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Book V

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double-space final.

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Once given her instructions, Klara went to some pains to close all the entrances to their kitchen, by way of every rag and used towel at her disposal. She wore a white blouse and white apron for the occasion, and so

did Angela. Alois, Senior, even gave up his cigar. That was, indeed, an event for the family. But Der Alte had warned him, "Cigar smoke is able to pacify your bees. But when it comes to the honey, beware. The smell can ^{also} ~~paralyze~~ ^{get into the} taste."

The dog, of course, was banished from the kitchen. So were Adi, Edmund, and Paula, ^{even if} ~~although~~ this occasioned a series of ~~quick~~ ^{on their return.} trips by Klara or Angela to the children's bedroom, each time removing the cloths piled up against the kitchen sills, then replacing them. ^{one} Perhaps they were protecting everything too much—I do not think there was ^{this,} a bee in the house. Of course, you could not always be certain of ~~that~~ ^{When Klara} ~~When Klara~~ ^{could} ~~make a cake, she would sift~~ ^{unseemly} the batter to make certain no foragers were ~~had~~ drowned.

Otherwise, the task went well, ~~at first~~. As each frame was taken out of the hive-box, Alois, Senior proceeded with all the pride of a surgeon. He pared the wax caps from the tops of the honey cells by way of his separator knife (not so thick as a chisel nor ^{so} flat as a spatula) but a ~~specific~~ ^{specifically} tool designed to ~~scrape off~~ ^{carving} the thin top layer of wax from ~~each cell~~ ^{in the frame}. Since there were more than two thousand cells on each frame (20,000 cells for the ten

frames in each Langstroth box) and each ^{hexagonal} cell was no wider in diameter than the fingernail of a child, one could hardly uncap one cell at a time. That might have taken a week. Instead, Alois applied the separator knife to whole patches at once, taking up swatches of top wax ^{an inch} two inches wide and from three to four inches long, ~~just as long a strip as the wax could hold together.~~ Then, he would do the next swatch, stopping to wipe off the tool after each graft, or so he saw the wax. To his eye, it was much like an inert skin which he, the surgeon, had to remove, yes, no mean skill was required here to ^{this} strip the capping wax without damaging all the miniscule ~~hexagonal~~ cells beneath. He was beginning to take pleasure in the job. He would have made a good surgeon, he decided. Out of the corner of his eye, he was looking to see if Alois, Junior might also be admiring his command of the procedure.

I can add that they *he had a talent for bodily*
~~Now, this supposition that he was a surgeon~~ *had begun* *operations*
 began to warm his loins.

A woman ~~had~~ once told him that a certain surgeon of her acquaintance ^{was} ~~and~~ ^{one of} Alois ^{Alois was the other,} as well ~~were~~ the two best lovers she had ever had. (How he had enjoyed that remark. Of course. He had no fear of the flesh and neither did a surgeon—brothers under the skin!

After a time, nicely pleased with himself, he handed the de-capping tool to Alois, Junior, who proceeded, after ^{mangling out} ~~one mangled~~ swatch and then, ^{the} ~~next, to soon~~ ^{No time at all, and} ~~second, to become better at the job. Soon,~~ he was as deft as his father. This occasioned pride in Senior, but a touch of disappointment as well. Truth, there seemed no great difference in their ^{results.} ~~skills~~. Now, to make it worse, Alois, Junior said, "This is as easy as scraping icing off a cake."

"Watch out for the cells," said Alois, Senior. "Don't damage them with your big mouth."

Adi had been allowed into the room to watch, and Alois, Junior, extended the de-capping tool toward his brother as if to say, "Want some?"

Klara reproved him on the instant. "Why are you offering your little brother a mouthful of wax? He could choke on it."

"No, no," said Alois, Junior, "it is a legitimate offer. It is wax with some honey sticking to it." He nodded. "I do not think that Adi would be so silly as to swallow the wax."

When Klara glared at him, Junior took a piece off the tool and proceeded to chew it vigorously himself, then extracted the residue from his mouth and nodded. Klara could only look away.

Soon, the task grew more difficult—they had to strip ^{the} ~~another~~ layer of ~~wax from the other side of the tray.~~ ^{that was on the back} The frames had been inserted vertically in order to leave room for the bees to build their thousands of wax cells on ^{two} ~~surfaces, not one,~~ each side. To remove the second coating, however, took longer. More honey was lost. Some leaked from the front, and more from the rear. Indeed, it was not unlike dealing with a piece of cake which had icing on top and bottom. Soon enough, Klara had to take over. It was apparent that she had the cleverest fingers for this.

All the same, it took ^{a few} ~~several~~ hours. As each tray was uncapped, it had to be slotted into the honey extractor, where Angela was now at work turning the crank. With devotion, she followed her father's instructions. "Yes, yes, move slowly now as you start, yes, just as you are doing it. Look inside! The honey is beginning to come out of the combs. Keep it slow, yes. Don't speed up on that crank. Not yet. Slow, Angela, slow." (He could have been driving a dray and calling to his horses.)

It was a strain ^{Angela} ~~for her.~~ The slower ^{she} ~~she~~ went, the longer it took for ^{enough} ~~any~~ ^{the} centrifugal force to fling the honey onto the metal sides of the extractor bucket down whose walls it ^{could drip} ~~oil dripped~~ to a funnel. But if she sped up, the

~~same~~ ^{increased} centrifugal force could loosen the wax of each little cell, and too much would fly off ^{with the honey,}

Before long, Alois, Junior had to take over. His sense of how to maintain the ~~best-balanced~~ speed of the crank reduced the stress. By the end, the very end, Klara even let Adi turn the ^{handle} ~~crank~~ a few times.

Now there was silence in the kitchen as they listened to the sound of honey dripping down the walls of the extractor bucket.

Alois, Senior was ready to gather it for storage by way of a petcock at the bottom, and Klara was prepared with a coarse sieve and a fine one.

After which, she held everyone back. It was absolutely necessary, she told them, that she and Angela spend another hour filtering the product through cheesecloth. Moreover, she was determined to save the wax as well.

Beeswax had real value. It could produce the ^{finest} ~~highest~~ grade of candles. So

Mr. Meyerhofer had told her at the Fischlham store. Alois ^{snorted. He could} ~~agreed. He knew~~ ^{have told her} (that already, he said).

Adi was the most impatient. He wanted honey, he wanted to gorge. But not even his mother would let him. "Be patient," she said, "this honey has to settle."

"Why? It is there," he cried. "It wants us to taste it."

"No," she said, "it is full of bubbles."

"I don't care."

"You must. Bubbles make honey uncomfortable."

"It doesn't," said Adi. "I know."

"You don't. Air in honey," said Klara, "is as uncomfortable for the honey, as gas would be on your stomach." She did not really know if this was true, but she hardly cared. It felt true. Besides, it would be good for Adi to wait. Patience could only strengthen his character.

Tears came into his eyes. ^{That} ~~That~~ ^{to be} ~~was hardly~~ unexpected. Whenever he was denied, ~~rebuked, or forbidden~~ he was quick to weep.

"Think of this honey," she said to Adi. "It has gone through so much. Such a great deal. ~~There~~ ^{It} was living in one place so quietly and the bees were its friends. Now, they are gone and look at all that has happened. We have been shaking it and scraping it. Then we have been spinning it. Now, the honey does not know where it is. Let it sit. We will wait. Tomorrow, we can have the party."

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No party took place on the next day. Foam and bits of wax had collected on the surface of the honey. Klara scraped it off carefully, but even so, the feast was postponed.

For one thing, Klara insisted on stirring the honey ^{each} ~~every~~ day. She did not know quite why, but insisted it was necessary. Sometimes she stirred it every ten minutes ^{that} ~~of the hour~~ she was in the kitchen, and then dragooned Angela and Junior, despite ~~and~~ their protests, to fill in for her when necessary.

This, she told them, was to keep the honey from becoming hard. She remembered from her childhood, she told them, even if ^{their father} ~~she~~ did not know,

~~this~~. Once in a while, she told them, a wife ^{can see farther} ~~does know more~~ than her husband. Why not? God gives His gifts to everyone.

Finally, she gave way to the ^{charms} ~~plans~~ of the others and declared the honey to be ready, ^{even if} ~~even if~~ she still had misgivings. ^{But} ~~So~~, they had their party.

Alois, Senior, had considered inviting Der Alte, but ^{until} ~~but~~ Klara was quick to veto ^{such a notion,} ~~that~~. "This must be for the family," she said. "For the family alone."

So they each took a spoon and stood in a circle, all but Paula whom Klara held in her arms and fed by way of her forefinger. The others licked their spoons. Instantly, they were ready for more. Klara had baked a sponge cake and offered slices dipped into ^{this communal} ~~their golden~~ trove, but Senior and Junior and Angela and Adi just kept licking their spoons, yield after yield.

It was as if they were drunk. All of them. In separate ways, but they ^{each and every one way} ~~were~~ certainly having an exceptional good time. For Alois, it was as special ^{good} ~~as~~ ^{French brandy (which he had tasted three times in his)} ~~as schnapps~~ ^{life.} This honey was magical. It gave him memories of Fanny, splendid memories he had not permitted himself to enjoy for years. That had been true heat ^{then}. What a bitch! What a witch! Too bad! She had paid a great price ~~for all that heat~~. To die so young. Yes, she had loved him

too much, and the thought of such an overabundance of love, excitement, and his old but so successful treacheries to Anna Glassl mixed well with the taste of the honey, yes, he might just as well be drunk.

And Klara, filled with notions of the illimitable ~~generosity of God and~~
~~the immeasurable panoply of His gifts,~~ ^(2nd 1.5) thought again of a young fellow she
had liked back in Spital when she was very young ³ even a year or two before
Alois came to visit the farm ~~and she had met him,~~ this uncle who would be
her man for life. But the other fellow had been ^{so} ~~such a nice young man.~~

They had held hands once, although she had never kissed him, not even that.
But this honey must have stolen into her heart because she realized now
with all her heart—so beautiful a memory—that she had been ~~so~~ happy
when she held hands with that farmer boy, happier than she had ever been
with Alois. Such was life. One had to be careful. One could not live with
honey every day. She was careful now to eat the cake and leave the spoon
alone.

Alois, Junior, was thinking of Der Alte. He felt such confidence in
these thoughts. It had been something in the way the old man looked at
him. Eyes so moist. The old man had looked like he was ready to open his

mouth and wet his lips and do the thing some of the younger boys back in Spital had done for him already. Once or twice. Then, more than once or twice. The honey was telling him the truth. He had liked it. He had tried to get a girl to do it, but she had screamed. Maybe it would happen here with ^{one} the girls in ~~Hafeld~~ and Fischlham. He was old enough. Ready for ~~even~~ tricks.

And now he remembered the older boys who had wanted him to do the same for them. One had even twisted his arm ~~and~~ when he yelled no, ^{just went away} he this big fellow hit him in the stomach. He had been smart enough to throw up ~~all his food~~. That discouraged the big fellow. Now, maybe, he could enjoy something with Der Alte. It would get him ready for the girls ^{in his mind}. Give ^{her a} them ^{ride} on Uhlan. Bareback.

Angela was off in her dream. The honey made her feel ~~maybe even~~ nicer than she had ever felt ~~before~~. A truly funny sensation. So strong. ~~Unruly, could it be unruly?~~ She felt as if there were another person in her, someone new, someone good to feel. Was it right to feel so strongly?

If ^{the} ~~some~~ question now exists how it is possible for a devil like myself to enter the thoughts of this family when little Adolf is my only true client, I

^{among our gifts the power to invest}
 will give credit to the honey. We have the gift of investing ^{most substances}
^{man a substance}
 with a trace of our presence. If we respect such a faculty, if we keep it
 fresh, and are careful not to abuse the power, then that trace of our presence
 can, for a short period, enter the thoughts of a man or woman or child
 without costing us the ^{labor and} responsibility of investing them. This
 delicate link, if carried off with ^{enough} finesse, can remain for days. (I had
 to think with ^{some} regret of how agreeable it would have been to offer
 Nicholas the Second one good taste of Alois' honey.) In any case, I suspect
 that was why ^{Klara had} ^{collection} kept stirring the honey. By instinct, she wished to
^{of course}
 serve as an impromptu angel against our inroads, ^{but} the reverse occurred. ^I
~~was ready~~ and so her interventions only intensified the property I had added
 to the honey. ^{I had, you see, been expecting}
^{just such behavior from her.}
 I did not spend time with ^{the two smallest children} ^{Edmund and Paula}. Before it was
^{the boy} ^{too much} ^{the babe}
 over, Edmund would gorge and soil his pants, and Paula had a touch of
 colic from the honey on Klara's finger. But that was later. At first, they
 kept smiling and smiling with such innocent glee that all the others were
 laughing at them.

Adi was the most interesting ~~to me~~. As I anticipated, he went wild. The sweet had an effect on him equal to three cups of coffee for Alois, Junior, or a ~~stein of beer~~ ^{long night} ~~for the father~~ ^{scharps} ~~on an empty stomach~~. So Adi made a point of giving sticky kisses to Klara and Angela, delighting in their screams, and the panic with which they wiped his kisses off their mouths. Klara, particularly. To scrub her mouth was a reflex, but when she saw a hitch in Adi's laughter, as if he had been rebuked by the expression on her face, and so ~~here came~~ ^{up popped} the first tear in his eye, she caught the boy ~~up~~ and kissed him with all the muscular intensity of a mother doing her duty, and Adi, not knowing whether he had been rewarded or further rebuked, snuck up on Angela with new honey on his mouth and a gob ~~of honey~~ ^{up} on his hand all the better to caress her hair ~~and leave it sticky~~.

Angela started screaming. There was hatred in the sound. He had ripped her away from that ~~wholly mysterious and~~ delightful presence who ~~had been~~ ^{was} ~~cavorting now~~ in the lower part of her belly. But even as Angela was catching her breath to scold him, Adi was off and prancing around Alois, Junior, who froze him with no more than a look.

Edmund was left. Adi moved in behind, full of the power implicit in sneakiness itself, and left Edmund with so much honey on his head, that the two-year-old ^{dropped} popped some more caca ^{into} in his pants, whereupon Adi went up to Klara, pointed at Edmund, and said, "Mother, I did not make messes like that when I was two years old. ^{This} ~~That~~ Edmund, he is always dirty."

Thereby, he handed Angela her ^{quick} ~~made~~ revenge. She was ^{praised} ~~there~~ on the spot to tell Klara what had happened, and ~~was~~ so precise in her description, that Klara began to scold Adi with words she had not used before, not to him. "This is a disgrace. Do you understand? It is a sin to be cruel to those who are smaller than you. How can you be so bad? God will punish you. He will punish all of us." She spoke with woe. She did not wish to spoil this splendid family occasion but ^{must do it} for the sake of the others, for Angela, and for poor little Edmund, dirty again. "How can you ^{play such a} ~~do that~~?"

^{trick} she said to Adi. "Edmund loves you so much."

This time she actually did want to make Adi cry. Instead, she was the one with tears in her eyes. He—perhaps it was the honey—felt as important to himself as he had ever been in his six and a half years. He was enraged at this rebuke. He glared at Angela. He whispered to himself, "I will never

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forgive her. That is a fact!" And with it all, he was so proud of himself. He had brought his mother to tears, even to outright weeping. "Let her cry for once. Not me. It is time for her to learn."

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Double-space

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It is with ~~some~~ distaste that I ~~now proceed~~ to describe the carnal
~~act of~~ ^{Be it understood}
~~meeting between~~ Alois, Junior, and Der Alte. As a devil, I am without
^{Devils} every form of the embryo,
 moral judgments on sex. We look to use it in all its forms, pure, impure,

dedicated or casual, perverse, or—as the Americans say—missionary. “I
^{got on top and relaxed away.”}
~~position.~~ (We are interested in any ^{sexual deed} aspect that has not fallen into a routine,

or worse. ^{Such routine} ~~has~~ become an established habit. These latter practices are, ^{and}

^{would serve}
~~our purposes, (and for that matter,~~ the Cudgels ^{doubtless} could say the

~~same not (are)~~ ^{and the is. In fact we speak of}
~~same~~ prove inimical to ^{our} new purposes, whereas first sexual encounters—~~f~~

~~which we speak of~~ ^{that is,} as primes—~~can be~~ invigorating for us. As I have

~~already indicated,~~ ^{(again. Few primes} the stakes tend to be ~~huge because few couplings~~

(whether oral or cloacal) take place without the implicit presence of the

Maestro and the D.K.—~~that is, we~~ devils invariably encounter ~~one~~ Cudgels

~~then,~~ ^{all-but}
~~or another.~~ Fucking—to employ that most useful ~~and near~~ cosmopolitan,
~~and near-onomatopoeic,~~
 (word so close to the meats and fats of the ~~sexual~~ occasion)—is of real

~~both~~ ^{so} interest to ~~our side~~ ^{Old habits} and theirs. So much can happen ~~in~~ quickly. ~~Habits,~~

whose presence in the psyche are analogous to breastworks in trench

warfare, can be altered, ^{a bit} a matter of direct importance to the Cudgels and

ourselves, depending on whose ox is gored—depend on that.

Small surprise than if we are
 As I say, therefore, our pride as devils is to be free of moral judgment,
glent
~~and altogether on the alert for practical judgment.~~ *Is this joining ready to*
 position or enhance it?

I was repelled, therefore, by what took place. Der Alte, after a few
 courtesies and social commonplaces to shield his excessive pleasure,
 surprise, and instant panic on seeing Alois, Junior appear unexpectedly at
 his door—what if it all turned out a disaster?—soon came to recognize
 (given his ~~many~~ decades of experience in these matters) that Alois, Junior
 was here for the precise gift Der Alte had dreamed of offering *him, that*
 the boy. "I am so glad you came to visit," he ~~said after~~ *repeated several times in* the first few minutes,
after to which Alois replied, "I woke up this morning thinking about you. So,
 here I am."

The air was ~~so~~ still ~~that~~ Der Alte could hear Uhlan swishing his tail ~~outside~~ ~~but~~ ~~he~~ ~~even though~~ the hitching post was fifty feet away, ~~he~~ knew enough to ~~not to~~ spend ~~not~~ five seconds in ~~in~~ further conversation, but moved over to where

Alois, Junior was sitting, knelt before him, and laid his hand upon the boy's

~~whereupon~~ ~~whereupon~~ Alois, Junior was on his feet, pants unbuttoned, and his

happy, blood-filled organ ~~(indeed, it had been half-full since his early~~

~~morning dream)~~ and thrust ~~at once~~ ~~it~~ into Der Alte's lips. ~~(Here, I am obliged to say~~

~~those~~ his yearning, long-unemployed lips.)

~~It was over that~~ Over the next moments, I became displeased. If I am free of moral

judgment. I am hardly ~~deprived~~ ~~void~~ of good taste, and Der Alte demeaned

himself in my view. To say it straight, he slobbered all over the boy, and

~~splattered~~ screamed much too raucously when Junior thrust a full discharge down his

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throat. Like a baby, Der Alte peed in his pants. It was a species of discharge—the best urination he'd had in months, and ~~then~~ ^{plus} he was all over Alois, Junior with kisses, and a variety of verbal endearments I will not repeat here. "You taste sweet, your heart is good," is perhaps the most manageable example to offer, and, of course, the most absurd, for Alois, Junior did not have to be a client for me to ~~understand~~ ^{perceive} that his heart was cold, bitter, and well-coordinated in its beating ~~since his~~ ^{and his} ~~best~~ concern was for himself. Like all such ~~young fellows~~ ^{young fellows}, ~~he was filled with disgust for the erstwhile~~ ^{this quondam} partner, and left as soon as he could.

~~That~~ ^{That} took a few minutes. He had no wish to be entangled for even a quarter of an hour with endearments that sat on his skin like spider webs, but on the other hand, his immensely practical nature kept him there long

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enough not to insult Der Alte ^{for} ~~so~~ directly that ^{interfere with} it could affect a return visit.

Who knew? If he ^{did not} ~~didn't~~ succeed in the next few days with one particular

farm girl he had in mind ~~for more of the same~~, then back he would come to

this old piss-pot. ^{Alas, Sir} He was the true stuff out of which ^{clients} ~~devils~~ are made—at the

age of fourteen, he already understood sex in a manner that was ideal for

us—he was interested in pleasure, ^{but} ~~and~~ ⁵⁰⁰⁹ would in the future be adept at

^{accumulating} acquiring power by way of his gifts. ^{principle} He had potency. That is ^{happens to be} one full tank

of gasoline ^{which} ~~that~~ (we know how to use. So many of our male clients have ^{for us,} ~~we never know when an erection will be there~~) weak dicks. It sets up endless problems ~~for us~~ too complex to enter into as

yet since ^{our} ~~the~~ manipulations of partial impotence ^{can} ~~is~~ also a most useful tool ^{for us, or for example} such a condition which ~~for us~~ Adolf was to suffer prodigiously from ~~the~~ we will yet see as we

follow him through adolescence, war, and his early political manhood ~~how~~

~~many variations we could compose on that theme.~~

Alois, Junior, was ~~altogether the~~ ^{an} opposite sort. ^{Full of his father's blood} His natural interest

was in women. ~~Their power was attractive to him provided he could break~~

~~it down.~~ He would have spent all this time with ^{them} ~~women~~ ^{for} except what he

considered ~~their~~ ^a built-in snare ~~for men.~~ They were too attached to

responsibility, family responsibility. Boys and men, to the contrary, were

^{merely} ~~just~~ there—good for washing out the ^{Conspicuous} ~~over-sensit~~ pleasures of the body and
^{And very nice to dominate,}
~~some of the long-collected annoyances.~~

He would have been perfect as a client. We could have enhanced his

power and he could have served our purposes in ^{such a variety of ways} ~~a manifold manner.~~ My

instructions, however, were to leave him alone. The Maestro's eyes were for

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Adolf. And I understood. It can ~~even~~ be disruptive to have two clients in

one family especially if they are ~~most~~ different in nature. ^{Should} ~~A~~ one devil ~~tries~~

^{En vies can stir.}
~~try~~ to tend to both, needs can collide. And two separate devils rarely make a

^{at overseeing}
 good union ~~in~~ one home. The better we get, the more difficult we can

~~become~~ ^{has been} In that sense, as the Maestro is known to remark, we can be more

troublesome than opera stars.

So, I stayed away from Alois, Junior, ^{Soon enough} ~~even though he was as familiar~~

~~to me as an old, well-used nautical chart is to a sea captain. For that matter,~~

~~Der Alte became the chart, and Alois, Junior was the sea captain, for their~~

~~occasional continued relations, a wholly secondary mooring station,~~

^{he did} ~~however, Alois, Junior, did~~ ^{charming} succeed in getting Greta Marie Schmidt, a

^{He proceeded to}
 strapping farm girl to whom he gave rides on Uhlan, ~~to do with him what~~

~~Before long, he had something like the~~
 his mother Fanni had gotten into with Alois, Senior while she was still a
~~same set of keys to her private parts that~~
~~Alois, Senior, had had with Fanni in when she~~
~~virgin.~~ To use one more American vulgarism (I confess to taking some ^{was} ^{shit} ^a ^{virgin.}
^{he knew}
 pleasure from them), Junior ~~got to know~~ Greta Marie from "asshole to

appetite." He had no desire to take her virginity—that was snare-land ~~and~~

~~Moreover,~~

besides ^{he} did not really like her. She was a touch too crude, ~~too honest~~

~~smelling, perhaps,~~ ^{went} for his developing nature. So he ~~would~~ go back to Der

~~Alte from time to time. That could be exciting and entertaining since Der~~
^(Despite the reeking hut, some occasions were)

~~Der~~ Alte was full of tricks, slicks, langourous slides and inspired flutters of his

tongue—all to the good for Junior, the pleasure-lover, but, of course, Der

Alte was no beauty, ~~and~~ afterward, Junior could hardly look at him.

Moreover, he was repulsed ^{nearly so} almost as much as I was by all that sobbing and

^{went with the} ^{boy's regions.}
~~the gurgling that accompanied his trip into the wild with Alois' loins. (The~~

The sad truth was that ^{Senior's} the boy's backside excited ^{Der Alte's} his tongue ~~as much as~~ ^{even more than} the front

door. Alois felt ~~on the one hand~~ like a bounteously endowed repository of

~~pleasure, and was, indeed,~~ ^{a few which} until he exploded in the old boy's gullet, ~~as still~~

^{he was still} ~~as a statue, nonetheless,~~ ^{and} he was doubly disgusted by the recognition that his

own father ~~try as he might to speak ill of Der Alte "that old piss-hound"~~

~~ill use his brain a little today~~ was hopelessly in awe, like it or not, of

^{Der Alte} how much he knew. Alois, Junior could see it. ~~In his heart,~~ Senior would

~~always be on his sickly best behavior when around scholars,~~

If Der Alte was ready to enslave himself to the son, ~~(and ask for no~~

~~more than to be enslaved himself)~~ ^{Junior} then how could the boy respect his father,

~~and all that awful, endless, nervousness about his~~ ^{those} bees? They had had their

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his father
honey-feast and yet here ~~he~~ was ^{already} worrying about the remaining two
hives.

~~It was no accident as I could see it that~~ The upshot was a small but
I was not at all surprised
near-disaster. (Alois, Junior ^{managed} happened to leave one of the two remaining
hives out in the sun.

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As just described, ~~it was~~ a near disaster. But ~~the~~ the father came upon it in time, ~~it~~ ~~the~~ tested the heat of the frame under the glare of the sun, recognizing that the wood was not yet so overheated that the bees would destroy themselves ~~whirling~~ whirling about in panic between the trays. He had come in time, just in time. He lifted the hive and carried it back to the shade.

"What were you thinking?" he should at Alain, junior.

The boy was suddenly much less than a fourth of fourteen. The user to whom, ~~when~~ adolescents can be put are so many. It is because they have no real age. The number of years figures immensely in their thought. Fourteen was large indeed as a concept to Junior — he even pictured it as ~~XXXX~~ XIV, yet he knew every egg but took the passion of the cold calculation of an experienced twenty-year old and the hurried but real childishness of feeling much younger at times.

than two days, especially when (624)
 caught at some foolishness. He was
 now as close to tears as an eight-year
 old, and so most humbly divided
~~for Adi had just run up to me about~~
~~the shouting and shouting and~~ for
 he would have despised himself
 if he had begun to weep.

It was still awful for him, dry-eyed
 or not. He had begun to ~~look~~ ~~look~~
 his father. ~~He~~ "You have given ~~me~~
 so much good and new information!"
 he now said. "So exciting and
 so stimulating, dear respected father,
 that I confess it may have been too
 much for my head. I know now
 that I made a mistake. I thought
 I was supposed to put the time
 in the pen for a few minutes - no
 more! - to warm the honey comb."

It was so cold last night. For
 spring - so cold! I hope I did not
 make a terrible ~~mistake~~ error. ~~What~~
~~could have been the reason for this?~~
 with my slightly quiver it kept on some
 semblance of sincerity. "You must

forgive me, father," he finished. (620)
 "My mistake is an outrage. I cannot
 not apologize more!"

He had given it every improvisation
 out that he had, but it was not
 enough. The dark paternal ~~weather~~
 weather-front had come up again on
 Alois, Sr. His rage was now contained
 in the depths of his suspicion.

"Think of this, Alois," he said quietly.

"On keep all these bees do their work
 obeying my rule." Then he glanced
 at Junior until the boy looked away.

Alois, Senior, wanted no damage,
 well to leave it ~~just~~ like this. If he
 had been my client, I would have
 looked to restrain him, ~~for~~ for the
~~anger~~ ^{anger} that issue from a father can
~~often~~ be ~~so~~ clotted and ineffective
 the moment it passes over to rage
 for then it is only satisfying to
 himself and not to the reality
 of the principle.

Alois indulged his rage by taking
 hold of Junior's chin and glaring
 into his eyes. Junior looked away
 and was ~~penetrated~~ again on his chin,
 yes, ordered to look back. It took
 success only in rallying the boy.

Who did his father think he was? (626)
 Dualla respected him, Junior, a lot
 more than he respected his father.
 The thought ~~was~~ was not enough
 to fortify his gaze so much as he
 dared, but it was enough to give
 pause to Senior. For Junior did not
 look away alone, but stared back
 back, yes, almost glared back at his
 father, and ~~then~~ ~~exchange~~ ~~but~~
 the exchange between their eyes
 lasted long enough for Alai to
 feel some relief when the boy
 finally ~~was~~ nodded and
 looked away, but then that was
 followed by a small but nagging
 discomfort once Alai, Senior, was
 alone again, because he could recognize
 that that ~~last~~ final minute looked
 then had, no matter the intensity
 of his rage, taken a little more than
 expected as if it had been a sixteen
 year old looking back, or even seventeen.
 If that bothered Alai, there was
 more to come. He did not learn
 about it for a few days, but it was
 now more about Junior.

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 24-28

She received a letter from her (62) mother, and it wiped away all those hopeful confidences Klara had given to her father's earlier letter, and that even if she had not believed that earlier letter altogether a confusion of the picture with the fearful that he will soon leave cause to contemplate

It is true, wrote Klara's mother that the boy did well in certain ways — and then, although, writing a letter was a species of agency for Johann, as Klara knew all too well, knowing been disengaged at much too early an age, time and more at ten, to take care of the three or four necessary communications that came her way than way in excess, than, to Klara's mother, Johann now went on for a page of the most painful & gutting explanation, then listing, then returning to Klara, Johann's virtues, so bright, so bright, so bright, so bright she could tell that to anyone, and he was attractive to look at, she would say that too, since Klara was in doubt for she even had seen recently that Johann reminded her of the father, young husband, black hair, who was so young, so attractive, so bright when he was a boy, so many years ago, but she ~~now~~ remembers. Only, Johann went on, he was a good boy, was, respectable "Klara! I have to tell you" she now

wrote, "I am worried about Junior. (218)
He is wild. I don't want to see ~~the~~ ^{him}
but, well, he is that. Klara, you will
have to keep an eye on him. I do not
want to tell you this, but I must. It has
to be told. My husband decided that he
had to send this way back to you. Johann
decided, it had to be done. You know he
had to go out and live. ~~He~~ ^{He} grew up
follow to work with him. Well, that
Alain, he needs a lot. So now he has
needed a man and he has to pay wages."

Klara went to her sewing basket and
took out the letter ~~which~~ ^{which} Johann Polz
had written. ~~which~~ ^{which} On way
supposed to have written. Every year
when it was now seemed ~~so~~ ^{so}
awful. She searched on the top shelf
of a cupboard and did find an old
letter she knew was from her father
one she had taken the pains to wrap
in a ribbon because it was his blessing
on the birth of Edmund, and the
moment she had dated it again, she
breathed the piece of paper. Alain, Janice
had given her when he married very
not in her father's handwriting not
at all like her look. Maybe the
shilling was bad, like her father, but
not as bad, and the shape of the letter

was different. The bag had ~~been~~ ⁶²⁹ written all over about how good he was and what a fine character a forgery!

Now, Klara read her mother's letter again and with a knot at her heart. Her poor mother! Johanna apologizing & brought for her back Germany, her inability to shop, but "Klara, I want to write this letter, say you could know. I don't say for you to be careful and write it out."

Klara did not show the letter to Albin for three days and then she did. In his own right before ~~they turned off the light~~ they were ready to sleep he had begun to complain about Albin. He

"I can't get any real work from him at all," said Albin. "He does not react to my satisfaction when I speak to him. He is always off with the horse. I don't want to worry, but I worry. He can get into trouble. I know he's a girl on the other side of the hill."

When she told him about her mother's letter, he nodded as if that could hardly be a surprise.

"What are you going to say to him?" she asked.

(630)

"I will think about it," he told her. "The next step could be of consequence."

She was not about to show her reaction, but she was infuriated. ~~Alain's~~ Alain's rage at his son had now passed into her. Everything he had done to destroy her now passed in review. She could not sleep well that night for annoyance as ~~guilt to avoid the pressure~~ ~~to face in her time to come~~ ~~which~~ ~~one could not find in the calculation.~~

~~I was too afraid to go to school. He had told the principal that I was too young to go to school. I was too young to go to school. I was too young to go to school.~~

If Alain was not ready to scold his son then she would have to. But she knew she felt unready. It was his son after all ~~and~~ and not her own. It was not ~~one~~ but she had a good feeling for Angela.

629-635
tulle space

→ If she had to take action, however, this choice was removed, Alois, Junior, broke an egg on ~~Alois~~ Adi's head. It was as if he knew that Clara had received the letter. Indeed I was obliged to measure him all over again. What a client we were passing by, few of them had been instructed.

The occasion was simple enough. His girl, Creta Klavie, had bored him a little that afternoon, and it was too late to see Ben Alte. Junior was rather, the need for some kind of interesting and easy work in his fingertips. He had already felt like smacking Creta Klavie and the emotion was ~~not~~ being avoided to Angela. She was clucking over her chickens, and collecting eggs from the hen as if they were rings of gold, dirty hen-stained eggs. So he picked one out of her basket to hear her scream. He would have broken the egg on her ~~own~~ head, but he could not. She was his ~~for~~ full sister, who else did he have. No - as if the next were noble - he did not break it on her head - this was Adi's ~~own~~

conveniently written, nearly (65)
moving around as he always did.
He had scolded Adi earlier on coming
back from his ride with Ullan. Adi
had been lying on the floor of the
barn and screaming his way through
a temper-tantrum.

Junior had lifted him up in the
air and then jammed him down
to a standing position, his heels
rapping the floor. "You just back
fired," said Alois Junior.

"Try and make me," said Adi.
They had developed a predictable
self-perpetuating. Adi could refuse
at the last, the alternative way
to going to his mother. I had
just enough influence on the boy
when he was in a semi-hysterical
state to restrain him. Early in life
he had learned from me that the
threat was greater than the executing.
Alois, Junior, certainly respected it.
He had an unspoken self-censor
with Clara, with Angela, and—to
a highly frayed degree by now—with
Alois, Senior.

Abruptly it became just a little
too much. "Try and make me,"
Adi had said and Angela was

offering baby talk to her children, (631)
 who smaller even worse than
 Roca etc. He withheld the impulse
 to seize the egg in her basket, he
 withheld the impulse to break one on
 her head. And there was Adi looking
 at him, feeling wholly safe on
 his side of the fence.

Adi Junior took an egg out of
 Engel's basket, and crashed it
 on Adi's head, mangled the shell
 and raked the yolk and the
 fragments into little Adie's hair.

Now, he truly screamed. He
 was too young for either vindication,
 or purposeful action, but then
 he was not. I had hardly prepared
 him, but it was as if he had gotten
 himself ready, and anticipated
 just this species of show-down
 for he proceeded immediately to
 run his own hand through his
 egg-dubbing hair long enough
 to coat his palm which he then
 wiped on his shirt. ~~When that~~
~~was off~~ when that seemed insufficient
 he was so bold as to ~~whip~~
 choose another egg from Engel's
 basket - what a scream from
 her! - and smash this all over

his head, his face and his
 slinky to which, attack upon
 himself, her brother or landlady
 if Alain, for junior, had been
 and then ran weeping ~~to the door~~
 from the door, to his mother in
 the kitchen of their home where
 Alain, junior, in ~~for~~ in now
 for some real punishment and
 and discomfort, decided that
 one more dead could tip no balance
 that was already broken, and so
 he gave Al di a good kick in the behind
~~and then he went to the door~~ to hand
 him on his way.

Vast screams, they were loud
 enough to shatter Klara's curtains.
 She came running back to the
 door with all her several days
 of making over her mother's collar,
~~and then she went to the door~~
 and proceeded to tell Alain, junior,
 that his lie was worse than the
 wound of the fifth left leg the
 pigs in their leg, "They leave my
 excuse. They are pigs. You are
 nothing. You are a brute and a pig."

and nothing but filth." She (693)
 could not believe her own language,
 it was so strong, and to her surprise,
 Alain, junior actually began to
 sob ^{for} ~~from~~ ^{with tears} all of this while
 had no real idea of how ready
 she was to hate him, with such
 clarity and ~~certainty~~ ^{clarity}, and he
 indeed felt filthier, if only for a
 moment, images of Dor Alt ~~the~~
 gobbling ~~at~~ ⁱⁿ ~~mouth~~ ^{mouth} ~~showing~~ ^{the} ~~him~~
 for just a moment before ~~he~~ ^{he}
 got his robes under control, and
 walked and walked away, back
 to himself ~~in thought~~ ^{he} robes that
 choked his throat were seized by
 his will - for truth, this is the only
 way to put it - and he stopped
 crying, and walked and walked
 along. He did not know where
 the world would take him next
 nor when, but he understood that
 he could not remain in Hafeld and
 must soon say goodbye to his home
 unless he decided to ~~reclaim~~ ^{reclaim} him.

That was ~~too~~ ^{too} large and so
 to return for more than another moment
 but he also knew that he could not
 leave - not for the foundation of his

future,
 (as it is not unless he could still be
 back in our strong way even after.)

8.

634

They were all quiet at dinner that night, and Eldis, Senior, was so preoccupied with his own woes — he had been stung by his bees a few times that afternoon, a few times more than the usual two or, occasionally three, he was used to receiving — part of the occupational hazard, no more — that ~~he~~ he not only had very little to say, but did not even pay notice that the others were silent as well.

He was waiting for her bite, Lady Klara had begun to remove his sting and she was naturally skilled at it. She never pulled on that tiny sword, dagger, needle, stiletto — sting was too small a word as he felt it, no, if you didn't get it out, you could feel the wound all night. A tiny wound but a real one. It throbbed. It felt personal. He could not explain it either. But Klara knew how to press to one side of where the stinger was pressing and then she did not try to pull it out, but it much seemed to ease it out.

[illegible]

611-612
double spaced

-6-

It is with distaste that I now describe the carnal act of Alois, Junior,
 (That is with some distaste,) those matters,
 and Der Alte. Be it understood, I am without moral judgments on ~~the~~
 As devils, being devils, we whether
 Devils look to use every form of the embrace, dedicated or casual,
 (top)
 perverse, or—as the Americans say—missionary—"I got on top and whaled
 of course, must have do not
 away." We are interested in any sexual deed that has not fallen into ~~any~~
 one or another
 routine, or worse, become an established habit. Such routine practices are—
 I believe, to
 and the Cudgels would agree—inimical to our purposes and theirs. In fact,
 we speak of first sexual encounters as primes—that is, invigorating for us,
 The stakes tend to be larger. Few primes take place without the implicit ^{representatives}
 presence of the Maestro and the D.K. ~~the~~ ^{in attendance, Devils} devils (invariably encounter Cudgels

then. Fucking—to employ that most useful, all-but-cosmopolitan, and near-onomatopoetic word, (so close to the meats and fats of the occasion)—is of real interest to both sides. So much can happen ~~so~~ quickly. Old habits, whose presence in the psyche ^{may be described as} are analogous to breastworks in trench warfare, can be altered ^{that is} a bit a matter of direct importance to the Cudgels and ourselves ^{to} depending on whose ox is gored ~~depend on that~~

Small surprise, then, if we are free of moral judgment, and altogether alert instead for practical ^{estimates} judgment ^(peculiar) (Is this joining ready to weaken our position ^{to} or enhance it?

I was repelled, therefore, by what took place. Der Alte, after a few ^{habitual} courtesies and social commonplaces ^{there} to shield his excessive pleasure, ~~surprise~~ and instant panic on seeing Alois, Junior, appear unexpectedly at his door—what if it all turned out a disaster?—soon came to recognize (given ~~his~~ ^{his} decades of experience in these matters) that Alois, Junior was here for the precise gift Der Alte had dreamed of offering him since they met. "I am so glad you ^{desired} came to visit," he repeated several times in the first few minutes, after which Alois replied, "I woke up this morning thinking about you. So, here I am."

The air was still. The hitching post outside was fifty feet away, ^{but} Der Alte could hear Uhlan swishing his tail, ^{but} he knew enough not to spend five seconds ^{move} further in conversation, but moved to where Alois, Junior was sitting, knelt before him, and laid his hand upon the boy's crotch.

Whereupon—good Jack-in-the-box—Alois, Junior, was on his feet, pants unbuttoned, and his happy, blood-filled organ thrust at once into Der Alte's ^{mouth—} ~~lips~~—poor old man!—those yearning, long-unemployed lips.

It was ^{during} ~~over~~ the next moments that I became displeased. If I am free of moral judgment. I am hardly void of good taste, and Der Alte demeaned himself. To say it straight, he slobbered all over the boy, and spluttered much too raucously when Junior thrust a full discharge down his throat. Like a baby, Der Alte peed in his pants. It was a species of discharge—the best urination he'd had in months. Then he was all over Alois, Junior with kisses, plus a variety of verbal endearments I will not repeat here. "You taste sweet, your heart is good," is perhaps the most manageable example to offer, and, of course, the most absurd, for Alois, Junior, did not have to be a client for me to perceive that his heart was cold, bitter, and well-coordinated in its beating. His concern was for himself. Like all such young fellows, he

was filled with disgust for this quondam partner, and left as soon as he could.

That took a few minutes. He had no wish to be entangled for even a quarter of an hour with endearments that sat on his skin like spider webs, but on the other hand, his immensely practical nature kept him there long enough not to insult Der Alte directly. ^{That} ~~that~~ could interfere with a return visit. Who knew? If he did not succeed in the next few days with one particular farm girl he had in mind, then back he would come to ~~the~~ ^{the} old piss-pot. Alois, Junior was the true stuff out of which clients are made—at the age of fourteen, he already understood sex in a manner that was ideal for us—he was interested in pleasure, but would soon be adept at accumulating power ~~by way of his priapic gifts. That happens to be one full tank of gasoline~~ ^{to anticipate technology} which we know how to use. So many of our male clients have weak dicks. We never know when an erection will be ^{up} ~~there~~ for us. It ^{creates} ~~sets up~~ endless problems too complex to enter into as yet since our manipulations of partial impotence can also be ^{prove} ~~be~~ a most useful tool ^{for us}. For example, Adolf was to suffer prodigiously from such a condition (which we will yet see as we follow him through adolescence, war, and his early political manhood.)

Alois, Junior, was ^{the} ~~an~~ opposite sort. Full of his father's blood, his natural interest was in women. He would have spent all this time with them except for what he considered a built-in snare. They were too attached to responsibility, family responsibility. Boys and men, ^{on} ~~to~~ the contrary, were merely there—good for washing out the constrictions of the body. And very nice to dominate.

He would have been perfect as a client. We could have enhanced his power and he could have served our purposes in ~~such~~ ^{rich} a variety of ways. My instructions, however, were to leave him alone. The Maestro's eyes were for Adolf. And I understood. It can be disruptive to have two clients in one family especially if they are different in nature. Should one devil try to tend to both, needs can collide. Envies can stir. And two separate devils rarely make a good union at overseeing one home. In that sense, as the Maestro has been known to remark, we can be more troublesome than opera stars.

So, I stayed away from Alois, Junior. Soon enough, he did succeed in charming Greta Marie Schmidt, a strapping farm girl to whom he gave rides on Uhlan. Before long, he had something like the same set of keys to her private parts that Alois, Senior, had had with Fanni when she was still a

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virgin. To use one more American vulgarism (I confess to taking ~~some~~ ^{unpleasantly} pleasure from them), Junior knew Greta Marie from "asshole to appetite." He had no desire to take her virginity—that was snare-land. Moreover, he did not really like her. She was a touch too crude for his developing nature. So he went back to Der Alte from time to time. Despite the reeking hut, some occasions were ~~exciting and~~ entertaining. Der Alte was full of tricks, slicks, langourous slides and inspired flutters of his tongue—all to the good for Junior, the pleasure-lover, but, of course, Der Alte was no beauty. Afterward, Junior could ~~hardly~~ ^{hardly} look at him. Moreover, ~~he was repulsed~~ ^{the youth} nearly so much as I was by all that sobbing and gurgling that went with the trip into the ~~boy's~~ ^{verboten} regions. The sad truth was that ~~the Junior's backside~~ ^{he was excited by} excited Der Alte's tongue even more ~~than~~ the front door. Alois felt like a bounteously endowed repository until he exploded in the old boy's gutter, ^{turn around long enough to} after which he ~~was~~ ^{stop} still as a statue, ^{again} and doubly disgusted by the recognition that his own father was hopelessly in awe, like it or not, of how much Der Alte knew, ^{and how well he could speak}

If Der Alte was ready to enslave himself to the son, then how could Junior respect his father? ^{in Senior} all that awful, endless, nervousness about those

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*Always seeking advice from Der AHC and
spaying through the nose,*

bees? They had had their honey-feast and yet here was his father already
worrying about the remaining two hives.

The upshot was a small but near-disaster. I was not at all surprised.

Alois, Junior managed to leave one of the two remaining hives out in the
sun. *For no good reason, Distaste for his*

father, and spite

-7-

Indeed,
As just described, a near-disaster. But ~~the~~ father came upon it in

time, tested the heat of the ~~frame~~ *wood* under the glare of the sun, recognized that

the ~~wood~~ *hive* was not yet so overheated that the bees would destroy themselves *by*

whipping about in panic between the trays. He had come in time, *perhaps* just in

time. He lifted the hive and carried it back to the shade.

"What were you thinking?" he shouted at Alois, Junior.

~~turned inside-out by the power of that voice. Such an ugly power.~~
The boy was suddenly ~~much less than a youth of fourteen~~. The uses

~~Adolescents have no real age. Junior was to which adolescents can be put are many. It is because they have no real longer a youth of fourteen. It had been up to this moment a spectral concept to him, age. The number of years figures immensely in their thoughts. Fourteen~~

~~He had~~ ~~was large indeed as a concept to Junior~~ ~~he even pictured it as XIV~~ ~~the truth like many another adolescent, he was a few other ages as well.~~
In ~~was every age but that~~ (He possessed the cold calculation of an experienced

twenty-year-old, and the buried but real childishness of feeling much ~~an eight-year-old~~

~~younger at times than his age, especially when~~ caught at some foolishness.

~~at this moment so brutally~~
He was now as close to years as an eight-year-old, and so most brutally

~~that~~
divided, for he would have despised himself if he had begun to cry.

~~his behavior was awful to him~~
It was still awful for him, ~~dry-eyed or not~~ (He had begun to plead

with his father. "You have given me so much good and new information,"

he now said. "So exciting and so stimulating, dear respected father, that I

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confess it may have been too much for my ^{ignorant} head. I know now that I made a

mistake. I ^{believed} ~~thought~~ I was supposed to put the hive in the sun ^{yes} ~~for~~ a few

minutes—no more!—to warm the honey-combs. It was so cold last night.

For spring—so cold! I hope I did not make a terrible error."

Poor Alois, Junior. I knew he could hear his own voice with every slipping grip he kept on some semblance of sincerity. "You must forgive me, father. My mistake is an outrage. I could not apologize more!"

He had given it every improvisatory art ^{he possessed, he dredged} ~~that he had~~, but it was not ^{his instincts, yet knew it was not} enough. The dark paternal weather-front had come up again on Alois,

^{to make it worse, the} Senior. ^{enclosed} ~~His rage was now contained in the depths of his suspicion.~~ "Think ^{his rage. "Think of this,"} ~~of this, Alois,~~" he said quietly. "Our bees, all these bees, do their work by

obeying the rules." Then he glared at Junior until the boy looked away.

Alois, Senior would have done well to leave it like this. If he had
 been my client, I ^{might} ~~would~~ have looked to restrain him. For the anger that
 issues forth from a father can be ^{grows} ~~elated~~ and ineffective the moment it ^{grows} ~~passes~~
~~put~~ ^{into a rage that}
~~over to rage for then~~ it is only satisfying to himself and not to the validity of
 the principle.

Alois indulged his ^{took} ~~rage~~ by taking hold of Junior's chin and ^{glared} ~~glaring~~

into his eyes. Junior looked away and was pinched again on his chin, ~~for~~

~~he was~~ ^{ordered to look back}. That succeeded ^{only} ~~only~~ in rallying the boy. ^{Have little} ~~Who did his~~
^{his father knew!}
~~father think he was?~~ ^{Der Alte} Der Alte respected him, Junior, a lot more than ~~he~~

^{This} ~~The~~ thought was ^{finally} ~~not enough~~ to fortify his gaze ^{enough} ~~as~~ ^{quite}
^{as} much as he desired, but it ^{did} ~~was enough to~~ ^{save} give pause to Senior. For Junior

did not look away at once, but stared back, yes, almost glared back at his

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father, and ^{this} the exchange ~~between their eyes~~ lasted long enough for Alois to

feel ^{a cheap} ~~some~~ relief when the boy finally nodded and looked away, ^{Of course,} but then this

this was followed by a small but nagging discomfort ^{for} ~~once~~ Alois, Senior was

^{Once} ~~he~~ ^{the altercation, particularly} alone, again, he could recognize that ~~this final minute~~ between them had,

^{the final minute} ~~had~~ no matter the intensity of his rage, taken a little more than expected, as if it

had been a sixteen-year-old looking back, ~~or even seven years~~.

If that bothered Alois, there was more to come. He did not learn

about it for a few days, but Klara was now ^{most concerning} ~~most~~ upset about Junior. She

received a letter from her mother ^{which} ~~and it~~ wiped away all the hopeful

confidence Klara had given to her father's earlier letter, ^{Johann Pöckl's} ~~even if she had not~~ ^{which had} spoken so well of Alois, Junior's work. She ^{or, had she? So soon} had believed that earlier letter altogether—~~a confusion of the positive with the~~ ^{as she began to read her mother's letter,} she ~~considered if she had~~ ^{feared} ~~believed the~~ ^{fearful that we will soon have cause to contemplate} first one. No, not at bottom. Of course not.

It is true, wrote Klara's mother, that the boy did well in certain
~~ways, but then she could not come to the point~~
~~and then, although writing a letter was a species of agony for~~
~~Johanna, as Klara knew (all too well, ^{that} even at the age of nine,~~
~~she had been dragooned) ^{few} early an age, nine, and more at ten, to take care of the three or four~~
~~necessary communications that came her mother's way in a year, thus, to~~
~~Klara's surprise, ^{hardly} Johanna now went on for a ^{full} page of the most painful syntax~~
~~explaining, then listing ^(then returning to) Alois, Junior's virtues, so bright,~~
~~the boy was very bright, she could tell that to anyone, and ^{also} he was attractive~~
~~to look at, she would say that ~~too~~ Since Klara was her daughter, she would~~
~~even remark that Junior reminded her of the father, your husband, Uncle~~
~~Alois, who was so young, so attractive, so bright when he was a boy, so~~

many years ago. Only, Johanna went on, ^{that Alois} ~~he~~ was a good young man,

so responsible.

"Klara, I have to tell you," she now wrote, "I am worried about

Junior. He is wild. I don't ^{must} want to use the word, ~~but, wild~~ ^{He is that.}

Klara, you will have to keep an eye on him. I do not want to tell you this,

^{it is} ~~but I must~~ ^{told me} it has to be told. My husband decided that he had to send the

^{And I agreed.} boy back to you. ~~Johann decided~~ ^{Johann has} it had to be done. You know, ~~he~~ had to go

out and hire a grown-up fellow to work with him. Without ^{Junior} ~~Alois~~, he needed

it. So now he has hired a man and he has to pay wages. ^{That is how} ~~much we lose~~ ^{by sending Junior away,} ~~but we must.~~

Klara went to her sewing basket and took out the letter Johann Poelzl

had written. Or was supposed to have written. Every good word in it now

seemed awful. She searched on the top shelf of a cupboard and did find an

old letter she knew was from her father, one she had taken the pains to wrap in a ribbon because it was his blessing on the birth of Edmund, and the moment she looked at it again, she knew that the piece of paper Alois,

Junior had given her when he arrived was not in her father's handwriting, *no*

not at all on a *real* close look. ~~Maybe the spelling was bad, like her father's, but~~

~~not as bad, and~~ *the* slope of the letters was different. The boy had written all

this about how good he was ~~and what a fine worker~~—a forgery!

felt
Now, Klara read her mother's letter again and ~~with~~ a knot at her heart.

~~Her poor mother!~~ Johanna apologized throughout for her bad German, her

inability to spell, but, "Klara, I had to write this letter so you could know. I

even say for you to be careful and watch out."

Her poor mother!

Klara did not show the letter to Alois for three days, and then she did.

In bed one night before they were ready to sleep, he had begun to complain about Alois, Junior.

"I can't get any real work from him ^{any more,} ~~at all~~," said Alois. ~~"He does not~~

he does not react to my satisfaction ~~when~~ I speak to him. He is always off with the

horse. I don't want to worry, but I worry. He can get into trouble. ~~Now~~

He sees girls on the other side of the hill."

When she told him about her mother's letter, he nodded ~~as if~~ that could hardly be a surprise.

"What are you going to say to him?" she asked.

"I will think about it," he told her. "The next step could be of consequence."

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~~She was not about to show her reaction, but~~ She was infuriated. Alois' rage at his ~~son~~ ^{over} had now passed ^{Junior} to her. Everything ~~he~~ ^{she} had done to annoy her

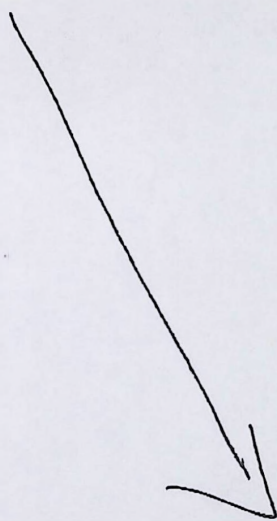
now passed in review. She could not sleep well that night, ~~for~~ ^{was} annoyance ^{as}

quick to ^{startle her} awake the ~~nerves in her limbs~~ ^{feels but cannot} as some insect one could not find in

the bedclothes. If Alois was not ready to scold his son, then she would have

to. But she knew she ~~felt uneasy~~ ^{was not ready for this} (It was his son, after all, ~~and~~ not her own.

~~It~~ ^{this} was not one bit like her good feeling for Angela.



Double space 612-634

Judith. As you will see, I have changed Alois Junior, to Alois-Junior (a common after — much simpler.) Now, when there's time, do the same for all the previous pages as they were there. Same for Alois-Senior. ~~do not~~ Alois, Senior. I had a punctuated hierarchy I got myself into. -6-

Do pages 619-634 first

I will now describe the carnal act of Alois Junior, and Der Alte. That is with some distaste. Be it understood, I am without moral judgments on these matters. As devils, we have to be interested in every form of the embrace, dedicated, casual, perverse, or—as the Americans say—missionary—"I got on top and whaled away." We are, of course, most interested in sexual deeds that do not fall into one or another established habit. Such routine practices are—the Cudgels, I believe, would agree—inimical to our purposes and to theirs. In fact, we speak of first sexual encounters as primes. The stakes tend to be larger. Few primes take place without the representatives of the Maestro and the D.K. in attendance.

Devils invariably encounter Cudgels then. Fucking—to employ that most useful, all-but-cosmopolitan, and near-onomatopoetic word, (so close to the meats and fats of the occasion)—is of real interest to both sides. So much can happen quickly. Old habits, whose presence in the psyche may be described as analogous to breastworks in trench warfare, can be altered a bit. That is a matter of direct importance to the Cudgels and to ourselves—depending on whose ox is gored!

Small surprise, then, if we are free of moral judgment, and altogether alert instead for practical estimates. Is this peculiar joining ready to weaken our position or to enhance it?

I was repelled, therefore, by what took place. Der Alte, after a few habitual courtesies and social commonplaces, there to shield his excessive pleasure, and instant panic on seeing Alois₇ Junior, appear unexpectedly at his door—what if it all turned out a disaster?—soon came to recognize (given his decades of experience in these matters) that Alois, Junior was here for the precise gift Der Alte had dreamed of offering him since they met. "I am so glad you desired to visit," he repeated several times in the

first few minutes, after which Alois replied, "I woke up this morning thinking about you. So, here I am."

The air was still. The hitching post outside was fifty feet away, but Der Alte could hear Uhlan swishing his tail. He knew enough not to spend five seconds more in conversation, but moved to where Alois Junior, was sitting, knelt before him, and laid his hand upon the boy's crotch.

Whereupon—good Jack-in-the-box—Alois Junior was on his feet, pants unbuttoned, and his happy, blood-filled organ thrust at once into Der Alte's mouth—poor old man!—those yearning, long-unemployed lips.

It was during the next moments that I became displeased. If I am free of moral judgment, I am hardly void of good taste, and Der Alte demeaned himself. To say it straight, he slobbered all over the boy, and spluttered much too raucously when Junior thrust a full discharge down his throat. Like a baby, Der Alte peed in his pants. It was a species of discharge—the best urination he'd had in months. Then he was all over Alois Junior, with kisses, plus a variety of verbal endearments I will not repeat here. "You taste sweet, your heart is good," is perhaps the most manageable example to offer, and, of course, the most absurd, for Alois Junior, did not have to be a

client for me to perceive that his heart was cold, bitter, and well-coordinated in its beating. His concern was for himself. Like all such young fellows, he was filled with disgust for this quondam partner, and left as soon as he could.

That took a few minutes. He had no wish to be entangled for even a quarter of an hour with endearments that sat on his skin like spider webs, but on the other hand, his immensely practical nature kept him there long enough not to insult Der Alte directly. That could interfere with a return visit. Who knew? If he did not succeed in the next few days with one particular farm girl he had in mind, then back he would come to the old piss-pot. Alois Junior was the true stuff out of which clients are made—at the age of fourteen, he already understood sex in a manner that was ideal for us—he was interested in pleasure, but would soon be adept at accumulating power by way of his priapic gifts. That—to anticipate technology—happens to be one full tank of gasoline which we know how to use. So many of our male clients have weak dicks. We never know when an erection will be up there for us. It creates endless problems too complex to enter into as yet since our manipulations of partial impotence can also prove

a most useful tool. For example, Adolf was to suffer prodigiously from such a condition (which we will yet see as we follow him through adolescence, war, and his early political manhood.)

Alois, Junior, was the opposite sort. Full of his father's blood, his natural interest was in women. He would have spent all this time with them except for what he considered a built-in snare. They were too attached to responsibility, family responsibility. Boys and men, on the contrary, were merely there—good for washing out the constrictions of the body. And very nice to dominate.

He would have been perfect as a client. We could have enhanced his power and he could have served our purposes in a rich variety of ways. My instructions, however, were to leave him alone. The Maestro's eyes were for Adolf. And I understood. It can be disruptive to have two clients in one family especially if they are different in nature. Should one devil try to tend to both, needs can collide. Envy can stir. And two separate devils rarely make a good union at overseeing one home. In that sense, as the Maestro has been known to remark, we can be more troublesome than opera stars.

So, I stayed away from Alois, Junior. Soon enough, he did succeed in charming Greta Marie Schmidt, a strapping farm girl to whom he gave rides on Uhlan. Before long, he had something like the same set of keys to her private parts that Alois, Senior, had had with Fanni when she was still a virgin. To use one more American vulgarism (I confess to taking unseemly pleasure from them), Junior knew Greta Marie from "asshole to appetite." He had no desire to take her virginity—that was snare-land. Moreover, he did not really like her. She was a touch too crude for his developing nature. So he went back to Der Alte from time to time. Despite the reeking hut, some occasions were entertaining. Der Alte was full of tricks, slicks, langourous slides and inspired flutters of his tongue—all to the good for Junior, the pleasure-lover, but, of course, Der Alte was no beauty. Afterward, Junior could barely look at him. Moreover, the youth was repulsed nearly so much as I was by all that sobbing and gurgling that went with the trip into the verboten regions. The sad truth was that Der Alte's tongue was excited even more by the front door. Alois felt like a bounteously endowed repository until he turned around long enough to explode in the old boy's gullet, after which he stood still as a statue again,

doubly disgusted by the recognition that his own father was hopelessly in awe, like it or not, of how much Der Alte knew, and how well he could speak.

If Der Alte was ready to enslave himself to the son, then how could Junior respect his father? All that awful, endless, nervousness in Senior about those bees? Always seeking advice from Der Alte and paying through the nose. They had had their honey-feast and yet here was his father already worrying about the remaining two hives.

The upshot was a small but near-disaster. I was not at all surprised. Alois, Junior managed to leave one of the two remaining hives out in the sun. For no good reason. Distaste for his father, and spite.

619-634
double-space

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Indeed, a near-disaster. ^{Hes} ~~The~~ father came upon it in time, ^{felt} ~~tested~~ the heat of the wood under the glare of the sun, recognized that the hive was not yet so overheated that the bees would ~~destroy themselves~~ by whipping about in panic between the trays. ~~and so destroy themselves~~ ^{had been} He had come in time, perhaps ^{just} in time. He lifted the hive and carried it back to the shade.

"What were you thinking?" he shouted at Alois Junior.

The boy was ~~suddenly~~ turned inside-out by the power of that voice. ^{It was so sudden and such power} Such an ugly power. Adolescents ~~have~~ ^{had ceased to} have no real age. Junior was no longer a youth of fourteen. ^{until} ~~It had been up to this moment~~ ^{'fourteen' had been} a forceful conception to him. He had even pictured it as XIV. In truth, like many another

adolescent, he was a few other ages as well. He possessed the cold

calculations of an experienced twenty-year-old and the buried but real

childishness of an eight-year-old caught at some foolishness. He was at this

moment so brutally divided that he ~~would have despised himself~~ ^{almost begun} if he had

~~begun~~ to cry.

Dry-eyed or not, ^{pleaded openly} his behavior was awful to him. He ~~had begun to~~

plead with his father. "You have given me so much good and new

information," he said. "So exciting and so stimulating, dear respected

father, ^{that I slapped myself on the forehead} "I confess ^{or he slapped himself on the forehead} it may have been too much for my ignorant head. I

know now that I made a mistake, I believed I was supposed to put the hive

in the sun, yes, for a few minutes—no more! ^{so as} to warm the honey-combs! It

was so cold last night! For spring—so cold! I hope I did not make a terrible

error."

Poor Alois Junior. ^{An inner part of himself had} I knew he could hear his own voice with every

slipping grip he kept on some semblance of sincerity. "You must forgive

me, father. My mistake is an outrage. I could not apologize more!"

He had given it every improvisatory art that he possessed, he dredged

his instincts, but he knew it was not enough. A dark paternal weather-front

it already begun to winter. It
could hear the sound of his
own voice, so slowly slipping
away from every grip he
tried to keep on.

had come up again ^{with} on Alois Senior, ^{part of} To make it worse, the depths of suspicion ^{his father} enclosed his rag. "Think of this, Alois," ^{he} said quietly. "Our bees, all these bees, do their work by obeying the rules." Then he glared at

Junior until the boy looked away. ^{"They have no patience with those who are selfish or weak or lazy."} ~~Senior~~ Senior would have done well to leave it like this. If he had been my client, I ^{would} have looked to restrain him. For ^{a father's} the anger that

~~issues forth from~~ ^{expands} grows ineffective the moment it grows into a rage

that is only satisfying to himself and not to the validity of the principle, ^{and} ~~Alois Senior was much too angry by now,~~

^{Alte} Alois took hold of Junior's chin and glared ^{into his eyes.} ~~Junior~~ ^{His eyes would not let go of the boy's eyes. He poked} looked away and was pinched again on his chin. That succeeded in rallying him on the chin, his thumb and ^{finger} ~~was~~ as a pain. ^{The pain rallied the boy.} How little his father knew! Der Alte respected him, Junior, ^{and} ~~not~~ ^{That was so! That was so true!}

more than Der Alte respected his father. ^{(This thought was finally not}

^{pressed steady} enough to ^{enough to} enough to fortify his gaze quite as much as he desired, but it did give some pause to ^{the father} Senior. For Junior did not look away at once, but stared back, yes,

almost glared back ^{at his father} and this exchange lasted long enough for Alois to feel a clear relief when the boy finally nodded and looked away. Of course, this was followed by a small but nagging discomfort for Alois.

~~Senior~~ Senior. Once alone, he could recognize that the altercation, particularly the

~~Concluding~~ ~~had~~ ~~good but~~
~~first~~ minute, no matter the intensity of his rage, ~~had~~ taken a little more than
 expected, as if it had been ~~He felt as if~~ ~~had been~~ a sixteen-year-old looking back
 at a strong one, ~~was~~ ~~over the next~~

If that bothered Alois, there was more to come. He did not learn
 Sunday, it was Klara who ~~learned~~ ~~a lesson~~
 about it for a few days, but Klara was now most upset concerning Junior.

She received a letter from her mother which wiped ~~away~~ ~~all the hopeful~~ ~~tentative~~
~~taken from~~
 confidence Klara had given to her father, Johann Poelzl's, earlier letter. ~~That~~

~~which~~ had spoken so well of Alois, Junior, ~~and~~ ~~with all her heart~~ ~~Oh, how~~ She had believed that
 earlier letter ~~altogether~~ or had she? So soon as she ~~began to~~ read her

mother's letter, she wondered if she had ever believed the first one. ~~No~~ ~~not~~

~~she now told herself~~
 at bottom, Of course not. ~~It took time, however, to realize~~
~~what her mother was saying.~~

It is true, wrote Klara's mother, that the boy did well in certain ways,

~~but then she could not come to the point~~ Writing a letter was a species of

agony for Johanna. Klara knew that ~~all too~~ well. ~~Even~~ ~~at the age of nine,~~

she had been dragooned to take care of the few necessary communications ~~whatsoever~~

~~had come~~
 that came her mother's way. To Klara's surprise, ~~therefore~~, Johanna now

went on for a full page of the most painful syntax explaining, then listing,

Alois Junior's virtues, so bright, the boy was very bright, ~~she could tell that~~ ~~the boy~~

to anyone. He was attractive to look at, she would say that also. Since ~~must~~ ~~to~~

~~Klara was her daughter, she would even remark that~~ Junior reminded her of
~~the father, your husband, Uncle Alois, who was so young, so attractive, so~~
~~bright when he was a boy, so many years ago.~~ ^{back then when he} Only, Johanna went on, that
 Alois was a good young man, so responsible. *All those years ago*

"Klara, I have to tell you," she now wrote, "I am worried about ~~the~~
~~younger one. Junior~~ ^{Junior} ~~(have to)~~ ^{must} use the word. Klara, you will have to keep an
~~eye on him. I do not want to tell you this, but it is to be told. My husband~~
~~told me that he had to send the boy back to you. And I agreed. It had to be~~
 done. ~~You know, Johann has had to go out~~ ^{now} and hire a grown-up fellow to
 work with him. ~~Without Junior, he needed it. So now he has hired a man.~~
~~He has to pay wages. That is how much we lose by sending Junior away,~~
 but we must." *this drunk is still better than Junior?*

Klara went to her sewing basket and took out the letter Johann Poelzl
 had written. Or was supposed to have written. Every good word in it now
~~seemed~~ ^{turned inside out} awful. She searched ~~on~~ ^{through} the top shelf of a cupboard and ~~did find~~ ^{found} an
 old letter she knew was from her father, one she had taken the pains to wrap
 in a ribbon because it was his blessing on the birth of Edmund, and the
 moment she looked at it again, she knew that the piece of paper Alois ~~Junior~~

~~Junior~~ had given her when he arrived was not in her father's handwriting,
 no, not at all on real close look. The slope of the letters was different. ^{IT} ~~The~~
^{was the boy then who}
 boy had written all this about how good he was—a forgery!

Now, Klara read her mother's letter ^{over more} again (and felt a knot at her heart.

Johanna apologized ^{throughout} for her bad German, her inability to spell,
 but, "Klara, I had to write this letter so you could know. ^{must} I even say for you
 to be careful, ^{and watch out!} Her poor mother!

Klara did not ^{pass} show the letter to Alois ^{as Alois-Senior saw} for three days, and then she did.
^{a 1. the whole}
 In bed ^{one night} before they were ready to sleep, he had begun to complain
 about Alois, Junior.

^{don't} "I can't get any ~~real~~ work from him any more," said Alois. ^{"I} "When I
^{and} speak to him, he does not react to my satisfaction. ^{A (always, he is)} He is always off with the
 horse. I don't want to worry, but I worry. He can get into trouble. He sees
 girls on the other side of the hill. ^{I'm partly it is my fault. Now}
^{that we concludes not to raise potatoes this}

When she told him about her mother's letter, he nodded. ^{That could}
^{mean}
 hardly be a surprise.

"What are you going to say to him?" she asked.

^{Spring there is not}
^{enough real work}
^{he does think}

"I will think about it," he told her. "The next step could be of consequence."

She was infuriated. ~~Alois' rage had now passed over to her~~

~~Everything Junior had done to annoy her now passed in review.~~ She could

not sleep well that night. ~~There might as well have~~ Annoyance was as quick to startle her nerves as ~~been a tickle in the bed-clothes.~~
~~some insect one feels but cannot find in the bedclothes.~~ If Alois was not

ready to scold his son, then she would have to. But she ~~knew she~~ was not

ready for this, ~~felt uneasy.~~ It was his son, after all, ~~not her own.~~ This was

not one bit like her good feeling for Angela.

~~On the following day, Alois-Junior acted~~
~~She had to take action, however, the choice was removed. Alois,~~

~~acted)~~
~~Junior broke an egg on Adi's head. It was as if he knew that Klara had~~

~~received the letter. Indeed, I was obliged to measure him all over again.~~

What a client we were passing by! Few of them had his keen instincts.

The occasion was simple enough. His girl, Greta Marie, had boxed

~~shows him a little more about it~~
~~that afternoon or what she really was - a devil~~
~~him a little that afternoon and it was too late to see Der Alte. Junior was~~

why
he
chose
to
break
an
egg
on
Adi's
head.

predictably

restless. The need for some kind of ^{new} interesting endeavor was in his

fingertips. ^{blowing} He had ~~really~~ felt like smacking Greta Marie ^{around, the impulse} and the emotion

came close to being carried over to Angela ^{who} ~~She~~ was clucking over her

chickens, and collecting ^{each, each} eggs from the hens ^{it as} as if they were rings of gold

dirty, hen-stained eggs. So he picked one out of her ^{just} basket to hear her

scream. He ^{was ready to break} ~~could have broken~~ the egg on her head, but he could not. She

was his full sister—who else did he have? No ^{it cost him as much} ~~as if the act were noble~~

he did not break it on her head ^{But} there was Adi conveniently within reach, ^{this little smelly hyena}

nosing around as he always did. He had scolded Adi earlier ^{Right after} on coming back

from his ^{gallop} ~~side~~ (with Uhlan, ^{he had seen Adi} Adi had been lying on the floor of the barn and

~~screaming away, screaming through one nose~~
screaming his way through a temper tantrum.

~~off the lawn floor up into the air~~
Junior had lifted him ~~up in the air and~~ then jammed him down to a

~~jolting into~~
standing position, his heels rapping the floor. "You just keep quiet," said

Alois-Junior,
~~Alois Junior.~~

"Try and make me," said Adi.

Since ~~his~~ ^{Alois'} return from Spitz, ~~he had~~
~~They had developed~~ a predictable set of exchanges. ~~The alternative~~
developed between the brothers, If he pushed
Adi ~~too hard, the kid would go~~ left to himself. Adi
was to go crying to his mother. I had just enough influence on the boy when
I could have done that every time, but I could
muster enough influence ~~on the boy~~
he was in a semi-hysterical state to restrain him. Early in life he had learned
It was a little early in to life for this
lesson but I had managed to teach him
from me that the threat was greater than the execution. Alois-Junior
Alois-Junior was always ~~quite~~ ^{quite} over family or
first restraint. He could ~~hardly~~ ^{hardly} react as he wanted
certainly ~~restrained~~ ^{restrained}. He had an unspoken set of truces with Klara, with

Angela, and—to ^{its} a highly frayed degree by now—with Alois Senior.

On this late afternoon occasion, it had
Abruptly, it became just a little too much. "Try and make me," Adi
~~however,~~

had said, and Angela was offering baby talk to her chickens, ^{They} who smelled

to
his
kid
brother.
they
were
after
all, an

ever worse than ~~Der Alte~~ ^{Adi's}. He withheld ^{his} the impulse to ^{grab} ~~seize~~ the eggs in her

basket, he ^{pinched off his} ~~withheld the~~ impulse to break one on her head. And there was

Adi leering at him, ^{How safe he felt} feeling ~~wholly safe~~ on his side of the truce. "Try and make me."

Junior took an egg out of Angela's basket and cracked it on Adi's

head, ~~mangled the shell~~ ^{of shell} and rubbed the yolk and ~~the~~ fragments ^{into little} ~~his brother's~~ hair.

Now, ^{Adolf} ~~he~~ truly screamed. He was ~~too young for other invective~~ or

~~purposeful curses~~, but then, he was not ~~it~~ ^{for this} had hardly prepared him, ~~but it~~ ^{occasional, but it} was as if he had gotten himself ready, had anticipated just this species of

^{All on his own, he} showdown. ~~for he~~ ^{squeezed his gunwadding} proceeded immediately to run his own hand through his

~~egg-dripping~~ hair long enough to coat his palm which he ^{then} wiped on his shirt.

left no very large stain, left two
 When that seemed insufficient, he was so bold as to choose another

egg ~~egg~~ from Angela's basket—*out came* ~~what~~ a scream from her!—and smash *them* ~~this~~ all

over his head, his face, and his shirt, to which attack upon himself, he

shrieked as loudly as if Alois, Junior, had kicked him, and then *he* ~~and~~ ran weeping

from the barn to his mother in the kitchen of their house ~~while~~ *expecting that he was* Alois, Junior,
 in now for some real punishments and *long-term* discomforts, decided that one more
would cost no more
 deed could tip ~~no balance that was not already broken~~, and so he gave Adi a

fair ~~good~~ kick in the behind to speed him on his way.

Vast screams. ~~They were loud enough to shatter Klara's emotions.~~

Klara ~~she~~ came running back to the barn, *holding Adolt by* with all her ~~several days of brooding~~
the hands ~~over her mother's letter~~ and proceeded to tell Alois, Junior, *about the* that his lies were
letter she had been brooding on these
several days, but it all came in no consecutive
 worse than the worst of the filth left by the pigs in their sty. "They have an

order. His
lies she told him were

excuse. They are pigs. You have nothing. You are a brute ^{and a pig} and

nothing but filth." She could not believe her own language ^{ready, they were} it was so,

~~so~~ strong, ~~and~~ ^{To} her surprise, Alois, Junior, actually began to sob ~~for~~ ⁱⁿ all of

this he had ^{not} had until now ^{any} real idea of how ready she was to hate him, ^{As he knew} and

^{right down to the depths of the darkest pitch,}
~~secretly he had thought she really did~~ ^{to his horror, he did feel filthy, and only for a moment, images of Der Alte}

~~came through him. Just as suddenly,~~

~~she was him for just a moment before~~ the sobs that choked his throat were

~~stranded~~

seized by his will—~~for~~ ^{truth}, this is the only way to put it—and he stopped

^{on the instant,}
 crying and nodded, and walked away. He did not know where the world

would take him next, nor when, but he understood that he could not remain

in Hafeld and must soon say goodbye to his horse ^(everything and everyone here) unless he decided to steal

~~him.~~

^{most especially his horse—unless}
 he decided to steal him.

San Aloris-Junior

That was too large an idea to retain for more than another moment, ~~but~~

It was enough to know

~~he also knew~~ that he could not leave, ~~but~~ for the sake of ~~for the foundation of~~ his future

that must come

self-respect unless he could strike back in one strong way or another.

-8-

They were all quiet at dinner that night, and Alois Senior, was so
preoccupied with his own woes—he had been stung by his bees ^{more than} a few times
that afternoon, a few times more ^{instead} than the one or two or, occasionally, three
he was used to receiving—part of the occupational hazard, no more—that
he not only had very little to say, but did not even notice that the others
^{also} were silent as well—

He was waiting for bed time. Lately, Klara had begun to remove these
 (to his surprise he could almost enjoy it, she)
 her stings and she was naturally skilled at it. She never pulled on those tiny stingers
 in such a way that ^{that is,} you had to feel the wound all ^{everywhere}
 swords, daggers, needles, stiletos — sting was too small a word as he felt it,
 (some poorly, "5 finger" was too) "It could
 feel like a needle had been left in you,"
 no, if you didn't get it out, you could feel the wound all night. (A tiny wound

but a real one. It throbbed. It felt ^{so} personal. He could not explain it

otherwise. But Klara knew how to press to one side of where the stinger

was peeping out, and then she did not try to pull it ^(it or yank it) out, but so nicely seemed

got to coax it out with a little soft pressure of her
 finger to the side of the angry spot.

He had begun to enjoy ^{this} that time together and so when they went to

^{on this} he did not want to have his
 bed that night, his anticipations were interrupted. She described it all, and
 But she described all the mess of eggs and
 She'll even as he did not want to
 he had to listen to any of it. "Ach," he said at last, "it breeds bad feeling if

you always take Adi's side."

"It may be too late for that. Tell me *anything* good we can expect from Junior."

"No," he said, "you must hear me. We are obliged to look for a good

never between those boys, yes
balance between the boys."
It will all quiet down, we must try.

A silence.

"I will try," she said, *at last. Her instinct was that nothing could be worse than for this silence to keep building. Still she felt he had a right to say anything he pleased. That was not like her. It was not like her to make a promise and wonder whether she could*
But she could not believe altogether that

~~keep it. She did not know~~ if her husband was right. She worried that it ~~was~~ *would*

all came now, Alois-Junior was behaving *came* to more than he saw, Alois-Junior, was acting (like Fanni) all over *perverse!* She ~~had~~ *hardly* knew too well, But *perverse - only* again but ten times worse than his mother could ever have been or ever

Who Fanni the reason for feeling
thought to be. Yet Clara could feel no righteousness in the way she had

Heard something
acted. Something was wrong. Was *it* possible that Fanni *could* have left a

curse on them? How did they dare to dream of being happy without her?

612-632
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-6-

I will now describe the carnal act of Alois-Junior and Der Alte. ^{This} ~~that~~
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^{just} interested in sexual deeds that do not fall into ^{their} ~~one or another~~ established
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Devils invariably encounter Cudgels then. Fucking—to employ that most useful, all-but-cosmopolitan, and near-onomatopoetic word, (so close to the meats and fats of the occasion)—is of real interest to both sides. So much can happen ^{so} quickly. Old habits, whose presence in the psyche ^{we see} may be ~~described~~ as analogous to breastworks in trench warfare, can be altered a bit. That is a matter of direct importance to the Cudgels and to ourselves—depending on whose ox is gored!

Small surprise, then, if we are free of moral judgment, and ~~altogether~~ alert instead for practical estimates. Is this peculiar joining ready to weaken our position or to enhance it?

I was repelled, therefore, by what took place. Der Alte, after a few habitual courtesies and social commonplaces, ^{designed on this occasion} there ~~to~~ shield his excessive pleasure ~~(and instant panic)~~ on seeing Alois-Junior appear unexpectedly at his door—what if it all turned out a disaster?—soon came to recognize (given his decades of experience in these matters) that Alois-Junior was here for the precise gift Der Alte had dreamed of offering him since they met. "I am so glad you desired to visit," he repeated several times in the

first few minutes, after which Alois replied, "I woke up this morning thinking about you. So, here I am."

The air was still. The hitching post outside was ^{some} fifty feet away, but Der Alte could hear Uhlan swishing his tail. He knew enough not to spend five seconds more in conversation, but moved ^{over} to where Alois-Junior, ~~was~~ sitting, knelt before him, and laid his hand upon the boy's crotch.

Whereupon—good Jack-in-the-box—Alois-Junior was on his feet, pants unbuttoned, and his happy, blood-filled organ thrust at once into Der Alte's mouth—poor old man!—those yearning, long-unemployed lips.

It was during the next moments that I became displeased. If I am free of moral judgment. I am hardly void of good taste, and Der Alte demeaned himself. To say it straight, he slobbered all over the boy, and spluttered much too raucously when Junior thrust a full discharge down his throat. Like a baby, Der Alte peed in his pants. It was a species of discharge—the best urination he'd had in months. Then he was all over Alois-Junior with kisses, plus a variety of verbal endearments I will not repeat here. "You taste sweet, your heart is good," is perhaps the most manageable example to offer, and, of course, the most absurd, for Alois-Junior did not have to be a

client for me to perceive that his heart was cold, ~~fixed~~²¹ and well-coordinated in its beating. His concern was for himself. Like all such young fellows, he was filled with disgust for this quondam partner, and left as soon as he could.

That took a few minutes. He had no wish to be entangled for ~~even a~~^{part of} quarter of an hour with endearments that sat on his skin like spider webs, ~~but~~^{pressed} on the other hand, his immensely practical nature kept him ~~there~~^{long} enough not to insult Der Alte directly. That could interfere with a return visit. Who knew? If he did not succeed in the next few days with one particular farm girl he had in mind, then back he would come to the old piss-pot. Alois-Junior was the true stuff out of which clients are made—at the age of fourteen, he already understood sex in a manner that was ideal for us—he was interested in pleasure, but would soon be adept at accumulating ~~some necessary dominance~~^{power} (by way of his priapic gifts. That—to anticipate technology—happens to be one full tank of gasoline which ~~we know how~~^{(do as) like} to use. So many of our male clients have weak dicks. We never know when an erection will be ~~up~~^{standing} there for us. It creates endless problems too complex to enter into as yet since our manipulations of partial impotence can also prove

a most useful tool. For example, Adolf was to suffer prodigiously from such a condition (which we will yet see as we follow him through adolescence, war, and his early political manhood.)

Alois-Junior was the opposite sort. Full of his father's blood, his natural interest was in women. He would have spent all this time with them except for what he considered a built-in snare. *Girls were like women* They ~~were~~ too attached to responsibility, family responsibility. Boys and men, on the contrary, were *right* ~~merely~~ there—good for washing out the constrictions of the body. And very *command* nice to ~~dominate~~.

He would have been perfect as a client. We could have enhanced *such* ~~his~~ power, and he could have served our purposes in a rich variety of ways. My instructions, however, were to leave him alone. The Maestro's eyes were for Adolf. And I understood. It can be disruptive to have two clients in one family especially if they are *separate* ~~different~~ in nature. Should one devil try to tend *their* ~~to both~~ needs can collide. Envy ~~can~~ stir. And two separate devils rarely make a good union at overseeing one home. In that sense, as the Maestro has been known to remark, we can be more troublesome than opera stars.

So, I stayed away from Alois-Junior. Soon enough, he did succeed in charming Greta Marie Schmidt, a strapping farm girl to whom he gave rides on Uhlan. Before long, he had something like the same set of keys to her private parts that Alois-Senior had had with Fanni when she was still a virgin. To use one more American vulgarism (I confess to taking unseemly pleasure from them), Junior knew Greta Marie from "asshole to appetite." He had no desire to ^{steal} take her virginity—that was snare-land. Moreover, he did not really like her. She was a touch too crude for his developing nature.

So he went back to Der Alte from time to time. Despite the reeking hut, ^{of these} some occasions were entertaining. Der Alte was full of tricks, ~~slides~~ langourous slides and inspired flutters of his tongue—all to the good for Junior, the pleasure-lover, but, of course, ~~Der Alte was no beauty~~.

Afterward, Junior could barely look at him. The youth was repulsed nearly so much as I was by all that sobbing and gurgling that ^{accompanied just} went with the trip ^{about every trip} into the verboten regions. The sad truth was that Der Alte's tongue was excited even more by the ^{back} front door. Alois' ^{(like} cheeks began to ^{Red} blush. Alois felt like a bounteously endowed repository ^{the entrance to a bounteously endowed temple} until his pleasure rose high enough to turn him pale, after which he stood still as a statue again, doubly disgusted by the

recognition that his own father was hopelessly in awe, like it or not, of how much Der Alte knew, and how well he could speak.

If Der Alte was ready to enslave himself to the son, then how could Junior respect his father? All that awful, endless, nervousness in Senior about those bees? Always seeking advice from Der Alte and paying through the nose. They had had their honey-feast and yet here was his father already worrying ~~about the remaining two hives.~~ *when to get the rest of the honey from*

The upshot was a small but near-disaster. I was not at all surprised. Alois-Junior managed to leave one of the ~~two remaining~~ hives out in the sun. For no good reason. Distaste for his father, ~~and~~ in spite.

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Indeed, a near-disaster. His father came upon it in time, ^{touching the} ~~for the heat~~ ^{boy felt the heat} of the wood under the glare of the sun, recognized that the hive was not yet critically ^{to a point where} ~~so~~ overheated that the bees would whip about in panic between the trays ^{such} ~~that~~ and ^{they would damage and} ~~so~~ destroy themselves. He had come in time. Perhaps it had been just in time. He lifted the hive and carried it back to the shade.

"What were you thinking?" he shouted at Alois-Junior.

The boy was ^{through} ~~burned~~ inside-out by the power of ^{his father's} ~~that~~ voice. It was ^{such an} ~~so~~ ^{big power. It} ~~came with the force of a heavy blow~~ ^{sudden and such an ugly power.} Adolescents possess no real age. Junior ^{clear} ~~had~~ ^{stark in its outlines} ~~been~~ ceased to be a youth of fourteen. Until this moment, "fourteen" had been a ~~forceful~~ concept to him. ^{He} had even pictured it as XIV. In truth,

* Adolescents can lose a sense of themselves. At 14 they possess no real age. In that instant, Junior ceased

like many another adolescent, he had developed more than one potential age, ^{but was} in himself. He possessed the calculations of a twenty-year-old who saw ^{might still be prone to betraying himself} himself as experienced. He was still capable, however, of betraying himself

like an eight-year-old caught at some foolishness. He was at this moment ^{he was} so brutally divided that he could almost ^{began} begin to cry. ^{To his near to eternal shame, he} His behavior was awful to him. He pleaded ^{openly} with his father.

"You have given me so much good ~~and new~~ information," he said. "So ^{new} exciting and so stimulating, dear respected father." He slapped himself on the forehead. "I confess it may have been too much for my ignorant head. I made a mistake. I know that now. But I believed I was supposed to put the hive in the sun, yes, for a few minutes—no more!—so as to warm the honey-combs. It was so cold last night! For spring—so cold! I hope I did not make a terrible error."

Poor Alois-Junior. An inner part of himself had already begun to writhe. He could hear the sound of his own voice, so shrill, slipping away from every grip he tried to keep on some semblance of ^{manhood} sincerity. ("You must forgive me, father. My mistake is an outrage. I could not apologize more!")

He had dredged the last of ^{his} ~~these~~ exculpatory instincts, but he knew it was not enough. A ~~dark~~ weather-front had come up again with Alois-Senior, full of the ^{dark} depths of suspicion. "Think of this, Alois," his father said quietly. "Our bees, all these bees, do their work by obeying the rules." Then he glared at Junior until the boy looked away. "They have no patience with those who are selfish or weak or lazy."

Senior would have done well to leave it here. If he had been my client, I would have looked to restrain him. For a father's anger grows ineffective the moment it expands into a rage that is larger than the validity of the principle, ^{But} ~~and~~ Alois-Senior was much too angry by now.

He took hold of Junior's chin. His eyes would not let go of the boy's eyes. He pinched him on the chin, his thumb and forefinger as cruel as a ^{pincers,} ~~pain~~. The pain rallied the boy. How little his father knew! ^{of what was going on} Der Alte ^{Yes, the pinch reminded him that Der Alte} respected him, Junior, more than Der Alte respected ^{his} father. That was so!

That was so true! This thought proved steady enough to fortify his gaze, ^{and} ^{be visible in his eyes,} ~~Just~~ enough to ^{give some pause to the father.} For Junior did not look away at once, but stared back, yes, almost glared back, and this exchange lasted long enough for Alois to feel a clear relief when the boy finally nodded and

looked away. Of course, this was followed by a small but nagging

~~discomfort for Alois.~~ ^{~~Son Senior~~ Alois-Senior} ^{this} Once alone, ~~he~~ ^{he} could recognize that the altercation,

~~particularly the concluding minute had no matter the intensity of his~~

~~had~~ ^{from him} taken a good bit more ^(than expected). He felt, as if a sixteen-year-old

had been looking back at him. A strong one!

^{his sense of himself as a father} If that bothered Alois, more was to come. Over the next few days, it

^{was} ~~was~~ ^{Again, it concerned} Klara who became most upset about Junior. She received a letter from

^{obliterated} her mother which ~~wiped out all the hopeful~~ tentative confidence Klara had ^{managed to extract}

taken from her father, Johann Poelzl's, earlier letter. That had spoken so ^{willed herself to believe} well of Alois-Junior. She had believed that earlier letter with all her heart.

Or, had she? So soon as she read her mother's letter, she wondered if she

^{could have} ~~had ever believed the first one.~~ ^{that Junior had changed} Not at bottom, she now told herself. Of

~~course not. It took time, however, to read what her mother was saying.~~

^{Of course, entering the act of writing}

Writing a letter was a species of agony for Johanna. Klara knew that,

^{From} well. At the age of nine, she had been ^{the one} ~~dragged~~ ^{to take care of whatever}

^{letters that had to be answered} ~~necessary communications had come her mother's way.~~ ^{Yet, now,} Johanna now went

^{First, it was of the insistence on} on for a full page of the most painful syntax, explaining, then listing Alois-

^{it was} Junior's virtues, ^{so} bright, very bright, the boy, she could tell that to anyone.

as if to emphasize the importance of her act

Attractive to look at, she ~~must~~^{would} say that too. ~~Since~~^{even} Junior reminded her of his father, your husband, Uncle Alois, back then when ~~he~~^{your Uncle} was so young, so attractive, a good young man, so responsible. All those years ago.

"Klara, I ~~have~~^{must} to tell you," she now wrote, "I am worried about the ~~younger one~~^{— with /}. Junior is wild. I ~~have~~ to use the word, Klara, you ~~must~~ keep an eye on him. ~~I was not going to tell you this, but it is to be told.~~ My husband had to send the ~~boy~~^{young Alois} back to you. It had to be done. Johann ~~has~~^{even} had to go out now and hire a grown-up fellow to work the field with him. Without Junior, we need that. ~~So now he has hired a man.~~^{needed to hire the new} A drunk. And we pay wages to a drunk. ~~That is how much we lose by sending Junior~~^{had to} away, but we must. This drunk is still better than Junior. ~~we are not~~^{bad,} afraid of him."

Klara went to her sewing basket and took out the letter Johann Poelzl ~~had written~~^{who had handed this letter}. Or, was supposed to have written. Every good word in it was now awful. ~~Turned inside out.~~^{to her} She searched the top shelf of a cupboard and found an old letter ~~from her father~~^{Alois Junior}, one she had taken the pains to wrap in a ribbon because it was his blessing on the birth of Edmund, ~~and the moment she looked at it again, she knew that the piece of~~^{more than two years ago,} paper Alois-Junior had given her ~~when he arrived~~^{up} was not in her father's

handwriting, no, ~~not at all on real close look~~. The slope of the letters was different. It was the boy ~~then~~ who had written ~~about~~ ~~how good he~~ was a forgery!

re-read
Klara ~~read~~ ^{re-read} her mother's letter ~~once more~~ and felt a knot ⁱⁿ at her heart. Throughout, Johanna ^{kept} apologized ^{for} her bad German, her inability to spell. "But, Klara, but, Klara, I had to write this letter. I ~~must~~ ^{to} even say ~~for you~~ ^{to} be careful."

Her poor mother!

kept
Klara did not ~~pass the letter on to~~ ^{keep} Alois-Senior ^{about this part I will} for three days, and ~~after dinner~~ then she did. In bed, a little while before they were ready to sleep, he had begun to complain about Alois-Junior.

"I can't get any work from him ^{any more}," said Alois. "I speak to him, and he does not react ^{at all} to my satisfaction. ~~Always~~ ^{Now} he is off with the horse. I don't want to worry, but I worry. He can get into trouble. He sees girls on the other side of the hill. In part, it is my fault, ^{my conclusion} ~~Now that we~~ ^{concluded} not to raise potatoes this spring, ^{there} is not enough real work. He sees that."

they but
When she told him about her mother's letter, ^{they but} he merely nodded.

"What are you going to say to him?" she asked.

"I must take my time. The

"I will think about it," he told her. *The* next step could be of consequence."

She was infuriated. She could not sleep well that night. There might as well have been a tick *wandering a round* in the bedclothes. If Alois was not ready to scold his son, she would have to. But she *could hardly be* ~~was not~~ ready for this. It was his son, *after all, and that* ~~after all~~. This was not one bit like her good feeling for Angela.

On the following evening, not long before supper, Alois-Junior acted as if he *now* knew that Klara had received the letter. It is the best explanation I can offer for why he chose to break an egg on Adi's head. What a *potential* client we were *ignoring!* ~~passing by!~~

The occasion was simple enough. His girl, Greta Marie, had shown him a little more that afternoon of what she really was—a dull cow—and it was too late to see Der Alte. *So Alois-Junior* Junior was predictably restless. The need for *something new,* some kind of new endeavor was in his fingertips. (Having felt like smacking *now* Greta Marie around, the impulse came close to being carried over to Angela, *his sister again!* *She was* who was clucking over her chickens, and collecting each egg from each hen as if it were an ingot of gold—*plain,* dirty, hen-stained eggs. So he *took* picked one out of her basket, just to hear her scream. *But when she did, he* ~~He~~ was ready to break the egg on her

^{Only} head, ~~but~~ he could not. She was his full sister—who else did he have?
 No—it cost him as much as if the act were noble—he ^{chose not to} ~~did not~~ break it on her
 head. But there was Adi ^{beside him now, slunk} conveniently within reach, that ~~little~~ ^{little} smelly
 hyena—^{help to no good} nosing around as he always did. He had scolded Adi earlier. Right
 after coming back from his gallop with Uhlan, he had seen Adi lying on the
 floor of the barn, screaming away, screaming through one more temper
 tantrum.

Junior lifted him ^{up} off the barn floor ^{and} up into the air, then jammed him
 down to a standing position, his ^{legs} ~~heels~~ jolting into the floor. "You just keep
 quiet," said Alois-Junior.

"Try and make me," said Adi.

Since Alois' return from Spital, a ^{set} ~~predictable~~ ^{new} set of exchanges ^{had}
^{slowly predictable had} developed between the brothers. If he pushed ^{on} Adi too hard, the kid would
 go crying to his mother. Left to himself, Adi would have ^{cried} ~~done~~ that every
 time, but I ^{used my} ~~could~~ muster enough influence to restrain him. It was a ^{little}
 early in life for this lesson, but I had managed to teach ^{illumine with the notion} him ^{that the threat} that the threat
 was greater than the execution. ^{I could see that} Alois-Junior was ^{always} aware certainly of
^{of this} that restraint. He could ^{not} ~~hardly~~ react as he wished to ^{his kid brother} this kid brother. There
 his kid brother had a mother—he didn't.

He had to put up, therefore, with a 3 pieces of truce
~~for remainder, it was all nothing but truce. One,~~
~~was, after all, an unspoken set of truces with Klara, with Angela, and—to~~

its highly frayed degree by now—with Alois-Senior.

On this late afternoon ^{however,} occasion, it had become, ^{that usual} however, ~~at least too~~
^{And there was}
 too much. "Try and make me," Adi had said. (Angela ~~was~~ offering baby talk to
 her chickens. ~~They smelled even worse than Adi.~~ He withheld his impulse
 to grab the eggs in her basket, ^{Again the temptation} he pinched off his impulse to break one on
 her head. ^{But} And there was Adi leering at him. ² How safe ~~he felt~~ on his side of
 the truce. "Try and make me."

Junior took an egg out of Angela's basket, cracked it on Adi's head,
 and rubbed the yolk and fragments of shell into ^{the kid's} his brother's hair.

Now, Adolf truly screamed. I had hardly prepared him for this
 occasion, but it was as if he had gotten himself ready, had anticipated just
 this species of showdown. All on his own, he proceeded immediately to
 squeeze his gummed-up hair long enough to coat his palm ^{with the spatul yolk} which he then
 wiped on his shirt.

^{But} When that left no very large stain, he ^{So, Adolf was} was so bold ^{enough} as to lift two eggs
 from Angela's basket—out came a ^{scream} scream from her!—and ^{broke} smash them all
 over ^{any} his head, his face, and his shirt, to which attack upon himself, he

shrieked as loudly as if Alois-Junior had kicked him ^{in the shins,} Then he ran ^{weeping} weeping away in the ^{sanctuary of her} from the barn to his mother in the kitchen of their house. Alois-Junior, ^{he was really crying now,} Alois-Junior, ^{expecting that he was in now for some real punishments and long-term} ^{discourtesy, decided that one more deed would cost no more, and so he} ^{gave him at once that he could expect to receive} ^{some long-term discomforts for this act, decided that}

^{5 feet} gave Adi a full kick in the behind to speed him on his way.

^{5 feet} Vast screams. Klara came running back to the barn, holding Adolf by the hand, and proceeded to tell Alois-Junior about the letter she had been brooding ^{upon} on these several days, but it all came in ^{out} no consecutive order. His lies, she told him, were worse than the ^{worst of the} filth left by the pigs in their sty. "They have an excuse. They are pigs. You have nothing. You are a brute. You are a pig and nothing but filth." She could not believe her own words. They were so strong. To her surprise, Alois-Junior actually began to sob. In all of this, he had not had until now any real idea of how ^{ready he had been to love her, and how} ready she was to dislike him right down to the depths of the darkest pitch.

^{Yes,} Secretly, he had thought she really did like him, liked him more than she did ^(the cruel bereavement of his egg) his father, ^{and so now, to his horror,} he did feel filthy. If only for a moment, images of Der Alte ^{washed over} came through him. Just as suddenly, the sobs that ^{were} ^{manifesting in} ^{choked off} choked his throat were ^{strangled} by his will—this is the only way to put

it!—²¹and he stopped crying on the instant, ~~and~~ ^{instead} nodded and walked away.

He did not know where the world would take him next, nor when, but he understood that he ~~could~~ ^{would} not remain in Hafeld, ~~and~~ ^{He could not. He} must soon say goodbye

to everyone and everything here, ~~most~~ ^{Or, should} especially his horse, ~~unless~~

^{he} decided to steal him.

^{This} That was too large an idea for Alois-Junior to retain for ~~more than~~ ^{long night}
~~another moment. It was enough to know that he could not leave, for the~~ ^{he could not leave until he was ready to}
 sake of his future self-respect, ~~unless he could~~ ^{unless he could} strike back. That must come
 in one ~~strong~~ way or another. ^{Soon}

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All of them, even Paula at her mother's
 They were ~~at~~ quiet at dinner that night. *breast,* Alois-Senior was ~~so~~
certainly
 preoccupied with his own woes. *15* he had been stung by his bees more than a
 few times that afternoon, a few times more indeed than the one or two or,
 occasionally, three he was used to receiving. *most days* part of the occupational
 hazard, no more. *thought* ~~that~~ he not only had very little to say, but did not even
all were
 notice that the others were also silent.

He was waiting for bed time. Lately, Klara had begun to remove
 these bee-stings and to his surprise, he could almost enjoy it. She was *just a*
kind of business,
 naturally skilled at this. *She never pulled on those tiny* stingers in such a
 way that you had to feel the wound all night. Done poorly, "sting" was too

small a word. It could feel like a hot needle had been left in you. ^{Maybe a} ~~Army~~
^{A wound that throbbed and felt}
 wound, but a real one. ~~It throbbed. It felt so~~ personal. He could not explain

it otherwise. But Klara knew how to press to one side of where the stinger
 was peeping out, and then she did not try to ^{grip} ~~pull~~ it or yank it, but ~~so nicely~~

got to coax it out with a little soft pressure to the side of the ^{nicely} ~~angry~~ spot ^{that}
~~was feeling so angry.~~

He had begun to enjoy this time together, ~~and so~~ when they went to

bed on this night, he did not want to have his anticipations interrupted. But
^{had to}
 she described ~~all~~ the mess of egg and shell even as he did not want to listen
 to ~~any~~ of it. "Ach," he said at last, "it breeds bad feeling if you always take

Adi's side."

^{what are you saying? It may}

"It may be too late for that. Tell me of ^{something} ~~anything~~ good we can expect

from Junior."

"No," he said, "you must ^{listen to} ~~hear~~ me. We are obliged to look for a good

balance ~~here~~. Between those boys. Yes. ~~It will all quiet down.~~ We must
 try. ^{A good balance and it will all quiet down!}

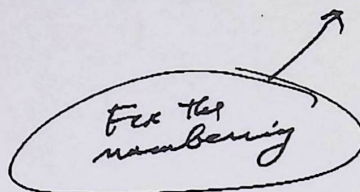
A silence.

"I will try," she said at last. Her instinct was that nothing could be
^{immediate}
 worse than for this silence to keep building. Still, she felt she had given an

~~empty promise. That was not like her. But she could not believe altogether~~
~~that her husband was right. She worried that it would all come to more than~~
~~—he saw now. Alois-Junior was behaving like Fanni. Perverse! She hardly~~
~~knew the word. But perverse—only ten times worse than his mother could~~
~~ever have thought to be. Was Fanni the reason for feeling that something~~
~~was wrong? Was it possible? Could Fanni might have left a curse on them?~~
~~How did they dare to dream of being happy without her?~~

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I will now describe the carnal act of Alois-Junior and Der Alte. This is with some distaste. Be it understood, I am without moral judgments on these matters. As devils, we ~~have~~ ^{are directly obliged} to be interested in every form of the embrace, dedicated, casual, perverse, or, as the Americans say, missionary—"I ~~go~~ ^{was} on top and whaled away." We are, of course, ^(much more) interested first in ~~in~~ sexual deeds that ~~go~~ ^{fall} into ^{up} their established habit. ~~Such~~ Routine practices—~~and~~ the Cudgels, I believe, would agree—are inimical to our purposes and to theirs. In fact, we speak of first sexual encounters as ^{however, as} ~~rarely to be ignored. We speak of them as~~ ^{primes}. The stakes tend to be larger. Few primes take place without ~~the~~ ^{some} representatives of the Maestro and the D.K. in attendance. Devils invariably

~~encounter Cudgels then.~~ Fucking—to employ that most useful, all-but-
 cosmopolitan, and near-onomatopoeic word, (so close to the meats and fats
 of the occasion)—is of real interest to both sides. ~~So much can happen, and~~
 quickly. ^{are as heavy as} Old habits, whose presence in the psyche ~~we see as analogous to~~
^{razed sometimes, /} breastworks in trench warfare, can be ~~cleared a bit.~~ (That is, a matter of direct
 importance to the Cudgels and to ourselves—~~depending on~~ whose ox is ^{being}
 gored?

Small surprise, then, if we are free of moral judgment, and alert ^b
~~instead for~~ ^{will participate} practical estimates. ~~In this peculiar~~ (joining ready to weaken our
 position or ~~to~~ enhance it?

I was repelled, therefore, by what took place. Der Alte, after a few
 habitual courtesies and social commonplaces, designed on this occasion to
 shield his excessive pleasure, (and instant ^{alarm} ~~panic~~) on seeing Alois-Junior
~~appear unexpectedly~~ at his door—what if it all turned out a disaster?—soon
 came to recognize (given ~~his~~ decades of experience in these matters) that
 Alois-Junior was here for the precise gift Der Alte had dreamed of offering
^{ever} him (since they met. "I am so glad you desired to visit," he repeated several

times in the first few minutes, ^{to} ~~after~~ ^{finally} which Alois replied, "I woke up this morning thinking about you. So, here I am."

~~The air was still.~~ ^{outside} The hitching post ~~outside~~ ^{was some fifty feet away,}

but Der Alte could hear Uhlan swishing his tail. He knew enough not to spend ^{one} ~~five~~ seconds more in conversation, but ~~over~~ moved to Alois-Junior, knelt before him, ~~and~~ laid his hand upon the boy's crotch. Whereupon—

^{fiend} ~~good~~ (jack-in-the-box—Alois-Junior was on his feet, pants unbuttoned, and ^{full of} ~~with~~ ^{it} happy, blood-filled organ, thrust at once into Der Alte's mouth—poor old man!—those yearning, long-unemployed lips.

It was during the next moments that I became displeased. If I am free of moral judgment. I am ^(of my notion of) hardly void of good taste, and Der Alte demeaned himself. To say it straight, he slobbered all over the boy, and spluttered ~~rough too~~ raucously when Junior thrust a full discharge down his throat.

Like a baby, Der Alte peed in his pants. It was a species of discharge—the best urination he'd had in months. Then he was all over Alois-Junior with kisses, plus a variety of verbal endearments I will not repeat here. "You taste sweet, your heart is good," is perhaps the most manageable example to offer, and, of course, the most absurd, for Alois-Junior did not have to be a

client for me to perceive that his heart was cold, and well-coordinated in its beating. His concern was ^{local to} for himself. Like all such ^{very many} young fellows, he was filled with disgust for this quondam partner, and left as soon as he could.

That took a few minutes. He had no wish to be entangled for ^{the next} part of an hour with endearments that sat on his skin like spider webs. On the other hand, his ~~immense~~ practical nature kept him present long enough not to

insult Der Alte directly. That could interfere with a return visit. Who knew? If he did not succeed in the next few days ^{in convincing} with ~~one~~ particular farm girl he had in mind, then back he would come to ^{this} the old piss-pot. Alois-

Junior was the ~~best~~ stuff out of which clients are made—at the age of fourteen, he already understood sex in a manner that was ideal for us—he

~~was interested in pleasure, but~~ would soon be adept at accumulating ^{many} some ~~necessary~~ dominance by way of his priapic gifts. That ^{we do look for} to anticipate ~~technology—happens to be one full tank of gasoline which we do like to~~

~~cut~~ So many of our male clients have weak dicks. We never know when an erection will be ^{ready and standing up there} standing up there (for us. It creates endless problems too complex to enter into as yet) ^{but we can a la manipulate impotence who} since our manipulations of partial impotence ^{on partial into its own kind of effective instrument} can also prove a most useful tool. For example, Adolf was to suffer

prodigiously from such a condition (which we will yet see as we follow him through adolescence, war, and his early political manhood.)

Alois-Junior was the opposite sort. Full of his father's blood, his natural interest was in women. He would have spent all this ^{hours} time with them except for what he considered a built-in snare. Girls were ^{too much} like women, too attached to ~~responsibility~~ family responsibility. Boys and men, on the contrary, were right there—good for washing out the constrictions of the body. And very nice to command.

He would have been perfect as a client. We could have enhanced ^{his powers} such power and he ^{could} ~~could~~ have served ^{us} ~~our~~ purpose in a rich variety of ways.

My instructions, however, were to leave him alone. The Maestro's eyes were for Adolf. ~~And~~ I understood. It can be disruptive to ^{work with} ~~have~~ two clients in one family especially if they are ^{much} ~~far~~ apart in nature. Should one devil try to tend to both, their needs ^{would} ~~can~~ collide. Envy ^{will} stir. And two separate ^{two or more clients in} devils rarely make a good union at overseeing one home. ~~In that sense, as~~

^{As} the Maestro has been known to remark, ~~we can be more troublesome than~~ ^{one might as well be using} opera stars.

So, I stayed away from Alois-Junior. Soon enough, he did succeed in charming Greta Marie Schmidt, a strapping farm girl to whom he gave rides on Uhlan. Before long, he had something like the same set of keys to her private parts that Alois-Senior had had with Fanni when she was still a virgin. To use one more American vulgarism (I confess to ^{an} ~~taking~~ ^{uttering} unseemly pleasure ~~from~~ ⁱⁿ them), Junior knew Greta Marie from "asshole to appetite."

He had no desire to steal her virginity—that was snare-land. Moreover, he did not really like her. She was a touch too crude for his developing nature.

So he went back to Der Alte. From time to time. Despite the ^{fast & young} ~~recking~~ ^{pleasure} ~~but~~.

^{of the best} some of ^{these} ~~these~~ occasions were entertaining. ^{for the boy} Der Alte was full of tricks, langourous slides and inspired flutters of his tongue—all to the good for

Junior, the pleasure-lover, but, of course, ^{once done} ~~afterward~~ Junior could barely

look at him. The youth was ^{as} ~~repulsed~~ ^{repulsed} nearly ~~as~~ ^{as} I was by all that

sobbing and gurgling ^{which} ~~that~~ accompanied just about every trip into the ^{kid's} ~~kid's~~

verboten regions. The sad truth was that Der Alte's tongue was ^{most} ~~excited~~ ^{excited} even

~~more~~ by the back door. Alois' cheeks began to feel like the entrance to a

bounteously endowed temple ^(He began to make sounds himself) ~~until~~ his pleasure rose high enough to turn him

⁴¹⁷ ~~around~~ ^{long} enough to explode in the old boy's gullet, ^{Afterwards} ~~after which~~ he stood

still as a statue again, doubly disgusted by the recognition that his ~~own~~
^{Alois} father was hopelessly in awe, like it or not, of how much Der Alte knew,
^{LI} and how well he ^{can} could speak, "his father had said."

^{But if} ^{so} Der Alte was ^{going} ready to ~~enclave himself~~ to the son, then how could
 Junior respect his father? All that awful, endless, nervousness ~~about~~
^{his} about these bees? Always seeking advice from Der Alte and ^{then} paying
^{Now that they} through the nose. They ^{have} had had their honey-feast and yet here was his
 father ^{extract} already worrying about when to get the rest of the honey from the
 remaining two hives.

^{was the upshot to this}
 The ~~upshot was~~ a small but near-disaster. I was not at all surprised.
^{those cherishes}
 Alois-Junior managed to leave one of the hives out in the sun. For no good
 reason. Distaste for his father. Spite.

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it had been
Indeed, ~~a~~ near-disaster. His father came upon it in time, touched the

box, felt the heat of the wood under the glare of the sun, recognized that the

hive was not yet critically overheated ^{So,} to a point where the bees ^{were not at} would whip

^{whipping} about ^{in such a frenzy} in such panic between the trays ^{in such a frenzy} that they would damage and destroy

~~Or destroy themselves.~~

themselves. He had come in time. Perhaps it had been just in time. He

lifted the hive and carried it back to the shade.

"What were you thinking ^{What?} he shouted at Alois-Junior.

^{Let's say he had been pulled}
The boy was thrown inside-out by the power of his father's voice. ~~It~~

~~He had been thrown inside-out~~
was such an ugly power. It came with the ^{heft} force of a heavy blow. ~~When~~

^{when such} unexpected punishment ^{assaults them} strikes, ^{all} adolescents can lose a sense of themselves.

~~That is~~ because they are not only full of airs, poses, and witless shows of

temperament but, George!

(At bottom, they possess no real age. In that instant, Junior ceased to be a

youth of fourteen. ^{Till then, he saw himself as} Until this moment, "fourteen" had been a clear concept,

^{himself} ~~to him~~, stark in its outlines. He had even pictured it as XIV, ^{Alois XIV.} In truth, like

many another ~~adolescent~~ ^{and yet in a} he had developed more than one potential age. He

possessed the calculations of a twenty-year-old, ^{several} ~~but might still be prone to~~ ^{(corners of himself he was as prone to self-betrayal as}

~~betray himself like~~ ⁱⁿ an eight-year-old caught ⁱⁿ at some foolishness. At this

moment, he was ^{set} ~~so~~ brutally divided that he almost began to cry.

To his ~~own to eternal~~ shame, he pleaded with his father. "You have given me so much good information," he said. "So new and so stimulating, dear respected father." He slapped himself on the forehead. "I confess it may have been too much for my ignorant head. I made a mistake. I know that now. But I believed I was supposed to put the hive in the sun, yes, for a few minutes—no more!—so as to warm the honey-combs. It was so cold last night! For spring—so cold! I hope I did not make a terrible error."

~~For~~ ^{slipping off} ~~slipping away~~ ^{from} ~~every~~ grip he tried to keep on some semblance of manhood. "You

must forgive me, father. My mistake is an outrage. I ~~could~~^{cannot} not apologize
~~sufficiently!~~
more!"

~~In a panic, he had dredged~~

~~He had dredged the last of his~~ exculpatory instincts, but he knew it

was not enough. A weather-front had come up again with Alois-Senior, ~~for~~ⁱⁿ

~~a~~

of the dark depths of suspicion. "Think of this, Alois," his father said, ~~and~~
~~so quietly that it was almost worse than his shout.~~
quietly. "Our bees, all these bees, do their work by obeying the rules."

Then he glared at Junior until the boy looked away. "They ~~have~~^{do not} ~~so~~ patience

with those who are selfish or weak or lazy. ~~Or, too selfish to~~
~~remember their immediate duties."~~

~~Senior would have done well to leave it here. If he had been my,~~

~~client, I would have looked to restrain him. For a father's anger grows~~

~~ineffective the moment it expands into a rage that is larger than the validity,~~

~~of the principle. But Alois-Senior was much too angry by now.~~

He took hold of Junior's chin. His eyes would not let go of the boy's

eyes. He pinched him on the chin, his thumb and forefinger as cruel as ~~any~~

~~pin~~ ~~But the~~

pincers. The pain rallied the boy. ~~How little his father knew of what was~~

~~going on. Yes, the pinch reminded him that Der Alte respected him, Junior,~~

~~and much more!~~ ~~(this)~~ ~~who was pinching him?~~
more than Der Alte respected the father. That was so! That was so true!

~~The~~ ~~came into his eyes, and the exchange~~
This thought proved steady enough to fortify his gaze, and just enough to be

visible in his eyes. For Junior did not look away at once, but stared back,

yes, almost glared back, and this exchange lasted long enough for Alois to

feel a clear relief when the boy finally nodded and looked away. ^{And once,} Of course,

this was followed by a small but nagging discomfort. Once alone, Alois-

^{had to} ^{their} Senior could recognize that this altercation had taken a good bit ~~more~~ from him.

^{more} him than expected. He felt, as if a sixteen-year-old had been ^{glaring} looking back

at him. A strong one!

^{this} If ~~that~~ bothered his sense of himself as a father, ^{a good deal!} more was to come.

^{Now, it was Klara,} Now, Klara became upset. Again, it concerned Junior. She received a

letter from her mother which ^{he'll see} obliterated all the ~~positive~~ confidence Klara

^{tried to collect} had managed to extract from her father, Johann Poelzl's, earlier letter. That

^{communication} ^{so, she} had spoken so well of Alois-Junior. She had willed herself to believe that

^{believe it} earlier letter, with all her heart. Or, had she? So soon as she read her

^{words,} mother's ~~work~~, she wondered how she could ~~ever~~ have believed that Junior

had changed ^{at all,}

Of course, the act of writing a letter was a species of agony for

Johanna. Klara knew that. From the age of nine, she had been the one to

^(came to their house in 3 p.m.) take care of the few letters that had to be answered. Yet now, as if to

(this particular epistology)
 emphasize the importance of her act, Johanna went on for a full page of ~~the most painful letters and bumps. First,~~
 most painful syntax. First, it was as if she insisted on listing Alois-Junior's

virtues. He was so bright, very bright, ~~the boy~~ she could tell that to anyone.

good
 Attractive to look at, she would say that too. Junior even reminded her of ~~her~~
memories of
 (his father, your husband, Uncle Alois, back then when your Uncle was so

young, so attractive, a good young man, so responsible. All those years ago.

"Klara, I must tell you," she now wrote, "I ~~am worried. Junior is~~
have to worry what
have we sent back to you Junior is
 wild. I use the word—wild. Klara, keep an eye on him. My husband had to
that was such *that*
 send young Alois back to you. It had to be done. Johann even had to hire a
lives now
 a grown-up fellow for help in the field, ~~with him. Without Junior,~~ *he* *living*
somewhere *He is all right but he is*
 to hire the new man. He's a drunk. We pay wages to a drunk. That is how

much we had to lose by sending Junior back. But, this I say. The drunk is *also* *very*
Klara
 bad, but he is still better than Junior. We are not afraid of him *so* *now?*

Klara went to her sewing basket and took out the letter Johann Poelzl
 had written. Or, was supposed to have written. Who had handed the letter
yes, on the day
 to her but Alois-Junior when he arrived? ~~Every good word in it was now~~

~~awful~~ She searched the top shelf of a cupboard and found an old letter
 from her father, one she had taken the pains to wrap in a ribbon because it

was his blessing on the birth of Edmund more than two years ago, and ^{now} the moment she looked at it ^{again}, she knew that ~~the piece of paper~~ Alois-Junior's ^{piece of paper} had given her was not in her father's handwriting, no. ~~The slope of the~~ letters was different. ~~It was the boy who~~ had written about how good he ^{and it had been a forgery.} was, ~~A forgery!~~

Klara re-read her mother's letter and ^{suffered} felt a knot in her heart. Johanna kept apologizing for her bad German, her inability to spell. ~~"But, Klara, I~~ ^{had to write this letter. I even say to you be careful.} Her poor mother!

Klara did not ^{say anything to} tell Alois-Senior ~~about this~~ until well after dinner. In bed, a little while before they were ready to sleep, he had begun to complain about Alois-Junior.

"I can't get any work from him," said Alois. "I speak to him, and he does not react. Not to my satisfaction. He is off with the horse. I don't want to worry, but I worry. He can get into trouble. He sees girls on the other side of the hill. In part, it is my fault, my conclusion not to raise potatoes this spring. Now, there is not enough real work. He sees that."

She told him about her mother's letter then, ~~but~~ ^{he} merely nodded.

"What are you going to say to him?" she asked.

"I will think about it," he told her. "I must take my time. The next step could be of consequence."

She was infuriated. She could not sleep well. There might as well have been a tick wandering around in the bedclothes. If Alois was not ready to scold his son, she would have to. But she could hardly be ready for this. It was his son, after all, ~~and that was not one bit like her good feeling for Angela.~~

On the following evening, not long before supper, Alois-Junior ^{began to} ~~acted~~ ^{what Johanna's letter had to say,} ~~act~~ as if he now knew that Klara had received ~~the~~ letter. It is the best explanation I can offer for why he chose to break an egg on Adi's head.

~~What a potential client we were ignoring!~~

The occasion was simple enough. His girl, Greta Marie, had shown him a little more that afternoon of what she really was—a dull cow ~~and it~~ ^{was too late to see Dr. Alta.} ~~So Alois-Junior was predictably restless.~~ The ~~need for new endeavor~~ ^{So, the} was in his fingertips. ~~Something new?~~ Having felt like smacking Greta Marie around, the impulse now ^{now} ~~came~~ ^{Angela} close to ~~being~~ ^{carried over to Angela.} His sister was clucking again over her chickens, ~~She was~~ ^{She was} collecting each egg from each hen as if it were an ingot of gold—

plain, dirty, hen-stained eggs. So he took one out of her basket. Just to hear her scream. But when she did, he was ready to break the egg on her head.

Only, he could not. She was his full sister—who else did he have? ^{But this} ~~act of abomination cost too much, and Adi was~~ ~~cost him as much as if the act were noble—he chose not to break it on her~~ ~~head. But there was Adi beside him now, ^{slunk} ~~stuck~~ conveniently within reach,~~ that smelly little hyena ~~snosing around. Up to no good!~~ ~~He had scolded~~ ~~Adi earlier.~~ Right after coming back from his gallop with Uhlan, he had

seen Adi lying on the floor of the barn, screaming away, ~~screaming through~~ one more temper tantrum. ^{It was a sound to soil one's ears in the city}

Junior lifted him up ^{off} the barn floor and ^{into the air} ~~into the air~~, then jammed him down to a standing position, his legs ^{jarring} ~~jolting~~ into the floor. "Just keep quiet," said Alois-Junior.

"Try and make me," said Adi.

Since Alois' return from Spital, a set of exchanges, ^{now fairly} ~~predictable~~, had developed between the brothers. ^{Each time that he} ~~If he pushed on Adi too~~ ^{even a little} ~~hard, the kid would go crying to his mother. Left to himself, Adi would~~ ~~have cried every time, but I used my influence to restrain him. It was a early~~ ~~in life for this lesson, but I had managed to illumine him with the notion that~~

~~the threat was greater than the execution. I could see that~~ Alois-Junior was ~~so~~
~~aware of that restraint. He could not react as he wished.~~ *was necessary,*
 His kid brother
 had a mother—he didn't. He had to put up, therefore, with a species of
 truce. ~~For that matter, it was nothing but truces. One with Klara, with~~
 Angela, and ~~to its highly frayed degree by now with Alois Senior.~~

On this late afternoon, however, it had become ~~that much too much~~.
~~"Try and make me," Adi had said. And there was Angela offering baby talk~~
 to her chickens. ~~He withheld his impulse to grab the eggs in her basket.~~
~~Again, he pinched off the temptation to break one on her head. But there~~
~~was~~ *and* Adi leering at him. So safe on his side of the truce. "Try and make
 me."

Junior took an egg out of Angela's basket, ~~cracked it~~ *popped it down* on Adi's head,
 and rubbed *in* the yolk and fragments of shell ~~into the kid's hair.~~

Now, Adolf truly screamed. ~~I had hardly prepared him for this~~
~~occasion, but~~ it was as if he had ~~gotten himself ready, had anticipated just~~
 this species of showdown. *for all* All on his own, he proceeded immediately to
 squeeze his gummed-up hair long enough to coat his palm with the spattered
 yolk, ~~which he then wiped on his shirt.~~ *that* ~~Only it left.~~

~~But that left~~ ^{lifted two more} no very large stain. So Adolf was ~~bold enough to lift two~~
eggs from Angela's basket—out came a squeal from her!—and broke them
all over his own head, face, and shirt, ^{in response to which he} ~~to which attack upon himself, he~~
shrieked as loudly as if Alois-Junior had kicked him in the shins. Then he
ran from the barn to ~~his mother, weeping away in~~ ^{his mother} the sanctuary of her
^{in her} kitchen. He was really crying now. ~~Alois Junior, aware at once that he~~
~~could expect to receive some long-term discomforts for this act, decided that~~
~~one more deed would cost no more, and so he gave Adi a full kick in the~~
~~behind to speed him on his way.~~

Vast screams. Klara came running back to the barn, holding Adolf by
^{brought into a tangle. She tried} the hand, and ~~proceeded to tell Alois-Junior about the letter she had been~~
~~breeding upon~~, but it all came out in no consecutive order. His lies, she told
him, were worse than the filth left by the pigs in their sty. "They have an
excuse. They are pigs. You have nothing. You are a brute. You are a pig,
^{You are} ~~and~~ nothing but filth." She could not believe her ~~own~~ words. They were so
strong. To her surprise, Alois-Junior actually began to sob. In all of this, he
had not had until now any real idea of how ready he had been to love her,
and how ready she was to dislike him right down to the depths. Yes,

secretly, he had thought she really did like him, ^{yes,} ~~liked him~~ more than she did

his father. Now, ~~to the cruel bereavement of his ego,~~ he did feel filthy. ^{It hit her ego}
~~was suffering a direct bereavement, so, just,~~
 only for a moment, images of Der Alte washed over him. Just as suddenly,

the sobs ~~that were mounting~~ in his throat were choked off by his will, ~~this~~

~~is the only way to put it, and so~~ he stopped crying on the instant, nodded
^{so matter,}
 instead, and walked away. He did not know where the world would take

him ^{long} next, nor when, but he understood that he would not remain in Hafeld.

He could not. He ~~and~~ must soon say goodbye to everyone and ^{to} everything

here, especially his horse. Or, ^{could he} should he decide to steal him?

^{idea proved too large} This was ~~too large an idea for Alois Junior~~ ^{altogether,} to retain ~~for long right~~

~~now:~~ Yet it was enough to know that, for the sake of his future self-respect,

^{would} he ~~could~~ not leave until he was ready to strike back. That must come in one

way or another. Soon.

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(whom Klara kept)

They were quiet at dinner that night. All of them, even Paula at her mother's breast. Alois-Senior was certainly preoccupied with ~~the~~ ^{his} own ~~worries~~ ^{troubles}. He had been stung by his bees ^{today} ~~more than a few times that afternoon~~ ^{on one time} a few times ~~more~~ ^{more} indeed (than the one or two or, occasionally, three, he was used to receiving ^{on} most days—part of the occupational hazard, no more. Tonight, he not only had ~~very~~ little to say, but did not ~~not~~ ^{the others,} notice that all ^{were} were silent.

He was waiting for bed ^{time}. Lately, Klara had begun to remove these bee-stings and ^{was able to} to his surprise, he ~~could~~ ^{was able to} enjoy it. She was ~~just so~~ ^{so} naturally skilled at this kind of business. She never pulled on those stingers ^{so crudely} in such a way ^{could suffer} that you had to feel the wound ^{afterward the} all night. ~~Done properly, "stinging"~~

the night Done poorly,

was too small a word. It could feel like ~~a~~ ^{inside,} needle had been left in you.

A tiny ^{and ready to pull up} ~~It~~ ^{stinger,} wound but a real one. A wound that throbbed and felt

as if it refused to stop hunting. ^{it felt} personal. He could not explain it otherwise. But Klara knew how to ^{nudge} press

the flesh to one side of where the stinger was peeping out, and then ~~she~~ did not try to

grip it or yank it but ~~she~~ ^{she} coax it out ^{slowly} with a little soft pressure to the

side of the spot that was feeling so angry.

He had begun to enjoy ^{such} ~~this~~ ^{So when} time together. When they went to bed on this night, he did not want to have ^{wanted his pains carried far} his anticipations interrupted. But ^{But first} she had

to describe all ^{that} the mess of egg and shell, ^{even as} ~~he~~ ^{he} did not want to listen to

any of it. "Ach," he said at last, "it breeds bad feeling if you always take

Adi's side."

"What are you saying? ~~It may be too late for that.~~ Tell me of something good we can expect from Junior."

"No," he said, "you must listen to me. We are obliged to look for a balance between those boys. ~~You~~ We must try. A good balance and it will all quiet down." ^{that is the secret.} ~~A good balance~~

A silence. ^{It was followed by a deeper silence.}

"I will try," she said at last. Her instinct was that nothing could be ~~alluring~~ ^{to close this space} ~~worse than for this moderate silence to keep building.~~ ^{(the frozen theory) increasing as she} Still, she felt she ~~had given an empty promise. That was so much not like her.~~

believe that her husband was right? Alois-Junior was behaving like Fanni.

~~Reverse!~~ She hardly knew the word. But ~~perverse~~ ^{Fanni} ~~only ten times worse~~ ^{than his mother} than his mother could ever have thought to be. But could Fanni be the ~~reason for feeling that something was wrong?~~ ^{Yes, was?} Was it possible? ~~Could~~ ^{had}

~~Fanni have?~~ ^{she} left a curse on them? How did they dare to dream of being ~~happy without her?~~

Well, their dreams were poor for that night ~~and many another.~~ ^{any} There

was no question about the state of affairs. All through June, Alois-Junior ~~kept~~ ^{kept}

~~giving~~ ^{all through these last days of June,} ~~a demonstration of his skills, doing just enough good work to succeed-~~ ^{justifying his riding off one more time on vacation,} in being able not to be around when he was needed, not as often as his

~~father could have liked, and yet he did not choose to say anything for fear of~~

~~making it worse.~~ The boy had gotten ~~usually~~ ^{usually} good at handling his duties,

^{hive boxes}
~~with the bees~~, kept the ~~boxes~~ clean, ~~and the trays~~, and knew when and where

^{the traps}
 to move ~~everything~~. He was even able to locate the Queen quickly and put

^{using}
 her into a Queen-cage without the glass trap. Just like Der Alte, he could do

it with his fingers.

^{he had also become the one to command the}
^{now} All the same, he was the one in the family ~~who could now command~~ ^{to} ~~the~~
^{prevailing mood in the family. It was}
^{the length of his silences}
~~prevailing mood of bad weather to come~~ (His storm-front might not be as
^{showed}
~~dense now as dark as his father's, but his ability to sulk had its own~~
^{done all their}
~~consistency. The edge of his mood remained still. No one in the family~~

took chances with him these days, not even Adi.

^{the force in}
 It is possible that I exaggerate ~~young Alois force~~ but I was

^{the}
 perceiving it these days through his father's ~~heavy~~ dreams. Our milk-runs

through Alois-Senior had become routine. When it comes to describing the

~~styles~~ ^{kind of} of worry we encounter, there is little ^{we find} that is novel in most men and women. Part of the weight of worry itself is ^{can come from no more than} the repetitions of the themes, ^{repetition} whatever is the ~~repetition~~ ^{repetition} and Alois Senior would have considered it obscene to have a concern he ~~the prevailing theme and Alois Senior~~ ^{certainly} ^{this worried} was not ready to revisit night after night. That he certainly did, and so ~~it~~ ^I was ~~amused~~ ^{amused} in the beginning by the ~~width and depth~~ ^{scope} of the dangers he saw ~~before him in these~~ ^{looming in his imaginary scenarios}, ~~grew too familiar with them to pay~~ ^{he saw / coming}

good attention.

~~If I finally grew too familiar with them,~~
~~I still think they can be of interest.~~
~~They may be nonetheless, of more interest to those who do not have to~~ ^{stop}

~~Such material / Besides his fears were~~
~~live with it daily. So let me explain the key to the father's deep well of~~
~~The father had to worry because~~
~~worry that he understood one side of young Alois all too well. The love he~~ ^{this} ^{the boy}

felt

~~and for horses, and for Uhlan in particular, was so rich in good uniform,~~
~~was because he felt when picking him,~~
~~which that And~~
~~for the pleasure it gave the boy, but underneath was the real sense of~~

~~Just as hard gone as an officer~~
~~spinning a fine lady on one of the best~~
~~streets of Vienna, how well Alois understood~~

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that rich sewing of emotions. But he also knew what was underneath.

Alois decided might be the certification. This son of his was a true lunatic. But for girls, not beasts.

The hearts came first but later it would be all.

The father knew this as well as if the sperm was stirring in his own loins. ^{good equipment} ^{Caesar} ⁹⁻¹²

^(could be) Nothing was better than the moment when a woman opened her legs before

you that first time! ^{little} If you had an eye for the differences, you knew twice as

^(Alois & Genia would affect to that) much about her as you had learned from her face. ^{the} And that female organ

^{Such a} that wonderful array and panoply of meats and syrups, of flesh ^{the} ^{universe} ^{a panoply}

^(Sail of little) archways and caverns and lips. Alois was no philosopher, so he would not have known how to speak of Becoming, or ^{how it} ^{felt for being open} ^(all the same) speak of being in the presence of Becoming, but he could have told

^(Becoming is when a woman opens her legs!) Heidegger a thing or two. ^{that we leave it that} ^{He had been around in the years when that}

great if cryptic mind became bemused with the states and conditions of

moving from Being to Becoming. Alois knew that from his insides to his

^{had a good} outsides, and if he could have talked to his son, he might have said (if only

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deal to tell him, ^{reveal such matter} But he could never speak of it

he possessed any confidence that the clearest and most honest thoughts were

In effect, he had been a

not always going to be betrayed, but then, he had been a species of

policeman all his life, so he could not even trust his children

^{A good policeman treated trust as if it were handling molasses. Trust was dangerous, you could even call it obscene. To offer to your heart the most precious to others was to ask them to be true to your wisdom.}

Still, if he could have spoken to young Alois directly, he would have

^{in form} been quick to tell him that it was all very well to be a young man interested

in girls—he, the father, could tell him the best of stories if it came to ^{that} but

^{young Alois,} ~~You are, my son, still a boy and~~ I must impart this to you. Young women

can be dangerous. They can be the sweetest angels ~~in the world~~, a few of

them maybe, but it is not them alone you have to be ready to deal with. It is

^{It can be even be ^{the} other relatives,} also their fathers and their brothers. Once, I almost got beaten up by a girl's

uncle. I was big enough, but he was bigger. I had to talk my way out of it.

So will you. It is certain that you ^{well} know how to talk, young Alois, but that is

an ability which works better in a good-sized town, ~~or even more, the city.~~
It works best of all in the city,

Because out ~~in the country~~ here in Hafeld and Fischlham, country people

can be ~~very~~ difficult. ⁴

There was so much he could have told his son if only they could have

spoken to one another. How ¹ much ^{a4} this was at the core of so much that

~~of course I will declare~~
 made Alois sad. And yet ~~not that we should spend our hours in~~

*It made him sad, but
 it was also his fault,
 his passionate thought*

~~but it was clearly Alois' own fault. His authority~~

~~parent authority~~

~~was clearly more important to him than the real size of his love for his~~
authority was

It was, I have noted
 oldest son, a love of some size but not enough to endanger ^{the more} his most valuable

quality (as he measured it), the ^{ability} sheer, consistent compilation of enough acts.

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of authority to be able to ~~live and~~ ^{himself} present oneself as ~~just that~~ a man of authority.

~~Such men can never afford to be too generous. So he could not and he~~
~~as to trust his son long enough~~
~~would not trust his own son enough~~ ^{best} to offer his good advice: Enjoy every

~~Alois would have told Junia~~
 woman you can, but always be aware of the possible price. Especially out ~~here~~
 here in the country. ~~I repeat.~~ Listen, young Alois ^{he would have said} (country people do not

have enough to do with their minds. Their backs are strong, but their lives
~~can be the same, year after year, so their minds can get a little weak. That is~~
~~when they start to think about any bad things that have been done to them.~~
~~Even if it is many years ago. I tell you, they do not forget any wrongs that~~

have been done to them. ^u So, I say to you, son, watch out, ~~that you~~ do not get

a girl in trouble. ^{Do not think that you will be} ~~Because what if you do, and you don't want to have~~

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~~able to deny~~
 anything to do with it? Suppose you even deny that you are the fellow who

made her pregnant? *Sometimes that does not work.*"

As Alois lay in bed, ~~he was~~ *His son's drama* drenched in perspiration. It ~~all~~ *un*folded

before him with the power of a fine tragedy in a Viennese theatre with red-
campy things that help

enough to
~~plush seats, yes,~~ *after red* he now said to young Alois in his mind, "Do not make fun

of the father of the girl you have made pregnant. ~~You will forget him, but~~

Ten years from now, he will find out where you are living and he will come

to your door and *he will* blow your head off with a shotgun. Pay attention, ~~to this.~~ *to this.* I

have heard more than one story like that. So, ~~never~~ *so* never insult a peasant who has

nothing *much* better to think about."

"I will try," she said at last. Her instinct was ^{to close this space} ~~that nothing could be~~
~~allowing~~ ~~poor~~ ~~between them~~ ~~between them~~
 worse than for this ~~immediate silence~~ ~~to keep building~~. Still, she felt she
~~had given an empty promise~~ ~~That was so much not like her~~. But could she

believe that her husband was right? Alois-Junior was behaving like Fanni.

Reverse! She hardly knew the word. But ~~perverse~~ ^{Fanni} ~~only~~ ^{ten times} worse

than his mother could ever have thought to be. But could Fanni be the

reason for feeling that something was wrong? ^{Yes was} Was it possible? ^{Had} Could

^{she} ~~Fanni~~ ^{have} left a curse on them? How did they dare to dream of being

happy without her?

~~And the~~ Well, their dreams were poor for that night and many another. ^{And the} ~~There~~

^{continue.}

~~was no question about~~ the state of affairs. All through June, Alois-Junior ^{kept}

^{giving} ~~gave~~ a demonstration of his skills, ^{all through these last days of June,} doing just enough good work to succeed
^{justify his} ~~justifying~~ ^{his} ~~one more time on~~ ~~relation,~~
 in being able not to be around when he was needed, not as often as his,

father could have liked, and yet he did not choose to say anything for fear of

^{making it worse.} The boy had gotten ^{usually} ~~usually~~ good at handling his duties,

^{hive-bees}
with the bees, kept the boxes clean, ~~and the traps~~ and knew when and where

^{the traps}
to move ~~everything~~. He was even able to locate the Queen quickly and put

^{using}
her into a Queen-cage without the glass trap. Just like Der Alte, he could do

it with his fingers.

He had also become the one to command ^{now} ~~to~~ the
All the same, he was the one in the family who could now command ~~the~~
~~prevailing mood in the family.~~ ^{the length of his silences} ~~He had on~~
~~prevailing mood of bad weather to come~~ (His storm-front might not be as
the others. ^{dark} ~~dark~~ ^{showed} ~~showed~~
~~dense now as dark as his father's, but his ability to sulk had its own~~
consistency. ~~The edge of his mood remained still~~ ^{None of them} ~~No one in the family~~

took chances with him these days, not even Adi.

^{the force in}
It is possible that I exaggerate young Alois' ~~force~~ but I was

^{the}
perceiving it these days through his father's ~~heavy~~ dreams. Our milk-runs

through Alois-Senior had become routine. When it comes to describing the

~~styles~~ ^{kinds,} of worry we encounter, there is little ^{we find,} that is novel in most men and

women. Part of the weight of worry ~~itself is in the repetitions of the themes,~~ ^{can come from no more than}

^{of whatever is the} ~~the repetition of~~ ^{repetition of}

and Alois Schmor would have considered it obscene to have a concern he

^{the prevailing theme, and Alois-Schmor,} ^{certainly} ^{this worries} was not ready to revisit night after night. That he certainly did, and so ~~it~~

^{every, intrigued} I was amused in the beginning by the ^{scope} ^{he saw} width and depth of the dangers ^{coming} he saw

^{before him in these} ^{same} ^{fall} looming in his imaginary scenarios. ~~He grew too familiar with them to pay~~

good attention.

^{It is} ^{Finally grew too familiar with them,} ^{that can be of interest} ~~I still think~~ ^{to think to} ~~they may be~~ ^{of more interest} ~~to those who do not have to~~

^{Such material} ^{besides his fears were} ~~live with it daily. So let me explain the key to the father's deep well of~~

~~The father had to worry because~~ ^{this} ^{the boy} ~~worried that he understood one side of young Alois all too well. The love he~~

^{felt} ~~had for horses, and for Uhlan in particular, was as rich as his good uniform,~~ ^{was because he felt when riding him,} ^{that} ^{and} ^{powerful} ~~for the pleasure it gave the boy, but underneath was the real sense of~~

~~just as hard gone as an officer~~ ^{squaring a fine lady on one of the best} ^{greatest of Vienna} ~~how well Alois understood~~

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~~that much~~ ^{much} ~~young of emotions~~ But he also ^{got} knew what was underneath.

Alois decided ~~would~~ ^{get} the certification. This son of his, was a true lunatic ~~for~~ ^{for} girls, not beasts.

~~Now the heart~~ ^{Now the heart} came first but ~~later~~ ^{later} it would be all.

The father knew this as well as if ~~the~~ ^{the} sperm was stirring in his own ~~loins~~ ^{loins}. ^{a beautiful girl}

~~good equipment~~

~~Nothing~~ ^(could be) was better than the moment when a woman opened her legs before

you ^{little} that first time! If you had an eye for the differences, you knew twice as

~~Alois~~ ^{Alois} ~~Genia~~ ^{Genia} would ~~about~~ ^{about} to ~~that~~ ^{that} much about her as you had learned from her face. And that female organ,

^{Such a}

that wonderful array and panoply of meats and syrups, of flesh ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ

^(Sail of little)

(archways and caverns and lips) Alois was no philosopher, so he would not have known how to speak of Becoming, or ^{how it} ~~Being~~ ^{Being} ~~in the presence of Becoming~~ ^{in the presence of Becoming}, but he could have told

~~Becoming is when a woman opens her legs!~~ ^{Becoming is when a woman opens her legs!} Heidegger a thing or two, ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~had been around in the years when that~~ ^{had been around in the years when that}

~~great if cryptic mind became bemused with the states and conditions of~~

moving from Being to Becoming. Alois knew that from his insides to his

~~outsides~~ ^{outsides} and if he could have talked to his son, he might have said (if only

^{had a good}

deal to tell him. But he could never ^{reveal such matters} ~~openly~~
 he possessed any confidence that the clearest and most honest thoughts were.
 In effect, he had been a ~~man~~
 not always going to be betrayed, but then ~~it~~ had been a species of

policeman all his life, so he could not even trust his children.

^{A good}
^{handling nothing} ~~police~~ ^{trust was} ~~trust~~ ^{as if he were}
^{obscure} ~~to others~~ ^{Trust was dangerous. You could even call it}
^{your wisdom} ~~to ask them to be true~~ ^{to others} ~~was to ask them to be true~~ ^{to others}
~~Still, if he could have spoken to young Alois directly, he would have~~

^{in form} ~~been quick to tell him that it was all very well~~ ^{to be a young man interested}

in girls—he, the father, could tell him the best of stories if it came to ~~it~~ ^{think "but} ~~but~~

^{young Alois}
~~(you are, my son, still a boy and~~ ^{I must impart this to you.} Young women

~~are often~~ ^{can be} dangerous. They can ~~be~~ the sweetest angels in the world, a few of

them maybe, but it is not them alone you have to be ready to deal with. It is

^{It can be even be ~~other~~ ^{their} relatives,}
 also their fathers and their brothers. Once, I almost got beaten up by a girl's

uncle. I was big enough, but he was bigger. I had to talk my way out of it.

So will you. It is certain that you ^{well} know how to talk, young Alois, but that is

an ability which works better in a good-sized town, or even more, the city.

It works best of all in the city,

Because out in the country here in Hafeld and Fischlham, country people

can be ^{very} difficult."

There was so much he could have told his son, if only they could have

spoken to one another. How much ^{a4} (this was at the core of so much that

made Alois sad. And yet ~~not that we devils spend our hours in~~

*He was also his son's
his passionate thought
compassionate thought*

~~but it was clearly Alois' fault. His authority~~

~~parent authority~~
~~was clearly more important to him than the real size of his love for his~~

*authority was not as large
It was, I have noted*
oldest son, a love of some size but not enough to endanger ^{the more} his most valuable

of ability
quality (as he measured it) the sheer, consistent compilation of enough acts

of authority to be able to ~~be and~~ ^{himself} present oneself as just that ~~a~~ man of

authority.

~~He could not~~
~~Such men can never afford to be too generous. So he could not and he~~
~~as to trust his son long enough~~
~~could~~ ~~would not trust his own son~~ ~~enough~~ ^{best} to offer his good advice: Enjoy every

~~Alois would have told Junius~~
 woman you can, but always be aware of the possible price. Especially out ~~here~~

here in the country. I repeat. Listen, young Alois ^{he would have said} (country people do not

have enough to do with their minds. Their backs are strong, but their lives

^{are} ~~can be the same. Year after year, so their minds can get a little weak. That is~~
^{it is all the same, and so they}

~~when they start to think about any of the things that have been done to them~~

~~Even if it is many years ago. I tell you, they do not forget any wrongs that~~ ^{the}

have been done to them. ^u So, I say to you, son, watch out ^h that you do not get

^{Do not think that you will be}
 a girl in trouble. ~~Because what if you do, and you don't want to have~~

~~able to deny~~
 anything to do with it? Suppose you even deny that you are the fellow who

made her pregnant? *Sometimes that does not work.*

As Alois lay in bed, ~~he was~~ *His son's ol name* drenched in perspiration. It all (unfolded

camp trams that camp
 before him with the power of a fine tragedy in a Viennese theatre with red-

enough to offer red
 plush seats, yes, he now said to young Alois in his mind, "Do not make fun

of the father of the girl you have made pregnant. ~~You will forget him, but~~

Ten years from now, he will find out where you are living, and he will come

to your door and *he will* blow your head off with a shotgun. Pay attention, ~~to this~~. I

have heard more than one story like that. So, ~~never~~ *So, never* insult a peasant who has

nothing *much* ~~better~~ to think about."

(698)

If Al this was not only of some interest to me, but, finally, amusing. Some or devils know how to live on both sides of the veil with which men endeavor to keep hiding a clear view of their motives from themselves. I soon understood that ~~Al~~ Belmont all of his would be splendid advice to young Alvin, because worried him more about his own safety.

On one evening, over a month ago, while leaving his beer in the Irishman tavern, there had been a little talk which he dismissed as idle about a fellow who lived on the other side a few miles further away from Hoboken. One or two of the farmers who dismounted him actually knew the man, and it seemed he had actually spoken once or twice about Alvin, yes, they assured him. "He knows you and he knows it clear. He doesn't like you." And they walked off. "I assure you," said Alvin in all of his local majesty. "If I can meet the fellow, I will forget him. His name means nothing to me."

Indeed, it didn't, until it came

back to him on a sleepless hour after midnight in the middle of a moonlit June night with a view of fields through their bedroom window. Silver fields at that hour, perfectly happy to lie fallow and not be obliged to satisfy the gluttony of young potatoes for more of the earth's riches, a sense of self-congratulation Alois was using to calm his agitated state of ~~worry~~ worry, but then he made the mistake of looking at the full moon too long and then the name came back to him of the fellow who had declared his dislike of Alois better.

Good lord! Alois invoked the Dunsinane name only when there was bad news, ~~and~~ a reflex of his childhood. Yes, Good lord, that fellow —, —, was a smuggler, yes, he had caught him ^(in England) (or maybe he could certainly remember now for the fact had been trying to take some kind of contraband over into Germany, ~~and~~ Alois could not even remember what the

certainly ~~had~~ ^{now} remembered the
 habit in the man's eyes when they
 looked at each other. The expression
 had been to note that Blair had almost
 struck him, an act he considered
 entirely beneath himself during these
 last years on Customs duty.

Now, he felt a little closer to
 those memories as if the full moon
 was like a mirror for such phenomena
 of the mind, forcibly yes, it was that
 before him again. He had not struck
 the fellow but he had certainly
 mocked him. "You are a great one?
 He angry at yourself you fool,
 I could have caught you any time
 on your duty. I heard was right then."

Now, the memories grew worse,
 the smuggler had not begun to look
 at him ^{then} but he had begun
 to ~~laugh~~ ^{laugh} at him. ~~Of course, the smuggler~~
 Of course, smugglers don't let you go
 getting caught - part of the game
 that don't mock them. And often that
 he said as much to his young officer.
 "Mock them, and they will never
 forgive you."

¶ In the morning, after a night 643
~~of the rest of the night, and~~
~~of the rest of the night, and~~
full of the fear
that comes from never getting harassed
the prevailing sense of security,
~~which is~~ Alvin got out of bed
with the recognition that there was
not going to be a hell of a lot of sleep
for him, unless he got a new dog,
a truly fierce hound.

(644)

7.

There was one available for him. One of the farmers was looking to sell the last of his letter of German Shobleny, "the best of the letter," which is why I knew about him and for him, that year quagga for all these months, six months. Dayag went him."

"That could be," Alain (and back at the time)

"I will sell him to you for next to nothing. Maybe he will make you as poor as I have made me. Then I can laugh and you will cry."

Goald kept talking. But Alain left early the morning after his close acquaintance with the faculty, the full man, and visited the farmer, and bought the ~~house~~ house — cheaply as promised.

He was a good wild one. Alain could tell. He had always had an understanding with dogs. He could look a fierce one in the eye, and because he felt a moment of love for the poor ugly old black and the animal would instantly refuse

well. Alain could talk to deaf. He (L-475)
 the hands would take a little, Alain would
 say, "Oh, father, how can you please
 to me? I like you, I approach you as a
 friend." and he even knew enough to
 bring his hands up to the day's mouth
 as a token of friendliness. He had seen,
 made ~~some~~ mistakes, the one time
 in a hundred when a day was actually
 fierce enough to bite, Alain could
 sense that too, and he would extend
 the forefinger and pinky of little hand,
 the points of the fingers near enough
 to the deaf's lips to look like horns and
 the animal ~~was~~ might almost like
 inflections but he could not
 catch.

So Alain was delighted that this
 big ~~for~~ overgrown in mouth old
 German I replied with the regal
 name of Friedrich was fierce, better
 still, he was a one word day. but the
~~other the family~~ ^{children} recognize that
 quickly. but V. Lara complain, let
 young Alain mind his business. He
 would be the only one to feed
 Friedrich. but any co-smuggler
 have thought of coming to the farm
 in the middle of the night. He was

would have with both dogs present. (6th)
 While you are taking care of the
 a piece of meat and a chloroform on
 a cloth the other will ~~be~~ be there
 to catch you,

How Alois enjoyed the walk ~~to~~
 to over the hills with the dogs. He let
 him off the leash early, then started for
 the Fruticas to return, tempted him to
 stop and to sit at command although
 he knew that already. Alois merely
 sharpened the reflexes of ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~dogs~~ ^{dogs}
~~the~~ ^{Alois} fear in such a good mood for almost
 wrestled with the dog and restrained
 himself only because it was too soon,
 wonderful Irish love between a dog
 and a man is clear to a perfect extent
 decided Alois.

The animal did not cease quivering
 with an all-bowing all-bristling
 tongue that lolled at the edge of
 his jaw until they came in view
 of the farm. How it was not he knew
 immediately that were problems
 awaiting him at the farm,

Of course. It was better. Alois
 was ready to slap himself on the
 forehead for having been in such
 a state of blind certainty that looked

not thought once of how the two
dogs might get along.

They didn't, they were even terrified
of the other and ~~was~~ ^{rich} with blame
over their fear. They nipped with their
teeth at the parts of their ~~body~~ ^{body}
that they could reach, they used
their legs and claws for newly
discovered places beyond the reach
of their teeth, they barked at the
knees, ~~for~~ they ran in circles separate
from each other, they ~~stayed~~ ^{stayed} out
territories of ~~mutual~~ possession forbidden
to the other. It was worse than we
could ever have expected.

The problem was that Luther
was now old. He was still bigger than
Friedrich, considerably so, but he
made the mistake of moving around
too much and ~~forgetting~~ that ~~both~~ ^{both} the
young dogs agreed about what
he could expect and as a result
on when they had their fight.

If Albin had had more than one
afternoon, perhaps he could transport
them into some mode of mutual
existence, but not two transgressions.

after the first night of screaming,
they were rolling on the ground,
roaring and howling in horrible pain,
from all saliva-flecked, teeth
as awesome as sharps, and blood
on their faces and their flanks after
the first minute.

(648)

The family was out in the yard
to contain, and Alain being the first that
every at the moment was the last
to arrive and the first to die
into the fray. He had no fear of
either animal, he was outraged,
would they have to get into this
without permission. But the beast of
all. He had told them all how
before to shut up, sit down, and
let him, and that was very rough
disobedience.

Alain, too, roared at them to
stop, and with his bare hands
flung them apart. The sound of
his voice had been enough. They
lay on the ground, two feet
apart, each of them with gasps
on their noses and throats, like
hated them, Friedrich from the

phantasmagoria of what might have been - for all Alvin knew - less first sight, and better was it written, as if the secret his years had exposed in his confidence. He looked at Alvin with such pain and heartbreak, his expression so full of betrayal that Alvin could read what he saw. "I have worried about you and the safety of your course for all these years and you yell at me as if I mean no more than that interloper you just brought in," and Alvin came near to taking a taste his egg and would have given his hand to Walter and camp. Alvin knew if that word of rebellion for all his years for turning Friedrich into a great warrior of a day, in truth, Alvin recognized he could live with cruelty itself, but Walter would have to go.

In the afternoon, it was done that the young day had come. Alvin seemed pleased, Walter kept moving and more to his own corner and went to eat after Friedrich. Day

gorged himself. ~~Therefore~~ by the (690)
 end of the week, Luther was ready to
 give way to the regulations of the new
 regime. If his kennel box was outside
 the house, and had always been since
 winter or summer since then - never
 other than Friedrich would be allowed to
 sleep on the floor of the kitchen until
 a German named Kloss - he had come
 to build another kennel. But he knew
 he would not. Some other day and much
 better room, he would have to decide later
 to dispose of good old Luther who was
 probably really very near to reach the
 hand of the great thief who came
 strutting over in the middle of the
 night. Besides he was hardly
 healthy to train Friedrich to his
 no longer, Luther was moping. What
 of all, his legs had become useless
 from one of the hits and he limped now,
 a grumpy dog.

May
 J

8,

(658)

My greatest interest in this day
 fight — to what lower an we desire,
 reduced! — was for its effect on
 Adi. It was twice now that he
 had heard his father roar, once at
 young Alain for leaving a hut in
 the day, and now again in the
 the day.

What mastery had been in his
 father's voice! What a complete
 command of the situation, the
 fierceness with which he had
 leaped into that ~~big~~ tangle of tree
 branches and fury, blood on those
 strings of halberd, and he had
 thrown them apart, and so fearlessly!
 Adi's voice had in the last father
 for a few days and gave him to the
 sense of inheritance, of warren, glory
 his to share, that whenever he had
 an opportunity now he would go
 off into the woods by himself and
 fend as he would manage to make
 himself against all the danger
 and mystery of this forest, and
 run the trees and under clambering
 nearly all small in sound against

the greater silence of the forest, he would ~~use~~ ^{work} the power of his voice. This surprise would roar at the trees until his throat was so sore he could hardly open his mouth.

I was delighted with him for doing this. I was beginning to see why the Heastrian Crane had such respect (with something akin to tenderness) at how quiet he was to take hold for the effect of his voice. If there was a shift in the leaves, if by way of a passing reply, ~~but~~ Adp would credit him with it, for having imitated the breeze, even inspired it.

the dog's mouth as a token of friendship. He had never made a mistake.

The one time in a hundred when a dog was actually fierce enough to bite,

Alois could sense that, too, and he would extend the forefinger and pinky of

^{near} the ~~lower~~ ^{his} hand, ~~the points of the~~ ^{directed} fingers ~~near enough~~ to the dog's eyes ~~so~~

~~that they~~ ^{that they looked like sharp little horns (but)} ~~look like horns~~ and the animal might shout his imprecations ~~yet~~ he would

not attack.

So, Alois was delighted that this overgrown, six-month-old German

Shepherd with the regal name of Friedrich was fierce. Better still, he was a

one-man dog. Let the children recognize that quickly. Let Klara complain.

Let young Alois mind his business. He would be the only one to feed

~~Friedrich~~ ^{Friedrich. And he would change his name} ~~Let any ex-smuggler have thoughts of coming to the farm in the~~ ^{to help with remembering King Friedrich the Great.}

~~Friedrich~~ ^{who had} ~~middle of the night~~ ^{would not} He never would dare with both dogs ~~present~~ ^{present, tiny} ~~while~~

~~to take care of our~~

~~the~~ ^{He} ~~call~~ ^{would} ~~the~~ ^{call} ~~dog~~ ^{the} ~~spartan~~ ^{dog} ~~like a Greek~~ ^{spartan} ~~A warrior~~ ^{like a Greek}

you are taking care of one with a piece of meat and chloroform on a cloth,
~~full of chloroform, and~~
 the other will be there to attack you.

How Alois enjoyed the walk over the hills with the dog. He let him

off the leash early, threw sticks for ^{Spartan} Friedrich to return, taught him to stop

and sit at command, although he knew that already. Alois merely ^{beamed up} sharpened

^{this good dog's} ~~the~~ reflexes. Alois ^{could himself} was in such a good mood that he almost wrestled with

^{himself} the dog and restrained himself only because it was too soon. Wonderful.

Quick love between a dog and a man is close to a perfect event, ^{he} decided.

~~Alois.~~

The animal did not cease grinning with an all-knowing, all-breathing
 tongue that lolled at the edges of his grin until they came in view of the

farm. Now, it was as if he knew immediately that there were problems awaiting him ~~at the farm.~~

Of course. It was Luther. Alois was ready to slap himself on the forehead for having been in such a state of blind certainty that he had not thought once of how the two dogs might get along.

They didn't. They ~~each~~ ^{each} were terrified of the other, and sick with shame ~~over their~~ ^{at} fear. They nipped with their teeth at the parts of their own body they could reach, ~~used their legs and claws for~~ ^{clawed at} newly discovered fleas

beyond the reach of their teeth, they barked at ~~the bees~~ ^{insects}, they ran in circles ~~that did not overlap with~~ separate from each other, they staked out territories ~~of possession forbidden~~ to the other. ~~It was worse than he could ever have expected.~~

The problem was that Luther was now ^{an old dog,} ~~old~~ He was ~~still~~ larger than ~~Spartan~~, ^{was making the big} Friedrich, considerably so, but he ~~made the~~ mistake of moving around too much and that told the young dog a good deal about what ~~he could expect~~ ^{to} ~~and capitalize on~~ ^{upon} when they had their fight.

If Alois had had more than an afternoon, perhaps he could have brought them into some ^{variety of} ~~mode of~~ ^{framed} mutual existence, but ^{they went to} ~~not two hours after~~ ^{less than two hours after} the first sight of each other. ~~They were~~ rolling on the ground, rearing and ~~yowling in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~bursts of pain,~~ faces ~~all~~ saliva-flecked, teeth as awesome as sharks, and blood on their faces and their flanks ~~after the first minutes.~~

The family ^{was} ~~was~~ out in the yard to witness, ^{but} and Alois, being the furthest away at the moment, was the last to arrive, ^{he was also} and the first to dive into the fray. He had no fear of either animal. ^{he} ~~he~~ was outraged ^{of} ~~of~~ how did they

dare to get into this without permission, ^{then} ~~Luther first of all?~~ He had told

Luther an hour before to shut up, sit down, and let live, ~~and~~ ^{this} war was

rank disobedience.

Alois roared at them to stop, and ^{then} with his bare hands flung them

apart. The sound of his voice had been enough. They lay on the ground,

two yards apart, each of them with gashes on their noses ^{bloody} and throats, ^{and then}

~~Friedrich facing his phantasmagoria of what might have been~~ for all

~~Spantauer kept panting as if the breath he needed~~ ^{was just beyond his tongue, and}
~~Alois knew his first fight, and~~ Luther was ill within, as if the sum of his

years had exploded in ^{this hour} ~~his confidence~~. He looked at Alois with such pain,

~~and he broke~~, his expression so full of statement that Alois could all but

read what he said: "I have worried about you and the safety of your house

for all these years, and you yell at me as if I mean no more than that

interloper you just brought in," and Alois came near to ^{pe. thing him} ~~having a tear in his~~

eye, and would have given him his hand to breathe and have petted him if

tenderly, but

(that would not have spoiled all his plans for turning Friedrich into a great

Spartan

defender

that on this occasion, he would

warrior of a dog, truth, Alois recognized ~~he could~~ live with cruelty itself,

~~but~~ Luther would have to go.

In the aftermath, it was obvious that the ^{younger} ~~young~~ dog had won. As their

~~wounds healed, Luther~~ ^{did not try to} ~~kept more and more to his own corner and waited to~~

~~eat until~~ ^{(This regime continued even when} ~~after Friedrich had gorged himself. By the end of the week, Luther was~~

~~Klara made a point of putting out~~ ^{ready to give way to the regulations of the new regime. If his kennel box}

~~separate hands at a distance from~~ ^{each other. Then, Spartan}

~~was outside the house as it always had been, winter and or summer, since~~ ^{proceeded to gobble up the}

~~second hand as well. It hardly~~ ^{mattered. Luther had lost all}

~~appetite.~~ ^{kitchen until} as Alois assured Klara ~~he had time to build another kennel.~~

~~had lost all appetite~~

if Alas, had decided what the need
But he knew he would not. ~~Sooner or later, and really, better----- he~~
~~stop must be. He~~ *Good old Luther*
would have to decide how to dispose of good old Luther, who was probably

ready by now to lick the hand of the first thief who came strolling over in

~~Moreover, he could hardly run in~~
the middle of the night. Besides, he would hardly be able to ~~reach to his~~

~~taste so long as Luther was moping. Worst of all, his leg had become~~

~~infected from one of the bites, and he limped now, a gimp dog.~~

-10-

My ~~greatest~~ ^{soon shifted} interest in this dog fight ~~to what lows are we devils~~
~~to its effect on Adi. This was the~~
~~reduced~~ ^{was} for its effect on Adi. It was twice now that he had heard his
 second time that he had heard his
 father roar, ^{once} ~~once~~ at young Alois for leaving ^{that} ~~a~~ hive in the sun, and now ^{again}
~~to separate~~ ^{again with the dogs} to shock the dogs apart,

What mastery had been in his father's voice! What a complete

command of the situation! The fearlessness with which ^{his father} he had leaped into

~~at these~~ (entangled) ~~that tangle of two beasts~~ ^{dying trees} in one fury, blood ^{(but his} for their strings of saliva, and ^{had}

~~Shabren had pulled~~ ^(thrown them apart) ~~through them apart~~ and so fearlessly! Adi was in love with his father ^{for a}

few days ^{that} and gave issue to ~~was~~ a sense of inheritance, of warriors' ^{brave man's} (glory)

there ^{for him}

his to share, ^{Adi} that whenever he had an opportunity now, he would go off into

^{no small matter} but he forced himself ^{(to be as} the woods by himself, and fearless as he could manage to make himself

^{the weight of} against all the silence and mystery of these ^{trees} quietly muttering ^{above all the} trees and

^{hidden} ^(in or near the ground) and all of it ^{was} so ~~hidden~~ chattering insects, all small in sound against the greater silence of

^{they shimmer in the warmth of the same air} the forest, he would work on the power of his voice. ~~This is your life~~

Adi would roar at the trees until his throat was so sore he could hardly open his mouth.

~~Because he was doing this,~~

I was delighted with him for doing this. I was beginning to see why

~~might be showing~~

the Maestro showed such special interest in him, and I was amused ~~(with~~

~~(something akin to tenderness)~~ at how quick ~~he~~ ^{Adi was so ready to} ~~he~~ ^{give to} was to take credit for the

~~after his best attempts to hollow~~

effect of his voice. If ~~there was a shift in the leaves~~ ^{a few shifted} by way of a passing

^{assuming} zephyr, ~~Adi would credit his voice for having instigated the breeze, even~~

~~from his voice~~ ^{through} ~~the breeze~~ ^{which had already} ~~inspired it.~~ ^{inspired it.} This breeze, ~~inspired it to appear~~

Once, he almost met his father ^{the} in the woods. Alerted by one of my resident Hatfeld devils, I gave orders to divert ^{him} them. It was easy for us at this point to steer Adi in any of a number of directions particularly while he was in the woods, and I did not want them ~~to meet on this occasion.~~ ^{to meet on this occasion.} The father might have reached the way for being so wary as to ^{yelp} at the trees, and the boy might have ~~glanced~~ slunk up behind

his father and we would have (655)
 witnessed the most peculiar execution
 at Luther. ~~That~~ I was looking toward,
 the ~~shock~~ ^{shock to the} might be unclassifiable
 and the Maestro would be disappointed
 "with all we have to contend with,
 our strongest test is results that are
 clear to us. ~~Otherwise~~ Otherwise, we
 will be in danger of maneuvering
 about just like the Demnopolis."

It was a long walk for Albi-gamon
 and longer for Luther. One of his hind
 legs had become infected ~~from~~
~~and then swollen from~~ ~~infection~~
 bite received in the ~~last~~ ~~and~~ the limps
 in pain and after a few hundred
 yards began to hobble.

I think he understood what was
 going on. While the ~~Maestro~~ Maestro
 must certainly possess the ability
 to monitor any thoughts that pass
 between humans and animals, he
 does not encourage us to exercise
 our intellects in such direction.

(693)

All year, their dream was poor for
 that night and for many months, ~~the~~
 there was magnificent rain almost
 the state of affairs, all through ~~the~~
 Alabi - Junior gave a demonstration of
 his ability, doing just everything
 good to be able to be good at
 the things that were in not very
 houses of Alabi as Alabi is the better, could be
 liked and yet he did not allow
 to say anything for fear of making it
 worse. The way he had gotten, and usually
 poor at handling his duties with
 the bees, ~~and~~ but the honey, clean
 and the traps, and knew when and
 when to move any thing. He was even
 able to locate each Queen bee and
 put her into a queen cage without the
 queen trap. Just like Dr. Pitt he believed
 that it was his fingers.

All the same, he was the one in the
 family who could now command a
 present in mind of had weather to
 see, his storm front might not
 be as clear as ^{was as} clear as his father's,
 but his ability to suck had it
 own ~~present~~ ^{own} consistency, the
 edged his moral remained still,
 Alabi in the family to be clean
 with his time days, not even Alabi.

It is possible that he was aggressive
~~that~~ ^{that} young Alabi, for
 that he was, perhaps it was day
 through Alabi his father's, hearing
 dreamer. Our milkman thought
 Alabi, Alabi had become something

Gannett

When it comes to describing the style of work, we encounter (674) there is little that is novel in most men and women. Part of the weight of young ^{themes} ~~tragedy~~ is in the repetitiveness of the ~~concerns~~, and Alain-Guillaume's uneasiness to observe to have a concern ~~and~~ he was not ready to revisit night after night. That he certainly did, and so if few amused in the beginning by the ~~concerns~~ and depth of the dangers he saw ^{looming} in his imaginary scenarios, I grew too familiar with them to pay good attention.

They may be novelizations of more interest to those who do not have to live with it daily. So let me explain the key to the father's deep well of worry was that he understood the side of young Alain all too well. The love he had off for horses, and for Adeline in particular was as rich and good uniform in the pleasure it gave the boy, but underneath was the real sense of anticipation. Their son of his was a true hunter. But for girls, not ~~hunting~~ ~~hunting~~ ~~hunting~~ the father knew they would be if the sperm was stirring in his own loins. ~~It was~~ ~~It was~~ ~~It was~~ better than the

moment when ~~of~~ a woman ⁽⁶⁹⁵⁾ ~~opened~~
 her legs before you ~~and~~ ^{high} first time.
 If you had an eye for the differences,
 you knew twice as much about her
 as you had learned from her face.
 And that female organ, that wonderful
 array and panoply ~~of~~ ^{of} meat and ~~grace~~ ^{grace}
~~and~~ ^{541 up to 542} ~~of~~ ^{of} meat and ~~grace~~ ^{grace}
 technique and acumen and life - Alois
 was no philosopher so he could not
 shake of being in the presence of becoming
 but he could have told Heidegger, at least
 or two, if he had been around in
 the years when that great if cryptic
 mind became bemused with the state
 and conditions of moving from Being
 to becoming. Alois knew that from his
 inside to his outside, and if he could
 have talked to his son, he might
 have said (it only in personal and
 confidence that the clearest and most
 honest thoughts were not always
 going to be betrayed - but then he had
 been a species of policeman all his
 life, so he could not even trust his
 children - ~~his~~ trust was obnoxious.)
 Still if he could have spoken to
~~the~~ young Alois directly, he would
 have been quick to tell him that

it was all very well to beg (636)
 young man interested in girls, but the
 father, could tell him the best of
 stories if it came to it, but for you
~~to be~~ are, my son, & tell a boy
 and so I must impart that to you.
 Young women can be dangerous. They
 can be the sweetest angels in the
 world, if a few of them, maybe, but
 it is not them alone you would
 be ready to deal with. It is
 also their fathers, and their mothers.
 Once I almost got beaten up by
 a girl's uncle. I was very much
 but better wiser. I had to talk my
 way out of it. So will you. It
 is certain that experience would be
 with, young ladies, but that is ~~an~~
 absolutely useless, useless, better in a
 good-sized town, or even more, the
 city. I mean for the cemetery ~~to~~
 here in Hopedale and Fitchburg.
 Country people can be very difficult.

There ever so much we could have
 told him, if only they could have
 spoken to one another. How much

(636)
 this was at the core of so much that
 made A. lost sad, and yet not that
 we doils should have been in conference
 thought, but it was clearly A. lost
 own fault. His authority was clearly
 more important to him than the reality
 of his love for his eldest son, a love
 of some size but not enough to
 endanger his most valuable quality
 (as he measured it) the sheer conviction
 competition of enough authority
 to health to live and present oneself
 as just that — a man of authority.

Such men can never afford to be
 too generous. So he could not and would
 not trust his son enough to offer
 his good advice; enjoy every woman
 you can, but ~~be careful~~ always by
 enough the possible price. Especially
 out here in the country. I repeat, with
 young A. lost, country people do not
 have enough to do with their minds.
 Their backs are strong but their minds
~~have to~~ live can be the same year
 after year, so their minds can get
 a little weak, that is when they start
 to think about any hard things that

have been done to them, Even (638)
 if it is many years ago, I tell
 you they do not forget any wrong that
 have been done to them, So I say to
 you son, water out that you do not
 get a girl in trouble, because what if
 you do and you don't want to have
 anything to do with it? Subson
 you was deny that you are the fellow
 who made her pregnant?

Ces Alain lay in bed, he was drenched
 in perspiration. It all unfolded
 before him with the power of a fine
 tragedy in a Viennese theatre with real
 pleasures, yes he now said to
 young Alain in his mind, "Do not make
 friend the father of the girl you have
 made pregnant. You will forget
 him, but ten years from now he
 will find out where you are living
 and he will come to your door and
 blow you ^{head} off with a shot-gun.
 Pay attention to this. I have heard more
 than one story like that. So, never
 insult a peasant who has nothing
 better to think about."

Or, at least not among the devils I
 work with. For that matter, and that
 is a concern I hesitate to develop
 too openly, I often am ready to
 give much — if, of course, I know
 any real persons — to know
 more about their departments, ^{other} ~~other~~ ^{reads} ~~reads~~
 special services, and go on, health,
 salient, precinct, orbits, spheres,
 hearts, and occult envelopes that he
 commands. Particularly, this last
 occult envelope, for a devil, I know
 no more about that last than what
 I used directly in my work. The career
 of hell, and ~~most~~ immersion into
 madness which legend would have
 it available to all devils is, actually,
 metered out to us as tools only when
 needed.

So, as I say, it was not common
 form to follow the thoughts of one
 and thoughts received which pass
 between Alvin and Luther as ~~they~~ directly
 as any two humans might have done
 to direct their unaided work, vast
 and faulty but I was at no loss long
 to recognize that Luther knew his
 end was near and Alvin, whether
 or not, was fully occupied by now
 in thinking of how and why he

would decide of the day.

(657)

To begin with, he had decided he would not ~~shoot~~ shoot him, ~~that is~~ the idea shotgun and a pistol, the first would be too messy, and the second made him uneasy. It would definitely hurt just a bit. Pistols were an execution reserved for malefactors whether in cold blood or in self-defense. In any case, a bullet was so impersonal.

Let me remain at least surprised I was to read his thoughts so clearly. True, I was familiar with the ^{workings} of his mind in sleep and so my insights could collect his conscious thoughts as ^{one can connect} as ^{a message} simply as connecting the dots in a child's puzzle. But still, he was not a client. Yet, I knew him better than many of my ~~clients~~ clients who were.

I think I may have been granted a few exceptional favors on this occasion. If Celia was one of my most privileged clients then, indeed, one I was unable to get to know the father and mother with almost as much clarity as I obtained through the ^{more} ~~most~~ unmitigated step of acquiring a client.

And Alex's thoughts were interesting on this occasion. He had decided

that the only way to dissipate his
 old companion's bitter war by the
 stroke of a knife directed into his
 heart. Paine would never close — never
 than a pistol or a shotgun — actually
 treachery, and ~~it~~ it would miss of
 hours of pain. Alois did not know
 (or care that much) whether he
 man and woman had souls, but he
 was sure he had about dogs. Yes,
 they had souls that ~~was~~ could be,
 once treated properly and properly
 brought along, could be the epitome
 of loyalty. So, in turn, one had to be
 loyal to the soul of one's dog, yes,
 at length, one would not blast
 him into the next place with all
 the reprobations of any kind of ~~hott~~
~~gun~~ — what a shock to the soul —
 no, it would have to be the short
 sharp stroke of a knife, fierce and
 clean as the heart in the moment
 its integrity is severed.

Alois kept thinking these thoughts,
 as he trudged through the ~~wood~~ ~~wood~~ ~~wood~~
 and slowed again by the hobbling
 of the old hound, and soon there

(699)

came a point when Walter sat
 down and refused to move and looked
 for a long time into Celair's eyes and
 I could swear that if he had space,
 at his command, he would have said
 to his master, "I know you are going
 to kill me and that here explains
 why I ~~too~~ have been afraid of you
 all my life. ~~But~~ Now, I am still
 afraid, but I will not move any
 further. Can't you see, Master, in the
 land of my dignity as you insist
 on taking me further and further
 into the woods, I ~~can~~ can no longer
 control my hands, and I do not want
 to keep ^{dragging} my legs along while
 they are covered with fetters, so
 here I sit, and you will have to
 lift me and carry me if you
 wish to go any further."

Celair knew his name, he could see
 that the dog would not move. He
 understood that they had come to
 a ground he had not selected for
 the killing, ~~that~~ in advance
 in his mind, he had chosen a small

sharp gully one-half mile further along where he could lay the corpse ⁽⁶⁶⁾ in the bottom crease of the divide and cover him with mud and leaves, ~~enough~~ with branches and finally with the hollow trunk of a large branch big enough to when turned around to hold and cover the body. If necessary he would weight it with stones.

That had been Alon's plan. He had thought through every detail in the consecutive logic of a racing runner, but now he saw that nature would not go on, and he would not be strong enough to carry him ~~the~~ ~~along a rough trail~~ up and down along a rough trail for the next half mile. It would have to be done. Afterward, he could go back, get a ~~pick~~ pitch and shovel and dig a grave in this copse, a green and decent place ^{quite} ~~enough~~ by a half half-acre of trees and some scrub brushy yes, it could be done here.

So Alon laid the dog down, turned him on his back, looked into his face which had sickened in the last few minutes of distress

and recognizably on the face of any ^(old) old creature whose liver is running to the grave ahead of him, a sad old face to be certain, and A-bod's unbacked ^{the folk of the base that held} ~~his~~ hunting knife, laid the point ~~of the blade~~ ^{on the end of the} at the center of the arch of the ~~bridge~~ ^{ridge} rib-~~bone~~ and pushed it in to the hilt. The dog's face contorted, the sound of teeth ~~experiencing~~ ^{experiencing} came out of him fearful to the ear for it was much more human than law had expected and then the dog's face passed through many places and with many ~~expressions~~ ^{expressions} of anger and dead night and bright life before it settled into the face it would wear for the first few hours of its death before it all began to decompose, and but then looked like a young dog again, and some indefinable ~~of~~ ^{of} pride had returned as if he had always been more beautiful ~~than~~ than anyone had realized.

He was a better death than he had hoped for, almost decided. He felt ~~hollow~~ ^{hollow}. He was ~~pleased~~ ^{pleased}.

with his enemies, he had made (662)
 the right choice, but he was
 shocked by the changes in the presence
 of the dog, ~~and life~~ through all of
 the full ten seconds ~~and~~, and
 the changed expression it
 engendered as ~~the dog's~~ ^{withers} life passed
 away from half of them and left
 its mark on the dog's face.

Alain had almost ten years left
 to live, but he ^{on this afternoon in the forest} ~~had~~ passed a junction
~~in his mind~~ ~~on the road to death~~ and ~~understood~~
 on the road to death, and ~~understood~~
 after ~~afterwards~~ ^{and often} reflection he was better
 or worse for ~~his~~ ^{his} commitment to
 dispose of Lutton in person, all
 present, and, yes, honorable enough
 to bury him afterward.