

Book 4 ch 3 und ch 4 double 4/30/04 second pass

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to be faxed on Monday, May 3,
double space

Book IV

1.

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

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

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

If there is some curiosity concerning Alois' outlay, I have no very dependable way to make a calculation from the kronen and gulder of Alois' era to the hegemony of the present American dollar. The discrepancies distort any comfortable sense of comparative costs. ^{Since} Alois' pension in that year may have been the present equivalent of sixty or seventy thousand dollars a year now, ^{the new outlay} and it is likely that he ^{new outlay} ruced the cost ^{items} from the beginning ^{some} (since Der Alte sold him a sufficiency of necessary ^{items} and not-quite-necessary) ^{came} items that might come to the rough equivalent ^{would} today of a thousand dollars. Alois, fully anticipating that he ^{would} was going to pay too much, was weary, ^{none the less} however, of dealing with the old man and so did not ^{press} push beyond the small success of acquiring ^{at the end} a few extra tools at no extra cost, one of the

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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*Judith doesn't
write me. Either
we do it this way or
the way, or not.*

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

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

^{Let me} I have to point, however, to a serious difficulty. As I have remarked, ~~my~~ knowledge of the various experiences of Alois, Klara, and the children were communicated to me during my absence by the ^{25 three} agents I left behind. (Naturally, given the greater import of the activities in Russia, I had ^{bravely} taken my two best assistants ^{along} ~~(with me.)~~ That left a problem. Lesser devils are, in many a regard, comparable to lesser humans. This is particularly true of their ~~characteristic~~ insensitivity to significant detail.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We also learn a good deal by the simple expedient of listening to a family's chatter. Indeed, a plethora of superficial information ^{arrived} ~~came in~~, and that was more than enough to annoy me. My experiences in Russia were of ~~more interest.~~ ^{same #1}

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FROM :nm

FAX NO. :5084872136

Apr. 30 2004 02:22PM P1

FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243782

Apr. 30 2004 10:56AM P1

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353-367
all in double space.
Return by E-mail,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

^{later} ~~be on the~~ alert to the ^{might still} ~~residue of value that could conceivably~~ be embedded in the
^{For example, his} ~~misfortune.~~ ^{accompanied his pain} ~~His medical theses arrived in his mind on the following day—bee~~
^{seemed to} ~~stings might be good for rheumatism.~~ ^{His knees, at least, felt better.} (When their meeting occurred, Der

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

opinion that imported Italian bees ^{which, small surprise, the old sorcerer did} ~~have on hand~~

^{his} ~~were~~ superior to the Austrian variety. While Alois had ~~been~~
~~full of~~ suspicion that Der Alte might be offering exactly what he needed to get

rid of, still, ^{the} ~~one other~~ selling point (to Alois' present shame) was that ~~the~~
^{They were gently} ~~Italian stock were gentle. They were~~ easy to handle. (Der Alte assured him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FROM :nm

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FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

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Apr. 30 2004 10:58AM P7

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

"My new friend."

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about
Alois was ~~almost~~ ready to recognize the given. If he had stood before
himself as judge, *would* he ~~could~~ have found the defendant *to be* guilty. Could

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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box, and did his weighing once a week, keeping up ^{that} the diary full of data and

notes ^{real} to himself, but part of the problem was that ^{he did not have} it was not enough work,

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

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

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

thought that if the colonies ^{looked} proved to be weak when spring came, he might

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

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

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

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

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

the need for absolute immaculate hygiene when ~~it would come to~~ warm weather

FROM :nm

FAX NO. :5084872136

Apr. 30 2004 02:27PM P9

FROM :JMWDRDCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243782

Apr. 30 2004 10:59AM P11

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

~~could be.~~

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

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

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

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

FROM :nm

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FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243782

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

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

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

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

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

natural virtues and powers. Yet the thought ^{might} ~~also~~ ^{he confused} ~~him~~. Why ~~did he~~

^{was he supposed}

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

an Emperor who could live with the ~~problems~~ ^{problems} so immense and sometimes

^{problems} idiotic ~~of~~ keeping the Czechs, Hungarians, Italians, Poles, Jews, Serbs, even

the gypsies, living together under ^{the} ~~his~~ Hapsburg empire. The Germans

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

would still be nothing. Petty principalities. Little duchys Always

squabbling. ^{(then mad King Ludwig I and} ~~the~~ Crazy Bavarians and the Prussians

FROM :nm

FAX NO. :5084872136

Apr. 30 2004 02:28PM P13

FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243782

Apr. 30 2004 11:00AM P15

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

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

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