

Unplod2 4/5/04

Fixed
4/6/04 D.P.

We had come to the conclusion that the D.K.
The D.K. was searching for a viable religion even as all through the eons

had always of evolution he paid the greatest attention to the most viable animals (which is of his) until he gave up before the extent of the numbers, that why there are the trillion-fold numbers of insects in a billion-fold of species.)

"It got away from Him,
(The O.O. often remarks—"It seems to have gotten a little away from Him,

didn't) ^{endowing} ^{would make} ^{insect} ^{each genus with}
hasn't it? The balance between giving a species a deep enough desire to

prevail in its ^{prolapsed all} ^{the} ^{which are}
as a species and the subsequent abuses of over-motivation for too

little are all too evident in insect life. ^{So} what, after all, have they accomplished to justify their prodigious numbers? Much closer to myself, of course, are
In any event, we have the D.K.'s experiments in the two main branches

Indeed, he has hardly been able to decide of Christianity, still hasn't decided between the Catholics and the ²⁷⁴⁵ Protestants, let alone all this experiments with the schisms in ^{with the schisms in} ~~Protestants~~, the Orthodox Jews and the modern Jews, Islam, Buddhism, the varieties in Buddhism, in

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all but lost by now, what was once the Confucianism, and the rich paganism of the Egyptians, to name but a few. ~~In fact that direction~~ (It rarely looks by now, technology and paganism appear to be incompatible. ~~examples of his long searching and experiments~~)

By 1899, had occurred, however, in the viewpoint D.T. comments in a change in the O.O. through the history in which he, our Maestro, or, so I suspected, through the many centuries I had served in one or another capacity has served: the O.O. remained a critic of the follies, disproportions, errors, to the O.O., he had done his work in the main as a critic of the follies, disproportions, errors, miscalculations, and sheer blunders of the D.K. in evolution and in history, evolution and ~~we~~ burrowing with misjudgement when it came to humankind. But, always, the O.O. maintained a spirit that was critical rather than creative.

We looked to corrupt His human servants. We counted on increasing the emotional

dissatisfaction of humans ~~on the one hand~~, and ~~possessing~~ their minds ~~on the~~

we looked to encourage every intense religiosity of other. How? By intense religiosity which would serve to warp the brains of the formal sort. If we came up short against a few religious who were close to saints, ~~but~~ we did many good humans. Corrupt enough of humankind and one could take over

succeeded in warping the brains of many good humans who clung to a philosophical oxymoron, the belief that the remains. Such, at least, was the premise I had understood and served.

God was All-Good and All-Powerful, How that premise, ~~so full of contradictions~~ ~~was~~ ~~contradictory~~, so ~~so~~ whether incapable of explaining the ongoing contradictions of history, of existence, or, indeed, apparently meaning less waste tortured the lost mind of

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Now, it might not be enough. I had to wonder if the O.O. was preparing a

future in which a religion he designed might be ready to prevail.

human kind for century after century.
All-Good and All-Powerful. Indeed!
~~So little compared~~ Yes, we encouraged every
fundamentalist we could find. Of
all faiths and half-nourished creeds,
they would with all the intensity of those
who believe they are serving God when
indeed indeed they were nourishing
our cause — which was, I will put it simply,
to defeat humankind so long as it
remained the D.K.'s grandest creation,
yes, we were all for intense religiosity of
of the most mindless sort. Distort the
minds of humankind, and one could
corrupt their emotions. Accomplish
Accomplish enough of that, and we
might be ready to take over the remains.

Now that had been ^{our} ~~the~~ premise
through many an age. It was the
underlying guide to our efforts, and we
did not restrict it to religions, all
sorts were our type, atheists, atheists,
actors, angels who were turning bitter — I
will not go through the alphabet. The

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significant shift in our progress as we approached the end of the 19th Century, was that I sensed our D.K. was preparing to develop a new religion, designed by him. Was he ready to move from criticism to creation?

The undeveloped powers of perception, the animal residue of

unfocused rage, and a tendency toward free-floating ill-will, this last a by-

product of another miscalculation of the D.K. in developing his creation of the

human. Given the need for this new upper animal, humankind, to survive

under grievous and often incalculable conditions, the D.K. had to endow him

(and her, most certainly!) with a sense of self-importance crucial to their

survival. Once again, the balance was askew and the sense of certainty, self-

righteousness and its concomitant envy (for the self-righteous cannot look

with equanimity upon the success or good fortune of others) proved out of

balance. The D.K.'s powers in aesthetics and in varieties of creation were

immense, but His strengths as a cosmic engineer were wanting. *To repeat:* Biological

Biological history first then human history itself, replete with his blunders, imperfect creations, and living misrepresentations.

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Begin pg one new page number
history first, then human history itself, is replete with His blunders, imperfect
creations, and living misproportions.

1 R,
2A, etc

So, the Jews. One of His exceptional miscalculations. He gave so much of Himself to them. His divine Vanity vaulted with that project for a few centuries, after which He visited His disappointment and rage on them when they failed to meet the variety of His hopes—to be brilliant, not only war-like and more intelligent than other peoples, His—at the time—lesser creation.

Given the eventual defeat of the Jews by the Romans (among whom we gained considerable traction) the D.K. withdrew much of His allegiance, but then, according to the O.O., He could hardly forgive the Jews for failing in such large part to recognize the dramatic gift He had given them. Could so

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many of them not perceive that He had chosen the Jews, yes, to embody His half-Son, half human to advance, to swell, to expedite the immense Vision that He had for humankind? The O.O. constantly informs us that the crucifixion of Jesus had ^{no} ~~not been~~ ^{expectation.} part of the D.K.'s Vision. To the contrary, Jesus was there to lead humankind into a vast restructuring of their inchoate and contradictory emotions. Instead, it had all gone wrong.

What followed was an event we do not discuss, nor even dare to think about. It was the D.K.'s ability on that occasion to save some species of victory, or, at least, of continuation, from the greatest defeat He had ever suffered vis-a-vis the Maestro. Yes, the D.K. actually conceived (out of the depths of His partial understanding of His creation, humankind) that ^{now most useable.} ~~of one~~ sentimental conceit was viable. The word could be disseminated through His

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~~through~~ ~~(less elevated)~~
Cudgels and ~~His~~ human agents that Christ had died for all the sins of men and

women—a beautifully effective means of subverting the darker ~~confidence~~ ^{sense of existence} (we

^{By promulgating this fiction,}
had insinuated into human nature. In fiction ~~was~~ a species of victory seized,

^{by the D.K.)}

(Our projects have never been able to eradicate this notion from any (so many)

of the Christians we have captured. I think the O.O. chose the concept of

calling God the Dummkopf ~~[ep]~~ precisely to steel his own servants against the

reluctant admiration we do feel for the D.K.'s ^{specific} cleverness on this occasion.

As a corollary, it can be said that the Lord never forgave the Jews, ~~not~~

altogether. They were dispersed, ~~then~~ hounded, and for the most part, ~~were~~

segregated. For centuries, He kept them poor and off the land. ^{very much} ^{He located} ^{They became}
~~them in the other fundamental~~ ^{— money?} ^{They became}
^{so the D.K.}
a species of human not respected by those who worked the fields. He took ~~so~~

^{yet}
much away from them, ~~but~~ not their intelligence, no, not that intelligence He

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had been at such pains to develop. He could not bring Himself to raze that

his early and most ambitious
part of ~~the~~ human construction. He allowed them to develop their Talmud,

their compendium of legalistic nuance. If a poor man, praying for the

alleviation of his child's grave illness, brought his best animal to the temple

for sacrifice, and the poor wretched beast, filled with all the poor wretched

worries of his master's concern for the child, was so affected that it defecated

as well
(in part ~~out of the fear of its~~ *yet, defecated* sense that its own end was near) somewhere

had to
within the temple grounds, the result ~~would be~~ a misery for the poor man. His

because child would still be sick, *his animal* *now* and the benefits of the sacrifice could not take place.

The holy floor had been shit upon.
The temple had been defiled. *But where? That was the nuance of the issue*
where, precisely, had the act taken place?

view of
Excrement on the steps ~~to~~ the sacrificial altar—a total loss! But if the animal
had only been incontinent
had ~~actually defecated~~ at the approaches to the entrance, but not within the

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~~temple itself~~, then depending on the ^{precise} distance away from the ~~most~~ sacred

ground, ~~the~~ variations could be found, partial sacrifices, partial beneficence.

The nature of absolute law could develop into ^{more} subtle gradations of

^{even into} punishment ~~and of~~ ^{even into} clemency. Such was the heart of the Talmud—a search for

balance in the ^{measure} ~~evaluation~~ of deeds and misdeeds. A thousand years
of the Talmud studied by candlelight
in soul little ghetto schools, no wonder
the Jews of the modern age were often
ready to become lawyers,

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Fixed
by JMW
4/6/04

Judith pp 1-5 is one section.

p 6 is ~~deleted~~ deleted.

pp ~~7-11~~ 7-11 are separate + should have a 1A, 2A, 3A, pagination

We had come to the conclusion that the D.K. was searching for a more reliable

organized

reliable religion. To suit His needs. Through the cons of evolution He had always paid attention

relinquished such a concept

to the most viable of His animals until He gave up before the extent of the

numbers involved in ~~the~~ the gestations of certain species of His creations

numbers that trillion-fold of insects in a million-fold of species. The O.O.

See examples

often remarks—"It got away from Him, didn't it? The balance between

an incredible

endowing each winged mite with a deep enough desire to prevail in its

species produced all the abuses of over-motivation which are so evident in

insect life. What, after all, have they accomplished to justify their prodigious

numbers?"

Much closer to myself, of course, are the D.K.'s elaborations of the two

religions—the ~~Catholic~~ Catholics, the Protestants, the Great Orthodox
main branches of Christianity. Indeed, He has hardly been able to decide

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~~between His Catholics and His Protestants, let alone all His experiments with~~

the Orthodox Jews ^{Reformed} and the modern Jews, with the schisms in Islam, the ^{plethora of} ~~varieties~~ ^{sects} in Buddhism, in Confucianism, and (all but lost by now) what was

once the rich paganism of the Egyptians. In that direction He rarely looks by

now. Technology and paganism ^{are} ~~appear to be~~ incompatible.

By 1895, a change had occurred, however, in the viewpoint of our

Maestro, ^{or}, so I suspected. Through the many centuries I had served in one

or another capacity to the O.O., he had ^{functioned} ~~done his work~~ (in the main as a critic

of the follies, disproportions, errors, miscalculations, and sheer blunders of

the D.K., ^{that had commenced with} ~~yes, commencing in~~ (evolution and ^{burgeoned into big} ~~burgeoning~~ with misjudgment

^{concerning} ~~when it came to~~ humankind. But, always, the O.O. maintained a spirit that ^{Invariably, I had critical} ~~was~~

^{rather than a creative ethos} ~~was critical rather than creative.~~ We acted in response to the D.K.'s efforts.

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^{being's}
We looked to corrupt His human servants. We counted on increasing the

^{man and come; thereby, we might come}
emotional dissatisfaction among humans on the one hand, while coming to

^{One of our methods was}
possess their minds. ~~How~~ We looked to encourage every intense religiosity

^{most} (and organized) religious of the formal sort. If we came up short against a few ^{religiosos} who were close

^{did} to saints, we also succeeded in warping the brains of many good humans ^{There} who

^{they were locked in a mosque, a synagogue or a church, clinging} ^{to a philosophical oxymoron} the belief that God was All-Good and All-

^{intrinsically} Powerful. ^{(serving as a tool of the} How that premise, so wholly incapable of explaining the ongoing mind to contend with the

^{human} contradictions of history, of existence, of, indeed, apparently meaning-less

^{marking} waste, tortured the best minds of humankind for century after century. All-

^{looked to} Good and All-Powerful. Indeed! Yes, we encouraged every fundamentalist ^{(of rock hard}

^{who are possessed} ^{Came to us, was our creed, all of you of rock-hard} we could find. ^{determined} Of all faiths and half-nourished creeds! They worked with

^{How intensely did they believe} ^{all the while they} intensity of those who believed they were serving God when indeed they

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were nourishing our cause—which was, I ^{most} ^{most} put it simply—~~to defeat~~ ^{our} ~~our~~ ^{cause} ~~is~~
 to diminish the potentiality implicit in
 humankind ^{as long as it remained} ~~the~~ ^{achieved by the D.K.} ~~grandest creation~~ ^{Yes, we were}
 Of course we were
 all for intense religiosity of the most mindless sort. Distort the minds of
 (the resulting imbalance would)
 humankind and ~~one could~~ corrupt their emotions. Accomplish enough of that, the job
 well enough, ^{able}
 and we might be ~~ready~~ to take over the remains—make it our Creation.

Now, this had been the ^{working} ^{of our leader} ~~premise~~ ^{through} many an age. It was the
^{Be certain, we did not restrict it}
 underlying guide to our efforts, and we did not restrict it to the religions. All
 to churchgoers. All sorts
 sorts were our type, atheists, athletes, actors, angels who were turning, better
 at the edges—
 bitter—will not go through the alphabet. The significant shift in our

^{I began to sense}
 program as we approached the end of the 19th Century, ~~was that I sensed our~~
 that ^{the} ^{might be} ^{expressly} ^{he} ~~O.O.~~ was preparing to develop a new religion designed by him. Was a ready

to move from criticism to creation?

I could not conceive of his answer,
 but the ~~poss~~ possibility was enough to
 cause ~~for~~ a good deal of uneasiness. For
 who could know more about the game,
 the curse, the pestilence of human nature
 itself than those of us who had worked
 through the centuries to make it so, who

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had ~~learned~~ with over developed skills to irritate all that was sore and misbegotten in the D.K.'s calculations and miscalculations. I had only to think of the undeveloped powers of perception, the animal residue of

the in men and ~~women~~ ^{by now of} unfocused rage, and a tendency toward free-floating ill-will, this last a by-

the product of one more blunder by product of another miscalculation of the D.K. in developing his creation of the

human. Given the need for this new ^{objective} ^{higher level of} ^{through} ~~upper~~ animal, humankind, to survive, ~~through~~

under grievous and often incalculable conditions, the D.K. had to endow ^{man} ~~him~~

^{woman} (and ~~her~~, most certainly!) with a sense of self-importance crucial to their

survival. Once again, the balance ^{as it got it} ^{and it} was askew and the sense of certainty, self-

(which we always encourage) righteousness and its concomitant envy (for the self-righteous cannot look

with equanimity upon the ^{worked as} ~~success or~~ good fortune of others) proved out of dependability in our favor as compound interest ^{on a banker.} balance. The D.K.'s powers in aesthetics and in ^{wants} varieties of creation were ^{it can be}

immense, but His strengths as a cosmic engineer were wanting. ^{described as} ~~To repeat.~~

emphasize once again, His problems even without our presence would not have been small. His method—endless trial and error, even the readiness to live with *

the O.D. do
to re-creation such a badly-gled creation
after we had finished with corrupting?
conceding and demolishing it further?
Yes, I was worried.

to this mistakes until he could correct them (and most certainly his outside rages as a younger god) had compounded this multitude of errors (biological development and then in human history).

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So, the Jews ^{may have been one} ~~one~~ of His exceptional miscalculations. He gave so

of these particular projects

on the beginning. (the early success) much of Himself to them. (His divine Vanity vaulted with that project for a Among those early Hebrews were so many first-rate, ^{even exceptional} servants and prophets. Nonetheless, few centuries, after which He visited His disappointment and rage on them, they failed over the centuries of their hegemony

-when they failed to meet the variety of His hopes—to be ^(significantly) ~~brilliant~~ ^{more valorous} brilliant, not only

^{illuminated} was like and more intelligent than other peoples, ~~His~~ at the time—lesser

-creation.

Given the eventual defeat of the Jews by the Romans (among whom we ^{which mighty stock} ~~virtually~~ had a servant of clients!) the D.K.

gained considerable traction) the D.K. withdrew much of His allegiance, but

After the death of Jesus, ^{to his first choice} ~~whose presence~~ ^{had been the culmination of His} ~~presence~~ ^{ready to visit His disappointment and rage on them.} then, according to the C.O., He could hardly forgive the Jews for failing in

^(or so was it) ~~(so it was explained to us by the C.O.)~~ such large part to recognize the dramatic gift He had given them. Could so

^(those Semites not be ready to) many of them not perceive that He had chosen the Jews, ^{them, yes, His Jews, to receive} ~~yes, to embody His~~

His most exalted new conception, ^{this Son, human by} ~~a man half human~~ half Son, half human to advance, to swell, to expedite the immense Vision

Best hopes for the Jews, He had

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would instill in / (This vertiginous concept had failed!)
 that He had for humankind? (As the O.O. constantly informs us that the
 D.K. had been without any real ~~intention~~ ^{information} that
 Jesus would be crucified. ~~But that was his~~
~~crucifixion of Jesus had been no part of the D.K.'s expectation. To the~~
~~cosmic blindness, To the contrary, his expectation was~~
~~that~~ (had been conceived) and ~~lovely~~ ^{lovely}
~~contrary,~~ Jesus was there to lead humankind into a vast (restructuring of their
 human emotions, a balm to all their)
 inchoate and contradictory emotions. Instead, it had ~~all~~ gone wrong.

the O.O. is not ready to discuss, indeed!
 What followed was an event we do not discuss, nor even dare to think
 we rarely dare to contemplate ~~the obvious~~
~~fact that the D.K. had exhibited an~~
 about. It was the D.K.'s ability on that occasion to ~~save some species of~~
 retain some appearance of successful intention,
 even the illusion ~~of successful result~~ that the result
 victory, or, at least, of continuation, from the greatest defeat He had ever
 had been a triumph. So, He succeeded in great part by
 in His way with our
 suffered vis-a-vis the Maestro. Yes, the D.K. actually conceived (out of the

but real /
 depths of His partial (understanding of His creation, humankind) that ~~one~~

would now be / life
 sentimental conceit was now most usable. The word could be disseminated a

new message / certain quickly (a postler)
 through His Cudgels and through His less-elevated human agents that Christ
 had chosen to die in order to redeem all even beautiful
 had died for all the sins of men and women—a ~~most~~ ^{most} beautiful means of

relaying from the ~~most~~ deepest of souls it had ever

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(succeeded in insinuating)
 subverting the darker sense of existence we had ~~insinuated~~ (insinuated) into human nature.

His — a blatant fiction! — the D.K. did
 By promulgating this fiction, a species of victory was seized by the D.K.
 seize a species of victory. We, on our side,
 have rarely
 Our projects have never been able to eradicate this notion from any (so many) —
 our clients
 of the Christians we have captured. I think the P.O. (Maestro/RN) conveyed us
 chose the concept of —

to calling God the Dummkopf precisely to steel his own servants against the

reluctant admiration we do feel for the D.K.'s cleverness on this specific ^{one apocalyptic}

occasion, yes, The D.K. showed the Maestro and all of
 us that we work small while he wielded a
 mighty sense of new possibilities.

As a corollary it can be said that the Lord never forgave the Jews. ^{A mean}
 sense of retaliation came forth. He deserted ~~the P.~~
 His first choice ~~of people~~ (He allowed them to be)
 altogether. They were dispersed, hounded, and for the most part, segregated.

He chose to ~~restrain~~ it
 For centuries, He kept them poor and very much off the land. He located ~~them~~ ^{their}
~~them~~ ^{isolate} them in the other
~~land~~ ^{who were}
 them in the other fundement — money! They became a species of human (not

hunters on / in That
 respected by those who worked the fields. So the D.K. took much away from

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them, Yet the D.K. was, ^{at least,} not ready to deprive them ~~them, yet not their intelligence, no, not that intelligence He had been at such~~
~~OK then~~

pains to develop. He could not bring Himself to raze that part of His early

and most ambitious human construction. He allowed them to develop their

the ^{(their collected wisdom. It became}
 Talmud, ~~their~~ compendium of ~~legalistic nuance.~~ ^{Torah} If a poor man, praying for ~~their~~
~~their contribution to the beginnings of~~ ^{jurisprudence itself, let me give one example. Conceive}
~~of a poor man, praying to God for the~~
~~the alleviation of his child's grave illness, brought his best animal to the~~ ^{that way}
~~will bring his best animal to the~~

temple for sacrifice, and the poor wretched beast, filled with all the ^{tremulous} ~~poor~~

~~wretched~~ ^{will be} worries of his master's concern for the child, ~~was~~ ^{so} affected that it ~~will~~

defecated ^{more selfish} (in part, as well, out of the ^{also} sense that its own end was ^{near}), yes, ~~would~~

defecated ^{cataclysmic} somewhere within the temple grounds, ~~the~~ ^{result} had to be a ~~miser~~

for the poor man. His child would ^{remain ill} ~~still be sick~~, because the benefits of his

^{Not now. The beast had defiled the temple}
 animal sacrifice could now not take place. ~~The temple had been defiled. The~~
~~holy floor had been~~
 Enter the Talmud ~~ready to deal with the relative~~
~~degrees of sacrilege and the possibility of some exculpation,~~
~~holy floor had been shit upon. But where? Where, precisely, had the act~~
~~It Enter the Talmud ready to deal with the~~

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The question now became: Where exactly had the Holy Place been situated? Where precisely had the act taken place? That was the nuance of the issue. Excrement on the very steps

of the sacrificial altar—a total loss! But if the animal had ^{merely} ~~only~~ been

incontinent at the approaches to the ^{temple} entrance, then depending on the precise

distance away from ~~the~~ sacred ground, variations could be found, partial

sacrifices, partial ^{benefices} ~~beneficence~~. The nature of absolute law could ^{be modified} ~~develop~~ into

more subtle gradations of punishment and of easement. Such was the heart of the Talmud—the Holy Grail of Liberalism!

~~the Talmud~~ — a search for balance in the measure of deeds and misdeeds. ^{retribution for} The twenty-six volumes of the Talmud were developed ^{over a} and the books were (thousand years of the Talmud) studied by candlelight in foul little ghetto

schools—no wonder the Jews of the modern age were ^{so} ~~often~~ ready to become

^{exceptional} /
(lawyers.

D.T. comments on a charge in the (36)
D.O. through the ~~past~~ history in
which he has served, the D.O. remained
a critic of the follies, daft opinions,
errors, ~~and~~ miscalculations, and
sheer blunders of the D.K. in evolution
and in history, but always his
spirit was critical. We ~~reacted~~
acted in response to the D.K.'s
efforts. We looked to corrupt his
~~bad~~ human reasons. We
counted on increasing the ~~discontent~~
dissatisfaction of humans on the
one hand and partitioning their
sums on the other. How? By
~~so~~ intense religiosity which
would serve to warp the brain of
many good humans. Corrupt enough
of humankind & one could take
over the remains. That at least was
the premise I had understood and
served. Now it might not be enough
I had to wonder if the D.O. was
preparing a future in which a
religion he designed might be
ready to prevent.

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*Barim pg 1-
Delete page 1-7.*

straight be
We had come to the conclusion that the D.K. was searching for a ~~more~~ *new*

variety of *close to*
reliable organized religion to ~~suit~~ His needs. Through the eons of evolution, the D.K.

He certainly
He had always paid attention to the most viable of His animals until He
encouraged them to develop and to proliferate.
Yet he had to relinquish the simplicity of such a concept.
relinquished such a concept before the extent of the numbers involved in the

gestations of certain of his creations, for example, that trillion-fold of insects

in a million-fold of species. The O.O. often remarks—"It got away from

Him. Endowing each winged mite with an ineradicable desire to prevail in

its species seems to have produced many abuses of over-motivation. That is

so evident in insect life. What, after all, have they accomplished to justify

their prodigious numbers?"

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Was the D.K. now searching for a new religion or set of new vel & fast designed to
Much closer to my understanding are the D.K.'s indecision concerning
nourish his human creation more satisfactory
than the present ?
the organized religions - the Catholics, the Protestants, the Greek Orthodox

Catholics, the Orthodox Jews, the Reformed Jews, the schisms in Islam, the

plethora of sects in Buddhism, in Confucianism, and ^{in Taoism, or} (all but lost by now)

what was once the rich paganism of the Egyptians. In that direction He rarely

looks by ^{now} ~~on~~ Technology and paganism are incompatible.

By 1895, a change had occurred, however, in the viewpoint of our

Maestro. Or, so I suspected. Through the centuries I had served in one or

another capacity to the O.O., he had functioned in the main as a critic of the

follies, disproportions, errors, miscalculations, and sheer blunders of the D.K.

^{which having} that had commenced with evolution, ^{had by now} and burgeoned into His misjudgments

concerning humankind. Invariably, the O.O. had maintained a critical spirit

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rather than a creative ethos. We acted in response to the D.K.'s efforts. We

looked to ^{misdirect} ~~corrupt~~ His human beings. We counted on increasing ^{the sum of} emotional

dissatisfaction among men and women; thereby, we might ^{could come closer} come to possessing

their minds. One of ^{our more effective} ~~the~~ methods was to encourage every intense religiosity of ^{the} ~~the~~

~~the~~ most formal and organized sort. If we came up short against a few ^{humans}

^{individuals} ~~religious~~ who were close to saints, we did succeed in warping the brains of ^{intelligence}

^{of a good} (many good humans. ^{You could find them everywhere} ~~There they were~~, locked into a mosque, a synagogue, or

a church, ^{all} ~~clinging to~~ ^{one} a philosophical oxymoron—the obtuse belief that God

was All-Good and All-Powerful. That premise, intrinsically incapable of

serving as a tool of the mind ^{just could interpret} ~~to contend with~~ (the contradictions of human

existence, ^{did torment} ~~tortured~~ the best minds of mankind ~~for~~ century after century. All-

Good and All-Powerful. Indeed! Yes, we looked to encourage every

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fundamentalist we could find. Come to us, was our creed, all of you who are
possessed of ^{rock-hard} ~~rockless~~ faiths and determined creeds! How ^{much} ~~intensely~~ did they

^d believe they were serving God when all the while they were nourishing our ~~cause~~ ^{cause},

^H ~~cause which was~~ I must put it most simply — our cause is to diminish the

potentiality implicit in humankind ^{yes, reduce the dimensions and vitality of} so long as it remains ^[greater] the grandest creation

achieved by the D.K. ^{so, of} Of course, we were ^(always going to) all for intense religiosity of the

most mindless sort. Distort the minds of humankind and ^{there by} the resulting

^(For imbalance is the beginning of rot.) ~~imbalance~~ would corrupt their emotions. Accomplish the job well enough,

^{what was left and alter it into} and we might be able to take over ~~the~~ remains — ~~make~~ ^{make} it our Creation.

^{Through many an age}

~~Now~~ (this had been the working premise of our leader through many an

~~age~~ — It was the underlying guide to our efforts. For certain, we did not

^{our activities} restrict ~~it~~ to churchgoers. All sorts were ^{quite able} ~~our type~~, atheists, athletes, actors,

Unplaced2 4/7/04

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angels who were turning bitter at the edges—I will not go through the

alphabet. But as we approached the end of the 19th Century, I began to sense

that the O.O. might be preparing to develop a new religion designed expressly

by him. Was he ^{be}ready to move from criticism to ^{his}creation?

what the new form might be
I could not conceive of ~~his~~ answer, but the possibility was enough to

^{much}cause a good deal of uneasiness. For who could know more about the ban,

~~the curse~~, the pestilence of human nature itself than those of us who had

How long we
worked through the centuries to make it so, ~~who~~ had labored with our

developed skills to irritate all that was sore and misbegotten in the D.K.'s

(not even to speak of his miscalculations—the)
calculations ~~and miscalculations~~. I had only to think of the undeveloped

powers of perception, the animal residue of unfocused rage, ~~and~~ ^{tropism} the tendency

toward
in men and women ~~by now to free~~-floating ill-will, the product of one more

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blunder by the D.K. in developing his creation of the human. Given the

objective need for ^{His} this new higher level of ^(higher animal life) humankind to survive through ^(of heat, cold, flood and dearth) grievous and often incalculable conditions, the D.K. had to endow man (and

woman, most certainly!) with a sense of self-importance crucial to their

survival. Once again, the balance ^(as He set it) was askew. The sense of

certainty and of self-righteousness (which we ^{in our turn} always encourage) and ^{the} its

^{engaging} ~~concomitant~~ envy (for the self-righteous cannot look with equanimity upon

^{for} the good fortune of others) ^{— particularly their friends and acquaintances} worked as dependably in our favor as compound

^{serves} interest ^(were once — it must) for a banker. The D.K.'s powers in aesthetics and in many varieties

of creation ~~were~~ ^{skills} can be admitted — described as immense, but His

^{will} ~~strengths~~ as a cosmic engineer were wanting. As I ^{must} emphasize once

again, His problems, even without our presence, would not have been small.

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His method ^{of} endless trial and error, even the readiness to live with His

mistakes until He could correct them (and most certainly, His outsize rages as
a younger god!)

~~a younger god~~ had compounded His multitude of errors in biological

which was then to be followed by
development and then in human history. ~~What then could the O.O. do to~~

How did the O.O. look to

refashion such a boggled creation after we had finished with corrupting,

corroding, and demoralizing it further? ~~Yes~~; I was worried. *Yes*.

pp (your numbering 437-442) ?

Judith check. I think the
last page of ~~Book IV~~ is ~~p 344~~
p 338 or p 339. If
the latter make that p 340

Then FAX pp 1-7

Book IV

1.

It is ~~not~~ without some uneasiness that I must now ^{in form} tell the reader
of a critical summons from the ~~Maestros~~
~~species of critical activity~~ ^{which would take} took me away from Alois Hitler and his family on

just the evening that ^{he completed his} his purchase of the bee colonies, two complete

Langstroth boxes (with supplies), a variety of tools (too many to enumerate
^{wer brought and})

as yet ^{suppliment} here) plus some winter supplies of pollen and honey to feed his new

Fixed
by Diane
4/9/04

through the writer and this accumulation of purchases
 acquisition were transported ~~with~~ ^{by} Alois' workhorse and dray from ~~the~~ ^{Der} Alte's

~~Alois~~
 bee-house to the Hitler home, in the field

It was an exceptionally exciting trip for Adi who sat beside his father

all the way and was ^{there} up for hours that night in anticipation of Sunday morning

when the hives would be set up under an oak tree some twenty paces from the

house.

^{some} If there is ^{real} curiosity as to how much it all cost, there is no good way to

reply ~~the rates of exchange of our money sweep down and ascend as if they~~

~~were birds on the wing.~~ To go from the gulden and kronen of Alois' time to

^{American dollar} the present distorts many a ratio of comparative costs. I suppose I can say

that Alois' pension at that time was the equivalent, the very rough equivalent,

of sixty or seventy thousand dollars a year, and Der Alte overcharged him to

the extent of asking him for some equivalent of a thousand dollars (very much

more or less) and Alois, not unaware, indeed, anticipating that he would ^{have to} pay

too much, was weary enough of dealing with the old man to bargain

somewhat feebly (considering that it was Alois!) and ^{did} succeeded in acquiring a

few extra tools for ^{some} the price.

It is at just this point that I ^{ordered} was called upon by the Maestro to assign ^{Adi}

^{and the others} ^{I embarked} the Hitler to two of my assistants and to embark even that night for St.

Petersburg where I ^{would enter} could expect a course in orientation concerning a new and

massive project ^{which would revolve around} concerning the coronation of Nicholas the Second, scheduled

for May of 1896 in Moscow, ^(Bar) even when we were now ^{seven months away, from when I stop} still in Hafeld in early

~~October of '95.~~

Let me say that I was as excited as a devil can ^{permit} allow himself to be.

(We do our very best to ^{emulate} ~~simulate~~ the froideur of the Maestro whose pride, I

often suspect, is that no creature, animal, human, ^{non} or cosmic, can ~~even~~ be as

superbly collected as himself.)

Off I went, in any case, to St. Petersburg ^{and very} on that night. How I traveled

is too complex a matter to ^{begin to} discuss at this point. We are able to move as humans (that is, we can ^{insinuate ourselves completely} ~~into particular~~ ^{for a period} ~~for purposes of travel~~) humans and often do (although it is obviously slower by far than travelling in

^{Voyaging in} ~~the other manner~~ (but of that I will wait to speak.) I was ^{instructed to take} ~~assigned to~~ the

quick route and began my studies of the ^{late nineteenth century} Russian soul, belly, vices, beliefs,

harmonies and inner disharmonies, by morning of the next day. And in that ^{immense} ~~immense~~

^{land} ~~Slavic region~~ ^{territory} ~~piece of~~ land, nearer to God and the devil than any other ^{country} ~~land~~ above the equator, I

stayed for all of a winter in St. Petersburg ^{be here coming} and came ^{to} Moscow in the spring,
 on a cold April ^{days} ~~that would precede a surprising warm May~~

In that period, I did receive news of Alois, Adi, Klara, ^{and Icar} Angela, even of
 Even the day-to-day temperament of ^{were reported}
 the dog Luther and the stallion Ulan, but it was summary and not of the same
 comparable ^{is} ~~interest~~ as the new venture, not at all. To the degree that a devil can have
 a few ^{obligatory} ~~personal~~ desires (other than his ^{but} ambition to satisfy the Maestro) I had, I

confess, wearied of the Hitler family. I had wanted so much more ~~in the way~~

of a major assignment. Now, I had it. The O.O. was up to a mighty mischief.

We all knew that, every one of us, major and minor devils ^{all} both. Even at the
 time, I sensed that it was ^{this might all come to} more than some exceptional effort in distortion,
^{e plants at distortion of the other side's guns. It is true,}
 corruption, or spoilation, but rather a species of metamorphosis in the aims of

our leader himself.

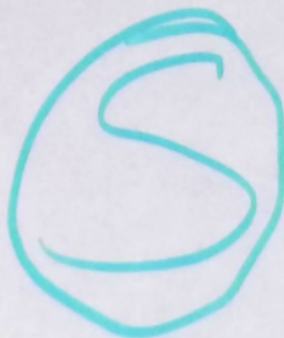
Now, I will make one apology, then say no more. Having read the best
 and worst of novels for many years, I should know by now (and do!) that
 even the best of
 most readers do not take well to a novelist who will choose to interrupt his
 story in the middle and go off on ^{to another} a subject that appears altogether unrelated.
 Until now, I have indeed spared ^{such a} the reader any mention of other cases,
 particularly the month I spent in London in May of '9⁵ when I attended the
 trial of Oscar Wilde and ^{witnessed} his conviction of "sodomy and gross indecency"—a
 matter in which I did play something of a hand with the jury since my
 instructions
 instincts were to see what I could do to get him convicted. (I believe the E.O.
 was looking to stimulate a sense of martyrdom among ^{his colleagues of very} homosexuals of very
 good family, but to this I can't attest. The Maestro ^{does not often} rarely explains his
 strategies to us—it is enough ^{to} that we satisfy his aims.)

Unplaced2 4/9/04

1

Through the eons of evolution, the D.K. had always paid attention to the most viable of His animals. He certainly encouraged them to develop and proliferate. Yet He had to relinquish the simplicity of such a concept before the extent of the numbers involved in the gestations of certain of his creations, for example, that trillion-fold of insects in a million-fold of species. The O.O. often remarks—"It got away from Him. Endowing each winged mite with an ineradicable desire to prevail in its species seems to have produced many abuses of over-motivation. That is so evident in insect life. What, after all, have they accomplished to justify their prodigious numbers?"

Was the D.K. now searching for a new religion or a set of new religions designed to nourish His human creation more satisfactorily than the



Book IV

1.

With some uneasiness I now inform the reader of a summons from the Maestro that would take me away from Alois Hitler and his family on just the

evening that ^{Alois} he completed his apicultural purchases from Der Alte. Two

complete Langstroth boxes (with supplies) were bought ^{with} and a variety of tools,

^{and} plus supplies of pollen and honey to feed his two ^{newly-acquired} just-acquired colonies

through the winter, ^{the} and these purchases ^{sent} were transported by Alois' dray and

^{new?} work-horse from Der Alte's bee-house to the Hitler home in Hafeld.

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

If there is some curiosity as to how much it all cost, I have no real way to reply. To go from the ~~golden~~ ^{and guilder/} and kronen of Alois' era to the time of the present American dollar distorts any comfortable study of comparative costs. Alois' pension in that year may have been the rough equivalent of sixty or seventy thousand dollars a year, and Der Alte overcharged him to the extent of asking him for ~~some~~ ^{the rough} equivalent of a thousand dollars. Alois, fully anticipating that he might have to pay too much, was weary, however, of dealing with the old man and so ~~hardly proceeded to bargain~~ ^{did not push the} beyond his small success ^{of} in acquiring a few extra tools for ~~the same price.~~ ^{no extra cost,}

It is at just this point that I was ordered to assign Adi and the others to two of my assistants. I embarked that night for St. Petersburg where I would enter a course in orientation concerning a new and massive project which would revolve around the coronation of Tsar Nicholas the Second, scheduled for May of 1896 in Moscow, seven months into the future.

Let me say that I was as stimulated by this new order as a devil can permit himself to be. (We do our very best to emulate the icy calm of the Maestro whose pride, I often suspect, is that no creature, animal, human, nor cosmic, is likely to be as superbly collected as himself.)

Off I went, then, to St. Petersburg. and on that very night. How I *made the voyage* traveled is too complex a matter to try to discuss at this point. We are able to *travel* *(in the manner of human beings)* *from a period to* move as humans (that is, we can insinuate ourselves completely into *many a man or woman from a period* *forty years later, in* particular men and women and often will for a period, even as I would be 1938, I would be able to work as working forty years later in the skin, so to speak, of an intelligence officer in Himmler's Special Section IV-2a) but for *far rapid* purposes of quick travel it is *we use other means, (But of)* obviously much slower than voyaging in the other manner. (But of that I will wait to speak.) I was instructed to take the quick route and began my studies of 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 *realms* land, nearer to God and the devil than any other *land* country above the equator, I stayed for all of a winter in St. Petersburg before coming down to Moscow *in the spring* on a cold April day for the last preparations before the coronation itself in May.

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In that period of some months, I did receive news of Alois, Adi, Klara, and Angela. Even the day-to-day temperament of the dog, Luther, and the stallion, Ulan, were reported, but it was in summary and not comparable in interest to the new venture, not at all. If a devil can afford a few personal desires other than the over-arching demand (and personal ambition) to satisfy the Maestro, then I had, I confess, become a little too full of the Hitler family. I had wanted more of a major assignment. Now, I had it. I knew that ~~the~~ ^{our} O.O. was up to 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 ~~even~~ come to more than any other of our ~~present~~ full-dress efforts to disrupt the immediate and long-term purposes of the other side. It is true. I swear it. I sensed ~~an~~ ^a oncoming metamorphosis ^{forming} in the larger aims of our leader.

Now, I will make one apology, then not repeat it. Having read the best and worst of novels for many years ^(which is, I repeat) ~~(as part of a good devil's duties!)~~ I should know by now (and do!) ^{not} that even the best of readers ^{put up for long} ~~do not take well to a~~ ^{what must seem} ~~novelist who will leave his story to jump into another subject that will seem,~~ ^{as an} ~~subject~~ at first, ^{altogether unrelated}. Until now, I have indeed spared the reader any mention of my other cases, particularly the month I spent in London in May

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of '95 when I attended the trial of Oscar Wilde and ^{dey of his} ~~witnessed his conviction~~ ^{was in the courtroom on the}

^{conviction} for "sodomy and gross indecency"—a matter in which I did play something of

a hand with the jury since my instructions were to ^{do my best} ~~see what I could do~~ to get

him convicted. (I believe the E.O. was looking to stimulate a sense of

martyrdom among some of Wilde's associates, particularly those who were of

very good family, but to this I ^{cannot} ~~can't~~ attest. ^{On} ~~Only the rare~~ occasions will

the Maestro explain his strategies to us—we are there to satisfy his aims, ^{rather than our curiosity,}

Nonetheless, I was feeling an incontrovertible conviction that ^{our Maestro} ~~the D.K.~~

^{had put the D.K. into} ~~was~~ in a state of some disturbance and much of this had to do with the

success or failure (from His point of view) of the oncoming coronation.

For that I ^{can my own} ~~must offer some ongoing~~ set of explanations. I had come to

~~the belief on my own (and nothing had been indicated by the Maestro to~~

^{a conclusion} ~~contradict this)~~ that the D.K. ^{was by now} ~~had become~~ considerably dissatisfied with the

variety of formal organized religions ~~now~~ serving in His name. Was He ^{then}

^{now} ~~searching~~ ^{perhaps} for a new intensification of religion that might nourish His

~~human projects, His proudest creation,~~ ^{His human beings} somewhat more satisfactorily than the

best efforts at present of the Catholics and Protestants, the Greek Orthodox, ^{the}

the Orthodox Jews, the Reformed Jews, the Sunnis and the Shi'ites, the

plethora of sects in Buddhism, in Confucianism, in Taoism, or, (all but lost by now) was He conceivably looking to revive the rich paganism of the Egyptians ^{and other Africans?} I doubt this last altogether. In such a direction He rarely looks by now. Technology and paganism are not compatible.

By 1895, a change had also occurred, however, in the viewpoint of our Maestro. Or, so I suspected. Through the centuries, the O.O. had functioned as a most incisive critic of the follies, disproportions, errors, miscalculations, and sheer blunders of the D.K., ^{God} yes, the Creator, having commenced with evolution, had by now burgeoned into His ^{various} grievous misjudgments concerning the potentialities of humankind. In contrast, the O.O. had maintained a critical spirit and had contented himself with acting only in response to the D.K.'s efforts. We intensified where we could the misdirection of His human beings. We looked to increase the sum of emotional dissatisfaction among ~~good and bad~~ ^{good or bad} men and women everywhere. ^{a little} Thereby, we came closer to ^{the mind of the species} possessing their minds. ^{has} One of our more effective methods over the last two thousand years ~~had~~ ^{has} certainly been to encourage intense religiosity of the most organized sort. If we ^{came} ~~came~~ up short now and again—usually with the most luminous individuals (saints), ^{have succeeded} ~~we did succeed~~ in warping the intelligence of so

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a good
 (many good humans. You ^{can} find fine folk everywhere, locked into a mosque, a synagogue, ^{or a dozens} or a church, all clinging to the same philosophical oxymoron. Yes. No matter the differences, they ^{are attached} were all welded to the obtuse belief that God ^{is} was All-Good and All-Powerful. Such a premise, ^{given} its vast inner built-in contradiction — is intrinsically incapable of serving as a tool of the mind, was, of course, wholly ^{for it can find no} ~~unready~~ to find any answers in the contradictions of human existence. So, ^{we have succeeded in tormenting} the best minds of mankind were tormented century after century. All-Good and All-Powerful. Indeed! Yes, we had looked to encourage every ^{Islamist or Hibernian — we didn't give a damn} fundamentalist we could find. "Come to us," became our creed, come, all of you who are ^{in need} possessed of rock-hard faiths and ^{anchored} unshifting certainties! How ready they were to believe they were serving God ²⁷ when all the while they were working for us.

I will put it simply. Our cause, as I comprehend it, is to diminish the potentiality of humankind, ^{yes} we want to reduce the vitality of the greatest creature developed by the D.K.. Naturally, we are gung-ho then for intense religiosity (the more intense, the more mindless.) Distort the brains of humankind and their emotions will be corrupted. (For imbalance is the

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beginning of rot.) Accomplish our job well enough, pick up what remains,
^{we may be able to}
 and we alter it into our Creation.

Through many an age, this had been the working premise of our leader.
^{Be assured our activities are not restricted}
 For certain, we do not restrict our activities to churchgoers. So many
^{of human type are}
 varieties have been (suitable, atheists, athletes, actors, angels who might be
^{are beginning}
 turning bitter at the edges—I will not ^{pursue this} continue through the alphabet. But as
^{to} ^{time, approaching} we approached the end of the 19th Century, I began to sense that the O.O.
^{was contemplating}
^{might be preparing} a revolutionary change in our procedures. Was he looking
^{species of}
 to develop a new religion designed expressly by him? ^{was he} Would he actually
^{prepared to}
 make the vertiginous leap from ^{such a} criticism to Creation?

I could not conceive of what form ^{had to} the new faith might take, but the
 possibility ^{had to} did cause me uneasiness. For who could know more about the
 pestilence and slovenliness of human nature than those of us who had worked ~~at it~~
 through the centuries ^{I need not} ~~to make it so?~~ How long we had labored with our skills
 to irritate all that was soft and misbegotten in the D.K.'s calculations, ^{I need not} not even
^{even}
 to speak of His ^{beings of} miscalculations—the animal residue in His human ^{of}
^{new-developed}
 unfocused rage, the tropism in men and women toward free-floating ill-will,
^{such a}
 the sum of ~~all~~ the blunders by the D.K. in the course of developing His most

advanced Creation. Given the objective need for a new higher level of animal life, 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. Once *(as He tried to establish it)* again, the balance *(as He set it)* was askew. The sense of ~~certainty and of~~

self-righteousness necessary to survival also produced envy (for the self-righteous, unless immensely successful, cannot look with equanimity upon better fortune for others—particularly not *close* their friends and acquaintances).

Envy worked as dependably in our favor as compound interest serves an investment. The D.K.'s powers in aesthetics and in many varieties of creation were once—it must be admitted—immense, but His skills as a cosmic engineer were *less* ~~wanting~~. *As I will emphasize once again,* His problems, even

if spared our presence, would not have been trivial. His method, His endless reworking through trial and error, 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* *for so long* how could the O.O. look to refashion such a boggled creation after we had

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finished corrupting, corroding, and demoralizing it further? I was worried.

Yes.

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Double spaced final
337-358Faxed by
Dworn
4/28/04

Book IV

1.

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

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winter, the purchases being transported by Alois' dray ^{pulled by} and the work-horse Grauhart from Der Alte's premises to the Hitler home in ~~Utah~~ ^{Utah}.

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 ~~Sunday~~ ^{morning} 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} as to how much it came to cost, I have no very dependable way to ^{make a calculation} make the estimate. Proceeding from the kronen and gulder of Alois' era ^{hegemony} to the ^{present} modern presence of the American dollar ^{the discrepancy} ~~distorts~~ ^{and distort} any comfortable sense of comparative costs. Alois' pension in that year may

^{present} have been the rough equivalent of sixty or seventy thousand dollars a year, ~~and it is likely that he used the cost from~~ ^{the} ~~now~~ ^{legitimizing} ~~and Der Alte sold him a sufficiency of necessary and not-quite-~~ ^{the} ~~necessary items for the rough equivalent of a thousand dollars.~~ ^{the} 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} the ~~requisite~~ ^{requisite} determination.

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(However, it was)
~~It is~~ ^{of the family with} at just this point that I was ordered to ^(leave) turn Adi and the ^{other members} others over
 to three of my assistants. I embarked that night for St. Petersburg where ~~I~~
~~I was started brought to focus on~~
 can put it this way — quickly tuned into 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.

high on (any) look
 Let me say that I was ~~as~~ stimulated by this new order ^{while most devils} as a devil can
 permit himself to be considering how much we ~~look~~ ^{it is because we} to emulate the icy calm
 of the Maestro. ~~His pride, I often suspect, is~~ that there is no creature, animal,
 human, nor cosmic, who is likely to be as superbly collected as himself, yes,
 not even the Lord ~~Himself~~.

Off I went, then, to St. Petersburg. and on that very night. How I made
 the voyage ^{is} ~~comes to~~ too complex a matter for discussion at this point. While
^{as if they were} devils are able to travel in the manner of 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} ~~do~~ use ^{much more rapid} other means for rapid
^{means,} travel. (But, of that, I will wait to speak.) For now, leave it that I was

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instructed to ^{go by} ~~take~~ the quick ^{alternative} ~~route~~ 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 ^{orion to} before coming down
to Moscow on a cold April ^{morning} day to embark on the last preparations 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 in ^{by} summary for the most part,
^{cannot be} and ~~not~~ comparable in interest to the new venture, not at all. If a devil ^{is ready} can
^{to} afford a few personal desires other than the over-arching demand ~~(and~~
~~personal ambition)~~ 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} ~~wanted~~ more of a major
assignment. Now, I had it. I ~~knew that~~ ^{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

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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} mention of 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 ^{It is likely that} since my instructions were to do my best to get him convicted. ~~(I believe~~ 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.)

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now
~~Nonetheless, I was feeling in a conviction, close to incontrovertible,~~

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 suspect* I had come a-

~~conclusion~~ *now* that the D.K. was *by now* more than a little 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 for this clumsy* yes, all of the ~~bad efforts of the~~

unhappy structures of the Catholics and the Protestants, the Greek Orthodox, the Orthodox Jews, the

perhaps the Reformed Jews, the Sunnis and the Shi'ites, even sects of Buddhism,

Confucianism, Taoism.

By 1895, a change had also occurred, however, in the viewpoint of our

was I ready to perceive Maestro. Or, so ~~I suspected~~. Through the centuries, the O.O. had succeeded

in being a most incisive critic of the follies, disproportions, errors,

indeed miscalculations, and sheer blunders of the D.K., *new sentence* yes, God, the Creator, having

worked His way through the locks of His evolution, had by now trapped

Himself into His *many* grievous misjudgments concerning the potentialities of

See the large part humankind. In contrast, the O.O. had been satisfied *in the main* to act in

reaction to the D.K.'s endeavors, intensifying where we could *every* the

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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

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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} will take. (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 ^{much too soon} of this last creative accomplishment. He chose to ^{provide} give men and women enough reason to burst their limits and exercise free will ^{with} ^{He} ^{was prepared to permit a power of} will free, on occasion, of Him. Just so confident ^{that would be} had been His enthusiasm, ^{was} and His belief in this latest Creation.

^{Such} This miscalculation was calamitous for Him. It was like ^{equal to} raising a powerful ^a dog in a family home, ^{that} and the dog turns on the father. God's finest creation, men and women, ^{given free will} proved unmanageable with their free will—they gave every indication they would, left to themselves, depose Him. He was

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^{regarding to}
 reduced to ~~taking~~ a most drastic measure. He gave up the ^{heartfelt} notion of engaging
 in a profound companionship with this highest form of His Creation ^{Just as it} and
^{now} instead looked to terrify men into obedience. He could not recover ^{from} to the
 blow to His comprehension occasioned by the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. He
 was now obliged to go back to ^{the judgments of} ~~cannot get~~ down as Jehovah, ^{and as He} terrifying
^{proceeded through his new religious} humankind ^{to terrify humankind all over again} of "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} converted to "Fear Me, ^{Respect} Me, and I
 may answer your prayers."

^{This} That retreat ^{then return to} and that 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} ~~are going to~~ no lesser word
 will do ^{ever} to encourage religiosity that is ^{more and more} more intense and more
 mindless. Distort the brains of ^{human and woman} ~~humankind~~ ^{a bit} even further, ^{than the D.K. intends} the O.O. decided,
^{human} and ~~their~~ 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.

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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, ^{I will see that} but 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

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developing His ~~most~~ ^{a high but} advanced Creation. Given the objective need to protect ^{still} a ~~higher and more~~ delicate level of animal life that would 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 ^{lost} got away from Him. The ~~sense~~ ^{need} of self-righteousness ^{so} necessary to survival ~~also~~ ^{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 ~~method~~, 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

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after we had finished corrupting, corroding, and demoralizing it further? I
was worried. Yes.

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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

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expect, be of interest, but ^{until now} we have followed the ^{introduction} study of apiculture with so much close attention that ^{I do not wish} it is not proper to ignore ^{its} the continuation at this point.

I ^{have to} ~~can~~ point, however, to ^{a serious} ~~one~~ difficulty. As I have remarked, my knowledge of the various experiences of Alois, Klara, and the children were during my absence communicated to me 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} presents a difficulty. (Lesser devils are, in many a regard, ^{comparable to} like lesser humans, and this is particularly ^{true of} ~~so~~ in 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

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reports of mediocre agents, the work does ^{logic}suffer. During this absence, I

could only allocate a fraction of my available energies to thinking about

Alois and Company. So, ^{the I will give}my account of these missing months—October '95

to June '96—^{will more prove}is, of necessity, sketchy. What ^{will}can still save the value of the

^{however}narrative received is that there were a few notable and determining events in

^{Adi's}little ~~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,

^{Of course that was not until}Junior, but that was in June, by which time I too ^{was}was returned to them.

So my narrative will not ^{too}suffer critically. Mediocre agents, like

mediocre human beings, may be humdrum in their powers of summary but ^{they}they

are not wholly incapable, and I will ^{brought every}warrant that I had ^{trained}trained the least

unpromising up to a necessary level of performance. If I am not ready to

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explain our systems of recruitment of new agents, that is because such exposition would ^{bring us} ~~lead~~ immediately into a far more sacrosanct question: How are devils ~~and~~ created in the first place? Is the E.O. personally on the alert for superior humans who might ^{might be} ~~so are~~ 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

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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 ~~either~~ ²⁰⁷ willing or necessarily obliged) to lop off a fraction of His stock of those souls clamoring for reincarnation. Was ~~that~~ ^{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 ~~fight and/or work~~ ^{make} his way up onto a nearer level of equality with the D.K., ~~had to be~~ ^{was, of necessity,} ready to accept this exudate of spoiled human possibility.) Over the centuries ~~it~~ ⁵⁶ over—it well may be—the millennia, he may ~~have been~~ ^{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

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of soldiers cashiered from the Foreign Legion. I will not pursue these difficulties ~~any~~ further at this point. I will only say that the agents I had left in Hafeld, the lees, so to ~~peak~~, 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} ~~with the Hitler and Alois's bees~~

from the end of 1895 until the following summer.

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

concerning little Adolf Hitler and ~~would have overwhelmed me~~ if I had

they would have overwhelmed me
permitted it ~~with an overabundance of detail concerning~~ *Alois'* worries and ~~of~~

~~Just use the word -obsession-~~ *to this* dull, repetitive obsessions ~~with~~ his new

occupation.

As I have indicated, I had little time to give ~~this~~ *to this* much attention, but I

was irked. Short of a direct entrance into Alois' working thoughts which, it

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

steady
studied clients, my agents *most of* did their work on the milk runs. In the open

markets of sleep, dreams are reasonably available to all, demons and Cudgels

alike, not openly available but there to be picked up *to some degree* superficially by passing

through the night chamber.

We also learn a good deal (although never in depth *if* without close and
is lacking) *by the simple expedient of*
careful interpretation) *by* listening to a family's dialogues. So I was surfeited

with a plethora of superficial information. *If was* enough to exacerbate my sense of

how to go about these things, especially when my experiences in Russia were

more interesting and intense.

What bothered me *the most* was that I might be receiving a distorted
portrait of Alois. He seemed so much weaker to my agents than to me, and

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^{wholly} I know while I could not be ~~certain~~, ~~nonetheless~~ I suspected that they lacked my skills of insight when dealing with men or women who ^{were} ~~are~~ relatively strong. It is much easier to comprehend those who are weak than ^{for} ~~to~~ anticipate the moves and true feelings of the strong. When one deals with that good number of human beings who are both ~~a~~ "mixed bag," as the Americans with their ~~viscerally~~ vulgar common speech will say ~~a~~ sense of nuance is crucial, precisely what my agents were lacking.

Being weaker than myself, they ^{tended to} ~~picked~~ up all that was weak in Alois, and I was left with the burden of ^{analyzing} ~~insufficient materials for sound~~ interpretation. If I now summarize what I received, I would abjure the reader to avoid passing judgment too quickly. If we are to understand the Adolf Hitler who will emerge from a childhood with this father and mother, it is

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obvious that we have to obtain a sound recognition of Klara and Alois' real
strengths and weaknesses.

Very well. Here is ^a ~~the~~ summary of Alois' woes, ^{now that} ~~now~~ that
he has insisted on becoming a bee-keeper.

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sent
ok.
D.P.

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wholly I know
while I could not be ~~certain~~, ~~nonetheless~~ I suspected that they lacked my

skills of insight when dealing with men or women who ~~are~~ ^{were} relatively strong.

weaker than ourselves
It is much easier to comprehend those who are ~~weak~~ ^{for} than anticipate the

moves and true feelings of the strong. When one deals with that good number

of human beings who are both ~~a~~ "mixed bag," as the Americans with their

~~viscerally~~ vulgar common speech will say ~~a~~ sense of nuance is crucial,

precisely what my agents were lacking.

of no great stature
Being ~~weaker than myself~~ ^{tended to} they picked up all that was weak ^{or second-rate} in Alois,

analyzing
and I was left with the burden of insufficient materials ~~for sound~~

while I now must
interpretation. ~~If I now~~ summarize what I received, I would abjure the reader

Since I wish
to avoid passing judgment too quickly. If we are to understand the Adolf

Hitler who will emerge from a childhood with this father and mother, it is

Judith -
Kim asked
that these
New Revisions
be added
to this
pg.
D.

For Baring,
 364-383 triple space

Without Bismarck, they would still be nothing. Petty principalities. ^{Little} ~~Little~~

duchys. Always squabbling. Mad King Ludwig I, and then Mad King

Ludwig II. Crazy Bavarians and ^{those} ~~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 means," and ^{he} pondered what it might signify to say to himself

that he knew something when ^{in fact} he didn't, not quite, except in some way he

~~did~~ certainly did.

this, he decided, was a question to be taken up in the bar at Fischelham. Was one's true loyalty to one's culture (which, ultimately, ~~was~~ ^{was} one's) ~~Also~~ ^{Also} decided, might be equal to one's language, or was it to one's nation? Could it be as simple as saying that to be

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Fixed by Brown
 5/03/04

overwhelmed him with the subtleties and difficulties of feeding a hive through the winter. (364)

"You cannot open the lid ^(of the Langstroth) he said, unless you get the mixture to them."

Every other day you must feed them, and this mixture is precise, the honey is diluted, one part honey to one part water, but this must be honey from your own bees, that means you must be able to trust the man who gives you the honey for winter feeding when you purchase the bees. Trust is essential."

Even as they were both nodding their heads with something of the same reverence with which Clara would genuflect before a cross, Alois was asking himself if he could really trust the honey he had received from Der Alte, who had laugh for ~~Der Alte~~ that grandiose doctor and peer-less man if all of Alois' bees were dead of disease by spring time. But Alois could ~~do this~~ ^{do this} of such anxiety by assigning ^{value-of-the-hive} ratios to them. (He would expect that Der Alte was ~~at least~~ trustworthy, after all, it would hurt him too, if Alois' bees were ~~useless~~ ^{worthless}.)

"But how do you feed them," asked the visitor, "if you can't open the lid?"

"Oh," said Alois, "there is a technique. You open a very small plug on the top

of the box and you lay the feeder over 368
top of that. It is a special feeder! A
five-liter jar with a cover of the finest mesh
over the mouth. Into it, you have placed water
that has been heated but not boiled, and
you stir ⁱⁿ the sugar until it is completely
dissolved.

"I am confused," said his visitor. "You
were speaking of honey and water, and now
of sugar and water."

"My apologies," said Alain, "I was
thinking that for a ~~beginner~~ ^{beginner}, like
yourself, sugar may be ~~best~~ ^{best} better. ~~Now~~
~~you do not have to treat the source.~~ Infinitely
simpler. A different ratio, however, three
parts of sugar to two of water."

It occurred to Alain

Alain was feeling somewhat of himself
again, yes, the fine fellow he had been
before his retirement. "The trick," he said
"is to master the technique of the special
feeder. Because you not only put in
the liquid nourishment, and cover the
mouth of the jar with the ^{mesh}, but you
must have a small pump built into the
jar to create a vacuum since you will
be holding the ^{jar} ^{upside down} over the
hunger hole above the brood waiting to be
fed. ^{Do you see how?} ~~On the vacuum~~ ^{The} jar keeps the
sugar-water from pouring out, but the
keeps can absorb the liquid through the
tiny spaces in the cloth mesh. I feed over
one liter of sugar-water or honey and water
to these ants ~~every day~~, and after every feeding
I wash the jar in boiled water. Cleanliness

Expensive, but basic.

is an absolute demand in the matter. ~~that~~

All the while he was expounding these matters, and offering procedures for calculating the amount of sugar or honey ^{needed} (369) for each box over the course of a month, he was being ~~convinced~~ ^{by his own} ~~expert~~ ^{expectations}. He was sensing the ~~commencement~~ ^{anxieties} of commencement of new ~~operations~~ ^{relax}, this to be a direct penalty for such bluffing? Alois did not fool himself. That portion of Beeing's great expect was ~~nothing but a bluff~~. By the time, his visitor had left, Alois was out in the cold again, staring at his two ~~hives~~ ^{two} double hives (honey-boxes about broad box) and wondering if this camp would strike these colonies before winter was finished.

He spent the night reading his books and had dreams of living ~~in a box~~ ^{in one of his hives}, ~~he would it~~ ^{he would it} ~~into~~ ^{into} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~matter~~ ^{matter} of clustering together in deep and dark but obscurity? How could they ~~guide~~ ^{guide} themselves in that ~~stagnant~~ ^{stagnant} ~~world~~ ^{world} ~~of light~~ ^{of light}? Were their antennae of aid? How many facets were there to a bee's eyes. What had he ~~read~~ ^{read} a thousand? Even the experts seemed to disagree. He decided that if humans could speak of a sixth sense, perhaps these bees had a kind of seventh sense that could penetrate into the covers,

with their thousand facets in each eye,

and cotocumlos of darkness and labyrinth of darkness.

By the end of the dream, ^{Alvin} was in
a nightmare. His bees ~~grew~~ ^{multiplied} in the darkness of
the hive and then they became so
many that they could ^{no longer} ~~not~~ leave their
confines. They fled from the boxes and
flew away ^{so far} ~~for~~ ^{away} ~~that~~
they could not be found and then they
all clustered ~~at~~ within a hole in
the trunk of a tree - back to their old
habits, yet ^{might} ~~could~~ that

habits, yet, I might
 When ~~you~~ ^{you} came, ~~to~~ ^{might} could that
 happen? Could he lose a good half
 of his time in jail? ~~What was~~ He
 felt for Klara in the dark, and
 his hand came across her, ^{yes} ~~hello~~. They
 were so ~~big~~ ^{big} now, and ~~the~~ ^{the} new
 one ~~wasn't~~ ^{it} due until January, ^{what}
~~he~~ ^{he} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~a~~ ^a ~~good~~ ^{good} ~~friend~~ ^{friend} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~family~~ ^{family} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~wasn't~~ ^{wasn't} ~~make~~ ^{make}
~~then~~ ^{then} ~~there~~ ^{there} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~no~~ ^{no} ~~more~~ ^{more} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~house~~ ^{house} ~~seven~~ ^{seven} ~~when~~ ^{when} ~~Junior~~ ^{Junior} ~~returned~~ ^{returned}
 house, seven when Junior returned, ^{of} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~hand~~ ^{hand} ~~on~~ ^{on} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~table~~ ^{table} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~house~~ ^{house} ~~when~~ ^{when} ~~Junior~~ ^{Junior} ~~returned~~ ^{returned}

She came awake with her hands on
her, and would have nestled into the
embrace of his arm, but he felt a
desire to talk in the middle of this ~~darkness~~
darkness. Before he had said more
than a few words, she was wide awake,
and unhappy, embarrassed, you could
say and agitated.

"I hope," Alois said, "that you haven't
spoken to Herr Rostenmaier again." (37)

She knew immediately who he was
next suggesting. Herr Rostenmaier
owned the country store in Fischlham,
where once a week, on Saturday, she and
Angela would buy a few foodstuffs. They
did not raise in their garden and ^{at least} ~~did not~~
no livestock as yet for them at the farm
not with Alois swallowed up in his
decs. Clara liked Mr. Rostenmaier, and
had ventured to talk to him about the
future sale of their house. Alois had told
her not to touch any deal, yet since then
was always the possibility, slight,
certain, that he would do business with
Der Alte. She had taken pleasure in the
~~thought~~ thought that it would wholly
be Rostenmaier, and she could be the
interlocutor, even literally bring a little money
back to the house and hand it over
to Alois. Her fingers tingled ecstatically
she had thought of such a transaction, she
hardly knew why.

Now Alois would go to Der Alte. She
knew that "I thought," she said in the
darkness, while he patted the giant to be
in his belly, "that you didn't like him
at all, you, remember you said you
would have to smell him."

"He will be a good one to consult when I
need him." The nightman of the last evening!

(32)

"Yes, yes, yes," said Klara "but you told me you don't trust Der Alte, yes?" she was ~~just a bit~~ ^{close to a bit} hysterical at being torn out of an ~~agreed~~ ^{agreed} agreeable ~~position~~ sleep - not so common for her. "Yes, you say you don't trust him and yet you choose this Der ~~Alte~~ Alte over an honest man like Herr Rostenschneider. A nice man."

"You feel embarrassed by your commitment to him," ^{she told him} ~~smelling~~ ^{you haven't quite told} me a real commitment. You said him without speaking to me first?"

"No," she said, "not at all." "It is done, I am not embarrassed, but then I was sad, I must say, I will never understand the thinking that goes on in a person like you." She had been ~~so~~ ^{so} tempted to remark, "a man like you, I had known better. He would leave ridiculous me for such a stupid ~~remark~~ attitude."

~~was~~ full of uneasy excitement ^{as if a} ~~wood~~ ^{large} loaf of bread had settled
in his ~~throat~~ ^{chest} ~~and~~ ^{set} his chest ~~settling~~
sitting ^{in a heavy} ~~on~~ ^{such heaviness} ~~all of that~~ ^{was} ~~settling~~ ^{settling} ~~along~~ ^{it}
and ~~steaming~~ ^{was} with excitement, or so
he thought, since his heart on this cold
morning was ~~set~~ ^{full of} vapor. He ~~could~~ ^{thought}
knew he would not tell his father that he
planned to visit Dr. Alt on his ^{own} ~~own~~
Already he ~~could~~ ^{could} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~idea~~ ^{idea} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~going~~ ^{going}
~~to that~~ ^{that} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~waiting~~ ^{waiting}
for him.

"Yes," he kept saying to himself, "in
daytime, I will not be afraid to walk
by myself. For the night, ^{yet} ~~no~~ there are
too many spirits in these woods,
and in the dark, they are mean,
they get much meaner because of the
cold." This was as clear to him as
~~once~~ ^{was} the categorical imperative
to Immanuel Kant, was once of
inestimable clarity to Immanuel Kant.
Adi was now thinking of all the bees
in his father's two live boxes. He
had not seen one of them yet, but
he had heard so often of his father's
fears when summer came. "You
must now leave a ~~hole~~ ^{gap} in the open
sun. If a branch falls off the

shade-tree and the hive is exposed to (BTB)
the sun, you must get me to rescue it, to
move it to the shade. Otherwise, the
interior will overheat, the bees will
become agitated, yes, affect to the point
of insanity. They will feel trapped
and in the course of such a disturbance,
hugging around inside the box
with no room to fly they will use up
all the air inside, yes, they will
consume too much oxygen, and then
the temperature in the hive will proceed
to rise. If it gets even twenty degrees
above the heat on the hottest day of
summer, even the wax of the cells
in the combs will melt. The cells
will collapse. The colony will perish."

We had heard all this on the
drive home from Dr. Alto's house
after the first meeting. It was dark
by then in the woods and the boy
disturbed to his father, with an
unhappy sense of all the creatures
in the wood whom he could not
see, but they could hear, and he
knew that when summer came, he
would never allow a hive-box
to sit in the sun, no, he wouldn't, but

Alain, Junior, would be back by then and he would not be gone. He would leave a box in the ^{store} ~~shop~~.

(376)

Deu Aik, alerted to their visit, was ready with the spoonful of honey, ~~he was also ready~~ and the taste left the boy with such a glow that what with the weight in his stomach, and the excitement in his heart, he was almost ill.

All this quieted, however, for Deu Aik and his father had a long conversation about the marketing of honey, and there was a dispute on the price which Adli could hardly follow nor did he ~~hardly~~ say to. He was disappointed that Deu Aik, once he had offered the honey did not seem to be interested in him.

Adli was mistaken. After business was done, the old man could not stop talking to Adli about Alain, and to Adli as well about the mysteries of bees - one had to contemplate it - the further, and

further mysteries to be focused (577)
in contemplating the existence
of trusting creatures with their money
and their near to immortal sting.

Yes, Dr. Aitz was off on a conversational
discourse, rich, ~~metaphorically~~ ^{metaphorically}
and fascinating, despite himself, to
Alvin, who would retain & hang on to
the metaphor to expound on it himself
tomorrow night in Fischelhaus, something
grandiose to offer the dolts! Adi,
~~Edmund~~ in his turn, was - no other
word is as accurate - Adi was
spellbound. ~~What~~ ^{Young} he could not
understand altogether words of less
importance than those he could, and
here the sound of words he did
not know was more than rich in
some kind of meaning. He felt as if
his mother, in the good old days before
Edmund ^{had again} ~~was~~ born, was rubbing oil
into his back even as his pain seemed
to leave his flesh by way of ~~the~~
her palms and fingertips. How he
listened!

"Can we" asked Dr. Aitz, even pay
enough attention to a work of

hearing the sound of his own voice
was certainly at the core of his
irritation, but he did not ~~like~~ (379)
know if he liked the look in his
son's eye. His blue eyes, like Clara's,
were always so large and alive,
but there was recurrence in them now.

"Why don't you take ~~him~~ into the
other room you have here and show
him your little weaving box?" Mary
was able finally to interject.

It was obvious that Der Alte
would prefer not to, but Adé
spoke up. "Oh, please, sir," he
cried out. "I have never seen the
inside of the Kee's home, they have
been with us, back at the house,
for so long" — he tried to count quickly —
"for seven, nay I think it is eight
weeks," and I have not seen even
one of them. I don't want to wait
until summer, please."

"Spring," said Der Alte, "but
he shrugged. "All right," he said
"but be prepared. They will not"

look like what I have been
talking about.

They didn't. In the other room of the
unit, with a small stove, a sink, a
hand pump above the sink, and
a pent beneath for the run-off, was
also a kitchen table and at one
end was ^{githina} a narrow box, perhaps ~~two~~
two-feet long and one-foot high,
which ~~would soon reveal itself once~~
the ^{black} partitions each side were
down, ~~to be a front for two glass~~
^{It was a construction}
walls between which resided my vertical
frame ^{with 5.6 gph both gph} with ~~inert~~ small cells,
no larger ~~as~~ in diameter and depth
than Adie's smallest finger nail. Were
these the cells his father would talk
about.

Adeli was as disappointed as if
he had been struck in the solar
plexus. At first glance it was all
so drab, and then it was dull, but
choating a cluster of endless pulchre
little things, hardly bigger than pills,
in a bottle, and they were climbing in
and out and on each other, startled
by the light, a poor helpless group -

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gang of congested, jam-packed,
over-stuffed, over-crammed, grinning
feverish, ~~not~~ rioting, scullulating
teeming assembly of what looked
to be squarish little creatures, ~~the~~ Adi
had not been so disappointed
since he had first seen Edmond,
^{wherever} homonuclear little fission marks
breast.

It was all a leaden and
deadening surprise. They did
not even look all that much
alive no matter how they moved.
They could have been bean stirring
in a pot. They were nervous at
being exposed but still so
sluggish. What a terrible way
to live! They must miss the sun
so much, the very thought he
had been thinking of them all the
months since summer as flashes
of light in the garden, and now
they looked stunned. Were they
very cold. They pushed so hard
against each other. Were the ones
inside the cluster screaming in
ways he could not hear? Adi

~~From the grave to the Altar~~

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had never seen a tomb but he had ^{read} the word and others like "tomb" and "pit" and "sepulcher," "grave" and "vault" and "pit," he had looked at indistinct photographs in some of his father's war books, and now he had to sigh in preference to weeping into tears. Could those bees breathe? What an awful way to live.

"At this moment," said De Klerk, "they are the poorest of the poor. I know you see them as no better than maggots in the stink of decay and exude, but that is because they live at the extremities of existence ^{and are} they offer the sweetest ^{salutary} to come to us from nature, and get with enough of the company you, prepare for the end. They can sting you to death. Here they sleep and rest about in a morass, but in summer you will see them again, as wonderful and as beautiful as drops of dew before us in the earliest sunlight of morning,

dancing in the air, too rapid and too alive for us to see exactly how they look and so fearless as they dive into the petals, into the ~~gold~~ gold of the flowers that are waiting for them. The real beauty is there.

"Yes, hear, hear," said Aadi despite himself. No matter the negative aspects of this awful man, he did have manner and was obliging, despite oneself to admire.

Aadi was thinking, "These bees can sting you, and you are dead!" He shivered in the dark room of the old man's kitchen, shivered before the improbability and incomprehensibility of dying, and yet it came over him in the midst of his shivering that he felt closer to the old man than to his father, and he knew he could ~~live~~ live all day and all night to the wonderful words and sounds in that funny person's voice.

"Come and visit me," the old man managed to whisper to him before they left.

* matters is to discover all that lies buried ~~and~~ in chaos, all that is ~~appearing~~ in what only appears to be chaos.

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7.

Albin may have been close to staggering from drink, but he was most certainly feeling alive. ^{So, he} did not ~~even~~ enter the ~~his~~ house ~~then~~ on his return, but sat down on the bench by the ~~front~~ hide-boxes and finished a rubber tube out of his pocket ~~where~~ he had taken with him before ~~going out~~ ^{leaving} ~~at twilight~~ for the town. He ~~was~~ ^{was} hungry, but ~~that~~ ^{he} ~~could~~ wait. Ktara would have brought him and Kears and ~~potatoes~~ ^{potatoes} and apples before going to ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~place~~ ^{place} cucumber salad too he ~~could~~ ^{could} anticipate, but ~~first~~ before going out, and of course he could still taste the cucumbers whenever he craved, but that was for lack of more keep. No hurry at all could he feel sitting by the boxes - he had his rubber tube, and that he placed ~~near~~ ^{near} against the hide-boxes after removing the plug. Inside, he could hear the inhabitants of his little city, and a good many of them seemed to be humming a fine sound, rich with little swells,

of contentment, he could just about (402)
swear, and, of course, they had to learn
them of all the food he fed them through
the aperture on the top, in a sort of stream, then
then thousands, all clustered up in their
turn against the fine mesh of the
the wide-mouthed jar, sucking out honey
and water against the pull of the vacuum
now at the top of the jar, ~~now~~ now that it
was bottomed up - these daughter parcels
like horses in parade, one at a time, and
he tried to count how many bees might
be inhabiting the box by measure of
the weight of what they collected, but
he was too illuminated to make such
calculations, somewhere between 10,000
bees and 70,000 ~~bees~~ was bound to
be the answer for each hive, more than
a pound of food a day, every day, of their
January. It was cold, but he was
still warm, and despite himself
knowing he should not really do it,
he didn't disturb the bees, he looked
on the box anyway, and listened to
the changes in sound. Were those alerts
he heard now? It had all gone up in
pitch, curious, these sounds. Like the
strings of a crazy violin then quiet
again, soft like hundreds of cats
purring while he slept.
He roused himself long enough
to go in and get into the ~~bed~~ bed

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shirt and pants off before falling
into bed, and passing off into sleep
while still listening in his mind to the
chorus of kee-sounds, he had been
listening to just moments ago, and as
~~decided~~ his breath passed over
a small ^{ridge of irregular sand dunes} ~~detached~~ ^{into sleep}, that
he enjoyed ~~the~~ this recreation - somewhat
good deal more than the yelps and blats
and outright caterwauling of an
infant, the new one especially.

His dreams, however, were not good
that night, as foul as stale kee on
a stomach full of misery. He had
the notion soon followed by the
full belief of the dream that he was
now living among his kees, yes,
he had passed away and become
a bee, a denizen of the hive, and it
was not pleasant. The kees were
defecating all over the place, yes,
here he was in one filthy corner
of hell, one of many, suffering like
all the other brother creatures - no,
sister creatures - wasting away with
the cramps and contractions of a
severe bowel disease, all of them
defecating in the cells and the aisle
of the long straight box, ~~the~~
He looked to rouse himself from

(404)

the dream. Because this was a dream, that was impossible. Healthy kees did not defecate in their own habitat (except perhaps for lazy dragons), no, he had heard the sound of his kees in their hive, they were honorably they would fly outside to relieve themselves, they would wait until the weather was warm enough.

And now he was awake, if still agitated by his dream. There had been a long spell of cold too cold for kees to dare to go out into the ~~late~~ early February air, and Alain lay there, and had to think of all the excrement building up in the little intestines of their kees over all these months, how long could they possibly hold it? How awful it must be. And he tried again to recall the sounds of the kees. Had he been amiss to assume that he had been contentment among them, then even kees. Could he begin to detect the differences between happiness and peace, stability and near-madness? No, he told himself, he did know. These kees had not been suffering, he was sure they sounded all right.

It was warm in the morning, the first warm morning of early February, a thaw, and as Alain came out of the house, the kees were long where in the

air, hundreds of them, thousands (1000)
- who could count them, they were leaving their
droppings ^{in all directions} ~~in all directions~~ ~~for the place~~ ~~about fifty~~
and then a hundred feet out and
away from their little boxes, each
a curious lacy smelling like ripe
bananas, and so visible on the
snow, this huge circle of white with
innumerable yellow spots. Klara
laundry out on the line was also part
of it, ~~part of the~~ plus so many of
Paula's diapers. It was an immense
defecation. Alois ~~passed~~ ^{stepped} off. Yes,
you could still find yellow spots
one ~~hundred~~ ^{hundred} ~~hundred~~ ^{hundred} away from
the ~~hundred~~ ^{hundred} with ~~the~~ ^{the} boxes.

Klara was as furious as she dared
to be. All the clean laundry now
stained. "You never alerted me to be
careful," she said to her husband.

"I am sorry," he said, "that you
will have all their work again. But
what can one do. It is, after all, one
of ~~your~~ ^{your} an act from your God."

She walked away. One more
impossibility for Klara to swallow.
A half hour later, water boiling
in two large pots, she collected the

outraged Germans, and set out (406)
to do them again.

Alois could not really tell himself
that he ~~had~~ felt sorry. He was so
happy for the kees, what delight they
had shown as they flew about. Since
it was a Saturday, Alois, about
midday, an impulsively decided
to introduce him ~~into~~ to some real
talk about a few real subjects.

"Every body slits," he told the
boy. "Everything slits, all things
living. You learn how to get rid
of slits, or it will live with you.
It will ruin you. Understand?
You have to keep your self clean,
do you hear? Look at these kees,
They are wonderful. Wunderbar!
They hold it in all week, so
they aren't dirty the time. You
be the same. Where good people keep
keep everything clean and spotless,
where we live."

"But, my father," said little Adolf,
"What about Edmund?"

"What about him?"

"He still does it in his pants."

"That is your mother's concern, not yours."

Later in the day, Adé ^{re-remembered}
when Alois, junior, had ~~just~~ a dab

Hacke

