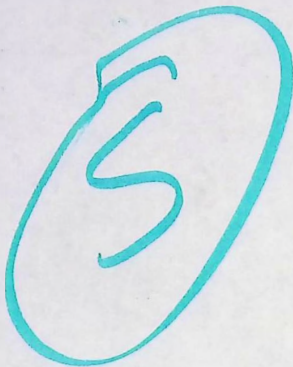


Book 4 double, then triple space 4/28/04

337



Book IV

1.

I must now inform the reader of an unexpected summons from the Maestro. It would remove me from Alois Hitler and his family for eight months. I can add that this alert arrived on just the evening early in October of 1895 when Alois completed his apicultural negotiations with Der Alte. Two Langstroth boxes (each with a colony of bees) and the necessary accompanying supplies were bought plus a variety of tools, and enough pollen and honey to feed these newly-acquired inhabitants through the winter,

the purchases being transported by Alois' dray pulled by the work-horse Graubart from Der Alte's premises to the Hitler home.

It proved an exceptionally exciting trip for Adi who sat beside his father all the way and could not sleep that night in anticipation of morning when the hive-boxes would be set up under the shade of an oak tree some twenty paces from the house.

If there is some curiosity concerning Alois' outlay, I have no very dependable way to make a calculation from the kronen and gulder of Alois' era to the hegemony of the present American dollar. The discrepancies distort any comfortable sense of comparative costs. Alois' pension in that year may have been the present equivalent of sixty or seventy thousand dollars a year now, and it is likely that he rued the cost from the beginning since Der Alte sold him a sufficiency of necessary and not-quite-necessary items that might come to the rough equivalent today of a thousand dollars. Alois, fully anticipating that he was going to pay too much, was weary, however, of dealing with the old man and so did not push beyond the small success of acquiring at the end a few extra tools at no extra cost, one of the few times in his life when he was not ready to bargain with his usual determination.

However, it was at just this point that I was ordered to leave Adi and the other members of the family with three of my assistants. That night I embarked for St. Petersburg where I was brought to focus on the needs and dimensions of a new and massive project. We were going to attend the coronation of Tsar Nicholas the Second, scheduled for May of 1896 in Moscow, seven months into the future.

Off I went, then, to St. Petersburg. and on that very night. How I made the voyage is too complex a matter for discussion at this point. While devils are able to travel as if they were human beings, that is, we can for a period insinuate ourselves into many a man or woman (even as forty-two years later, I would be occupying the mind and body of an intelligence officer in Himmler's Special Section IV-2a) still, we can use much more rapid means. (But, of that, I will wait to speak.) For now, leave it that I was instructed to go by the quick alternative and enter my orientation into the late Nineteenth Century Russian soul—belly, vices, beliefs, recent history, harmonies and inner disharmonies—by morning of the next day. And in that Slavic realm, so much nearer to God and to the devil than any other land above the equator, I

stayed for all of a winter in St. Petersburg prior to coming down to Moscow on a cold April morning before the coronation in May.

During that period, I did receive news of Alois, Adi, Klara, and Angela. Even the day-to-day temperament of the dog, Luther, and the horses, Ulan and Graubart, were reported, but that was by summary for the most part, and cannot be comparable in interest to the new venture, not at all. If a devil is ready to afford a few personal desires other than the over-arching demand to satisfy the Maestro, then I had, I confess, become a little too full of the Hitler family's intimacies. I had hoped to receive more of a major assignment. Now, I had it. Our O.O. was in the first stages of bringing off a mighty mischief. We all knew that, every one of us, major and minor devils all. Even at the time, I sensed that this could come to more than any of our recent full-dress efforts to disrupt the larger purposes of the other side. It is true. I swear it. I sensed a metamorphosis forming in the intentions of our leader.

Now, I will make one apology, but will not repeat it. Having read the best and worst of novels for many years (which is, I repeat, part of a good devil's duties and education) I should know by now (and do!) that not even the best of readers will put up for long with a novelist who can leave his

narrative long enough to jump into what must seem, at first, an altogether unrelated subject. Until now, I have indeed spared the reader reference to my other cases, particularly the month I spent in London back in May of '95 when I attended the trial of Oscar Wilde and was in the courtroom on the day of his conviction for "sodomy and gross indecency"—a matter in which I played a hand with the jury's deliberations. (My instructions were to do my best to get him convicted. It is likely that the E.O. was looking to stimulate a rabid sense of martyrdom among some of Wilde's associates, particularly those who were of very good family, but to this I cannot attest. Only on rare occasions will the Maestro explain his strategies to us—we are there to satisfy his aims rather than our curiosity.)

Nonetheless, I was now harboring a conviction that our Maestro had prodded the D.K. into a state of some disturbance over the success or failure of the oncoming coronation.

For that I can only offer my own set of explanations. I more than suspected that the D.K. was now dissatisfied with the variety of formal organized religions serving in His name—although, as I will eventually explain, He was responsible for them. Yes, their faults were by His clumsy

doing, the unhappy structures of the Catholics and the Protestants, the Greek Orthodox, the Orthodox Jews, the Reformed Jews, the Sunnis and the Shi'ites, even perhaps the sects of Buddhism, Confucianism, Taoism.

By 1895, a change had also occurred, however, in the viewpoint of our Maestro. Or, so was I ready to perceive. Through the centuries, the O.O. had succeeded in being a most incisive critic of the follies, disproportions, errors, miscalculations, and sheer blunders of the D.K., indeed! God, the Creator, having worked His way through the locks of His evolution, had by now trapped Himself into many grievous misjudgments concerning the potentialities of humankind. In contrast, the O.O. had, for the large part, been satisfied to act in reaction to the D.K.'s endeavors, intensifying where we could every misdirection of His human beings. We were out to increase the sum of emotional dissatisfaction among men and women everywhere, good or bad. Thereby—so went our working assumption—we might come a little closer to eventually possessing the spirit of the species. One of our more effective methods over the last two thousand years had certainly been to encourage intense religiosity of the most formalized and organized sort. If we came up short now and again—usually with more luminous individuals

Book 4 double, then triple space 4/28/04

343

(saints), we did succeed in warping the intelligence of a good many good humans. You can find fine folk everywhere, locked into a mosque, a synagogue, or a church, all clinging to the same oxymoron. Yes. Despite every other difference, they are all attached to the obtuse belief that God is All-Good and All-Powerful. This premise—given its inner contradiction, vast and built-in—is intrinsically incapable of serving as a tool for the mind since it can find no answers to the contradictions embedded everywhere in human existence. By that means, we have succeeded in tormenting the best minds of mankind century after century. All-Good and All-Powerful. Indeed! Yes, we had looked to encourage every fundamentalist we could find, Islamist or Hibernian—we didn't give a damn. "Come to us," became our creed, "come, all of you who are in need of rock-hard faiths and anchored certainties!" How ready they were to believe they were serving God all the while they were working for us in ways they never perceived.

Now all this, I would warrant, is ultimately a product of the D.K.'s inability to anticipate the direction His creatures would take once He had developed them. His strength (as the O.O. will be the first to acknowledge) is that He can create a plenitude of forms throughout the natural world, some

relatively successful (the honey-bee is one example) and some most improperly designed. (The dinosaur, the squid, the leech and the mosquito come immediately to mind.)

By the time He raised primates to the level of humans, He became much too proud of this last creative accomplishment. He chose to provide men and women with enough reason to burst their limits and exercise free will. He was prepared to permit a power of will that would be free, on occasion, of Him. Just so confident was His enthusiasm, His belief in this latest Creation.

Such miscalculation was calamitous. It was equal to raising so powerful a dog that the dog turns on its master. God's finest creation, men and women, given free will, proved unmanageable with that free will—they gave every indication they would, left to themselves, depose Him. He was reduced to resorting to a most drastic measure. He gave up the heartfelt notion of engaging in a profound companionship with this highest form of His Creation. Instead, He now looked to terrify men into obedience. He could not recover from the blow to His comprehension occasioned by the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. He was now obliged to go back to the judgments

of Jehovah, and He proceeded through His new religions to terrify humans all over again. "Obey Me and fear Me. I am All-Good and All-Powerful." The message that He had wished to transmit through His Son—"Love each other and you will share in My love" was now converted to "Fear Me, Respect Me, and I may answer your prayers."

This retreat, this return to oppression, opened vast territories to the Maestro. I will put it simply. Our cause, as I comprehend it, is to diminish the potentiality of humankind. We want to reduce the vitality of the greatest creature developed by the D.K.. Naturally, we look to encourage religiosity that is ever more intense and more mindless. Distort the brains of men and women even further than the D.K. intends, and their human emotions will be corrupted. (For imbalance is the beginning of rot.) Accomplish our job well enough, pick up what remains, and we may be able to alter it into our Creation.

Through many an age, I believe that this had been the working premise of our Maestro. And be assured our activities have not been restricted to churchgoers. So many varieties of human type are suitable, atheists, athletes, actors, and any angels we locate who might be turning bitter at the edges—I

will not pursue this through the alphabet. But, in this time, approaching the end of the 19th Century, I began to sense that the O.O. was contemplating a revolutionary change in our procedures. Was he looking to develop a species of faith designed expressly by him rather than by the Dummkopf? Was our Maestro actually prepared to make this vertiginous leap from criticism to Creation?

I could not conceive of what form such a new set of beliefs might take, but I will say that the possibility did cause me uneasiness. For who could know more about the pestilence and slovenliness of human nature than those of us who had worked through the centuries to swell and inflame all that was soft and misbegotten in the D.K.'s calculations. I need not even speak of His miscalculations—all the animal residue in His human beings of unfocused rage, all the continuing excess in men and women of free-floating ill-will. It was one more sum of blunders fashioned by the D.K. in the course of developing His advanced Creation. Given the objective need to protect a high but delicate level of animal life that would still be able to survive through grievous and often incalculable conditions of heat, cold, flame, and death, the D.K. had to endow man (and woman, most certainly!) with a sense of self-

importance crucial to their survival. But, once again, the balance did get away from Him. The self-righteousness so necessary to survival also produced envy. The self-righteous, unless immensely successful, cannot look with equanimity upon better fortune for others—particularly not close friends and acquaintances. Envy worked as dependably in our favor as compound interest serves an investment. The D.K.'s powers to fashion new varieties of Creation were once—it must again be admitted—immense, but His skills as a cosmic engineer were wanting. His problems, even if spared our presence, would not have been trivial. His endless reworking through trial and error over the eons of evolution, even His readiness to live with His mistakes until such time as He could correct them (and most certainly, His outsize rages as a younger god!—His frenzies as Jehovah!) had compounded a multitude of errors in every avenue and byway of human history. Now, I had to wonder how the O.O. could look to refashion such a boggled Creation after we had finished corrupting, corroding, and demoralizing it further? I was worried.

Yes.

-2-

There is no question that I will yet delineate in some detail the determining effect we were to have on the coronation of Tsar Nicholas the Second, but I would prefer at this point to return to the small events and minor adventures of the Hitler family in Hafeld before I attempt to outline the more exceptional activities we were to undertake in St. Petersburg and Moscow that would culminate in May of 1896. Those eight months from my departure in October of 1895 until my return to Austria in June of 1896 will, I expect, be of interest, but until now we have followed the intimacies of apiculture with so much close attention that I do not wish to ignore its continuation at this point.

I have to point, however, to a serious difficulty. As I have remarked, my knowledge of the various experiences of Alois, Klara, and the children were communicated to me during my absence by the agents I left behind. (Naturally, given the greater import of the activities in Russia, I had taken my two best assistants with me.) That left a problem. Lesser devils are, in many a regard, comparable to lesser humans. This is particularly true of their characteristic insensitivity to significant detail.

While I can retain a reasonably close notion of what is transpiring among my clients and their near associates even when obliged to rely on the reports of mediocre agents, the work does lose. During this absence, I could only allocate a fraction of my available energies to thinking about Alois and Company. So, the account of these missing months—October '95 to June '96—may prove sketchy. What will save the value of the narrative received, however, is that there were a few notable and determining events in Adi's development (and these matters I most certainly did pursue). Otherwise, nothing of great moment did occur until the return of Junior, Alois Hitler, Junior. Of course, that was not until June, by which time I too had returned to them.

So my narrative will not suffer too critically. Mediocre agents, like mediocre human beings, may be humdrum in their powers of summary but they are not wholly incapable, and I will warrant that I had brought even the least unpromising up to a necessary level of performance. If I am not ready to explain our systems of recruitment of new agents, that is because such exposition would bring us immediately into a far more sacrosanct question: How are devils created in the first place? Is the E.O. personally on the alert for superior humans who might be ready to serve us, and might be put under contract by the E.O. himself, or, as is more usually the case, do they come to us as lower varieties of humans, a brood of rejected spawn? These last are often individuals who were so disheartened, infuriated, demoralized, or altogether outraged by what they perceived in the hour of their death as a shocking demotion of their prospects for a good reincarnation—a new life they might deem worthy of their merits—that they opted out, simple as that, they declared their desire to be liberated from the wheel of human reincarnation in order to serve another power, us! (How this arrangement was ever negotiated by the D.K. and the E.O. is altogether beyond my knowledge. While I cannot declare why or when it happened, I am familiar

with the results. Apparently, the D.K. was willing (or necessarily obliged) to lop off a fraction of His stock of those souls clamoring for reincarnation. Was this in order to obtain a less disruptive and dissatisfied environment for Himself in the realms of the Hereafter? I suspect that was so. I would also assume that our O.O., looking to make his way up onto a nearer level of equality with the D.K., was, of necessity, ready to accept this exudate of spoiled human possibility.) Over the centuries, over—it well may be—the millennia, he was then obliged to use a very large part of his resources into shaping and training the low-grade and highly disturbed material we did receive. It is analogous in difficulty to developing a symphony orchestra out of soldiers cashiered from the Foreign Legion. I will not pursue these difficulties further at this point. I will only say that the agents I had left in Hafeld, the lees, so to speak, of my small squad, did their best to report on Alois' ongoing efforts at bee-keeping, but they did not always have a close enough sense of his difficulties, certainly not enough to satisfy my understanding.

Book 4 double, then triple space 4/28/04

352

Forewarned, forearmed. I will now present a small improvement on the summary I received of what went on with Alois and his bees from the end of 1895 until the following summer.

Book 4 double, then triple space 4/28/04

353- 355

Fixed
By [unclear]
4/29/04

check on first
few lines
Do they refer to
Molest?

-3-

stet

~~In October, my agents did provide me with one important event~~

~~concerning little Adolf Hitler~~, if I had permitted it, ~~they~~ ^{my agents} would have

overwhelmed me with an overabundance of detail concerning Alois' worries and dull, repetitive obsession with his new occupation.

As I have indicated, I had little time to give much attention to this, but I was irked. Short of a direct entrance into Alois' working thoughts which, it may be remembered, is rarely done with men and women who are not ^{directly} our

~~steady~~ ^{the} clients, ^{through} my agents did most of their work on the milk runs. In the open ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~of most men and women~~ markets of sleep, dreams are reasonably available to ~~all~~ demons and Cudgels

Book 4 double, then triple space 4/28/04

356

wholly without secondary effects
alike, not ~~openly~~ available but there to be picked up ^{in a superficial} to some degree by
passing through the night chamber.

We also learn a good deal (although ~~never in depth~~ close and careful
interpretation is lacking) by the simple expedient of listening to a family's
chatter. ^{came in more}
~~dialogues.~~ So I was surfeited with a plethora of superficial information, ~~than~~
^{particularly since}
~~was~~ enough to annoy me, especially when my experiences in Russia were
^{intense.}
more interesting and intense.

^{In addition, I was}
What bothered me was that I might be receiving a distorted portrait of ~~As~~
the agents perceived him, ~~Alois seemed~~
~~Alois. He seemed so much weaker to my agents than to me, and while I~~
~~much weaker, and while I~~ ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{perceptive}
(could not be ~~wholly~~ certain, I knew ~~that~~ they lacked my skills of insight when

dealing with men or women who were relatively strong. It is ~~much~~ easier to

comprehend those who are weaker than ourselves than to anticipate the

~~those who are more powerful~~ ^{considerable}
moves and true feelings of the strong. When one deals with ~~that good number~~
^{A sense of nuance} (and that is)
of human beings who are both, ~~a sense of nuance~~ is crucial, precisely what

my agents were lacking.

^{former}
^{themselves in their lives,}
Being of no great stature, they tended to pick up all that was weak or

^{therefore}
second-rate in Alois, and I was left with the burden of analyzing insufficient
^{and weighted}
(materials. While I must now summarize what I received, I would abjure the

Book 4 double, then triple space 4/28/04

357

reader to avoid passing judgment ~~too quickly~~. If we are to understand the ~~man~~ ^{this} Adolf Hitler who will emerge from a childhood with this father and mother, it is obvious that we ~~have to obtain a sound recognition of Klara and Alois' real~~ ^{(nearly) to ascertain} ~~their real~~ strengths and ~~(several) weaknesses~~.

Very well. Here ^{then} ~~is~~ ^{say} a summary of Alois' woes now that he has insisted

on becoming a beekeeper.

His first concern which I find somewhat comic (since he has spent his life in uniform) is that he has to remind himself constantly to put on light-

colored gloves and a bee-keeper's big hat and veil, all of the whitest material, ^{trousers!} ~~avoiding any kind of dark blouse and~~ not to mention ~~an absolute absence of dark clothes~~. He is always afraid he

will forget to change before going out to the boxes under the oak tree. He

knows all too well that ~~woolen clothes in~~ ^{simple} somber colors can irritate bees as

directly as red cloth to a bull. And how does he know? Why, by ~~direct~~

Book 4 double, then triple space 4/28/04

358

experience. On that evening years ago when he had been stung while

working with the little colony he then kept at the edge of a small town just on

the Austrian side of Passau, he had made the mistake ^{after work} (one Friday night after noon
^{bringing} ~~bringing~~ work of taking a woman out with him so that he could ^{demonstrate} show off his

competence at the hive. Naturally, he was in full dress uniform. How else to

accompany ^{so} a good-looking ^{an} female acquaintance? That was the night, of

course, when he ^{was stung so fiercely / one quick} got so badly stung that his fears still rose in a spurt at the pit

of his stomach ^{for} no more than the recollection. ^{At last' hopes of} No fornication occurred on

~~Course not~~ remained unsatisfied ^{as well, and}

that Friday night, indeed, the lady was ~~also~~ stung on the exposed flesh of her
^{ample} breast, no less. ^{was lost for that evening,} ^{it proved} ~~it was a petty romance for him~~ but a full disaster ^{to his best}

opinion of himself, and, as we see, he was still paying the price.

Book 4 double, then triple space 4/28/04

359

Nonetheless, Alois ^{still knew that} ~~was~~ ^(resided) Alois. In every disaster was the peasant's ^{a good peasant's} ~~instinct~~ ^{might be} ~~are~~ ^{must remain} ~~can still be~~ knowledge that misfortunes are inevitable but ~~a good man~~ ^{could at 90 be} knows enough to ~~look for whatever might be good that is buried in the bad~~ ^{be alert to what of value} ~~could conceivably still be buried in the bad~~ ^(theories arrived) ~~his~~ medical ideas on the following day which he made the mistake all these years

later to Der Alte - bee stings might be good for rheumatism.

~~Since~~ ^{opinion} Der Alte had more than a ~~view~~ ^{idea} ~~idea~~ ^{idea} All the same, he had accepted Der Alte's ~~verdict~~ ^{opinion} that imported Italian bees (which, ^{small surprise he did have} naturally, he had on hand) were superior to the Austrian variety, while Alois had been full of suspicion that Der Alte might be ~~selling off~~ ^{offering} what

~~he~~ ^(get red of) he needed to still, the selling point (to ^{Alois'} his present shame) was that the Italian ^{him} ~~they were so easy to handle, Der Alte assured~~ stock were gentle and easier to handle. They were also more beautiful,

Possessed of a marvelous glowing rich yellow tan, not unlike ^{the mellowest} shoe leather, ~~at~~ Alois had to admit that he ~~the mellowest sort~~ He did like the three yellow segments of their bodies,

golden

Book 4 double, then triple space 4/28/04

360

each fold set off by ^{the sharpest} edging in black. So elegant! The Austrian honey-bee

was hairy, it was gray, ^{nor it} it did not gleam like the ^{all-but-gilded} golden-yellow Italians he had

^{yet} purchased, ~~but~~ all the same, Alois felt as if he had been disloyal to Austria,

^{even,} ~~even~~ unfaithful. He should have taken the "Franz Josefs", ^{the gray-heads,} (Or so he called them.)

What added to his unease is that ^{he kept wondering} ~~he could not decide~~ whether he had

made a ~~more~~ fundamental mistake. Should he have waited for the spring after

all? Now, ^{marking time} ~~at~~ through the fall and the turn of ^{next} ~~the~~ year, he would have to keep

^{his colony} ~~these bees~~ warm enough and well-fed enough not to perish in the cold. He

had bought winter bees, ^{bought last summer,} The queen he had purchased, (presumably full of ~~some~~ ^{some}

^{millions of remaining} ~~million~~ sperm cells from the five, six, or eight drones she had phallicly

^{decapitated, last June,} ~~dispatched,~~ would not be laying eggs now, ^{no,} (not for another ^{four or five} ~~few~~ months, and

the bees would be all in a cluster for warmth, waiting for the honey and pollen

Book 4 double, then triple space 4/28/04

361

Alois To keep close watch on their condition)
 he would be obliged to feed them. He only had to weigh the hives once a

week (to make certain their numbers were not dwindling) ^{Yes} but it would be a

^{some} long ~~few~~ months for these winter bees before they could ~~go out and~~ begin to

again he hoped be pouring forth in
 forage along with the new-born who would ~~be ready with~~ the spring.

therefore,
 All through these months he would have to keep records. The
weight of his hive-boxes complete with occupants,
plus taking the) of the air to keep and any
 temperature within the hive, even start a diary so all the data was kept. He
~~accompanied thoughts~~ (yet, he must not
~~and not even~~ could not even open the hive. ("No matter your curiosity," Der Alte had

anticipative
 confided (as if he was, and indeed he was, a master at the new apiculturalist's

psychology) "You must not allow yourself to peer in, ^{now} to examine a slide, ^{In no way} ~~any~~ ~~or to~~

^{may you seek a)} see the sight of the cluster. The draft of opening the box could decimate the
temperature that it might take hours for
the bees to warm the interior again. That could
decimate the take no chances. population. Warmth. Keep them warm. That is your new duty. And fed. I
so lower the Keep them And fed. I

Book 4 double, then triple space 4/28/04

362

And keep them well-fed. / I

will explain all that to you since up until now, from what you have told me,

I expect)

maintained colonies

you have only kept hives in June and July.

~~For~~ Anyone

can do that. But to be the

Shipper of your hive through the
ice-cold air of all the winter months,

That takes character, my friend."

And then as if to ^{emphasize} ~~add to the difficulty~~
for the assumption, he added, "my
new friend."

4/29/04
MOST UP TO
DATE

Book IV

1.

I must now inform the reader of an unexpected summons from the Maestro. It would remove me from Alois Hitler and his family for eight months. I can add that this alert arrived on just the evening early in October of 1895 when Alois completed his apicultural negotiations with Der Alte. Two Langstroth boxes (each with a colony of bees) and the necessary accompanying supplies were bought plus a variety of tools, and enough pollen and honey to feed these newly-acquired inhabitants through

the winter, the purchases being transported by Alois' dray pulled by the work-horse Graubart from Der Alte's premises to the Hitler home.

It proved an exceptionally exciting trip for Adi who sat beside his father all the way and could not sleep that night in anticipation of morning when the hive-boxes would be set up under the shade of an oak tree some twenty paces from the house.

If there is some curiosity concerning Alois' outlay, I have no very dependable way to make a calculation from the kronen and gulder of Alois' era to the hegemony of the present American dollar. The discrepancies distort any comfortable sense of comparative costs. Alois' pension in that year may have been the present equivalent of sixty or seventy thousand dollars a year now, and it is likely that he rued the cost from the beginning since Der Alte sold him a sufficiency of necessary and not-quite-necessary items that might come to the rough equivalent today of a thousand dollars. Alois, fully anticipating that he was going to pay too much, was weary, however, of dealing with the old man and so did not push beyond the small success of acquiring at the end a few extra tools at no extra cost, one of the

few times in his life when he was not ready to bargain with his usual determination.

However, it was at just this point that I was ordered to leave Adi and the other members of the family with three of my assistants. That night I embarked for St. Petersburg where I was brought to focus on the needs and dimensions of a new and massive project. We were going to attend the coronation of Tsar Nicholas the Second, scheduled for May of 1896 in Moscow, seven months into the future.

Off I went, then, to St. Petersburg. and on that very night. How I made the voyage is too complex a matter for discussion at this point. While devils are able to travel as if they were human beings, that is, we can for a period insinuate ourselves into many a man or woman (even as forty-two years later, I would be occupying the mind and body of an intelligence officer in Himmler's Special Section IV-2a) still, we can use much more rapid means. (But, of that, I will wait to speak.) For now, leave it that I was instructed to go by the quick alternative and enter my orientation into the late Nineteenth Century Russian soul—belly, vices, beliefs, recent history, harmonies and inner disharmonies—by morning of the next day.

And in that Slavic realm, so much nearer to God and to the devil than any other land above the equator, I stayed for all of a winter in St. Petersburg prior to coming down to Moscow on a cold April morning before the coronation in May.

During that period, I did receive news of Alois, Adi, Klara, and Angela. Even the day-to-day temperament of the dog, Luther, and the horses, Ulan and Graubart, were reported, but that was by summary for the most part, and cannot be comparable in interest to the new venture, not at all. If a devil is ready to afford a few personal desires other than the over-arching demand to satisfy the Maestro, then I had, I confess, become a little too full of the Hitler family's intimacies. I had hoped to receive more of a major assignment. Now, I had it. Our O.O. was in the first stages of bringing off a mighty mischief. We all knew that, every one of us, major and minor devils all. Even at the time, I sensed that this could come to more than any of our recent full-dress efforts to disrupt the larger purposes of the other side. It is true. I swear it. I sensed a metamorphosis forming in the intentions of our leader.

Now, I will make one apology, but will not repeat it. Having read the best and worst of novels for many years (which is, I repeat, part of a good devil's duties and education) I should know by now (and do!) that not even the best of readers will put up for long with a novelist who can leave his narrative long enough to jump into what must seem, at first, an altogether unrelated subject. Until now, I have indeed spared the reader reference to my other cases, particularly the month I spent in London back in May of '95 when I attended the trial of Oscar Wilde and was in the courtroom on the day of his conviction for "sodomy and gross indecency"—a matter in which I played a hand with the jury's deliberations. (My instructions were to do my best to get him convicted. It is likely that the E.O. was looking to stimulate a rabid sense of martyrdom among some of Wilde's associates, particularly those who were of very good family, but to this I cannot attest. Only on rare occasions will the Maestro explain his strategies to us—we are there to satisfy his aims rather than our curiosity.)

Nonetheless, I was now harboring a conviction that our Maestro had prodded the D.K. into a state of some disturbance over the success or failure of the oncoming coronation.

For that I can only offer my own set of explanations. I more than suspected that the D.K. was now dissatisfied with the variety of formal organized religions serving in His name—although, as I will eventually explain, He was responsible for them. Yes, their faults were by His clumsy doing, the unhappy structures of the Catholics and the Protestants, the Greek Orthodox, the Orthodox Jews, the Reformed Jews, the Sunnis and the Shi'ites, even perhaps the sects of Buddhism, Confucianism, Taoism.

By 1895, a change had also occurred, however, in the viewpoint of our Maestro. Or, so was I ready to perceive. Through the centuries, the O.O. had succeeded in being a most incisive critic of the follies, disproportions, errors, miscalculations, and sheer blunders of the D.K., indeed! God, the Creator, having worked His way through the locks of His evolution, had by now trapped Himself into many grievous misjudgments concerning the potentialities of humankind. In contrast, the O.O. had, for the large part, been satisfied to act in reaction to the D.K.'s endeavors, intensifying where we could every misdirection of His human beings. We were out to increase the sum of emotional dissatisfaction among men and women everywhere, good or bad. Thereby—so went our working

assumption—we might come a little closer to eventually possessing the spirit of the species. One of our more effective methods over the last two thousand years had certainly been to encourage intense religiosity of the most formalized and organized sort. If we came up short now and again—usually with more luminous individuals (saints), we did succeed in warping the intelligence of a good many good humans. You can find fine folk everywhere, locked into a mosque, a synagogue, or a church, all clinging to the same oxymoron. Yes. Despite every other difference, they are all attached to the obtuse belief that God is All-Good and All-Powerful. This premise—given its inner contradiction, vast and built-in—is intrinsically incapable of serving as a tool for the mind since it can find no answers to the contradictions embedded everywhere in human existence. By that means, we have succeeded in tormenting the best minds of mankind century after century. All-Good and All-Powerful. Indeed! Yes, we had looked to encourage every fundamentalist we could find, Islamist or Hibernian—we didn't give a damn. "Come to us," became our creed, "come, all of you who are in need of rock-hard faiths and anchored

certainities!" How ready they were to believe they were serving God all the while they were working for us in ways they never perceived.

Now all this, I would warrant, is ultimately a product of the D.K.'s inability to anticipate the direction His creatures would take once He had developed them. His strength (as the O.O. will be the first to acknowledge) is that He can create a plenitude of forms throughout the natural world, some relatively successful (the honey-bee is one example) and some most improperly designed. (The dinosaur, the squid, the leech and the mosquito come immediately to mind.)

By the time He raised primates to the level of humans, He became much too proud of this last creative accomplishment. He chose to provide men and women with enough reason to burst their limits and exercise free will. He was prepared to permit a power of will that would be free, on occasion, of Him. Just so confident was His enthusiasm, His belief in this latest Creation.

Such miscalculation was calamitous. It was equal to raising so powerful a dog that the dog turns on its master. God's finest creation, men and women, given free will, proved unmanageable with that free will—they

gave every indication they would, left to themselves, depose Him. He was reduced to resorting to a most drastic measure. He gave up the heartfelt notion of engaging in a profound companionship with this highest form of His Creation. Instead, He now looked to terrify men into obedience. He could not recover from the blow to His comprehension occasioned by the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. He was now obliged to go back to the judgments of Jehovah, and He proceeded through His new religions to terrify humans all over again. "Obey Me and fear Me. I am All-Good and All-Powerful." The message that He had wished to transmit through His Son—"Love each other and you will share in My love" was now converted to "Fear Me, Respect Me, and I may answer your prayers."

This retreat, this return to oppression, opened vast territories to the Maestro. I will put it simply. Our cause, as I comprehend it, is to diminish the potentiality of humankind. We want to reduce the vitality of the greatest creature developed by the D.K.. Naturally, we look to encourage religiosity that is ever more intense and more mindless. Distort the brains of men and women even further than the D.K. intends, and their human emotions will be corrupted. (For imbalance is the beginning of rot.) Accomplish our job

well enough, pick up what remains, and we may be able to alter it into our Creation.

Through many an age, I believe that this had been the working premise of our Maestro. And be assured our activities have not been restricted to churchgoers. So many varieties of human type are suitable, atheists, athletes, actors, and any angels we locate who might be turning bitter at the edges—I will not pursue this through the alphabet. But, in this time, approaching the end of the 19th Century, I began to sense that the O.O. was contemplating a revolutionary change in our procedures. Was he looking to develop a species of faith designed expressly by him rather than by the Dummkopf? Was our Maestro actually prepared to make this vertiginous leap from criticism to Creation?

I could not conceive of what form such a new set of beliefs might take, but I will say that the possibility did cause me uneasiness. For who could know more about the pestilence and slovenliness of human nature than those of us who had worked through the centuries to swell and inflame all that was soft and misbegotten in the D.K.'s calculations. I need not even speak of His miscalculations—all the animal residue in His human beings of

unfocused rage, all the continuing excess in men and women of free-floating ill-will. It was one more sum of blunders fashioned by the D.K. in the course of developing His advanced Creation. Given the objective need to protect a high but delicate level of animal life that would still be able to survive through grievous and often incalculable conditions of heat, cold, flame, and death, the D.K. had to endow man (and woman, most certainly!) with a sense of self-importance crucial to their survival. But, once again, the balance did get away from Him. The self-righteousness so necessary to survival also produced envy. The self-righteous, unless immensely successful, cannot look with equanimity upon better fortune for others—particularly not close friends and acquaintances. Envy worked as dependably in our favor as compound interest serves an investment. The D.K.'s powers to fashion new varieties of Creation were once—it must again be admitted—immense, but His skills as a cosmic engineer were wanting. His problems, even if spared our presence, would not have been trivial. His endless reworking through trial and error over the eons of evolution, even His readiness to live with His mistakes until such time as He could correct them (and most certainly, His outsize rages as a younger

god!—His frenzies as Jehovah!) had compounded a multitude of errors in every avenue and byway of human history. Now, I had to wonder how the O.O. could look to refashion such a boggled Creation after we had finished corrupting, corroding, and demoralizing it further? I was worried. Yes.

-2-

There is no question that I will yet delineate in some detail the determining effect we were to have on the coronation of Tsar Nicholas the Second, but I would prefer at this point to return to the small events and minor adventures of the Hitler family in Hafeld before I attempt to outline the more exceptional activities we were to undertake in St. Petersburg and

Moscow that would culminate in May of 1896. Those eight months from my departure in October of 1895 until my return to Austria in June of 1896 will, I expect, be of interest, but until now we have followed the intimacies of apiculture with so much close attention that I do not wish to ignore its continuation at this point.

I have to point, however, to a serious difficulty. As I have remarked, my knowledge of the various experiences of Alois, Klara, and the children were communicated to me during my absence by the agents I left behind. (Naturally, given the greater import of the activities in Russia, I had taken my two best assistants with me.) That left a problem. Lesser devils are, in many a regard, comparable to lesser humans. This is particularly true of their characteristic insensitivity to significant detail.

While I can retain a reasonably close notion of what is transpiring among my clients and their near associates even when obliged to rely on the reports of mediocre agents, the work does lose. During this absence, I could only allocate a fraction of my available energies to thinking about Alois and Company. So, the account of these missing months—October '95 to June '96—may prove sketchy. What will save the value of the narrative

received, however, is that there were a few notable and determining events in Adi's development (and these matters I most certainly did pursue).

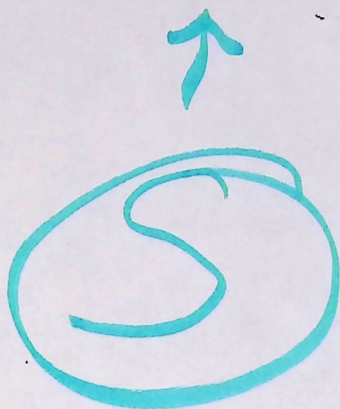
Otherwise, nothing of great moment did occur until the return of Junior, Alois Hitler, Junior. Of course, that was not until June, by which time I too had returned to them.

So my narrative will not suffer too critically. Mediocre agents, like mediocre human beings, may be humdrum in their powers of summary but they are not wholly incapable, and I will warrant that I had brought even the least unpromising up to a necessary level of performance. If I am not ready to explain our systems of recruitment of new agents, that is because such exposition would bring us immediately into a far more sacrosanct question: How are devils created in the first place? Is the E.O. personally on the alert for superior humans who might be ready to serve us, and might be put under contract by the E.O. himself, or, as is more usually the case, do they come to us as lower varieties of humans, a brood of rejected spawn? These last are often individuals who were so disheartened, infuriated, demoralized, or altogether outraged by what they perceived in the hour of their death as a shocking demotion of their prospects for a good reincarnation—a new life

they might deem worthy of their merits—that they opted out, simple as that, they declared their desire to be liberated from the wheel of human reincarnation in order to serve another power, us! (How this arrangement was ever negotiated by the D.K. and the E.O. is altogether beyond my knowledge. While I cannot declare why or when it happened, I am familiar with the results. Apparently, the D.K. was willing (or necessarily obliged) to lop off a fraction of His stock of those souls clamoring for reincarnation. Was this in order to obtain a less disruptive and dissatisfied environment for Himself in the realms of the Hereafter? I suspect that was so. I would also assume that our O.O., looking to make his way up onto a nearer level of equality with the D.K., was, of necessity, ready to accept this exudate of spoiled human possibility.) Over the centuries, over—it well may be—the millennia, he was then obliged to use a very large part of his resources into shaping and training the low-grade and highly disturbed material we did receive. It is analogous in difficulty to developing a symphony orchestra out of soldiers cashiered from the Foreign Legion. I will not pursue these difficulties further at this point. I will only say that the agents I had left in Hafeld, the lees, so to speak, of my small squad, did their best to report on

Alois' ongoing efforts at bee-keeping, but they did not always have a close enough sense of his difficulties, certainly not enough to satisfy my understanding.

Forewarned, forearmed. I will now present a small improvement on the summary I received of what went on with Alois and his bees from the end of 1895 until the following summer.



Book IV

1.

I must now inform the reader of an unexpected summons from the Maestro. It would remove me from Alois Hitler and his family for eight months. I can add that this alert arrived on just the evening early in October of 1895 when Alois completed his apicultural negotiations with Der Alte. Two Langstroth boxes (each with a colony of bees) and the necessary accompanying supplies were bought plus a variety of tools, and enough pollen and honey to feed these newly-acquired inhabitants through

the winter, the purchases being transported by Alois' dray pulled by the work-horse Graubart from Der Alte's premises to the Hitler home.

It proved an exceptionally exciting trip for Adi who sat beside his father all the way and could not sleep that night in anticipation of morning when the hive-boxes would be set up under the shade of an oak tree some twenty paces from the house.

If there is some curiosity concerning Alois' outlay, I have no very dependable way to make a calculation from the kronen and gulder of Alois' era to the hegemony of the present American dollar. The discrepancies distort any comfortable sense of comparative costs. Alois' pension in that year may have been the present equivalent of sixty or seventy thousand dollars a year now, and it is likely that he rued the cost from the beginning since Der Alte sold him a sufficiency of necessary and not-quite-necessary items that might come to the rough equivalent today of a thousand dollars. Alois, fully anticipating that he was going to pay too much, was weary, however, of dealing with the old man and so did not push beyond the small success of acquiring at the end a few extra tools at no extra cost, one of the

few times in his life when he was not ready to bargain with his usual determination.

However, it was at just this point that I was ordered to leave Adi and the other members of the family with three of my assistants. That night I embarked for St. Petersburg where I was brought to focus on the needs and dimensions of a new and massive project. We were going to attend the coronation of Tsar Nicholas the Second, scheduled for May of 1896 in Moscow, seven months into the future.

Off I went, then, to St. Petersburg. and on that very night. How I made the voyage is too complex a matter for discussion at this point. While devils are able to travel as if they were human beings, that is, we can for a period insinuate ourselves into many a man or woman (even as forty-two years later, I would be occupying the mind and body of an intelligence officer in Himmler's Special Section IV-2a) still, we can use much more rapid means. (But, of that, I will wait to speak.) For now, leave it that I was instructed to go by the quick alternative and enter my orientation into the late Nineteenth Century Russian soul—belly, vices, beliefs, recent history, harmonies and inner disharmonies—by morning of the next day.

And in that Slavic realm, so much nearer to God and to the devil than any other land above the equator, I stayed for all of a winter in St. Petersburg prior to coming down to Moscow on a cold April morning before the coronation in May.

During that period, I did receive news of Alois, Adi, Klara, and Angela. Even the day-to-day temperament of the dog, Luther, and the horses, Ulan and Graubart, were reported, but that was by summary for the most part, and cannot be comparable in interest to the new venture, not at all. If a devil is ready to afford a few personal desires other than the over-arching demand to satisfy the Maestro, then I had, I confess, become a little too full of the Hitler family's intimacies. I had hoped to receive more of a major assignment. Now, I had it. Our O.O. was in the first stages of bringing off a mighty mischief. We all knew that, every one of us, major and minor devils all. Even at the time, I sensed that this could come to more than any of our recent full-dress efforts to disrupt the larger purposes of the other side. It is true. I swear it. I sensed a metamorphosis forming in the intentions of our leader.

Now, I will make one apology, but will not repeat it. Having read the best and worst of novels for many years (which is, I repeat, part of a good devil's duties and education) I should know by now (and do!) that not even the best of readers will put up for long with a novelist who can leave his narrative long enough to jump into what must seem, at first, an altogether unrelated subject. Until now, I have indeed spared the reader reference to my other cases, particularly the month I spent in London back in May of '95 when I attended the trial of Oscar Wilde and was in the courtroom on the day of his conviction for "sodomy and gross indecency"—a matter in which I played a hand with the jury's deliberations. (My instructions were to do my best to get him convicted. It is likely that the E.O. was looking to stimulate a rabid sense of martyrdom among some of Wilde's associates, particularly those who were of very good family, but to this I cannot attest. Only on rare occasions will the Maestro explain his strategies to us—we are there to satisfy his aims rather than our curiosity.)

Nonetheless, I was now harboring a conviction that our Maestro had prodded the D.K. into a state of some disturbance over the success or failure of the oncoming coronation.

For that I can only offer my own set of explanations. I more than suspected that the D.K. was now dissatisfied with the variety of formal organized religions serving in His name—although, as I will eventually explain, He was responsible for them. Yes, their faults were by His clumsy doing, the unhappy structures of the Catholics and the Protestants, the Greek Orthodox, the Orthodox Jews, the Reformed Jews, the Sunnis and the Shi'ites, even perhaps the sects of Buddhism, Confucianism, Taoism.

By 1895, a change had also occurred, however, in the viewpoint of our Maestro. Or, so was I ready to perceive. Through the centuries, the O.O. had succeeded in being a most incisive critic of the follies, disproportions, errors, miscalculations, and sheer blunders of the D.K., indeed! God, the Creator, having worked His way through the locks of His evolution, had by now trapped Himself into many grievous misjudgments concerning the potentialities of humankind. In contrast, the O.O. had, for the large part, been satisfied to act in reaction to the D.K.'s endeavors, intensifying where we could every misdirection of His human beings. We were out to increase the sum of emotional dissatisfaction among men and women everywhere, good or bad. Thereby—so went our working

assumption—we might come a little closer to eventually possessing the spirit of the species. One of our more effective methods over the last two thousand years had certainly been to encourage intense religiosity of the most formalized and organized sort. If we came up short now and again—usually with more luminous individuals (saints), we did succeed in warping the intelligence of a good many good humans. You can find fine folk everywhere, locked into a mosque, a synagogue, or a church, all clinging to the same oxymoron. Yes. Despite every other difference, they are all attached to the obtuse belief that God is All-Good and All-Powerful. This premise—given its inner contradiction, vast and built-in—is intrinsically incapable of serving as a tool for the mind since it can find no answers to the contradictions embedded everywhere in human existence. By that means, we have succeeded in tormenting the best minds of mankind century after century. All-Good and All-Powerful. Indeed! Yes, we had looked to encourage every fundamentalist we could find, Islamist or Hibernian—we didn't give a damn. "Come to us," became our creed, "come, all of you who are in need of rock-hard faiths and anchored

certainties!" How ready they were to believe they were serving God all the while they were working for us in ways they never perceived.

Now all this, I would warrant, is ultimately a product of the D.K.'s inability to anticipate the direction His creatures would take once He had developed them. His strength (as the O.O. will be the first to acknowledge) is that He can create a plenitude of forms throughout the natural world, some relatively successful (the honey-bee is one example) and some most improperly designed. (The dinosaur, the squid, the leech and the mosquito come immediately to mind.)

By the time He raised primates to the level of humans, He became much too proud of this last creative accomplishment. He chose to provide men and women with enough reason to burst their limits and exercise free will. He was prepared to permit a power of will that would be free, on occasion, of Him. Just so confident was His enthusiasm, His belief in this latest Creation.

Such miscalculation was calamitous. It was equal to raising so powerful a dog that the dog turns on its master. God's finest creation, men and women, given free will, proved unmanageable with that free will—they

gave every indication they would, left to themselves, depose Him. He was reduced to resorting to a most drastic measure. He gave up the heartfelt notion of engaging in a profound companionship with this highest form of His Creation. Instead, He now looked to terrify men into obedience. He could not recover from the blow to His comprehension occasioned by the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. He was now obliged to go back to the judgments of Jehovah, and He proceeded through His new religions to terrify humans all over again. "Obey Me and fear Me. I am All-Good and All-Powerful." The message that He had wished to transmit through His Son—"Love each other and you will share in My love" was now converted to "Fear Me, Respect Me, and I may answer your prayers."

This retreat, this return to oppression, opened vast territories to the Maestro. I will put it simply. Our cause, as I comprehend it, is to diminish the potentiality of humankind. We want to reduce the vitality of the greatest creature developed by the D.K.. Naturally, we look to encourage religiosity that is ever more intense and more mindless. Distort the brains of men and women even further than the D.K. intends, and their human emotions will be corrupted. (For imbalance is the beginning of rot.) Accomplish our job

well enough, pick up what remains, and we may be able to alter it into our Creation.

Through many an age, I believe that this had been the working premise of our Maestro. And be assured our activities have not been restricted to churchgoers. So many varieties of human type are suitable, atheists, athletes, actors, and any angels we locate who might be turning bitter at the edges—I will not pursue this through the alphabet. But, in this time, approaching the end of the 19th Century, I began to sense that the O.O. was contemplating a revolutionary change in our procedures. Was he looking to develop a species of faith designed expressly by him rather than by the Dummkopf? Was our Maestro actually prepared to make this vertiginous leap from criticism to Creation?

I could not conceive of what form such a new set of beliefs might take, but I will say that the possibility did cause me uneasiness. For who could know more about the pestilence and slovenliness of human nature than those of us who had worked through the centuries to swell and inflame all that was soft and misbegotten in the D.K.'s calculations. I need not even speak of His miscalculations—all the animal residue in His human beings of

unfocused rage, all the continuing excess in men and women of free-floating ill-will. It was one more sum of blunders fashioned by the D.K. in the course of developing His advanced Creation. Given the objective need to protect a high but delicate level of animal life that would still be able to survive through grievous and often incalculable conditions of heat, cold, flame, and death, the D.K. had to endow man (and woman, most certainly!) with a sense of self-importance crucial to their survival. But, once again, the balance did get away from Him. The self-righteousness so necessary to survival also produced envy. The self-righteous, unless immensely successful, cannot look with equanimity upon better fortune for others—particularly not close friends and acquaintances. Envy worked as dependably in our favor as compound interest serves an investment. The D.K.'s powers to fashion new varieties of Creation were once—it must again be admitted—immense, but His skills as a cosmic engineer were wanting. His problems, even if spared our presence, would not have been trivial. His endless reworking through trial and error over the eons of evolution, even His readiness to live with His mistakes until such time as He could correct them (and most certainly, His outsize rages as a younger

god!—His frenzies as Jehovah!) had compounded a multitude of errors in every avenue and byway of human history. Now, I had to wonder how the O.O. could look to refashion such a boggled Creation after we had finished corrupting, corroding, and demoralizing it further? I was worried. Yes.

-2-

There is no question that I will yet delineate in some detail the determining effect we were to have on the coronation of Tsar Nicholas the Second, but I would prefer at this point to return to the small events and minor adventures of the Hitler family in Hafeld before I attempt to outline the more exceptional activities we were to undertake in St. Petersburg and

Moscow that would culminate in May of 1896. Those eight months from my departure in October of 1895 until my return to Austria in June of 1896 will, I expect, be of interest, but until now we have followed the intimacies of apiculture with so much close attention that I do not wish to ignore its continuation at this point.

I have to point, however, to a serious difficulty. As I have remarked, my knowledge of the various experiences of Alois, Klara, and the children were communicated to me during my absence by the agents I left behind. (Naturally, given the greater import of the activities in Russia, I had taken my two best assistants with me.) That left a problem. Lesser devils are, in many a regard, comparable to lesser humans. This is particularly true of their characteristic insensitivity to significant detail.

While I can retain a reasonably close notion of what is transpiring among my clients and their near associates even when obliged to rely on the reports of mediocre agents, the work does lose. During this absence, I could only allocate a fraction of my available energies to thinking about Alois and Company. So, the account of these missing months—October '95 to June '96—may prove sketchy. What will save the value of the narrative

received, however, is that there were a few notable and determining events in Adi's development (and these matters I most certainly did pursue).

Otherwise, nothing of great moment did occur until the return of Junior, Alois Hitler, Junior. Of course, that was not until June, by which time I too had returned to them.

So my narrative will not suffer too critically. Mediocre agents, like mediocre human beings, may be humdrum in their powers of summary but they are not wholly incapable, and I will warrant that I had brought even the least unpromising up to a necessary level of performance. If I am not ready to explain our systems of recruitment of new agents, that is because such exposition would bring us immediately into a far more sacrosanct question: How are devils created in the first place? Is the E.O. personally on the alert for superior humans who might be ready to serve us, and might be put under contract by the E.O. himself, or, as is more usually the case, do they come to us as lower varieties of humans, a brood of rejected spawn? These last are often individuals who were so disheartened, infuriated, demoralized, or altogether outraged by what they perceived in the hour of their death as a shocking demotion of their prospects for a good reincarnation—a new life

they might deem worthy of their merits—that they opted out, simple as that, they declared their desire to be liberated from the wheel of human reincarnation in order to serve another power, us! (How this arrangement was ever negotiated by the D.K. and the E.O. is altogether beyond my knowledge. While I cannot declare why or when it happened, I am familiar with the results. Apparently, the D.K. was willing (or necessarily obliged) to lop off a fraction of His stock of those souls clamoring for reincarnation. Was this in order to obtain a less disruptive and dissatisfied environment for Himself in the realms of the Hereafter? I suspect that was so. I would also assume that our O.O., looking to make his way up onto a nearer level of equality with the D.K., was, of necessity, ready to accept this exudate of spoiled human possibility.) Over the centuries, over—it well may be—the millennia, he was then obliged to use a very large part of his resources into shaping and training the low-grade and highly disturbed material we did receive. It is analogous in difficulty to developing a symphony orchestra out of soldiers cashiered from the Foreign Legion. I will not pursue these difficulties further at this point. I will only say that the agents I had left in Hafeld, the lees, so to speak, of my small squad, did their best to report on

Alois' ongoing efforts at bee-keeping, but they did not always have a close enough sense of his difficulties, certainly not enough to satisfy my understanding.

Forewarned, forearmed. I will now present a small improvement on the summary I received of what went on with Alois and his bees from the end of 1895 until the following summer.

Book 4 ch 3 only, 4/29/04

353

FIXED ALREADY

Judith,
No need to
fix it back
before 4:30
on Friday

all 15 pages
were boxed
on Thursday
night
about 29. 6:00

Pages 353-360
double-space

(361-367 triple-space

to be done first)

→ Figure 6 pages double-space
for 353-360.

So, 361-367 can start
on page 399.

-3-

In October, if I had permitted it, my agents would have overwhelmed me with an overabundance of detail concerning Alois' worries and dull, and repetitive obsessions with his new occupation.

As I have indicated, I had ^{no} little time to give ^{and} much attention to this, but I was irked. Short of a direct entrance into Alois' working thoughts which, it

may be remembered, is rarely done with men and women who are not directly

our clients, the agents ^{had to do} did most of their work through milk runs. In the open — ^{what I call}

^{In what our O. O. calls "the} markets of sleep," the dreams of most men and women are reasonably

^{open} available to demons and Cudgels alike, not wholly available without

Book 4 ch 3 only, 4/29/04

354

and can (at least)
 secondary efforts, ~~but there to be picked up in superficial degree~~ *no more*
~~than passing~~
 through the night chamber.

We also learn a good deal ~~(although close and careful interpretation is)~~
~~(lacking)~~ by the simple expedient of listening to a family's chatter. *Indeed, a*
~~So a~~
 plethora of superficial information came in *and that was* more than enough to annoy me,
of interest.
 particularly since my experiences in Russia were more intense.

knew that I had to
 In addition, I ~~was bothered that I might be receiving a distorted~~
 portrait. *My* ~~As the agents perceived him,~~ *as* Alois seemed weak, and while I could
~~not be certain, I know they lacked~~ *the* ~~(requisite skills of insight)~~ *that are required*
~~(the worries of people)~~ ~~(the worries of)~~ *the* when dealing with
~~men or women who were relatively strong.~~ *are* It is easier to comprehend those
 who are weaker than ourselves than to anticipate the moves and true feelings
 of those who are more powerful. A sense of nuance is *demanded* crucial, ~~and~~ that is
 precisely what my agents were lacking.

Being of no great stature themselves in their former lives, they tended
~~now~~ to pick up all that was weak or second-rate in Alois. I was left, therefore,

with the burden of analyzing insufficient and weighted materials. While I
~~must now~~ *will* summarize what I received, I would *also* ~~(abjure the reader to avoid~~
~~passing judgment.~~ *Since the man who became* ~~If we are to understand the man Adolf Hitler who will~~

emerge^{ed} from a childhood with this father and ~~this~~ mother, it is obvious that we need to ascertain Klara and Alois' real strengths and their ~~real~~ several weaknesses.

Very well. Here then is my summary of Alois' woes now that he has insisted on becoming a beekeeper.

His first concern (which I find somewhat comic ~~since~~ since he has spent his life in uniform) is that he has to remind himself constantly to put on light-colored gloves and a bee-keeper's ^{large trapezoidal} ~~big~~ hat and veil, all of the whitest material, ^{he must also} not to mention avoiding any kind of dark blouse or trousers, ^{and so} He is always ^{concerned that} afraid he will forget to change before going out to the ^{hive-boxes} boxes under the oak tree. He knows all too well that somber colors ^{will} can irritate bees as directly as ^{known by} ~~red cloth to a bull~~. And ~~how does he know? Why, by~~ simple experience. On ^{the same} that evening years ago when he had been stung while working with the little

colony he then kept at the edge of a small town just on the Austrian side of

Passau, he had made the mistake afterward one Friday afternoon of ^{inviting} bringing a

woman out with him ^{in order to} so that he could ^{he save} show demonstrate his competence at the

hive. Naturally, he was in full dress uniform. How else to accompany so

good-looking an acquaintance? That was the ^{twilight} night, of course, when he was

stung so fiercely that his fears still ^{rise} rose in one quick spurt at the pit of his

stomach ^{from} for no more than the recollection. Alois' hopes of fornication

remained unsatisfied on that Friday night, indeed, the lady was stung as well,

on the exposed flesh of her ample breast, no less. A petty romance was lost,

for that evening, but it proved a full blow to his best opinion of himself, and,

as we see, he ^{continued to pay} ~~was~~ still paying the price.

(in some part, still a peasant)
Nonetheless, Alois ~~had not forgotten~~ *that through the*
~~still knew~~ *course of living with a small or large disaster,*
peasant's instinct that misfortunes might be inevitable but *one must remain*
the residue that could be embedded in the *(misfortune)*
alert to what of value could conceivably still buried in the bad. His medical

these in his mind
thoughts arrived on the following day—bee stings might be good for

rheumatism. *When their meeting occurred, Der Alte,*
we may remember, had more than agreed
I think that ~~Der Alte~~ became a good part
Since Der Alte had more than agreed, Alois had been more than ready
of Alois' decision

to accept Der Alte's opinion that imported Italian bees (which, small surprise,

the old sawever
he did have on hand) were superior to the Austrian variety. While Alois had

been full of suspicion that Der Alte might be offering *exactly* what he needed to get

rid of, still, *one other* the *selling point* (to Alois' present shame) was that the Italian

stock were gentle. They were ~~so~~ easy to handle, Der Alte assured him. They

were also more beautiful. Possessed of a marvelous glowing rich yellow tan,

Book 4 ch 3 only, 4/29/04

358

not unlike the mellowest ^{use of the best} shoe leather, Alois had to admit that he did ^{admire} like (the

three golden segments of their bodies, each fold set off by the sharpest edging

in black. ^{Elegant, so} So ^{So} elegant! The Austrian honey-bee was hairy, it was gray, nor did

it gleam like ^{these} the all-but-gilded Italians he had purchased, yet, all the same,

Alois felt as if he had been disloyal to Austria, unfaithful even. He should

have taken the "Franz Josefs," the gray-beards.

What added to his unease is that he kept wondering whether he had made a ^{basic} ~~fundamental~~ mistake. Should he have waited for the spring after all?

Now, marking time through the fall and the turn of next year, he would have

to keep his colony warm enough and well-fed enough not to perish in the

cold. He had bought winter bees, ^{after all who had been} born last summer. The queen he had

^{still} purchased (presumably full of some millions of ~~remaining~~ sperm cells from

Book 4 ch 3 only, 4/29/04

359

the five, ^{seven}six, ^{so phallically}for eight drones she had ~~phallically~~ decapitated ^(last June), would be ^{in a early hibernation now, and not} ~~not~~ ^{her hive} ~~be~~ laying eggs ~~now, no, not for another four or five months, and the bees~~

would be all in a cluster for warmth, waiting for the honey and pollen Alois

would be obliged to feed them. To keep close watch on their condition, he

^{would have} ~~had~~ to weigh the hives once a week (to make certain their ^{population was} ~~numbers were~~ not

dwindling). Yes, it would be some long months for these winter bees before

they could begin to forage again along with the new-born who would, he

hoped, be pouring forth in the spring.

All through these months, therefore, he would have to keep records.

The weight of his hive-boxes complete with ^{their thousands of} occupants, plus taking the ^{he had even been advised to} temperature of the air within the hive, ^{even} ~~start a diary to keep the data.~~ ^{for keeping}

Yet, he must not open any hive. "No matter your curiosity," Der Alte had

in full command of/
confided (as if anticipating the new apiculturalist's psychology) "you must not
or extract ~~a frame~~ ^{any of the movable}
allow yourself to peer in ~~nor to examine a slide~~, nor to seek the sight of the
frames so that you can study the comb,
why, the) ~~that would arise~~
cluster. The cold draft from opening the box could so lower the temperature

that it might take hours for the bees to warm the interior again. That could

^(Herr Hitler.)
decimate the population. Take no chances. ~~Keep them warm.~~ That is your

^{of course}
new duty. And ~~keep them well-fed.~~ Up until now, from what you have told

^(lived with the) ^(person)
me, I expect you have only kept hives in June and July. Anyone can do that.

But to be the Skipper of your hive through the ice-cold air of all the winter

months, that takes character, my friend." And then as if to enrich the

assumption, he added, "My new friend."

Book 4 ch 3 plus start ch 4, 4/29/04

361

-4-

was almost ready
Alois ~~had~~ (to recognize the given. If he had stood ~~in court~~ before

himself as judge, he ~~would~~ *could* have found the defendant to be guilty. ~~(What was~~

~~now the matter with him?~~ *on feebling* Could retirement prove so ~~lethal~~ to a strong man?

First, he had bought the farm on impulse and now, these two ~~for~~ colonies,

these bee-hives in their Langstroth boxes with removable vertical slides on

which his bees ~~could~~ *were to* build their combs to be filled (but not as yet!) with larva

and honey. Had his commitment to ~~apiculture~~ *this business of* in the winter also been ~~when~~

been the unseemly product of unthinking
he got down to it ~~on nothing but impulse?~~ And Der Alte had had the

letting

Book 4 ch 3 plus start ch 4, 4/29/04

362

~~consummate~~ ^{Alas}
shameless nerve to say to him, even as he was ready to guide his horse and

^{soon}
dry onto the road, "You will see how much work I have saved you."

^{Alas} Indeed! What he did not perform in work, he ^{now} spent in worry. Not that he was

old, damn it, not yet sixty, not by a year and more, but he felt such a sense of

^{an unwearying}
~~fatigue~~ before his future responsibilities. And the worst of it was simply this.

What with the boxes ^{now} properly spaced under the oak tree (^{beneath} never the walnut

tree for fear that ^{its} the nuts ^{while pelting} that pelted the ground in late spring and summer,

~~the~~ their shells hard as stone ^{a host of} might damage the bees who were ready to go out

for forage, ^{the boxes} no, it had to be under the oak tree ^{properly placed on a stand} on a bench, with tarpaper

underneath for warmth, and more tarpaper above, weighted down with

^{Each day he took}
stones, and the temperature ~~to take every day~~ of the heat within the box, and ^{did}

^{he}
the weighing once a week, and keeping up the diary full of data and notes to

Book 4 ch 3 plus start ch 4, 4/29/04

363

(but part of the problem was that)
himself. *Se* It was not enough work — just enough to leave him with a slew of
worries about the future. All through the dark months while feeding ^{his} ~~the~~
winter bees with sugar and water, a most tricky technique in the beginning, he
would try to console himself with the thought that if the colonies proved to be
weak when spring came, he might ~~have to~~ combine two boxes into one, and,
if necessary buy more bees at that time, more expense, more of ~~that~~ Der Alte,
farting in his pants no doubt, he would be laughing so hard at the great
esteemed High Customs Officer Herr Hitler and his ten thumbs all there to be
stung with what he didn't know about bees, after all, everything said. Already
he was lecturing Angela and Adi, even Klara, on the need for absolute
immaculate hygiene when it would come to warm weather. They must never
leave any honey or ^{bees} food outdoors, nothing to be exposed. They must

~~Foundation~~
 certainly not leave the hives open no matter how warm the day. Above all,
 If they did, they
 they must never spill any honey. They must mop it up instantly, or the bees
 and would begin to fight
 could be drawn to it, fighting for free honey, easy honey, as it lay in a pool on
 the ground. If the puddle were deep enough they
 would drown en masse.

Such were his fears, enough to harangue his family ^{this} in winter for what
 might or might not occur in summer. And then he ^{usually} could go back to worrying.
 about the ^{likely} potential weaknesses of a winter colony. So much depended on

^{each night}
 what he read, negative or positive. One of his newly purchased bee books

^(Vienna)
 (ordered from Linz) stated with a confidence that came to him right off the
 as directly as an unexpected odor, ^{advisable}
 page, that if two colonies proved to be weak, it could be valuable to combine

them. Just kill the queen who is probably a poor sort anyway and look to

add these two inferior hives to a third mediocre colony (if you had one) that

that best might also be mediocre but if it
could boast at least a good queen who could keep filling her cells with larva,
the investment could be saved OF course, one
should not look for too good a queen
Not a very good queen, however. *The low level of the weak inherited*

add colonies could pollute her efforts. How was he to
evaluate the new queen anyway?

Had he gotten into all this *merely* just in order to be occupied with *an activity* something

work and guilt
~~all~~ through the winter? He engaged in a flurry of activity building two new

hive boxes (which he certainly did not need immediately, but was proud of

the skill it demanded—yes, he could have been a decent cabinetmaker!) but

also had to admit they were not the equal of his Langstroth boxes which he

now proceeded to paint. Three colors were used, blue, yellow, and ultra-

violet. His manuals had told him to do as much. His bees, if they ever got to

flying again, would be able to recognize (each one of the tens of thousands of

them) which hive-box they belonged to. By the color, of course. Not red, not

Book 4 ch 3 plus start ch 4, 4/29/04

366

orange—those colors were not ^{to be} recognized by bees, how strange, he remarked to Klara, considering the number of flowers they entered, red as could be.

Still, he loved working with his hands for the full stint of the carpentry and the painting. ^{At least, his} His worries ceased for a week. His chest even puffed up again with ^{an} the old truisms, safe as a sound house. "Good ^{German} ~~German~~ blood

understands," said Alois to himself, "that blessings do not come from God, but from hard work." ^{But it was an} (An unfairly tilted remark, he also thought. Why not say, "Good Austrian blood?" That did bother him.)

^{Even this} That small concern stayed with him too long, like a small ^{minor} sore that

does not heal. He was attracted to ^{the} this notion that blood possessed its own

natural virtues and powers, ^{Yet,} but the thought also confused him. ^{Why did he have} It was too

^{to be proud of German blood.} ~~German~~ He was an Austrian, after all, proud of an Emperor who could live

Book 4 ch 3 plus start ch 4, 4/29/04

367

so immense and
 with the problems, ~~sometimes~~ ^{the} idiotic, of keeping the Czechs, Hungarians,

Italians, Poles, Jews, Serbs, even ~~gypsies~~ ^{the} gypsies, living together under his ~~empire~~ ^{Hapsburg} empire.

*Without Bismarck they would still be nothing **
 The Germans couldn't do that. Always fighting with each other. Why, then,

could they speak of good German blood? Yet, he said to himself, "I know what it

means," and pondered what it might signify to know something when you

didn't, not quite, but ^{still} you did.

* Petty principalities, little duchies, always squabbling, each king building it and the crazy Prussians and the gypsies, with a ramrod up their ass, so, what then?

to be faxed on Monday, May 3,
double space

S

Book IV

Faxed by
Dwayne
5/3/04
Monday
OK

1.

I must now inform the reader of an unexpected summons from the Maestro. It would remove me from Alois Hitler and his family for eight months. I can add that this alert arrived on just the evening early in October of 1895 when Alois completed his apicultural negotiations with Der Alte. Two Langstroth boxes ^{each filled with} ~~(each with)~~ (a colony of bees) and the necessary accompanying supplies, were bought plus a variety of tools, and enough pollen and honey to feed these newly-acquired inhabitants through

the winter, the purchases being transported by Alois' dray ~~(pulled by the~~
~~work horse Graubart)~~ from Der Alte's premises to the Hitler home.

It proved an exceptionally exciting trip for Adi who sat beside his father all the way and could not sleep that night in anticipation of morning when the hive-boxes would be set up under the shade of an oak tree some twenty paces from the house.

If there is some curiosity concerning Alois' outlay, I have no very dependable way to make a calculation from the kronen and gulder of Alois' era to the hegemony of the present American dollar. The discrepancies distort any comfortable sense of comparative costs. ^{Since} Alois' pension in that year may have been the present equivalent of sixty or seventy thousand dollars a year now, ^{the new outlay} and it is likely that he rued the cost ^{new outlay} from the beginning ^{items, some} (since Der Alte sold him a sufficiency of necessary ^{items, some} and not-quite-necessary) ^{came} items that might come to the rough equivalent ^{would} today of a thousand dollars.

Alois, fully anticipating that he ^{would} was going to pay too much, was weary, ^{none the less} however, of dealing with the old man and so did not ^{press} push beyond the small success of acquiring ^{at the end} a few extra tools at no extra cost, one of the

few times in his life when he was not ready to bargain with his usual
~~determination.~~ *strengths & negotiation.*

However, it was at just this point that I was ordered to leave Adi and
 the other members of the family ~~with three of my assistants~~⁷ That night I
 embarked for St. Petersburg where I was brought to focus on the needs and
 dimensions of a ~~new and~~ massive project. We were going to attend the
 coronation of Tsar Nicholas the Second, scheduled for May of 1896 in
 Moscow, seven months into the future.

Off I went, then, to St. Petersburg. and on that very night. How I
 made the voyage ~~is~~ ^{might be} too complex a matter ^{to} for discussion ^{at} at this point. While
 devils are able to travel ~~as if they were~~ ^(in the guise of) human beings, that is, we can ^{certainly} for a
~~period~~ ^{for a period} insinuate ourselves into many a man or woman (even as forty-two
 years later, I would be occupying the mind and body of an intelligence
 officer in Himmler's Special Section IV-2a) still, we ^{usually employ} can use much more
 rapid means. (But, of that, I will wait to speak.) For now, leave it that I
 was instructed to ~~go by~~ ^{fake} the quick ^{track so} alternative and (enter my orientation into
 the late Nineteenth Century Russian soul—belly, vices, beliefs, recent
 history, harmonies and inner disharmonies—by morning of the next day.

Once
 And in that Slavic realm, so much nearer to God and to the devil than any other land above the equator, I stayed for all of a winter in St. Petersburg prior to coming down to Moscow on a cold April morning before the coronation in May.

During that period, I did receive news of Alois, Adi, Klara, and Angela. Even the day-to-day temperament of the dog, Luther, and the horses, Ulan and Graubart, were reported, but that was by summary for the most part, and cannot be comparable in interest to the new venture, not at all. If a devil is ready to afford a few personal desires *(other than the over-arching demand to satisfy the Maestro)* then I had, I confess, become a little too full of the Hitler family's intimacies. I had hoped to receive more of a major assignment. Now, I had it. Our O.O. was in the first stages of bringing off a mighty mischief. *All of us* We all knew that, ~~every one of us~~ *amount* major and minor devils all. Even at the time, I sensed that this could ~~come~~ *amount* to more than any of our recent full-dress efforts to disrupt the larger purposes of the other side. It is true. I swear it. I sensed a metamorphosis forming in the intentions of our leader.

Now, I will make one apology, but will not repeat it. Having read the best and worst of novels for many years (which is, I repeat, part of a good devil's ~~duties and~~ education) I should know by now (and do!) that not even the best of readers will put up for long with ^{an author} a novelist who can leave his narrative long enough to jump into what must seem, at first, an ~~altogether~~ unrelated subject. Until now, I have indeed spared the reader reference to my other cases, particularly the month I spent in London back in May of '95 when I attended the trial of Oscar Wilde and was in the courtroom on the day of his conviction for "sodomy and gross indecency"—a matter in which I played a hand with the jury's deliberations. (My instructions were to do my best to get him convicted. It is likely that the E.O. was looking to stimulate a rabid sense of martyrdom among some of Wilde's associates, particularly those who were of very good family, but to this I cannot attest. Only on rare occasions will the Maestro explain his strategies to us—we are there to satisfy his aims rather than our curiosity.)

Nonetheless, I was now harboring a conviction that our Maestro had ^{managed to get} prodded the D.K. into a state of some disturbance over the success or failure of the oncoming coronation.

For that I can only offer my own set of explanations. I more than suspected that the D.K. was now dissatisfied with the ~~variety of~~ formal organized religions ^{allegedly} serving in His name—although ^{finally} ~~as I will eventually~~ explain, He was responsible for them. Yes, their faults were by His clumsy ^{fall} doing, the unhappy structures of the Catholics and the Protestants, the Greek Orthodox, the Orthodox Jews, the Reformed Jews, the Sunnis and the Shi'ites, even perhaps the sects ^{and off-shoots} of Buddhism, Confucianism, Taoism, ^{and the multitude of pagan beliefs in Africa}

By 1895, a change had also occurred, however, in the viewpoint of our Maestro. Or, so ^{did I presume} ~~was I ready~~ to perceive. Through the centuries, the O.O. had ^{been} ~~succeeded in being~~ a most incisive critic of the follies,

disproportions, errors, miscalculations, and sheer blunders of the D.K., ^{I had to agree!} ~~indeed~~ God, the Creator, having worked His way through the locks ^{hazards} of His ^{and blind alleys of} ~~evolution~~ ^{by the end}, had, ~~by now~~ trapped Himself into ~~many~~ grievous misjudgments concerning the potentialities of humankind. In contrast, the O.O. ~~had~~ ^{had kept us reacting} for the large part, ~~been satisfied to act in reaction~~ to the D.K.'s endeavors, intensifying where we could every misdirection of His human beings. We were out to increase the sum of emotional dissatisfaction among men and women everywhere, good or bad. Thereby—so went our working

assumption—we might come a little closer to eventually possessing ^{what I} ~~the~~
^{may as well term the} spirit of the species. One of our more effective methods over the last two
 thousand years ^{has} ~~had~~ certainly been to encourage ^{intense} ~~intense~~ religiosity of the
 most formalized ^{intense} ~~and~~ organized sort. If we came up short now and again—
 usually with more luminous individuals (saints), we did succeed in warping
 the intelligence of a good many good humans. You can find fine folk
 everywhere ^{who are} ~~locked~~ into a mosque, a synagogue, or a church, all clinging to
 the same oxymoron. Yes. Despite every other difference, they are all
 attached to the obtuse belief that God is All-Good and All-Powerful. This
 premise—given its inner contradiction, vast and built-in—^{proves} ~~is~~ intrinsically
 incapable of serving as a tool for the mind ^{it} ~~since~~ it can find no answers to
 the contradictions ^{now} ~~embedded~~ ^{everywhere} ~~in~~ human existence. By that
 means, we have succeeded in tormenting the best minds of mankind ^{for}
 century after century. All-Good and All-Powerful. Indeed! Yes, we had
 looked to encourage every fundamentalist we could find, Islamist, ^{or} ~~or~~ Banu-Aziz
 or Hibernian—we didn't give a damn. "Come to us," became our creed,
 "come, all of you who are in need of rock-hard faiths and anchored

certainities!" How ready they were to believe they were serving God all the while they were working for us in ways they never perceived.

Now all this, I would warrant, is ultimately a product of the D.K.'s inability to anticipate the direction His creatures would take once He had developed them. His strength (as the O.O. will be the first to acknowledge) is that He can create a plenitude of forms throughout the natural world, some relatively successful (the honey-bee ^(might be) is one example) and some most improperly designed. (The dinosaur, the squid, the leech and the mosquito come immediately to mind.)

By the time He raised primates to the level of humans, He became much too proud of this last creative accomplishment. He chose to provide men and women with enough reason to burst their limits and exercise free will. He was prepared to permit a power ^{to decide} ~~of~~ will that would be free, on occasion, of Him. Just so confident was His enthusiasm, His belief in this latest Creation.

Such miscalculation was calamitous. It was equal to raising so powerful a dog that the ^{hound} ~~dog~~ turns on its master. God's finest creation, men and women, given free will, proved unmanageable ~~with that free will~~ — they

gave every indication ^{that} they would, left to themselves, depose Him. He was reduced to resorting to a most drastic measure. He gave up the heartfelt notion of engaging in a profound companionship with this highest form of His Creation. Instead, He now looked to terrify men into obedience. He could not recover from the blow to His ~~C~~omprehension occasioned by the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. He was now obliged to go back to ^{his old} ~~the~~ judgments ^{of} Jehovah, and He proceeded through His new religions to terrify humans all over again. "Obey Me and fear Me. I am All-Good and All-Powerful." The message that He had wished to transmit through His Son—"Love each other and you will share in My love" was now converted to "Fear Me, Respect Me, and I may answer your prayers."

This ~~retreat, this~~ return to oppression, opened vast territories to the Maestro. I will put it simply. Our cause, as I comprehend it, is to diminish the potentiality of humankind. We want to reduce the vitality of the greatest creature developed by the D.K.. Naturally, we look to encourage religiosity that is ever more intense and more mindless. Distort the brains of men and women even ^{beyond what} further than ~~the~~ D.K. intends, and ~~their~~ human emotions will ^{further} be corrupted. (For imbalance is the beginning of rot.) Accomplish our job

well enough, pick up what remains, and we may be able to alter it into our Creation.

Through many an age, I believe that this had been the working ^{intention} ~~premise~~ of our Maestro. And be assured ^{that} our activities have not been restricted to churchgoers. ^{Other} ~~So many~~ varieties of human type ^{can also be} ~~are~~ suitable, — atheists, athletes, actors, and any angels we locate who might be turning bitter at the edges—I will not pursue this through the alphabet. But, in this ^{every} ~~time~~, approaching the end of the 19th Century, I began to sense that the O.O. was contemplating a revolutionary change in our procedures. Was he ^{now} looking to develop a species of faith designed expressly by him rather than by the Dummkopf? Was our Maestro actually prepared to ^{take} ~~make~~ this vertiginous leap from criticism to Creation?

I could not conceive of what form such a new set of beliefs might ^{involve} ~~I was too mixed in my duties — I~~ ~~take~~, but I will say that the possibility ~~did~~ ^{caused} ~~me~~ uneasiness. For who could know more about the pestilence and slovenliness of human nature than those of us who had worked through the centuries to swell and inflame all that was soft and misbegotten in the D.K.'s calculations. I need not even speak of His miscalculations—all the animal residue in His human beings of

unfocused rage, all the continuing excess in men and women of free-
 floating ill-will. It was one more sum of blunders fashioned by the D.K. in
 the ~~course~~^{thruces} of developing His advanced Creation. Given the objective need
 to protect a high but delicate level of animal life that would still be able to
 survive through grievous and often incalculable conditions of heat, cold,
 flame, and ~~death~~^{catastrophic mass}, the D.K. had to endow man (and woman, most certainly!)
 with a sense of self-importance crucial to their survival. But, once again,
 the balance did ~~get~~^{slip} away from Him. The self-righteousness so necessary to
 survival also produced envy. The self-righteous, unless immensely
 successful, cannot look with equanimity upon ~~better~~^{good} fortune for others—
 particularly not close friends and acquaintances. Envy worked as
 dependably in our favor as compound interest serves an investment. The
 D.K.'s powers to fashion new varieties of Creation were once—it must
 again be admitted—immense, but His skills as a cosmic engineer were
 wanting. His problems, even if spared our presence, would not have been
 trivial. His endless reworking ~~through trial and error~~^{by way of trial and errors} over the eons of
 evolution, even His readiness to live with His mistakes until such time as He
 could correct them (and most certainly, His outsize rages as a younger

god!—His frenzies as Jehovah!) had compounded a multitude of errors in every avenue and byway of human history. Now, I had to wonder how the O.O. could look to refashion such a boggled Creation after we had finished corrupting, corroding, and demoralizing it further? I was worried. Yes.

-2-

Indicate the clear
with me. Either
we do it this way all
the way, or not.

There is no question that I will yet ^{indicate the} ~~delineate in some detail~~ the determining effect we were to have on the coronation of Tsar Nicholas the Second, but I would prefer at this point to return to the small events and minor adventures of the Hitler family in Hafeld, ^{somewhat later, I will} ~~before I attempt to outline~~ the more exceptional activities we were to undertake in St. Petersburg and

Moscow that would culminate in May of 1896. Those eight months from my departure in October of 1895 until my return to Austria in June of 1896 will, I expect, be of interest, but until now, ^{having} we have followed the intimacies of apiculture with ~~so much~~ ^{such} close attention, ~~that~~ ^{so} I do not wish to ignore its continuation at this point.

^{Let me} I have to point, however, to a serious difficulty. As I have remarked, ~~My~~ knowledge of the various experiences of Alois, Klara, and the children were ~~communicated~~ ^{so} to me during my absence by the ^{five} agents I left behind. (Naturally, given the greater import of the activities in Russia, I had ^{brought} taken my two best assistants ^{along} ~~with me~~.) That left a problem. Lesser devils are, in many a regard, comparable to lesser humans. This is particularly true of their ~~characteristic~~ insensitivity to significant detail.

While I can retain a reasonably close notion of what is transpiring among my clients and their near associates even when ^{while relying} obliged to rely on the reports of mediocre agents, the work does lose ^{some focus} ~~some focus~~. During this absence, I could ^{not} ~~only~~ allocate a ^{many} ~~fraction of my~~ available energies to thinking about Alois and Company. So, the ^{must} ~~account~~ of these missing months—October '95 to June '96—~~may~~ ^{must} prove sketchy. What will save the value of the narrative

received, however, is that there were a few notable and determining events in Adi's development (and these matters I most certainly did pursue).

Otherwise, nothing of great moment did occur until the return of Junior, Alois Hitler, Junior. ^(But) Of course, that was not until June, by which time I too had returned to them.

~~So~~ my narrative will not suffer ^{then} (too) critically. Mediocre agents, like mediocre human beings, may be humdrum in their powers of summary but they are not wholly incapable, and I will warrant that I had brought even the least unpromising up to a ^{reasonable} ~~necessary~~ level of performance. If I am not ready to explain our systems of recruitment of new agents, that is because such exposition would bring us immediately into a far more sacrosanct question: How are devils created in the first place? Is the E.O. personally on the alert for superior humans who might be ready to serve us, and might be put under contract by the E.O. himself, or, as is more usually the case, do they come to us as lower varieties of humans, a brood of rejected spawn? These last are often individuals who were so disheartened, infuriated, demoralized, or altogether outraged by what they perceived in the hour of their death as a shocking demotion of their prospects for a good reincarnation—a new life

they might deem worthy of their merits—that they opted out, simple as that, they declared their desire to be liberated from the wheel of human reincarnation in order to serve another power, us! (How this arrangement was ever negotiated by the D.K. and the E.O. is altogether beyond my knowledge. While I cannot declare why or when it happened, I am familiar with the results. Apparently, the D.K. was willing (or necessarily obliged) ^{recently deceased} to lop off a fraction of His stock of ~~these~~ souls clamoring for reincarnation. Was this in order to obtain a less disruptive and dissatisfied environment for Himself in the realms of the Hereafter? I suspect that was so. I would also assume that our O.O., looking to make his way up onto a nearer level of equality with the D.K., was, of necessity, ready to accept this exudate of spoiled human possibility.) Over the centuries, over—it well may be—the millennia, ^{the Maestro} ~~he~~ was ~~then~~ obliged to use a very large part of his resources ^{for} ~~into~~ shaping and training the low-grade and highly disturbed material we did receive. It is analogous in difficulty to developing a symphony orchestra out of soldiers cashiered from the Foreign Legion. I will not pursue these difficulties further at this point. I will only say that the agents I had left in Hafeld, the lees, so to speak, of my small squad, did their best to report on

Alois' ongoing efforts at bee-keeping, but they did not always have a close enough sense of his difficulties, certainly not enough to satisfy my understanding.

Forewarned, forearmed. I will now present a small improvement on the summary I received of what went on with Alois and his bees from the end of 1895 until the following summer.

-3-

In October, if I had permitted it, my agents would have overwhelmed me ⁱⁿ with detail concerning Alois' obsessions with his new occupation.

As I have indicated, I had no time to attend to this, and I was irked. Short of a direct entrance into Alois' working thoughts which, it may be remembered, is rarely done with men and women who are not directly our clients, the agents had to do most of their work by way of milk runs. In what our O.O. ^(chooses to call) calls "the markets of sleep," ^{most} the dreams of ~~most~~ men and women are reasonably available, open to demons and Cudgels alike, and

can be picked up (at least in superficial degree) by no more than passing through the night chamber.

We also learn a good deal by the simple expedient of listening to a family's chatter. Indeed, a plethora of superficial information ^{arrived} ~~came in~~, and ~~that was~~ more than enough to annoy me. ~~My experiences in Russia were of~~ more interest. *same*

~~In addition~~, I knew that I was receiving an insufficient portrait. My agents perceived Alois as weak, but I knew they lacked the requisite skills ^{anxieties} ~~of~~ insight required when dealing with the ~~worries~~ of men or women who possess strength. It is easier to comprehend those who are weaker than ourselves than to anticipate the moves and true feelings of those ~~who are~~ ^{and that was} more powerful. Nuance is demanded ^{precisely} what my agents were lacking.

Being of no great stature themselves in their former lives, they tended to pick up all that was second-rate in Alois. I was left, therefore, with the burden of analyzing insufficient and weighted materials. ^{I can and} While I will ^{let me} summarize what I received, I ~~would also~~ ^{delay} abjure the reader to avoid passing judgment. Since the man who became Adolf Hitler emerged from a

childhood with this father and mother, it is obvious that we need to ascertain Klara and Alois' real strengths and, needless to say, their ^{significant} ~~real~~ weaknesses.

Very well. Here then is my summary of Alois' woes now that he has insisted on becoming a beekeeper.

His first concern (which I find somewhat comic—since he has spent his life in uniform) is that he has to remind himself constantly to put on light-colored gloves and a bee-keeper's large trapezoidal hat and veil, always of the whitest material. He must avoid dark coats or trousers, and since that is what he usually wears, is always concerned ^{not to} ~~that he will~~ forget to change before going out to the hive-boxes under the oak tree. Somber colors, he knows all too well, will irritate bees, knows that much by ^{old} ~~simple~~ experience. On the evening some years ago when he had been stung while working with the little colony he then kept at the edge of a small town just on the Austrian side of Passau, he had made the mistake of inviting an attractive woman out with him one Friday afternoon in order to demonstrate his working competence with the hive. Naturally, he was in full dress uniform. How else to accompany so good-looking an acquaintance? That twilight he was stung so fiercely that his fears still rise in one quick spurt at

the pit of his stomach from no more than the recollection. Alois' hopes of fornication were obliged to remain unsatisfied on that Friday night, indeed, the lady was stung ^{no less,} on the exposed flesh of her ample breast, ~~no less~~. A petty romance was lost, but it proved a full blow to his best opinion of himself, and, as we see, he continues to pay the price. ^{Shoots} ~~Spurs~~ of fear, bright as rockets, fire off in his stomach.

Nonetheless, Alois, in some part, ^{remains a good} ~~is still~~ a peasant. He has not forgotten that after a small or large disaster, one does well to be on the alert ^{for} whatever value might still be embedded in the misfortune ^{itself.} For example, ^{were stimulated by the alleviation of pain in} his medical theses ^{his knees} accompanied his ~~pain~~ on the following day—bee stings seemed to be good for his rheumatism. His ~~knees~~, at least, felt better.

When their meeting occurred, Der Alte, we may remember, was ready to agree, and even cited the honored Dr. Turc.

This confirmation may have been part of Alois' decision to accept Der Alte's opinion that imported Italian bees were superior to the Austrian variety. While Alois had his suspicion that Der Alte might be offering exactly ^{the stock that} ~~what~~ he needed to get rid of, still, the selling point (to Alois' present ^{for whatever reason} shame) was that Italian stock were easy to handle. They were gentle, Der

^{And then}
 Alte assured him. ~~They~~ were incontestably more beautiful, ^{what with their} ~~Possessed of a~~
 marvelous glowing rich yellow tan, not unlike the mellow hue of the best
 shoe leather. Alois had to admit that he did admire the three golden
 segments of their bodies, each fold set off by the sharpest edging in black.
^{In contrast, the}
 So elegant! ~~The~~ Austrian honey-bee was hairy, it was gray, ^{and it did not} ~~nor did it~~ gleam
 like these all-but-gilded Italians he had purchased, ~~yet~~ ^{And} all the same, Alois
 felt as if he had been disloyal to Austria, unfaithful even. He should have
 taken the "Franz Josefs," the gray-beards.

What added to his unease is that he kept wondering whether he had
^{shouldn't}
 made a basic mistake. ~~Should~~ he, after all, have waited for the spring?
 Now, marking time ~~through the fall and the turn of~~ ^{until} next year, he would have
 to keep his colony warm enough and well-fed enough not to perish in the
 cold. He had bought winter bees, after all, who had been born last summer.
^{stuffed}
 The queen he had purchased (presumably still ~~replete~~ ^{replete} with some millions of
 sperm cells from the five, six, seven, or eight drones she had phallically
 defenestrated last June), ^{she would not be} ~~and not~~ laying eggs,
^{remaining and inactive}
 no, not for another four or five months. Her hive ~~would~~ be gathered in a
 cluster for warmth, waiting for the honey ~~and the pollen~~ Alois would be

obliged to feed them. To keep close watch on their condition, he would have to weigh the hives once a week (to make certain the population was not dwindling). Yes, it would be some long months for these winter bees before they could go out to forage again along with the new-born who would, he hoped, be teeming forth in the spring.

All through these months, therefore, he would have to keep records of the weight of his hive-boxes complete with bees, plus taking the temperature of the air within the hive. He had even been advised to start a diary for recording the daily and weekly data. Yet, he must not open any hive. "No matter your curiosity," Der Alte had confided (as if in full command of the new apiculturalist's temptations) "you must not allow yourself to peer in, or extract any of the movable frames in order to study the combs. Why, the cold draft that could arise from opening the box might so lower the temperature that the bees would need hours to warm the interior again. Such a chill could decimate the population. Take no chances, Herr Hitler. Keep them warm. That is your new duty. And, of course, keep them well-fed. Up until now, from what you have told me, I expect you have only lived with the hives in June and July. Any tourist can

do that. But to be the Skipper of your ^{new voyage}hive through the ice-cold air of all the winter months to come, that takes character, my friend." And then as if to enrich the assumption, he added, "My new friend."

-4-

Alois was about ready to recognize the given. If he had stood ^{in the dock}before himself as judge, he would have found the defendant guilty. ~~Could~~ ^{How could} retirement prove so enfeebling to a strong man? He had bought the farm on impulse and now, ^{he purchased}these two colonies, also on impulse, these bee-hives in their Langstroth boxes. All right, they were the latest improvement with their removable vertical slides on which his bees were to build their combs to be filled (although not as yet!) with larva and honey. A wonderful

^{over the old straw skip!}
 advanced. Yet, why so suddenly had he ^{committed himself} given his commitment to this
^{to} business of apiculture in the winter? ^(hadn't) Had that also been done on too quick
 an impulse? Der Alte had had the consummate nerve to say to him, even as ^{A/LOIS}
~~Alois was ready to guide his loaded dray onto the road,~~ ^{for (left)} "You will soon see
 how much work I have saved you."

Indeed! What Alois ^{saved} did not perform in work, he now spent in worry.
 Not that he was old, damn it, not yet sixty, not by a year and more, but he
 felt such a sense of inner weariness before all these future responsibilities.
 What with his two ^{populated} occupied boxes now properly ^{installed} under the oak tree (no,
 never beneath the walnut tree for its nuts would pelt the ground in late
 spring and summer, ^{to them} the shells hard as stone, and might damage a host of
 bees ready to fly out for forage), no, the boxes had to be under the oak tree,
 placed on a stout bench, with tarpaper underneath for warmth, and more ^{boxes,}
 tarpaper above, weighted down with stones. ^{Two occupied cities housed in two} Each day he read the
 temperature of the heat within ^{each} the box, and did his weighing once a week,
 keeping up that diary full of data and notes, ^{however} but part of the real problem ^{was}
 that he did not have enough work, just enough to leave him with a slew of
 worries over the future. All through the dark months while feeding his

winter bees with sugar and water, (a most tricky technique in the beginning), he would console himself with the thought that if the colonies looked to be weak when spring came, he might combine two boxes into one, and, if necessary buy more bees at that time, ^{under take} more expense, more of Der Alte, farting in his pants no doubt, he would be laughing so hard at the great esteemed High Customs Officer Herr Hitler with his ten thumbs all there to be stung by what he didn't know about bees. Already, in November, Alois was lecturing Angela and Adi, even Klara, on the need for absolute immaculate hygiene when warm weather arrived. They must certainly not leave the hives open no matter how warm the day. Above all, they must never spill any honey. If they did, they must mop it up instantly, or the bees could be drawn to it and would begin to fight for free honey, easy honey, as it lay in a pool on the ground. If the puddle were deep enough, they could drown en masse.

Such were his fears, enough to harangue his family this winter for what might or might not occur in summer. And then he would go back to worrying about the putative weaknesses of a winter colony. So much depended on what he read about bee-keeping each night, negative or

positive. One of his newly purchased books (ordered from Vienna) stated with a confidence that came to him off the page as directly as an unexpected odor, that if two colonies proved to be weak, it would be advisable to combine them. Just kill the queen (probably a poor sort anyway) and look to add these two inferior hives to a third colony (if you had one). That last might also be mediocre stock, but if it could boast of a good hard-working queen who could keep filling empty cells with larva, the investment could be saved. Of course, one should not look for too exceptional a queen. The low level of the added colonies could pollute her efforts. But how was he to evaluate the new queen in any case?

Had he gotten into all this merely to be occupied by some activity through the winter? He engaged in a flurry of work and built two new hive boxes (which he certainly did not need immediately, but was proud of the skill it demanded—yes, he could have been a decent cabinetmaker!) but also had to admit they were not the equal of his Langstroths which he now proceeded to paint. Three colors were used, blue, yellow, and ultra-violet. His manuals told him to do as much. His bees, if they ever got to flying again, would be able to recognize ~~yes~~^{these}, each one of the tens of thousands of ~~these~~

bees would know by the color ~~then~~ precisely which hive-box they belonged to. By the color, of course. Not red, not orange—those colors were ^{unrecognizable to} not to be recognized by bees, how strange, he remarked to Klara, considering the number of red flowers ^{they} ~~bees~~ entered ^{every summer day}.

Still, he was enjoying working with his hands for the duration of the carpentry and the painting. At least, his worries eased ^{for} ~~for~~ a week. His chest even puffed up again with an old truism, safe as a sound house. "Good German blood understands," said Alois to himself, "that blessings do not come from God, but from hard work." ^{All the same a prejudicial} ~~Still,~~ it was an unfairly tilted remark. Why not say, "Good Austrian blood?" That did bother him.

Even this small concern stayed ^{with him} ~~with him~~ too long, like a minor sore that does not heal. He was attracted to the notion that blood possessed its own natural virtues and powers. ^{But in that case why} ~~Yet the thought might also be confusing.~~ ~~Why~~ was he supposed to be proud of German blood? He was an Austrian, ^{after all} ~~after all~~ proud of an Emperor who could live with the immense and sometimes idiotic problems of keeping the Czechs, Hungarians, Italians, Poles, Jews, Serbs, even the gypsies, living together under the Hapsburg empire. The Germans couldn't do that. Always fighting with each other.



-3-

In October, if I had permitted it, my agents would have overwhelmed me with detail concerning Alois' obsessions with his new occupation.

As I have indicated, I had no time to attend to this, and I was irked. Short of a direct entrance into Alois' working thoughts which, it may be remembered, is rarely done with men and women who are not directly our clients, the agents had to do most of their work by way of milk runs. In what our O.O. calls "the markets of sleep," the dreams of most men and women are reasonably available, open to demons and Cudgels alike, and can be picked up (at least in superficial degree) by no more than passing through the night chamber.

We also learn a good deal by the simple expedient of listening to a family's chatter. Indeed, a plethora of superficial information came in, and that was more than enough to annoy me. My experiences in Russia were of more interest.

In addition, I knew that I was receiving an insufficient portrait. My agents perceived Alois as weak, but I knew they lacked the requisite skills of insight required when dealing with the worries of men or women who possess strength. It is easier to comprehend those who are weaker than ourselves than to anticipate the moves and true feelings of those who are more powerful. Nuance is demanded, precisely what my agents were lacking.

Being of no great stature themselves in their former lives, they tended to pick up all that was second-rate in Alois. I was left, therefore, with the burden of analyzing insufficient and weighted materials. While I will summarize what I received, I would also abjure the reader to avoid passing judgment. Since the man who became Adolf Hitler emerged from a childhood with this father and mother, it is obvious that we need to ascertain Klara and Alois' real strengths and, needless to say, their real weaknesses.

Very well. Here then is my summary of Alois' woes now that he has insisted on becoming a beekeeper.

His first concern (which I find somewhat comic—since he has spent his life in uniform) is that he has to remind himself constantly to put on light-colored gloves and a bee-keeper's large trapezoidal hat and veil, always of the whitest material. He must avoid dark coats or trousers, and since that is what he usually wears, is always concerned that he will forget to change before going out to the hive-boxes under the oak tree. Somber colors, he knows all too well, will irritate bees, knows that much by simple experience. On the evening some years ago when he had been stung while working with the little colony he then kept at the edge of a small town just on the Austrian side of Passau, he had made the mistake of inviting an attractive woman out with him one Friday afternoon in order to demonstrate his working competence with the hive. Naturally, he was in full dress uniform. How else to accompany so good-looking an acquaintance? That twilight he was stung so fiercely that his fears still rise in one quick spurt at the pit of his stomach from no more than the recollection. Alois' hopes of fornication were obliged to remain unsatisfied on that Friday night, indeed, the lady was stung on the exposed

flesh of her ample breast, no less. A petty romance was lost, but it proved a full blow to his best opinion of himself, and, as we see, he continues to pay the price. Spurts of fear, bright as rockets, fire off in his stomach.

Nonetheless, Alois, in some part, is still a peasant. He has not forgotten that after a small or large disaster, one does well to be on the alert to whatever value might still be embedded in the misfortune. For example, his medical theses accompanied his pain on the following day—bee stings seemed to be good for his rheumatism. His knees, at least, felt better. When their meeting occurred, Der Alte, we may remember, was ready to agree, and even cited the honored Dr. Turc.

This confirmation may have been part of Alois' decision to accept Der Alte's opinion that imported Italian bees were superior to the Austrian variety. While Alois had his suspicion that Der Alte might be offering exactly what he needed to get rid of, still, the selling point (to Alois' present shame) was that Italian stock were easy to handle. They were gentle, Der Alte assured him. They were incontestably more beautiful. Possessed of a marvelous glowing rich yellow tan, not unlike the mellow hue of the best shoe leather, Alois had to admit that he did admire the three golden segments of their bodies, each

fold set off by the sharpest edging in black. So elegant! The Austrian honey-bee was hairy, it was gray, nor did it gleam like these all-but-gilded Italians he had purchased, yet, all the same, Alois felt as if he had been disloyal to Austria, unfaithful even. He should have taken the "Franz Josefs," the gray-beards.

What added to his unease is that he kept wondering whether he had made a basic mistake. Should he, after all, have waited for the spring? Now, marking time through the fall and the turn of next year, he would have to keep his colony warm enough and well-fed enough not to perish in the cold. He had bought winter bees, after all, who had been born last summer. The queen he had purchased (presumably still replete with some millions of sperm cells from the five, six, seven, or eight drones she had phallically defenestrated last June), would be in hibernation now, and not laying eggs, no, not for another four or five months. Her hive would be gathered in a cluster for warmth, waiting for the honey and the pollen Alois would be obliged to feed them. To keep close watch on their condition, he would have to weigh the hives once a week (to make certain the population was not dwindling). Yes, it would be some long months for these winter bees before they could go out to forage

again along with the new-born who would, he hoped, be teeming forth in the spring.

All through these months, therefore, he would have to keep records of the weight of his hive-boxes complete with bees, plus taking the temperature of the air within the hive. He had even been advised to start a diary for recording the daily and weekly data. Yet, he must not open any hive. "No matter your curiosity," Der Alte had confided (as if in full command of the new apiculturalist's temptations) "you must not allow yourself to peer in, or extract any of the movable frames in order to study the combs. Why, the cold draft that could arise from opening the box might so lower the temperature that the bees would need hours to warm the interior again. Such a chill could decimate the population. Take no chances, Herr Hitler. Keep them warm. That is your new duty. And, of course, keep them well-fed. Up until now, from what you have told me, I expect you have only lived with the hives in June and July. Any tourist can do that. But to be the Skipper of your hive through the ice-cold air of all the winter months to come, that takes character, my friend." And then as if to enrich the assumption, he added, "My new friend."

-4-

Alois was about ready to recognize the given. If he had stood before himself as judge, he would have found the defendant guilty. Could retirement prove so enfeebling to a strong man? He had bought the farm on impulse and now, these two colonies, also on impulse, these bee-hives in their Langstroth boxes. All right, they were the latest improvement with their removable vertical slides on which his bees were to build their combs to be filled (although not as yet!) with larva and honey. A wonderful advance! Yet, why so suddenly had he given his commitment to this business of apiculture in the winter? Had that also been done on too quick an impulse? Der Alte had had the consummate nerve to say to him, even as Alois was ready to guide his

loaded dray onto the road, "You will soon see how much work I have saved you."

Indeed! What Alois did not perform in work, he now spent in worry. Not that he was old, damn it, not yet sixty, not by a year and more, but he felt such a sense of inner weariness before all these future responsibilities. What with his two occupied boxes now properly under the oak tree (no, never beneath the walnut tree for its nuts would pelt the ground in late spring and summer, the shells hard as stone, and might damage a host of bees ready to fly out for forage), no, the boxes had to be under the oak tree, placed on a stout bench, with tarpaper underneath for warmth, and more tarpaper above, weighted down with stones. Each day he read the temperature of the heat within the box, and did his weighing once a week, keeping up that diary full of data and notes, but part of the real problem was that he did not have enough work, just enough to leave him with a slew of worries over the future. All through the dark months while feeding his winter bees with sugar and water, (a most tricky technique in the beginning), he would console himself with the thought that if the colonies looked to be weak when spring came, he might combine two boxes into one, and, if necessary buy more bees at that

time, more expense, more of Der Alte, farting in his pants no doubt, he would be laughing so hard at the great esteemed High Customs Officer Herr Hitler with his ten thumbs all there to be stung by what he didn't know about bees. Already, in November, Alois was lecturing Angela and Adi, even Klara, on the need for absolute immaculate hygiene when warm weather arrived. They must certainly not leave the hives open no matter how warm the day. Above all, they must never spill any honey. If they did, they must mop it up instantly, or the bees could be drawn to it and would begin to fight for free honey, easy honey, as it lay in a pool on the ground. If the puddle were deep enough, they could drown en masse.

Such were his fears, enough to harangue his family this winter for what might or might not occur in summer. And then he would go back to worrying about the putative weaknesses of a winter colony. So much depended on what he read about bee-keeping each night, negative or positive. One of his newly purchased books (ordered from Vienna) stated with a confidence that came to him off the page as directly as an unexpected odor, that if two colonies proved to be weak, it would be advisable to combine them. Just kill the queen (probably a poor sort anyway) and look to add these two inferior

hives to a third colony (if you had one). That last might also be mediocre stock, but if it could boast of a good hard-working queen who could keep filling empty cells with larva, the investment could be saved. Of course, one should not look for too exceptional a queen. The low level of the added colonies could pollute her efforts. But how was he to evaluate the new queen in any case?

^{mixed himself up in}
Had he ~~gotten into~~ ^{all} this merely to be occupied ~~by some activity~~
through the winter? He engaged in a flurry of work and built two new hive boxes (which he certainly did not need immediately, but was proud of ^{his} the skill ~~it demanded~~ ^{he}—yes, he could have been a decent cabinetmaker!) but ^{also} had to admit they were not the equal of his Langstroths ~~which he now~~
~~was fitting separate vertical boxes~~
proceeded to paint. ~~Three colors were used,~~ ⁱⁿ blue, ⁱⁿ yellow, and ⁱⁿ ultra-violet.
^{around}
His manuals told him to do as much. His bees, if they ever got to flying

again, would be able to recognize (yes, each one of the tens of thousands of them) precisely which hive-box they belonged to. By the ^{separate} color, of course.
^{But never} ^{know}
Not red, not orange—those colors were not to be recognized by bees, how strange, he remarked to Klara, considering the number of red flowers bees entered.

Still, he ^{enjoyed} ~~was enjoying~~ working with his hands for the duration of the carpentry and the painting. At least, his worries eased for a week. His chest even puffed up again with an old truism ^{that felt as} ~~safe~~ as a sound house. "Good German blood understands," said Alois to himself, "that blessings do not come from God, but from hard work." ^{then he decided that that} ~~Still, it~~ was an unfairly tilted remark. ^{It} Why not say, "Good Austrian blood?" ~~That~~ did bother him.

Even this small concern stayed ~~with him~~ too long, like a minor sore that ^{It seemed true. Blood did} does not heal. He was attracted to the notion ^{proved} ~~that blood possessed its own~~ natural virtues and powers. Yet the thought ^{might also be} ~~might~~ also be confusing. Why was he supposed to be proud of German blood? He was an Austrian, after all, proud of an Emperor ^(go often) ~~who could live with the immense and sometimes~~ idiotic problems of keeping the Czechs, Hungarians, Italians, Poles, Jews, Serbs, even the gypsies, living together under the Hapsburg empire. The Germans couldn't do that. Always fighting with each other. Without Bismarck, they would still be nothing. Petty principalities. Little duchys. Always squabbling. Mad King Ludwig I, and then Mad King Ludwig II. Crazy Bavarians and the Prussians with a ramrod up their ass, speak of good German blood? Yet, he said to himself, "All the same, I know what it

Book 4 ch 3 double plus start ch 4, 4/30/04

353

353-367

all in double space

Return by E-mail,Faxed
4/30/04
NM
& D.

-3-

In October, if I had permitted it, my agents would have overwhelmed me with ~~an overabundance of~~ detail concerning Alois' ~~full and repetitive~~ obsessions with his new occupation.

As I have indicated, I had no time to ~~give attention~~ ^{attend} to this, and I was irked. Short of a direct entrance into Alois' working thoughts which, it may be remembered, is rarely done with men and women who are not directly our clients, the agents had to do most of their work ^{by way of} through milk runs. In what our O.O. calls "the markets of sleep," the dreams of most men and women are reasonably available, open to demons and Cudgels alike, and can be

Book 4 ch 3 double plus start ch 4, 4/30/04

354

picked up (at least in superficial degree) by no more than passing through the night chamber.

We also learn a good deal by the simple expedient of listening to a family's chatter. Indeed, a plethora of superficial information came in, and that was more than enough to annoy me, ~~since my~~ ^{since} experiences in Russia were of more interest.

In addition, I knew that I ~~had to be~~ ^{was} receiving ~~a distorted~~ ^{an insufficient} portrait. My agents perceived Alois as weak, ~~and while I could not be certain, I know they~~ ^{but I knew they} lacked the requisite skills of insight ~~that are~~ ^{that} required when dealing with the worries of men or women who ~~are relatively strong~~ ^{have possess strength}. It is easier to comprehend those who are weaker than ourselves than to anticipate the moves and true feelings of those who are more powerful. ~~A sense of nuance~~ ^{is} is demanded. ~~That is~~ ^{That is} precisely what my agents were lacking.

Being of no great stature themselves in their former lives, they tended ~~now~~ to pick up all that was ~~weak or~~ second-rate in Alois. I was left, therefore, with the burden of analyzing insufficient and weighted materials. While I will summarize what I received, I would also abjure the reader to avoid passing judgment. Since the man who became Adolf Hitler emerged

Book 4 ch 3 double plus start ch 4, 4/30/04

355

from a childhood with this father and mother, it is obvious that we need to ascertain Klara and Alois' real strengths and, ^{needless to add, their real} ~~their several~~ weaknesses.

Very well. Here then is my summary of Alois' woes now that he has insisted on becoming a beekeeper.

His first concern (which I find somewhat comic—since he has spent his life in uniform) is that he has to remind himself constantly to put on light-colored gloves and a bee-keeper's large trapezoidal hat and veil, ^{always} all of the whitest material. He must ~~also~~ ^{goats} avoid any kind of dark blouse or trousers, and ^{since that is what he usually wears, he} is always concerned that he will forget to change before going out to the hive-boxes under the oak tree. ^{somber colours, he} He knows all too well that ^{that much} somber colors will irritate bees, knows by simple experience. On the evening some years ago when he had been stung while working with the little colony he then kept at the edge of a small town just on the Austrian side of Passau, he had made the mistake afterward (one Friday afternoon) of inviting ^{an attractive} a woman out with him in order to demonstrate his ^{working} competence ^{with} before the hive. Naturally, he was in full dress uniform. How else to accompany so good-looking an acquaintance? That ~~was the twilight~~ ^{of course, when} he was stung so fiercely that his fears still rise in one quick spurt at the pit of his stomach from

no more than the recollection. Alois' hopes of fornication ^{were obliged to} remained unsatisfied on that Friday night, indeed, the lady was stung ^{as well} on the exposed flesh of her ample breast, no less. A petty romance was lost, but it proved a full blow to his best opinion of himself, and, as we see, he continues to pay the price. ^{Spirits of fear, bright as rockets, live off in his stomach}

Nonetheless, Alois, in some part ^{is} ~~still~~ ^{He has} a peasant, ~~had not forgotten that~~ ^{after} ~~through the course of living with~~ ^{one does well to} a small or large disaster, one must remain

^{be on the} alert to the residue of value that could conceivably be embedded in the ^{whatever} ^{might still}

misfortune. ^{For example, his} ^{accompanied his pain} His medical theses arrived in his mind on the following day—bee ^{seemed to} ^{his knees, at least, felt better.} stings might be good for rheumatism. When their meeting occurred, Der

Alte, we may remember, ^{was ready to} ~~had more than~~ ^{and even cited the} honored Dr. Turc. ^{This confirmation may have been} ~~I think that became a good~~ part of Alois' decision to accept Der Alte's

opinion that imported Italian bees ^{(which, small surprise, the old sorcerer did} ^{have on hand} were superior to the Austrian variety. While Alois had ^{his} been

~~full of~~ suspicion that Der Alte might be offering exactly what he needed to get rid of, still, ^{the} ~~one other~~ selling point (to Alois' present shame) was that ~~the~~

Italian stock were ^{They were gentle,} gentle. They were ^{easy to handle,} easy to handle. Der Alte assured him.

They were also, ^{incomparably,} more beautiful. Possessed of a marvelous glowing rich yellow

Book 4 ch 3 double plus start ch 4, 4/30/04

357

tan, not unlike the mellow hue of the best shoe leather, Alois had to admit that he did admire the three golden segments of their bodies, each fold set off by the sharpest edging in black. ~~Elegant~~ ^{and it did not} So elegant! The Austrian honey-bee was hairy, it was gray, ~~nor did it gleam~~ like these all-but-gilded Italians he had purchased, yet, all the same, Alois felt as if he had been disloyal to Austria, unfaithful even. He should have taken the "Franz Josefs," the gray-beards.

What added to his unease is that he kept wondering whether he had made a basic mistake. ^{after all,} Should he have waited for the spring ^{after all?} Now, marking time through the fall and the turn of next year, he would have to keep his colony warm enough and well-fed enough not to perish in the cold. He had bought winter bees, after all, who had been born last summer. The queen he had purchased (presumably still ^{replete with} full of some millions of sperm cells from the five, six, seven, or eight drones she had ^(de fenestrated) ~~decapitated so phallically~~ last ^(it) June), would be in ^{queenly} hibernation now, and not laying eggs, no, not for another four or five months. Her hive would be ^{gathered} all in a cluster for warmth, waiting for the honey and ^{the} pollen Alois would be obliged to feed them. To keep close watch on their condition, he would have to weigh the hives once a

Book 4 ch 3 double plus start ch 4, 4/30/04

358

week (to make certain ^{the} ~~their~~ population was not dwindling). Yes, it would be some long months for these winter bees before they could ^{go out} ~~begin~~ to forage again along with the new-born who would, he hoped, be ^{teeming} ~~pouring~~ forth in the spring.

All through these months, therefore, he would have to keep records, ^{and keep} of the weight of his hive-boxes complete, with ~~their~~ thousands of occupants, ^{plus} taking the temperature of the air within the hive. He had even been advised to start a diary for ^{recording the daily and weekly} ~~keeping the~~ data. Yet, he must not open any hive.

"No matter your curiosity," Der Alte had confided (as if in full command of the new apiculturalist's ^(temptations) ~~psychology~~) "you must not allow yourself to peer in, or extract any of the movable frames so ^{in order to} ~~that you can~~ study the combs. Why, the cold draft that ^{could} ~~would~~ arise from opening the box ^{might} ~~could~~ so lower the temperature that ^{the bees would need hours} ~~it might take hours~~ for the bees to warm the interior again.

^{Such a chill} That ~~could~~ decimate the population. Take no chances, Herr Hitler. Keep them warm. That is your new duty. And, of course, keep them well-fed. Up until now, from what you have told me, I expect you have only lived with the hives in June and July. Any ^{tourist} ~~person~~ can do that. But to be the Skipper of your hive through the ice-cold air of all the winter months ^{to come} ~~that takes~~

character, my friend." And then as if to enrich the assumption, he added,
"My new friend."

-4-

about
Alois was ~~almost~~ ready to recognize the given. If he had stood before

would
himself as judge, he ~~could~~ have found the defendant *guilty*. Could

retirement prove so enfeebling to a strong man? First, *he* had bought the farm

also on impulse,
on impulse and now, these two colonies, *(these bee-hives in their Langstroth*

(All right, they were the latest improvement with their
boxes, *with removable vertical slides on which his bees were to build their*

(although) combs to be filled *(but not as yet!)* with larva and honey. *A wonderful* Had his
advance! *Yet why so suddenly had he given his*
commitment to this business of apiculture in the winter *(had that)* *also been the*

Book 4 ch 3 double plus start ch 4, 4/30/04

361

done on too quick an
unseemly product of unthinking impulse? ~~Why~~ Der Alte had had the

consummate nerve to say to him, even as Alois was ready to guide his *load* ~~dray~~

onto the road, "You will soon see how much work I have saved you."

Indeed! What Alois did not perform in work, he now spent in worry.

Not that he was old, damn it, not yet sixty, not by a year and more, but he felt

such a sense of inner weariness before *all these* ~~his~~ future responsibilities. What with *his*

two occupied set
the boxes now properly spaced under the oak tree *(no never)* ~~(never)~~ beneath the walnut
tree for its nuts
would pelt
~~tree for fear that its nuts while pelting~~ the ground in late spring and summer,

fly ~~the~~ shells hard as stone, *and* might damage a host of bees ready to *fly* ~~go~~ out for forage),

no, the boxes had to be under the oak tree, properly placed on a stout bench,

with tarpaper underneath for warmth, and more tarpaper above, weighted

down with stones. Each day he *read* ~~took~~ the temperature of the heat within the

Book 4 ch 3 double plus start ch 4, 4/30/04

362

box, and did his weighing once a week, keeping up ^{that} the diary full of data and notes ^{real} to himself, but part of the ^{he did not have} problem was that ~~it was not~~ enough work,

just enough to leave him with a slew of worries ^{over} about the future. All through

the dark months while feeding his winter bees with sugar and water, ^{(a} most

tricky technique in the beginning) he would ~~try~~ to console himself with the

thought that if the colonies ^(looked) proved ~~(to be weak~~ when spring came, he might

combine two boxes into one, and, if necessary buy more bees at that time,

more expense, more of Der Alte, farting in his pants no doubt, he would be

laughing so hard at the great esteemed High Customs Officer Herr Hitler ^{with} ~~and~~

his ten thumbs all there to be stung ^{by} with what he didn't know about bees, after

^{Already, in November, Als} ~~Already~~ ^{Als} all, everything said. ~~Already~~ he was lecturing Angela and Adi, even Klara, on

the need for absolute immaculate hygiene when ^(it would come to) warm weather

Book 4 ch 3 double plus start ch 4, 4/30/04

363

a mixed
~~weather. They must never leave any honey or bee food outdoors, nothing to~~
↓
~~be exposed.~~ They must certainly not leave the hives open no matter how
warm the day. Above all, they must never spill any honey. If they did, they
must mop it up instantly, or the bees could be drawn to it and would begin to
fight for free honey, easy honey, as it lay in a pool on the ground. If the
puddle were deep enough, they ^{could} ~~would~~ drown en masse.

Such were his fears, enough to harangue his family this winter for what
might or might not occur in summer. And then he would go back to worrying
about the ^{putative} ~~likely~~ weaknesses of a winter colony. So much depended on what
^{about bee-keeping}
he read each night, negative or positive. One of his newly purchased ~~bee~~
books (ordered from Vienna) stated with a confidence that came to him off
the page as directly as an unexpected odor, that if two colonies proved to be

Book 4 ch 3 double plus start ch 4, 4/30/04

364

weak, it ^{would} ~~could~~ be advisable to combine them. Just kill the queen (probably a

poor sort anyway) and look to add these two inferior hives to a third colony

(if you had one). That last might also be mediocre ^{stock,} but if it could boast of a

^{hard-working} good ^{kept empty} queen who ~~could keep~~ filling her cells with larva, the investment could

be saved. Of course, one should not look for too ^{exceptional} good a queen. The low

level of the added colonies could pollute her efforts. ^{Bathhouse} How was he to evaluate

the new queen ^{in any case?} ~~anyway?~~

Had he gotten into all this merely to be occupied ^{by some} with an activity

through the winter? He engaged in a flurry of work and built ^{building?} two

new hive boxes (which he certainly did not need immediately, but was proud

of the skill it demanded—yes, he could have been a decent cabinetmaker!)

but also had to admit they were not the equal of his Langstroth boxes which

Book 4 ch 3 double plus start ch 4, 4/30/04

365

he now proceeded to paint. Three colors were used, blue, yellow, and ultra-

violet. His manuals ~~had~~ told him to do as much. His bees, if they ever got to

flying again, would be able to recognize ^(yes, each) ~~each~~ one of the tens of thousands of

them) ^{precisely} which hive-box they belonged to. By the color, of course. Not red, not

orange—those colors were not to be recognized by bees, how strange, he

remarked to Klara, considering the number of ^{red} flowers ^{bees} they entered, ~~red as~~

~~could be.~~

Still, he ^{enjoying} loved ~~working~~ with his hands for the ^{duration} full ~~stint~~ of the carpentry

and the painting. At least, his worries ^{eased} ~~ceased~~ for a week. His chest even

puffed up again with an old truism, safe as a sound house. "Good German

blood understands," said Alois to himself, "that blessings do not come from

Book 4 ch 3 double plus start ch 4, 4/30/04

366

Still)
All the things
God, but from hard work." ~~But~~ it was an unfairly tilted remark. Why not

say, "Good Austrian blood?" That did bother him.

Even this small concern stayed ~~with him~~ too long, like a minor sore that

does not heal. He was attracted to the notion that blood possessed its own

natural virtues and powers. Yet the thought *might* ~~also~~ *be confusing.* ~~confused him.~~ Why ~~did he~~

was he supposed

have to be proud of German blood? He was an Austrian, after all, proud of

an Emperor who could live with the ~~problems~~ *problems*, so immense and sometimes

problems
~~idiotic~~ *of* keeping the Czechs, Hungarians, Italians, Poles, Jews, Serbs, even

the gypsies, living together under ~~his~~ *the* Hapsburg empire. The Germans

couldn't do that. Always fighting with each other. Without Bismarck, they

would still be nothing. Petty principalities. Litte duchys Always

(then mad King Ludwig II)
squabbling. Mad King Ludwig I and ~~II~~ Crazy Bavarians and the Prussians

Book 4 ch 3 double plus start ch 4, 4/30/04

367

with a ramrod up their ass, speak of good German blood? Yet, he said to

(u All the years)
himself, "I know what it means," and pondered what it might signify to ~~know~~ ^{say it}
u in self that he knew
except in some way he did
(something when ~~you~~ ^{he} didn't, not quite, but ~~still~~ ^{you} did.)