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double-space

strange, he remarked to Klara, considering the number of red flowers bees entered.

Still, he was ^{enjoying} working with his hands for the duration of the carpentry and ^{box} ~~the~~ painting. At least, his worries eased 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." ^(That idea is as ~~safe~~ sound as a sound house,) Still, it was an unfair ~~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 ^(absorbed with a question, Did blood) that does not heal. He was ~~attracted to the notion that blood possessed its~~

^{? Further ~~could~~} natural virtues and powers. ~~Yet the thought might also be confusing.~~ ^{Why should the saying speak?} ^{Is that what he had?} Why ~~was he supposed to be proud~~ of German blood? ^{(He was an Austrian,}

^(He had) after all, proud of ^{huge} an Emperor who could live with the ~~immense~~ and

~~sometimes~~ idiotic problems of keeping the Czechs, Hungarians, Italians,

^{the} Poles, Jews, Serbs, even ~~the~~ gypsies, living together under the Hapsburg

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empire. ~~The~~ Germans couldn't do that. Always fighting with each other.

Without Bismarck, they would still be nothing. Petty principalities. ~~little~~

~~duchys~~. Always squabbling. Mad King Ludwig I, ~~and then~~ ^{came} (Mad King

Ludwig II, ^{both} Crazy Bavarians ^{then} ~~and~~ (those Prussians with a ramrod up their ass,

^{why} speak of good German blood? Yet, he said to himself, "All the same, I

~~then he thinks~~ But what did it know what it means," and he ~~pondered~~ ^{pondered} what it might signify to say to

~~himself that he knew something when~~ ^(-get to the fact-) in fact, he didn't, not quite. Except

in some way he ^{most} ~~certainly~~ did. Was he now thinking like a philosopher? Not so bad for the boy who ^{was once a peasant}

~~This, he decided, was a question to be taken up in the bar at~~

^{the question} Fischlham. Was ^{where was} one's true loyalty, ^{was it?} to one's culture ^{or this} (which ultimately, Alois

~~decided~~, might be equal to one's language) ^{the language one speaks (allegiance)} or was it to one's nation? Could

it be as simple as saying that to ^{be} German ^{from birth was equal to making} was to have German blood?

in oneself?

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He didn't bring it up at the tavern, after all. They were dolts. He
resented the time he spent ^{with them,} ~~there~~. (By November, he had even found himself
~~drinking there~~
going over in the afternoons, a proof if he needed it, that there was not
enough work to do. For that reason, he had ^{chosen to} ~~stay~~ away for a week, and
^{extension of the hive boxes,}
~~done~~ all the carpentry ^{paint the boxes} and the painting, even build a framework on which to
hang ^{some} netting near the hives so that the birds would ^{stay} ~~be kept~~ away in the
spring. He even ^{debated whether to} ~~thought of going to~~ visit Der Alte, but recollections of the
~~odor~~ ^{smell} in the hut kept him away. The ~~odor~~ ^{smell} of urine was nothing to put up
with, ^{from that matter,} especially since (Alois felt all too close to ^{leaking in} ~~sprinkling~~ his own pants,
~~now and then~~

Before long, he was back in the tavern. ^{shot} Just about every day. There
~~One pleasure he did find~~ ^{that} ~~was one pleasure he could not relinquish.~~ The dolts, ^{full of their superiority}

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that they had been stuck in one place for life, were coming nonetheless to
~~had begun to~~

(see Alois as an expert on apiculture. Maybe he ~~still~~ ^{was} had a lot to learn, but he was

~~did not~~ ^{wonder to} show that to them. Recalling every bit of the advice Der Alte had

offered, plus whatever he had picked up of late in his reading, ^{was} he now

~~Alais would be the first to say that honesty~~
 presented as his own wisdom. Honesty and modesty were excellent virtues, but they

~~Alais would be the first to say that honesty~~
 but were best employed when dealing with superiors and experts. An

An ^{however} inferior mind ^{he was} wanted nothing more than to feel they with ^{were in the company of} wise men (when

^{Since he was} they were drinking. Being more available to the locals than Der Alte, Alois

^{see how} had, for practical purposes, ^{he had} become the local bee expert. ^{on the cultivation of bees} ~~apiculture~~

A farmer ^{seek his} (even walked over one Sunday afternoon for advice on how to get started.

^{proceeded to} Alois ^{details} (overwhelmed him with the subtleties ~~and difficulties~~) of feeding a hive

through the winter. ~~they look for competition in the June~~
~~summer when there would be honey~~
~~for market?~~

had to be *At the least!* *his reputation, too,*
~~Der Alte was~~ 80% trustworthy. (After all, it would hurt ~~him too~~ if Alois'
venture
 bees went kaput.)

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

special
 "Ah," said Alois, "there is a technique. You open a very small plug
that is installed
at on the top of the box and *you lay* the feeder over *the top of* that. *It is*

special feeder! A five liter jar with a cover of the finest mesh *fastenal* over the

Expensive mesh!
 mouth. Into *the jar* you have placed water that has been heated but not boiled,

then and you stir in the sugar until *that* it is completely dissolved."

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

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"My apologies," said Alois. "I was thinking that for a beginner like yourself, sugar ^{could} be better. More expensive, but ^{easier}. You do not have to trust the source. Perfectly simple. ^{use a} A different ratio, however. Three parts of sugar to two of water."

Alois was ^{beginning to feel like} ~~feeling something of himself again, yes, the~~ fine fellow he ^{once} ~~had been~~ ^(yes,) before his retirement. "The trick," he said, "is to master the technique of ^{this} the special feeder. Because you not only put in the liquid nourishment, and cover the mouth of the jar with the ^{fine} mesh, but you must have a small pump built into the jar to create a vacuum since you will ^{next} be holding the vessel upside-down over the bung hole above the brood ^{that is} waiting to be fed. Do you follow? ^{"Alois could see that he didn't."} The vacuum in the jar keeps the sugar-water ^{are able to} from pouring out, but the bees ~~can~~ absorb the liquid through the tiny spaces

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in the cloth mesh. I feed over one liter of sugar-water or ^{in my case} honey-and-water to them once a day, ^{they} and after every feeding I wash the jar in boiled water.

Cleanliness is an absolute demand, ^{4 the} in that matter.

^{that my agents were expounding, that}
All the while he was expounding these matters, and offering ^{expositions to me; I was growing more and more} ^{fast, blow having been these matters, they had no} ^{little insight into it. All they could offer were his} procedures for calculating the amount of sugar or honey needed for each

^{what they were missing was}
box over the course of a month, he was sensing the commencement of new

^{in him,}
anxieties. Was there to be a direct penalty for such bluffing? Alois did not

^{pretending to be such an expert}
fool himself. Being a great expert was a bad bluff. By the time his visitor,

^{if thoroughly dishonest, had said goodbye - he had}
^{said goodbye.} ^{not likely to be competition, come June,}
had left, Alois was out in the cold again, staring at his two double boxes

^{his}
(honey-box above brood box) and wondering if disease would strike ^{there}

^{was done}
colonies before winter had finished.

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^{but his anxiety remained that night}
 He spent the night reading his books ^(he) and had dreams of living in one
^{was he part of a cluster}
 of his boxes, himself a bee. Would it turn into a matter of clustering
^{living} together in deepest and darkest obscurity? How could ^{those bees} they guide
 themselves in that world, so stygian, so bereft of light? Were their antennae
 of aid? How many facets were there to a bee's eyes? ^{was} What had he read? A
 thousand? Even the experts seemed to disagree. He decided that if humans
 could speak of a sixth sense, perhaps these bees with their ^{multi tools of} thousand facets
 in each eye, had a ~~kind of~~ seventh sense that could penetrate into the
 caverns and catacombs and labyrinths of darkness.

^{this dream}
^{had raised it to the level of}
 By the end of the dream, Alois was in a nightmare. His bees
^{Final more interest in what my}
^{(Now I could find more interest in what my}
^{agents were sending me} Alois' ~~own~~ hive now
 multiplied in the darkness of the hive and ~~then they~~ became so many that
^{the cluster} they could no longer bear ^{its} their confines. ^{the bees escaped} They fled from the box and flew

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away, so far away, they could not be found ~~and then~~ ^{leaf} they all clustered

within a hole in the trunk of a tree—back to their old habits, yes.

When spring came, might that happen? Would he lose a good half of
his hive ^{his} in June? He felt for Klara in the dark, and his hand came across her

belly. She was so big now, ~~and yet~~ ^{the} her new one wasn't due until January

Would he ~~yet~~ be a giant of a fellow? ^{? The new one} He would make six in the house, seven

when Junior returned.

She came awake with his hand on her, and would have nestled into
the embrace of his arm, but he felt a ^{need to discuss a worrisome matter} ~~drive to talk~~ in the middle of this

darkness. Before he had said more than a few words, she was wide awake,

~~and~~ and unhappy, embarrassed, ~~you could say~~ and agitated.

"I hope," Alois said, "that you haven't spoken to Herr Rostenmeier."

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She knew immediately what he would next suggest. Herr

^{was the lot}
Rostenmeier ~~owner~~ the country store in Fischlham where once a week, on

^{she}
Saturday, ~~on~~ and Angela would buy a few foodstuffs they did not raise in

^{plus}
their garden ~~and~~ a roast of meat—no livestock as yet for them at Hafeld, not

^(Besides, they were not about to kill the cow!)
with Alois swallowed up in his bees. Klara liked Mr. Rose~~n~~meier, and had

^{begun}
~~even tried~~ to talk to him about the future sale of their honey. Alois had told

^{not}
her not to make any deals ~~yet~~ ^{since} there was always the possibility, slight,

of course, that he would do business with Der Alte. She had taken pleasure

^{Here}
in the thought that it would probab~~ly~~ be Rostenmeier, and she would be the

^{and}
in-between, even ~~literally~~ bring a little money back to the house and hand it

over to Alois. Her fingers tingled each time she ~~had~~ thought of such a ^{direct}

transaction, ~~she hardly knew why~~.

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But now

Now Alois would go to Der Alte. She knew that. "I thought," she

*even as*said in the darkness, while he patted ~~the giant to be in~~ her belly, "that you*that man*didn't like ~~him~~ at all, yes, I remember you said you would have to smell

him."

"Alois said shortly, The knuckles"He will be good to consult ~~when I need him.~~" The suggestion of the*of the nightmare were still with him, the*
~~did not wish~~
~~bees swarming!~~

"Yes, yes, yes," said Klara, "but you told me you don't trust Der Alte.

*becoming*Yes?" She was close to almost hysterical ~~at being torn out of agreeable~~*to be torn out of an agreeable sleep for this!*~~sleep~~ not so common for her. "Yes, you say you don't trust him, and yetyou choose this Der Alte over an honest man like Herr Rostenmeier? ["]~~A nice~~~~man.~~

"Klava, this is all because you
You feel embarrassed by your ^{commitment} commitment to him," he told her.
"I think you had a little too much talk with
me a while ago, ^{mentioned marriage,} mentioned marriage."
"Something you haven't quite told me. A real commitment. You and him

without speaking to me first."

"No," she said, "not at all. ~~It is done~~. I am not embarrassed. But this

I will say, I must say, I will never understand the thinking that goes on in a

person like you." She had been tempted to remark, "a man like you," but

knew better. He would have ridiculed her for such a stupid attitude.

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So Alois went back to Der Alte after all. There were just too many
these
worryes ~~with~~ *been*, He was a realist, he told himself, he was used to bad odors. One
had to deal with the devil, nicht war? (My devils snickered as they
informed me of this.)

Alois paid his visit on the next Sunday and, once again, took Adi with him. He could hardly have said why, but I could have told him. Devils, when so instructed, can nudge a man or woman ~~to some extent~~⁷ even when he is not a client. For whatever reason, I sensed that the O.O., despite a multitude of other concerns, had given enough attention to Hafeld to pass ~~on his desire to us that~~^{ought to} ~~on exactly that suggestion:~~ "Let the boy and the old man ~~see each other~~ again."

This time, Adi ~~even more excited than before~~^{Like his school, it was} was paying careful attention to the route. ~~It was~~ only a mile away. There would be nothing to walking it by himself ~~provided he remembered~~^{But he must} the turns and forks of the road, and this he did, full of uneasy excitement. It was as if a woe large as a loaf of bread had settled in his stomach. Yet his chest sitting above such

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heaviness was alive, ~~He was steaming with excitement, or so he thought,~~

~~since~~ his breath on this cold morning ^{coming forth} was full of vapor. He knew he would

not tell his father that he planned to visit Der Alte on his own. ~~Already he~~

~~could taste the honey that might be waiting for him.~~

"Yes," he kept saying to himself, "in the daytime I will not be afraid

to walk by myself. ^{In} ~~For~~ the night, ^{yes} ~~yes~~. There are too many spirits in the

^{In the dark, they} ~~on the dark and get away~~ woods, and ~~in the dark, they~~ are mean, ~~they get much meaner~~ because of the cold. "

And the colder he felt in the midst of ~~cold~~ ^{was} ~~This was~~ ^{was} as logical to him as the categorical imperative was once of ~~this excitement~~ ^{the more he longed for} ~~summer when the bees would be busy~~ ^{the more he longed for} ~~inestimable clarity to Immanuel Kant~~ ^{Adi was now think of all the bees in}

~~in and out of~~ ^{And then he remembered} ~~his father's two hive boxes. He had not seen one of them yet, but he had~~ ^{scamp} ~~the frightening words from his father. "We~~ ^{heard so often of his father's fears when summer came} ~~heard so often of his father's fears when summer came~~ "You must never

leave a box in the open sun. If a branch blows off the shade-tree and the

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hive is exposed to the sun, you must ^{call to me and I will} ~~get me to rescue it, to move it to the~~ ^(the box)
 shade. Otherwise, ^{it will be too hot and our} ~~the~~ bees will become agitated, yes, ^{agitated} almost to the point of
~~insanity.~~ ^{you see, Do you realize? In} They will feel trapped, ^{and in} the course of such a disturbance,

buzzing ~~around~~ inside the box ^{with no room to fly}, they will use up all the
^{available in such tight quarters,}
 air inside, yes, they will consume too much oxygen, and then the

temperature in the hive will ~~proceed~~ ^{start} to rise. If it ~~gets over~~ ^{goes} twenty degrees
^{higher} ~~more~~ ^{than the temperature on a very hot day}
~~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 ^{larvae} ~~colony~~ will perish."

He had heard all this on the ^{first} drive home from Der Alte's house after
^{It had been} ~~the first meeting~~ ^{last} It was dark by then in the woods and the boy listened to

his father with an unhappy sense of all ^{these} ~~the~~ creatures in the wood whom he
^{what was said and Ali}
 could not see, ^{but} they would hear, and he vowed that when summer came,

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~~not be the one to~~
he would ~~never~~ allow a hive-box to sit in the sun, no, ~~he would~~, but Alois,
~~Alois Junior was not to~~
Junior would be back by then and ~~he would not be~~ good. He would leave a
box in the sun.

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

All this quieted, however, for Der Alte and his father had a long
conversation about the marketing of honey, and there was some dispute on a
price which Adi could hardly follow, nor did he care to. He was
disappointed that Der Alte, ~~once he had offered the honey, did not seem to~~
~~of honey no longer seemed~~
~~be~~ interested in him.

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We can be certain that Adi was mistaken,

Adi was mistaken. After business was done, the old man could not

stop talking to Alois, ^{(but} ~~and~~ to Adi as well) about the mysteries of bees ^{and} ~~one~~
~~from~~ the subtleties of their keepers. "Yes," ^{said} ~~he~~
 had to contemplate it—the further and further mysteries to be found in
 the Alte in a most resonant voice, "I never weary
 of contemplating the existence of these tiny creatures with their honey and
 their near to immortal sting."

Yes, Der Alte was off on a conversational discourse, rich, not

interruptable, and fascinating ^{as well (from he)} despite himself, to Alois, ~~who~~ ^{who} would retain

enough of ^{such speech)} ~~the metaphor~~ to expound on it himself tomorrow night at

Fischhaus. ^(Fischhaus) Yes, ^{there would be} All by way of ^(pass-bum!) the
 Something grandiose to offer the dolts! Adi, in his turn, was—

no other word is accurate—Adi was spellbound. Words he could not quite

~~take flight nonetheless into his mind~~
 understand ~~altogether were of less importance than those he could, and~~
~~because~~ ^{of} ~~their sounds and became~~ ^{rich}
 besides, the sound of words he did not know was more than ~~rich in sense~~

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~~kind~~ⁱⁿ of meaning, as if his mother, in the good old days, ~~before~~⁷ Edmund had
 been born, was ^{still} rubbing oil into his back ~~even as his~~^{while he} pain ~~seemed to leave~~
 ~~eased out of~~
~~her~~ his flesh by way of her palms and fingertips. How he listened!

"Can we," asked Der Alte, "ever pay enough attention to ^{this} work of
 itself. Ach, it is, it is such an
 Creation, so full of genius in asseveration with wise measure and wisdom, ^{yes} and
 absolutely, ^{yes} ~~for~~ ^{it possesses} Think of it! These
 the everlasting quintessential power to surprise us, ~~these~~ little devils come

to us ^{from} from the Good Lord's science, ~~yes~~ His divine and curious aesthetic

so enigmatic, so supernatural. Our bees are a ^ocornation of nature's wisdom
 as it expresses itself
 in the most bizarre and unexpected form, the very reification—if you will

permit me the word—of God's secret rites, His investiture in wonder and

awe."

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Der Alte went on, and on. ~~How~~^{How} he could go on! His endless

references to God's ballet, God's gymnastics, ~~yes~~^{exactly!} God's gymnastics, God's

intuition of the paradoxes of Creation. He was ~~like~~^{Der Alte} many of the ~~devils~~^{our clients} that

~~known~~^{however}. They were always ready to praise God aloud, ~~but~~^{but} I did not enjoy
the ~~hyperbole~~^{hyperbole} that ~~Der Alte~~^{Der Alte} could offer.

~~Der Alte's hyperbole~~. It was too large, too soulful, too suggestive of private

regrets at the depth of his commitment to us.

In any event, he went on so long that Alois was, ~~again~~^{once more} repelled. That

too much time ~~elapsed~~^{had} without ~~hearing~~^{exercise} the sound of his own voice was

certainly at the core of his irritation, ~~but he~~^{Moreover he} did not know if he liked the look

in his son's eye. ~~His~~^{Those} blue eyes, like Klara's, were always so large and so

~~alive~~^{so expressive}, but there was reverence in them now.

"Why don't you take us into the other room ~~you have here~~ and show ^{us} ~~him~~ your little viewing box," Alois ^{at last} ~~was finally~~ able to interject.

It was obvious that Der Alte would prefer not to, but Adi spoke up.

"Oh, please, sir," he cried out, "I have never seen the inside of the bees'

home. They have been with us back at the house, for so long—" he tried to

count quickly—"for seven, no, I think it is eight weeks, and I have not seen

even one of them. ^{Do I have} ~~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 ^{be so near to} ~~look like~~ what I have been talking about."

They ^{were not} ~~didn't~~ ^{have built for} (In the other room of the hut, with a small stove, a sink, a

hand-pump above the sink, and a pail beneath for the run-off, was also a

kitchen table and at one end ^{of it sat} ~~was sitting~~ a narrow box, perhaps two feet long

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Over each of the long sides was a
~~with one of the~~
 and one foot wide, which would soon reveal itself once the black curtains
 When drawn back, the box consisted of no more than
~~on each side were drawn. It was constructed of two glass walls between~~
~~not two inches apart and between them~~
 which resided the vertical frame, visible on both sides, with endless small

cells, no larger in diameter and depth than Adi's smallest fingernail. Were

these the cells his father ~~would talk about?~~
~~or share the honey?~~

Adi was ^{as} disappointed as if he had ^{received a poke} been struck in the solar plexus.
 It all look so dull yet so chaotic, nothing but
 At first glance, it was all so ~~dab~~, and then it was dull, but chaotic (a cluster

of ~~endlessly~~ ^{dark} pullulating little things, hardly bigger than pills in a bottle, and

they kept climbing in and out and over each other, startled by the light, a

poor helpless gang of congested, jam-packed, over-stuffed, over-crammed,

^{jam-packed} brimming, feverish, ^{leaving, just an} rioting, pullulating ~~forming~~ assembly of what looked to

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as ugly as roaches,
 almost like little beetles. Their wings were all flat
 be squashy little creatures, (Adi had not been so disappointed since he had
 first seen Edmund's ^{tiny} ~~withered~~ ^(SP?) homuncular little face on Klara's breast.

Now, these bees
~~It was a leaden and deadening surprise.~~ They did not look that much
 even if ~~could~~ ^(might as well)
 alive although they ~~did~~ move. They ~~could~~ have been beans stirring in a pot,
 except they ~~more~~ ^{move} alive than that. yet ~~they~~
 They were ~~alive~~. They looked nervous at being exposed but still so

still so sluggish. What a terrible way to live! They must miss the sun, the boy

thought. He had been thinking of them all ~~the~~ ^{those} months since summer.

recalling them as flashes of light in the garden, ~~and~~ ^{but} now they were

stupefied, ~~Were they very cold?~~ ^{and just flat} They pushed against each other all the

time. Were the ones inside the cluster crying out in ways he could not hear?
 asking not to be squeezed so hard?

Adi had never seen ^a tomb but he had read ~~the~~ ^{that} word and others like "bier"

and "pit" and "sepulcher," "grave" and "vault" and "pit" he had looked at

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~~and those words were there for read under text.~~
 indistinct photographs in some of his father's war books, and now he chose
 those pictures. ~~Tombs be change~~ ^{these}
 to sigh in preference to bursting into tears. Could those bees breathe? What
 an awful way to live.

"At this moment," said Der Alte, "they are the poorest of the poor. I

know you see them as no better than slugs in the slime of their own exudate,

but that is because ~~they live at~~ ^{their living span} the extremities of existence—they offer the

sweetest substance to come to us from nature, and yet ~~with~~ ^{have} enough of them

upon you, ~~prepare for the end. They~~ ^{in an attack and you can save able to} sting you to death. ~~Here they sleep~~ ^{Now, here they}

~~do no more than~~ ^{get} and root about in a morass, ~~but~~ ^{dance in the air} in summer, you will see them ~~gain~~ ^{as}

wonderful and as beautiful as drops of dew ~~before us~~ in the earliest sunlight

of morning, ~~dancing~~ ^{pinwheeling} in the air, too rapid and too alive for us to perceive—

~~precisely how they look~~ ^{golden} and so fearless as they enter into the ~~petals into the~~

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~~gold~~ of the flowers waiting for them. The real beauty in these matters is to ~~extricate~~
~~discover all of value that lies buried in chaos.~~ ~~all that is potential in what~~

~~only~~ appears to be meaningless. ~~One has to find the value~~
~~that lies buried in chaos,~~

"~~Yes~~^u hear, hear," said Alois despite himself. No matter the ~~negative~~^{awful}

aspects of this awful man, ~~he~~^{Der Alte} did have a manner one was obliged, despite
 one's revulsion, to admire. ~~Like a great snailly old actor,~~
 He had never met ~~a man as eloquent as Der Alte.~~^{an old (90)}

Adi was thinking, "these bees can sting you and you are dead." He

shivered in the dank 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 this chill that he ~~felt~~^{did feel} closer to the old man than to his father, and

knew he could listen all day and all night to the wonderful words of that so-

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odd person. Yes, the sounds that came out of his voice were ready to wash
through
~~through~~ the inside of yourself.

"Come and visit me," the old man succeeded in whispering to him

before Alois gave the signal to leave.

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I do not know for certain how powerful an influence the exceptional
speech by Der Alte (so full of verbal ^{felicitous} ~~eternities~~ ^{outright} and rodomontade) could
have had on Adi—at no moment up to this point had I so regretted not being
^{present} ~~there~~ and thereby obliged to rely on my lesser agents—but I must say it had
its effect on the boy because many weeks later (on Christmas Eve, no less!)
he had ^{once} bundled himself into his warmest clothing ~~after~~ the rest of the house ^{was} ~~asleep~~ ^{asleep}

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as ~~entirely~~ ^{had gone out} asleep, and ~~out he went~~ to sit on the bench under the oak tree

where the ~~two~~ ^{two} Langstroth boxes had been set up, and there he remained for a

considerable time, ~~becoming~~ ^{growing} more and more chilled as the minutes elapsed.

Yet, he stayed, and having placed himself between the two boxes, there he

remained with each of his arms half-embracing the back of each box. He

was praying for the continued life of the bees who inhabited each ~~box~~ ^{hive}.

As can be expected, this was of no small interest to me, and since we

did have entrance into Adi's thoughts—he was ~~certainly~~ ^{undeniably} one of ours—I ~~sent~~ ^{questioned}

(on what they could glean ^(if but a little more))
my agents ~~back~~ again and again to dwell a few moments on the boy's

~~from the fragments of the boy's~~

thoughts. The more I received, the more valuable it appeared. He had heard

his father complain that the ~~screen~~ ^{nocturnal} ~~around~~ ^{hive} the entrance, which covered a

~~a~~ ^{nevertheless} small hole had been torn away. It was not impossible that a mouse had

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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~~^{more than} 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~~^(one placed in each) with a colony of bees) and the necessary accompanying supplies were bought plus a variety of tools, and enough pollen and honey to feed these newly-acquired inhabitants through

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

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

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

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

However, it was at just this point that I was ordered to leave Adi and the other members of the family with three of my assistants.

(as well as the rest of my clients in that area or Austria.)
~~I departed three of my agents were deputized to remain.~~ That night I

~~and~~ I embarked for St. Petersburg where I was brought to focus on the needs and dimensions of a new and massive project. We were going to attend the coronation of Tsar Nicholas the Second, scheduled for May of 1896 in Moscow, seven months into the future.

Off I went, then, to St. Petersburg. and on that very night. How I made the voyage is too complex a matter for discussion at this point. While devils are able to travel as if they were human beings, that is, we can for a period insinuate ourselves into many a man or woman (even as forty-two years later, I would be occupying the mind and body of an intelligence officer in Himmler's Special Section IV-2a) still, we ^{also employ} ~~can use~~ much more rapid means. (But, of that, I will wait to speak.) For now, leave it that I was instructed to go by the quick alternative and ^{begin} ~~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.

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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~~ ^{variations in 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 ^{while they were the focus of my interest in that region,} too full of the Hitler family's intimacies. ^{I had hoped to receive more of a} major assignment. Now, I had it. Our O.O. was in the first stages of bringing off a mighty mischief. We all knew that, every one of us, major and minor ^{spirits} ~~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 ^{arrayed on} of the other side. It is true. I swear it. ^{could feel} I sensed a metamorphosis ^{stirring} forming in the intentions of our leader.

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

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

For that I can only offer my own set of explanations. I more than suspected that the D.K. ^{had become} ~~was now~~ dissatisfied with the variety of formal organized religions serving in His name—although, as I will ^{soon} ~~eventually~~ explain, He was responsible for them. Yes! ^{—ad} ~~their~~ faults were by His clumsy doing ^{the} the unhappy structures of the Catholics and the Protestants, the Greek Orthodox, the Orthodox Jews, the Reformed Jews, the Sunnis and the Shi'ites, ^(I do not speak of the sects) ~~even perhaps the sects of Buddhism, Confucianism, Taoism,~~ but ^{those were religious developed by humans rather than Gods} ~~By 1895, a change had also occurred, however,~~ in the viewpoint of ^(In any event, come 1895) our Maestro. Or, so was I ready to perceive. Through the centuries, ^{been} the O.O. had ~~succeeded in being~~ a most incisive critic of the follies, disproportions, errors, miscalculations, and sheer blunders of the D.K., indeed! God, the Creator, having worked His way through the locks of His evolution, had by now trapped Himself into many grievous misjudgments concerning the potentialities of humankind. In contrast, the O.O. had, for ^{has} ~~the~~ large part, been satisfied to act in reaction to the D.K.'s endeavors, ^{and had} ~~us~~ 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 ^{altering them} 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 ^{human} mind since it can find no answers to the contradictions embedded everywhere in human existence. By that means, we have succeeded in tormenting the best minds of mankind century after century. All-Good and All-Powerful. Indeed! Yes, we had looked to encourage every fundamentalist we could find, Islamist or Hibernian—we didn't give a damn. "Come to us," became our creed, "come, all of you who are in need of rock-hard faiths and anchored

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

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

By the time He raised primates to the level of humans, He ^{had} ~~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 ^{this} a power of will ^{to even} that would be free, on occasion, of Him. Just so confident was His enthusiasm, His belief in this latest Creation. ^{It did not occur to them that they would have their limits.}

Such miscalculation was calamitous. It was equal to raising so powerful a ^{beast} ~~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 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 ^{partnership} ~~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~~ ^{felt} now obliged to go back to the judgments of Jehovah, and ~~he~~ proceeded through His new ^{developments of} ~~religion~~s 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 ^{back} ~~this return~~ to oppression, opened vast territories to the Maestro. I will put it simply. Our cause, as I comprehend it, is to diminish the potentiality of humankind. We want to reduce the vitality of the greatest creature developed by the D.K.. Naturally, we look to encourage religiosity that is ever more intense and more mindless. Distort the brains of men and women even further than the D.K. intends, and their human emotions will be corrupted. (For imbalance is the beginning of rot.) Accomplish our job

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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 ^{has} ~~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, ^{My point} in this ~~time~~ ^{is that as humankind was} approaching the end of the 19th Century, I ~~began to sense~~ ^{fundamentally} that the O.O. was contemplating a ~~revolutionary~~ ^{I was now} change in our procedures. ~~Was he~~ ^{inclined to believe that he was} looking to develop a species of faith designed expressly by him rather than by the Dummkopf? ^{Did this mean death?} Was our Maestro actually prepared to make ~~this~~ ^{was} vertiginous leap from criticism to Creation?

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

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

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

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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 ^{undertook} ~~were to undertake~~ in St. Petersburg and Moscow that ^{were to} ~~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 ^{were} ~~were~~, ^(of some future importance) ~~will, I expect, be of interest, but until now~~ we have followed the intimacies of apiculture with so much close attention that I do not wish to ignore its continuation at this point.

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

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

So my narrative will not suffer ~~too~~ critically. Mediocre agents, like mediocre human beings, may be humdrum in their powers of summary but they are not wholly incapable, and I will warrant that I had brought even the least unpromising up to a necessary level of performance. If I am not ready to explain our systems of recruitment ^{in obtaining} 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.~~ ^{Evil One} 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

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with the results. Apparently, the D.K. was willing (or necessarily obliged) to ~~top~~^{trade} off a fraction of His stock of those souls clamoring for reincarnation.

Was this in order to obtain a less disruptive and dissatisfied environment for Himself in the realms of the Hereafter? I suspect ~~that~~^{this} was so. I would also

assume that our O.O., looking to make his way up onto a nearer level of equality with the D.K., was, of necessity, ready to accept this exudate of spoiled human possibility.) Over the centuries, over—it well may be—the

millennia, he was then obliged to use a very large part of his resources into shaping and training the low-grade and highly disturbed material we did

receive. It is analogous in difficulty to developing a symphony orchestra

~~out of~~^{from} soldiers cashiered ~~from~~^{rescued out of} 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.

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Forewarned, forearmed. I will now present ^{my} a small improvement on
the summary I received of what went on with Alois ^{his wife and his children} 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 with detail concerning Alois' obsessions ^{concerning this} with his new occupation.

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

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

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

Being of no great stature themselves in their former lives, they tended to pick up all that was second-rate in Alois. I was left, therefore, with the burden of analyzing insufficient and weighted materials. While I will ^{give some treatment to} ~~summarize~~ what I received, I would also abjure the reader to avoid passing judgment. ^{We must not forget that} Since ^{that} ~~the man~~ who became Adolf Hitler emerged from a childhood with this father and mother, ^{So, it was to be} it is ~~obvious~~ ^{clear} that we ~~need to~~ ascertain Klara and Alois' real strengths and, needless to say, their real weaknesses.

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

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

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

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

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

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

not dwindling). Yes, it would be some long months for these winter bees before they could go out to forage again along with the new-born who would, he hoped, be teeming forth in the spring.

All through these months, therefore, he would have to keep records of the weight of his hive-boxes complete with ~~the temperature~~ 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~~ ^(from raising the large lid of the) box might so lower the temperature that ~~the~~ ^{you} 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~~ ^(little people) 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 before himself as judge, he would have found the defendant guilty. Could retirement prove so enfeebling to a strong man? He had bought the farm on impulse and now, these two colonies, also on impulse, these bee-hives in their Langstroth boxes. All right, they were the latest improvement with their removable vertical slides on which his bees were to build their combs to be filled (although not as yet!) with larva and honey. A wonderful advance! Yet, why so suddenly had he given his commitment to this business of apiculture in the winter? Had that also been done on too quick

an impulse? Der Alte had had the consummate nerve to say to him, even as Alois was ready to guide his loaded dray onto the road, "You will soon see how much work I have saved you."

~~Indeed! What Alois did not perform in work, he now spent in worry.~~
~~He was still under sixty, damn it,~~
~~Not that he was old, damn it, not yet sixty, not by a year and more, but he~~
felt such a sense of inner weariness before ~~all~~ these future responsibilities.

What with his two occupied boxes now ^{set} properly under the oak tree (no, never beneath the walnut tree for its nuts would pelt the ground in late spring and summer, ^{with} the shells hard as stone, and might ^{penic} damage a ^{few} host of bees ready to fly out for forage), no, the boxes had to be under the oak tree, placed on a stout bench, with tarpaper underneath for warmth, and more tarpaper above, weighted down with stones. Each day he read the temperature of the heat within the box, and did his weighing once a week, keeping up that diary full of data and notes, but part of the real problem was that he did not have enough work, just enough to leave him with a slew of worries ~~over the future~~. All through the dark months while feeding his winter bees ~~with sugar and water~~ (a most tricky technique in the beginning), he would console himself with the thought that if the colonies

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looked to be weak when spring came, he might combine two boxes into one, and, if necessary buy more bees at that time, more expense, more of Der Alte, farting in his pants no doubt, he would be laughing so hard at the great esteemed High Customs Officer Herr Hitler with his ten thumbs all there to be stung by what he didn't know about bees. Already, in November, Alois was lecturing Angela and Adi, even Klara, on the need for absolute immaculate hygiene when warm weather arrived. They must certainly not leave the hives open no matter how warm the day. Above all, they must never spill any honey. If they did, they must mop it up instantly, ^{for} or the bees could be drawn to it and ^{might} ~~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 ^{on the subject of keeping a winter hive,} 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 ^{was} ~~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? ^{The article presented him with more questions than answers.} Had he gotten into all this merely to ^{stay} ~~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 ^{whose exterior} ~~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 them) precisely which hive-box they belonged to. By the color, of course. Not red, not orange—those colors were not to be recognized by bees, how

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FAXING

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Note. The remuneration
will shift some
there in page 341, 341a + 341b

Double space

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I must now inform the reader of an unexpected summons from the Maestro. It would remove me from Alois Hitler and his family for ^{near to} 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} ^{which were purchased from Der Alte with} ^{a colony of bees installed in each} ^{as well as all} and the necessary accompanying supplies, were bought plus a variety of ^{in addition} tools, and enough pollen and honey to feed these newly-acquired inhabitants ^{through the winter}

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purchased
 It Once ~~purchased~~ the goods were (and his) through the winter, the purchases being transported by Alois' dray from Der Alte's premises to the Hitler home. ~~And all of this was again on the same evening.~~

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 ~~on a bench~~ 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~~ *carry* a calculation from the kronen and gulder of Alois'

era to the hegemony of the present American dollar. The discrepancies in the *relative change of the present value of separate products* ~~(products of the era)~~ distort any comfortable sense of comparative costs. Since Alois' pension in ~~the~~

that year may have been the ~~present~~ equivalent of sixty or seventy thousand dollars a year now, *(I can say)* it is likely that he ~~used~~ *found the expenditure dear to him* the new outlay since Der Alte

sold him a sufficiency of items *(necessary and)* ~~(and some not quite-necessary)~~ *might come* that came to the rough equivalent of a thousand dollars today ~~at this time~~ *in the new millennium* Alois, fully anticipating

that he would pay too much, was weary, nonetheless, of dealing with the old man and so did not press beyond the small ~~success~~ *satisfaction* of acquiring 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 characteristic determination *(and resolve if he thought he was being cheated.)*

However, it was at just this point that I was ordered to leave Adi and the other members of the family (as well as the rest of my clients in that area of Austria.) Three of my agents were deputized to remain and I embarked for St. Petersburg where I was ^{soon} brought to focus on the needs and dimensions of a 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, at this point, too complex a matter to discuss. While devils are able to travel in the guise of human beings, that is, we can certainly insinuate ourselves for a ^{reasonable} period 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 ^{are free to} also employ more rapid means. (But, of that, I will wait to speak.) For now, leave it that I was instructed to ^{take} ~~go by~~ the quick track and begin my orientation into the late Nineteenth Century Russian soul—belly, vices, beliefs, harmonics and inner disharmonies—by morning of the next day. Once in that Slavic realm, so much nearer to God and to the devil than any

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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 day-to-day variations in the 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. 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. While they were the focus of my interest in that region, 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 ^{others} knew that ^{who were working for him} major and minor spirits ^{expected new venture would come} were at the time, I sensed that this ^{same of} could amount ^{of} to more than any of our recent ~~efforts~~ efforts to disrupt the ~~larger~~ purposes arrayed on the other side. It is true. I swear it. I could feel a metamorphosis forming in the intentions of our leader.

I knew as much

Now, I will make one apology, but ^{I do not care to} ~~will not~~ repeat it. Having read the best and worst of novels for many years (which is, ^{to remind you,} ~~I repeat,~~ part of a good devil's education) I should know by now (and do!) that not even the best of readers will put up for long with an author who ^{is ready to} ~~can~~ leave his narrative long enough to jump into what must seem, at first, an 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 ^{put} ~~get~~ the D.K. into a state of some disturbance over the success or failure of the oncoming coronation.

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For that I can only offer my own set of explanations. While I can hardly guarantee that they are of real substance, I will say that I more than suspected that the D. K. had become critically dissatisfied with the formal religious who claimed to be serving in His name. (This, of course, must exclude reference to Buddhism, Confucianism, Taoism and any other sect or faith that are based on human leaders ~~rather than God~~ instead of God)

Now, it is the unhappy structures and structures of the Catholics, the Protestants, the Orthodox, the Reformed Jews, the Sunnis and the Shi'ites for which He must be held responsible. He proved unable to alter these developed forms of worship more to his taste. Humans, many of the worst sort, were now the overlords and given the tenacity of the priests, ministers, rabbis and imams who had attached themselves to such ~~central~~ concentration of power

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to ~~control~~ ^{control} human motivation, their religious officers of God were now irradicable. They documented their respective systems rather than their so-called God God.

So, that was one element in my attempt to understand why we were to be present at the coronation, God must have some special hope for the occasion, and our Master must consider them of sufficient new importance to be thwarted.

If I asked myself what might be new, it did seem to me that the characteristics ~~characteristics~~ ^{characteristics} of our leader had also shifted. Or, so, I presumed. I must explain that for many centuries our O. O. had been an incisive and of the most effective critic of the follies, disproportion, error, miscalculation, and sheer blindness of the D. K. — it can be asserted that the ~~long~~ tail of his errors might be considerably longer (and greater in weight) than the bulk and ~~body~~ of his successes.

This much I could say with some confidence. God, the Creator, having worked

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men and women everywhere, good or bad. Thereby—so went our working assumption—we might come a little closer to ~~eventually altering, then~~

possessing, what I may as well term the spirit of the species. ~~One of our~~

~~one of our~~ more effective methods over the last two thousand years ~~has certainly been~~

to encourage religiosity of the most 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 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~~ ^{mind-boggling} contradiction, ~~vest and~~

~~perversities of existence~~

~~built in~~ proves ~~intrinsically~~ incapable of serving as a tool for the mind. ~~It~~

~~All-Good and All-Powerful is a concept to check at~~

can find no answers to the contradictions ~~now~~ embedded in human

~~experiences~~

~~existence~~ ^{by promoting exactly that concept}

(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

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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 ^{could} 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 ^{produce out of His artistic funds} create a plenitude of forms throughout the natural world, some ^{are} relatively successful (the honey-bee might be one example) and some ^{are} most improperly designed. (The dinosaur, the squid, the leech, the horse-fly, and the mosquito come immediately to mind.)

By the time He raised primates to the level of humans, He had become much too proud of this ^(which He saw as His best, highest and last) creative accomplishment. He chose to provide men and women with enough reason to exercise free will. He was prepared to permit this power to decide ^{in and of itself to} to even be free, on occasion, of Him. Just so confident was His enthusiasm, His belief in ^{His power of} this latest Creation. He did not fear that ^{people} they would burst their limits.

Such miscalculation was calamitous. It was equal to raising ^{a hound} so fierce that it powerful a beast that the hound turns on its master. God's finest creation,

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~~men and women, given free will,~~ *entrusted with free will,* (proved unmanageable — they gave every
 indication that they would, left to themselves, depose Him.) *(Say it plainly — destroy Him)* He was reduced
 to resorting to a most drastic measure. He gave up the heartfelt notion of
 engaging in a profound partnership 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 now felt obliged to go back to His *early and premature* old judgments as Jehovah.
So, He ~~and~~ proceeded through His new development of religion 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 return back 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 ~~beyond what the D.K. intends~~ and human emotions will be further

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corrupted. (For imbalance is the beginning of rot.) Accomplish our job
 well enough, pick up what ^{is left} ~~remains~~ and we may be able to alter ^{His Creation} it into ~~our~~
 Our System,
 Creation.

Through many an age, I believe that this has been the working
 intention of ^{the} ~~our~~ Maestro. And be assured that our activities have not been
 restricted to churchgoers. ^{Most individual / of the species} Other varieties of human type can ~~also be~~
^{also prove} suitable—atheists, athletes, actors, and any ^{number of} ~~we~~ ^{are} ~~might be~~
 turning bitter at the edges—I will not pursue this through the alphabet. My
 point is that as ^{we approached the 20th} ~~humankind was approaching~~ the end of the 19th ^{our} Century, the
 O.O. was contemplating a fundamental change in ^{his} ~~our~~ procedures. I was
 now inclined to ^{suspect} ~~believe~~ (that he was looking to develop a ^{new} ~~species~~ of faith
 designed expressly by him rather than by the Dummkopf. Did that mean
 that our Maestro was actually prepared to take ⁴² ~~a~~ vertiginous leap from
^{his powerful position as} ~~criticism to Creation~~ ^{formidable, critical and}
^{often effective adversary into an opposite}
^{and more unassailable position. Was he unable to}
 I could not conceive of what form such a new set of beliefs might
 require from us ^{(too} ~~I was too~~ ^{duties)} ~~mired in my duties~~ but I will say ~~that~~ the
^{averse} ~~possibility did cause~~ uneasiness. For who could know more about the
 pestilence and slovenliness of human nature than those of us who had

may
from
critic
to
Creation?

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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~~ ^{left} residue in His human beings of unfocused ^{animal} 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 throes of developing ~~this~~ ^{most} His advanced Creation! Given the ~~objective~~ ^{mean} need to protect a high but delicate level of ~~animal~~ ^{nonetheless} life that would still be able to survive through grievous and often incalculable conditions of heat, cold, ~~even occur from~~ ^{disasters} flame, and catastrophic mass death, the D.K. had to endow man (and woman, most certainly!) with a sense of self-importance crucial to their ^{creative}

survival. But, once again—was it due in part to our efforts?—~~the~~ ^{his sense of} balance ^{kept slipping} ~~did slip away from Him~~ ^{as its first product}. Human self-righteousness, so necessary to survival, ~~also~~ ^{do not} produced envy. The self-righteous, unless immensely successful, ~~cannot~~ look with equanimity upon good fortune for others—particularly not

close friends and acquaintances. Envy worked as dependably in our favor ^{supporting} as compound interest ^{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 ^{in the}

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absence of
spared/our presence, would not have been trivial. His endless reworking
of His works
Over the cons of evolution by way of 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 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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~~There is no question that~~ ^{delineate} I will yet indicate 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 ^{(while I was away, Only after this is accomplished will I} of the Hitler family in Hafeld. ~~Somewhat later, I will attempt to outline the~~ more exceptional activities we undertook in St. Petersburg and Moscow that were to culminate in May of 1896. Those eight months ^{indirectly back date} from my departure ^{may be,} in October of 1895 until my return to Austria in June of 1896 ~~were~~ expect,

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(quiet)
~~of some future importance, but having followed the intimacies of apiculture~~
~~but since I can hardly be certain that this is so,~~
~~it may be wise not to ignore its continuation at this point.~~
~~with close attention, I do not wish to ignore its continuation at this point.~~
~~at this stage.~~

Let me point, however, to a serious difficulty. My knowledge of the various experiences of Alois, Klara, and the children were communicated to me during my absence by ~~the~~ *all of the* three agents I left behind. (Naturally, given ~~the~~ *apparently* greater import of our mission ~~in~~ *to* Russia, I had brought my best assistants along.) That left me with a problem. Lesser devils are, in many a regard, comparable to lesser humans. This is particularly true of their 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 on the reports of mediocre agents, the work does lose ~~its~~ *some* tone. During my absence, I could not allocate ~~many energies~~ *my best resources* to thinking about Alois & Co. So, the account of these missing months—October '95 to June '96—~~must~~ *may* prove sketchy. What will save the value of the narrative received, however, is that there were a few notable and determining events in Adi's development (and these matters I most certainly did study ~~to a degree~~ *from a distance*). Otherwise, nothing of great moment

did occur until the return of Junior, Alois Hitler, Junior. But that was not until June, by which time I toq had returned.

My narrative will not suffer 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 level of performance. If I am not ready to explain our systems of recruitment in obtaining 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 Evil One personally on the alert for superior humans who might be ready to serve us, 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

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negotiated by the D.K. and the E.O. is altogether beyond my knowledge.)

While I cannot declare why or when it happened, I am familiar with the results. Apparently, the D.K. was willing, or necessarily obliged, to trade off a fraction of His stock of recently deceased souls clamoring for

reincarnation. Was this in order to obtain a less disruptive and dissatisfied

environment for Himself in ^(his ruling) ~~the~~ realms of the Hereafter? I suspect this ^{may have} ~~was~~

^{been the case.)}

~~so~~ (I would also assume that our O.O., looking to make his way up onto a

nearer ^{plane} ~~level~~ of equality ^{to} ~~with~~ the D.K., was, of necessity, ready to accept this exudate of spoiled human possibility. Over the centuries, over—it well may

be—the millennia, the Maestro was obliged then to ^{assign} ~~use~~ a very large part of

his resources ^{to} ~~for~~ shaping and training the low-grade and highly disturbed material we did receive. It is analogous in difficulty to developing a

symphony orchestra from soldiers cashiered out of the Foreign Legion. I

will not pursue these difficulties further ^{not} ~~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.

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

Come morning, hundreds
 they not be content? *Hundreds, then thousands of his bees, would all be*
awaiting to suck on
 in a mob *to wait* their turn against the meshcloth of the wide-mouthed jar,
working his there to suck out honey-and-water against the pull of the vacuum, *So, in the* while
dark and nicely drunken hours
 large thoughts passed through Alois like horses on parade, one thought at a
 time. He tried to count how many bees might be inhabiting the box right
 now. He could do such a calculation. He had kept a record of the weight of
 what they had been fed, but at this moment he was too illumined to make
gross such calculations. *Gross estimates only*. Call it somewhere around 20,000.
 That was bound to be the answer for each hive, more than a pound of food a
 day, every day of this January. It was cold, but he felt warm. Despite
 himself, knowing he should not really do it, no, *he really should not* ~~don't~~ disturb the bees, he
 knocked on the box anyway. Because then, through the tube, he could listen
 to the shift in sound. Were they issuing alerts? It had all gone up in pitch.
dropped down
 Like the strings of a crazy violin. Then it *came back* to quiet again. Soft.
who scratch their claws soft pads.
 Like ~~countless~~ cats, All purring while asleep.

He roused himself long enough to go into the house and get his shirt
 off and his pants. Then he fell into bed *but he uses his* still hearing a chorus. Strange
 sounds. His breath lifted over a small hesitation and down he went into

sleep. He had one final thought as immanent as one more ^{beautiful horse} ~~beast~~ on parade—
it was that he certainly enjoyed these hymns of the bees a good deal more
than the caterwauling of an infant.

His dreams, however, were not good, ^{not} that night. Soon, they turned as
foul as stale beer on stomach-misery. He entered a large and cavernous
interior where, to his lack of surprise, ^{he found himself} ~~there he was~~ living among his bees.
It was not agreeable. They were ~~all~~ defecating, and there he was, one of
many, suffering ^{just like} ~~(like these~~ other brother-creatures—no, sister-creatures—
wasting away in contractions of a severe bowel disease, all of them
defecating all over the narrow aisles of the Langstroth box—what a foul and
filthy vision.

He looked to rouse himself. Because this was a dream. Healthy bees
did not defecate in their own habitat (except perhaps for the worst and
laziest of the drones) no, he had heard ^{the} ~~his~~ bees in ^{the} ~~their~~ hive, and their sound
was honorable. They would wait until the weather was warm enough for
them to go ^{outdoors} ~~out of the hive~~ and only then would they do their duty.

Now he was awake, ^{yet} ~~but~~ still agitated by the dream. ^{It had certainly} ~~There had been a~~
~~long spell that had~~ ^{yet} been too cold for ^{the} ~~bees~~ to dare to go ^{yet} ~~out~~ into this early

February air. As Alois lay there he felt painfully aware of all the excrement ~~that had been~~ building up in his colonies over all these months. How could these little creatures hold it in? And once again he tried to recall the sounds of the hive. Had he really heard contentment ~~coming~~ ^{rising} from their midst? These were bees. Could he really detect the difference between happiness and panic, calm and near-madness? Yes, he told himself, he did know—he was sure they were content.

It was warm in the morning, the first warm morning of early February, a thaw, and as Alois came out of the house, the ~~bees~~ ^{damn creatures} were everywhere in the air, hundreds of them, thousands—who could count? They were leaving their droppings all over the place, fifty and then a hundred feet ~~out and~~ away from the two hive-boxes, such a curious caca! It smelled like ripe bananas, and was so visible on the snow, a field of white dotted with yellow spots. Innumerable yellow spots out there in a big circle around the hive bench. Hanging on a clothesline, Klara's laundry ~~was~~ ^{had} also ~~become~~ ^{all spotted again} part of it. ~~So many of Paula's diapers!~~ An immense defecation. Alois stepped it off. Yes, you could even find yellow spots in the snow one hundred paces away from the hive boxes.

Klara was ^{as} furious as she dared to be. ~~All that clean laundry now~~
~~stained.~~ "You never told me to be careful," she said to her husband.

"It is too bad," he said, "that you will have this work to do again. But how can one apologize? It is, after all, an act we have received from that good God you are so sure is yours."

She walked away. A half hour later, water boiling in two huge pots, she took the soiled garments off the line and set out to do them again.

Alois was not about to tell himself that he felt sorry. Rather, he was ~~so~~ happy for the bees. What delight they had shown while they flew about. Since it was a Saturday, Adi was nearby in the meadows and Alois, on impulse, decided to call him over. Let him hear ~~the sound of~~ some real talk.

"Everybody shits," he told the boy. "Everything shits, all things living. That is as it should be. What you keep in mind is that you learn how to get rid of shit or it will shit on you. Understand? You ~~must~~ keep yourself clean, do you hear? Look at these bees. They are wonderful. They hold it in all winter. They are determined not to dirty the hive. We can do the same. We are good people. Where we live is where we keep everything spotless."

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"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, Adi remembered the time when Alois, Junior, had stuck a dab of excrement right on him, right ^{out} on his nose, and the ^{even} recollection ^{of it now} brought forth the oddest cry from Adi's throat, so humiliated, so full of glee. ~~Now~~ Adi could not get over his excitement at the cleansing flight. Those bees had been so happy. They ^{were} ~~seemed to be~~ dancing in the wind. There had been so much caca in them, and now they were light. They were free. He couldn't help it. He couldn't stop his giggles. It had all made his mother so angry.

Now he remembered what Angela had whispered to him one morning.

"Your mother has a saying," she said. "Kinder, Kucher, Kirche." He nodded. He had heard it already. He yawned in ^{her face,} ~~boredom~~.

"Oh, you think you know it all already," Angela said, "but you don't. There is a secret word as well ^{I know} that ^{of the words} I was told."

"By who? By my mother?"

"I can't say. I have to keep ^{the} ~~the~~ secret. It is a secret word."

"Who told you?"

She could see he was ready to ^{burst} ~~enter~~ into a tantrum. "All right. I will let you know," she said. "I heard it ^{yes} ~~from~~ your mother, your dear mother who loves me even if I am not hers."

"Tell me or I will yell and she will hear."

"That is you. That is just as mean as you." She held him by the ear.

"Remember," she said, "she told me in secret that the real saying is, 'Kinder, Kucher, Kirche und. . .'" she started to giggle. "und Kacke!"

Now, he was giggling as well. Oh, those bees, worse than babies. He had a crazy picture of every bee with a diaper, the tiniest diaper. He was laughing so hard that he felt like urinating, and that made him think of Der Alte who came into his thoughts so often, especially when he had to urinate.

Now, Adi realized that he would like to visit Der Alte, yes, he wanted to, so much.

Next day, Sunday, was warm again, and once more the bees were out. Adi started to run up and down the meadow, as if to use up the impulse to visit the old man, but in his mind he kept seeing each turn of the forest road,

and so he knew he could find the hut. This was so much more than an impulse. The desire to make such a trip by himself was as sure as if a rope was pulling on him.

He went. And Der Alte, prepared for the visit (by the same message, for certain, that Adi had received) was there once again at the door, but the tablespoon of honey was not yet in his hand, no, for that, Adi now had to sit on his lap. "Yes, you are such a good boy," Der Alte said, "I can love you like a grandson, and you will never need to be afraid of me."

The boy was not afraid, or, yet, perhaps a little. In school, they had fairy tales to read, and sometimes there were ogres in the forest and evil spirits could change little children into birds or mice, or pigs or goats. However, it did not feel this way sitting on the legs of Der Alte. It was better than his father's lap. That was never so nice as this. He never knew when his father would blow pipe smoke into his face. Then, when he coughed, his father would laugh. No, Der Alte was a nicer man.

And indeed, they sat there long after Adi had tasted all of the spoonful of honey and was warm, and felt happy with Der Alte's old hand resting on his knee.

After a considerable part of an hour has passed, Adi began, however, to feel less comfortable. Would his mother begin to wonder where he was?

But when he stirred, Der Alte said a few words which ^{caused the same} felt as surprising as ^{sense of surprise as} ~~turning a page in a book~~ ^{when there} ~~There~~ before you was a nice picture.

"Do not tell this to anyone," said Der Alte, "but I am trying to make one of my little bees happy. For that, I have asked it to live by itself, near to me."

"Does it try to talk?"

"It can make sounds. For certain!" Der Alte smiled. "But no, dear boy, I do not try to encourage this little bee to speak. That ^{is certainly} ~~might be~~ too much to ask. I just try to make her happy. Which is not so easy now ^{that} ~~(she~~ must live alone in a small ^{Queen} box I have ~~made~~ just for her, ^{even if she is} ~~not a Queen.~~ ^{can} ~~My father~~ says that bees live only for other bees. They are—" he searched to remember the expression—"they are servants of the community."

"Your father is absolutely correct. Bees who live in a hive do not seek to live alone."

"Even if you feed ^{one of them} ~~it~~ good things?"

"You are the smartest ~~little~~ ^{Looking to see} boy I know. Yes, I am ~~seeing~~ ^{what will} happen if I keep my one bee warm and most well-fed, and ~~I~~ ^{he} think about it all the time with all the good feeling that is in my heart. Of course, should I happen to pay a visit to the other room, I always ^{take care to} speak to it. That is twenty times a day. It cannot comprehend what I am saying. But I want it to know that I am there. Sometimes I take it out of the box."

"Doesn't it fly away?"

"Oh, no, I have prevented such a possibility." He touched the boy's head tenderly. "When I take it out of its little box, it jumps around, but stays on the table."

"Does it have no wings?"

There was a pause. "No longer does it have wings."

Adi knew. No need to ask. He felt such a mix of good feelings trying to lift out of ~~the~~ bad ones. So, before he left, he asked to go into the other room of the hut. Could he look at the bee in the little box?

Of course, it had no wings. That he known would be so. Yet, the bee was frisky and it jumped about in a flurry of excitement when Der Alte let it

out of the box. Indeed, it hopped onto the tip of the old man's finger which had been dipped into honey.

"I do not know if ^{much} ~~it~~ will happen," said Der Alte. "What I am doing is difficult. I see ~~a~~ little chance for success. But how wonderful if I brighten the feelings of this hitherto insignificant little creature. Can I lift it to a level other bees do not attain? I feel for her. She is so lonely. She misses that horde of sisters she has lived among through the winter. She is loneliness itself. But I am ready to try to bring to her the sweetness of relief when loneliness is replaced by well-being, yes, das gute Wohl."

"Oh," said Adi, "I hope you are able to do that. It is so sad to be lonely. Sometimes I am lonely. ^{So} I know. You make me afraid that this bee will die."

"Sooner or later, it must. It will die. But I want to see if I can make it happy for a little while."

"Yes," said Adi, "I see. You love this one more than the others."

"Maybe a little," said Der Alte, "^{So} ~~maybe a lot~~." Next time you visit, we will see if I have made progress."

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"Yes," said Adi, "I see. You love this one more than the others."

"Maybe a little," said Der Alte, "~~maybe a lot~~". "Next time you visit, we will see if I have made progress."

Let us recognize that what has just been recounted is ^{likely} bound to leave the reader in ^{uneasy} a state of some uneasiness. If, for some, interest in Der Alte might ^{now} be hobbled by the suspicion that he is a madman and dangerous, conceivably, in his senility, let me explain that this outlandish pursuit of das ^(well-being) Wohl for one isolated bee, an obviously miserable and stupid procedure (particularly after he has ^{chosen to} crippled its wings!) is not without purpose. Purpose for us, that is. We have to test the immutability, if you will, of the instincts that the Dummkopf has placed in his vast consortium of creatures. The oddest experiments can ^{and do} reveal much to us. Moreover, it always makes for good economy to put some of our old clients (and devils!) like Der Alte ^{on} to a bit of new work in their old age.

That we have also allowed Adi to become involved to a degree in this bizarre venture is not a matter I was prepared to understand at the time (certainly not from a post in St. Petersburg) but I knew it conformed to the Maestro's inclinations, ~~whatever they were~~. Once again, I was there to serve rather than to comprehend. I will say that one outcome did become clear to me. ^{This} The wingless little embodiment of loneliness died before Adi was to pay his next visit, but we did learn a few things about the readiness of well-

fed Italian bees to survive without constant consanguinity. It seemed that they did not have to dwell in their crowded tenement cities in order to keep existing, it was just that they did not live as long.

What was also to the point is that Der Alte and Adi did have tears in their eyes on the boy's next visit and were closer than ever. That was certainly to the Macstro's fancy.

(401)

7.

Albi may have been close to staggering
 from drink but he was most certainly
 feeling alive. ^{So, he} did not ~~even~~ enter the
~~his~~ house ~~about~~ on his return, but
 sat down on the bench by the ~~front~~
 wide-eyes and finally pulled tube
 out of his pocket which he had taken
 with him before ~~going out~~ ^{leaving} ~~at~~ ^{in the} ~~light~~
 for the town. He ~~was not~~ ^{was} hungry, ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~could~~ ^{could} ~~wait~~ ^{wait}. Clara would have left
 him and he ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~potatoes~~ ^{potatoes} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~plums~~ ^{plums}
~~before going to~~ ^{plums} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~cucumber salad~~ ^{cucumber salad}
~~too he would~~ ^{he would} ~~wait~~ ^{wait} ~~but~~ ^{but} ~~first~~ ^{first}
 before going out, and of course he could
 still taste the cucumbers whenever he
 desired, but that was for lack of
 more beer. No hurry at all could he
 feel sitting by the boxes - he had
 his rubber tube and thus he placed ~~it~~ ^{it}
 against the involuntaries 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 well,

of contentment, he could just about (402)
swear, and, of course, when not when you
think of all the food he fed them through
the aperture on the top, in which of them, then
then thousands, all clustered off in their
turn against the fine mesh of the
the wide-mouthed jar pushing out honey
and water against the pull of the vacuum
now at the top of the jar ~~now~~ now that it
ceases to flow up - these thoughts passed
like horses on parade, one after the other
he tried to count how many bees might
be inhabiting the box by measure of
the weight of what they were fed, but
he was too ill-minded to make such
calculations, somewhere between 10,000
bees and 70,000 ~~bees~~ was bound to
be the answer for each liter, more than
a pound of food a day, every day, of their
journey. It was cold, but he was
still warm, and despite himself
knowing he should not really do it,
he, don'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 on
pitch, curious, these sounds. Like the
strings of a crazy violin then quiet
again, soft, like hundreds of cats
purring while asleep.
He roused himself long enough
to go in and get into the box

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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 bee sounds, he had been
listening to just minutes ago, and as
~~decided~~ his breath passed over
a small ^{ridge of intimacy and leanness} ~~detached~~ ^{into sleep}, that
he enjoyed ~~the~~ these recreation - sounds a
good deal more than the yips and blats
and outright caterwauling of an
infant, the new one especially.

His dreams, however, were not good
that night, as foul as stale beer 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 bees, yes,
he had passed away and become
a bee, a denizen of the hive, and it
was not pleasant. The bees were
defecating all over the place, yes,
the bees were in one filthy condition
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

the dream, because this was a dream. (404)
 was impossible. Healthy bees did not
 defecate in their own habitat (except
 perhaps for large drones), nor, he had
 heard the sound of bees 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 bees
 to dare to go out into the ~~late~~ early
 February air, and Alain had thought, and
 had to think of all the excrement building
 up in the little interior of their bees over
 all these months, how long could they
 possibly hold it? How awful it must
 be. And he tried again to recall the sound
 of the hive. Had he been amiss to
 assume that had been contentment
 among them, these poor bees. Could he
 begin to detect the difference between
 happiness and misery, stability and
 near-madness? No, he told himself,
 he did know. These bees had not
 been suffering, he was sure that 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 bees were long gone in the

air, hundreds of them, thousands (105)
- who could count? They were leaving their
droppings ^{in a swirl} over the place, about fifty
and then a hundred feet out and
away from their little boxes, each
a curious ~~area~~ smelling like ripe
~~banana~~ banana, and so visible on the
snow, this huge circle of white with
innumerable yellow spots. Klara's
laundry on the line was also part
of it, ~~plus so many of~~ plus so many of
Paula's diapers. It was an immense
defecation. Alois ~~passed it off~~ ^{stopped it off}. Yes,
you could still ~~find~~ ^{see} yellow spots
one ~~hundred~~ ^{hundred} ~~yards~~ ^{yards} away from
the ~~house~~ ^{house} with the little boxes.
Klara was as furious as she dared
to be. All the clean laundry now
stained. "You need a lot of me to be
careful," she said to her husband.
"I am sorry," he said, "that you
will have all this work again. But
what can one do. It is, after all, one
of ~~you~~ ^{you} an act from your God."
She walked away. One more
impossibility for Klara to swallow.
A half hour later, under her hair
in two huge pots, she collected the

out raged garments, and set out 40¢ to do them again.

Alois could not really tell himself that he ~~felt~~ 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 and Alois, an impulsive, decided to introduce him ~~into~~ to some real talk about a few real subjects.

"Everybody slits," he told the boy. "Everything slits, all things slaying. You learn how to get rid of slit, or it will live with you. It will ruin you. Understood? You have to keep your self clean, deeper hear? Look at these kees, they are wonderful. Wunderkees! they hold it in all kees, so they won't dirty the kee. You be the same. Be the good people. Keep everything clean and better, 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, Adi remembered when Alois, junior, had ~~put~~ ^{stuck} a dab

Hacke

(407)

of excitement right on his nose, ~~that~~
~~something standing~~ and the recollection
~~was a long way from being brought~~
~~from birth to the present~~ forth the oddest cry from his throat,
 so humiliating so full of gloom that
 he was clanking with discomfort
 and wanted to urinate. He could not
 get over his excitement at the clearing
 flight. Those bees had been so happy,
 were they dancing in the wind? There
 had been so much excitement in
 them, and now they were light, they
 were free, he couldn't help it. He
~~couldn't stop his~~
~~couldn't stop his~~ giggles that his mother
 was so full of joy at what had
 happened to the laundry.

Now he remembered that Angela
 had whispered to him one morning
 on the way to school, "the ~~mother~~
 women have a saying," she said
 "Kinder, Kucher, Kuche." He nodded,
 he had heard it already.

"Time is more to it," said. "just
 ask your mother. Clara told it to me,
 "Kinder, Kucher, Kuche and Kache."
 You understand."

In the midst of his giggling
 Adi realized that he ~~was~~ really
 like to visit his mother. He ~~thought~~ it
 did not also make him so fat.

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 near to eight months. I can add that this alert arrived on just the evening early in October of 1895 when Alois completed his apicultural negotiations. Two Langstroth boxes were purchased from Der Alte with a colony of bees installed in each, as well as all the necessary supplies, plus a variety of tools,

and enough pollen and honey to feed these newly-acquired inhabitants through the winter.

Once purchased, the goods were transported by Alois and his dray from Der Alte's premises to the Hitler home on the same evening.

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 on a bench 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 carry a calculation from the kronen and gulder of Alois' era to the hegemony of the present American dollar. The discrepancies in the relative change of value of separate product distorts any sense of the comparative costs. Since Alois' pension in that year may have been the equivalent of sixty or seventy thousand dollars a year now, I can say that he found the expenditures dear to him. Der Alte sold him a sufficiency of items (necessary and some not-quite-necessary) that might come to the equivalent of a thousand dollars in the new millennium. Alois, fully anticipating that he would pay too much, was weary, nonetheless, of dealing with the old man

and so did not press beyond the small satisfaction of acquiring 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 characteristic determination (and ferocity if he thought he was being cheated.)

However, it was at just this point that I was ordered to leave Adi and the other members of the family (as well as the rest of my clients in that area of Austria.) Three of my agents were deputized to remain and I embarked for St. Petersburg where I was soon brought to focus on the needs and dimensions of a 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, at this point, too complex a matter to discuss. While devils are able to travel in the guise of human beings, that is, we can certainly insinuate ourselves for a reasonable period 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 prefer to employ more rapid means. (But, of that, I will wait to speak.) For now, leave it that I was

instructed to take the quick track and begin my orientation into the late Nineteenth Century Russian soul—belly, vices, beliefs, harmonies and inner disharmonies—by morning of the next day. Once 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 day-to-day variations in the 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. If a devil is ready to afford a few personal desires (other than the over-arching demand to satisfy the Maestro) then I had, I confess, become a little too full of the Hitler family's intimacies. While they were the focus of my interest in that region, 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 who were working for him knew as much. Even at the time, I expected that this new venture would come to more than any of our recent efforts to

disrupt the purposes of the other side. It is true. I swear it. I could feel a metamorphosis forming in the intentions of our leader.

Now, I will make one apology, but I do not care to repeat it. Having read the best and worst of novels for many years (which is, to remind you, part of a good devil's education) I should know by now (and do!) that not even the best of readers will put up for long with an author who is ready to leave his narrative long enough to jump into what must seem, at first, an 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 put 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. While I can hardly guarantee that they are of real substance, I will say I more than suspected that the D.K. had become critically dissatisfied with the formal religions who claimed to be serving in His name. (This, of course, must exclude reference to Buddhism, Confucianism, Taoism, and any other sects or faiths that are based on human leaders instead of God.)

No, it is the unhappy strictures and structures of the Catholics, the Protestants, the Orthodox Jews, the Reformed Jews, the Sunnis and the Shi'ites for which He must be held responsible. He proved unable to alter these developed forms of worship more to His taste. Humans—many of the worst sort—were now the overlords, and given the tenacity of the priests, reverends, rabbis and imams who had attached themselves to such concentrations of power to control human motivation, these religious officers of God were now ineradicable. They dominated their respective systems rather than their so-called Good God.

So that was one element in my attempt to understand why we were to be present at the Coronation. God must have some special hopes for the occasion, and our Maestro must consider them of sufficient new importance to be thwarted.

If I asked myself what might be new, it did seem to me that the characteristic stance of our leader had also shifted. Or, so I presumed. I must explain that for many centuries our O.O. had been an incisive and often most effective critic of the D.K.—it can be asserted that the tail of His errors might be considerably longer (and greater in weight) than the bulk and body of His successes.

This much I could say with some confidence. God, the Creator, having worked His way through the locks, hazards, and blind alleys of evolution, had, by the end, trapped Himself into any number of grievous misjudgments concerning the potentialities of humankind. In contrast, the O.O. had kept us sensitive enough to the D.K.'s endeavors to be able to give momentum to every misdirection of His human beings. Usually, our task was not to create, but to expedite 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 possessing what I may as well term the spirit of the species. Over the last two thousand years, one of our more effective methods has been to encourage religiosity of the most organized sort. If we came up short now and again—usually with luminous individuals (saints), we did succeed in warping the intelligence of a good many humans. You can find fine folk everywhere who are locked into a mosque, a synagogue, or a church, all clinging to the same oxymoron. Despite every other difference, they are all attached to the obtuse belief that God is All-Good and All-Powerful. This premise—given its mind-boggling contradiction to the perversities of existence—proves incapable of serving as a tool for the mind. All-Good and All-Powerful is a concept to chafe at the contradictions embedded in human experience. By that means, by promoting exactly that concept, 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, 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 could never perceive.

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 produce out of His artistic funds a plenitude of forms throughout the natural world. Some are relatively successful (the honey-bee might be one example) and some are most improperly designed. (The dinosaur, the squid, the leech, the horse-fly, and the mosquito come immediately to mind.)

By the time He raised primates to the level of humans, He had become much too proud of this creative accomplishment (which He saw as His best, highest and last). He chose to provide men and women with enough reason to exercise free will. He was prepared to permit this power to decide in and of itself to be free, on occasion, of Him. Just so confident was His enthusiasm, His belief in His powers of Creation. He did not fear that people would burst their limits.

Such miscalculation was calamitous. It was equal to raising so a hound so fierce that it turns on its master. God's finest creation, men and women,

endowed with free will, proved unmanageable—they gave every indication that they would, left to themselves, depose Him. (Say it plainly—destroy Him.) He was reduced to resorting to a most drastic measure. He gave up the heartfelt notion of engaging in a profound partnership 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 now felt obliged to go back to His old early and premature judgments as Jehovah. So, He proceeded through His new development of religion 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 return back 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, and human emotions will be further corrupted. (For imbalance is the beginning of rot.) Accomplish our job well enough, pick up what is left, and we may be able to alter His Creation into Our System.

Through many an age, I believe that this has been the working intention of the Maestro. Be assured that our activities have not been restricted to churchgoers. More invidious varieties of the species also prove suitable—atheists, athletes, actors, and any number of angels who are turning bitter at the edges—I will not pursue this through the alphabet. My point is that as we approached the 20th Century, our O.O. was contemplating a fundamental change in his procedures. I was now inclined to suspect that he was looking to develop a new faith designed expressly by him rather than by the Dummkopf. Did that mean that our Maestro was actually prepared to take a vertiginous leap from his powerful position as a formidable, critical, and often effective adversary into an opposite and more unforeseeable position? Was he ready to move from Critic to Creator?

I could not conceive of what form such a new set of beliefs might require from us (too mired in my duties!) but I will say the possibility did arouse 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 inflame all that was soft and misbegotten in the D.K.'s calculations. I need not even speak of His miscalculations—all the residue left in His human beings of unfocused animal 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 throes of developing His most advanced Creation! Given an objective need to protect a high but delicate level of life that would nonetheless be able to survive through grievous and often incalculable conditions of heat, cold, flame, even recover from catastrophic disasters, the D.K. had to endow man (and woman, most certainly!) with a sense of self-importance crucial to their survival. But, once again—was it due in part to our efforts?—His sense of creative balance kept slipping away. Human self-righteousness, so necessary to survival, produced envy as its first product. The self-righteous, unless immensely successful, do not look with equanimity upon good fortune for others—particularly not close friends and acquaintances. Envy worked as dependably in our favor as compound interest supplements 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 in the absence of our presence, would not have been trivial. Over the eons of evolution, His endless reworking of His works by way of 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 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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I will yet delineate 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 while I was away. Only after this is accomplished will I attempt to outline the more exceptional activities we undertook in St. Petersburg and Moscow that were to culminate in May of 1896. Those eight months which date from my departure in October of 1895 until my return to Austria in June of 1896 may be, I expect, of greater future importance than the quiet boyhood of Adolf Hitler, but since I can hardly be certain that this is so, it may be wise not to ignore the modest events in Hafeld at this stage.

Let me point, however, to a serious difficulty. My knowledge of the various experiences of Alois, Klara, and the children were communicated to me during my absence by all three of the agents I left behind. (Naturally, given the apparently greater import of our mission to Russia, I had brought my best assistants along.) That left me with a problem. Lesser devils are, in many a regard, comparable to lesser humans. This is particularly true of their insensitivity to significant detail.

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My narrative will not suffer 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 level of performance. If I am not ready to explain our systems of recruitment in obtaining 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 Evil One personally on the alert for superior humans who might be ready to serve us, or, as is more usually the case, do they come to us as lower varieties of humans, a brood of rejected spawn? These last are often individuals who were so disheartened, infuriated, demoralized, or altogether outraged by what they perceived in the hour of their death as a shocking demotion of their prospects for a good reincarnation—a new life they might deem worthy of their merits—that they opted out, simple as that, they declared their desire to be liberated from the wheel of human reincarnation in order to serve another power, us! (How this arrangement was ever negotiated by the D.K. and the E.O. is altogether beyond my knowledge.) While I cannot declare why or when it happened, I am familiar with the results. Apparently, the D.K. was

willing, or necessarily obliged, to trade off a fraction of His stock of recently deceased souls clamoring for reincarnation. Was this in order to obtain a less disruptive and dissatisfied environment for Himself in His ruling realms of the Hereafter? I suspect this may have been the case. I would also assume that our O.O., looking to make his way up onto a nearer plane of equality to the D.K., was, of necessity, ready to accept this exudate of spoiled human possibility. Over the centuries, over—it well may be—the millennia, the Maestro was obliged then to assign a very large part of his resources to shaping and training the low-grade and highly disturbed material we did receive. It is analogous in difficulty to developing a symphony orchestra from soldiers cashiered out of the Foreign Legion. I will not pursue these difficulties further. Not 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 my small improvement on the summary I received of what went on with Alois, his bees, his wife, and his children from the end of 1895 until the following summer.

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Book IV

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I must now inform the reader of an unexpected summons from the Maestro ^{which} ~~It~~ would remove me from Alois Hitler and his family for near to eight months. I can add that this alert arrived on ~~just~~ the evening early in October of 1895 when Alois completed his apicultural negotiations. Two Langstroth boxes ^{a host of} were purchased from Der Alte with a colony of bees installed in each, as well as all the necessary supplies, plus a variety of tools.

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and enough pollen and honey to feed these newly-acquired inhabitants through the winter.

Once purchased, the goods were transported by Alois and his dray from Der Altie's premises to the Hitler home on the same evening. *If was*
(to) ~~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 on a bench 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 carry a calculation from the kronen and gulder of Alois' era to the hegemony of the present American dollar. ~~The discrepancies in the dollar - there are too many discrepancies in the relative change of value of separate product distort any sense of the~~ ~~often the rough estimate~~ ~~comparative sense~~ ~~Since~~ Alois' pension in ~~that year~~ ¹⁸⁹⁶ may have been the equivalent of sixty or seventy thousand dollars a year ~~now~~ ^{in this era, and so}. I can say that he found the ^{new} expenditures dear to him. Der Alte sold him a sufficiency of items (necessary and some not-quite-necessary) ^{today} that might come to the equivalent of a thousand dollars ~~at the beginning of the twentieth century~~ ^{in the new millennium}. Alois, fully anticipating that he would pay too much, was weary, nonetheless, of dealing with the old man

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and so did not press beyond the small satisfaction of acquiring 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 characteristic determination (and ferocity) if he thought he was being cheated.)

However, it was at just this point that I was ordered to leave Adi and the other members of the family (as well as the ~~rest of my clients~~ ^{whole of my other} in that area of Austria.) Three of my agents were deputized to remain and I embarked for St. Petersburg where I was ~~soon~~ ^{quickly} brought to focus on the needs and dimensions of a 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, at this point, too ~~complex~~ ^{advanced} a matter to discuss. While devils are able to travel in the guise of human beings, that is, we can certainly insinuate ourselves for a reasonable period 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 prefer to employ more rapid means. (But, of that, I will wait to speak.) For now, leave it that I was

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instructed to ^{move by} take the quick track and ^{commence} begin my orientation into the late Nineteenth Century Russian soul—belly, vices, beliefs, harmonies and inner disharmonies—by morning of the next day. Once 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 ^{reported were} day-to-day variations in the temperament of the dog, Luther, and the horses, Ulan and Graubart, ^{were reported} but that was by summary. ^{In any event none of that was} for the most part, and ^{concerning} cannot be comparable in interest to the new venture.

If a devil is ready to afford a few personal desires (other than the over-arching demand to satisfy the Maestro) then I had, I confess, become a little too full of the Hitler family's intimacies. While they were the focus of my interest in that region, 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 who were working for him knew as much. Even at the time, I expected that this ^{engagement} new venture would come to more than any of our recent efforts to

move it and
disrupt the purposes of the other side. It is true. I swear it. I could feel a metamorphosis forming in the intentions of our leader.

although I will do my best not
Now, I will make one apology, but I do not care to repeat it. Having
(Good readers do not purchase novels in order to put up
read the best and worst of novels for many years (which is, to remind you,

part of a good devil's education) I should know by now (and do!) that not even the best of readers will put up for long with an author who is ready to leave his narrative long enough to jump into what must seem, at first, an

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 *many closer* 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.)

*with
apologies
I have
to say,
however,
that
having*

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

For that I ^{must} ~~can only~~ offer my own set of explanations. While I can hardly guarantee that they are ^{wholly dependable,} ~~of real substance,~~ I will say I ^{have long} ~~more than~~ suspected that ^(our mighty opponent, the D.K.) ~~the D.K. had become~~ ^{critically dissatisfied with the formal} religions who claimed to be serving in His name. (This, of course, must exclude reference to Buddhism, Confucianism, Taoism, and any other sects or faiths ^{rather than texts dictated by} ~~that are~~ based on human leaders ^{instead of} ~~instead of~~ God.)

No, it is the unhappy strictures and structures of the Catholics, the Protestants, the Orthodox Jews, the Reformed Jews, the Sunnis and the Shi'ites for which He must be held responsible. ^(Yes — that is the usual — responsible.) He proved unable to alter these developed forms of worship more to His taste. Humans—many of the worst sort—were now the overlords, and given the tenacity of the priests, reverends, rabbis and imams who had attached themselves to such concentrations of power ^(in order precisely) to control human motivation, these religious officers of God had so installed themselves in the mind of God ^{of God were now} ~~of God were now~~ ineradicable. They dominated their respective systems. ^{They} ~~God had become~~ ^{had succeeded in excluding} ~~rather than their so-called Good God~~ ^{God from his highest position} ~~humans,~~

humanizing that they were not all but

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~~So that was one element~~ *the Maestro had*
~~in my attempt to understand why we were to~~
~~brought so many of us in~~
 be present at the Coronation. ~~God must have some special hopes for the~~
~~D.K. had generated some special hopes for the occasion~~ *I had come to conclude that the*
~~and our Maestro must consider them of sufficient importance~~
~~In response~~
 to be thwarted.

~~It also seemed~~
 If I asked myself what might be new, it did seem to me that the

characteristic stance of our leader had also shifted. ~~(Or, so I presumed)~~ *I can*
~~must explain~~ *certainly make the assertion*
 that for many centuries our O.O. had been an incisive and often
 most effective critic of the D.K. ~~it can be asserted that the tail of~~ *whose*
 might be considerably *larger* (and greater in weight) than the bulk and body
 of His successes. *So with confidence, I would add that*

~~This much I could say with some confidence.~~ (God, the Creator, having
 worked His way through the locks, hazards, and blind alleys of evolution,
 had, by the end, trapped Himself into any number of grievous misjudgments
~~concerning~~ *about* the potentialities of humankind. In contrast, the O.O. had kept us
 sensitive enough to the D.K.'s endeavors to be able to ~~give~~ *add* momentum to
 every misdirection of His human beings. ~~Usually, our task was not to create,~~
~~but to expedite~~ *expedite, indeed* the sum of emotional dissatisfaction *in* among men and women
 everywhere, good or bad. Thereby—so went our working assumption—we

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might come a little closer to possessing what I may as well term the spirit of

the species. Over the last two thousand years, one of our more effective

methods has been to encourage religiosity of the most organized sort. If we ~~found and~~ ~~signatures~~ ~~have~~

~~came~~ ~~came~~ up short now and again—usually ~~by encounters~~ with luminous individuals (saints), we

did succeed in warping the intelligence of a good many humans. You can

find fine folk everywhere who are locked into a mosque, a synagogue, or a

church, all clinging to the same oxymoron. Despite every other difference,

they are all attached to the obtuse belief that God is All-Good and All-

Powerful. This premise—given its mind-boggling contradiction to ~~the~~ ~~every evidence~~

~~of the~~ perversities of existence—proves incapable of serving as a tool for the mind.

~~As a concept~~ All-Good and All-Powerful ~~is a concept to chafe~~ ~~chafes ceaselessly~~ at the contradictions

embedded in human experience. ~~By that means~~ ~~so~~ by promoting exactly that

concept, 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, 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! ~~(Be born again, yes!)~~ How

ready they were to believe they were serving God ^{even as they began to} ~~all the while they were~~
 working for us in ways they could never perceive.

~~Now, the advantage we have obtained here, is,~~
 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}
~~out of His artistic funds~~ that He can produce ~~out of His artistic funds~~ a plenitude of forms throughout
 the natural world. Some are relatively successful (the honey-bee might be
 one example) and some are most improperly designed. (The dinosaur, the
 squid, the leech, the horse-fly, and the mosquito come immediately to mind.)

By the time He raised primates to the level of humans, He had become
 much too proud of ^{His best} ~~this~~ creative accomplishment (which He saw as His best.)

~~highest and best~~ He chose to provide men and women with enough reason
 to exercise free will. He was prepared to permit this power to decide in and
~~of itself~~ ^{most} to be free, on occasions of Him. Just so confident was His
 enthusiasm, His belief in His powers of Creation. He did not fear that people
 would burst ^{the} ~~their~~ limits, ^{he expected from them.}

Such miscalculation was calamitous. It was equal to raising ~~a~~ ^{who} a hound
 so fierce that it turns on its master. God's finest creation, men and women,

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once endowed with free will, proved unmanageable—they gave every indication that they would, left to themselves, depose Him. (Say it plainly—destroy Him.) ^{so, he had to resort} He was reduced to resorting to a most drastic measure. He gave up the heartfelt notion of engaging in a profound partnership with this highest ^{some form of} 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 now felt obliged to go back to His old early and premature judgments as Jehovah. So, He proceeded through His new development of religion 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 return back to oppression opened vast territories to the Maestro. I

will put it simply. Our cause, as I comprehend it, is to diminish the ^{what is admitted} 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 will} that is ever more intense and more mindless. Distort the brains of men and

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women, and human emotions will be further corrupted. (For imbalance is the beginning of rot.) Accomplish our job well enough, pick up what is left, and we may be able to alter His Creation into Our System.

Through many an age, I believe that this has been the working intention of the Maestro. Be assured that our activities have not been restricted to churchgoers. More individual varieties of the species also prove suitable—*(while requiring more skills of entrapment can still)* atheists, athletes, actors, and any number of angels who are turning bitter at the edges—I will not pursue this through the alphabet. My point is that as we approached the 20th Century, our O.O. was contemplating a fundamental change in his procedures. *had come to believe that* ~~I was now inclined to suspect that~~ he was looking to develop a new faith designed expressly by him rather than by the

~~Dumakop~~ Did that mean that our Maestro was actually prepared to take *the present* a veriginous leap from his powerful position as a formidable, critical, and often *conducive* effective adversary into an opposite and more unforeseeable position? Was he ready to move from Critic to Creator, *from rebel to leader?*

I could not conceive of what form such a new set of beliefs might require from us *I was much* ~~too~~ mired in my duties ~~but~~ I will say the possibility did arouse uneasiness. For who could know more about the pestilence and

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slovenliness of human nature than those of us who had worked through the centuries to inflame all that was ~~soft and~~ misbegotten in the D.K.'s calculations. I need not even speak of His miscalculations—all the residue left in His human beings of unfocused animal 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 throes of developing His most advanced Creation! Given an objective need to protect a high but delicate level of life that would nonetheless be able to survive through grievous and often incalculable conditions of heat, cold, flame, ^{and} ~~even~~ recover from catastrophic disasters, the D.K. had to endow man (and woman, most certainly!) with a sense of self-importance crucial to their survival. But, once again—was it due in part to our efforts?—His sense of creative balance ^{was awry} ~~kept slipping away~~. Human self-righteousness, so necessary to survival, ^{soon} ~~produced~~ envy as its first product. The self-righteous, unless immensely successful, do not look with equanimity upon good fortune for others—particularly not close friends and acquaintances. Envy worked as dependably in our favor as compound interest ^{services} ~~supplements~~ an investment. The D.K.'s powers to fashion new varieties of Creation were once—it must again be admitted—immense, but

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His skills as a cosmic engineer were wanting. His problems, even in the absence of our presence, would not have been trivial. Over the eons of evolution, His endless reworking of His ^{own} works by way of 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 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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I will yet delineate 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 *during the period when* while I was away. Only after this is accomplished will I attempt to outline the more exceptional activities we undertook in St. Petersburg and Moscow ~~that were to culminate in May of 1896.~~ *all* Those eight months which date from my departure in October of 1895 until my return to Austria in June of 1896 *for Adolf Hitler* may be, I expect, of greater future importance *than the quiet boyhood of* ~~Adolf Hitler~~, but since I can hardly be certain that this is so, it may be wise not to ignore the ~~modest~~ *no matter how modest they were,* events in Hafeld at this stage.

FROM :nm

FAX NO. :5084872136

May. 24 2004 01:25AM P15

FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243782

May. 21 2004 05:14PM 00

Book 4 chs 1-6 double, ch 7, double, chs 8-11 triple 5/21/04

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Let me point, however, to a serious difficulty. My knowledge of the various experiences of Alois, Klara, and the children were communicated to me during my absence by all three of the agents I left behind. (Naturally, given the apparently greater import of our mission to Russia, I had brought my best assistants along.) That left ~~me with~~ a problem. Lesser devils are, in many a regard, comparable to lesser humans. This is particularly true of their insensitivity to significant detail.

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On the other hand, my
~~My~~ narrative will not suffer 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 level of performance. If I am not ready to explain our systems of recruitment in obtaining 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 Evil One personally on the alert for superior humans who might be ready to serve us, 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—then* ~~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

Dwayne -

Where is The rest???

NM said he was sending ALL
of Book 4.

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FROM :am

FAX NO. :5084872136

May. 24 2004 01:06PM P18

FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243782

May. 21 2004 05:18PM P14

Book 4 chs 1-6 double, ch 7, double, chs 8-11 triple 5/21/04

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Forewarned, forearmed. I will now present my small improvement on the summary I received of what went on with Alois, his bees, his wife, and his children 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 detail concerning Alois' obsessions concerning this new occupation.

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

We also learn a good deal by the simple expedient of listening to a family's chatter. To be sure, a plethora of superficial information arrived, more than enough to annoy me. I knew that I was receiving an insufficient portrait. My agents perceived Alois as weak, but they lacked the requisite insight required ~~what~~ ^{for} dealing with the anxieties 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 more powerful. Nuance is demanded, and ~~that was~~ ^{this is} precisely what my lower level of agents was 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~~ ^{improperly even biased} materials. While I will give some ~~treatment~~ ^{adjustment} to what I received, let me abjure the reader to delay ~~passing~~ ^{any verdict} judgment. We must not forget that the boy who later became ~~Adolf~~ ^{the} Hitler emerged from a childhood with this father and mother. So, it has to be obvious that we ascertain Klara and Alois' real strengths and, needless to say, their significant weaknesses.

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

His first concern (which I find 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. ^{Since he)} He must avoid dark coats or trousers, ^{which} and since that is

what he usually wears, ^{he} (is always concerned ^{in these first days} not to forget to change ^{before}

garments before

going out to the hive-boxes under the oak tree. Somber colors, he knows all

too well, do irritate bees, knows that by ^{his own} experience. On the evening

some years ago when he had been ^{gravely} 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. 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 of fear, bright as rockets, fire off in his stomach.

Nonetheless, Alois, in some part, remains a good peasant. He has not forgotten that after a small or large disaster, one does well to stay on the alert for whatever value might still be embedded in the misfortune itself. For example, his interesting medical theses were stimulated by the alleviation of pain in his knees on the following day—bee stings seemed to be good for his rheumatism. 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 selling exactly the stock that he needed, for whatever reason, to get rid of, still, the telling point (to Alois' present shame) was that Italian stock was more easy to handle. They were gentle, Der Alte assured him. And they were incontestably more beautiful, what with their marvelous glowing rich yellow tan, not unlike the mellow hue of the best shoe leather. Alois had to

admit that he did admire the three golden segments of their bodies, each fold set off by the sharpest edging in black. So elegant! Whereas the Austrian honey-bee was hairy, it was gray, and it did not 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. Shouldn't he, after all, have waited for the spring? Now, marking time 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. The queen he had purchased (presumably still stuffed with some millions of sperm cells from the five, six, seven, or eight drones she had ~~phallically defenestrated~~ ^{dephallicized} last June), would be in virtual hibernation now. She would not be laying eggs, no, not for another four or five months. Her remaining and inactive hive would be gathered in a cluster for warmth, waiting for the honey 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 raising the large lid of the box might so lower the temperature that your 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 little people through the ice-cold air

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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.

How could retirement prove so enfeebling to a strong man? He had bought the farm on impulse and now ^{to double the wages} had purchased these two colonies, also on

impulse, these bee-hives in their Langstroth boxes. All right, ~~they were the~~

^{what} latest improvement with their removable vertical slides ^{quite} on which his bees

^{what} were to build their combs to be filled (although not as yet!) with larva and

^{so soon!} ~~honey~~, he had certainly commenced with the latest improvement ^{honey}, A wonderful advance over the old straw skep! Yet, why so

suddenly had he committed himself to apiculture in the winter? 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 left, "You will soon see how much work I have saved you."

Indeed! What Alois saved in work, he now spent in worry. He was still under sixty, damn it, not yet sixty, ⁹by a year and more, but he felt such a sense of inner weariness before these ~~future~~⁹ responsibilities. His two populated boxes now set properly under the oak tree (no, never beneath the walnut tree for nuts would pelt the ground in late spring and summer with shells hard as stone, and might panic a few bees ready to fly out for forage), no, the boxes had to be under the oak tree, placed on a stout bench, with tarpaper underneath for warmth, and more tarpaper above, weighted down with stones. Two occupied cities housed in two boxes. Each day he read the temperature of the heat within each box, and did his weighing once a week, keeping up that diary full of data and notes. Part of the real problem, however, was that he did not have enough work, just enough to leave him with a slew of worries. All through the dark months while feeding his winter bees (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, undertake 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 immaculate hygiene ^(in apiculture) ^{once} when warm weather arrived. ^{No matter how warm the day, they} ~~They~~ must certainly not leave the hives open, ^{as} ~~no~~ ^{outside} ~~matter how warm the day.~~ Above all, they must never spill ~~any~~ honey. ^{outside} If they did, they must mop it up instantly, for the bees could be drawn to it and might 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 each night, negative or positive on the subject of keeping a winter hive. 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 was 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? The article presented him with more questions than answers.

Had he gotten into all this merely to stay occupied with 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 whose exteriors 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 bees would know by the color—precisely which hive-box they belonged to. By the color, of course. Not red, not orange—those

colors were unrecognizable by bees, how strange, he remarked to Klara, considering the number of red flowers they entered every summer day

Still, he enjoyed working with his hands for the duration of the carpentry. His worries eased. For a week. His chest even puffed up again with an old truism. "Good German blood understands," said Alois to himself, "that blessings do not come from God, but from hard work. That idea is as safe as a sound house." Still, it was an unfair remark. Why not say, "Good Austrian blood?"

This concern stayed ^{on} with him, like a minor sore that does not heal. He was obsessed with a question. Did blood possess natural virtues and powers? Why should the saying speak of German blood? Is that what he had? He was an Austrian, after all. He had an Emperor who could live with the huge, idiotic problems of keeping the Czechs, Hungarians, Italians, Poles, Jews, Serbs, even the gypsies, living together under the Hapsburg empire. Germans couldn't do that. Always fighting with each other. Without Bismarck, they would still be nothing. Petty principalities. Always squabbling. Mad King Ludwig I, then comes Mad King Ludwig II, both crazy Bavarians. Those Prussians with a ramrod up their ass. Why speak of

good German blood? Yet, he said to himself, "All the same, I know what it means." But what did it signify to say to himself that he knew something when—get to the fact—he didn't, not quite. Except in some way he most certainly did. Was he now thinking like a philosopher? Not so bad for a boy who was once a peasant.

He might take up the question in the bar at Fischlham. Where was one's true loyalty? Was it to ~~one's~~ ^{one's homeland} culture? ~~(This, ultimately, might be equal to the language one spoke.)~~ Or was it allegiance to one's nation? Could it be as simple as saying that to speak German from birth was equal to making German blood in oneself?

He didn't bring it up at the tavern, after all. They were dolts. He resented the time he spent with them. By November, he had even found himself drinking there in the afternoons, a proof, if he needed it, that there was not enough work to do. For that reason, he had chosen to stay away for a week, and do all the carpentry, paint the exterior of the hive boxes, even build a framework on which to hang some netting near the hives so that the birds would stay away in the spring. He even debated whether to visit Der Alte, but recollections of the odor in the hut kept him away. The

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smell of urine was nothing to put up ^{with} For that matter, Alois ^{on occasion} felt all too close to leaking in his own pants.

Before long, he was back in the tavern. Just about every day. One pleasure he did find there that he could not relinquish. The dolts had ^{come} to see Alois as an expert on apiculture. Maybe he had a lot to learn, but he was not ready to ^{allow} ~~show~~ that to them. Every bit of advice Der Alte had offered, plus whatever he had picked up of late in his reading, was now presented as his own wisdom. Alois would be the first to say that honesty and modesty were excellent virtues, but ~~they~~ were best employed when dealing with superiors. An inferior mind, however, wanted to feel ^{it} ~~he~~ was in the company of a wise man when drinking. Since he was more available to the locals than Der Alte, he could see how, for practical purposes, he had become the local expert on the cultivation of bees. A farmer even walked over one Sunday afternoon to seek his advice on how to get started. Alois proceeded to overwhelm him with the details of feeding a hive through the winter.

"Given the cold weather, you must not open the lid of the Langstroth," he said, "so how do you get the mixture down to them? Every other day, you must feed your bees, and this mixture is precise, the honey

has to be properly diluted, one part honey absolutely equal to one part water, and this must be honey that comes from your own stock last summer. That means you must be able to trust the man who gives you the honey for these winter feedings when you purchase his stock. Trust is essential."

Even as both were nodding their heads with something of the same reverence Klara would exhibit before a cross in church, Alois had to ask himself whether he could really trust the honey received from Der Alte. What a laughingstock he would be to that grandiose piss-bum if both of Alois' hives were dead of disease by springtime. Of course, Alois did not really believe such anxiety. He could dispose of it by assigning rule-of-thumb percentages to such worries. Der Alte, he would expect, had to be 80% trustworthy. At the least! After all, it would hurt his reputation if Alois' venture went kaput.

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

"Ah," said Alois, "there is a special technique. You open a very small plug that is installed at the top of the box and you lay the feeder over that. It is a special feeder! A five liter jar with a cover of the finest mesh fastened

over the mouth. Expensive mesh! Into the jar, you have placed water that has been heated but not boiled, and then you stir in the sugar until that 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 Alois. "I was thinking that for a beginner like yourself, sugar could be better. Easier. You do not have to trust the source. Perfectly simple. Use a different ratio, however. Three parts of sugar to two of water."

Alois was beginning to feel like the fine fellow he had once been, yes, before his retirement. "The trick," he said, "is to master the technique of this special feeder. Because you not only put in the liquid nourishment, and cover the mouth of the jar with the fine mesh, but you must have a small pump built into the jar to create a vacuum since you will next be holding the vessel upside-down over the bung hole above the brood that is waiting to be fed. Do you follow?" Alois could see that he didn't. "The vacuum in the jar keeps the sugar-water from pouring out, but the bees are able to absorb the liquid through the tiny spaces in the cloth mesh. I feed over one liter of

sugar-water or, in my case, honey-and-water to them once a day. Then, after every feeding I wash the jar in boiled water. Cleanliness is an absolute demand."

All the while that my agents were expounding these expositions to me, I was ^{growing} ~~grown~~ more and more testy. How boring ~~were~~ these matters! They ^{gave} ~~had~~ ^{new} ~~so~~ little insight into Alois. All they could offer were his procedures for calculating the amount of sugar or honey needed for each box over the course of a month. What they were missing was the commencement of new anxieties in him. By the time his visitor, thoroughly disheartened, had said goodbye—he was not likely to be competition come June—Alois was out in the cold again, wondering if disease would strike his colonies before winter was done.

He spent the night reading his books but his anxieties remained that night. He had dreams of living in one of his boxes, himself a bee. Was he part of a cluster living in deepest and darkest obscurity? How could these bees guide themselves in that world, so stygian, so bereft of light? Could their antennae be of aid? How many facets were there to a bee's eyes? A thousand? Even the experts seemed to disagree. He decided that if humans

could speak of a sixth sense, perhaps these bees with their multitude of facets in each eye, had a seventh sense that could penetrate into the caverns and catacombs, the labyrinths of darkness.

By the end, Alois had raised this dream to the level of a nightmare. (Now I could find more interest in what my agents were sending me!) Alois' hive multiplied in the darkness and the bees were ~~now~~ ^{now} so many that the cluster could no longer bear its confines. The hive escaped from the box and flew away, ~~so~~ ^{Now} far away, they could not be found. They had clustered within a hole in the trunk of a tree—back to their old habits, yes.

When spring came, might that happen? Would he lose his hive this June? He felt for Klara in the dark, and his hand came across her belly. She was so big now, yet the new one wasn't due until January. Would he be a giant of a fellow? The new one would make six in the house, seven when Junior returned.

She came awake with his hand on her, and would have nestled into the embrace of his arm, but he felt a need to discuss a worrisome matter in the middle of this darkness. Before he had said more than a few words, she was wide awake, unhappy, embarrassed, and agitated.

"I hope," Alois said, "that you haven't spoken to Herr Rostenmeier "

She knew immediately what he would next suggest. Herr

Rostenmeier was the owner of 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 plus a roast of meat—no livestock ^{but the milk-cow} (as yet for them at

Hafeld, not with Alois swallowed up in his bees. (Besides, they were not ^{butcher} about to ~~kill~~ (the cow!)) Klara liked Mr. Rostenmeier, and had begun to talk to him about the future sale of their honey. Alois had told her not to make any deals, not yet. There was always the possibility, slight, of course, that he would do business with Der Alte. She had taken pleasure in the thought that it would probably be Herr Rostenmeier, and she would be the in-between, and bring a little money back to the house and hand it over to Alois. Her fingers tingled each time she thought of such a direct transaction.

But now Alois would go to Der Alte. She knew ^{it} ~~that~~. "I thought," she said in the darkness, even as he patted her belly, "that you didn't like that man at all, yes, I remember you said you would have to smell him."

"He will be good to consult," Alois said shortly. The tendrils of the nightmare were still with him.

"Yes, yes, yes," said Klara, "but you told me you don't trust Der Alte. Yes?" She was close to becoming hysterical. To be torn out of an agreeable sleep for this! "Yes, you say you don't trust him, and yet you choose this Der Alte over an honest man like Herr Rostenmeier?"

"Klara, this is all because you feel embarrassed by some commitment ^{to him,}" he told her. "Maybe you had a little too much talk with Herr Rostenmeier already. Something you haven't mentioned, maybe. A real commitment ^{between you} and him, without speaking to me first."

"No," she said, "not at all. I am not embarrassed. ^(I made no commitment) But this I will say, I must say, I will never understand the thinking that goes on in a person like you." She had been tempted to remark, "a man like you," but knew better. He would have ridiculed her for such a stupid attitude.

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So Alois went back to Der Alte after all. There were just too many worries with these bees. He was a realist, he told himself, he was used to bad odors. After all, one had to deal with the devil ~~that was always true.~~ ^{you could count on.}
(My devils snickered as they informed me of this.)

Alois paid a visit ^{in on} the next Sunday and, once again, took Adi with him. He ^{would} ~~could~~ hardly have ^{been able to say} ~~said~~ why, although I could have told him. ^{are able to} Devils can ^{person} ~~nudge~~ a ~~man or woman~~ in a given direction even when that ^{man or} ~~person~~ ^{woman} is not a client. For whatever reason, I sensed that the O.O. was still

paying enough attention to Hafeld to suggest ^{to my agents} that the boy and Der Alte were ^{to be brought together} to see each other again.

This time, Adi ^{said} ~~was~~ paying careful attention to the route. It was not even a mile away. He ^{knew he} would be able to get there ^{go on alone} by himself (provided he kept in mind the turns and forks of the road, ^{so} and this he did ^{and} full of uneasy excitement. It was as if a woe large as a loaf of bread had settled in his stomach. Yet ⁱⁿ his chest sitting above such heaviness, ^{he felt most} was (alive, his breath on this cold morning ^{steaming} coming forth full of vapor. He knew he would not tell his father that he planned to visit Der Alte on his own. ^{another day as well and very much on his own}

"Yes," he kept saying to himself, "in the daytime ^{there} I will not be afraid to walk ^{by myself}. In the night, maybe yes. There are too many spirits in the woods, ^{then, and} in the dark, they are mean ["] because of the cold." And the colder he felt in the midst of this excitement, the more he longed for summer when the bees would be flying in and out ^{of the} his father's two hive boxes. And then he remembered some frightening words from his father. "We must never leave a box in the open sun. If a branch blows off the shade-tree and the hive is exposed to the sun, you must call to me and I will move the box to the shade. Otherwise, it will be too hot, and out bees will become agitated, yes,

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to the point of ^{being getting crazy} insanity. (They will feel trapped, you see. Do you realize? In the course of such a disturbance, buzzing inside the box, they will use up all the air inside available in such tight quarters, ^{yes, they will consume too} ~~much oxygen~~ and then the temperature ^{of} in the hive will rise. ^{Should it go} If it goes twenty degrees higher than the ^{heat of the day} temperature ^{those} on a very hot day, ^{of summer} even the wax of the cells in the combs will melt. The cells will collapse. The larvae will perish."

^{he had heard} He had heard ^{a most} all this ^{indeed} on the first drive home from Der Alte's house. It had been dark by then in the woods and the boy had listened to his father with ^{a most} ^{indeed} an unhappy sense of all these creatures in the wood whom he could not see. But they would hear what was said, and Adi vowed that when summer came, he would not be the one to allow a hive-box to sit in the sun, ^{he would not} no, but Alois, Junior would be back by then and Alois, Junior, was not so good. He ^{was the kind to} would leave a box in the sun.

^{readied by us for} Der Alte, alerted to their visit, was ^{ready} ready (with a spoonful of honey, and the taste left the boy with such a glow, ^{Given} that what with the weight in his stomach and the excitement in his heart, he was ^{nearly} almost ill.

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could calm itself
 All this ~~quieted~~ *however*, for Der Alte and his father had a long conversation about the marketing of honey, and there was ~~some dispute on a~~ *even* ~~price which~~ *a discussion of the* ~~Adi could hardly follow, nor did he care to.~~ He was disappointed ~~that~~ *but* Der Alte, ~~after offering~~ *having offered* the tablespoon of honey, no longer ~~seemed~~ *should* interested in him.

Once
 We can be certain that Adi was mistaken. After business was done, the old man could not stop talking to ~~them~~ *both of them*, (but to Adi as well) about the ~~Der~~ *Further* mysteries of bees and the subtleties of their keeping. "Yes," said ~~the~~ *Der* Alte in a most resonant voice, "I never weary of contemplating the existence of these tiny creatures with their ~~honey~~ *in mortal* and their near to immortal sting."

As before it was
 Yes, Der Alte was off on a conversational discourse, rich, not interruptable, and ~~(fascinating to Alois as well)~~ *even* (For he would retain enough of such speech to expound ~~on it himself~~ *much of it*) tomorrow night at Fischlhau. Yes, ~~there would be something grandiose to offer the dolts!~~ *he would have* All by way of the piss-bum! Adi, in his turn, was—no other word is ~~accurate~~ *more*—~~Adi was~~ spellbound. Words he could not quite understand took flight nonetheless into his mind because of their sounds and ~~(became as rich in meaning.~~ *soon* as if his mother, in the good old days before Edmund had been born, was still

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rubbing oil into his back while ~~his~~ pain eased out of his flesh by way of her palms and fingertips. How he listened!

"Can we," asked Der Alte, "ever pay enough attention to this work of Creation itself? Ach, it is so full of genius, ^{it} is such an asseveration of wise measure and wisdom, ~~yes, absolutely~~ ^{— absolutely! —} for it possesses the ~~everlasting~~ ^{everlastingly.} quintessential power to surprise us. Think of it! These little devils come to us from the Good Lord's science, from His divine and curious aesthetic—so enigmatic, so supernatural. Our bees are a coronation of nature's wisdom as it expresses itself in the most bizarre and unexpected form, the very reification—if you will permit me the word—of God's secret rites, His investiture in wonder and awe."

Der Alte went on. He could go on! ~~His endless~~ ^{References to God's} ballet, God's gymnastics, God's intuition of the paradoxes of Creation, ^{we encouraged them to be} Der Alte was like many of our clients. ^{we encouraged them to be} They were ^{always} always ready to praise God ^{in the} ^{highest} ^{about} I, however, did not enjoy the hyperbole that Der Alte could offer. It was too large, too soulful ^{and finally} too suggestive of private regrets at the depth of his commitment to us.

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In any event, he went on for so long that Alois was, once more, repelled. Too much time had elapsed without the exercise of his own voice. ~~That was certainly at the core of his irritation~~. Moreover, he did not know if he liked the look in his son's eye. Those blue eyes, like Klara's, were always so large and ~~so~~ ^{and} alive, ^{and} so expressive. But there was reverence in them now.

"Why don't you take us into the other room, and show ^{the bees} ~~us~~ your little viewing box," Alois, at last, was able to interject ^{this} ~~such~~ a suggestion.

It was [✓]obvious that Der Alte would prefer not to—even as Alois had expected—but Adi spoke up. "Oh, please, sir," he cried out, "I have never seen the inside of the bees' home. They have been with us back at the house, [✓]for so long—" he tried to count quickly—"for seven, no, I think it is eight weeks, and I have not seen even one of them. Do I have to wait until summer? Please."

"Spring," said Der Alte but he shrugged. "All right," he said, ^{"only you must"} ~~but~~ be prepared. They will not ^{seem} ~~be so~~ ^{necessarily} ~~near~~ ^{to what} I have been talking about."

They were not. In the other room of the hut, bare but for a small stove, a sink, a hand-pump above the sink, and a pail beneath for the run-off, was also a kitchen table ^{and on} ~~and~~ at one end of it ^{cups placed} ~~sat~~ a narrow box, perhaps

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~~two feet long and one foot high, Over each face of the long sides~~

~~When drawn back, the box consisted of no more than two~~

~~glass walls not two inches apart and between them resided a vertical frame,~~

~~visible on both sides, with endless small cells, no larger in diameter~~

~~in depth than Adi's smallest fingernail. Were these the cells his father said~~

~~could house the unborn larva or store the honey?~~

Adi was ~~as~~ disappointed as if he had received a poke in the solar

~~plexus. It all looked so dull yet so chaotic, nothing but a cluster of~~

~~pullulating little things, hardly larger than dark pills in a bottle, and they~~

~~kept climbing in and out and over each other, startled by the light, a poor~~

~~helpless gang, congested, over-stuffed, over-crammed, jam-packed,~~

~~feverish, teeming, just an assembly of what looked to be squashy creatures~~

~~just about as ugly as roaches. (Their wings were folded.) Adi had not~~

~~been so disappointed since he had first seen Edmund's tiny homuncular face~~

~~all squeezed up/~~
on Klara's breast.

Now, these bees ~~did not look that much alive even if they could~~

~~move. They might as well have been beans stirring in a pot, except they~~

were more alive than that. They looked ~~nervous~~ at being exposed yet still

~~across~~ its interior concealed
by black
curtains
on both
long
sides.
When
drawn
back,
the
box
was
seen
to
consist
of
two
glass
walls
not
three

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so sluggish. What ^{an awful} ~~a terrible~~ way to live! They must miss the sun, the boy ^{Since last summer, he} thought. ~~He~~ ^{he} had been thinking of them all these months since summer,--

~~recalling them~~ as flashes of light in the garden, ^{but} now they were stupefied,

~~and~~ just pushed against each other. Were the ones inside the cluster crying

out in ways he could not hear, asking not to be squeezed so hard? Adi had

never seen a tomb but he had read that word and knew ^{such} ~~others like~~ "hier"

and "pit" ^{and} ~~grave~~ and "vault." He had looked at indistinct photographs in

some of his father's war books, and those words were there to read under ^{some}

^{of the} ~~those~~ pictures. Tombs. He ^{sighed} ~~chose to sigh~~ in preference to bursting into

tears. Could these bees breathe? What ^{an awful} ~~a~~ way to live.

"At this moment," said Der Alte, "they are the poorest of the poor. I

know you see them as no better than slugs in ^a ~~the~~ slime of their own exudate,

but that is because their lives ^{are obliged to} ~~span~~ the extremities of existence—they offer

the sweetest substance to come to us from nature, ^{yet} ~~but~~ if enough of them

^{at once} ~~were to~~ sting you in ^{an attack} ~~an attack~~, you ^{could} ~~can~~ prepare for your end. Too much of their

venom ^{and you are with us no more} ~~can bring you to death~~. Now, they do no more than ~~root about~~, they

~~are no more than~~ a morass, yet in summer, you will see them dance in the

air, as wonderful, as beautiful, as drops of dew in ^{early morning light} ~~the earliest~~ sunlight of

~~morning~~, pirouetting in the breeze, and so fearless. How they strut as they enter into the golden petals of the flower-blooms that are waiting for them. The real beauty in these matters is to extricate all that is potential from what appears to be meaningless. One has to search for ^{every} ~~the~~ value that is buried in chaos."

"Hear, hear," said Alois. It was uttered despite himself. No matter the drear aspects of this awful man, Der Alte did have ^{his} ~~a~~ manner. One was obliged, despite one's revulsion, to ^{feel some admiration} ~~admire~~ him (He was like a great, smelly old actor. He had never met an old man so eloquent as Der Alte.

Adi was thinking, "these bees can sting you and you are dead." He shivered in the dank 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 this chill that he did feel closer to the old man than to his father, and knew he could listen all day and all night to the wonderful words of ^{this} ~~that~~ so-odd person. Yes, the sounds that came out of ^{that} ~~his~~ voice were ready to wash through the inside of ^{himself} ~~yourself~~.

"Come and visit me," the old man succeeded in whispering to him before Alois gave the signal to leave.

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I do not know for certain how powerful an influence ^{this} ~~the~~ exceptional speech by Der Alte (so full of verbal felicities and outright rodomontade) could have had on Adi—at no moment up to this point had I so regretted not being present and thereby obliged to rely on my ^{lessor} ~~lesser~~ ^{He felt} ~~agents~~—but I must say it had its effect on the boy ^{that I know} because many weeks later (on Christmas Eve, no less!) he had, once the rest of the house was asleep, bundled himself into

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his warmest clothing, and had gone out to sit on the bench under the oak tree where the two Langstroth boxes ^{we've} ~~had been~~ set up. There he remained for a considerable time, growing more and more chilled as the minutes elapsed. Yet, he stayed, and having placed himself between the two boxes, he kept ~~each of his arms~~ embracing the back of each, ~~box~~. He was praying for the continued life of the bees.

As can be expected, this was of ~~no small~~ interest to me. Since we did have entrance into Adi's thoughts—he was undeniably one of ours—I queried my agents again and again to dwell on what they could glean (if but a little more) from the tag-ends of the boy's thoughts. The more I received, the more valuable it appeared. He had heard his father complain that the screen protecting the hive entrance, a small hole, had nonetheless been torn away. It was not impossible that a mouse had ^{entered} ~~gotten~~ into the hive. Alois, ^{soon} ~~having~~ decided that this was unlikely—the hole was not large enough—but Adi was convinced a mouse had ^{gotten into} ~~entered~~ the sanctuary. Since his father had repaired the screen weeks ago, Adi no longer knew as he sat between the boxes which one it might be. Ergo, ~~so~~ he set a hand on each.

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Since it was Christmas Eve, the boy was full of his mother's oncoming celebration of the birth of what Klara told him was not only the Son of God "but the nicest human being ever on earth. The loveliest the sweetest. And if you love Him, He will love you."

~~Adi had become certain then that~~ ^{So, Adi was how?} This was the night to breathe the night air, no matter how cold. For the Son of God must be ^{present on 2} ~~in the wind on a~~ night so special as this. And that would provide ~~the strength he would need.~~ ~~For he wished~~ to summon into himself all the power ~~that would be~~ needed to kill the mouse with his thoughts.

I was ~~more than~~ ^{such a} fascinated by ~~this~~ (desire). I knew the limitations of my agents well enough to be confident that they ~~had not~~ ^{could not have} been the inspiration for such a thought, ~~no, not when there was this species of determination~~ →

~~present~~ This had come from Adi. It was his alone, and therefore ^{any} ~~a most~~ encouraging sign. If I had been present, I would have fortified his sense of power, amplified it (within some necessary bounds), so that the boy would be ready to believe that he could save certain lives by ^{exercising} ~~possessing~~ the power ~~to be able~~ to destroy other kinds of lives. That is one of the rarest of the

^{we can} aptitudes. ~~We are able~~ to implant ~~such a force~~ in our clients, but it does call

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for a series of small but concerted art-works, exquisitely focused dream-etchings, if you will, and special methods close to arcane

Since I was not present, I accepted the incident as an augury of future promise, ~~and did my best not~~ ~~and consoled myself with the recognition that the Maestro might well have vetoed my suggestion~~ ~~on the grounds, already explained, that one has to beware of projects too ambitious for children.~~

~~In any event, I was not ready in such straits as to brood over a lost opportunity.~~ ~~More than enough was here to occupy me in St. Petersburg,~~ and I, along with my assistants, was undergoing some considerable punishment ~~as the price of my activities.~~ ~~Be it said that I had never encountered a group of Cudgels as brutal as the~~ ^{two} Russian crew. Over the last few centuries, they had developed an exceptional capability to stave off the many demons we succeeded in planting within ^{Russian} ~~Greek~~ Orthodox ranks. In consequence, these Cudgels ^{fully as} ~~rough as~~ Russian monks—were not only powerfully motivated, but in command of ~~frightening~~ ^{considerable} zeal. ~~How ready they were to defend the coronation of the young czar-to-be, Nicholas the Second.~~

When the Maestro consulted me—as would occur occasionally ^{now and again}—I presented a notion that he ^{would} ~~actually~~ adopt later. It proposed that our

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chances of disrupting the coronation were minimal, whereas a powerful distraction after the event could accomplish more.

My suggestion
~~As a presentation,~~ it could be termed nothing less than presumptuous since I had hardly any real knowledge of what the O.O. was looking to bring off here. Still, I had ~~been wise enough~~ *stupidly dared* to speak my mind. (The Maestro does not like to put up with a poverty of opinion among his subordinates.)

"It is much better to be wrong," he would tell us, "than to be stultifying. I *often estimate the difficulties* can ~~always come closer to estimating the nature~~ of the reality before us by *contemplating the contours and distortions of the* comparing the ~~mis~~perceptions you present. That is more useful to me than a solemn silence out of the fear of being wrong."

Enough. It is easy to see that these matters in Russia were temporarily, at least, of more concern to me than the small events of Hafeld.

All the same, whether I was interested or not, Klara gave birth on January 21 to the new infant. For Alois, there was small joy. The much-*was in the maternal bed* anticipated strongman of the future did not arrive. Instead, a little girl. So, all the ruckus of baby-feeding at night and baby yowling in the daytime, *would now be* ~~was now~~ for naught. He had been counting on a powerhouse of a son for his old age instead of three boys he could ~~hardly~~ *not at present* boast about, a wild one, a

mamma's boy, and a crybaby snot, yes, Alois was unready to celebrate but he did—at the tavern in Fischlham night after night for quite a few nights (although the beer began to smell as sour as any infant's throwback ~~of milk~~). There were now six human beings in his home. Late in spring there would be seven when Junior ^{Came} ~~would come~~ back from Spital, yes, the louder the tumult of voices in the bar, the more he was ready to complain of the noise at home.

Indeed, the ^{in Fischlham} ~~tavern~~ clamor was enough to give us pause. Let men drink in a crowded room and solidarity rises among them, an ability to soar on zephyrs of alcohol, a brotherly defiance against the inroads of angels and demons, a certainty that they are men and equal to all else.

These are hardly the best working conditions for us. Openings, however, do present themselves, particularly when the drinkers are alone ^{We are so ready for them,} again and on their way home. Offer me a drunk staggering along on a ~~narrow forest road, and I will be ready for him.~~ Sometimes, disgusted, we even slam them to the ground. They usually take it personally, their lament most characteristic. "Somebody shoved me," they often cry out. Nobody

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believes them, but they know better. Wrath had struck between the shoulder blades, and it was not their own rage, not at all.