

A portrait of a man with a mustache, dressed in a suit and tie, with the text "THE HITLER LETTERS" overlaid at the top. The man has dark hair, blue eyes, and a prominent black mustache. He is wearing a dark suit jacket, a white shirt, and a dark tie. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

THE HITLER LETTERS

FAKE? Unchallenged by Historians!



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INTRODUCTION

The discovery of this cache of correspondence, written by the fascist dictator, Adolf Hitler, has naturally caused a great deal of controversy throughout the world. Their provenance cannot be doubted as they were recently unearthed in Vienna in a tin box clearly marked, 'Copies of my letters. A.H.' That they are genuine is also verified by the fact that many eminent historians have failed to contest their validity.

These are not, of course the letters of the Fuhrer Hitler, but those of the peasant boy Hitler, who came to Vienna, ostensibly to study art, at the age of 18 and stayed there until the age of 24 in 1913 when the prospect of being called up to the Austrian army led him to flee to Munich. Nevertheless, we can see from these documents the development of Hitler's odious theories and also the maturation of the boy as his dreams of being an artist are crushed and he has to find a means to survive and also fulfil what he believes to be his destiny.

It is this which has led us to publish these important historical documents and the thought of profiteering from this prolonged curiosity in Hitler has never crossed our mind. Not even in the slightest.

Some readers may cavil at the shoddy nature of the translation from the original German of the letters, but lack of finance has been our enemy in this case and we have spent all we could afford in training our expert translators up to a state of semi-literacy in their native Turkish, never mind German and English. Our best advice is to read the text in a cod German accent with a glass of schnapps to hand.

We have chosen to avoid censoring the letters in any way as we are not revisionists, but the documents themselves were in such a degraded state that it would have been impossible to deliver them 'as is'. We have therefore had them retyped and reformatted to make them easier to read. It is unfortunate that the replies from Hitler's correspondents have not been recovered as these would have given a clearer view of the world that formed him. There are also gaps in the correspondence which imply that Hitler did not keep copies of all of his letters. However, incomplete as this picture is, it will truly take you into the mind of the man who was Adolf Hitler, if only occasionally.

*Professor Fritz von Bogus,
Dept of Spurious Studies
University of Vienna
3rd June 2011*

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE HITLER LETTERS

<u>DATE</u>	<u>TO</u>
DATE	TO
1st August 1907	Heinrich & Sons (Bakers)
8th August 1907	Bert Schmidt (Friend from Branau)
12th October 1907	Kruger & Co (Cobblers)
18th October 1907	Bertha Huss (Female acquaintance)
18th October 1907	Dr Herman Steiff (Hair Expert)
29th October 1907	Wilhelm Raus (Gallery Owner)
8th November 1907	Heinrich & Sons
18th November 1907	Rudolf Hertz (Trichologist)
19th November 1907	Wilhelm Raus
1st December 1907	Johan Schwarze (Bodybuilder)
2nd January 1908	Bert Schmidt
18th January 1908	Georg Molson (Landlord)
23rd February 1908	Heinrich Blovnitz (Tailor)
5th March 1908	Georg Molson
12th March 1908	Georg Molson
28th March 1908	Frau Kinzler (Austrian Boiled Egg Marketing Board)
28th March 1908	Wolfgang Puller (Austrian Bread Society)
28th March 1908	Simon Pflug (Austrian Potato Association)
9th June 1908	Wilhelm Rohn, (Austrian Artists Benevolent Society)
8th August 1908	Bert Schmidt
18th October 1908	Bertha Huss
12th January 1909	Bert Schmidt
18th April 1907	Wilhelm Raus
27th April 1907	Wilhelm Raus
28th April 1907	Dr Johann Hassler (His physician)
12th June 1909	Bert Schmidt
12th December 1909	Count Leopold Von Hiller (His Patron)
26th December 1909	Count Leopold Von Hiller
3rd January 1910	Bert Schmidt

8th March 1910	Gabrielle Hussman (Madame)
12th March 1910	Gabrielle Hussman
18th March 1910	Gabrielle Hussman
24th March 1910	Gabrielle Hussman
30th March 1910	Bertha Huss
6th April 1910	Bertha Huss
28th April 1910	Prof Otto Salinger (Political theorist)
3rd July 1910	Bert Schmidt
5th October 1910	US Immigration
18th November 1910	Austrian Nudist Society
12th January 1911	Herr Blauer (School of Architecture)
19th January 1911	Fraulein Bittmeyer, School of Oratory
21st May 1911	Bert Schmidt
1st September 1911	Bert Schmidt
5th October 1911	Jujitsu Academy
7th October 1911	Cosa Nostra
27th December 1911	Bert Schmidt

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 86 (b) Leipzigstrasse, Vienna, Austria

TO: Heinrich & Sons (Master Bakers), Schwedenplatz, Vienna, Austria

DATE: 1st August 1908

Sirs,

The Black Forest gateau you delivered to me yesterday was not very sweet. I have a very sweet tooth and require my gateau to be extra sweet. I informed your sales assistant, Frau Bomler, of this when I visited to order my gateau. Is she incapable of taking orders? If she is an Austrian she is a member of the great Germanic race and should take orders willingly. If she is not Austrian be warned, I am keeping an eye on you and your deviant employment policies.

Yours sincerely,

A. Hitler

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 86 (b) Leipzigstrasse, Vienna

TO: Bert Schmidt, Branau am Inn, Austria

DATE: 8th August 1908

Berti, my old kamerad, how are you?

I am well. As you can see I am in Vienna now and I am proud to inform you that I am a great success. Everyone is clamouring for my paintings, even the ones of my feet which I did when I was laid up in bed with the flu and had nothing to inspire me.

I am careful not to let success go to my head, even when the frauleins ask me for a kiss and offer a quick glimpse of their underwear. I know that many great men have fallen by the wayside with their lust for petticoats and I do not intend to be one of them. I will save myself from such things until I am married and then perhaps for a few months more, just to make sure.

The food here in Vienna is tremendous and I am eating bratwurst every day, sometimes with a little Gruyere cheese, which you know used to be one of my favourites when I was a boy with you in Branau. Speaking of which, how are the other fellows doing? Has Hans got rid of that wart yet?

Incidentally, as it is now fairly assured that I will be a great artist and world famous I would appreciate it if you didn't tell anyone about that night behind the pig-sty. It was only curiosity on my part and I'm sorry for biting.

If you can raise a few shillings come and visit me in Vienna and I will show you the sights. If you could bring my teddy bear I would appreciate it.

Your old kamerad,

Adi

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 86 (b) Leipzigstrasse, Vienna

TO: Kruger & Co (Cobblers), Tandelmarkt, Vienna

DATE: 12th October 1908

Sirs,

While walking through the city yesterday I happened to notice in the window of your shop that you have an excellent selection of boots and shoes for which I congratulate you.

I am currently planning to walk to Peru as a means of protesting against the decline of the Austrian Empire and also to prove that Germanic men fear nothing in the way of marching. I wonder if you could provide me with some stout walking boots for this venture? I feel that this would be a wonderful way to publicise your company and its fine Germanic workmanship in the way of pedal accessories. I'm sure five or six pairs would be adequate. I am a size six.

Yours sincerely,

Adolf Hitler

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 86 (b) Leipzigstrasse, Vienna

TO: Fraulein Bertha Huss, Der Grossenhaus, Dammstrasse, Vienna

DATE: 18th October 1908

Dear Fraulein Bertha,

It was a great pleasure to meet you in the cafe yesterday and I am sorry that I disappointed you but I am not in the habit of showing off my chest to young frauleins whom I have just met. This does not mean that I am the sissy boy and indeed have many hairs upon my manly chest. Anyone who told you I have no hair on my chest is a liar. As I explained to you I am in Vienna to study art and will be a great success as I am hugely talented. It would be of great benefit to you to remain in my acquaintance and not cast aspersions on my chest.

Did you enjoy the gateau at the cafe? I thought it lacked sweetness. If you are available on Tuesday afternoon I would be pleased to buy you a slice to see if they have improved their recipe.

Your humble admirer,

Adolf Hitler

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 86 (b) Leipzigstrasse, Vienna

TO: Doktor Herman Steiff, 19 Wasnergasse, Vienna

DATE: 18th October 1908

Dear Doktor,

I understand that you are a world renowned expert on chest hair and wondered if there had been any recent developments in this area. Is it normal for a man of 18 years of age not to have any hair on his chest, though in every other respect he is extremely manly? Are there any preparations or tonics a chap could take, either internally or externally, to accelerate the growth of said chest hair? I am asking on behalf of a friend.

Yours sincerely,

Adolf Hitler

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 86 (b) Leipzigstrasse, Vienna

TO: Herr Wilhelm Raus, Der Raus Gallery of Modern Art, Vienna

DATE: 29th October 1908

Dear Herr Raus,

Thank you for your letter telling me that you have accepted my submission to be displayed at your prestigious gallery. I am greatly honoured and am pleased to give you an explanation of the work.

It is indeed a painting of feet sticking out from under a blanket. They are my own pedal extremities and I painted them while I was laid low in bed with the flu. You will appreciate my dedication to my art that I continued to paint even while laid low with illness and setting up the easel on my bed was not easy. I must confess that as the blinds were drawn I had no other inspiration apart from my feet but I feel I have done a good job in capturing their essential qualities.

I am surprised that you wish to re-title the piece. Admittedly my title, 'The Sole of the Nation', is slightly misleading as the painting is of the upper surfaces of my feet and not my soles, but I was applying a little artistic license. Your suggestion, 'Gnarled & Filthy: The Feet of a Peasant' is not acceptable unless you increase your offer of commission to 25% of any sum raised by sale of the piece. Please advise your clients that I am destined to be a great artist and any investment they make in my work now will gain them great prestige as well as being financially lucrative.

I am currently working on a painting of the inside of my nose but progress is slow as I have to constantly refer to the system of mirrors I have set up. Luckily I no longer have the flu. The painting will be titled 'The Smell of Success' and I will let you see it as soon as it is complete.

With all good wishes,

Adolf Hitler

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 86 (b) Leipzigstrasse, Vienna, Austria

TO: Heinrich & Sons (Master Bakers), Schwedenplatz, Vienna, Austria

DATE: 8th November 1908

Sirs,

I assume that you think it is amusing to enclose a 1 kg bag of sugar with the Black Forest gateau you delivered to me yesterday. What laughter must have resounded through your bakery as you mocked a poor artist who spends his last few shillings on one of his few vices. Please be assured that I am not amused and will report you to the authorities if further taunted.

I considered taking my business to your competitors, Mitzi's, but the cake you sent me was actually quite acceptable, though a few more cherries would not have gone amiss.

Thank you for your assurance that Frau Bomler is an Austrian. One cannot be too careful in these matters.

Yours sincerely,

A. Hitler

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 86 (b) Leipzigstrasse, Vienna, Austria

TO: Herr Rudolf Hertz, Institute of Trichology, Vienna, Austria

DATE: 18th November 1908

Dear Sir,

I write to you as the acknowledged expert in facial hair in all of Austria. I am a young man who is considering growing some on my frontage and would appreciate your advice. I wish to appear more mature and exude authority, but I also have a frivolous side to my nature which I would like to display in the hope that it might attract the attentions of the ladies. I have considered a full beard but believe this would hide my strong jaw line. A goatee is a possibility and might work well if paired with mutton-chop sideburns. This would frame my face very well. A moustache is also a possibility, but I am unsure of the dimensions I should aim for. A long, drooping one would seem to smack of the oriental, whereas a bristly one with upturned ends might make me look ostentatious and old-fashioned.

Any recommendations you could make would be warmly welcomed.

Yours sincerely,

A. Hitler

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 86 (b) Leipzigstrasse, Vienna

TO: Herr Wilhelm Raus, Der Raus Gallery of Modern Art, Vienna

DATE: 19th November 1908

Dear Herr Raus,

I fully understand that you must invest a lot of money in your gallery and suffer great expenses and that you are a businessman whose aim is to make a profit, not a philanthropist tasked with feeding fledgling talent. I am more than willing to accept the 10% commission you have offered and am more than happy to have you re-title my work to whatever you think is more suitable and commercially attractive. I only originally objected to your title because of the word 'filthy' which would have offended my late mother who was at great pains to emphasise that I should remain clean at all times once I was in Vienna. The blotches you have taken to be dirt are, in fact, shadows cast by a very unobliging candle.

With all good wishes,

Adolf Hitler

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 86 (b) Leipzigstrasse, Vienna

TO: Herr Johan Schwarze, Muskelnhaus, 33 Alser Strasse, Vienna

DATE: 1st December 1908

Dear Herr Schwarze,

As the acknowledged leader and expert in muscle building and body culture in all of Austria you must often be approached by young men who do not wish to be thought to be the sissy boy because they are excessively scrawny. I write on behalf of one such fellow, who is even too embarrassed by his lack of manly musculature that he will not put his own name to a letter to you. He has dreams of building up his body to such an extent that he will be accepted into the decadent world of film-making, which he imagines is about to sweep the world.

I have heard that you like to encourage young men such as my friend and wondered what type of exercises he could be expected to undertake to achieve an amazing torso such as what you have. Also, in the matter of diet, which as you say has a great bearing on bodily development, your advice would be appreciated. He has a very sweet tooth, if that has any bearing on the matter. Also, he lacks hair on his chest and wonders if any exercises are suitable for accelerating the growth of same.

My friend is seriously lacking in funds at the moment and is not in a position to pay you for your help at this time. However he is in possession of a very fine painting of the inside of a nose which is worth many thousands of shillings and would be prepared to part with that if you could transform him into a muscly man with hair on his chest.

If you reply to him care of my good self I will pass on any messages.

Yours sincerely,

Adolf Hitler

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 86 (b) Leipzigstrasse, Vienna

TO: Bert Schmidt, Branau am Inn, Austria

DATE: 2nd January 1909

Berti, you old scoundrel, good to hear from you.

I'm sorry you won't be in a position to visit Vienna in the near future. Perhaps you could post my teddy bear to me instead.

Things are going wonderfully well for me here and I have received many offers for my paintings. The sums are eye watering and prove that Vienna is still a hub of culture and appreciates talent. I am thinking of buying a motoring car soon. They are all the rage and all the dashing young Viennese blades have one and have to fight the frauleins off with a stick. Of course I am not lacking for female attention even without a motoring car and have become very intimate with a certain Bertha Huss. I have shared cake and coffee with her and she has almost as sweet a tooth as I. She also has a large bottom, which you know I like very much.

I am sad to hear that old Henrik has died. He was always known as the best goat molester in the area and he will be sadly missed. Young Henrik has talent and may eventually match his father's achievements, but not for a few years, if I know my goat molesters.

You ask what I do when I am not painting. To tell the truth there is very little time when I do not have a brush in my hand, but what little there is I spend in studying the work of other artists and also reading political pamphlets. I am also exercising a great deal as I know that if I ever marry I will need my strength. I also spend a great deal of time at concerts, operas and the theatre. All grist to the artist's mill.

Anyway, I must go as I hear my muse calling me. Will write again soon.

Your Branau Buddy,

Adi

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 86 (b) Leipzigstrasse, Vienna

TO: Georg Molson, 1224 Herrengasse, Vienna

DATE: 18th January 1909

Dear Herr Molson,

I know that I am once again late with the rent and I apologise profusely. I am expecting a large cheque very soon when my painting 'A Peasant's Feet with Shadows' is sold. I understand there is huge interest in it, but the gallery which is selling it are holding out for the highest offer. I expect this to be in the hundreds of thousands of shillings and once I receive this I will of course clear all arrears with you.

I realise that you must be very annoyed at my continued inability to pay you what you are due and can only suggest that I offer my services as a painter to you to make up in some way. I am sure that a portrait of yourself or perhaps your beautiful wife would be greatly appreciated, though I can turn my hand to most things - landscapes, still-lives, whatever you think will beautify your surroundings. As my reputation grows you will find that my work will increase in value and you will have invested wisely. Please let me know if you are interested in my proposal.

Your humble (and eternally grateful) tenant,

Adolf Hitler

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 86 (b) Leipzigstrasse, Vienna

TO: Herr Heinrich Blovnitz, The Gentleman's Clothing Co. , 21 Muhlgasse, Vienna

DATE: 23rd February 1909

Dear Herr Blovnitz,

I wish to apply for the post of Tailor's Dummy as advertised in the Vienna Gazette this morning. As per the Job Description I am able to stand still for incredibly long periods of time and also have a very strong bladder. I once stood totally motionless outside the bedroom window of Frau Monstein for a full twenty five minutes while she was undressing.

May I just say that I think this is a wonderful initiative of yours, to employ real human beings as tailor's dummies and is sure to reduce unemployment considerably. I congratulate you on your imagination.

I am available to do absolutely nothing at your earliest convenience.

Yours sincerely,

Adolf Hitler

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 86 (b) Leipzigstrasse, Vienna

TO: Georg Molson, 1224 Herrengasse, Vienna

DATE: 5th March 1909

Dear Herr Molson,

I think you misunderstood me when I said I was a painter. I am an artist, who paints pictures, not a house painter who paints walls. Many have said I am a genius and that my work will be renowned in centuries to come. It would be demeaning for someone of my standing to be painting even the grandest mansion, so I hope you will cancel the delivery of 50 ltrs of emerald green emulsion paint which you say you have ordered. In any case, I have no means of transporting it to your house to begin work on your west wing. I also have no ladders, trestles or brushes suitable for painting your vast abode. The largest brush I have is only a few millimetres wide and was last used to paint an ingrowing toenail.

As I said previously my masterpiece, 'A Peasant's Feet with Shadows' is due to be sold soon for a vast sum when I will clear my arrears and I appreciate your patience in this matter.

I remain,

Your humble (and supremely grateful) tenant,

Adolf Hitler

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 86 (b) Leipzigstrasse, Vienna

TO: Georg Molson, 1224 Herrengasse, Vienna

DATE: 12th March 1909

Dear Herr Molson,

I am in receipt of your letter threatening me with eviction and I resent the fact that you call me a lazy, feckless, waster. I am aware that Michelangelo painted a ceiling and if it was good enough for him it is good enough for me. But unlike the Italian gentleman I am scared of heights.

Nevertheless, I take into consideration the large amounts I owe you and will be at your premises on Tuesday morning at 7 am as you requested. I will also follow your suggestion that I borrow a bicycle to transport the paint, though I think your suggestion that I use stilts rather than ladders to be a bit far-fetched as I do not own a pair. I am sure you have something suitable for raising my elevation. Your gardeners possibly have ladders for pruning trees which I might borrow.

I accept that I owe you one day of painting for every day of overdue rent and that once I have finished your house I will continue by painting your rented properties until my debt is cleared.

Your tenant,

Adolf Hitler

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 86 (b) Leipzigstrasse, Vienna

TO: Frau Lily Kinzler, Austrian Boiled Egg Marketing Board, 48 Volkstrasse, Linz

DATE:28th March 1909

Dear Frau Kinzler,

I write to you as a great admirer of Austrian boiled eggs. They are without doubt the finest boiled eggs in all of the world and far surpass any produced elsewhere. Only the German boiled egg can match the Austrian boiled egg, but this is to be expected as we are all part of the same Germanic race. In flavour and texture they cannot be matched and their shells themselves are works of ovular art.

Many of my friends are not convinced as to the supreme qualities of the Austrian boiled egg and I wonder if you could supply me with a few dozen to distribute among them to demonstrate their excellent nature. I feel that only by actually experiencing an Austrian boiled egg will they be convinced as, even at my best, my oratory skills are not adequate to do them justice.

Please pack them carefully and preferably in separate containers as I am aware of the adage that one should not put all of one's eggs in one basket.

Yours sincerely,

Adolf Hitler

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 86 (b) Leipzigstrasse, Vienna

TO: Herr Wolfgang Puller, Austrian Bread Society, 67 Heimelstrasse, Klagenfurt

DATE:28th March 1909

Dear Herr Puller,

I write to you as a great admirer of Austrian bread. It is without doubt the finest bread in all of the world and far surpass any produced elsewhere. Only German bread can match Austrian bread, but this is to be expected as we are all part of the same Germanic race. In flavour and texture it cannot be matched and its crust alone can make a meal.

Many of my friends are not convinced as to the supreme qualities of Austrian bread and I wonder if you could supply me with a few dozen loaves to distribute among them to demonstrate its excellent nature. I feel that only by actually experiencing Austrian bread will they be convinced as, even at my best, my oratory skills are not adequate to do it justice.

Please send only fresh bread as stale examples are likely to have an adverse effect on my friends and this is not the aim of either of us.

Yours sincerely,

Adolf Hitler

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 86 (b) Leipzigstrasse, Vienna

TO: Herr Simon Pflug, Austrian Potato Association, 99 Denigasse, Vienna

DATE: 28th March 1909

Dear Herr Pflug,

I write to you as a great admirer of Austrian potatoes. They are without doubt the finest potatoes in all of the world and far surpass any produced elsewhere. Only German potatoes can match Austrian potatoes, but this is to be expected as we are all part of the same Germanic race. In flavour and texture they cannot be matched and the peel alone can make a fine meal if prepared properly.

Many of my friends are not convinced as to the supreme qualities of Austrian potatoes and I wonder if you could supply me with a few dozen kilos to distribute among them to demonstrate their excellent nature. I feel that only by actually experiencing Austrian potatoes will they be convinced as, even at my best, my oratory skills are not adequate to do them justice.

I will accept any variety of potato, suitable for boiling, baking or frying as I think it is essential my friends appreciate the versatility of the Austrian potato.

Yours sincerely,

Adolf Hitler

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 86 (b) Leipzigstrasse, Vienna

TO: Herr Wilhelm Rohn, Austrian Artists Benevolent Society, 756 Staudgasse, Vienna

DATE: 9th June 1909

Dear Herr Rohn,

I write to apply to you for relief as a struggling Austrian artist and in accordance with the constitution of your organisation which I believe was set up to offer aid to struggling artists like what I am. Here are my pertinent details. My name is Albert Hessler. I am 19 years old and I was born in Branau am Inn. I came to Vienna last year in the hopes of making a career as an artist, but have encountered some difficulties. My masterpiece, A Peasant's Feet with Shadows, is currently on display at the gallery of Herr Wilhelm Raus, and he has high hopes of raising a six figure sum from the sale of it. Unfortunately, I have no other means of subsistence apart from a small allowance from my mother and as I am overdue with my rent I am having to paint apartments for my landlord, Herr Georg Molson to pay off the arrears. This precludes me from doing any creative work so I can advance my career as an artist.

I would greatly appreciate any financial support you could give me while I work my way through my time of hardship.

Yours sincerely,

Albert Hessler

PS - Please make cheques payable to my friend, Adolf Hitler

PPS - If you or any of your staff require your house painted please contact me. Reasonable rates.

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 86 (b) Leipzigstrasse, Vienna

TO: Bert Schmidt, Branau am Inn, Austria

DATE: 8th August 1909

Berti, mein kamerad, How I envy you the peace and tranquility of Branau, while I must deal with the hustle and bustle of Vienna as I proceed to make my fortune.

I am doing exceedingly well here and my work adorns the walls of many fine apartments in Vienna. I am constantly being invited to parties and balls by the highest in society and becoming quite a whizz kid on the dance floor. A big change from the clumsy boy you knew who managed to trip up Big Helga, the milkmaid, at our village fete and ended up beneath her before she hit the ground. Oh, how I laughed!

I now have two motoring cars, a Mercedes and a Benz. Both have fine qualities but I cannot help but feel that an amalgamation of the two would make a perfectly exquisite vehicle. You might be surprised then, if you visited Vienna, to see me travelling about on a bicycle. This is by way of exercise as I am now working on my lower body strength. The tins of paint hanging from the handle-bars increase the weight and make my legs work harder, you understand.

Where romance is concerned I have been trying to keep a low profile. There are many beautiful women in Vienna and they all seem intent on having their way with me. As you know I am a just man and it would seem unfair to give myself to just one and therefore disappoint the others. The 'right' one for me has yet to appear but when she does I am sure she will have a stunning bottom.

Take care of yourself and write to me when you have a minute. I may be busy beyond all comprehension what with my painting and my socialising but I always have time for my boyhood chums.

Your Branau Buddy,

Adi

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 86 (b) Leipzigstrasse, Vienna

TO: Fraulein Bertha Huss, Der Grossenhaus, Dammstrasse, Vienna

DATE: 18th October 1909

Dear Fraulein Bertha,

It is now exactly one year since I wrote to you and I note, with disappointment, that you have not replied to me. This is obviously because you have been busy advancing your career as a typist which you informed me about in the Cafe Berlin where we met. You have been constantly in my thoughts for the last 12 months and I regret now that I did not agree to show you my chest on that occasion. You must appreciate that I was a callow youth, fresh from the provinces when we first met, but now I feel that a little of the sophistication of Vienna has rubbed off on me and I am quite the debonair man-about-town.

With that in mind I wonder if you'd care to meet me again with a view to sampling the gateau we so much enjoyed, even though it was not as sweet we would have liked. I am perfectly willing to show you my chest now, especially as it is muscly due to intense exercise and also has three curly hairs upon it. In return I would ask only that you allow me to see your lovely, plump, bottom. I am not a greedy man by nature and one cheek would do. We would have to go somewhere private to pursue these intimacies and there is a graveyard nearby where I am sure we will not be disturbed. I would invite you to my apartment but it is being redecorated at the moment and is covered in paint.

If you are as infatuated with me as what I am with you please send me an undergarment as a token of your affection and I will know that you will meet me at 3pm on Thursday in the cafe. If you do not appear I shall be heartbroken. Also, if you have another admirer by now, especially if he is a largish chap, please do not show him this letter.

Your dotting admirer,

Adolf Hitler

FROM: Adolf Hitler, Vienna Central Prison

TO: Bert Schmidt, Branau am Inn, Austria

DATE: 12th January 1909

Berti,

You may have read in the newspapers that a certain Adolf Hitler was arrested in the Bierkeller Franz last week. The report would have stated that this Adolf Hitler became intoxicated and attempted to ravish a barmaid, Fraulein Hildegard Jodl, because he claimed she had a beautiful large bottom. When his attentions were rebuffed he challenged everybody in the bar to a fight. This was refused as the only occupant of the establishment was 82 year old Frau Nina Brunner. Hitler then rampaged around the bar, smashing glasses and chewing the carpet. The polizei were called and when they arrived Hitler told them he had always admired men in uniform and invited them to dance. The officers refused his invitation and attempted to arrest the miscreant who attempted to hide under Frau Brunner's skirts. When dragged out he claimed to be the son of the Argentinian ambassador and demanded diplomatic immunity. The policemen ignored this plea and manacled him, at which point he burst into tears. He appeared in court the following day and was fined 50 shillings, which he was unable to pay. The magistrate therefore sentenced him to seven days.

Please assure everybody in Branau that I am NOT this Adolf Hitler. This is another Adolf Hitler entirely. This sounds like the actions of a man who is extremely sexually frustrated and cannot get a girlfriend, which I am not, as you know.

Your Brother from Branau,

Adi

PS- I am only using the Prison's notepaper as I am visiting the wretch to assure myself that he was not using my good name for financial gain.

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 86 (b) Leipzigstrasse, Vienna

TO: Herr Wilhelm Raus, Der Raus Gallery of Modern Art, Vienna

DATE: 18th April 1909

Dear Herr Raus,

I must admit that I am disappointed but I am prepared to accept the offer of five shillings from Count Von Hiller for my masterwork, 'A Peasant's Feet with Shadows'. It seems a paltry sum for the time, effort and genius I have spent in creating it, but I will take your assurance that it is being purchased by one of the most distinguished and influential art collectors in Vienna and this will undoubtedly help me in the future. I will accede to Count Von Hiller's request that I visit his home to hang the Peasant's Feet painting to my own taste but as his home is on the other side of Vienna I must ask for one shilling in travelling expenses. Please inform him that I will be there on Friday evening. You ask that I be 'pleasant' to the Count. Please be assured that I am pleasant to everyone I meet and if Von Hiller can help me in my artistic career I will be as friendly as he wishes

I have not yet completed the Smell of Success due to other commitments, notably the huge amount of painting I am doing for my landlord. He is an admirer of my larger pieces, if I can put it that way. Also, my nose is once again slightly clogged up and the interior of it would not make a pleasant subject.

When can I have the money?

Yours,

Adolf Hitler

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 86 (b) Leipzigstrasse, Vienna

TO: Herr Wilhelm Raus, Der Raus Gallery of Modern Art, Vienna

DATE: 27 April 1909

Dear Herr Raus,

I am outraged! Your Count Von Hiller is nothing but a rampant homosexualist. I visited his home in good faith to hang my painting in a suitable manner and when he plied me with wine I greatly appreciated it. However I did not appreciate his later attempts to kiss me, while calling me his sweetheart and trying to handle my manly parts. I am not the sissy boy.

I, of course, rebuffed his attempts on my virtue and attempted to escape his clutches but he pursued me like a man obsessed. He told me I was the most handsome peasant he had ever met and I must admit that I was flattered, but the thought of allowing him to perform abominable deeds upon my nether parts was abhorrent and so I summoned all my strength and escaped. If he tells you anything different, it is a lie. I did not chew his pillow and bellow with pleasure while urging him to 'give it to me'.

I am no longer able to offer you my work for display. You may think I am cutting off my nose to spite my face but I have found a buyer for The Smell of Success privately.

Yours sincerely,

Adolf Hitler

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 86 (b) Leipzigstrasse, Vienna

TO: Dr Johann Hassler, The Surgery, 54 Degengasse, Vienna

DATE: 28th April 1909

Dear Dr Hassler,

I am unable to walk any great distance at the moment and will barely be able to make it to the postbox to send this to you. I write this while lying face down as I have suffered an injury to my nether parts. I believe it must have happened when I inadvertently sat down forcefully on a large cylindrical object which penetrated me and caused me great distress. Please send some suitable ointment to aid healing of bruised parts and also to relieve pain.

Yours sincerely,

Adolf Hitler

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 86 (b) Leipzigstrasse, Vienna

TO: Bert Schmidt, Branau am Inn, Austria

DATE: 12th June 1909

Dear Berti,

Wonderful news, I have a dedicated patron!

He is Count Leopold Von Hiller, a noted art collector. Can you imagine, little Adolf Hitler from Branau am Inn with a Count for a patron?

He has told me that he will buy all of my work as I produce it, he is so convinced of my talent. All I have to do is go to his Chateau and hang the paintings myself which is no hardship as he keeps an excellent wine cellar and we always have a little party to celebrate how well I have hung.. Having the opportunity to hang my paintings as I wish is a blessing as only the artistic originator can truly know how his work should be displayed correctly.

I am in heaven and now feel that I have truly arrived in Viennese society.

Your Branau Buddy,

Adolf

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 86 (b) Leipzigstrasse, Vienna

TO: Count Leopold Von Hiller, Chateau Hiller, Vienna

DATE: 12th December 1909

Dear Leo,

I am devastated to discover that you have been patronising other young artists. You told me that I was special and in your Chateau none was as well hung as I. Now I discover that you have also been hanging the work of talentless fools like Otto Brutte and Ignatius Pils.

I was led to believe that our connection meant something and our 'special' relationship would remain unique. But now I discover that not only are you hanging these fellows, but offering them wine as well. I know where that leads. Is your lust for art insatiable?

I am a firm believer in the adage that no man can serve two masters and I have been faithful to you in not offering what I have to other art collectors. It is in high demand, believe me, and only last Wednesday an elderly banker asked if he could come for a private viewing, but he was a Hebrew and I refused.

If you do not change your ways and an Aryan admirer comes along I shall fly. Be warned.

Your Artist,

Adolf

FROM: Anonymous

TO: Count Leopold Von Hiller, Chateau Hiller, Vienna

DATE: 26th December 1909

Dear Count Leopold,

You were foolish to inform me how much you were enjoying the works of Ignatius Pils as I am aware of what form your 'enjoyment' takes and how it is illegal under the Austrian Criminal Code.

I, therefore, followed Pils when he visited you and as I knew which room you would retire to for your 'enjoyment' I was at the window with several witnesses who both saw through a gap in the curtains and heard everything that transpired.

To prevent disclosure you will provide me with an apartment at your own cost for a period of two years. It will be suitably furnished and have good light for my work. I allow you one week to make the arrangements and preserve your reputation. Any recourse to the authorities will meet with immediate publicity of the worst sort. Put the keys with a note of the address through my door. I will not contact you further and trust that you will do the same.

Anonymous

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 12 Stephansplatz, Vienna

TO: Bert Schmidt, Branau am Inn, Austria

DATE: 3rd January 1910

Dear Berti,

You may have heard that I am no longer involved with Count Von Hiller. This is for many reasons, but chiefly because he does not have a true appreciation of art. His attitude is symptomatic of the attitudes here in Vienna which is only concerned with self-interest and elitism. To tell the truth Vienna is a cess-pit and I was foolish to think my art could thrive here.

In the end it has soured me towards the art world and I now find myself increasingly spending time reading the works of political thinkers who explain the demise of the Austro-Hungarian empire and why stronger links with our German brothers is absolutely necessary if we are to fulfil our destiny. Nowadays we Austrians live in an unimportant backwater while events of international importance are decided in far-off lands. This is the important work I should be paying attention to and not the dilettante demands of the decadent aristocracy who are eager to ply talented individuals with strong wine.

I have decided I no longer require a patron and will earn a living by painting postcards and selling them to tourists. It is an honourable profession and I will be my own master. It will also allow me time to further study the political events of the day.

You have not sent my teddy bear. Is there a problem?

Your Branau Buddy,

Adolf

PS- Please note my change of address.

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 12 Stephansplatz, Vienna

TO: Gabrielle Hussman, Bordello Gabrielle, Vienna

DATE: 8th March 1910

Dear Frau Hussman,

I am pleased to accept your commission to paint a series of erotic portraits for your legendary bordello, however I must warn you that my recent work has been more along architectural lines and I may not do the human form justice. All bodies concerned will, of course, be structurally sound and lower stories will be more than capable of supporting any upper superstructure.

Where I can promise you a touch of genius is in the representation of your strumpets' feet. I have something of a reputation where feet are concerned and can quite honestly tell you that where feet are concerned I am without peer in all of Europe. There is a Frenchman who claims to be superior but we all know the Frenchies are braggarts, if not downright liars.

Where my fees are concerned I am your servant and will gladly accept anything you might care to offer. I shall be at your illustrious premises with paint and brushes on Tuesday afternoon as you suggested.

Adolf Hitler

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 12 Stephansplatz, Vienna

TO: Gabrielle Hussman, Bordello Gabrielle, Vienna

DATE: 12th March 1910

Dear Frau Hussman,

Your suggestion that you pay me by offering the services of your strumpets is not acceptable. Specifically, half an hour under Fraulein Doris Henlein for painting her reclining naked on a couch holds no attractions for me. To put it politely the woman covers quite a vast area and the amount of paint required to portray her acreage would be ruinous if you expect me to provide materials.

I am sure she is a very nice girl and as I am not the sissy boy I would normally be quite attracted to her ample charms (especially her bottom) but on a purely financial basis it is not feasible.

If you can offer cash or at least a square meal I will return with brush in hand, but if not I must bid you farewell and wish you well in your naughty endeavours.

Adolf Hitler

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 12 Stephansplatz, Vienna

TO: Gabrielle Hussman, Bordello Gabrielle, Vienna

DATE: 18th March 1910

Dear Frau Hussman,

I am perfectly willing to negotiate, even though I am not a Hebrew.

You ask how I define 'a square meal. For me this would mean perhaps a small piece of pork, some potatoes and a little sauerkraut. Ideally this would be followed by some gateau as I have a sweet tooth. I am not willing to swap this for lying underneath Doris Henlein for any period of time. For a square meal I could paint the left buttock of Fraulein Henlein (assuming she is lying face down) and a fair portion of her back. For the entire vista of her bodily parts I would require three square meals, or food for an entire day.

I appreciate that you have 25 strumpets who all wish to have their portrait painted, but I am unable to offer any discount for bulk painting. Your suggestion that certain gentlemen might commission me separately to paint them 'in congress' with your strumpets is certainly interesting and I would be available if a fee could be arranged. Please advise your clients that it is impossible for me to paint them while blindfolded, but my lips would be sealed regarding their identity. I have no objection to them wearing masks themselves and can easily ignore blemishes such as moles which might serve to identify them.

Adolf Hitler

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 12 Stephansplatz, Vienna

TO: Gabrielle Hussman, Bordello Gabrielle, Vienna

DATE: 24th March 1910

Dear Frau Hussman,

The reason the painting of Fraulein Henlein smells of chicken soup is because that was largely the medium I used. It was, in fact, the chicken soup you supplied for my lunch and as I had run out of paint and your soup matched Doris's flesh tones I took the opportunity to be creative. In any case it avoided the need for me to run off for more paint while poor Doris suffered from the goosey bumps in your under-heated premises. Your clients may also enjoy a lick at the canvas if they feel peckish while in mid-congress.

Your bordello has the honour, I'd wager, of having the only chicken soup nude portrait in all of Austria. There will be no extra charge for this, even though I went hungry that afternoon as the soup was disgusting.

I shall commence on Fraulein Siggurdson's bottom on the morrow. She has a rosier complexion and I may have to use tomato soup.

Adolf Hitler

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 12 Stephansplatz, Vienna

TO: Fraulein Bertha Huss, Der Grossenhaus, Dammstrasse, Vienna

DATE: 30th March 1910

Dear Fraulein Huss,

I understand that you have lost your position as a typist and are now seeking employment which is why you have contacted me as you have read in the newspapers that I am painting erotic portraits for the Bordello Gabrielle. I am afraid I am unable to put in a 'good word' for you with Frau Gabrielle and your ambitions to be a strumpet must go unfulfilled. It may seem petty but you trifled with my affections when I made overtures towards you and only now, when you are in need, do you deign to respond. If you had only shown a little fondness towards me and shown me your bottom when I asked, things might have been different. But you spurned my advances while no doubt showing your bottom to undesirables and this is the result.

A plague on you, I say, and I would not help you in your aspirations to be a trollop even if you sat on my knee. Without underwear! With your sister! On a warm day!

Adolf Hitler

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 12 Stephansplatz, Vienna

TO: Fraulein Bertha Huss, Der Grossenhaus, Dammstrasse, Vienna

DATE: 6th April 1910

Dear Fraulein Huss,

I am in receipt of the gifts you sent me and I must say I am hugely impressed. Your unterknickers are unlaundered which, of course, is highly desirable. The lederhosen are my precise size, though perhaps a little roomy in the groin area. They show off my legs excellently and I shall treasure them. The gateau is, though, the piece de resistance. Overflowing with cream and oh so sweet. I ate it all in one sitting.

I also take account of the reasons you have given for not contacting me earlier. I had no idea your mother was so unwell and as someone who loved his mother dearly (though never a mummy's boy) I can understand your concern.

Also, you say you were informed that I was the sissy boy. This, I must emphasise, is not true, I am not the sissy boy. Despite incidents you may have seen reported I have never been the sissy boy. To my mind the true sissy boy is one who enjoys the procedure, and I did not. It is uncomfortable.

Now that I understand your true feelings I will of course recommend you to Frau Gabrielle and hope that she has a position for you. You must bear in mind, however, that due to the economic situation many country girls are coming to the larger cities such as Vienna in the hope of beginning a career as a strumpet. They hope to encourage the jaded appetites of the urbanites with their large peasant bottoms. Your bottom, of course, which I have admired so much, is peerless and will be highly popular. You could specialise as either a strumpet or a trollop and I would venture so far as to say that you would easily pass the examinations to become an utter harlot. Your future is assured.

With all good wishes,

Your ardent admirer,

Adolf Hitler

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 12 Stephansplatz, Vienna

TO: Professor Otto Salinger, Reich Publishing, Vienna

DATE: 28th April 1910

Dear Herr Professor,

I have just finished reading your magnificent and insightful treatise, *Marching: A New Direction in Political & Racial Theory* which I borrowed from the Vienna Municipal Library & Public Baths. It has reached the very core of my being and plucked at my soul. Everything you say makes so much sense. Marching, which we Germans do so well, is obviously the path we must follow. As you say, the Romans built an Empire by marching along straight roads and we must employ the same strategy. Non-Germanic untermensch cannot march nearly as well as we and are destined to extinction by the simple process of evolution.

It seems obvious then that we Germans must build up our legs in preparation for any strenuous marching we might care to do, perhaps in an eastward direction. I must admit that my legs are not my best feature and some have called them scrawny, but the lederhosen recently gifted to me by Fraulein Bertha Huss do lend me an air of sophistication. I will do my best to rectify the wretched condition of my lower limbs and shall henceforth march everywhere so that I am ready for any strenuous marching my nation and blood might ask of me.

Could you send me a signed photograph?

Your brother in marching,

Adolf Hitler

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 12 Stephansplatz, Vienna

TO: Bert Schmidt, Branau am Inn, Austria

DATE: 3rd July 1910

Dear Berti,

You know that I have always had a questioning mind and am constantly seeking out new experiences and knowledge. It was with this in mind that I attended a seance recently. My intention was to contact my deceased mother and specifically to ask her where my teddy bear was as you have informed me it is lost. I must admit I was sceptical about the medium's claims that she could contact the dead, but she had a large bottom and gave me coffee with some very nice cake so I was persuaded to give her a chance.

She threw herself into a trance immediately after the coffee and it was a spectacular performance with much wailing and the appearance of great billows of ectoplasm and similar spooky stuff. I was very impressed. The medium, Frau Beckenbaur, got in touch with her spirit contact, a Red Indian chief by the name of Grunts When Squatting who spoke very good German but with a high pitched voice. He told me that my mother had given the teddy bear to the village idiot when I left, which was a disappointment but did set my mind at ease and only cost me five shillings.

Incidentally I have been researching the Germanic lust for marching and it occurs to me that you were renowned for your knobby knees. Are you sure you do not have any Slavic blood in you, my friend? The Slavs are not good at long-distance marching and are more suited to rapid sprints, ideal for retreating in the face of a superior adversary. I would hate to lose our friendship due to racial incompatibility but it is a sacrifice I would have to make if you were a dirty Slav.

Your Branau Buddy,

Adolf

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 12 Stephansplatz, Vienna

TO: US Immigration Dept., USA Embassy, Vienna

DATE: 5th October 1910

Dear Sirs,

I wish to apply for leave to immigrate to the USA for the purpose of becoming a cowboy. I understand that the principal role of the cowboy is to shoot and kill Red Indians rather than herd cattle. This is a brilliant piece of misdirection by propaganda and I congratulate you. My interest in shooting Red Indians arises because I have been wronged by one, namely Grunts When Squatting, who told me that my mother had given my teddy bear to the village idiot, when in fact my friend, Bert Schmidt, eventually found it behind the wardrobe where my mother kept her good coat and my father kept his naughty magazines.

I will do my best to shoot and kill many Red Indians who I understand are a menace due to their habit of scalping people and thereby deny honest barbers the ability to make a living. I have never handled a fire arm but am willing to learn. I was a dead shot with the water pistol when I was a lad as Bert will tell you.

I am also an accomplished painter and architect and could remodel your White House at a reasonable cost, if you so desired. If any of your American dignitaries required portraits of their feet I could also oblige.

I am sure that you can see from this wide range of skills that I would be a great asset as an American citizen. I do not believe the Austrian Empire would ask for much by way of a transfer fee and look forward to hearing from you.

Yours sincerely,

Adolf Hitler

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 12 Stephansplatz, Vienna

TO: Membership Secretary, Austrian Nudist Society, Vienna

DATE: 18th November 1910

Dear Sir,

I wish to apply to apply to become a member of your illustrious society but have some questions which I must ask before proceeding.

For instance - Is total nudity necessary from the outset? I ask because I am very susceptible to the cold, despite coming from sturdy peasant stock. Would it be permissible for me to become a member gradually? I mean that I would begin the process of becoming a nudist by first venturing outdoors without a scarf and then an undershirt, following which I would discard my socks. Thus by divesting myself of individual items of clothing I would eventually become a fully fledged nudist, possibly in ten to twelve years.

It may well be that one of the benefits of joining your organisation is that it offers training in how to endure the cold and this would be very helpful as the reason I am joining is that I can no longer afford clothes.

If this is indeed true please send me an application form

Yours sincerely,

Adolf Hitler

PS - Would you accept a painting of the inside of a nose in lieu of membership fees?

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 12 Stephansplatz, Vienna

TO: Herr Blauer, Principal, Vienna School of Architecture

DATE: 12th January 1911

Dear Sir,

I am stunned that you have rejected my application to study at your establishment. Of what use is a school leaving certificate when I provided you with so many examples of my genius? For instance, the spherical pyramid is inspired and could have saved those Egyptian fellows a great deal of trouble. And the five storey bungalow could solve the housing shortages in many parts of the world. But my masterwork must be in the design of bunkers where I believe myself to be unsurpassed. My bunkers are fit for a King or an Emperor. Once we have overcome the stigma of living in a hole in the ground it is plain sailing, and I would quite happily end my days in a well-constructed bunker.

Please reconsider your decision and I will design a personal bunker for you if you let me know what size of a family you have and if you require an unter-bunker for your servants.

Yours sincerely,

Adolf Hitler

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 12 Stephansplatz, Vienna

TO: Fraulein Bittmeyer, Principal, Vienna School of Oratory

DATE: 19th January 1911

Dear Fraulein,

I write to you to seek your guidance as I plan to speak in public soon. At the moment my voice is rather squeaky and tends to become more so as I proceed with my speech due to my extreme nervousness. Is there any method whereby I can have a strong manly voice which will gain me respect and admiration. A touch hypnotic would be useful too. In all other respects I am extremely manly but my voice lets me down and often leads to laughter amongst my audience. This is not the effect I wish to create. I have a strong political message, involving marching and racial purity, which I must get across to the proletariat, not a low comedian who gains plaudits by making fart jokes.

Yours sincerely,

Adolf Hitler

PS - If you help me I can return the favour by doing a portrait of a friend's feet for you. It would help if they were Chinese as I only have lentil soup.

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 12 Stephansplatz, Vienna

TO: Bert Schmidt, Branau am Inn, Austria

DATE: 21st May 1911

Dear Berti,

I am pleased to learn that your knobbly knees were caused by a bicycling accident and are not due to Slavic forefathers.

Great news for me as I feel that very soon I will be married to the voluptuous Bertha Huss. She spends many evenings sitting on my lap, which you can imagine is very invigorating for a man wearing abbreviated lederhosen. I have tickled her a few times and she seems to enjoy it, so things look good on the romantic front.

Career wise I am continuing my research into the racial aspects of marching and feel that a political movement based on these principles would be successful especially if we had attractive uniforms.

I see from the news that the English have a new king, George V. They have not been a world force, as far as I am concerned, since the death of Queen Victoria. There was a woman with a bottom. And common sense too, for did she not marry a German. She should have given us her Empire as a dowry and they wouldn't have had all that trouble with the Boers who, after all, are only Dutchmen in sunnier climes.

If things develop with Bertha I shall of course send you an invitation.

Your Branau Buddy,

Adolf

FROM: Adolf Hitler, Ward 3, General Hospital, Vienna

TO: Bert Schmidt, Branau am Inn, Austria

DATE: 1st September 1911

Dear Berti,

I am heartbroken. Bertha has run away with another man. After all I did for her by introducing her to Frau Hussman so she could be a strumpet. I had high hopes that once she was my wife she would become an expensive harlot and charge many shillings for bouts of naughtiness with the aristocracy which would have allowed me to live a life of luxury. But she is gone and I am bereft.

It happened like this. I heard a rumour from one of the other trollops at Frau Hussman's that my big, bouncy, Bertha was seeing another man behind my back. I decided to confront her and followed her to the Cafe Classique where, indeed, she was sitting with another man. He was a large swarthy fellow, but I was unfazed. My blood was up and I was seething. I marched over and confronted them. This was a mistake as the fellow was a heavyweight, champion, Serbian, wrestler. You know that I am extremely manly but I was outmatched and he beat me to a pulp. This is why this letter comes from the infirmary.

My wounds are healing but I think that my heart will be forever broken. And damn her for taking up with a Slav. I had no objection to her dallying with a fine Germanic specimen with impressive manly parts but to be naughty with a Slav is unseemly. There is talk of war with Serbia if they continue to agitate against the Empire and I am for it. We'll see how his wrestling skills serve him when I have a bayonet in my hands and a cartridge in my chamber.

I am at my most dangerous, as you know dear Berti, when I am at my lowest and I warn the world that I will have my vengeance. A Hitler is not to be trifled with. And speaking of trifle, the food here is rather good especially the dessert, and dinner time is approaching, so I must take my leave of you.

Your Branau Buddy,

Adi

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 12 Stephansplatz, Vienna

TO: Master Hiro Tanaka, Jujitsu Academy, Vienna

DATE: 5th October 1911

Dear Master Tanaka,

I understand that you are a master of the Japanese martial art of jujitsu which is capable of bringing grown men to their knees. Would it be suitable for defeating a heavyweight Serbian wrestler? I ask because I recently faced up to one of these brutes and he defeated me easily, but only because he was significantly larger than I. I gave of my best, with some quite violent shouting and ranting but had to desist when he punched me forcefully in the mouth. I understand that your methodology is to use the opponent's superior weight and momentum against them and though I do not understand the physics involved, this would be ideal as he outweighed me by at least 50 pounds. Having punched me in the mouth he wrapped me up like a pretzel and kicked me around the cafe where our encounter took place. It was most humiliating and I really do require a means of taking revenge without putting myself in the way of another sound thrashing.

I understand there is also another Japanese martial art called, I believe, karati, which involves striking one's opponent with the side of the hand. It seems impractical as the knuckles would seem to be harder than the fleshy side of the hand, but if one could crack the skull of a Serbian with one blow, as I have seen suggested, I would be eager to learn this art also.

My financial position is precarious at the moment to say the least, but I assume that as an oriental you will accept payment for any lessons in rice. Please advise as to when I can attend your Academy and become a lethal fighting machine, feared by one and all.

Yours sincerely,

Adolf Hitler

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 12 Stephansplatz, Vienna

TO: Signor Luigi Gamboli, Cosa Nostra Haus, Vienna

DATE: 7th October 1911

Dear Signor Gamboli,

I believe you are the Capo of the premier 'family' in Austria and are prepared to carry out jobs requiring violence for a fee. I require violence carried out on a certain Serbian gentleman and wondered what your scale of charges might be. For instance, is there a significant increase in the price charged for say removal of a lower limb to complete decapitation? Also, do you charge more if your quarry is a heavyweight wrestler and quite handy with his fists, who might put up some resistance? I assume you send out enough of your staff to deal with most eventualities but I hope that you do not charge for hoods who, though they may attend, do not participate in the carnage.

You will gather from this that I am careful with my shillings and as a successful businessman I'm sure you will appreciate this. I also know that you Italians are great art-lovers, in which case I'm sure the remuneration I intend offering will be greatly valued.

What kind of notice would you require before commencing with the rearrangement of a Serbian's bodily parts?

Yours sincerely,

Adolf Hitler

FROM: Adolf Hitler, 12 Stephansplatz, Vienna

TO: Bert Schmidt, Branau am Inn, Austria

DATE: 27th December 1911

Dear Berti,

You may not hear from me for a while as I plan to move house. I have outgrown these premises and it is difficult to find a place in Vienna that is large enough to accommodate my retinue of servants as well as have garage space for my fleet of motoring cars. I also plan to set up my own gallery to display my work. It will be world renowned, of course, and will save me having to accept pathetic commission rates from so-called art dealers. It would be convenient to have all these within one building and outside the Imperial palaces I can't think of anywhere suitable.

I am tiring of Vienna though, with its mongrel mix of races and cultures and long for the sweet, clean air of my spiritual homeland, so I may relocate to Germany. It is only there, I feel, that I can fulfil my destiny once I have convinced the populace of the efficiency of marching as a means of locomotion. Marching in step inevitably leads to thinking in step and a pliable proletariat can soon be turned to obey a superior will.

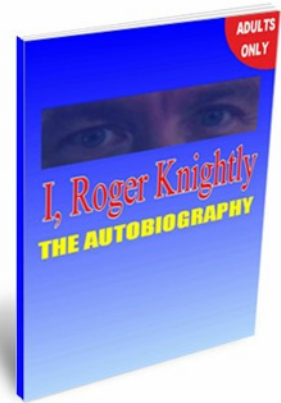
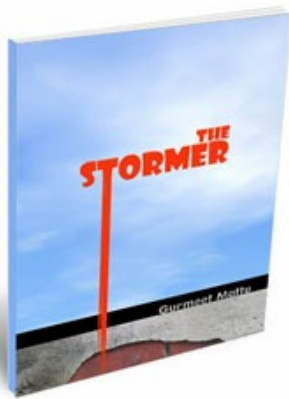
In any case, do not forget me if I am slow in corresponding.

Your Buddy from Branau,

Adi

If you'd like to read more from the insane comic pen of Gurmeet Mattu visit his website at

Gurmeetmattu.com



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