

Frozen Hiti

Birgit Weyhe



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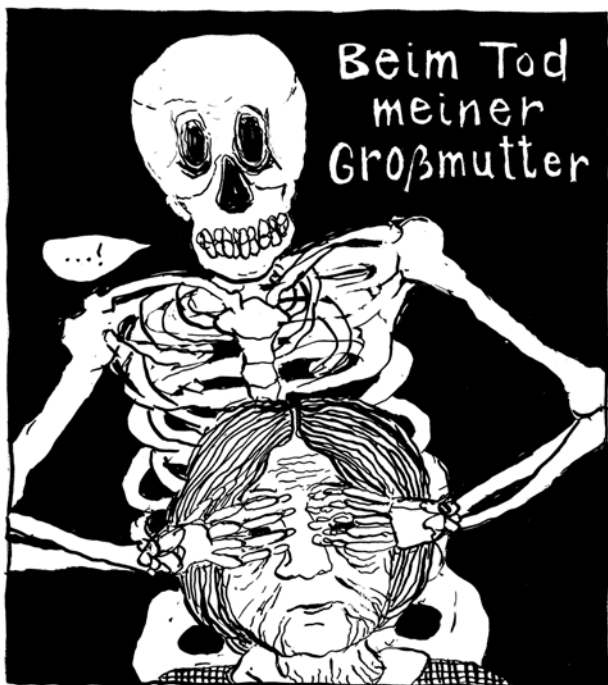
turn over the pages



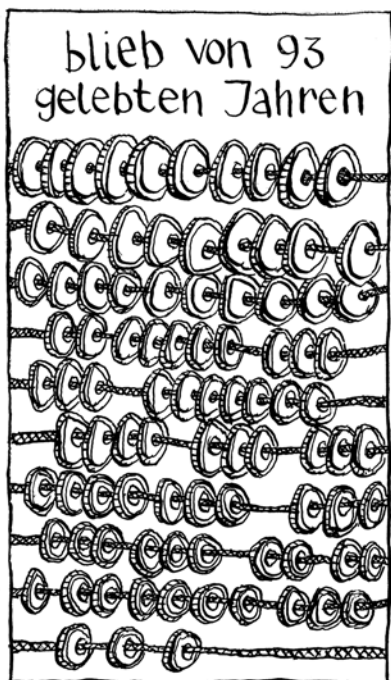
Frozen Ititi

by Birgit Weyhe

Translation: Anita Matkovic



Upon my grandmothers death



From a lifetime of 93 years

Only a handful of personal items remained



And some photoalbums.

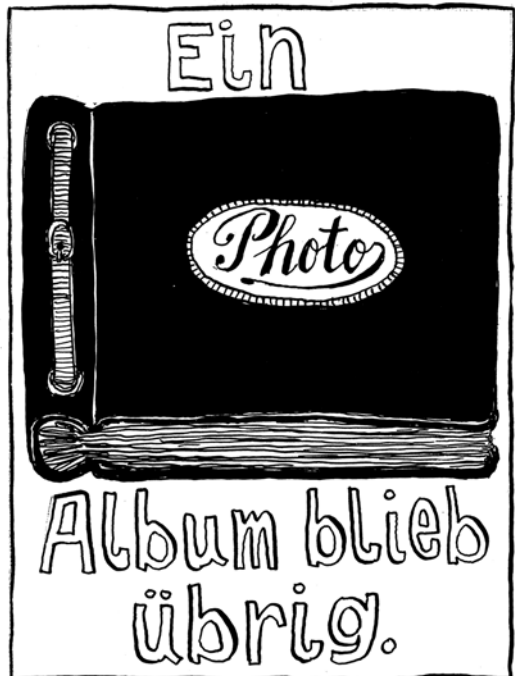


und einige Fotoalben.



Diese Sachen waren schnell aufgeteilt.

These things were quickly divided up.



Album blieb übrig.

One photo album remained.

It originally belonged to the unliked great uncle.

Es hatte ursprünglich dem ungeliebten Großonkel gehört.



Carl Friedrich. My memory of him was very vague.

Carl Friedrich. Meine Erinnerung an ihn war sehr vage.



Ich nahm es mit.



I took it with me.



Abends sah ich mir die Bilder an.

I looked at the pictures in the evenings.

A collections of mostly small photographs, Without a chronological order.

Eine Ansammlung meist kleiner Fotografien.



1903

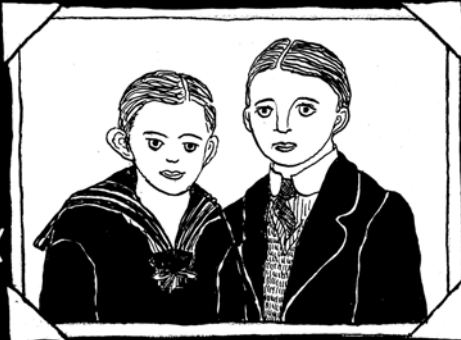
Omi 1934



1915

Ohne chronologische Ordnung. Beim wiederholten

Durchblättern fiel mir die Diskrepanz zwischen



1912



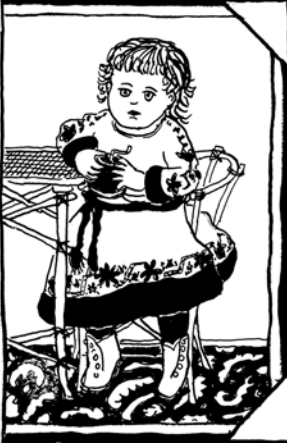
1925

Kinder- und Erwachsenenbildern auf.

After flipping through the pages a few times i noticed the disparity between the childhood - and Adulthood photos.

How did such a soft, sensitive, almost feminine boy

Wie wird aus einem weichen, sanften,



1899



1900



1903

fast feminin anmutenden Knaben

solch ein verhärteter, abweisender,



1943



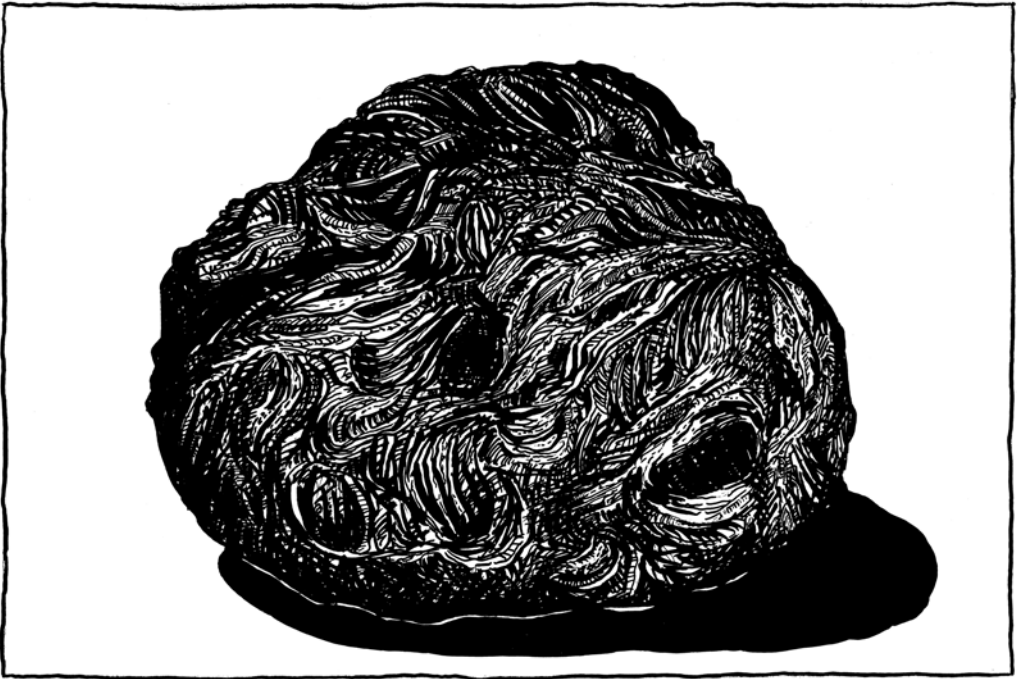
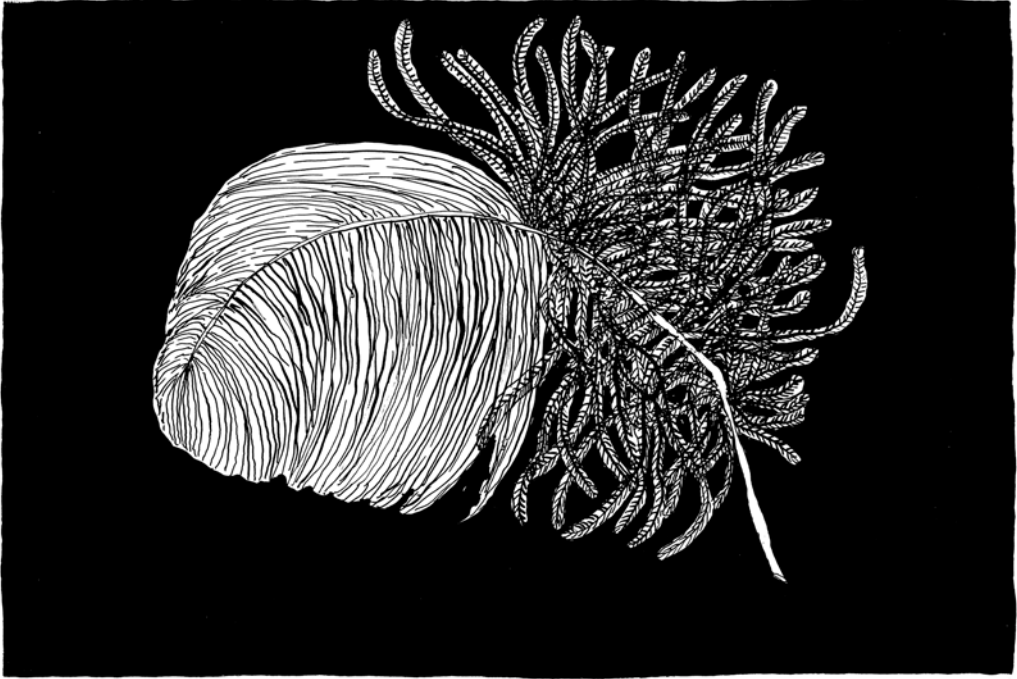
1928



1939

kalter Mann ?

become such a hardened, unapproachable, cold man?



In 1899 Carl Friedrich



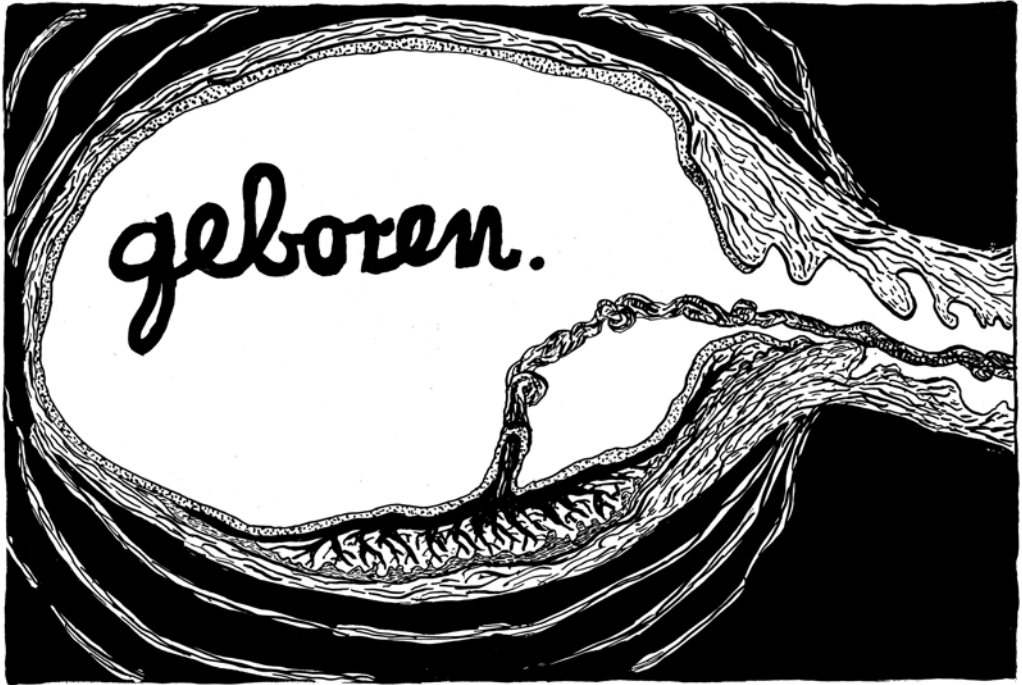
als drittes Kind einer



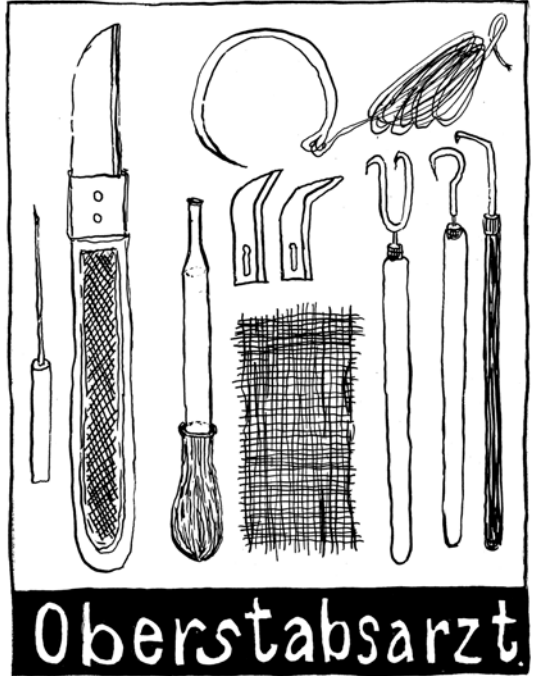
bürgerlichen Familie

as the third child in his middle class family

Is born.



Der Vater ist



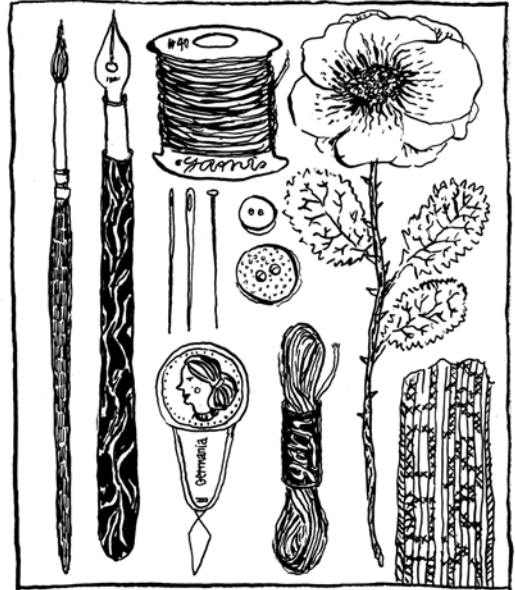
Oberstabsarzt.

The father is a surgeon general.

The mother is the daughter of a wealthy family



Die Mutter war



höhere Tochter.

Sie wohnen neben der Kaserne.



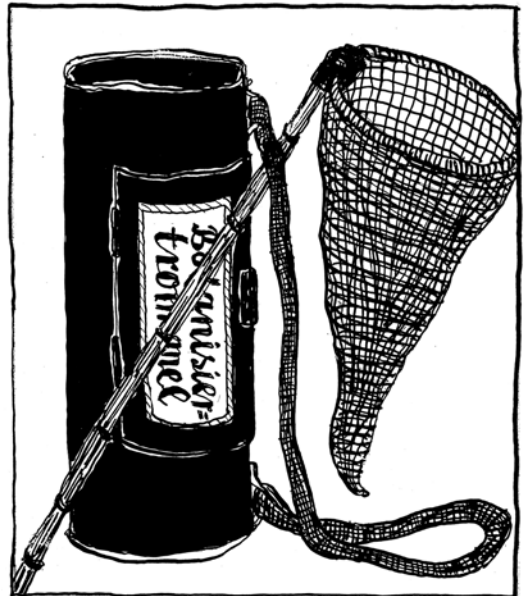
They live next to the barracks.

The big brother

is very happy



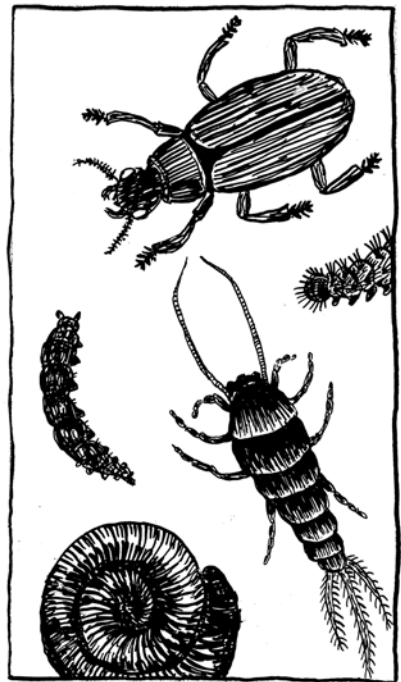
Der große Bruder



freut sich sehr



über den Familienzuwachs.



about the new addition to the family.

The mother mostly sees the deceased daughter in Friedrich.

Clara Auguste 1895 - 1899

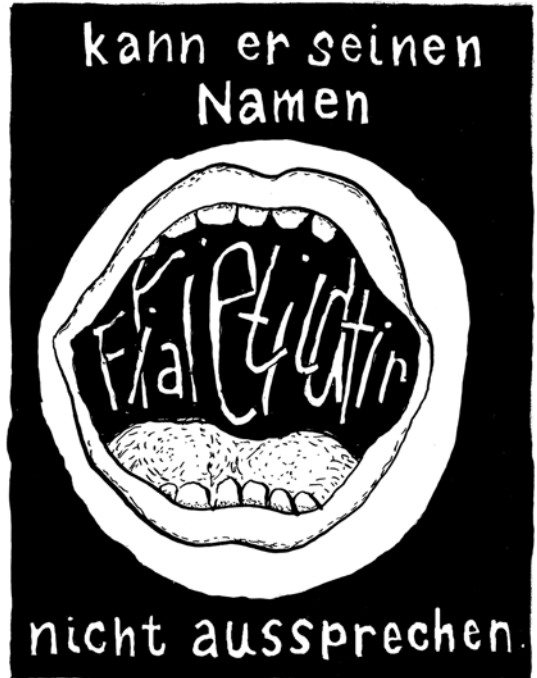


He is dressed in her clothes.

And inherit her toys.



When he started talking.



He couldn't pronounce his name.

Can you already tell us your name?



Try it again. C-a-r-l F-r-i-e-d-r-i-ch...

Idi ... Ititi!

That name stayed within the family circle up until –



„Ititi! Come to the table!“ „Ititi has wet the bed again!“ „Ititi is so pale, you should go to the sea in the summer.“ „Ititi is just like Uncle Hermann.“ „Ititi needs fish oil!“ „Ititi! Bring aunt Anna her Aniseeds Pills...“

– his enrollment into Cadet School.

Only the father calls him by his christened name. „It is time for Carl Friedrich to be clothed like a boy...“



He is still allowed to keep the toys.



Als Ititi fünf
Jahre alt ist,

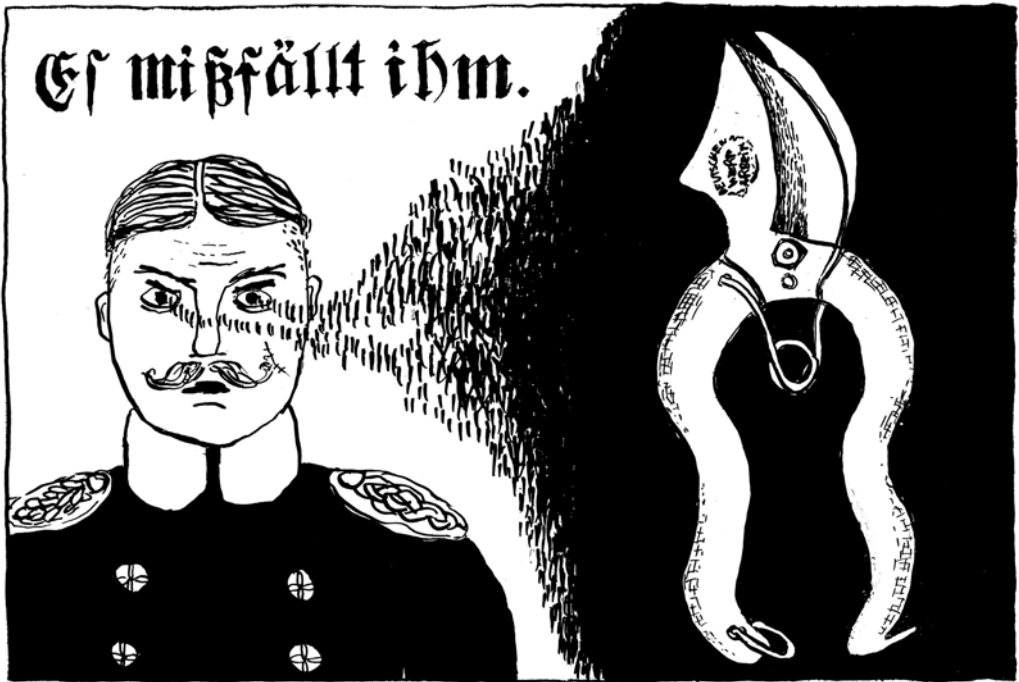
When Ititi turned five years old.

The father sees him playing.

sieht der Vater ihn spielen.



It displeases him.



„Edgar, Stack the firewood in the Courtyard into a sufficient pile!“

„And you Carl, collect underwood and dry sticks!“

Ititi is happy.

It is the first time, that father is trusting him with an assignment.



He wants to do everything right.

After everything is finally ready.



The father appears with a big basket.



He lights up one of the dry sticks.



And passes it on to Ititi.

Ititi can hardly believe his luck.

He gets to light the fire!



The fire crackles and pops so nicely.



But suddenly, he realizes what is happening here.



NO!! No No! No No.

Father holds him.

Firmly.



„Help!“ „save us!“ „Please help“ „Help!!!“ „Help us“ „HELP!!!“ „Ititi!!!“

The more Ititi tries to getaway „No!
Please don't, don't burn!“

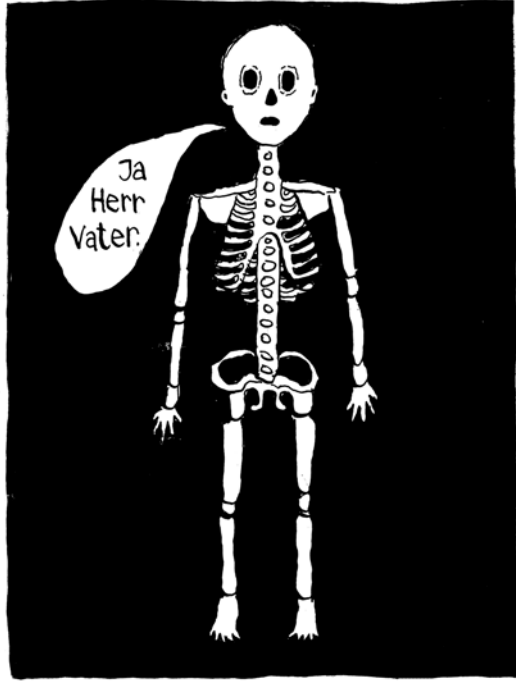
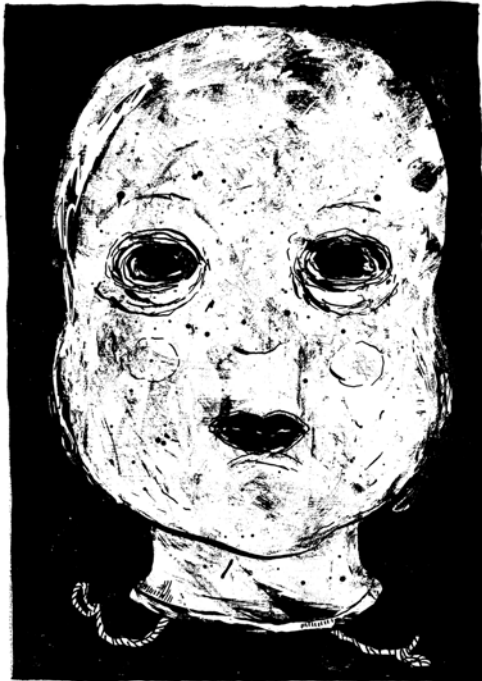
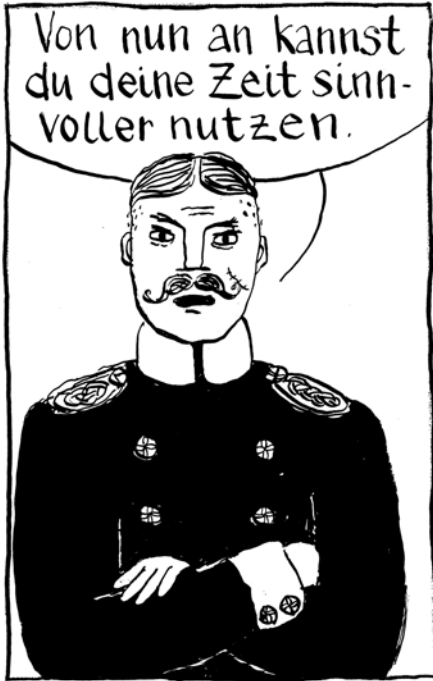
The firmer the fathers ear
twisting becomes.



As the fire died down.

He no longer spoke.

From now on you can use
your time wisely.

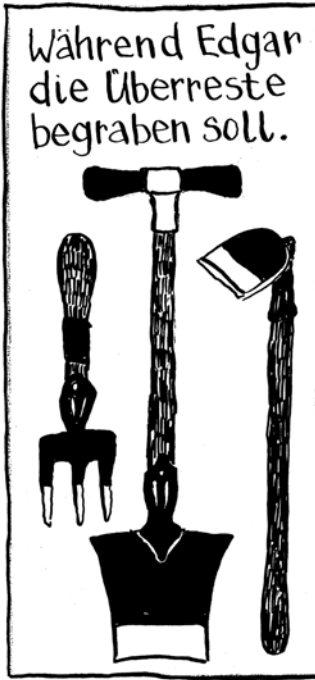


„Yes Mister Father“

Ititi is sent to bed
without supper



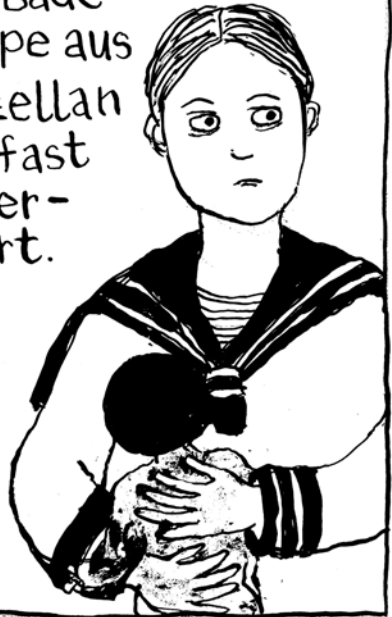
While Edgar burries
the remains.



At the edge of the fire
pit he finds Charlotte.



Die Bade-
puppe aus
Porzellan
ist fast
unver-
sehrt.



The porcelain bath doll is
practically undamaged.

Edgar hides her in the hedges.



Then he digs the grave.



Meanwhile, Titi is trying to understand.



Why is father so mad at him?

Why didn't Mother help him?



She was standing by the window.



Wo sind die Puppen jetzt?



Where are the dolls now?

Er begreift das alles nicht.



He doesn't understand any of it.

His ear is throbbing.



And his head hurts.



As Edgar approaches him, he tightly closes his eyes.



He doesn't want to see anyone.

Ititi - Hurry, look what I found!

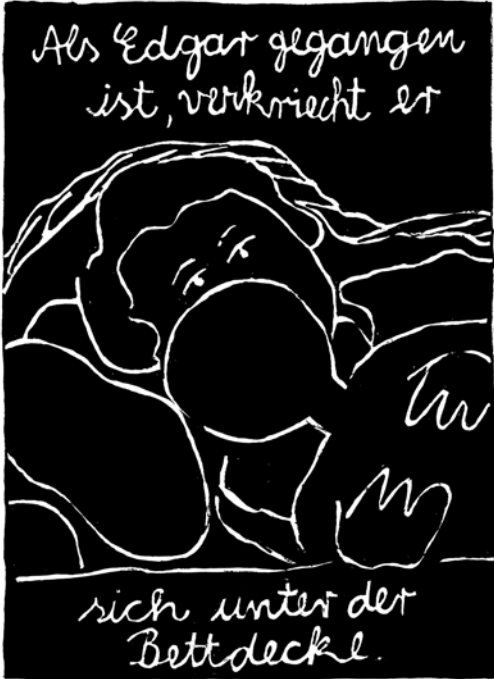
Charlotte!



„It's dinner time, nobody is going to come looking for you during this time“

„Afterwards, you have to hide her, Understand?“

After Edgar left, he crawled under his blanket.



Finally he can cry.



Dabei schläft er schließlich ein.



During which he falls asleep.

„Ititi!“ „Ititi!! Wake up! I have to get to school soon! Ititi!“



„Finally. Come, I'll show you a hiding place for the doll.“



„By the way, if you're caught, I know of nothing!“



„UNDERSTOOD?!!“
„yes...understood...“

„In that corner over there, no one ever goes there. I have to go!“ „Thank you.“



„You are safe here. I will come visit you as often as I can“



„See you soon!“

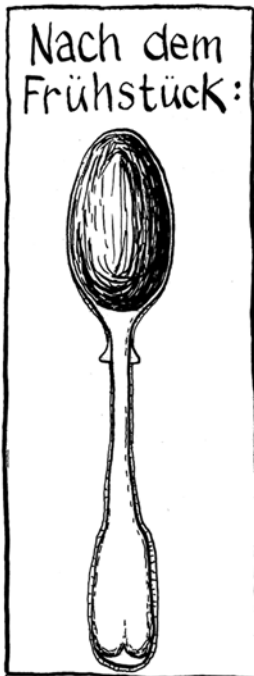


„Now Ititi must hurry“

After the
Breakfast:

„Ititi, I hope you understand
why your father acted that
way...“

„No, Mrs. Mother“



Because he loves you
with all his heart



And worries for your
well being



Therefore, you should
try to grant him joy.

„Will you do that
in the future?“



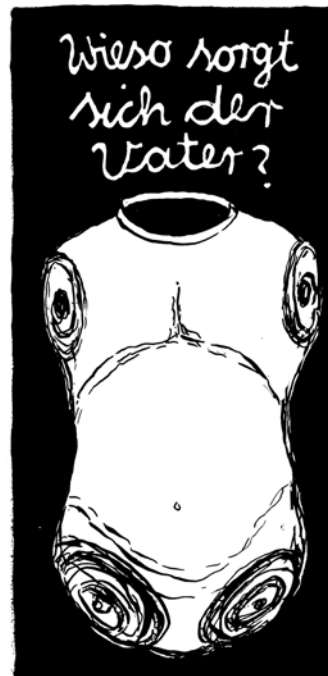
„Yes Mrs. Mother...“



Now he doesn't
understand anything
anymore.



What did he do wrong?



Why is Father worried?

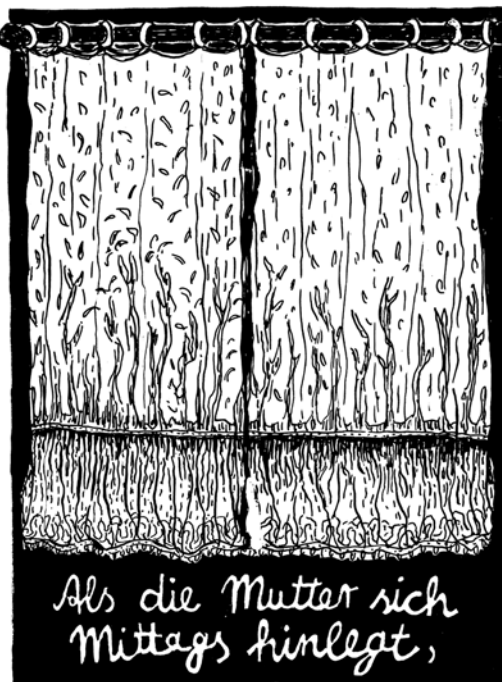


How should he grant
him joy?

Ititi decides to ask Edgar later.



Augustes toys have disappeared
from the childrens room



He isn't quite sure what he
should play.

When Mother took a nap
in the afternoon.

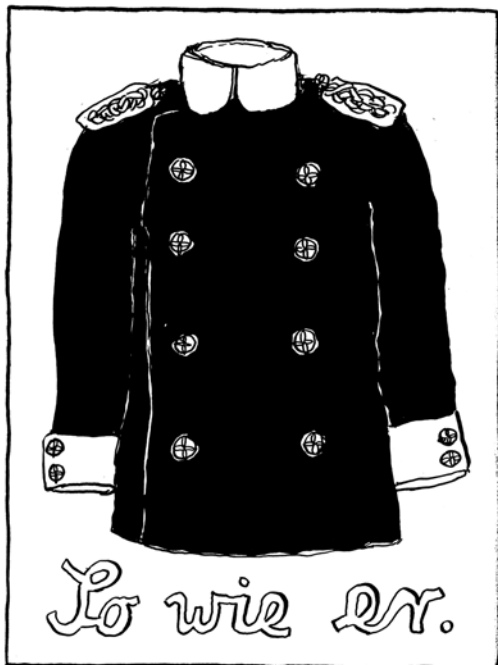
He snuck off to Charlotte.



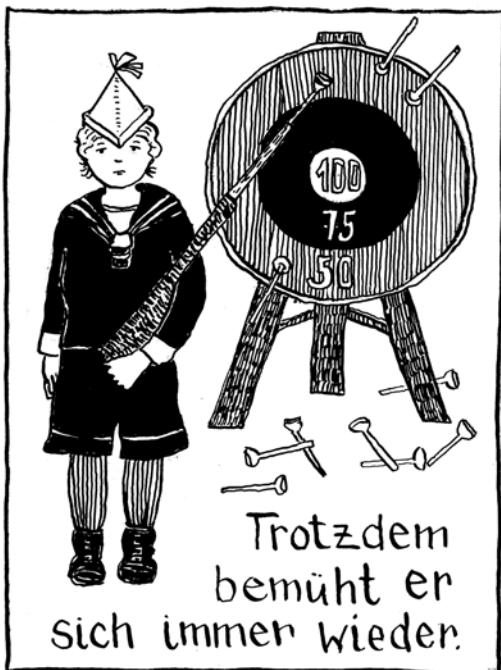
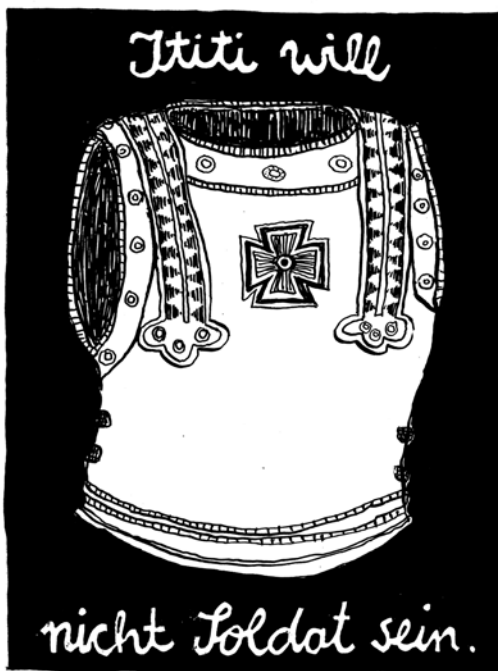
Later: „Mother says, I should grant father with joy. But how?!“

„You can't play with girl toys. We are supposed to become brave soldiers.“

Like him.



„Ohhh...“



Ititi doesn't want to be a Soldier.

Nonetheless, he keeps trying his hardest.



The rest of the time

he spends with Charlotte.

Almost two years pass as this goes on.



So vergehen fast 2 Jahre.



Edgar geht mittlerweile auf die Oberschule.



Ititi soll
zu
Ostern

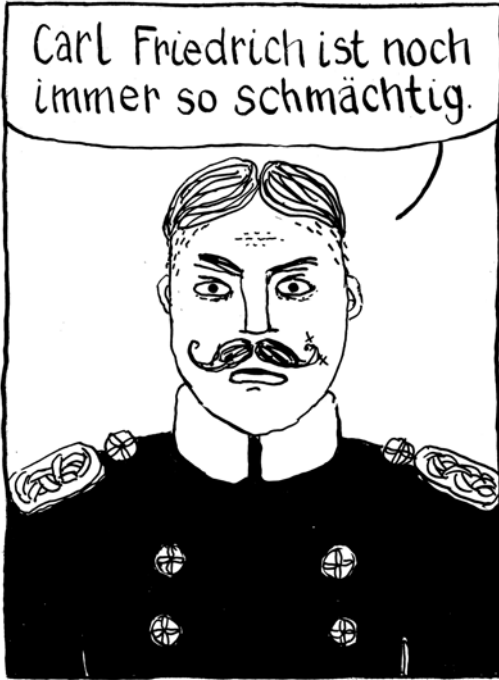
zum ersten
Zuführung

eingeschult
werden.

Meanwhile Edgar is already in Secondary School.

Ititi is supposed to start school during Easter.

„Carl Friedrich is still so slender“



Carl Friedrich ist noch immer so schwächling.

„We should sign him up for gymnastics“



„Wir sollten ihn bei den Turnern

anmelden.“

„Damit er erstarkt.“



„so he gets stronger“

„Gleich nächste Woche.“



„Next week.“

Ititi feels unwell.

Only at night is he able to sneak off to Charlott



„Father is sending me to do gymnastics“

I'm Scared.

I can't even do any of those things...



I can't even make it on the old apple tree.



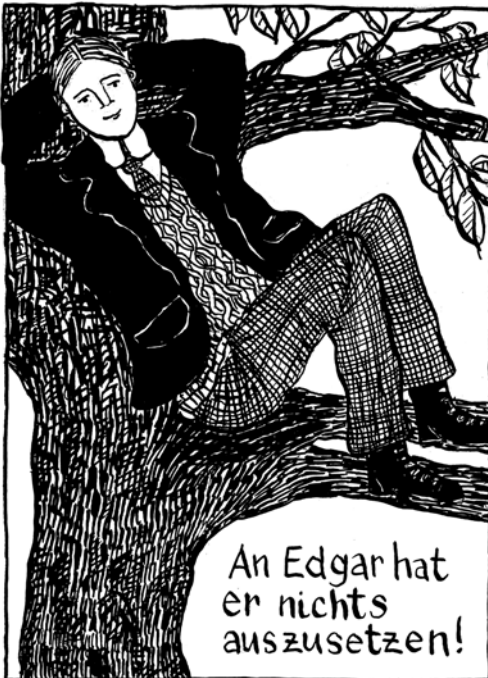
And just all of those devices there....

Everyone is going to laugh at me.

I do not want to go there under any circumstances!



Why is father never satisfied with me?

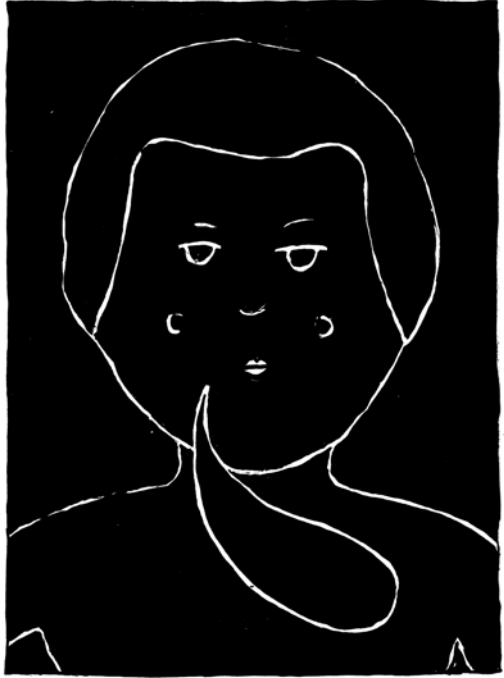
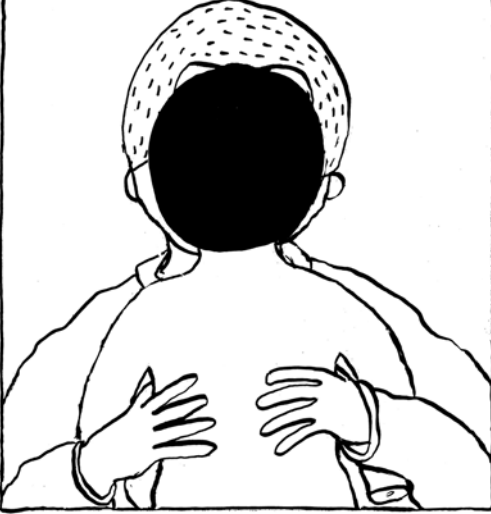


He never finds anything wrong with Edgar!

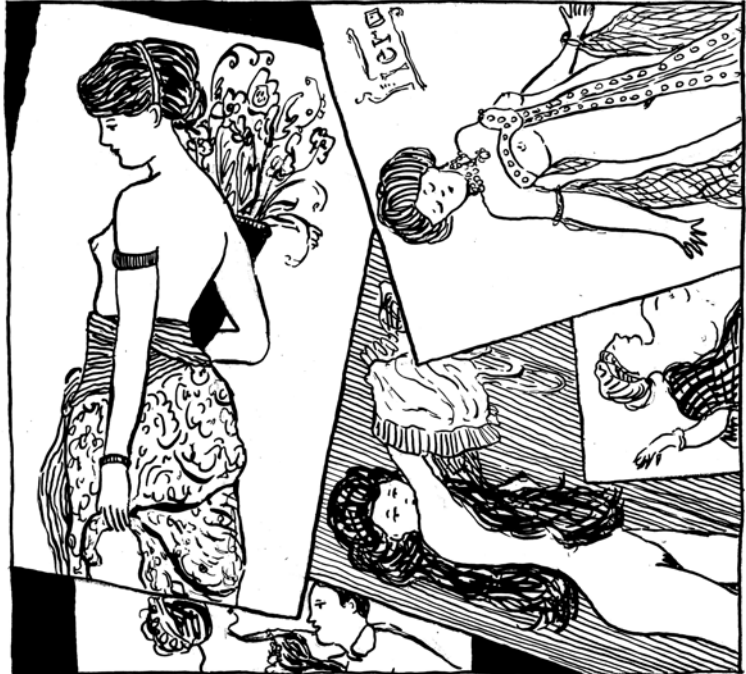
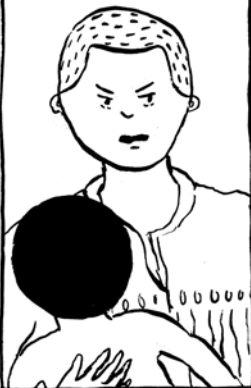


What on earth should I do?

Was soll ich
bloß tun?!



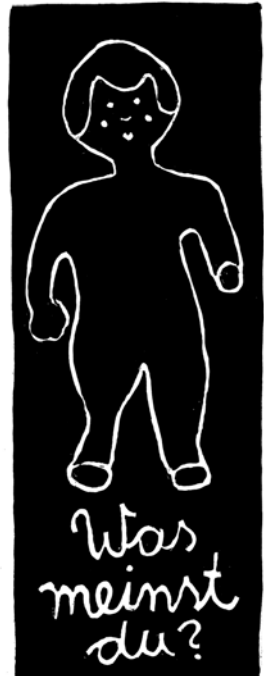
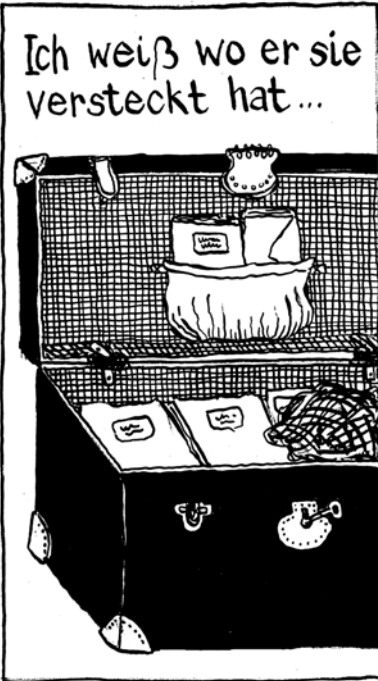
Vielleicht
den Eltern
Edgars
schlimme
Postkarten
zeigen ...



Maybe I should show Edgars bad postcards to the parents...

I know where he hid them...

They will be so shocked,



That they will forget

To sign me up to gymnastics.

What do you think?

As Ititi took the cards out
of their hiding place,

he was sure that his
plan would work.

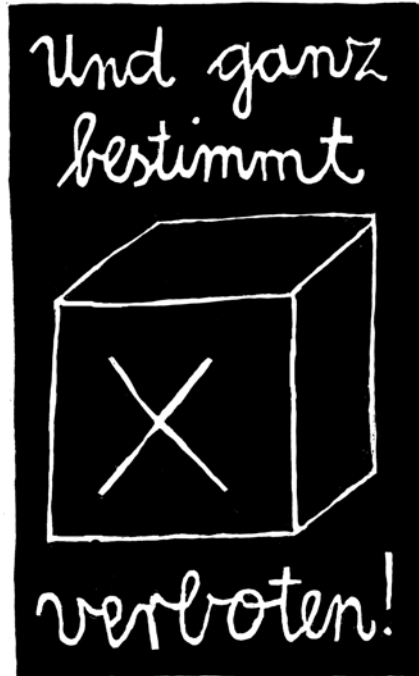


So etwas
hat er
noch nie
gesehen...

He has never
seen anything
like it



It is monstrous.



verboten!

And most definitely
forbidden!

The parents are finally going to be proud of him.

Reassured, Ititi goes

to bed.



The reaction from the parents is different than expected.

„ah, those are things for men. Give it to your Father... Mother seems unsurprised...”

„So, so! hmmm..well.“
Father seems amused even.

The cards are confiscated.



Edgar is under house
arrest for one week.



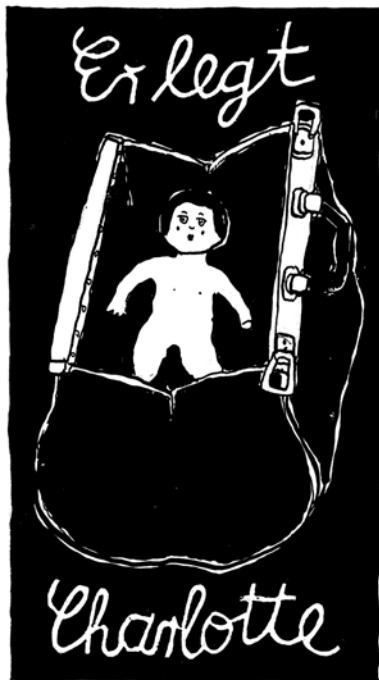
No other events
occur.



„It didn't work“
Ititi doesn't understand.

After the house arrest came to an end.

Edgar gets his revenge for his brothers betrayal.



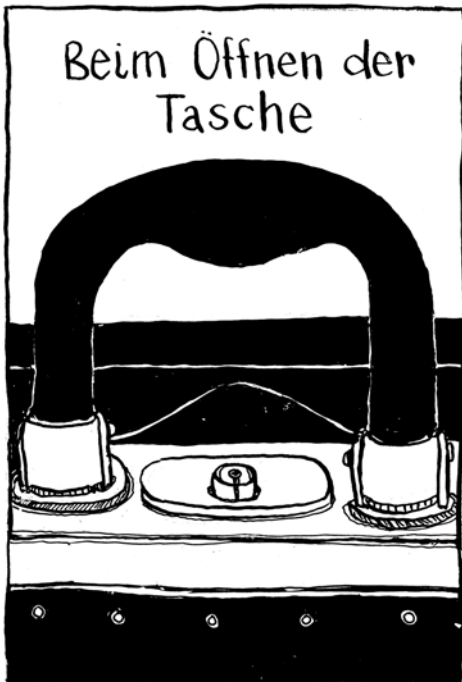
He secretly puts

Charlotte in Fathers bag.

In the barracks.



The soldiers wait for their monthly hygiene inspections.

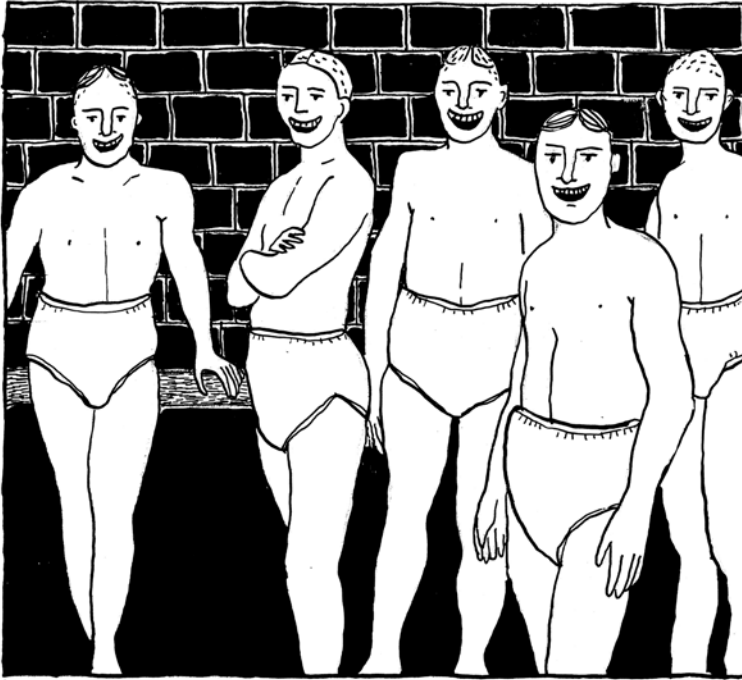


As the bag is opened,



Charlotte falls out in front
of the men's feet.

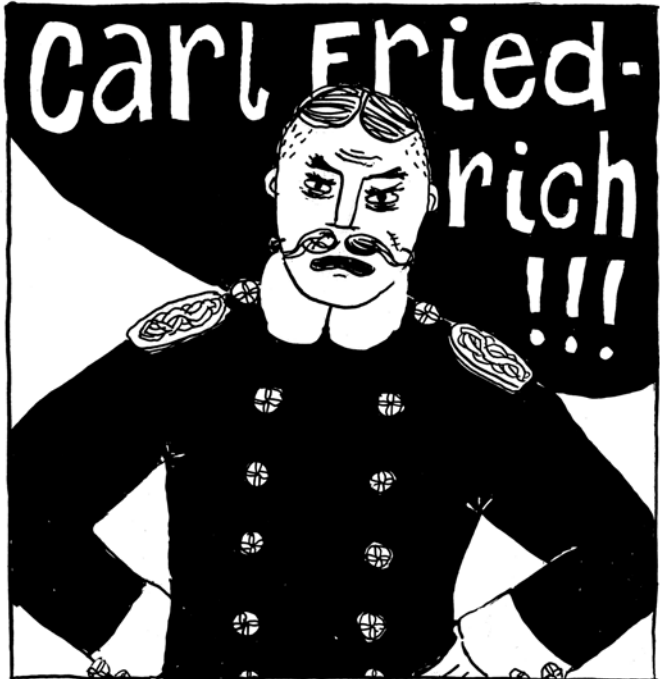
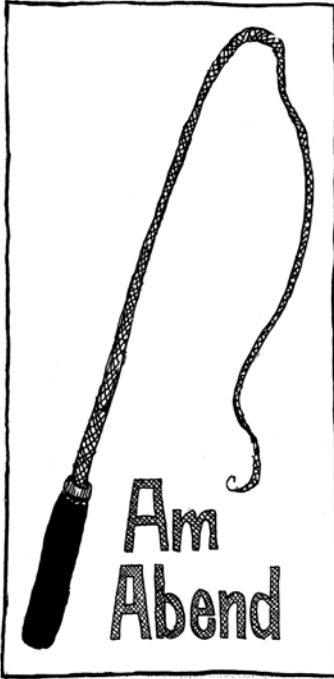
The Father



Becomes the laughing stock.

In the evening

Carl Friedrich!!!!



As Ititi stepped in –
„Yes Mister Father“

He throws Charlotte to him.

No!!!! Charlotte...



„You are sick! Get up and at least take your punishment like a man!!“



Ititi ist wie gelähmt.



Ititi feels as though he were paralyzed

STEH AUF!



GET UP!

Ititi cries and ducks down beneath the beatings.

Ititi duckt sich weinend unter den Schlägen.



Der Vater gerät dadurch noch mehr in Rage.



This drives Father to an even bigger rage. „Coward!“ „Hold still!“ „Hold still already!“ „And you want to be a soldier?!“ „Coward!!!“ „Ugh!“ „Shame on you!“

During one of Ititi evasion manouvers,



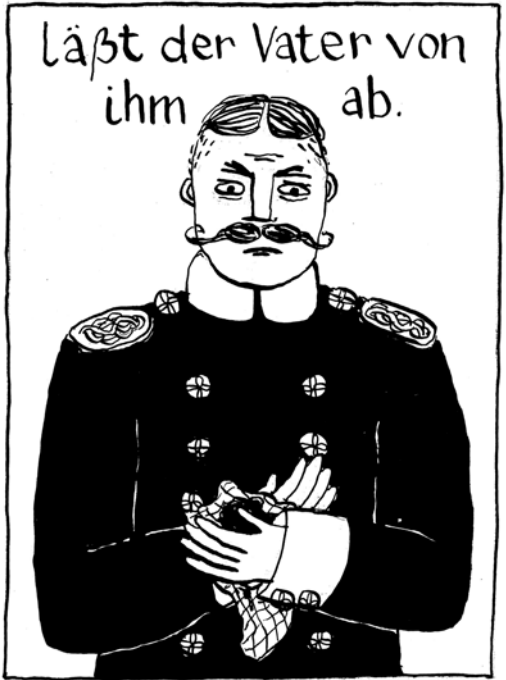
The Father hit a wound on his own hand.



Erst als Ititi sich nicht mehr rührt -



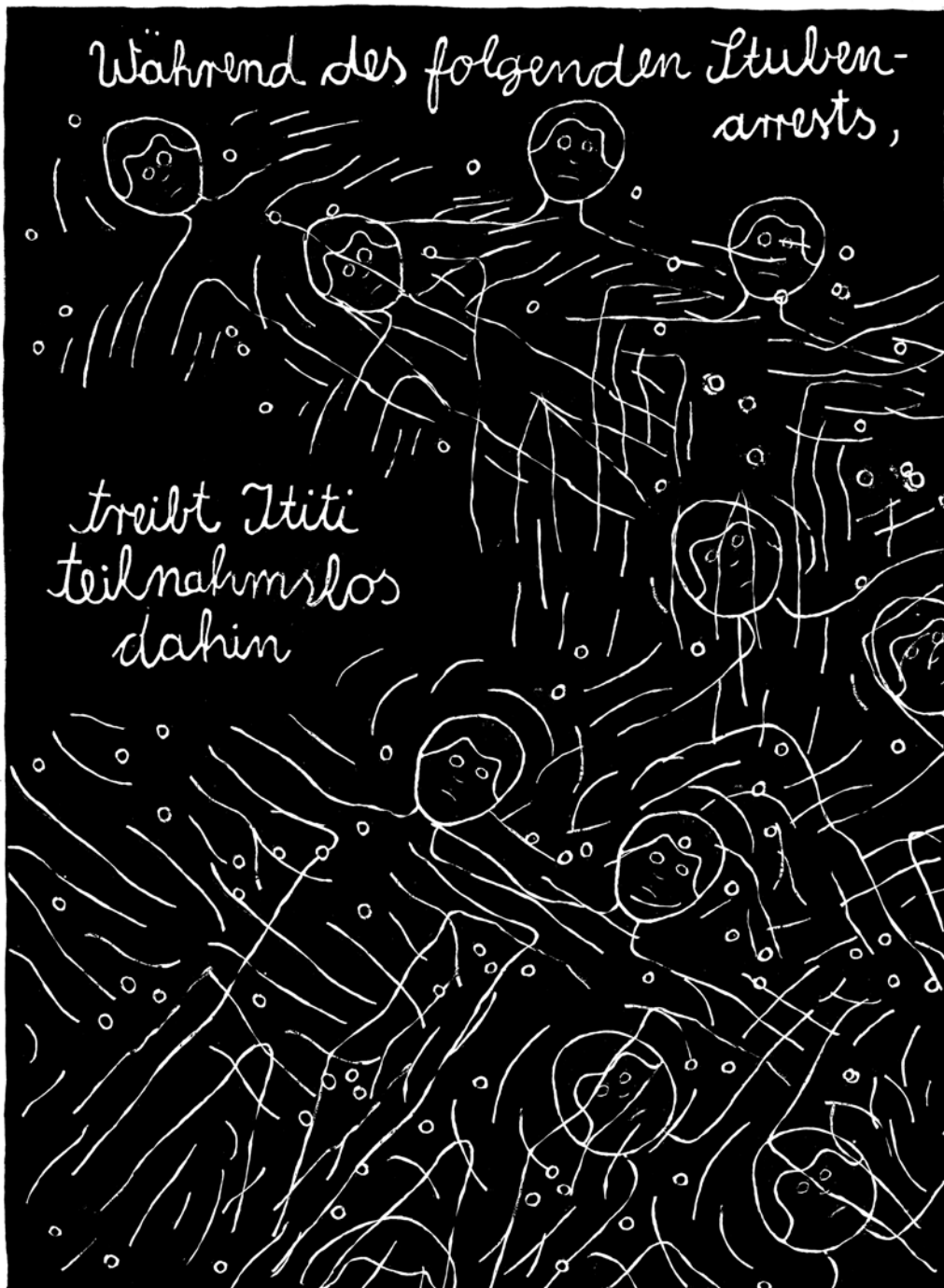
Läßt der Vater von ihm ab.



Only wenn Ititi became motionless,

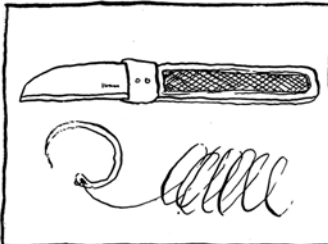
did the father stop beating him.

During the following house arrest, Ititi drifts around carelessly.



There is no consolation,

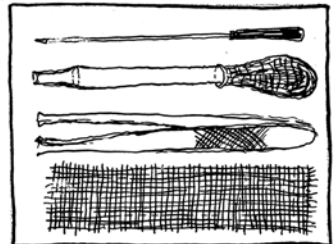
and nothing to hold on to anymore.



Montag

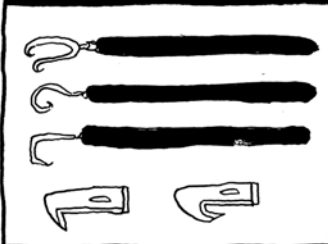


Dienstag

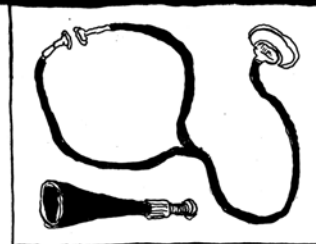


Mittwoch

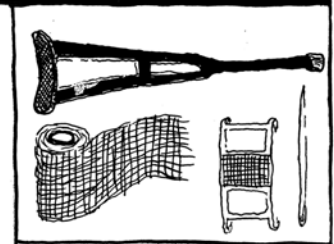
Der Vater arbeitet indessen viel.



Donnerstag



Freitag

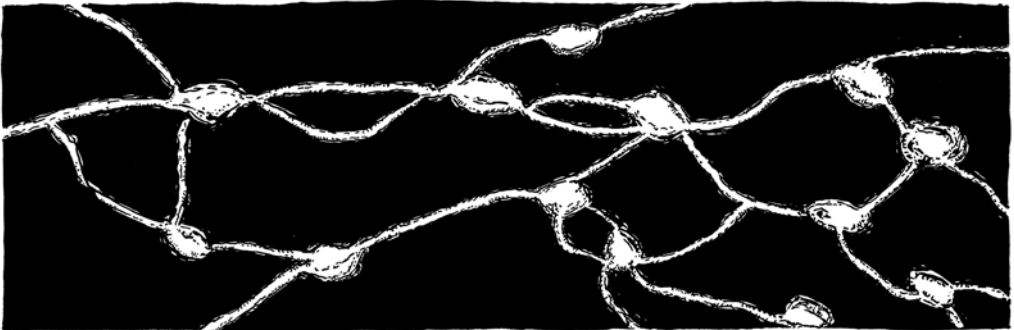
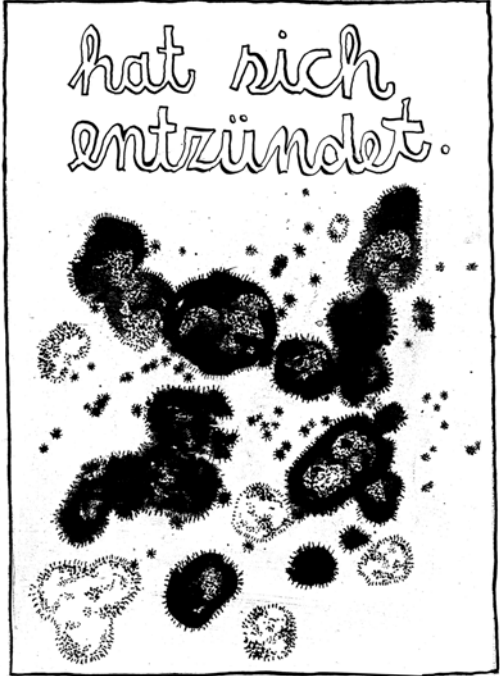


Samstag

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday Meanwhile Father is working a lot.
Thursday, Friday, Saturday

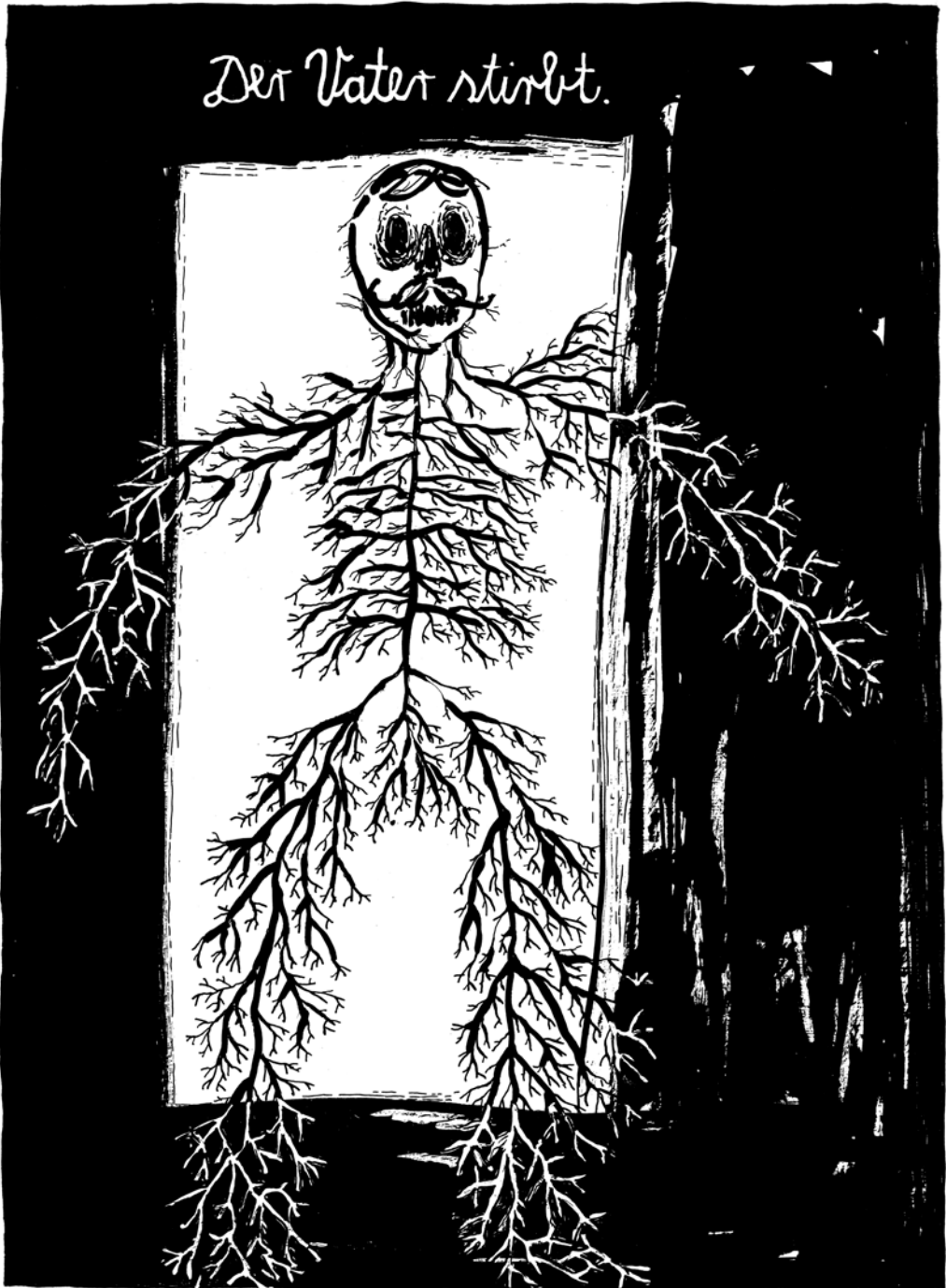
The wound on his hand

Has gotten infected



The blood poisoning is spreading rapidly.

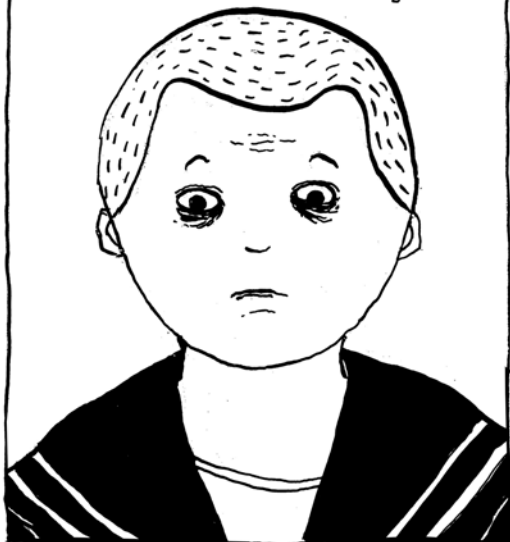
The Father dies.



Ititi knows,

That it is his fault.

Ititi weiß,



dass es seine



Schuld ist.



Alles.

Everything.

If he would have acted
like a soldier,



not played with dolls,



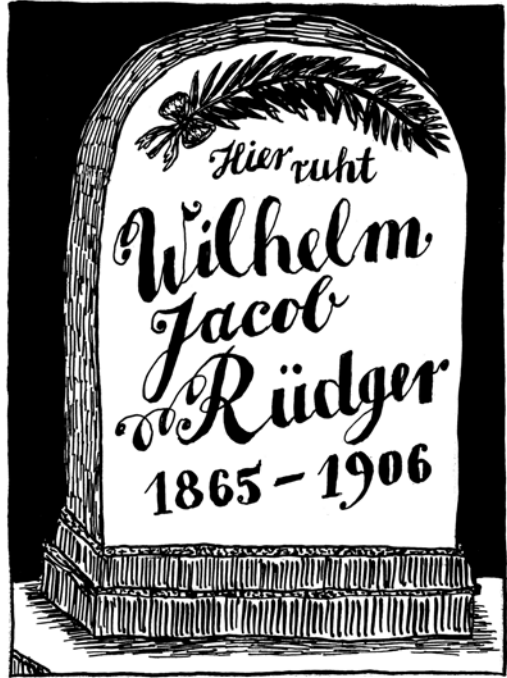
and if he would have bravely
bared his punishment

Father would still be alive.

Here rests Wilhelm Jacob Rüdiger.



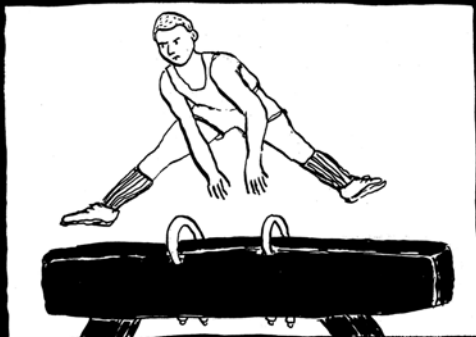
Ich werde mich
bessern, Vater. In
Zukunft sollst
du immer stolz
auf mich sein!



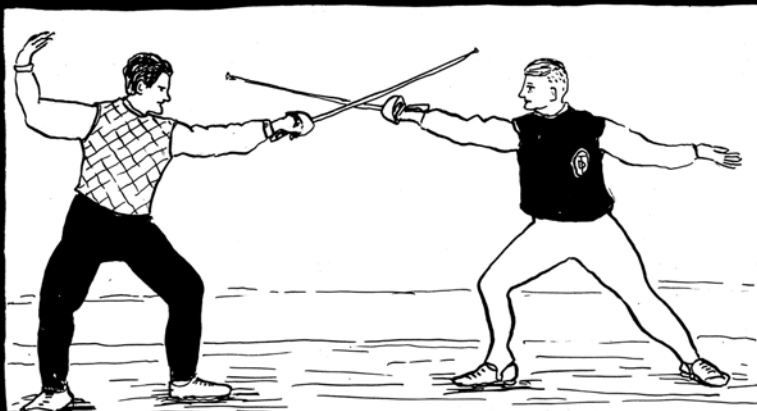
I'm going to improve myself
Father. You shall always be
proud of me in the future.

Gut heil! German Gymnastics Club
admission-card for Carl Friedrich
Rüdiger. Chairman F: Tiethe

1913

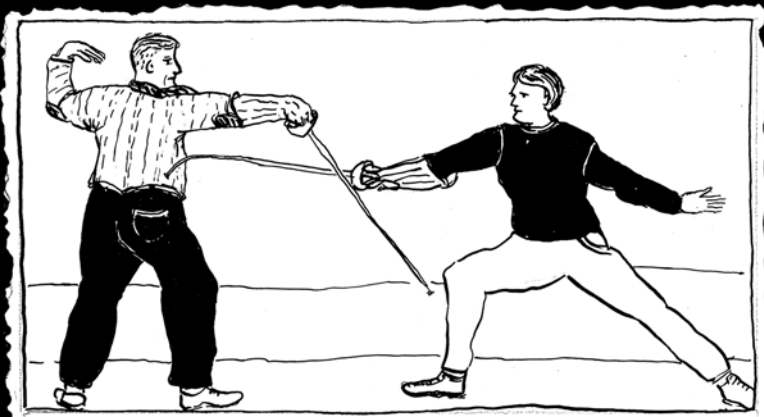


1922



1928

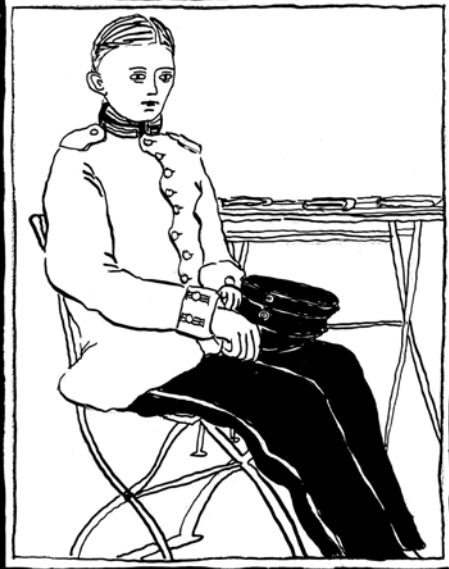
1952



1916



1917



1933

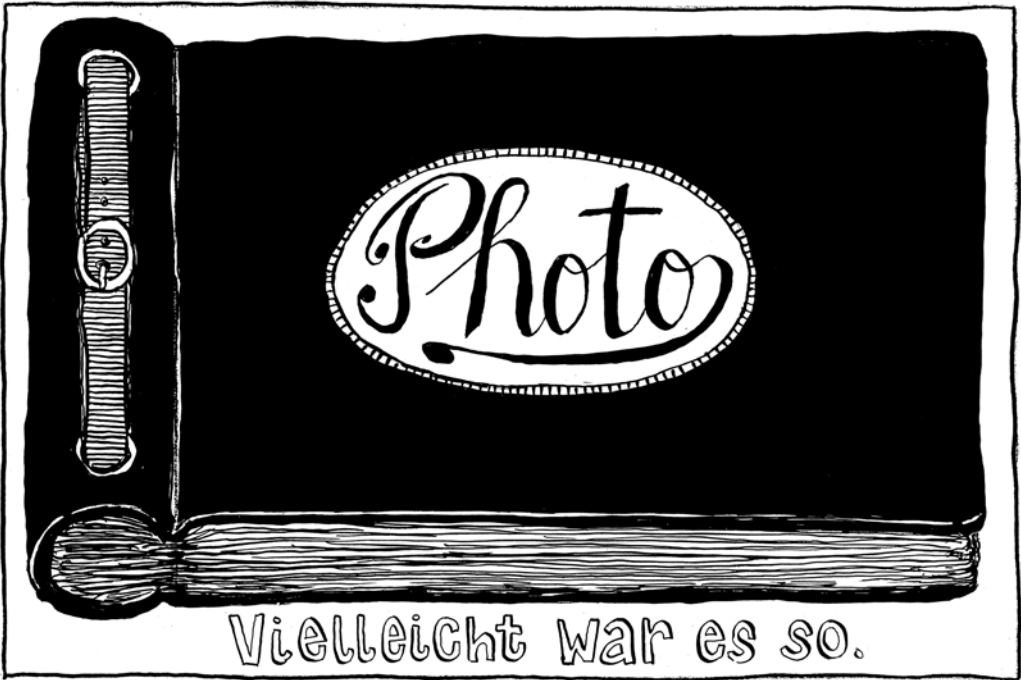


1924



1939

Perhaps it was so.



Or not.

Poor frozen Ititi.

Ammer
frozen
Ititi.





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