unlike him she was totally without ambition. She was also hot-headed, unpredictable, and jealous of the attentions he paid to other women. Inevitably there would come a time when she would have to choose between being a free agent and being a helpless prisoner. The storm had been brewing for two years. It ended on the evening of September 18, 1931.

There had been words between them during the afternoon, while

Hitler was preparing to take him to Hambu heard confused she give it to her. It n something more co to go to Vienna. Th and jumpy. Their unusually prolonge the black Mercedes deliver that evening control of himself down the stairs to overlooking the str no!" Then the aut

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Annie Winter w be done. She telep order, and Hess, a in Hitler's good gr A scandal was un police would soon clues and collectin many scores to sett only to discover th

Hitler was preparing to leave for an extended motor tour that would take him to Hamburg. Exactly what was said is unknown. The servants heard confused shouting. Geli wanted something, and he refused to give it to her. It might have been her freedom or it may have been something more concrete, like permission to see someone or permission to go to Vienna. The Föhn wind was blowing, making everyone nervous and jumpy. Their quarrels were usually soon over, but this one was unusually prolonged and exhausting. Hitler was on a tight schedule, the black Mercedes-Benz was waiting for him, and he had a speech to deliver that evening to party members in Nuremberg. At last he lost all control of himself and screamed at her in fury, and then abruptly ran down the stairs to his waiting automobile. Geli ran to the balcony overlooking the street and he shouted up at her: "For the last time, no!" Then the automobile vanished down the street. *marriage?*

Although full details of the quarrel are unknown, Geli's movements after Hitler's departure are reasonably certain. According to Annie Winter she was quite calm and composed. She said she was going to her bedroom and was not to be disturbed. She said something about visiting her mother at Obersalzberg the following day. There was no reason for Annie Winter to believe that Geli was in any serious trouble, for there had been many similar quarrels before and no doubt there would be many more in the future.

Geli shut herself up in her bedroom, wrote some letters, telephoned a girl friend, who said later that they had spoken about nothing of any consequence, and about midnight shot herself through the heart with one of Hitler's Walter 6.35 revolvers. None of the servants heard the shot, and Hitler is supposed to have told Eva Braun many years later that she had wrapped the revolver in a damp face towel to muffle the sound. She was dead at the age of twenty-three.

The next morning, when Annie Winter knocked on the door and received no answer, she summoned her husband and together they broke down the door. They found Geli Raubal lying on the floor in a blue nightdress at the foot of a sofa. The revolver lay on the sofa. She had been dead for many hours.

Annie Winter was devoted to Hitler and knew exactly what had to be done. She telephoned Rudolf Hess, a doctor, and the police in that order, and Hess, accompanied by Gregor Strasser, who was once again in Hitler's good graces, hurried to the scene before the doctor arrived. A scandal was unavoidable; there would be newspaper headlines; the police would soon be streaming through the apartment, looking for clues and collecting every stray document they could find, for they had many scores to settle with Hitler. Hess telephoned the Nuremberg hotel only to discover that Hitler had just left, and a messenger boy was sent

off in a taxi to find him and give him the news. Hitler drove back to Munich at breakneck speed, and the tour to Hamburg was abandoned.

When Hitler returned to the apartment, he was in a state of collapse. Hess, Strasser, and Franz Xavier Schwarz, the party treasurer, had taken charge and were already in touch with Dr. Franz Guertner, the Bavarian Minister of Justice. At all costs the scandal had to be hushed up, and Guertner was in an excellent position to see that all the usual legal formalities were dispensed with. There was no formal police investigation and no inquest, for Guertner decided that it was a clear case of suicide. Hitler went to stay with friends in a villa overlooking the Tegern Lake, prostrate with grief. He was not examined by the police, and since he had a morbid fear of death it is unlikely that he saw Geli in her coffin.

He was not yet the dictator of Germany and could not order the press to be silent. The *Münchener Post*, a Socialist newspaper, came out with a long and circumstantial report of the suicide, saying that it resulted from a particularly violent argument between Hitler and his niece over her desire to leave his apartment and settle in Vienna, where she intended to marry a young Viennese. An unmailed letter to a girl friend in Vienna, which was found in the apartment, said she hoped to leave soon. The newspaper added that when the body was found the doctors observed extensive bruises, and the bridge of her nose was broken. Two days later the *Völkischer Beobachter* issued a categorical denial under Hitler's signature and threatened legal proceedings. The *Münchener Post* was not unduly disturbed by the threat and came out with another long and circumstantial article, adding a note of surprise that Hitler's own newspaper gave less coverage to the suicide of his niece than to the death of a street fighter. There were no more reports, perhaps because everything had already been said.

Rumor fastened on Geli Raubal's suicide, and even within the party there was the feeling that the true story had not been told. From time to time the Sunday supplements came up with lurid accounts of wild parties at the Prinzregentenplatz apartment. It was said that she was killed by Himmler at Hitler's orders because she had disgraced him by becoming pregnant by a Jewish boy friend, or because she was black-mailing Hitler, or for a number of other reasons. The truth was probably much simpler and, in human terms, more terrible. Hitler had driven her to her death by his vicious rages and by an infatuation which could not be resolved in any normal way. He had not intended to kill her, but he had killed her as surely as if he had held the gun to her heart.

His death shattered him and brought him to the edge of suicide. For two weeks he lived in total seclusion in Gregor Strasser's house, so

withdrawn and slept badly, and Angela Raubal in Vienna, where C was conducted a under no illusion refuses to bury : cumstances. The mental aberratio for his acts. Such uncontrollable fo the belief that involuntarily.

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withdrawn and silent that he resembled a ghost. He refused to eat, slept badly, and was incapable of conducting party affairs. Meanwhile Angela Raubal had arranged for the burial in the Central Cemetery in Vienna, where Geli had spent most of her youth, and the burial service was conducted according to the Christian rite by Father Pant, who was under no illusions about the cause of her death. The Catholic Church refuses to bury suicides in consecrated ground except in very rare circumstances. There must be evidence that the person was in a state of mental aberration and confusion, and therefore not wholly responsible for his acts. Such suicides are regarded as involuntary, brought about by uncontrollable forces. Father Pant conducted the funeral ceremony in the belief that she had been murdered or had committed suicide involuntarily.

According to Gregor Strasser, Hitler had to be physically prevented from committing suicide. He was watched continually, and he was made to surrender the revolver he always carried with him. Strasser took heroic measures to keep Hitler alive, a fact that he later bitterly regretted. Less than three years later Hitler ordered his execution.

Since the Austrian Government had given orders for Hitler's arrest if he ever set foot on Austrian territory, a special dispensation had to be granted to permit him to visit the grave. About a week after the burial of Geli, Hitler received permission to spend twenty-four hours on Austrian soil. He arrived in Vienna, went straight to the cemetery, spent two or three hours there, and was back in Obersalzberg the same night. Seven years later, entering Austria in triumph, he visited the grave for a second time.

For the remainder of his life Hitler observed a cult in honor of the woman he had driven to death. It was a strange cult without ceremonies or rites; he demanded of her only that she be present at all times. He carried her photograph wherever he traveled, just as he carried the photograph of his mother. The room in the Prinzregentenplatz where she killed herself was kept exactly as she left it, and only Hitler and Annie Winter, who brought flowers every day, were permitted to enter it. An obscure second-rate painter named Adolf Ziegler was commissioned to paint her portrait from a photograph, and this painting, nearly full length, occupied a place of honor in the reception room at Obersalzberg, and there was always a bowl of fresh flowers beneath it. Hitler was so moved by the painter's work that he later appointed Ziegler president of the Academy of German Art, thus giving him complete authority over all German artists. A sculptor, Professor Josef Thorak, was commissioned to make a bust of Geli, which eventually occupied a place of honor in the Chancellery in Berlin. The cult of Geli remained with him to the last days of his life.

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* This traffic with the dead, this strange need for continual communion with the woman he had loved and killed, brought him dangerously close to insanity. In time he came to believe that her suicide was an act of extraordinary nobility and heroism to be remembered at moments of disaster and defeat; and he remembered vividly at the time of the crushing disaster at Stalingrad that she had acted more nobly than his generals.

She was of his blood and his flesh, almost a daughter and almost a wife, closer to him than anyone else in the world. To have caused her death was to have committed the ultimate crime; the guilt would remain, never to be washed away. Henceforth, he was free from all the conventional ties of morality and could be as hard and ruthless as he pleased. Murders, treacheries, the vilest abominations, the annihilation of nations meant nothing to him. He had gone beyond good and evil, and entered a strange landscape where nothing was what it seemed to be and all the ordinary human values were reversed. Like Dostoyevsky's Grand Inquisitor, he succumbed to "the dread spirit of death and destruction," and was free to bring death and destruction to everyone and everything he encountered.

* RE Every people is a devil

Lenin once spoke strange are the r

Hitler liked to power," as though to his will. But in backroom maneuvering and arm terrorized the resources of total war still a rather slender from the wings back. His ferocious figure. Actors in and reducing the dangerous he was

In August, 1918, the Foreign Ministers, meeting in London, were engaged in a bitter war for all the authority of a nation in confidence in German economic recovery, and in the fact that for a man to live had lived in 1912 hard work, increasing

Wagner, the rebellion had already broken out. In fact, there had been no rebellion, and all the messages received at the Hotel Dreesen during that evening were deliberate and carefully planned fabrications by Heinrich Himmler, designed not so much to delude Hitler as to spur him on a course he had long since regarded as inevitable.

At two o'clock in the morning Hitler flew off from the Hangelar Airfield at Bonn, which was only about ten miles from Godesberg. The storm had abated, and for most of the journey the skies were clear. In the airplane with Hitler were Otto Dietrich, his press chief; Viktor Lutze, the SA leader of Hanover and Hitler's choice to replace Roehm; and the three adjutants, Brueckner, Schaub, and Schreck. There were also his personal servant and his chauffeur.

When the airplane reached Munich-Oberwiesenfeld Airfield at four o'clock, dawn had not yet broken and the skies were chalky gray. Two armored cars were waiting for him at the airfield, together with a detachment of Reichswehr troops. All the troops in Munich were in a state of alert. Adolf Wagner, who rode with Hitler in an armored car, explained that the storm troopers who had come out openly in the streets the previous night had returned quietly to their barracks. Some were in the Brown House. Hitler gave orders to the SS and the Reichswehr troops to arrest the SA in the Brown House, but to make the arrests quietly.

It was still dark when the armored car stopped outside the Ministry of the Interior. Here there were more conferences with Adolf Wagner, while the dawn came up, and more messages came from Berlin. Two of Hitler's old friends, Emil Maurice, ex-convict turned chauffeur and watchmaker, and Christian Weber, the strongarm man of the early days of the party, were waiting for him, and there was some significance in the fact that he had chosen these two ruthless men to be his companions during this day of violence.

Outwardly nothing seemed to have changed. Munich was waking up to a normal summer's day. A few streetcars were running, a few workmen with their lunchpails were hurrying down the streets. Suddenly Adolf Wagner announced that he had already arrested August Schneidhuber, a former colonel, currently the Chief of Police in Munich and the highest-ranking SA leader in the city. Hitler knew the name well, for it was on the death list of important SA leaders drawn up the previous evening. The former colonel and his assistant, Edmund Schmid, were being held under guard in one of the rooms of the ministry. They were brought into Adolf Wagner's office. Seeing them, Hitler went into a hysterical frenzy. He rushed up to Schneidhuber, tore off his insignia and gold party badge, screamed that he was a traitor, and then did the

same to Schmid. It was with two men he had

Those who were silent. They had it possible that the F members of the SA ordered the two SA

The time had come part of his mission-lakeside hotel on 1 Sepp Dietrich, having Munich early in the to the small town reached the town.

Leibstandarte Adolf, sworn allegiance to the approaches to offered any resistance of attacking the hotel.

At six o'clock Hitler usual, he was well-voiced consisting of six. It was one of those air is alive with color according to plan. It was supposed to and there was no extensive invasion of the quiet and normal, a

What happened considerable length by Otto a speech delivered gave his own version from any other Pension Hanslbaue vivors were effective

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Amfeld Airfield at four were chalky gray. Two field, together with a in Munich were in a in an armored car, one out openly in the their barracks. Some the SS and the Reichs- house, but to make the

ed outside the Ministry as with Adolf Wagner, me from Berlin. Two of turned chauffeur and man of the early days was some significance in to be his companions

Munich was waking up running, a few work- in the streets. Suddenly arrested August Schneid- Police in Munich and knew the name well, ers drawn up the pre- tant, Edmund Schmid, of the ministry. They them, Hitler went into ber, tore off his insignia traitor, and then did the

same to Schmid. It was as though he felt the need to grapple physically with two men he had already sentenced to death.

Those who were standing around the office watched in stunned silence. They had all heard of Hitler's rages but had not believed it possible that the Fuehrer would personally attack two high-ranking members of the SA. Exhausted, Hitler waved his arm wearily and ordered the two SA officers held in the Stadelheim prison.

The time had come for what Hitler regarded as the most important part of his mission—the capture of Roehm, who was fast asleep in a lakeside hotel on the Tegern Lake. Trucks full of SS troops under Sepp Dietrich, having left Augsburg the previous night, had skirted Munich early in the morning and were already on the high road leading to the small town of Wiessee. They had orders to stop before they reached the town. There were about 100 troops belonging to the SS *Leibstandarte Adolf Hitler*, all of them picked men who had separately sworn allegiance to Hitler. They were to take cover in the woods near the approaches to the town and wait for Hitler's arrival. If Roehm offered any resistance, he wanted his own bodyguard to have the honor of attacking the hotel.

At six o'clock Hitler set out from Munich to the Tegern Lake. As usual, he was well-protected. He rode in an armored car in a long convoy consisting of six cars and four or five trucks full of armed soldiers. It was one of those beautiful summer days when the sky is high and the air is alive with colors washed in the night's rains. Everything happened according to plan. The SS *Leibstandarte Adolf Hitler* was exactly where it was supposed to be. Roehm had set up no guard posts along the road, and there was no evidence that he knew anything at all about this massive invasion of the lakeside hotel. The town of Wiessee was perfectly quiet and normal, and the lake shone placidly in the early morning sun.

What happened in the next few minutes has been related at considerable length by Otto Dietrich, Hitler's press chief, and by Goebbels in a speech delivered over the Berlin radio the following day. Hitler, too, gave his own version of these events to his chosen friends. There is no version from any of the SA officers who were spending the night at the Pension Hanslbauer, because most of them were shot and the few survivors were effectively silenced.

According to Hitler, the task of overcoming the SA officers was accomplished quickly and easily. Nearly everyone in the hotel was asleep. Hitler kicked open the door, marched into the vestibule, and surprised the few guards sitting in a small room off the vestibule. They were quickly disarmed by Schreck and placed under arrest. As Hitler turned back into the vestibule, Julius Uhl, a high-ranking SA officer,

came down the staircase, having been awakened by the noise. He was about to draw his pistol when he was seized by a police official called Hegl, disarmed, and placed under arrest. Hitler turned to Julius Uhl and asked him where Roehm was. When he refused to answer, Hitler called the proprietor, who told him the number of the room. Hitler ran up the stairs, knocked on Roehm's door, and shouted: "News from Munich!"

"All right, come in!" Roehm replied.

Hitler marched in to find Roehm lying naked on the bed with a boy beside him.

"Get up and get dressed!" Hitler said. "You are under arrest, and there is no need to tell you why!" Then he turned to Hegl and said: "See that Roehm gets dressed and bring him downstairs."

One by one all the SA leaders in the hotel were arrested and taken under guard to the cellar. Only one of them, Edmund Heines, who was also in bed with a boy, put up any resistance, and he was subdued by Brueckner. Most of them imagined they would be shot in the cellar, but it was simply a convenient place to put them until the trucks, parked some distance away, arrived. The whole operation, as recounted by Hitler, was carried out by eight men: Hitler, Brueckner, Hegl, Schaub, Schreck, and three others.

According to this official story, Hitler had almost singlehandedly entered a nest of vipers and trodden them underfoot. The lakeside hotel was represented as the scene of wild homosexual orgies, and the SA leaders were represented as a small army of corrupt and ruthless men about to plunge the whole country into civil war. Nothing about the story rings true, least of all the confrontation between Hitler and Roehm in the hotel bedroom. Hitler had brought with him to Wiessee at least 200 heavily armed men, including a detachment of the SS *Leibstandarte Adolf Hitler* under Sepp Dietrich. He was in no mood to risk his life by entering a hotel that might, for all he knew, be heavily guarded, with only a handful of men at his side. What is much more likely is that the hotel was first stormed by Sepp Dietrich's troops, and Hitler strode in only when he received the signal that the SA leaders were under arrest.

The names of the SA leaders staying at the hotel are known. They were Roehm, Uhl, Heines, Bergmann, Count von Spreti, and Dr. Emil Ketterer, the officer in charge of SA medical services and Roehm's personal physician. The doctor was not on the death list, and Hitler specifically ordered that he not be arrested. According to Dr. Ketterer, no sexual orgies took place in the hotel, and Roehm, after receiving treatment from the doctor for his neuralgia, went to bed early to sleep off the effects of the injection. All together there were only six SA lead-

ers at the hotel, chauffeurs.

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presents to his mistress, and surrounded himself with servants, whose trustworthiness was ensured because they were under the supervision of the SS. He had a fleet of automobiles, and airplanes were always at his disposal. Nearly every evening there were private showings of films. His table service was of the best Meissen china, each plate, saucer, and teacup engraved in gold with "A.H." and a swastika. All the luxuries of life were greedily and voraciously embraced by him. He accepted no salary from the state, but the state paid all his expenses, and his royalties and investments provided him with vast sums of money necessary for the pursuit of luxuries.

Just as he collected rare paintings, so he collected rare books, and his private library, housed in the Reich Chancellery in Berlin, his apartment in Munich, and the Berghof, was among the most splendid in Germany. His books were leather bound, often by Ilse Hess, the wife of the Deputy Fuehrer. They bore his monogram "A.H." and a swastika encircled in oak leaves.

Many women before and after Geli Raubal were Hitler's occasional mistresses, but only one had the status of a permanent mistress. Eva Braun, the daughter of lower-middle-class parents, became his mistress during the early months of 1932. Her father, Fritz Braun, came originally from Württemberg, and her mother was Bavarian. Eva was born in Munich on February 7, 1912, the second of three daughters, and went to a convent school kept by the English Sisters, so named because English nuns had founded the convent in the eighteenth century. Here, at Simbach near the frontier, she grew into a vivacious and athletic young woman with a great deal of native intelligence and no intellectual attainments, so that she just barely acquired a diploma. The nuns thought her frivolous, and she thought they were charming and useless.

She left the convent at Simbach in the summer of 1929 and almost immediately got a job as a bookkeeper and "girl Friday" in the photographic studio of Heinrich Hoffmann, Hitler's official photographer. One day in October, 1929, Hitler arrived in the shop, was introduced to her, and did not forget her. She had a chubby, round face, and her body was enclosed in a shapeless white dress, but there was an extraordinary gaiety in her. At the time he was conducting an ambiguous affair with Geli Raubal, which occupied most of his leisure hours. There was no time for an affair with Eva, although he saw her frequently. When Hitler received his weekly quota of photographs from Hoffmann, the messenger was likely to be Eva Braun. About five months after the suicide of Geli Raubal, she became his permanent mistress. She was the one woman he constantly returned to, and she remained his mistress for the rest of his life.

She brought to him her youth, her freshness, and a natural elegance.

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Fair-haired, blue-eyed, with a rippling laugh and a quietly determined manner, she resembled even in her movements the dead Geli Raubal but was quieter and less moody. She had no ambition to be a singer, or indeed to be anything at all except his mistress. She was self-effacing and discreet, but she did not always obey Hitler's order that she divorce herself completely from politics, for she sometimes interceded with him on behalf of Jews she had known. Her difficult task was to be his mistress while remaining invisible, and she succeeded so well that very few people outside Hitler's immediate circle knew of her existence.

Twice at least she broke under the strain. In November, 1932, she attempted to shoot herself, and in May, 1935, she attempted suicide with an overdose of sleeping pills. Both attempts were due to her belief that Hitler was having affairs with other women. Later she accepted the fact that she could live with him only on his own terms. In March, 1936, he gave her a small villa at 12 Wasserburgerstrasse in Munich, where she installed herself with one of her sisters, and a Mercedes-Benz, which she never learned to drive. It was during this period that Hitler's house, the Berghof at Obersalzberg, was being rebuilt. Soon she had an apartment at the Reich Chancellery and another in the Berghof. She was an agreeable and expensive luxury.

Many of Eva Braun's letters, the diary she wrote before her second suicide attempt, and her home movies have survived. All together there are four and a half hours of her home movies in the possession of the Library of Congress. We see her swimming and exercising on the parallel bars, climbing mountains, playing with animals, or strolling along forest pathways. We see her standing with Hitler on the balcony of the Berghof, gazing at the distant mountains, or walking by his side. What is strange is that there is nothing strange in these movies. She might be any young woman endowed with an athletic body, quick to smile, and conscious that she is admired. In her presence Hitler completely loses his daimonic quality and might be taken for any small-business man taking a holiday in the Bavarian mountains. It was not that he had changed his character. It was simply that in her presence he no longer needed to wear the iron mask of authority.

In May, 1938, he wrote a will and placed her first in the list of beneficiaries after leaving the greater part of his estate to the party. He appointed Franz Xavier Schwarz, the party treasurer, as his executor. There seems to have been no particular reason why he should have written the will at this time. Such a will was long overdue, and he had long ago accepted the fact that he was living dangerously and might be assassinated. The will began in the customary way, with instructions for the disposal of his body. He asked that it should be brought to Munich, and the lying in state should be in the Feldherrn Hall, and that

he be laid to rest November, 1923. similar annuity was the same amount an outright bequest. Hitler, who wrote he denounced his live in poverty. T beer hall and res Hitler were recei nephew as being j

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twenty-four generals and 180,000 men—the survivors of the original 300,000—passed into captivity to be sent out on forced marches to prison camps in Siberia, where most of them perished. Only 6,000 survivors have been accounted for.

The army of Stalingrad perished as Hitler had intended that it should perish. But it did not perish heroically, fighting "to the last man and the last round for Fuehrer and the Fatherland to the end." It perished of exhaustion along the long icy roads of Siberia and of cholera and typhus epidemics in the prison camps. The Russians saw no reason why they should treat their prisoners tenderly.

Although there had been no ceremonies of surrender and no documents were signed, the Soviet Government quite properly broadcast the news that Field Marshal Paulus and his entire army had surrendered.

Hitler heard the news and was shattered by it. What especially disturbed him was the fact that it was impossible to reconcile the last message he received from Stalingrad with the Soviet Government's boast that it had accepted the surrender of the Sixth Army with all its weapons, trucks, tanks, and machines intact. There had been no battle to the death. The thought that Paulus was still alive drove Hitler to fury, and at the situation conference held at noon on February 1, 1943, he talked endlessly about this betrayal of trust. If only Paulus had killed himself! If only the whole army had somehow formed in a square facing outward against the enemy, and then all the German soldiers had shot one another with their last bullets! If only the army in a common bond of suicide had annihilated itself!

At first he could scarcely bring himself to believe that so vast an act of treason had been performed, and he clung to the hope that the Soviet broadcast was no more than propaganda. Perhaps, after all, Paulus had been wounded and taken prisoner: the suggestion came from General Zeitzler, but Hitler found no comfort in it. He was sure that Paulus had surrendered dishonorably, and soon he would be speaking on behalf of Bolshevism over Radio Moscow.

In his rage and frustration, Hitler came back again and again to thoughts of suicide. What was suicide, after all, but the simple and honorable act that all men perform when they have exhausted all other means of saving their honor? His mind dwelt lavishly on suicide; he recalled the one case of suicide he knew well, because he had been the cause of it. He had driven his niece Geli Raubal to suicide by threatening and cursing her, and she had done what he had expected her to do. At the time he had been full of remorse. Now, contemplating the surrender of Stalingrad, he shouted that she had acted nobly, while Field Marshal Paulus had acted with the utmost ignominy. It was as though he had

been haunted by the situation room as she confronted her ghost.

The greater part of the day on February 1 he was completely, but wholly, raging about the

HITLER: So there. Other hog, and you consider herself in someone's respect for prefers to

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been haunted for a long time by her suicide, and now at last, in the
situation room at the Wolf's Lair, surrounded by his generals, he con-
fronted her ghost.

The greater part of the stenographic report of Hitler's conference
on February 1 has survived. Here and there it is fragmentary and incom-
plete, but whole sections have been preserved intact. Here is Hitler
raging about the fall of Stalingrad:

HITLER: So they have made a formal and absolute surrender over
there. Otherwise they would have closed ranks, formed a hedge-
hog, and shot themselves to death with their last bullets. When
you consider that a woman who has her pride goes out, shuts
herself in her room, and immediately shoots herself just because
someone has made a few insulting remarks, then I can have no
respect for a soldier who is too frightened to do the same thing, but
prefers to go into captivity.

ZEITZLER: I can't understand it either. I still wonder whether it really
happened. Perhaps he is lying there badly wounded.

HITLER: No, it is true. They will be taken straight to Moscow and
the GPU. . . . A man who does not have the courage at a time like
this to take the road that every man has to take one day won't have
the strength to stand up to it. He'll suffer mental torture. We put
too much emphasis on training the intellect and too little on
strength of character.

ZEITZLER: It's impossible to understand that kind of man.

HITLER: Don't say that. I've seen a letter. . . . [Colonel Nicolaus von]
Below received it. I can show it to you. The letter says: I have
come to the following conclusions about these people. Paulus,
question mark; Seydlitz, should be shot; Schmidt, should be shot.
. . . In Germany in peacetime from 18,000 to 20,000 men choose
to kill themselves, though none of them are in a situation like this.
Here is a man who sees 50,000 or 60,000 of his soldiers die and
they defend themselves bravely to the end—how can he give him-
self up to the Bolsheviks? Ach, it is—

ZEITZLER: It is something completely beyond comprehension.

HITLER: But I already had my doubts. This was at the moment when
I heard he was asking what he should do. How could he even ask
about such a thing? In the future whenever a fortress is besieged
and the commander is called upon to surrender, he will ask: What
shall I do now? . . . A pistol makes it all easy. How cowardly can
you be, to be afraid of something like that! Ha! Better be buried
alive! And in a situation like this, when he knows well enough

that his death will set an example of behavior for those in the next cauldron. When we are faced with examples like this, one can hardly expect people to go on fighting.

ZEITZLER: There is no excuse. When a man's nerves threaten to break, then he must shoot himself.

HITLER: When a man's nerves break, there's nothing left but to say, I can't go on any more, and then shoot oneself. You could even say, a man ought to shoot himself, just as in the old days the generals fell on their swords when they saw that all was lost. That goes without saying. Even Varus gave the order to his slave, Now kill me!

ZEITZLER: I still think they may have done that and the Russians are only claiming to have captured them all.

HITLER: No! . . .

ZEITZLER: We were so rock-certain how it would end that we felt we must give them this last joy.

HITLER: That it would end heroically was only natural.

ZEITZLER: Impossible to think otherwise. . . .

HITLER: What makes me so sad is that the heroism of so many soldiers is canceled out by one single weakling without any character—and I know what he is going to do now. You have to think how he will be brought to Moscow, and imagine that "rat cage"! He'll sign anything. He will make confessions. He will issue proclamations. You'll see. He'll go the way of those who are without character and plumb the lowest depths. One can say that every bad deed brings new evils in its train. . . . What is life? The nation. The individual must die anyway. The nation continues to live on after the individual. . . . Any minute now he will be speaking on the radio—you'll see. Seydlitz and Schmidt will also be speaking on the radio. The Russians will shut them up in that "rat cage," and two days later they'll be so softened up they will say anything. And there's this beautiful woman, a real beauty of the first rank, and she feels insulted by some words, nothing of any importance, and she says, Then I can go, I am not needed, and the man says, Get out. So she goes away, writes a farewell letter, and shoots herself. . . . The heroism of so many tens of thousands of men, officers and generals is canceled out by a man who has not the character to do in a moment what a weakling of a woman can do. . . .

He talked in this fashion for a long time, shaking his head with incomprehension over the strange cowardices of men. Three times he spoke about Geli Raubal, and three times he turned away from the contemplation of the woman who had committed suicide to contemplate

Field Marshal F. von Paulus in prison in Moscow, dishonor and slightest compromise of the death of a man whose army was wanting.

Hitler had spoken so seriously that on November 19, 1942, General Zeitzler, who had been in Stalingrad since the death of Geli Raubal, had showed Paulus around the city. Paulus gave him a tour.

Three days after the fall of Stalingrad, Hitler flew to the ruined city, where he was walking, and he died.

Field Marshal Paulus being worked over in the cells of the Lubianka prison in Moscow and there committing the ultimate surrender of integrity and honor. He never mentioned the soldiers and showed not the slightest comprehension of their sufferings. He was weighing in his mind the death of a woman against the loss of an army, and he found the army wanting.

Hitler had spoken many times about suicide, and at least twice he had seriously threatened to kill himself, once before the putsch of November, 1923, and then again after the putsch failed. According to Gregor Strasser he spoke of suicide often in the weeks following the death of Geli Raubal and had to be physically restrained. The knowledge that he was quite capable of killing himself, that at any moment and without regrets he would put an end to himself, gave him an extraordinary advantage over his adversaries. It left him free to dare to the utmost, beyond all that was reasonable and sometimes beyond all that was possible. He had no family, no intimates, no loyalties, no faith in God, no faith in people. Throughout that long conversation with General Zeitzler there is not a word of human sympathy or compassion. Geli Raubal had shot herself heroically, and the German Army at Stalingrad had showed no heroism. Hitler told Goebbels: "After the war, I'll have Paulus arrested, court-martialed, and shot." The thought of killing Paulus gave him an exquisite pleasure.

Three days after the surrender Second Lieutenant Herbert Kuntz flew over Stalingrad with orders to report whether the fighting was still continuing. He flew low, but there was no anti-aircraft fire. There was only the ruined city, the endless plains of snow, the huddled dead. No men were walking, no trucks were moving. There was only the silence of death.

a few hours and awoke
prisoners often sleep
the first time in many years
no orders to give. When
Lehrer Mohnke, the com-
munications railroad station had
there had been some other
noon conference, Hitler
present, the Russians were
at the Potsdamer Platz, and
the Friedrichstrasse. A few
to prevent them from being
hundreds of people who had
now within a block of the
Empire only a few ruined

two secretaries and his
lunch was not hungry and
which consisted of a dish of
few minutes. Frau Junge
indeed there was nothing
was to be played in silence
the reverberations of artillery

last meal, Otto Guensche
dine in jerricans and place
Guensche telephoned to
port officer, who knew all
reserves of gasoline in the
though incredulously. Why
But Guensche's tone was
only Kempka was able to
bring four men rolling the
the underground bunkers,
in the bunkers with gaso-
factory explanation was
himself.

lower bunker. Those who
five women—Magda Goeb-
Manzialy, and Fräulein
about a dozen men. They
generals Burgdorf and
Walter Hewel, who repre-

sented Ribbentrop's nonexistent Foreign Ministry; Johann Rattenhuber, who was in charge of Hitler's security; Werner Naumann, of the Propaganda Ministry; and Otto Guensche. Heinz Linge, Hitler's personal servant, was also present, and Kempka stood some distance away at the foot of the stairs.

Like an actor who returns to the stage to give a series of farewell performances, Hitler had already said farewell to the people who formed a line in the corridor. He had walked among them, shaking their hands in silence, not looking at their faces. Now he came for the last time, accompanied by his wife, who wore a dark blue polka-dot dress, nylon stockings, her favorite brown Italian-made shoes, and on her wrist a platinum watch studded with diamonds. Although pale, she was completely self-controlled. She embraced the women and smiled at the men in uniform who kissed her hand. Hitler shook hands with everyone mechanically and said nothing at all. Then, slowly, they walked back to the small room with the portrait of Frederick the Great hanging on the wall. There would be no more leave-takings.

Otto Guensche stood guard outside the door, and Heinz Linge was standing a few feet away. Suddenly there was a commotion. Magda Goebbels came running up to the door screaming that there was still hope, that Hitler must not commit suicide, and that, if she could only talk to him, she could dissuade him. Guensche was six feet, two inches tall and looked like a gorilla. Magda Goebbels was so insistent that he decided to open the door, which was unlocked, and ask Hitler if he was prepared to receive her. Hitler was standing at the table. There was no sign of Eva, who was evidently in the bathroom, for he heard the sound of running water. Hitler turned and said, "I don't want to see her," and then the door closed.

In this small room, twelve feet long and nine feet wide, no larger than the room in the Viennese Männerheim where Hitler had spent his early manhood, the last act of the drama that convulsed the world and led to the greatest bloodletting in history took place. It was a strangely bourgeois suicide, the lovers sitting together on a couch, saying nothing, going about their affairs silently. No voices were heard, and there was not even the sound of a shot. Heinz Linge, standing nearby, all his nerves keyed for the sound of a shot, remembered distinctly that he was aware of Hitler's death only when there came to him the faint, barely perceptible smell of gunpowder. Probably, like Geli Raubal, Hitler had dulled the sound of the shot by wrapping the revolver in a towel.

When Guensche and Linge entered the room, they found both Hitler and Eva sitting on the couch. Hitler, according to Linge, had a small hole the size of a German silver mark in the right temple, and the blood was trickling slowly down his cheek. Eva had bitten the phial of potas-

EVA BRAUN'S DIARY

Some twenty-two pages of Eva Braun's 1935 diary, hurriedly scribbled in pencil, were found after the war. They are given here because they show the quality of her mind and Hitler's rather casual attitude toward her in the early stages of their friendship. Later his affection for her deepened, and the relationship became more stable. The diary begins on February 6, her birthday.

I think this must be the right day to begin this extra-special diary. I have now reached the happy age of 23. No, happy is not quite the right word. At this particular moment I am certainly not happy.

The truth is that I have rather large ideas about the importance to be attached to this day. If I had a dog I would not feel so lonely, but I suppose that is asking for too much.

Frau Schaub came as an ambassador bringing flowers and telegrams. The result is that my whole office resembles a flower shop and smells like a cemetery chapel.

I suppose I am ungrateful, but I did want to be given a dachshund. And I just don't have one. Perhaps I'll get one next year, or much later, when it will be more appropriate for a budding old maid.

What is important is not to give up hope. I should have learned to be patient by now.

Today I bought two lottery tickets, because I had a feeling that it would be now or never—they were both blanks. So I am not going to be rich after all. Nothing at all to be done about it.

Today I was going to Zugspitze with Herta, Gretel, Ilse, and Mutti, and I should have had a wonderful time, for it is always most enjoyable when other people are enjoying themselves, too. But nothing came of it. This evening I am going to have dinner with Herta. What else can you do, when you are a little single woman of 23? So I shall end my birthday "with gluttony and drunkenness." I think this is what he would want me to do.

February 11, 1935

He came to see me, but nary a sign of a dog or a chest of drawers. He did not even ask me what I wanted for my birthday. So I bought some jewelry for myself. A necklace, earrings, and a matching ring, all for 50 marks. All very pretty, and I hope he likes it. If he doesn't, then he should choose something for me himself.

February 15, 1935

The idea of going to Berlin seems to be coming off, that is, I won't believe it until I am really in the Reich Chancellery. Let's hope it all turns out well.

It is a pity that Herta cannot come with me instead of Charly. With Herta I could be sure of a few happy days. I imagine there will be a good

deal of bickering, and I like the nice side of his character.

I'm not going to get excited. It will be wonderful. I hope

Yesterday he came quite

The nicest thing is that but I had better not get excited. I simply mustn't let myself have to open the door to shopgirl. Dear God, grant time, but soon.

Poor Charly is ill and perhaps that is best after that would make her even more

I am so infinitely happy always be like this. It won't

I am so terribly unhappy serve as the receptacle of my

He came on Saturday. Frau Schwarz gave me a box. Well, I spent a few wonderful and then with his permission

On Sunday he promised left a message with Werlin simply went off to Feldafing and dinner. I suppose he wanted to be alone with D. know. At Hoffmann's I feel arrive every moment.

In the end we went to would have to go. We were disappearing. Once again couldn't even say goodbye. I hope I am, but he is not. I'll be miserable and restless. Perhaps it is because

I am racking my brains to me.

The Hoffmanns have given, but I am not going. I

There is only one thing I

deal of bickering, and I don't believe Brueckner will show Charly the nice side of his character.

I'm not going to get excited about it, but if everything turns out all right, it will be wonderful. I hope all goes well.

February 18, 1935

Yesterday he came quite unexpectedly, and we had a delightful evening. The nicest thing is that he is thinking of taking me from the shop and—but I had better not get excited about it yet—he may give me a little house. I simply mustn't let myself think about it. It would be marvelous. I wouldn't have to open the door to our "beloved customers," and go on being a shopgirl. Dear God, grant that this may really happen not in some far-off time, but soon.

Poor Charly is ill and won't be able to come with me to Berlin. But perhaps that is best after all. Br. can be very rude to her sometimes, and that would make her even more unhappy.

I am so infinitely happy that he loves me so much, and I pray that it will always be like this. It won't be my fault if he ever stops loving me.

I am so terribly unhappy that I cannot write to him. These notes must serve as the receptacle of my lamentations.

He came on Saturday. Saturday evening there was the Town Ball. Frau Schwarz gave me a box, so I absolutely had to go after I had accepted. Well, I spent a few wonderfully delightful hours with him until 12 o'clock and then with his permission I spent two hours at the ball.

On Sunday he promised I could see him. I telephoned to the Osteria and left a message with Werlin to say that I was waiting to hear from him. He simply went off to Feldafing, and refused Hoffmann's invitation to coffee and dinner. I suppose there are two sides to every question. Perhaps he wanted to be alone with Dr. G., who was here, but he should have let me know. At Hoffmann's I felt I was sitting on hot coals, expecting him to arrive every moment.

In the end we went to the railroad station, as he suddenly decided he would have to go. We were just in time to see the last lights of the train disappearing. Once again Hoffmann left the house too late, and so I couldn't even say goodbye to him. Perhaps I am taking too dark a view, I hope I am, but he is not coming again for another two weeks. Until then I'll be miserable and restless. I don't know why he should be angry with me. Perhaps it is because of the ball, but he did give his permission.

I am racking my brains to find out why he left without saying goodbye to me.

The Hoffmanns have given me a ticket for the Venetian Night this evening, but I am not going. I am much too miserable.

March 11, 1935

There is only one thing I want. I would like to be seriously ill, and to hear

nothing more about him for at least a week. Why doesn't something happen to me? Why do I have to go through all this? If only I had never set eyes on him! I am utterly miserable. I shall go out and buy some more sleeping powder and go into a half-dreamlike state, and then I won't think about it so much.

Why doesn't that Devil take me away with him? It would be much better with him than it is here.

I waited for three hours in front of the Carlton, and had to watch him buying flowers for Ondra and inviting her to dinner. (That was just my mad imagination. March 16th.)

He only needs me for certain purposes, otherwise it is not possible. This is idiosyncrasy.

When he says he loves me, it only means he loves me at that particular instant. Like his promises, which he never keeps. Why does he torment me like this, when he could finish it off at once?

March 16, 1935

He has left for Berlin again. If only I didn't go mad when he sees me so rarely. After all, it is quite obvious that he is not really interested in me when he has so much to do in politics.

Today I am going to the Zugspitze with Gretel, and perhaps my insanity will then leave me.

In the past everything turned out well, and it will be the same this time.

April 1, 1935

Yesterday he invited us to dinner at the Vierjahreszeiten. I sat with him for three hours and we did not exchange a single word. At the end he handed me, as he had done before, an envelope with money in it. It would have been much nicer if he had enclosed a greeting or a loving word. I would have been so pleased if he had. But he did not think of it.

Why isn't he going to dine with the Hoffmanns? If he did, I would at least have had him to myself for a few minutes. I hope he doesn't come any more until his house is ready.

April 29, 1935

I am in great trouble, very great trouble. I keep on saying to myself, like Coué, "I am getting better and better," but it is no use. The house is ready, but I am not allowed to see him. Love has been temporarily excluded from his plans. Now that he is in Berlin again, I have thawed a little. There were days last week when I burst into tears over tiny things. Especially because I stayed at home alone during Easter.

I am saving and scraping. I get on everyone's nerves because I want to sell everything I have. Beginning with a dress, a camera, and down to a theater ticket.

Anyway, things v

As Frau Hoffmar now found a replacement she looks like, including if she is really like Charly, the most only stimulate her again.

If Frau H's information say nothing to me: realize that I would his heart belonged of his.

I shall wait until last meeting. Then I a modest demand?

The weather is so Germany and in the a window.

How can he have to strangers.

Man proposes, etc it is nice to put the everything will taste

It is a pity it is spr

I have just sent importance to it?

We'll see. If I do and gently fall asleep

He has so often that mean when I h

So he has had a h relaxed a little. Wh him a lot of problem

Maybe the present nevertheless a few k have greatly distracte

I am afraid there lutely not.

Maybe it is another believe. But there are

Is there any other

Anyway, things will get better. My debts are not very big, after all.

May 10, 1935

As Frau Hoffmann so affectionately and tactlessly informed me, he has now found a replacement for me. She is called Valkyrie, and that's what she looks like, including her legs. He likes measurements of this kind, but if she is really like that, he will soon make her thin with vexation unless, like Charly, the more worries she has, the fatter she gets. Charly's vexations only stimulate her appetite.

If Frau H's information is correct, I think it is terrible that he should say nothing to me about it. After all, he should know me well enough to realize that I would never put anything in his way if he suddenly discovered his heart belonged to someone else. What happens to me is no concern of his.

I shall wait until June 3d, when three months will have passed since our last meeting. Then I will ask for an explanation. Will anyone say this is not a modest demand?

The weather is so wonderful, and I, the mistress of the greatest man in Germany and in the world, am sitting here and gazing at the sun through a window.

How can he have so little understanding as to let me remain here, bowing to strangers.

Man proposes, etc. And as one makes one's bed . . . It is all my fault, but it is nice to put the blame on others. The time of fasting will end, and then everything will taste so much better.

It is a pity it is spring.

May 28, 1935

I have just sent him the crucial letter. Question: will he attach any importance to it?

We'll see. If I don't get an answer before this evening, I'll take 25 pills and gently fall asleep into another world.

He has so often told me he is madly in love with me, but what does that mean when I haven't had a good word from him in three months?

So he has had a head full of politics all this time, but surely it is time he relaxed a little. What happened last year? Didn't Roehm and Italy give him a lot of problems, but in spite of all that he found time for me.

Maybe the present situation is incomparably more difficult for him, nevertheless a few kind words conveyed through the Hoffmanns would not have greatly distracted him.

I am afraid there is something behind it all. I am not to blame. Absolutely not.

Maybe it is another woman, not the Valkyrie—that would be hard to believe. But there are so many other women.

Is there any other explanation? I can't find it.

God, I am afraid he won't give me his answer today. If only somebody would help me—it is all so terribly depressing.

Perhaps my letter reached him at an inopportune moment. Perhaps I should not have written. Anyway, the uncertainty is more terrible than a sudden ending of it all.

I have made up my mind to take 35 pills this time, and it will be "dead certain." If only he would let someone call.

second suicide attempt follows

*The first suicide had
cemented their relation.
~~He understood~~ She understood
that he could not undergo
another Geli Denouncement*

M

Since 1914 when, as World War which was

In these three decades have guided me in all strength to make the had to face. I have experienced these three decades.

It is untrue that I was desired and instigated who were either of Jews made so many offers to posterity cannot explain outbreak of this war after the first terrible or even against American cities and monuments who alone are ultimate

As late as three days proposed to the British problem—similar to control. This offer came because the responsibility in the expectation of promoted by international

But I left no doubt again to be treated as money and finance came for this murderous struggle also left no doubt that children of Aryan descent to suffer death, or hurt burned and bombed taking his due punishment

After six years of struggle in history as the most people's will to live. capital of this Reich. I resistance against the is rendered valueless to share the fate that I shall remain in this circle of enemies who for the spectacle promoted by

I have therefore resolved of my own will at the

MY POLITICAL TESTAMENT

Since 1914 when, as a volunteer. I made my modest contribution in the World War which was forced upon the Reich, over thirty years have passed.

In these three decades only love for my people and loyalty to my people have guided me in all my thoughts, actions, and life. They gave me the strength to make the most difficult decisions, such as no mortal has yet had to face. I have exhausted my time, my working energy, and my health in these three decades.

It is untrue that I or anybody else in Germany wanted war in 1939. It was desired and instigated exclusively by those international statesmen who were either of Jewish origin or working for Jewish interests. I have made so many offers for the reduction and limitation of armaments, which posterity cannot explain away for all eternity, that the responsibility for the outbreak of this war cannot rest on me. Furthermore, I never desired that after the first terrible World War a second war should arise against England or even against America. Centuries may pass, but out of the ruins of our cities and monuments of art there will arise anew the hatred for the people who alone are ultimately responsible: international Jewry and its helpers!

As late as three days before the outbreak of the German-Polish war, I proposed to the British Ambassador in Berlin a solution of the German-Polish problem—similar to the problem of the Saar area, under international control. This offer cannot be explained away, either. It was only rejected because the responsible circles in English politics wanted the war, partly in the expectation of business advantages, partly driven by propaganda promoted by international Jewry.

But I left no doubt about the fact that if the peoples of Europe were again to be treated as so many packages of shares by these international money and finance conspirators, then the people who bear the real guilt for this murderous struggle would also have to answer for it: the Jews! It also left no doubt that this time we would not permit millions of European children of Aryan descent to die of hunger, or millions of grown-up men to suffer death, or hundreds of thousands of women and children to be burned and bombed to death in the cities, without the real culprit suffering his due punishment, though in a more humane way.

After six years of struggle, which in spite of all reverses will go down in history as the most glorious and most courageous manifestation of a people's will to live. I cannot separate myself from the city which is the capital of this Reich. Because our forces are too few to permit any further resistance against the enemy's assaults, and because individual resistance is rendered valueless by blinded and characterless scoundrels, I desire to share the fate that millions of others have taken upon themselves, in that I shall remain in this city. Furthermore, I do not want to fall into the hands of enemies who for the delectation of the hate-riddled masses require a new spectacle promoted by the Jews.

I have therefore resolved to remain in Berlin and there to choose death of my own will at the very moment when, as I believe, the seat of the

Fuehrer and Chancellor can no longer be defended. I die with a joyful heart in the awareness of the immeasurable deeds and achievements of our soldiers at the front, of our women at home, the achievements of our peasants and workers, and the contribution, unique in history, of our youth, which bears my name.

It goes without saying that I thank them all from the bottom of my heart and that it is also my desire that in spite of everything they should not give up the struggle, but continue fighting wherever they may be, faithful to the great Clausewitz, against the enemies of the Fatherland. From the sacrifices of our soldiers and from my own comradeship with them, there will come in one way or another into German history the seed of a brilliant renaissance of the National Socialist movement and thus the realization of a true national community.

Many very brave men and women have resolved to link their lives to mine to the very end. I have requested them, and finally ordered them, not to do so, but instead to take part in the continuing struggle of the nation. I ask the commanders of the army, navy, and air force to strengthen by all possible means the spirit of resistance of our soldiers in the spirit of National Socialism, emphasizing especially that I too, as founder and creator of this movement, have preferred death to cowardly flight or even capitulation.

May it be one day a part of the code of honor, as it is already in the navy, that the surrender of an area or of a town is impossible, and above all in this respect the leaders should give a shining example of faithful devotion to duty unto death.

Second Part of the Political Testament

Before my death I expel the former Reichsmarschall Hermann Goering and deprive him of all the rights he may enjoy by virtue of the decree of June 29, 1941, and also by virtue of my statement in the Reichstag on September 1, 1939. I appoint in his place Grossadmiral Doenitz as President of the Reich and Supreme Commander of the Armed Forces.

Before my death I expel the former Reichsfuehrer-SS and Minister of the Interior Heinrich Himmler from the Party and all offices of state. In his place I appoint Gauleiter Karl Hanke as Reichsfuehrer-SS and Chief of the German Police and Gauleiter Paul Giesler as Reich Minister of the Interior.

Goering and Himmler, by their secret negotiations with the enemy, without my knowledge or approval, and by their illegal attempts to seize power in the state, quite apart from their treachery to my person, have brought irreparable shame to the country and the whole people.

In order to give the German people a government composed of honorable men, who will fulfill their duty of continuing the war by all available means, I, as the Fuehrer of the nation, nominate the following members of the new Cabinet:

President of the Reich:
Chancellor of the Reich:
 Party Minister:
 Foreign Minister:
 Minister of the Interior:
 Minister for War:
 C.-in-C. of the Army:
 C.-in-C. of the Navy:
 C.-in-C. of the Air Force:
 Reichsfuehrer-SS and Chief of the
 Police:
 Economics:
 Agriculture:
 Justice:
 Culture:
 Propaganda:
 Finance:
 Labor:
 Munitions:
 Leader of the German People:
 Member of the Reich:

Several of these men, together with their wives, wish to leave the capital contrary are willing to permit request, and in this instar own feelings. Through the to me as companions after remain amongst them and but never unjust; above actions, but may they place earth. Finally, may they be a National Socialist state; this places every single p common interest and to : Germans, all National Soc Armed Forces, that they r ment and to their President

Above all I charge the with the strict observance against the universal poison

Given at Berlin, 29 April

As witnesses:

Dr. JOSEPH GOEBBELS
 MARTIN BORMANN

President of the Reich:	Doenitz
<u>Chancellor of the Reich:</u>	<u>Dr. Goebbels</u>
Party Minister:	Bormann
Foreign Minister:	Seyss-Inquart
Minister of the Interior:	Gauleiter Giesler
Minister for War:	Doenitz
C.-in-C. of the Army:	Schoerner
C.-in-C. of the Navy:	Doenitz
C.-in-C. of the Air Force:	Greim
Reichsfuehrer-SS and Chief of the German Police:	Gauleiter Hanke
Economics:	Funk
Agriculture:	Backe
Justice:	Thierack
Culture:	Dr. Scheel
Propaganda:	Dr. Naumann
Finance:	Schwerin-Krossigk
Labor:	Dr. Hupfauer
Munitions:	Saur
Leader of the German Labor Front and Member of the Reich Cabinet:	Reichminister Dr. Ley

Several of these men, such as Martin Bormann, Dr. Goebbels, etc., together with their wives, have joined me by their own free will and do not wish to leave the capital of the Reich under any circumstances, but on the contrary are willing to perish with me here. Yet I must ask them to obey my request, and in this instance place the interests of the nation above their own feelings. Through their work and loyalty they will remain just as close to me as companions after my death, just as I hope that my spirit will remain amongst them and will always accompany them. Let them be hard, but never unjust; above all, let them never allow fear to counsel their actions, but may they place the honor of the nation above everything on this earth. Finally, may they be conscious of the fact that our task of building a National Socialist state represents the labor of the coming centuries, and this places every single person under an obligation always to serve the common interest and to subordinate his own interests. I demand of all Germans, all National Socialists, men and women and all soldiers of the Armed Forces, that they remain faithful and obedient to the new government and to their President unto death.

Above all I charge the leadership of the nation and their followers with the strict observance of the racial laws and with merciless resistance against the universal poisoners of all peoples, international Jewry.

Given at Berlin, 29 April 1945, 4 A.M.

ADOLF HITLER

As witnesses:

DR. JOSEPH GOEBBELS
MARTIN BORMANN

WILHELM BURGDORF
HANS KREBS

Chronology

1837	June 7	Birth of Alois Schicklgruber, later Hitler
1885	January 7	Alois Hitler marries Klara Pözl
1889	April 20	Birth of Adolf Hitler
1895	May 1	Adolf enters elementary school at Fischlham
	June 25	Alois Hitler retires on pension
1899	February 23	Hitler family settles in Leonding
1900	September 17	Adolf enters Linz <i>Realschule</i>
1903	January	Alois Hitler dies
	September 14	Angela Hitler marries Leo Raubal
1904	May 22	Adolf confirmed at Linz Cathedral
	September	Adolf enters Steyr <i>Realschule</i>
1905	Summer	Adolf leaves Steyr <i>Realschule</i> and falls ill; convalescence at Spital; in June Leonding garden house is sold
	Autumn	Adolf meets August Kubizek at the opera
1906	Spring	Adolf falls in love with Stefanie
	Early summer	Adolf in Vienna
1907	October	Adolf takes examination at Academy of Fine Arts in Vienna, and fails
	December 21	Klara Hitler dies
1908	February	Adolf settles in Vienna at 29 Stumpergasse
	October	Adolf takes examination and fails for second time; breaks with Kubizek
	November	Adolf lives in lodgings on the Felberstrasse
1909	August	Moves to lodgings on the Sechshauserstrasse
	December	Appears at the Asylum for the Shelterless, sick and penniless; meets Reinhold Hanisch
1910	February 9	Settles in the Männerheim
	August 5	Testifies in lawsuit against Hanisch
1911	March 21	Johanna Pözl dies, having previously given Adolf a small inheritance
	May 4	Ordered by the Linz court to surrender his orphan's pension

1912	November	An
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1913	May 24	Liv
1914	January 12	Sur
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	January 19	Hit
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	February 5	Rej
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	August 3	Pet
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	August 16	Em
		Inf
	October 21	Sen
	December 2	Hit
1915	February	Wr
1916	October 7	Wc
1917	September	Re
1918	August 4	Re
	October 13	Hit
		wal
	November 7	Ku
	November 11	Wo
	End of	
	November	Hit
	December 18	Sen
1919	End of	
	January	Ret
		rac
	February 21	Ku
	April 13	Rig
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	May 1	The
	August	Hit
	September 12	Att
	September 16	Hit
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	October 16	Spe
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1920	February 24	Firs
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	March 17	Kap
	August 8	Hit
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1921	Summer	Part
	July 11	Hit
		dict
	September 14	Phy
		sper

- 1912 November Arrives in Liverpool, where he stays until following April
- 1913 May 24 Lives in Munich on the Schleissheimerstrasse
- 1914 January 12 Summoned to present himself for Austrian military service
- January 19 Hitler writes to Austrian Consulate in Munich, pleading for leniency
- February 5 Rejected by Austrian military authorities at Salzburg as unfit for service
- August 3 Petitions King Ludwig III of Bavaria for permission to join army
- August 16 Enrolled in 1st Company of 16th Bavarian Reserve Infantry
- October 21 Sent to the front
- December 2 Hitler is awarded the Iron Cross, second class
- 1915 February Writes a long diary-letter to Ernst Hepp
- 1916 October 7 Wounded and taken to army hospital at Beelitz
- 1917 September Receives Cross of Military Merit, third class
- 1918 August 4 Receives Iron Cross, first class
- October 13 Hitler is gassed and taken to army hospital at Pasewalk
- November 7 Kurt Eisner proclaims Bavarian People's Republic
- November 11 World War I ends
- End of November Hitler returns to Munich
- December 18 Sent to Traunstein for guard duty
- 1919 End of January Returns to Munich and lives in List Regiment barracks
- February 21 Kurt Eisner shot dead by Count Arco-Valley
- April 13 Right-wing uprising in Munich crushed by Communists; Red Terror begins
- May 1 The Freikorps enter Munich; White Terror begins
- August Hitler conducts indoctrination classes at Lechfeld
- September 12 Attends meeting of German Workers' Party
- September 16 Hitler's letter to Adolf Gemlich on the "Jewish problem"
- October 16 Speech at Hofbräuhauskeller, marking beginning of Hitler's political career
- 1920 February 24 First public reading of "Twenty-five Points"
- March 13 Kahr assumes dictatorial power in Munich at same time that Wolfgang Kapp assumes power in Berlin
- March 17 Kapp putsch fails; Hitler and Eckart arrive in Berlin
- August 8 Hitler changes name of his party to National Socialist German Workers' Party
- 1921 Summer Party claims 3,000 dues-paying members
- July 11 Hitler threatens to resign from party unless given dictatorial powers, which are granted to him
- September 14 Physically attacks Otto Ballerstedt, is arrested, and spends month in jail

	November 4	Violence erupts at Hofbräuhaus during Hitler's speech	1933	January 4
	November 21	Hitler writes autobiographical letter to unknown doctor		January 30
1922	August 16	Addresses mass meeting at Königsplatz in Munich		February 27
1923	January 11	French and Belgian troops occupy the Ruhr		February 28
	August 13	Stresemann becomes Chancellor		March 5
	September 25	Meeting of right-wing leaders in Munich		March 21
	September 30	Hitler in Bayreuth receives accolade from Wagner family		May 2
	November 8-9	Hitler putsch		May 20
	November 11	Hitler arrested		July 14
	November 23	NSDAP banned		October 14
1924	February 26-April 1	Trial of Hitler, Ludendorff, and others; Hitler sentenced to five years' imprisonment		November 12
	December 20	Released from Landsberg prison		December 23
1925	February 27	Revives NSDAP	1934	January 1
	July 18	First volume of <i>Mein Kampf</i> published		April 1
1926	January 26	Gregor Strasser calls meeting of party leaders in Hanover		June 14
	February 14	Hitler calls meeting at Bamberg		June 21
1927	February 11	Hitler and Goebbels speak at Pharus Hall in Berlin		June 30
	July	Goebbels's newspaper <i>Der Angriff</i> first appears		July 13
1928	April 13	Hitler "clarifies" NSDAP program		July 25
1929	June 7	Young Plan signed in Paris		August 1
	September	Hitler moves into Prinzregentenplatz apartment		August 2
	October 3	Death of Stresemann		August 15
1930	February 23	Horst Wessel dies	1935	March 16
	September 14	General election: 107 National Socialist deputies in Reichstag		June 18
1931	January 1	Brown House in Munich opened		September 15
	September 18	Suicide of Geli Raubal	1936	March 7
	December	Unemployment reaches 5,000,000		March 29
1932	March 13	Hindenburg fails to win clear majority in election for Presidency		August 1
	April 10	Hindenburg elected President with clear majority		October 25
	April 13	SA and SS are banned	1937	November 5
	May 31	Papen nominated as Chancellor	1938	January 24
	June 3	Hindenburg dissolves Reichstag		February 12
	July 31	General election: 230 National Socialist deputies in Reichstag		March 12
	August 13	Hindenburg rejects Hitler's claim to be appointed Chancellor		March 28
	November 6	Reichstag elections: 196 National Socialist deputies, loss of 34 seats		September 15
	November 17	Papen Cabinet resigns		September 30
	December 3	General von Schleicher appointed Chancellor and Minister of Defense		October 1
	December 8	Gregor Strasser resigns from all his offices		November 7
			1939	April 15
				April 28
				March 14

- 1933 January 4 Hitler has secret meeting with Papen
 January 30 Becomes Chancellor
 February 27 Reichstag Fire
 February 28 Decree for the Protection of the People and the State
 March 5 Reichstag elections: NSDAP gets 44 per cent of votes and 288 seats
 March 21 Ceremony at Garrison Church in Potsdam attended by Hindenburg and Hitler
 May 2 Labor unions are dissolved
 May 20 Burning of the Books
 July 14 Law against creation of new parties
 October 14 Germany withdraws from League of Nations
 November 12 Hitler receives 92 per cent of votes at elections
 December 23 Judgment delivered at Reichstag Fire trial; van der Lubbe sentenced to death
- 1934 January 1 Hitler writes letter of gratitude to Roehm
 April 1 Boycott of Jewish shops
 June 14 First meeting of Hitler and Mussolini
 June 21 Hitler flies to Neudeck to see dying Hindenburg
 June 30 The Night of the Long Knives
 July 13 Hitler defends blood purge in speech at Kroll Opera House in Berlin
 July 25 Murder of Engelbert Dollfuss
 August 1 Death of Hindenburg; Hitler becomes Fuehrer and Chancellor
 August 2 Armed forces take oath to Hitler
 August 15 Hitler receives political testament of Hindenburg
- 1935 March 16 Announces reintroduction of compulsory military service
 June 18 German-British Naval Treaty
 September 15 Proclamation of anti-Semitic "Nuremberg Laws"
- 1936 March 7 Hitler occupies Rhineland
 March 29 Receives 99 per cent of votes in referendum
 August 1 Olympic Games begin in Berlin
 October 25 Rome-Berlin Axis established
- 1937 November 5 In Hossbach memorandum, Hitler outlines plans for future wars
- 1938 January 24 Blomberg resigns as Minister of Defense; Fritsch, accused of homosexuality, sent on leave
 February 12 Hitler meets Kurt von Schuschnigg at Obersalzberg
 March 12 Germany invades Austria
 March 28 Hitler gives General Keitel secret directives for "Operation Green" against Czechoslovakia
 September 15 Chamberlain confers with Hitler at Obersalzberg
 September 30 Munich agreement signed
 October 1 German troops enter Sudetenland
 November 7 Attempt on life of Ernst vom Rath at German Embassy in Paris; vom Rath dies two days later
- 1939 April 15 Roosevelt appeals to Hitler for peace
 April 28 Hitler rejects Roosevelt's offers
 March 14 German troops enter Prague

1939	March 23	German troops enter Memel
(cont.)	May 22	Hitler and Mussolini sign "Pact of Steel"
	May 23	Hitler orders high command to prepare for war with Poland
	August 23	German-Soviet Pact signed in Moscow
	August 25	British sign pact with Poles
	September 1	Germany invades Poland; Hitler delivers a speech at Kroll Opera House; Euthanasia Decree, actually written in October, predicated to this day
	September 3	Britain and France declare war on Germany
	September 17	Red Army invades Poland
	September 27	Warsaw surrenders
	November 8	Bomb explosion at Bürgerbräukeller
	December 17	<i>Graf Spee</i> blown up outside Montevideo
1940	March 1-6	Summer Welles visits Hitler in Berlin
	March 18	Hitler meets Mussolini at Brenner Pass
	April 9	German invasion of Denmark and Norway
	May 10	German invasion of Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg, and France
	May 15	Holland capitulates
	May 17	Brussels occupied by Germans
	May 25	King Leopold of the Belgians surrenders
	May 28	British and French forces evacuated at Dunkirk
	June 10	Italy enters war
	June 22	France signs armistice at Compiègne
	June 23	Hitler spends few hours in Paris
	July 19	Hitler creates twelve new field marshals
	July 23	Attends performance of <i>Götterdämmerung</i>
	October 12	Abandons Operation Sea Lion
	October 23	Meets Franco at Hendaye
	October 24	Meets Pétain at Montoire
	October 28	Italy attacks Greece
	November 11-12	Italian fleet suffers heavy losses at Taranto
	November 12	Molotov arrives in Berlin
	November 19	King Leopold visits Hitler
	December 18	Hitler issues Barbarossa directive to his high command
1941	March 17	Military putsch in Belgrade
	March 30	Hitler tells his generals to employ "merciless harshness"
	April 6	Germany invades Yugoslavia and Greece
	May 10	Rudolf Hess flies to England
	May 20-	
	June 1	German conquest of Crete
	June 6	Hitler issues Commissar Decree
	June 22	Germany invades Russia
	July 28	Hitler remains at Wolf's Lair until March 20, 1943
	August 14	Germans occupy Smolensk
	August 23	<i>Aktion 14</i> dissolved
	September 19	Germans occupy Kiev

1941	November 18
(cont.)	December 7
	December 11
	December 19
1942	January 20
	February 15
	April 5
	April 26
	June 5
	June 7-
	July 4
	June 20
	July 16-
	October 30
	August 23
	September 11
	November 7
	November 22
1943	January 14-2
	January 18
	February 3
	February 19
	March 20
	April 7-
	June 16
	May 13
	about June 1
	June 5-15
	July 10
	July 19
	July 25
	September 8
	September 12
	October 13
	November 28
	December 1
1944	January 3
	January 22
	June 4
	June 6
	July 9
	July 20

- 1941 November 18 British offensive in North Africa
(cont.) December 7 Japanese attack Singapore and Pearl Harbor; Hitler issues *Nacht und Nebel* Decree
- December 11 Hitler declares war on United States
December 19 Brauchitsch dismissed, Hitler assumes supreme command
- 1942 January 20 Wannsee Conference on "Final Solution of the Jewish Question"
February 15 Fall of Singapore
April 5 Hitler issues directive for summer offensive
April 26 Demands and receives powers of *Oberster Gerichtsherr*, or Supreme Law Lord
June 5 Death of Reinhard Heydrich
June 7–
July 4 German Army occupies Crimea
June 20 Tobruk captured by Germans; breakthrough into Egypt
- July 16–
October 30 Hitler at Vinnitsa
August 23 Swastika flag planted on Mount Elbruz
September 16 Germans enter Stalingrad
November 7 Allies land in North Africa
November 23 Goering offers to fly vast supplies to Stalingrad
1943 January 14–26 Conference at Casablanca; Allies demand "unconditional surrender"
- January 18 German siege of Leningrad lifted by Russians
February 3 Battle of Stalingrad ends
February 19 Hans and Sophie Scholl, leaders of "White Rose," arrested
- March 20 At doctor's orders Hitler leaves Wolf's Lair for holiday at Obersalzberg
- April 7–
June 16 Annihilation of Warsaw Ghetto
May 13 German collapse in Tunisia; end of war in Africa
about June 1 Kirovograd Conference
June 5–15 Battle of Kursk
July 10 Allies land in Sicily
July 19 Hitler and Mussolini meet at Feltre
July 25 Mussolini arrested
September 8 Italy surrenders to Allies
September 12 Mussolini rescued by Germans at Gran Sasso
October 13 Italy declares war on Germany
November 28–
December 1 Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin meet at Teheran
- 1944 January 3 Red Army reaches former Polish frontier
January 22 Allies land at Anzio
June 4 Allies enter Rome
June 6 Allies land in Normandy
July 9 Rommel's request to withdraw his troops is rejected; Hitler returns to Wolf's Lair from Obersalzberg
July 20 Count von Stauffenberg attempts to assassinate Hit-

1944		ler; attempt fails, and Hitler thwarts conspiracy of
(cont.)		generals to seize power
	July 31	Allies break through at Avranches
	August 18	Kluge commits suicide
	August 25	Allies enter Paris
	September 3	British take Brussels
	September 11	British enter Holland
	October 14	Rommel forced to commit suicide
	November 20	Hitler leaves Wolf's Lair and goes to new head-
		quarters near Bad Nauheim
	December 16-	
	January 16	Ardennes offensive
1945	January 15	Red Army invades East Prussia
	January 16	Hitler arrives in Berlin
	February	
	4-11	Yalta Conference
	March 5	U.S. troops enter Cologne
	March 7	U.S. troops cross Rhine at Remagen
	March 23	British troops cross Rhine at Wesel
	April 12	Death of President Roosevelt
	April 14	Russian troops enter Vienna
	April 21	Russian troops reach outskirts of Berlin
	April 25	U.S. and Russian troops meet at Torgau on Elbe
	April 26	Mussolini executed
	April 30	Hitler and his wife commit suicide in Chancellery
		bunker

References are given
 Jetzinger's book *Hitl*
 which appears in the
 German edition.

Page	
7	"The undersigned"
8	"As the son of a pe
10	"Don't let him thin
12	"Most Reverend Ej
18	"It was the most n
19	"Much romping: M
20	"Again and again:
25	"But when it was e
26	"I well remember:
27	"I owe to Karl May
29	"Leonding, Januar
31	"Bowed in deepest
32	"When I was thirte
34	"You poor, unhapp
36	"A bright youngste
36	"And there I was:
37	List of marks recei
39	"Your wife has for
39	List of marks recei
41	Hitler's troubles wi
46	"What the devil: K
46	"I couldn't bear it:
49	"He kept saying: I
53	"Now he aspired: I
54	"In sending you: I
54	"I cannot enthuse:
55	"I am longing: Ibi