

My life as Kurt Fitzer

A Novella

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No one is born to hate another person because of the colour of their skin or his background or his religion. People must learn to hate... Nelson Mandela, 1994

Kurt's voice rose to a scream as his whole body erupted into a frenzy. His outstretched arms stabbed the air as each word exploded from his mouth. His eyes were glazed as if he was having some terrifying experience. The few people in the room stood mesmerized. No one had ever experienced anything like this before. Gunther was equally amazed. He had never heard his friend speak like this. Kurt continued.

'Alemanni will rise again, with all its energy and power. We Aryans, inheritors of a glorious history. will sweep away all the decadence of the Jewish disease and once again rule the world.'

Breathless and sweating profusely, he stopped and stood staring into the distance. The audience were stunned. Suddenly the silence was broken by a solitary hand, clapping. Slowly it grew into a crescendo of applause. People were jumping to their feet, their hands waving in the air.

'Yes! Yes!' They shouted in unison. 'Alemanni will rise again.'

Gunther rose with the others. Kurt was electrifying. The clapping slowly ceased and he went over to his friend. Kurt was drenched in sweat, his eyes glassy, his body still shaking.

'Kurt, where did you learn to speak like that?'

Chapter One – The Academy of Art

Not yet eighteen, the young Kurt Fitzer left his home town of Linz and took the train to Vienna alighting at Westbahnhof Station. He was making his way to the Academia of Fine Art to take the entrance examination. He was still smarting from the stinging words of his father who disapproved vehemently with his proposed career. They had just had another row.

'An artist! Never, not as long as I live. What's wrong with the Civil Service?' his father shouted. 'It has done us well, paid the bills and put food on the table. Art won't do that.'

But Kurt took no notice. He had dreams of becoming a famous artist with his work hanging in all major galleries.

- the master of my own time and being compelled to force the content of my whole life into paper forms that had to be filled out.' "- I yawned myself sick at the thought of sitting in an office deprived of my liberty, -

Having passed the preliminary test for entry to the Fine Art course, he was now attending day one of the two-day practical examination. At last, he would have an opportunity to show his father what he could produce and that he was a talented artist.

Standing in the front hall, he read the instruction pinned on the notice board: *Drawing from the live model* - three hours to transfer the image of the human body onto paper. This was his weakest subject. The human form with its complex layers of light and shade, frightened him. The naked body was alien to him and the female one even more so.

He blinked at the bright light coming through the rows of windows that was reflected onto the high-arched ceiling, and made his way to his place, easel No.10. A number of other aspiring artists were already seated at their easels. They were arranged in a half circle in the centre of which was seated a young woman wrapped in a bright red blanket.

He nodded to a fellow artist, a female of roughly his age whom he had seen earlier in the coffee room, now seated some distance away from him. There was an expectant hush in the hall, the only sound, the hum of voices from the road outside.

Just before 10 am, the click-clacking of shoes on the wooden floor announced the entry of the invigilator, a mature woman dressed in a dark tunic with severely combed blond hair. She walked slowly to the middle of the room and stopped next to the model. She placed her hand lightly on her shoulder and waited,

'Meine Damen und Herren' You have three hours. Any questions?'

No one spoke. Each, aware of their racing heartbeat, was conscious of the task ahead. Some mouthed a silent prayer asking for guidance. The invigilator nodded to the model who got up, removed her covering and adopted a pose. It would last for about 20 minutes, enough time for each artist to attempt to capture the essence of her form. Then she would move gracefully into another. Each revealing a different line, another form.

Kurt swallowed; the model was beautiful, tall and willowy with long, fair hair draped over her shoulders. He could feel sweat pricking his face. He wiped it away with his sleeve. Struggling for breath, he reached for a 2B pencil and began to draw. But he fought to silence the lust he felt, seeing her slim white limbs, her full breasts and her mound covered with pale curly brown hair. Back and forth the struggle went. He almost shouted out for it to stop, but he slowly quietened his inner voice and continued. Now he saw her as a series of light and dark planes then she morphed into a human figure. Again, and again he tore up his drawing in frustration and started again unable to capture what he was seeing. The time flew by. The model changed her pose. Kurt pinned up a new sheet of paper and continued drawing. Suddenly the final bell rang and the session was over.

He stood up and stretched his back, easing the stiffness. Collecting his five drawings, he walked towards the exit and placed them on the table at the entrance. Drained and frustrated by his efforts, he followed the others to the cafeteria. There was a silence in the room. Each was locked inside reflecting on what they had just done. Looking around, he saw the young woman seated by herself and he made his way toward her, balancing his coffee.

'Good morning,' he said bowing slightly. 'I'm Kurt, may I?' She looked up and smiled. She recognised him, the serious-faced youth with dark black hair combed over his forehead.

'I'm Judith, please', she said, nodding. He sat facing her. She was prettier than he first realized with pale green eyes and light brown hair, cut short.

'How did you find it?' Kurt stammered.

She shrugged her shoulders.

'I fight with the notion of the human body as an organic form. I really struggle with life drawing. It's so difficult to see the human body as an object; to separate what you know from what you see. What about you?'

'Not good, not good at all. I was overwhelmed. I wanted to run out. She was the first unclothed female I have seen.'

'The first?' the young woman tried hard to hide her astonishment. She laughed to lighten the conversation.

Kurt was waiting at the entrance of the Academy when Judith appeared. He saw her from a distance and walked towards her. She was puzzled to see him. There was something strange about him that made her feel uneasy.

'May I walk you home?' He asked.

'it's quite a long walk.'

'I need the exercise.'

He leaned forwards to take her satchel.

"Thanks no, it's not heavy," she said, reaching for it.

There was something about him that made her feel uncomfortable. Breaking the silence, she said,

'My family are from Russia. They came here to escape religious persecution. I was born here in Vienna. What about you, where are you from?'

'I was born in a small village, Braunau-am-inn on the border with Hungary.'

They walked on in silence.

'How did you become an artist?' She asked him.

Not waiting for a reply, she continued.

'Is there anyone else in your family who is an artist?'

'No, my father was a Custom's Official. He wanted me to follow him into the Civil Service. It was my art teacher who opened my eyes. He showed me how beautiful the world was - the landscape and the flowers - I knew what I wanted to do from that moment although my father disapproved.

'What did you do?'

'We argued,' his face darkened. Then he died and left me some money. I applied to the Academia.'

'I see.' There was a silence.

'My mother is an artist so it was easy for me.'

They had now reached Judenplatz. It was unfamiliar to him. Looking around he asked,

'What is this place?' He knew what the name meant but was confused as to why it was there.' Judith saw his quizzical look.

'Judenplatz, it's where the Jewish community first settled many centuries ago. There is a synagogue here, built in 1824 and nearby a Jewish school and the Rabbis' house is over there,' she said pointing to a small detached building at the side of the synagogue.

At that moment, several men and boys came out of the synagogue. Kurt stared at them. He had not seen anyone dressed like that before. The men were wearing long black coats and round fur hats, the boys had long uncut hair made into plaits, hanging down the sides of their faces.

'Why are the men dressed like that?' He asked.

'They're very religious Jews. They are wearing clothes similar to those worn in Poland in the 18thC when the Jewish community was pre-eminent.'

By now they had reached a line of Baroque houses.

'I live here,' said Judith pointing to a front door. 'Good night Kurt. Get a good night's sleep and I'll see you tomorrow for the Still Life exam.'

'Good night, I will see you tomorrow,' said Kurt, reaching forward to kiss her.

'No please, I don't want to. I like you but not like that.'

He moved away abruptly, frustrated. Anger flared in his face. He turned and made his way home

'You Jews!' he said under his breath. 'Why did I bother?'

He was almost home when a voice called to him.

'Hi there!' Shouted a young woman leaning by a lamppost. 'Want a good time?' She pulled up her skirt to show her bare behind.

Embarrassed and humiliated, he rushed to his home on Stumpergasse 29 near the Westbahnhof station. He charged in. August, his friend was in the kitchen.

'You look terrible, what happened?'

'It's no matter; I'm exhausted, I must get some sleep. I have an examination tomorrow. Good night.'

'Kurt, let's go to the Opera tomorrow night after you finish, to celebrate. There is a Wagner on!' August shouted through his closed door.

Kurt slept badly. He kept waking up, remembering the evening. He felt his anger rise again and again, a bitter bile. Finally, he slept. He was awoken by the light filtering through the thin curtains. Gulping down a cup of coffee, he rushed out almost forgetting his drawing materials.

The Still-life examination required the artist to make a series of drawings based on imaginary subjects such as Spring, happiness, the forest etc. Kurt already had the list and was required to select five. Before doing this, the students needed to make a drawing of a still-life, a series of objects arranged in the middle of the studio by the examiner. He felt much happier about this part of the examination.

The hall was almost full when he arrived. He looked for Judith but her seat was empty. He took his seat and studied the collection of items that had been stacked in a pile in the middle of the room; a wine bottle, a book, a few kitchen utensils, a chair and an assortment of other items. He was waiting for the bell to start when he heard footsteps and a hurried apology.

'Sorry I'm late.' It was Judith, somewhat flustered.

The bell rang and they began. Kurt was deeply engaged with his drawing when a crumpled piece of paper hit him and fell on the floor beside his chair. He looked around to see that no one was looking and reached down for it. He cupped it in his hand and read it.

'Sorry if I hurt your feelings.'

Over lunch they spoke.

'Judith, a friend and I are going to the Opera tonight, would you like to come?'

'Judith paused. Her immediate inclination was to say no. She didn't know if she could trust him and was uneasy in his presence. But decided she needed to be less judgmental.

'Yes I would like to, I have never been to an Opera. But I will need to go home first so I will meet you outside the theatre – what are we going to hear?'

'It's an opera by Richard Wagner called Der Junge Siegfried. It's one of his cycle of four operas called The Ring.

Kurt and August had arrived early and were standing outside the Vienna Volksooper theatre when Judith appeared with her father.

'Kurt this is my father,' Judith said introducing him.

A middle-aged man tending to fatness with a mustache and wearing a small black cap smiled at him and proffered his hand.

Kurt hesitated,

‘Pleased to meet you,’ he said, declining to shake it.

‘Judith dear, enjoy the show. I will be here when it’s finished to take you home.

‘Look after her,’ he said to Kurt.

‘Father it’s all right, Kurt will take me home won’t you Kurt?’

‘Yes, don’t worry.’ He was about to add ‘Sir’, but stopped. ‘I will look after her.’

The two walked towards the theatre entrance where August was waiting.

‘Judith this is my friend August, we share an apartment.’

August smiled.

No sooner had they sat down than Kurt began to read from the program, ‘Die Junge Siegfried’. Judith was fascinated. It was all new to her. She was very attentive as he described the plot.

Suddenly the lights dimmed and the orchestra began to play. The curtains parted to show a scene in a wooded glen. Judith was enthralled as one by one the characters appeared. Then came one of the main characters, Mime, a dwarf with a big nose and prominent ears. He walked onto the stage in an exaggerated manner and began singing with a high-pitched nasal tone. Suddenly the audience began a slow handclap and someone called out ‘Juden Juden’. This was repeated by others until the whole hall was ringing with the sound.

‘Juden! Juden! Jew! Jew!’

Judith was appalled and began to fidget. She was tempted to get up and leave. She sat fuming. Finally she whispered to Kurt,

‘Why are they shouting Juden, Juden?’

Forgetting that she was Jewish, he jokingly said.

‘Why not? They’re having fun, they want to mock and ridicule the Jew.’

Judith was disgusted. She sat silently through the rest of the opera horrified at what she was seeing, fighting back her anger. Inside she was fuming. She knew that some people disliked the Jews but had never seen such a public display of hate. As soon as they were outside, she confronted Kurt.

‘Kurt, what was that all about?’

‘What do you mean?’

‘You know, the mockery of Mime.’

‘Ah? It was nothing, just a bit of fun, not to be taken seriously.’

The Art results were to be posted on the Academia notice board a few days later. Early in the morning, a crowd of students were waiting. Kurt caught up with Judith. She was still fuming. They stood silently together waiting for the results to be posted. On the dot of nine, the invigilator appeared, opened the glass case and pinned the list on the board. The names of the successful candidates were in alphabetical order. Immediately the crowd surged forwards, each trying to get a glimpse of the list. Kurt craned his neck to see over the others searching for his name. He scanned down...C, D, E, no F. He looked again, no ‘F’.

‘It can’t be,’ he said out loud. ‘I can’t have failed, it’s not possible.’

By this time, he was some distance from Judith. Furious, he pushed his way out of the crowd and then saw her, her face was jubilant.

‘I passed,’ she shouted to him over the noise. Then she saw his crumpled face and knew.

‘Let’s get a coffee?’ She suggested, taking his arm and guiding him away from the crowd. ‘I know a good place. It’s very popular with the young intelligentsia.’

They made their way to Café Central, a traditional Austrian Café located on Herrengasse 14. They entered a large high-ceilinged room with a row of elaborate

chandeliers. The full-length of one wall was replaced by oval windows overlooking the busy street outside. Waiters in formal attire glided from table to table. Someone was playing a piano. There was an air of quiet sophistication. Kurt felt decidedly uncomfortable. This was not what he was used to. He glanced at the menu. Judith saw him stiffen, the prices were well beyond him.

'It's all right, my father works here,' she whispered.

They sat by the window and ordered tea and cakes. Kurt was silent; inside he was fuming. He was still shaking and his eyes were blazing.

'How dare they fail me? What am I going to do?' he repeated. 'It's the only thing I want to do, the only thing I know.'

The tea and cakes arrived, dainty pastries with toppings of rhubarb, strawberries, raspberries and chocolate and for a short while he forgot his pain and enjoyed their sweetness.

Returning to his empty apartment was torture. The walls seem to crowd in mocking him. He walked up and down cursing and crying.

'My life is at an end,' he shouted. 'There is no purpose in me going on if he couldn't be an artist.' He fell onto his bed spent, and slept. Unfamiliar images raced through his mind.

He heard his father's voice say,

'You should have taken my advice. Now look what a mess you are in.'

He awoke cold and stiff.

Not knowing where to turn and after a few days struggling with disappointment, he hurried back to Linz to be by his mother's side. He had heard from Dr Eduard Black, the family's Jewish doctor that she was not well but was unaware that she had been diagnosed with Breast cancer. He arranged to meet him. The doctor was already there when he arrived.

'Come my boy, I need to talk to you about your mother, let's go into the front room. As you know your dear mother has been ill for some while. Unfortunately, she is not responding to the treatment I have been giving her. You must prepare yourself for how she is.'

Panicking, Kurt hurried into her bedroom to be by her side. He had not seen her for some while and was shocked by what he saw. She had shrunk to half her size. He remembered her as a buxom woman but now she was frail and her skin hung on her like an oversized dress. The cancer had taken hold and it was only a matter of time.

'Mother,' he said. 'It's me Kurt, I'm here. You will soon be better.' He brought her a hot drink and helped her sip it, drying her chin when she spilled it. He sat by her side day by day, holding her hand as she slowly drifted into unconsciousness. Four days before Christmas 1907, she died.

Distraught and now alone without either parent, Kurt still hung on to his one ambition. His father had left him a small annuity that he was now able to use. The following year, on receiving the money and still committed to being an artist, he returned to Vienna to re-sit the Art examination. Once again despite doing his best, his name was not on the pass list. Kurt was appalled, feeling as if a bolt had hit him so certain was he that he had passed.

Confused and desperate to understand why he was failed, Kurt sought a meeting with the professor.

On the appointed day, he waited in the hall until a young woman whom he presumed was the great man's secretary called his name.

'Kurt Fitzer?'

'Yes.' He stood up.

'The Professor will see you now.'

Kurt knocked and waited for a reply.

'Come,' he heard and entered the study, the walls of which were covered by rows of shelves crammed with books. The Professor was seated at his desk, his head outlined by the light from a window to his rear. Kurt blinked, craning to see him.

Heavily built with a white beard and moustache, he looked all the part like a Professor.

'Herr Fitzer, what do you want?' he barked, 'I'm a busy man.'

'Professor, I want to know why they failed me. I want to be an artist and they have failed me. Why?' He screamed, his voice rising in frustration.

'Calm down man, let me look at your marks.'

Kurt watched as he rifled through his notes.

'I see this is your second attempt?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'Mmm, the committee spent a long time looking at your work. They saw a lot of promise but didn't feel that you were imaginative enough. They came to the conclusion that your talent was more suited for architecture. The recommendation was that you apply to the Academia of Architecture. Good day.'

Kurt waited to hear more but the Professor was no longer interested in any further discussion.

For a few days, Kurt was downcast and dejected by the decision but then he began to think about Architecture. It wouldn't be so bad, it wasn't so far removed from drawing, he thought. It was just another form of drawing and painting. Standing at the window looking over the distant hills, his spirits began to rise. He imagined becoming an architect designing buildings that would last for centuries. He could use his talent and become famous and leave his mark on history. Feeling more optimistic and as soon as he could, he checked on the requirements for the Academia. Reading over the pages of the application form, he saw that the student needed to have a leaving certificate from Middle school to comply. He knew that he didn't have one. Thwarted, he slammed his fist on the table in frustration.

Chapter two: - Desolation

Looking out of his small third-floor window as the snow was beginning to fall, Kurt was in despair. His ambition to become an artist was no more and his small annuity was almost used up. He didn't even have enough money to buy wood to heat his room so he wrapped himself in a blanket to keep warm. Swinging from rage to sadness, he thought about his situation and his dream of becoming an artist. The only thing he knew was his art and that had been rejected. He now had no direction in his life.

To add to his feeling of failure, his friend Gunther had just arrived, jubilant. Not aware of Kurt's result, he burst into the apartment with a big smile on his face,

'Kurt, I have wonderful news.'

He was about to tell him that he had been accepted at the Conservatoire to study Music when he saw his downcast face.

'What is it Kurt? What's happened?'

'They failed me. They failed me again.' Kurt repeated, his voice rising hysterically. 'How could they fail me? What am I going to do? It's the only thing I wanted.'

Gunther tried to console him.

'Look Kurt it's not all over. Why don't you try and sell some of your paintings? In that way your name will get about and people will want your work.'

The following morning, feeling more optimistic, he set out after a breakfast of watery porridge, to try and sell some of his paintings. His small stipend was now almost

finished and he needed to make some money to live. Carrying three or four of his watercolours, he entered a local art shop. The owner was Emmanuel Bonnstein, an Austrian businessman.

'Good morning Sir,' he began. 'I am an artist and I have brought some paintings for you to see and I hope, buy.'

'What is your name?'

'Kurt, Kurt Fitzer.'

'Mmm, let me see what you have got?'

Kurt pulled out some watercolour paintings of the countryside from his case. He waited while the owner examined them; taking them to the window to see them more clearly.

'You are a very talented young man. I like this one and that one, pointing to a landscape. These are very good. I think they will sell. Let me have the four.'

Delighted at his good fortune, Kurt thanked him.

'Thank you, Sir.'

'Please come again if you have any more like these.'

Kurt was elated as he turned and left the shop. He now realised that his work could earn him a living, not large but enough to survive on. He was going to show them that they were wrong, that he could be a famous artist. Inspired by this success, he began to spend more time roaming the street and painting whatever appealed to him.

However, living with Gunther soon raised problems. He had achieved a place at the Conservatoire and was required to practice every day so he had moved in his piano. Kurt on the other hand was reading as well as paintings so he needed quiet. Soon tensions built up and they began to argue.

'Gunther, why can't you keep to the times we agreed for your practice?'

Shouted Kurt. 'I need quiet to read.'

'Look Kurt, I'm sorry but I have a lot of exercises to do and I need the extra time.'

It was not long after that the friends parted.

Now living on his own, Kurt was unable to pay the rent so he moved to a less expensive apartment at Felberstrasse 22. His brief affair with Judith had left him angry and frustrated. He needed something to hold onto and it came by chance in the form of a magazine. One of his favourite walks was in the Stadtpark, a public park traversed by the Vienna river. Johann Strauss II had given his first concert there in 1868 in the Kursalon, a concert hall. Kurt made his way to his favourite bench and sat watching the moving water. Confused and alone, he glanced around. In a waste paper basket nearby, he saw a discarded magazine. Curious, he reached over and picked it up. It had a highly illustrated cover and the title was *Ostara*. He casually thumbed through it.

The night was drawing in and it was getting cold so he tucked it into his pocket to read it later. After a frugal meal of bread and sausage, he propped it up on his desk and began reading. He learned that the magazine *Ostara* was founded in 1905 by Benz von Feleres, a former monk and Occultist. Its name was adopted from an ancient Alemanni Goddess by the same name who was linked to the tribe of Ostrogoths. The cover was illustrated with mythical figures and its contents traced early Alemanni mythology with its myths, symbols and fantasies. He read about the Aryans - the super race that once populated a prehistoric Alemanni. But that over time, their purity had been threatened by interbreeding with the Untermenschen - the inferior people who had come mainly from the east and consisted of Jews, Roma and Slavs.

It was long after midnight before he turned off the light. He fell asleep dreaming of a new world inhabited by men and women of pure blood who would restore Alemanni to its former glory. The following day, fascinated and wanting to know more, he set out to find the offices of Ostara. Having asked the way, he found himself outside Morawa, a book shop at 1010 Wollzeile, a street extending from Wiener Stadtpark to Rotenturmstrasse. This was the place he was told where he would find the Ostara offices but when he first peered through the window, all he could see were rows and rows of books stacked high. Then at the back of the shop, he spied an open door and squinting, could just make out the word OSTARA. This was the place after all. As he entered, a bell rang and an assistant came toward him.

'May I help you, Sir?' she asked.

He mumbled,

'Please, I have come to speak to someone about the Ostara magazine.'

'Oh! Yes, you need to speak to Herr von Feleres, he's the editor. He's in his office,' she said pointing to the back of the room.

Kurt knocked and entered. Herr von Feleres was seated at his desk, a man in his early forties with closely cut, dark hair, glasses and wearing what looked like a monk's habit. The author looked up from his desk and saw a thin, weedy looking young man with sharp eyes and dark hair proffering a few coins.

'Can I help you?'

'Herr Von Feleres, my name is Kurt. I am an artist.'

'Yes, what can I do for you?'

'I came upon your magazine by chance and I would like to buy some back copies, if you have some?'

'It's OK,' he said, waving away the money. 'You can have some for free but tell me, why would you want to read them?'

'Sir, I am very interested in what you say about our Nordic origins. I want to know more about our Alemanniic past, about the great figures in our history.'

Chapter Three:- The Aryans

Alone in his small bedroom, Kurt poured over the magazine increasingly excited by what he was reading. He learned that the cult of Ariosophy, *wisdom concerning the Aryan*, first appeared in Vienna just after WW1 with its main proponents Lundo von Gist and Jorg Benz von Feleres. These two men had described a prehistoric golden age when priests presided over a racially pure Alemanni people. They spoke of a dream-like world of myths, symbols and hopes that were incorporated into beliefs, values and social groups. These were associated with the formation of elite super men - the Aryans, a superior race whose aim was to create a new World-order by dominating and if necessary eliminating lesser races and in particular the Jew. Its proponents decried the dilution of the Aryans by the Emancipation laws that were introduced by Otto Bismarck, the Prussian Chancellor in 1851.

He read that 'the 'Volkischer' ideology, a folklore reflecting the unique cultural essence of the Alemanni people, was under threat by the changes that were occurring in the industrialization of the country, uprooting communities and destroying the countryside and the old rural Alemanni. Absorbing all he could about the Volk and Volkisch, Kurt found himself transported into a magical world. A world that to him, reflected the unique essence of the Alemanni people and its distinctive creative energy; an energy that had been earlier dissipated by the multiple kingdoms which existed prior to 1851.

But then unification was declared, a law that offered all citizens equal rights so that people from all races were deemed to be of equal significance. To Kurt that made no sense. How could the government have done that, made such a terrible mistake?

Didn't the stupid fools realise that giving equal rights to all citizens would destroy the purity of the Alemanniic people? What would become of Volkisch? He questioned. How could they have let the dream of a revitalized, rejuvenated Alemanni Volk be dissipated? Wagner was correct, he thought remembering the stories recounted in his operas. It all seemed to make sense. Slowly over the weeks and months, Kurt felt a new sense of urgency. Someone needed to remind the Alemanni people of their destiny. He felt a calling, a dream to lead a new world order. He turned to more study, reading as much as he could and choosing if necessary to go hungry in order to buy another book.

Vienna at the time was in its heyday. With its architecture, sculpture and musical heritage, it breathed excitement. The music of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert and Vienna's own Johannes Strauss filled the air. But there was a seamier side. The rich and famous mingled with the poor and hungry, ill-housed or often living on its streets.

Kurt was later to write, *'For me alas it (Vienna) is a living memory of the saddest period in my life.' I shudder to think of the woeful dens in which people dwell, the night shelters and the slums.* '

Meanwhile between reading and absorbing as much as he could, he drifted from job to job, eking out a living by labouring and doing odd-jobs. The years went by and Kurt seemed to be getting nowhere. He moved from place to place living in hostels and poor houses and frequenting the soup kitchens. His dream of becoming a great artist receded into the past and was being replaced by another urge.

By his 20th birthday, his circumstances had improved. He was working independently as a small draftsman and a painter of water colours. He was now master of his own time. But he still struggled with the then current Social Democratic movement and the Trade Union movement, both of which he believed made a mockery of true democracy. Subconsciously he was beginning to formulate the idea of the *'people'*, *its significance and its teachings.*

A year later, when living in the Men's dormitory on Meldemannstrasse 27 in Brigittanau a short walk along Mariahilfer Strasse, Kurt met Reinhold Hanisch, a fellow resident. They introduced themselves over breakfast and the two became friends. Reinhold liked Kurt's paintings and had ideas about how he could sell them. The two began to work together. But Reinhold found Kurt's constant political conversations and irate tirades about the government and its policies tiresome.

'Can't you just leave it? he pleaded. 'I'm getting fed up with your endless criticism of the government and its policies. You need to shut up or do something about it.'

Chapter Four Antisemitism

Although familiar with the views of Martin Luther and Richard Wagner, Kurt had only a fleeting contact with Anti-Semitism, that is until he heard Karl Lueger, the charismatic Burgomaster of Vienna. Born in 1844, he was a lawyer by education but soon became known for his speeches to the Christian Social Party of which he was Chairperson from 1893-1910. Speeches in which he laid the blame for Austria's plight on the Jews whom he claimed were controlling Capital and the Press. He held that Christians were being dominated by this Jewish Disease. He was an admirer of Edouard Drumont the founder of the Anti-Semitic League of France in 1889. It was inevitable that Kurt would get to know of this man who was initially hostile to the Christian Social party,

Kurt bought a copy of their pamphlets and it was there that he first read overtly anti-Semitic literature. But Lueger was nothing but practical so whereas Kurt would completely denigrate Jews and their activities, Lueger had Jewish friends and was even heard to remark when criticized, 'I chose who is Jewish'.

Kurt's Anti-Semitism became a phobia. He had no difficulty in blaming them for virtually every failure in his life from being responsible for Alemanni's defeat in WW1, known as 'the stab in the back' a fictitious belief that Jews and Communists had betrayed the country to his failure at the academy of art. Living in Munich, Kurt would have been aware of the Jewish influence in the Arts, Theatre and Music. In My Life, he holds back no invective too extreme to describe his anti-Semitism and, in his speeches, takes every opportunity to blame the Jew for the country's plight.

Chapter Five:-WW1, Kurt at War

In May 1913, with the threat of an impending war, the Austrian authorities introduced military call up. All able-bodied young men were required to report for military service. Kurt knew he was eligible but didn't want to waste his time in the army so he decided to hide to avoid the likelihood of enrolment. Hoping to fade into the crowd, he left Vienna and returned to Munich. For a while he thought he had got away with it, but he was recognised, arrested and taken to the Austrian consulate. Still desperate to avoid the call-up, he wrote a letter to the authorities pleading poverty, ignorance and extenuating circumstances.

-I am entirely without assets—my earnings are extremely modest.

But as he confided to a friend,

'My real reasons are my revulsion at the multi-ethnic character of the Habsburg army and my reluctance to associate with such riff-raff.'

Finally, Kurt realised that he could no longer avoid conscription and changing his mind, eventually submitting himself to the authorities and he was returned to his home town of Linz. Despite failing the medical (he was described as *looking gaunt*), he was enlisted in the Prussian Army although strictly speaking he was Austrian and should have been deported back to Austria to serve there. He later learned from a report in 1924 by the Bavarian authorities that this was an administrative error.

The 16th Bavarian Reserve Infantry also known as the List regiment after its Commander was formed at the outbreak of WW1. It was part of the V111 Reserve Corps. By now Kurt was excited at the chance to fight for his country. After a period of basic training, he found himself with a platoon of men during the first battle of Ypres. They had hardly settled into their places in the trenches when the real battle began. Soon their lines were being shelled by the British. Salvo after salvo burst above their heads.

Suddenly there was an enormous explosion.

'Get you heads down,' someone shouted. Kurt fell to the floor of the trench splashing into three inches of filthy water. He lay there soaked and shivering. Then another loud explosion burst overhead. He felt the rush of wind and the pitter-patter of shrapnel as it rained down. Sharp pains pierced his arms. This was not what he thought he would be doing. He still saw war as a noble calling carried out by brave courageous Alemanni soldiers but this was anything but. A strange calm followed and he began to sit up and look around. Nearby a soldier was writhing in pain, his abdomen ripped open and his entrails wriggling in the mud.

'Leave him,' a medic called. 'You can't help him.'

Kurt sat back aware of his pounding heart and a deep fear consuming him. That could have been me? It was hours later that he fell asleep leaning against a wall. He hadn't eaten and had only drunk some brackish water.

A loud shout suddenly woke him.

'Fall in,' an officer ordered. He dragged himself to his feet and joined a small platoon of raggedly dressed soldiers advancing across no-man's land. Suddenly, without warning, they came under fire. Bullets were pinging in the ground around them. Ahead was a pill box from which a machine gun was pouring out gunfire. It needed to be silenced. Without thinking, Kurt leapt up ahead of the others and crawling on his belly approached the source of the firing until he was close enough. Steadying himself, he took a grenade from his pack, removed the pin and threw it into the open window. He ducked down and waited. Suddenly there was a loud explosion as smoke and fire engulfed the small building. He heard cries of pain and then silence. All the occupants were dead.

It was his first experience of war on the Western front at Marne. It was nothing like he expected. Nevertheless, his action to neutralize the pill box earned him on December the 14th, the Iron Cross 2nd class. A year later he was promoted to Lance Corporal eventually receiving several medals.

Two months later he was again in the thick of a battle fought on the banks of the Somme in France. The Alemanni and Allied trenches were facing each other. It was the first time he had seen tanks, big lumbering vehicles, heavily armoured and able to traverse the most uneven terrain. He was preparing for an assault when a stray piece of shrapnel hit his leg. He felt a sharp pain and fell to the ground. He lay there for some while until a stretcher gang carried him to a first aid post where his leg wound was sutured and bandaged. From there he was taken to a hospital in Beelitz-Heilstatten near Berlin, a 600-bed TB Sanatorium at a time when only good food and fresh air was available to treat TB, a disease that was ravaging the population. But in 1914, it was emptied in preparation for the war wounded. It was there in the tranquil surroundings that he made a full recovery. In recognition of his bravery in the face of the enemy, he was awarded the Iron Cross 1st Class.

The ceremony was held in Berlin. He was one of several hundred soldiers who were awarded medals from General Paul von Hindenburg, the chief of the army, on that occasion

Keen to return to the battlefield, Kurt joined his regiment in the front lines in Ypres, Belgium. All was going well and he had managed to keep himself safe until one morning. Asleep on some sacking under a makeshift roof of canvas, he was awoken by an officer's command. He staggered to his feet and stood in line to collect a hot mug of tea, a can of bully beef and bread. He knew something was afoot when the order to prepare to move forwards came down the line. Together with his platoon, he advanced, his rifle drawn, into the open ground and began to move slowly towards the British lines.

Suddenly he heard a shout 'Gas! Gas!' He looked towards the enemy's lines and saw a line of green clouds billowing towards him.

'Masks', he heard someone shout but before he could put his on and retreat, he was enveloped in a thick fog with a pungent smell. His eyes began to burn and water. He fell to the ground, holding his face and writhing in pain. He lay there struggling to breath, his eyes on fire. Unable to continue, he curled himself up into a ball. Hours passed by. It was in that position that the first aid team found him, trembling and inarticulate. Although not doctors they recognised the signs. He was initially taken to a first aid centre and then transferred to a Field Hospital near Brussels. There he was diagnosed as suffering from shell shock. The doctor decided that he needed specialist treatment and after washing out his eyes, gave him a mild sedative and immediately transferred him to a small psychiatric hospital near the Alemanni-polish border run by Dr Edmund Frost a Neuro-psychiatrist.

He was sitting in his room staring at the wall talking gibberish when there was a knock on the door and the doctor entered.

'Good morning Kurt, I am Doctor Frost. How are you feeling?' Kurt looked up through blurred eyes and saw a kindly face in a white coat wearing a monocle in his right eye. He didn't know how to reply. He didn't know where he was. Trying to stop the shaking that affected his whole body, he stammered,

'Where am I? What is this place?'

'It is a special hospital to deal with your illness.'

'My illness?' I just can't see; can you help me?'

'Yes, you have been subjected to a frightening experience and your body is responding to it.

'I don't understand?'

'You have Shell Shock but we can get you better.'

After a full examination he wrote in Kurt's notes.

Psychopathic personality with Hysterical symptoms. Advise electrical shock treatment and Hypnosis.

Then followed a course of treatment, the details of which remain clear in Kurt's memory. Daily visits to a special room and sitting in a chair with wires attached to his arms and legs, being jerked and shaken and then sleep blessed sleep. Day by day his vision improved. At first everything was blurred. Then he was unable to recognise the faces of the nurses and doctors. A few days later he could see the windows and the walls.

After completing the course of treatment, Kurt fully regained his eyesight and his tremor slowly recovered.

The day before his discharge back to his battalion, Kurt reviewed the events of the last three years. Wounded twice and gassed, yet he had survived and was now feeling stronger than he could recall. How could this have happened, he wondered? That night lying on his bed looking up to the ceiling, he noticed a small white statue of Christ hanging on the wall above him. That's strange, he thought. He hadn't noticed it before. Had it been there all the time? He wondered. Questions flooded his mind. Was it an omen? Had Christ chosen him for a purpose? Later that night he had a dream. The figure of Christ descended from the wall and came to him.

'Kurt', the figure said, 'I have an important task for you.' I have chosen you to guide your country back to its historical greatness.'

'Yes,' he shouted. 'That is why I have been spared. That is my destiny.'

The following day, Dr Frost came to say goodbye and to discharge Kurt back to his unit. He found him fully dressed and standing to attention. Kurt shook the doctor's hand.

'Thank you doctor; I feel a new man.'

Dr Frost wrote in his notes; *Fitzer has made an extraordinary recovery but is not fit to return to active duty.*

Chapter Six:-Kurt is a civilian

On his discharge from hospital, Kurt was officially still in the army and stationed in Munich. He was keen to return to his regiment but the army had a different role for him. Designated 'Unfit to return to active duty', he was appointed as a political agent, an informer. At the time, the country was in a state of disorder. The shame of the defeat in 1918 had left a pall of discontent and there was a prevailing fear of Bolshevism gaining power. His duties were to spy on fellow soldiers supporting Marxism and to report back to the authorities.

One of his first assignments was to investigate a small group in Munich called the Alemanni Worker's Party. Having discarded his uniform, Kurt was now dressed in civilian clothes. Wearing a dark double-breasted suit, he attended one of its meetings held in the back room of the Sternecker Brau, a Munich beer hall. By the time he had arrived, a small crowd was already assembled. Standing on the podium

was the invited speaker, Professor Saumann, an academic. He was a man in his early forties, balding with the beginnings of a paunch. Kurt was there to identify any Marxists so he was not paying much attention to the speaker. But having looked around and seeing no one looking suspicious, he turned to listen to the speaker.

He heard him say, *'Our country is finished; the allies have destroyed us. Our only hope is to join Austria and try and form an alliance.'*

Kurt couldn't believe what he was hearing. The man is mad, he thought. What is he thinking? No! he said to himself, no that can't be. No! not an alliance, our country needs to rise again. She needs to show the world that she will be great again. The more he heard, the angrier he was becoming. Kurt couldn't contain himself any longer.

The professor had finished and had stepped down from the podium, there was a smattering of applause.

Someone has to stop this nonsense, Kurt thought and pushing forwards, stepped up onto the podium. Standing up, high above the rest of the crowd, he felt a sudden surge of power. Not stopping to think what he was saying, he called out,

'Wait, Wait,' - his voice rising to a scream.

Some of the audience, about to leave, stopped and turned to listen.

'Don't believe a word he's said,' he shouted, pointing to the speaker who was turning to look at him.

'You Sir, you are a traitor. Our country will never unite with another country. No! she will never compromise her identity. She will rise again. Our pure Aryan blood will once again fertilize this land.'

By now he was yelling.

'Our people will join together to create a greater country and put the recent shame behind us.'

Two journalists, Tridich Klarch and Trondo Lexder were sitting at the back of the hall discussing the programme for the next meeting. They were the founders of the party and wanted to bring together like-minded people who dreamt of a new Alemanni. Kurt's diatribe interrupted them and they stopped to listen. They saw a slender youth, his face strained, his eyes staring.

'Who's that?' Tridich asked. Trondo shrugged his shoulders.

'I have never seen him before, but he is very impressive, let's listen.'

They watched as Kurt's voice rose and his face grimaced as he poured out invectives against the speaker.

'I think we could use him. I like his fervour. Let's try and meet him.'

A few hours later, the three were seated in the Hofbraukeller café at a corner table enjoying tea and cakes. Kurt told them about his life.

'I have always wanted to be an artist but I failed the examination, after that I lost interest in everything.'

The two men weren't interested in this twenty-year old's' past. They wanted to know more about his politics.

'Then I came upon the Ostara magazine.'

'Ostara? You have been reading that?'

'Yes, I began to dream about a new Alemanni.'

They listened as he described his dream, his eyes shining and his voice hardening.

'I dreamt of a new country populated by pure Aryan people.'

Tridich looked at Trondo, who nodded.

'Would, would you be prepared to speak to our party?'

'Yes but?'

Kurt was uncertain. Although he knew what he wanted to say, he had never given a public speech before and wasn't certain how he would do it. The uncertainty showed on his face.

'We would help you with your speeches.'

In preparing for his first speech, they decided he should talk about his favourite subject, one that they knew would be immediately recognised and supported - the Jew, the conniving, cheating, greedy cancer in the body politic of Alemanni, the Jew who they believed was responsible for Alemanni's defeat in the recent war.

A few weeks later, Kurt gave his first speech to the Alemanni Labour party in the Hofbraukeller cellar. On the day, he was disappointed to find the hall only half full. Armed with a list of the main points, he mounted the rostrum. The audience quietened. He waited until there was silence. Then glancing down at his notes, he began to speak quietly and slowly at first. As he gained confidence and began to feel liberated. His face assumed a snarl and his voice gained an octave as he lashed out against his enemies, Communists, Trotskyites and those who opposed the will of the people. His voice rose as he outlined the way forward, his eyes staring upwards. He continued,

'that is the way to create a greater Alemanni, a country more powerful and more successful than any other in history.'

His two supporters looked at each other and smiled. They had found their mouth-piece. Here was someone who could present their ideas. Someone with the youth, energy and belief to persuade others. Little did they know what was to come, that they were about to unleash a force that would be unstoppable.

Chapter Seven:-The Speaker is born

Meeting Tridich Klarch was a pivotal moment in Kurt's life. He had never met anyone like him, suave and sophisticated, articulate and charismatic. His only previous influence had been his father and his teacher. That was when he still wanted to be a painter. So much had changed since then.

The older man was a journalist and writer. He was a fearless supporter of the Alemanniic Dream. After some weeks they began to share details of their upbringing and education. Both had an unhappy childhood. Tridich was born in the Bavarian town of Neumarkt Oberpfalz - about twenty miles from Nuremberg. His mother had died when he was aged ten. He and his father never saw eye to eye. Only an average student, he was nevertheless able to get a place at the University of Erlangen to study Medicine. Of an inquisitive nature, he experimented with morphine and soon became an addict. He was caught and expelled from medical school. While being treated in an insane asylum, he began to write and found he had an ability to shape words. On his discharge he continued to write and began a career as a Journalist.

Initially he reported on the Bayreuth Music Festival and then moved to Berlin. There he became the editor of the Berliner Lokal-Anzeiger, a popular daily newspaper. But he was unable to make a living and struggled to survive. By chance he met and married a wealthy widow. He managed to write a number of successful plays of which Peer Gynt was his most successful. In 1915 he moved to Munich where he established his own publishing house (Tall Oak Press). In 1918 he founded the journal *Good Alemanni* which became a vehicle for the fight against the Jews and the enemies of Alemanni.

The two men found they shared a love of Alemanni's past. Over the following months they met regularly to discuss Kurt's next speech.

'Kurt, we Alemannis are at a crossroads. We can either simply drift into mediocrity and become just another failed country or we can rise again and fulfil the promise that our Aryan forefathers dreamed of.'

'Yes Tridich, that is my dream also, that Alemanni will be great again. Just tell me what to say and I won't fail you,' said Kurt shaking the older man's hand.

'I want you to come with me to the next meeting of the Thule Society.'

Before attending, Kurt did some reading. He learned that the Thule Society was a secret brotherhood whose emblem was the swastika - the name had originated from the old Ultima Thule - the mythological home of the Teutons - a lost civilisation that was thought to be technically far advanced. The members hoped by studying its past they could discover its secrets. It was one of many such societies in Austria and Alemanni at the time.

The meeting was poorly attended and the speaker was disappointing. Kurt wanted to leave. He whispered to Tridich,

'Look, nothing is happening here. We need more action - these are all tired old men.'

Foot note: Kurt meets General Ludendorff, the WW1 General who would later lead the revolt against the government.

Whether it was Kurt's criticism of the party meeting or not, in the same year, Tridich and Trondo together published a twenty-five-point party charter outlining the rules of the party. Not surprising, they spoke about the purity of the Alemanni people and excluded all others (including Alemannis of the Jewish faith) from being citizens.

Tridich soon realised that while Kurt had an amazing voice, he didn't know how to use it. He didn't know how to draw the audience in; how to get them to hang on to his every word and hold them in the palm of his hand like a musician playing a violin. He needed to learn.

At first Tridich struggled to convince him but Kurt would become angry.

'I don't need to learn to speak, all I need is the words. I know how to say them!' he insisted.

But Tridich didn't give up. Over the following weeks, slowly and patiently, he persuaded Kurt to listen to him.

'Kurt, you have a great voice but it needs to be disciplined. Let me show you.' During the next hour, Kurt listened as Tridich spoke using his own words but giving them a new emphasis; one sentence soft almost cajoling and the next angry and defiant. He showed Kurt where to put the emphasis on some words, where to let his voice go quiet then thunderous.

'Now you try.'

Day after day they practiced using the same sentences but adding new lines as Kurt improved. At first Kurt resisted, saying impatiently time and again.

'I know how to speak; I just need the words from you not a lesson.'

But Tridich persevered and slowly, Kurt's speech changed from a confused ramble into a measured performance. With time, he learned to access the mood and knowledge of his audience and to respond accordingly.

After six months he was ready. They selected a meeting at a familiar place, the Hofbrauhaus in Munich on the 16th October 1919. It was a time when Alemanni was still smarting over her defeat in WW1. Just over a hundred people were present. Kurt planned to present three principles that were to underpin the party. Firstly, equal

rights for the Alemanni People in respect to all other nations, secondly repeal of the peace treaties signed at Versailles and thirdly return of land and territories.

It was an astounding success. The spectators rose, shouting his name, 'Kurt, Kurt.' Standing in front of the audience, Kurt felt like a king, all powerful and invincible, an Aryan ruler drawn from the past, to save Alemanni. Kurt made a number of other speeches but the one that would stand out as signaling the birth of the Nazi party was the one he gave on the 24th February 1920 at the Alemanni Worker's party. He would be the main speaker and present the 25 articles upon which the Society was to be based.

Kurt would look back and see it as the one that heralded the true birth of the Nazi party.

The meeting was a sell-out. Word had got around that there was a new dynamic speaker in town, a man with a vision, a man who believed in the unity and greatness of Alemanni and the Alemanni people. Citizens flocked in their thousands to hear him and they were not disappointed. With his new found confidence, he mounted the rostrum. All eyes were upon him. He stood immobile waiting, silently The audience at first restless, grew quieter, their voices dying down until there was complete silence. Then he began. At first, his voice was soft and measured, emphasizing each word. Then slowly he increased the volume until he was screaming, his face purple, foam dripping from his mouth as he spat out words like bullets. The audience were mesmerised and then as if as one, they began to repeat in unison, 'Alemanni! Alemanni! Alemanni!' Those passing by outside stopped to listen drawn in by his mesmerism.

An Irish student, who was to go on to become a politician, was present that night and wrote in his memoirs,

*-he was a born orator. his countenance was opaque, his complexion pasty,
-his voice rose almost to a scream, his gesticulation became a wild pantomime
- his purple passages were greeted with roars of approval.*

Chapter Eight:-Imprisoned

Within two years, the Party membership had grown to 50,000 with Kurt as its leader. Both Tridich Klarch and Trondo Lexder the founders, had intended to use him as a mouthpiece for their ideas but Kurt had others plans. He was not satisfied with leading the party, he had his eye on the leadership of the country.

Wasting no time, Fitzer assembled a crowd of followers at the Burgerbrau Keller, the beer hall in Munich and planned to march to the Bavarian State Building and seize power. With a WW1 General as a figurehead, he then intended to march on to Berlin and overthrow the Weimar Government just as the Italian government was ousted a year earlier. But his plan was foiled by the City's military police and Fitzer's attempt to take over the Government building failed. He managed to escape arrest and hid in a friend's house overnight threatening to commit suicide. Two days later he was arrested.

Standing in court, Fitzer presented his own defence. Smartly dressed in his army overcoat, he refused to be contrite and apologetic. Instead defiantly, he set out a strong defence, claiming that it was the government that were actually the traitors; that they were complicit in the country's defeat; that in 1918 they prematurely ended the war.

He confessed,

'I admit I wanted to overthrow the government. I am a proud Alemanni patriot trying to restore Alemanni to its previous glory.' The audience roared its approval.

'Quiet,' shouted the judge banging his gavel. 'We won't have a rabble in this court.'

In his summing up speech. Fitzer said.

'A man who is called upon to govern a people has a duty to step forwards. It is the eternal court of history who will judge me, not you.' The crowd burst out clapping.

The case was widely reported both at home and abroad and overnight Kurt became a celebrity. Finally, after twenty-four days of the trial and despite his arguments, which found approval from several of the judges, he was found guilty of treason and was sentenced to five year's imprisonment with a reduction for good behaviour.

Fitzer was sent to Landsberg am Lech prison situated in the southwest of Bavaria, 65 Kms from Munich. The wardens on hearing the verdict were excited at the prospect of housing such a notorious prisoner and lined up to greet him on his arrival. Kurt was very gracious and shook each by the hand. The prison director at the time was Otto Leybold who described his 'special' prisoner as 'reasonable, frugal, modest and polite' to everyone.

The atmosphere around Kurt was quite unlike that of any ordinary prisoner. He was offered special food, books and writing materials; was allowed to wear his civilian clothes and to associate with the other prisoners, in particular Ralph Hiss who was imprisoned on the same charge. In the proximity of the prison they became friends. Their fame was recognized by the administrators, They wore civilian clothes, ate together. Kurt was even allowed to have regular visitors and permitted to invite guests for his 35th birthday for which the kitchen made a cake.

Sitting in his cell, a stone-walled space measuring no more than ten metres by five, Fitzer thought about his future. The sentence of five years was harsh and to him intolerable. He had to get out. He sat turning over in his mind the events of the last few months, angry with himself that his great plan had failed. Finally, fatigue overtook him. The lights were switched off and he was soon asleep.

Suddenly wide awake, he saw lightning flashing and heard guns exploding all around him. Someone shouted 'gas', He looked up to see a green cloud drifting towards the trenches. Someone else shouted 'masks!'. He fumbled in his bag and put his mask on but not before the gas had swept over him; the bitter taste, coughing and retching, his eyes streaming. He stumbled into the trench and lay still. Blackness descended.

Voices,

'Here's one, he's still alive.' He felt himself being lifted and bundled onto a stretcher. He awoke trembling. Another night of the same dream. He was shivering, cold sweat dripping from his brow. He wiped it away.

In the cell next door, Ralph heard his screams and called a warden. Together they went to investigate and found Kurt sitting up in bed, his eyes staring into the distance as if in a trance.

Shaking him gently, Hiss whispered.

'Kurt, are you OK?'

Kurt struggled to reply. He was very confused.

'Yes, I think so. I had that dream again. It's the same one I had in the hospital, I'm at the front with the shells and gas, I can't seem to get free of it.'

'Do you think you need more treatment?'

'I don't know. I need something but not that electro-therapy, that shook my mind for days.'

Chapter Nine:- My Dream

Kurt struggled to pass the time. Over supper one night, Ralph seeing his friends discomfort made a suggestion.

'My dear friend Kurt, you have often talked about your plans for the new Alemanni. Your hopes that Alemanni can return to her former glory. Why don't we begin it here? We have plenty of time on our hands. Let's not let it go to waste?' Kurt thought for a moment. He had for a long time fostered the idea of expressing his thoughts and dreams. This would be the opportunity.

'Yes Ralph, it's time for me to speak to the Alemanni people, to share my dream of a new Alemanni. But I can't do it on my own, you must help me.'

'Of course my friend, You can dictate what you want to say and I can write it down - what do you think?' It will be as if you did it. I don't want my name to appear. It's enough that I will be able to help you in this great endeavour.' The two men shook hands and shared a glass of schnapps.

'Where shall we start?' asked Kurt.

'At the beginning, tell me about your childhood.'

Kurt began; *Today I am pleased that fate chose the city of Braunau on the Inn in Northern Austria as my birthplace...*

Ralph and Kurt arranged to meet daily and slowly the details of Kurt's philosophy began to be formulated and recorded. Initially Kurt wanted it to read like a diary tracing his life in the form of a personal history. But Ralph suggested politely that he should include his views about amongst others WW1, the party, Race and People.

'Kurt, I think you should include your thoughts on Evolution and Darwin's theory of the survival of the fittest; your idea of a struggle between species culminating in a dilution of the stronger such as you believe occurred when Aryans interbred with the Untermenschen. You said it was a constant struggle against nature with the creator seeking a pure people but men seemingly oppose it, especially the Jew.

'Yes, the Jew offers the most striking contrast to the Aryan.'

'In what way?'

'He has lived among people but never become that people always returning to his own beliefs. As a result, *there is an undeniable aversion of Jewry in a wide section of our people...Jewry is absolutely a race and not a religious association – there lives amongst us a non-Alemanni alien race - he is like a racial tuberculosis. Anti-Semitism (is) based on reason.... which distinguishes the Jews from the other aliens... we must however have as the ultimate objective, the irrevocable removal of the Jews in general.*

Kurt was now in full flow.

'It began with the renowned theologian Martin Luther who in 1543 wrote, *'The Jews and their lies*. The great musician, Wagner also knew it when in 1850, he wrote his essay *'Judaism in Music'* claiming that Jews had no authentic culture - constituting a transnational category of cultural parasites.

'I believe that peace can result only from nature's order (Naturordnung).... The condition of this order is that there is a hierarchy amongst nations ...it is Jewry that always destroys this order A people that is rid of its Jews returns spontaneously to nature's order.

The work progressed slowly. Ralph systematically sorted his notes until he had accumulated twelve chapters with headings as varied as 'Why the Second Reich collapsed, and 'The strong is strongest when alone'.

As each chapter was finished, he would read it back to Kurt who made alterations and additions.

Nine months later Kurt was released on bail. *The first volume of My Dream was completed at that time: – the second volume was written in the following years.*

Foot note

After WW1 and the Stock market collapse, the country suffered severe inflation of its currency. People became paupers overnight and Filzer used this to point the blame at the Jews.

Chapter Ten:-The Pied Piper

As the leader of the party, Filzer was becoming increasingly well known by hundreds of his supporters. But he knew that in order to win power, he needed to reach hundreds of thousands more. After one of his more poorly attended meetings, he complained to Tridich.

'That was terrible, I hardly drew a hundred people. I must do better. I need to attract more supporters otherwise the party will never win the election.' Tridich thought for a moment and then replied.

'Kurt, I have a colleague, Joann Gabels. He is an expert in publicity. I think he could help. I'll arrange for you to meet him.'

A few days later Tridich introduced them.

'Kurt, you must meet Herr Joann Goebbels; he speaks very highly of you.' Kurt had seen him in the crowd, a thin faced man with closely cut dark hair and piercing eyes. He had a deformed leg and walked with a limp. Deformity of any kind panicked Kurt, so it was with some trepidation that he greeted him.

'Ah Herr Gabels, it is a pleasure to meet you.'

'Herr Fitzer at last, I have heard so much about you. I listened to your defence in court recently, it was memorable. You showed them true patriotism. You were absolutely correct and it was a disgrace that you were imprisoned, I would have given you a medal.

'Thank you, the judges were blind to our county's needs.'

'Herr Fitzer, Tridich told me that you need help with your meetings. I think I can help. Do you think we three could talk privately? I have a proposal to make that I think will interest you. It could transform your popularity.'

Later that day, Kurt, Tridich and Joann found a quiet corner.

'Kurt,' Joann began, 'you are a fine speaker and you are inspiring many of our people but you need a bigger audience. You are not getting to the mass of the people, the ones who will influence the vote.'

'I know my following is still very small, not enough to make a difference. The party has already held three rallies, all with very disappointing turn outs. I need to change that Joann. Tridich tells me that you are an expert in publicity. Do you think you can help me improve my popularity?'

'Yes, I am sure I can. We will need to use modern technology, amplifiers, loud speakers, military bands and flags and we need to hold large meetings in popular places. In that way we can build your image as a great leader, ready to guide his people to greatness.'

'Absolutely', said Kurt, his face beaming. 'That is just what I need. Are you prepared to take on that task?'

'Yes, my Leader, I am honoured to help in any way.'

Together they settled on the town of Nuremberg for Kurt's next rally. It was near the centre of the country and had a large parkland that could accommodate thousands of people. Also the meeting had the support of the local mayor and the police forces. Johann Gabels began to marshal the police, the army and the local party members. He also engaged technicians who understood the new science of loudspeakers. It was to be the most elaborate and extravagant rally ever staged.

In the early morning of July 1927, loud speakers toured the neighbouring villages and towns of Nuremberg announcing the Rally of the Nazi party. By lunchtime, crowds had begun to assemble at the airport in anticipation of Kurt's arrival. Dead on time, the drone of an engine could be heard and then his aeroplane a Junkers Ju 52/3m piloted by Hans Bur an ex- air force pilot appeared high in the deep blue sky. Glistening in the bright sunshine, it circled the air field before slowly descending to land. An elated Kurt looked down and saw the crowds waiting for him

As the plane came to a halt, the door slid open and Kurt stepped out to the sounds of a Wagnerian overture. He was dressed in his army uniform with his medals shining. Smiling broadly and saluting the crowd, he walked slowly to a gleaming open-topped Mercedes. Standing and waving, he was driven slowly in a cavalcade to the centre of the town. Cheering crowds lined the route festooned with large banners decorated with swastikas in black and red hanging from the houses and lamp-posts. Thousands of soldiers were lined up in platoons in the square preparing to march through the town carrying swastika decorated flags. The on-lookers were ecstatic, mothers raised their small children shoulder high to see their leader passing by.

Finally, he reached the centre of the square and walked slowly to the podium. He stopped, turned to the crowd and saluted. They returned the salute. 'Sieg Heil, Sieg Heil' rang out echoing from street to street in that quiet town. Then he waited. Every face turned towards him. Slowly the crowd quietened until there was absolute silence. Glancing briefly at his notes, he began; his voice slowly gaining power and strength, building until it reached a crescendo. By then his face was distorted, his eyes bulging, the muscles in his neck taut. His vitriolic message of condemnation and criticism of the government poured out and was replaced by a promise to the people of a new world.

To the hundreds of thousands of his followers, he was a Messiah who guaranteed them all that they wanted. Everywhere he went, he was received by adoring crowds with cheers and salutes. He had touched the raw nerve of the Alemanni people with his demands for a return to their glorious past; to the time when the country and its people were God-like. Little did the adoring crowds realise that he was leading them and his country to ignominy and ruin.

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