

629-635
double-space first

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They were quiet at dinner that night. All of them, even Paula whom Klara kept at her breast. Alois-Senior was certainly preoccupied. He had been stung by his bees ~~today~~ a few more times than the one or two or, occasionally, three, he was used to receiving ~~on most days - part of the~~ ~~by the end of the afternoon~~ ~~that was part of the~~ occupational hazard, no more. Tonight, he not only had little to say, but did not notice that ~~all~~ the others were silent.

He was waiting for bed. Lately, Klara had begun to remove these bee-stings and, to his surprise, he ~~was able~~ ^{could} to enjoy it. She was naturally skilled at this, ~~kind of business,~~ ^{and} She never pulled on the stingers so crudely that you could suffer the wound afterward through the night. Done poorly,

^{would}
 it ~~could~~ feel like a needle had been left inside. A tiny wound but a real one,
 ready to puff up. It throbbed. Sometimes, it felt personal, as if it refused,
^{out of meanness itself}
 to stop hurting. ~~It~~ ^{it} could not explain it otherwise. But Klara knew how to
^{gently}
 nudge the flesh to one side of where the stinger was peeping out, and then
^{both}
 not try to grip it, but coax it out with a little soft pressure, ~~she~~ ^{and} did so
 deftly.

He had begun to enjoy such time together. So, when they went to bed
^{was looking to leave}
 on this night, he wanted his pains cared for. But first, she had to describe all
^{the days in a week, all that}
 that mess of eggs and shell. He did not care to listen. "Ash," he said, "it
 breeds bad feeling if you always take Adi's side."

"What are you saying? 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 these boys. We must try. A good balance and it will all
 quiet down. That is the secret."

A silence. It was followed by a deeper silence.

"I will try," she said at last.

Book 5 email cc, chs3, double, 10 double/triple 3/1/05

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Her instinct was to close this space between them. If she didn't, the difference would increase. But could she believe that her husband was right? Young Alois was looking like Fanni. Only ten times worse than Fanni could ever have tried to be. Yes, was it possible? Was she left a curse?

we're full of pure energy
Well, their dreams remained pure for more than a few nights. Alois-Junior kept giving a demonstration of his skills all through those last days of June, doing just enough good work to justify his right to go off one more time with Ullan. The boy had gotten good at handling his duties, kept the hive boxes clean, and knew when and where to move the trays. He was even able to locate the Queen and put her into a Queen cage without using the glass trap. Just like Don Alois, he could do it with his fingers.

generate
He had also become the one to *generate* the prevailing mood in the *stable* family. The length of his silences weighed on them. No member of the family took a chance with him these days, not Alois-Junior, not even Adi.

It is possible that I suggested this force in young Alois, but he was certainly a force in his father's dreams.

Of course, we have to be careful of such conclusions. Milk runs can
too, for the ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~reasons~~ ^{reasons}, when it comes to describing the
kind of ~~family~~ ^{family} that is found in most men and
women that is normal. The weight of such a point is far more than the
weight of repetition whatever is the prevailing theme and Alvin Senior
was all too ready to revisit his worries night after night. In the beginning, I
was ~~not~~ intrigued by the dangers he saw coming toward him in these
imaginary scenarios.

If I finally grew too familiar with him, I failed not to lose my understanding, but I never failed to find out such material daily.

Alois-Senior was entitled to worry, because he understood one side of young Alois all too well. When later the day felt far behind, while riding Uhlman, he felt ~~as~~ as humorous as an officer equipping an elegant lady on one of the better streets of Vienna. He felt that the girl was a beautiful woman. He felt that the girl was a beautiful woman. He felt that the girl was a beautiful woman.

ALICE decided to leave her home and to go to the city. She decided to leave her home and to go to the city. She decided to leave her home and to go to the city.

heart. At present, the house was first class. It was for all young girls.

The girl was a beautiful woman. She was a beautiful woman. She was a beautiful woman.

Book 5 email cc chs 8-10 double, 11-12, triple 3/2/05

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and so it had taken so long to
~~and ~~many~~ detected~~
 of insect bites, and she even thought she smelled some odd blood while

removing stingers from his body.

Complete her ministrations,

On this occasion it had taken longer, there were so many spots she

that had to work, and a communion had ^{had even} developed between them. She felt so

By the time she had ^{completed} ~~these~~ these close. When she was done with the delicate chores, there was no question.

They were both ready to make love, and while she had no basis of

comparison, she ^{was still ready to decide that} thought that there was probably not another man to be

found at Alois) ^{and only one} ~~and~~ found ~~him~~ ^{one} year away from sixty, who was so vigorous and so sweet,

this Uncle Alois whom you would never call sweet, and yet he was not so very

much ^{than} (Uncle Alois any more as he was her man, a good man. On this

particular night, Klara was seen ^{even} ready to call herself lucky ^{congratulation} ~~lucky~~ fortunate

Book 5 email cc chs 11, 12, triple 3/4/05

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on agreeable And the nights were close.
 They had ~~a nice~~ few days. ~~One good evening followed another once,~~

~~they were alone. Although they made love again on the following night.~~

~~and then did not for the rest of the week.~~ Alois was going through what can

in marriage, this
 only be called a transformation ^{of} his feelings for Klara. This, of course,

Indeed, it is necessary. That is because worst
 can occur ~~in marriage~~. Most husbands and wives live ~~(however)~~ in an

excrementitious relationship. ~~Even the bravest of mates reserve a few~~

~~cowardices to wipe away on the other, and two cowards enjoy being~~

the majority marry
~~atrocious back and forth~~ For certain, ~~they married~~ (in the first place

because they needed ~~the freedom~~ ^{near} to be able to be cruel to somebody. ^{if} given

^{are} how terrified they ~~were~~ of the rest of the world. ~~and, so! marriage became a~~ ^{even the}

worst marriage because
~~species of magic, even the worst marriage.~~ All the ugly judgments ^{and} endless

^{our} criticisms they would have liked to ^{present} offer ~~to the world~~ (but did not dare) ~~they~~

can now be expended on one's mate
 were now ready to expend on each other. (All that spiritual excrement, ~~is~~

In marriage it is there to be passed
 each of them, and they could pass it back and forth.

Erqg,
 So, yes, as I knew all too well, marriage was a workable relationship

even for dreadful people—especially for dreadful people. ~~Yet~~, I must also

it can also serve *too)* *of use*
 add that for those who are not ~~as~~ hideous or fearful or ugly, but may be seen

(to use the most useless word of them all) ~~as~~ *for* average persons like our

Klara and Alois, *even* strange shifts can occur. ~~There can even be discernible~~

~~transitions~~ into the opposite of what has been the relationship ~~formerly.~~

reversible Few of these conversions are permanent, but they *can* ~~often~~ endure long enough

after some to bring a bit of aeration to what had been an airless union. There are even

surprises on occasion in *among* the least promising of couples. Without *such* that, the

hope of emotional reversion, the
 institution would ~~sooner or later~~ collapse. With the capacity, however, for

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~~occasional reversal, many a marriage is able to reduce the burden of the~~
~~sentence declared by in the arrangement.~~

the kind of uses of a
 We, I can say, are always alert to the uses of this ~~I will term it so~~

~~this maneuver,~~ this fresh breath of air. It has become one of our delicate
 tools, and we ~~can if necessary~~ use it to shore up the worst of marriages —
 should that suit our purposes.

I have to note that
 This was hardly the occasion here. ~~Here~~ the shift in their attitudes

was of their choice. It ~~had~~ caught me by surprise. Intoxicated by the full
 moon and the early summer air ~~that came up at night from the fields, lying~~

lying beside
 before her in a state of trust, so rare for Alois, ~~but~~ he knew that her fingers

removing each of fingers
 would make no painful mistake, as she took care of the stings ~~so many~~

of them given *a fever for the bees!*
 more ~~(these days in the lushness of summer — how intensely, did the bees~~

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→ ~~respond to the air of late June~~ ^{but} yet so deft and purposeful was she, and so

much at peace was he lying beside her, that for this little while, ~~this week of~~

~~transition~~, it was as if he had become more like a woman ~~and she closer to~~

~~being a man~~. Of course, I exaggerate, I ^{will} have even dismissed ~~the nuance by~~

this assumption, no, it ^{is} was not that Alois felt like a woman so much as that

Klara ~~beside him~~ now came to seem the embodiment of what he had never

been able to ^{know (he now had)} take into his mind before, a full sense of the presence of a real

mother.

Night after night, this ritual ^{took place} ~~deepened~~ ^{never}. He became a little careless

~~his~~ ^{and actually worked on with his legs} ~~with the brace. He went so far as to become fearless enough to work on~~

on occasion without the hat and veil that protected his face. He was not

^{feeling} ~~looking~~ to get stung, not exactly, but he had acquired so much more skill

~~and did make~~
~~that he made~~ fewer mistakes. Still, the additional stings cannot be

discounted. It is fair to say he ~~took on some~~ ^{accepted a few} he really did not have to suffer,

but then he was ready for his reward, each night ~~played~~ ^{accepted a few} her delicate

~~played~~ ^{and caressed}
 fingers on his brow, the cheeks of his face, ~~the meat of his hands.~~

Transformations inspire their own curious shifts ^{they play with} ~~in the long generated~~

~~the~~ arid habits of the mind. Sometimes Alois felt as if his brains were cracking

and creaking. He was having ideas he did not believe could belong to

him—they were ~~so~~ different from all that had come before. He actually

began to consider whether these stings ^{were} ~~could be~~ a way of paying for his sins.

Just supposing—for in no way was he ready to assume that he believed in

sinning, not as such—but, just supposing, he would open a door to the

~~— what if~~ ~~were~~ ~~one of the~~
 notion, just supposing ~~these bee stings might be~~ part of a system, a way of

~~ways of~~

(accounting for the bad things you have done.

~~for it~~ ^{only} ~~(came after enjoying)~~
 What a notion! It gave him direct discomfort. After several good

~~from the knowledge that full-chested~~
 nights of decent sleep with the solid feeling that Spartaner was out there

down below in a new dog-house he had built for him on the day after

~~That had been no~~ ~~it had been necessary~~
 Luther's death ~~was~~ a small task, but so much a part of this new sense that he

~~to enable the~~ ~~to feel some sense~~
~~was as entitled to feel secure as his guard dog was to shelter himself in a~~

~~of shelter in a~~

~~(brand new habitat.)~~ ^{arranged} That was a set of good feelings but they soon took a
~~dog and himself~~ ^{between the} ~~the blisful evenings enhanced it.~~
~~turn into a paradox.~~ ^{many formless, however are full of paradox} (Transformations are as full of betrayals as

~~They often also can betray old certainties~~
~~So, he~~ ^{he could} ~~He writhed at the thought that his head could even allow him~~

~~to entertain anything like a premise of guilt.~~ ^{those awful} All the guilty people he knew!

They walked around with a stone in their stomachs and a bigger one up their

ass. But now, he couldn't laugh at them any more. As if attacked ^{directly} with an
~~key on incubus, he now had a recognition~~
~~we had never allowed himself until now,~~
~~incubus, he now had a thought that constricted his chest. He had committed~~
~~and the thrust~~

~~act of incest.~~ ^{If he} He had made love to all three of his step-sisters, ~~that~~ was

not incest, not unless their father was his father. But he had always known
~~that Johann Nepomuk was his father &~~
~~even if he had managed to know,~~

~~that was so without knowing it. He had always kept Johann Nepomuk back~~
~~That sort of stuff he had always kept~~
~~far back~~
 behind the veil of his mind.

~~Besides,~~ ^{compared to what he saw now,}
 And yet, all that was nothing. ~~But what if making love to his step-~~
~~Johanna had been the act that~~

sister or half-sister Johanna had conceived Klara? If she was the child ^{of}
~~Johanna and Alois instead of being the~~
~~daughter of Johann Peczli,~~ ^A ^{was}
~~came out of that,~~ (then all this was much too much. He had one thought as

~~came to him as~~

(sharp as the knife that had gone into Luther. What if there was a God? ~~It~~

~~so he, Alois, must be in a child's load of trouble.~~

In the dark, Alois began to nod his head. There was one thing all the
 idiots agreed on—^{did not like} God ^{hated incest} ~~hated incest~~. He almost made the next remark aloud:

^{you can hear} "When all the idiots agree, start to worry. What if they are right?"

Like all men with strong minds (strong does not mean brilliant!) he
 had the mental force to push his worst thoughts back ~~behind the wall~~ ^{could} once
 more, he ~~would~~ ^{would} even have passed through this transition, ^{have} ceased to enjoy

Klara as a mother, and ~~have~~ ^{have} been himself again, ^{for} better or worse. But not
 yet. He could not as yet relinquish the soulful pleasures ^{that were} he found in the
~~have associated with the~~ ^{have associated with the}
~~pain of the bee-stings.~~

^{Through} In the passage of these June nights, he had allowed the pains ~~of his~~
^{his flesh} flesh to resonate within him ^{even} as Klara removed the stingers. He did not
 try to submerge ^{all} his reactions ^{these small agonies} to the pain, or look to divert them by

by determinedly happy thoughts. Instead, he had been ready to accept the full

symphonic breadth and depth of that ^{full} exceptional message which ^{arrives} comes

To Alois, it was a species of music, ^{as full} ~~as full~~ from the province of pain. It ^{was} so clear in what it tells the flesh. Yet it ^{felt} ~~felt~~ ^{sensation} ~~sensation~~ ^{as a} ~~as a~~ ^{supplication} ~~supplication~~.

^{still remained} ~~still remained~~ ^{It would not} ~~It would not~~ ^{near-pandemonium} ~~near-pandemonium~~ ^{swelling} ~~swelling~~ ^{fullness} ~~fullness~~ ^{of its} ~~of its intense presence. He laid himself open to the ^{fullness} ~~fullness~~ of each local~~

^{their amplitude was} ~~their amplitude was~~ pain until ~~they could have been~~ analogous to the voices of a choir.

If I interrupt this grand and exaggerated journey Alois is taking into

the modest sufferings of the flesh, it is because I must comment about the

saintliness he is feeling. ^{he is exhibiting} ~~he is exhibiting~~ ^{It is the} ~~It is the saintliness of a sinner.~~

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653-668
Double-space

-11-

Alois told the family that Luther had died on their walk through the woods and Klara was the only one to suspect ^{might be} there was more than this to the ~~had happened~~ ^{had happened} ~~truth~~. For, on the night following the afternoon of the dog's demise, Alois

made love to her with a ^{good deal of} vigor ^{more than he had shown} he had not shown in several years in a long time.

Of course, she could not be certain. He ^{was covered with a} had come back from the ~~variety of insect bites~~ ^{to the woods} woods ~~after~~ his second trip (with pick and shovel ~~at~~ ^{a while} covered with a variety of insect bites, and so it had taken so long to complete her ministrations, that

A communion ~~had even~~ developed between them. By the time she had completed these delicate chores, there was no question. They were both ready to make love. While she had no basis of comparison, she was still

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ready to decide that there was probably not another man to be found at Alois' age, only one year away from sixty, who was so vigorous, this Uncle Alois, and yet he was not ~~so very much the~~ ^{so much} Uncle Alois any more, ~~He was~~ ^{as he was} her man, a good man. On this particular night, Klara was even ready to consider herself fortunate.

They had an agreeable few days. ~~And~~ ^{the} nights were close. Alois was going through what can only be called a transformation ^{of} in his feelings for ~~Klara~~ ^{his wife,}. ~~In marriage,~~ ^{in a marriage.} this can occur. Indeed, it is necessary. That is because most husbands and wives live in an excrementitious relationship. For certain, the majority marry in the first place because they ^{feel the} need to be able to be cruel to somebody ^{who is} near ~~given~~ how terrified they are of the rest of the world. ^{produce} Lo! even the worst marriage becomes a species of magic. All the ~~ugly judgments and~~ endless criticisms one would have liked to present to the world (but did not dare), can now be expended ^{in ugly judgements} on one's mate. All that spiritual excrement! In marriage it is there to be passed back and forth, ^{to and fro}

Ergo, as I knew all too well, marriage was a workable ~~relationship~~ ^{institution} (especially for dreadful people. Yet, I must also add that it can also serve for those who are not hideous or too fearful or ugly, but may be of use (to use

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the most useless word of them all) for average persons like our Klara and Alois. Strange shifts can even occur ^{*The relationship can turn*} into the opposite of what has been the ^{*inside-out*} relationship. Few of these reversals are permanent, but they can ^{*while they*} endure, long enough to offer some aeration ^{*is offered!*} to what has been an airless union. There are even surprises on occasion. Without such hope of emotional remission, the institution would collapse.

^{*So, we*} We, I can say, are always alert to the ~~signs~~ signs of a fresh breath of air. It has become one of our delicate tools, and we use it to shore up the worst of marriages—should that suit our purpose.

This was ^{*not*} ~~hardly~~ the occasion here. I have to note that the shift in their attitudes was of their choice, ^{*and etc*} I caught me by surprise. Intoxicated by the full moon and the ^{*June*} ~~early~~ summer air that came up at night from the fields, lying beside her in a state of trust, ^{*so*} so rare for Alois, he knew that her fingers would make no painful mistake, ^{*as*} as she took care of removing each stinger—so many more of them these days given the lushness of ^{*early*} summer—a favor ^{*for*} for the bees!—but so deft and purposeful was she, and so much was he at peace lying beside her, that for this little while, it was as if he had become more like ^{*her*} a woman. Of course, I exaggerate. I will even dismiss this assumption,

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no, it is not that Alois felt like a woman so much as that Klara now came to seem the embodiment of what he had never been able to know before—he had never had a full sense of the presence of a real mother, *be fair.*

Night after night, ~~the~~ ^{their} ritual took place. He even became ~~as~~ ^{so} careless, and actually worked with his bees on occasion without the veil that protected his face. He was not seeking to ~~get~~ ^{be} stung, not exactly, but he had, *after* ~~all,~~ ^{these} acquired more skill and did make fewer mistakes. Still, ~~the~~ ^{was anti-epitaphic} additional stings cannot be discounted. It is fair to say he ~~accepted~~ ^{was} a few he really did not ~~have to suffer, but then he was ready for~~ ^{out their delicate movements,} his reward. Each night her delicate fingers played on his brow, the cheeks of his face, and ~~expressed~~ the meat of his hands.

Transformations ~~inspire their own curious shifts. They~~ play with the arid habits of the mind. Sometimes Alois felt as if his brains were cracking and creaking. He was having ideas he did not believe could belong to him—they were different from all that had come before. He actually began to consider whether these ~~stings~~ ^{insect bites} were a way of paying for his sins. Just ^{other} supposing—for in no way was he ready to assume that he believed in sinning, ~~not as such~~—but, just supposing, ~~he would open a door to the~~

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~~Notion~~ ^{a way of} What if these bee stings were part of a system, ^{one of the ways of} accounting for ~~the~~ bad things you have done.

What a notion! It gave him direct discomfort for it only came after ^{Before he had} this thought, ^{he had been enjoying some} enjoying several good nights of decent sleep from the knowledge that full-

chested Spartaner was out there down below in a new dog-house he had

built for him on the day after Luther's death. That had been no small task,

but it had been necessary to enable the guard dog to feel some sense of ^{A (was entitled)} shelter in a new habitat, ^{and Alois's (hand, ward)} That aroused a set of good feelings between the

dog and himself. ^{the blissful evenings enhanced it} Transformations,

however, are full of paradox. ^{New ideas} They also can betray old certainties. So, he

writhed at the thought that he could entertain anything like a premise of ^{at this time the premise that guilt might not} guilt. ^{Right and could even be used. It gave too much} guilt. All those awful guilty people he knew! They walked around with a

stone in their stomachs and a bigger one up their ass. But now, he couldn't

^{decide} laugh at them any more. As if attacked directly by an incubus, he now had a

recognition he had never allowed himself until now, and the thought

constricted his chest. He had committed incest. If he had made love to all

three of his step-sisters, that was not incest, not unless their father was his

father. But he had always known that Johann Nepomuk was his father even

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if he had managed to know it without knowing it. That sort of stuff he had always kept ~~far~~^{way} back behind the veil of his mind.

Besides, all that was nothing compared to ~~what he knew now. What~~
~~if making love to Johanna had been the act that conceived Klara?~~ ^{Klara} If she was
~~his~~ ^{with} the child of Johanna and Alois instead of being the daughter of Johann
~~Poelzl, then all this~~ ^{everything} was much too much. A thought now came to him as
 sharp as the knife that had gone into Luther. What if there was a God?

In the dark, Alois began to nod his head. ~~There was one thing all the~~
~~idiots agreed on. God did not like incest. Alois almost made his next~~
~~remark aloud: "When all the idiots agree, you can begin to worry. What if~~
~~they are right?"~~

Like all men with strong minds (strong does not mean brilliant!) he
 had the mental force to push his worst thoughts back ~~once more~~^{he} he could
 even have passed through this transition, have ceased to enjoy Klara as a
 mother, ~~and been himself again.~~ ^{he could have} For better or worse. But not yet. He could
 not as yet relinquish the soulful pleasures that ~~were now associated in the~~
 pain of the bee-stings, ^{So I found the}
~~remaining the needles that his bees~~
~~had left in his flesh.~~

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Through the passage of these June nights, as Klara removed the stingers, he ~~had~~ ^{these} allowed ~~the~~ pains to resonate within ~~his~~ flesh. He did not ~~try to submerge all reaction to the pain, or~~ look to divert these small agonies by determinedly happy thoughts. Instead, he ~~had been~~ ^{was} ready to accept the breadth and depth of ~~that~~ ^{the} full message ~~which arrives~~ ^{that is sent} from the province of pain. To Alois, it was a species of music, ~~as full of sensation as~~ ^{and} ~~of his~~ ^{to a} symphony. It ~~is~~ ^{was} clear in what it ~~tells~~ ^{tells} the flesh. Yet it still remained mysterious. ~~It would not account for the near-pandemonium of its intense,~~ ^{dis} ~~presence.~~ He laid himself open to the swelling of each ~~local~~ pain until their amplitude was analogous to the voices of a choir.

If I interrupt this grand and exaggerated journey Alois is taking into the modest sufferings of the flesh, it is because I must comment about the saintliness he is feeling. He is exhibiting the saintliness of a sinner.

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Too little is understood about these matters. Saintliness is in everyone. It is even to be found in the worst of the worst. While Alois can *hardly* ~~certainly not~~ be characterized as such, he does offer his kinship to the worst ⁹⁰² ~~when~~ ^{offer} ~~After all,~~ he cheats. He ~~is offering~~ ^{offer} his nerves and meat and sensitive skin to the rhapsodies of small torture, and does so ^{while looking} ~~in return for being able~~ to pick up the kind of insights that bona-fide saints ^{can attain.} ~~are also revered for reaching~~. ^{Of course, the} ~~The difference is simple.~~ The saints work more ~~honestly~~ for their revelations. They may even deserve them. While men and women ~~of the~~ ~~lower middle of virtue~~ like Alois may be as complex as saints, they are, of course, undeserving. The saintliness of a few of their sentiments is,

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therefore, a mark against the D.K. As the Maestro is always ready to point out to us ^{result} it is a direct exhibit of His Carelessness. That, the Maestro declares, is as immense as His Godhead.

All the same, like the best of saints and the most insightful of devils, ^{indeed!} Alois has come close to the mark here. The Dummkopf does have a system.

It is a vast system, ^{It keeps} which does ~~keep track~~ of the moral accounts of each man and woman, good ^{or} and bad. If carried out perfectly, Heaven—or Limbo—take your pick!—has offices in the empyrean that put the largest ^{American} corporations to shame. If carried out perfectly as a grading system, Heaven ~~(Or Limbo—take your pick!)~~ would be a perfect and immense well-run ^{perfect and immense} office, Decisions on the disposition of the dead and the relocation of their souls would work agreeably.

Yet from all the signs available—or so the Maestro assures us—the Grand Offices are not ~~all that~~ efficient. Concerning the disposition of souls, there is ^{insider} much too much ~~inside~~ dealing among many of these Dispositional Angels who calculate ^{for} the future placements of those of the dead who have ^{are corrupt} been selected for rebirth. ~~Corruption infests the place~~ So says the Maestro.

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I see that I am now obliged to speak of reincarnation (or, of Karma, as it is popularly described in America these years) ~~yet I cannot pretend to be~~
~~authoritative.~~ ^{However, the} The Maestro ^{has a} is full of loathing for Karma. So, we are limited in our ~~own~~ understanding of it.

Still, I ^{am} ^{sketch} ~~may be able to suggest~~ the outlines of the cosmic topography ^{is in existence} that exists just beyond the limits of human life. For centuries, whole corps ^{of reincarnation has of course nothing to do} of reincarnation ^{with popularly accepted notions of Heaven and Hell. That} ~~with popularly accepted notions of Heaven and Hell~~ have successfully infested the minds of men and women. Into

their needy brains, we have ^{thus} ~~implanted the~~ notion of Heaven and Hell. These ^{have such} ~~concepts~~ have served us! By their use, we have taken whole regions of the

Hereafter away from the Dummkopf. The majority of people in Europe, Russia, and the Americas believe for the most part (or—at the least!—feel too weak to detach themselves from the notion) that by way of God's

judgment, they will all go to Heaven or Hell. We have gulled them into believing that each of these nonexistent ^{ghost kingdoms} ~~entities~~ is an ongoing eternity. I

would point out that neither Heaven nor Hell can offer any comfort to the human imagination since one is eternal bliss and the other is unending ^{what is the human who can} ~~torture.~~ ^{people} ~~How can humans~~ comprehend either? ~~All humans~~ know that

has been our contribution to human civilization for centuries of our deeds

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neither state can endure for long. ~~Bliss~~ ^{6(139,1) surely} particularly, ^{(Very few people can}
^{can} muster even the sketchiest notion of Heaven. ^{(What does one}
^{do all day?)}

The Maestro, however, through a heroic set of major engagements in
 our war with the Dummkopf, ^{did} ~~succeeded~~ ^{in capturing} ~~(succeeding)~~ Jesus, Christianity, and
 the Church. ^{on II} That gave us an ongoing dominance over the ^{culture} ~~mind~~ of western
 civilization. We ^{warping} ~~have~~ succeeded in confusing, suffocating, ~~twisting~~, and
 perverting the ~~moral~~ ^{and} compassionate energies of humankind. Yes, Jesus,

Christianity, and the Churches have become a set of values ^{cannot} ~~distort~~ God's
 mercies into ^{moral stipulations that} ~~forms and manners that~~ ^{injure us less.} ~~Bad thinking serves us~~
^{in his human creations. Heaven and Hell} ~~well. Prayers that bore God exacerbate His funds of Compassion. We look~~
^{So we malleable} ~~to encourage all men and women to pray for what they have not earned, or~~ ^{where}
 do not deserve. That serves us well. ^{of} ^{thinking} ^{where is} ^{the goal} ^{Christian} ^{or} ^{devout} ^{and} ^{when} ^{we} ^{do} ^{not} ^{expect} ^{to} ^{pray} ^{all} ^{the} ^{time} ^{pray}

^{And} ~~everywhere~~, we advertise God. We look to establish Him as the
^{leverage and} ~~mysterious~~ Godhead who is All-Good and All-Powerful. He is Leviathan.
^{his} ~~instruments have been conceived and delineated~~
~~conceived~~ by our Maestro for public consumption. Of course, it is our
 Maestro who would be All-Powerful. (Let Good and Evil debate afterward
 over who is which and what is where.) The Maestro, to repeat, will be All-
 Powerful.

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By contrast, the Dummkopf, from what we have been told most

grudgingly (by way of our need-to-know) was once a great Artist, a true

Creator ^{Yes} but his resources, which were prodigious, have been wasted.

Reincarnation now ^{looks to} uses what is left. Conceived some indeterminate number of eons ago by the Dummkopf looking to ^{repay} ~~repay~~ of eons ago, it remains (in the complete absence of heaven and hell) as the

only working scheme for the Afterlife. ^{After human death, one has} Either one ceases to exist and one's

soul perishes with ^{the bodies} ~~one~~ or—if the Monitoring Angels so ^{decide} ~~judge~~ the soul is

^{plucked up, judged viable, and is}

(born again ^{it} and will take up residence in a new body. (Whether that will be

in an infant or a just-born animal—we do not know—the Maestro is iron-

lipped in his reticence on this matter.) All I can assert from my ^{restricted} ~~own~~

^{purview} ~~authority~~ is that the continuing existence of the concept of Hell and Heaven

^{is nourished by most men and women who}

^{remains in full of}

^{the placements}

^{sentences}

of reincarnation. (So often the soul will feel its new existence

is needlessly hellish. How incomparably are most souls spoiled—usually by

us!) All the same, there is a logic to this system. ^{the D.K.'s} ^(means)

^{the} ^{does the reincarnated soul}

Considering how well or badly a human lives with the new family or

the fresh situation provided by the rebirth, the Divine Inclination is to give the

^{a stern means of moral measure, but the Divine}

^{inclination is to give the} new person (the soul) more advantages on the next time out. It is as if God,

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^{turn on}
 the Artist, is not ready to ~~for~~ ^{turn on} most of His Creations. Like a true artist,
 he looks for a second or third opportunity to rework the same material ~~in~~
~~Sometimes he engages in no more than a little~~
~~everything from a redrafting to a wholly new genre (which is why some~~
~~redrafting. On rare occasions he selects a wholly~~
~~new genre, which is what I suspect some~~
~~souls come back as animals.) In any event, one's only recognition of~~
~~the only similarity this process bears to~~
 Heavenly or Hellish judgment upon ourselves comes by way of the
~~opportunities and gifts offered by the new~~ ^{with} ~~new~~ ⁱⁿ ~~new~~ ^{new} life. Will one be stronger
 physically or less vital? Wiser or less imaginative? Braver or shamed at
 birth, beautiful or plain, bolder or more cautious, greedier or more generous,
 colder or compassionate? Endless options ^{are} ~~for the soul have been provided~~
~~for the reborn soul~~ ^{in the new body}
 humans to improve oneself or deteriorate further. ~~The only taste of Heaven~~
~~or Hell will come from the attractive or disagreeable nature of the rebirth.~~

How the Maestro hates this system! Karma, far from being ^{open} of use to
 our purposes, is much too equitable (provided the reassignments are just.)
 Indeed, the Dummkopf, as I see it, has created a system that could work
 very well for Him. It accepts His limited condition as a Deity. He still
 possesses great powers of Creation, but He is not All-Powerful. Not at all!
 Indeed, His Power increases or diminishes by way of the success of failure
~~(His artwork, good and bad)~~
 of His Creatures. Ultimately, human beings will determine His success or

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Dwyer
3/2/05

They were quiet at dinner that night. All of them, even Paula whom Klara kept at her breast. Alois-Senior was certainly preoccupied. He had been stung by his bees ~~today~~ a few more times than the one or two or, occasionally, three, he was used to receiving ~~on most days~~ ~~by the end of the afternoon~~ ~~that was part of the~~ occupational hazard, no more. Tonight, he not only had little to say, but did not notice that ~~all~~ the others were silent.

He was waiting for bed. Lately, Klara had begun to remove these bee-stings and, to his surprise, he ~~was~~ ^{could} able to enjoy it. She was ~~naturally~~ ^{and} skilled at this, ~~kind of business~~. She never pulled on the stingers so crudely that you could suffer the wound afterward through the night. Done poorly,

^{would}
 it could feel like a needle had been left inside. A tiny wound but a real one,
 ready to puff up. It throbbed. Sometimes, it felt personal, as if it refused,
^{out of meanness itself}
 to stop hurting. ~~He could not explain it otherwise~~ But Klara knew how to
^{gently}
 nudge the flesh to ~~one side of~~ where the stinger was peeping out, and then
^{both}
 not try to grip it, but coax it ~~out~~ with a little soft pressure, ^{and} ~~he did it~~ so
 deftly.

He had begun to enjoy such time together. So, ^{when} they went to bed
 on this night, he ^{was looking to have} wanted his pains cared for. But first, she had to describe all
^{the boys had made, all that}
 that mess of egg and shell. He did not care to listen. "Ach," he said, "it
 breeds bad feeling if you always take Adi's side."

"What are you saying? 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. We must try. A good balance and it will all
 quiet down. That is the secret."

A silence. It was followed by a deeper silence.

"I will try," she said at last.

Her instinct was to close this space between them. If she didn't, the difference would increase. But could she believe that her husband was right? Young Alois was behaving like Fanni. Only ten times worse than Fanni could ever have tried to be. Yet, was it possible? Had she left a curse?

Well, their dreams ^{were full of poor ones} ~~remained poor~~ (for more than a few nights. Alois-Junior kept giving a demonstration of his skills all through these last days of June, doing just enough good work to justify his right to go off one more time with Uhlan. The boy had gotten good at handling his duties, kept the hive boxes clean, and knew when and where to move the trays. He was even able to locate the Queen and put her into a Queen-cage without using the glass trap. Just like Der Alte, he could do it with his fingers.

He had also become the one to ^{generate} ~~reverse~~ the prevailing mood ^{at the} ~~in the~~ ^{stable} ~~family~~. The length of his silences weighed on them. No member of the family took a chance with him these days, not Alois-Senior, not even Adi.

It is possible that I exaggerate this force in young Alois, but he was certainly a force in his father's dreams.

Of course, we have to be careful of such conclusions. Milk-runs can ~~become routine or concern one unduly~~ ^{too) for the contrary. Usually,} When it comes to describing the ~~kinds of anxiety we encounter~~, there is little we find in most men and women that is novel. The weight of worry can come from no more than the weight of repetition—whatever is the prevailing theme!—and Alois-Senior was all too ready to revisit his worries night after night. ^{But I remember} ~~In the beginning, I~~ ~~was even~~ intrigued by the dangers he saw coming toward him in these imaginary scenarios.

If I finally grew too familiar with them, I tried not to lose my understanding just because I was obliged to live ^{daily} with such material daily. Alois-Senior was entitled to worry because he understood one side of young Alois all too well. What love the boy felt for horses! While riding Uhlan, he felt ~~as~~ ^{as} handsome as an officer squiring an elegant lady on one of the better streets of Vienna—how well the father understood that particular savory of emotion. But, he also knew what ^{was hatching, no tame} brooded ~~underneath~~. ^{chicken was enclosed in that shell. His son,} This son, Alois decided, might yet become a true lunatic. But for the girls, not the beasts. At present, the horse came first. Soon, it would be all about girls. The father knew this as well as if sperm was stirring in his own good

equipment. The power of those first revelations. Nothing could be better than the moment when a woman opened her legs before you. That first time! If you had an eye for the little differences, you knew twice as much about her as you ~~had~~ learned from her face. Alois-Senior would attest to that. The female organ! Whoever designed this form had been so intimate ^{with the job.} about it (his was about as Alois ever came to the Creator.) Such a wonderful array of meats and syrups—a panoply of flesh in miniature—full of archways and caverns and lips. Alois was no poet ^{except on} but for this occasion, ^{and} he was certainly no philosopher, so he would not have known how to speak of Becoming, or of how Being felt in the open ^{just revealed} presence of Becoming, but all the same, he could have tipped Heidegger off to the root of it all. ^{yes, exactly,} Becoming is when a woman opens her legs!

Let me leave it at this: if Alois could have talked to his son, he would have had a good deal to tell him. But he could never speak of such matters.

~~In effect, having been a policeman all his life, he could not even trust his children. A good policeman had to handle trust as if he were~~ ^{guardian of the border which is to say a} ^{transporting} ~~moving~~

radium. Trust was filled with risk. ~~You could even call it obscene.~~ To offer your closest thoughts to others was to ask them to betray your wisdom.

~~the possibilities could be~~

Still, if he could have spoken to young Alois, he would have been quick to inform him that there was nothing better than 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, I must impart this to you: Young women can be dangerous. Often, they are the sweetest angels, a few of them maybe, but it is not them you have to be ready to deal with. It is their fathers, their ^{received a beating from} brothers. It can even be a relative. Once, I nearly ~~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 will know how to talk, young Alois, but that is an ability which works better in a good-sized town. And works best of all in the city. ^{not so good} But out here in Hafeld and Fischlham, ^{country} people can be difficult."

There was so much he could have told his son. If only they could have spoken to one another! This was at the core of ^{much} all that made Alois sad. I must say, however, that it can certainly be construed as his ^{own doing} fault. Maintenance of ~~his~~ authority was more important to him than the life of his ^{a bunch of affection} love for his oldest son. That was, as I have noted, ^{a love} of some size, but

never enough to endanger the more valuable quality ^{of} ~~as he measured it~~ the ~~ability to~~ ^{being} always ~~be~~ able to present himself as a man of authority.

So he could not be so generous as to offer ^{the core of his} ~~his best~~ advice: "Enjoy every woman you can," Alois would have told Junior, "but always be aware of the price. Especially out in the country. 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 remain the same. Year after year, it is the same. They are ~~are~~ bored. So, they start to think about the wrongs that have been done to them. I say to you, son, watch out! Do not get a girl in trouble. When the time comes, do not be too certain that you will be able to deny that you are the fellow who made her pregnant. Sometimes, that does not work."

Alois lay in bed, drenched in perspiration. His son's drama unfolded before him with all the power of a fine tragedy in a lush Viennese theatre. In his mind, he now said to young Alois, "Do not make fun of the father of the girl you have made pregnant. 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. I have heard more than one story like that. Never insult a peasant who has nothing much to think about."

All this was not of great interest to me, but, finally, it was amusing.

Since devils know how to live on both sides of the veil with which men and women keep themselves ~~apart~~ ^{guarantinde} from a clear view of their motives, I soon understood that behind all this splendid advice to young Alois, the father

was worried more about his own safety, ^{yes, Alois- senior's bare back} ~~back~~ ^{were all exposed out there behind the veil!}

On one evening, over a month ago, while having his beer in the Fischlham tavern, there had been a bit of talk which he had dismissed ^{at the time} as idle, some prattle about a fellow who lived on the other side of the tavern a few miles further away from Hafeld. Two of the farmers who drank with him actually knew the man, and it seemed this fellow had actually spoken ~~once or twice~~ ^{more than once} about Alois. Yes, they assured him, "He knows you, and he made it clear. He don't like you." ~~And~~ they had laughed.

"I assure you," Alois said in all of his local majesty, "if I ever met the individual, I have forgotten it. His name means little to me."

Indeed, it meant nothing, until it came back to Alois in the middle of a sleepless June night illumined with a moonlit view of fields outside their

bedroom window. Silver fields at this hour, perfectly happy to lie fallow and not be obliged to entertain the gluttony of young potatoes ^{growing} for more of the earth's riches, but Alois made the mistake of looking at the full moon too long. ^{this} Then the face of the fellow who had declared his dislike of Alois Hitler ~~now~~ came back to him.

Good Lord! As a reflex of childhood, Alois invoked the Dummkopf's name only when there was bad news. Yes, Good Lord, ^I that fellow was a smuggler, yes, he had caught him in Linz on a day he could certainly remember now. The fool had been trying to take some kind of contraband over into Germany. Alois could not even ^{recall} remember what the illegal stuff ~~had turned out to be in~~ ^{there were so many restrictions} ~~had been~~, but now he certainly remembered the hatred in the man's eyes. When they looked at each other, the expression of the other had been so vile ^{they all tried to} that Alois had almost struck him, and that would have been an act he ^{Circumstances} considered entirely beneath himself. Certainly, he had struck no one during these last years on Customs duty.

Now, he felt a little closer to those memories. Could the full moon ^(clearly.) be a mirror for such phenomena of the mind? It was there before him. (He had not struck the fellow but, yes, he had certainly mocked him. "You are

angry at me?" he had said to the man. "Be angry at yourself, you fool. I could have caught you my first day on duty when I was eighteen, ^{That} is the kind of fool you are."

If he was going to recall it all properly, could it be that the smuggler had not begun to look at him with such hatred until Alois began to tease him? There was middle-of-the-night logic to this. Smugglers don't hate you for getting caught—part of the game—but don't mock them. How often had he said as much to young officers. ^{"Make fun of"} ~~Mock~~ (them, and they will never forgive you."

In the morning, after a night full of fear—yes, that smuggler had actually been sentenced to a year in jail, and now he was free—Alois got out of bed with the recognition that there was not going to be a hell of a lot of sleep for him until he got a new dog, a truly fierce hound. Luther ^{was} ~~might be~~ good for nothing by now but yodeling at the moon on a night when nothing was happening and no one was ^{stealing} ~~coming~~ across the fields toward the house, with ~~that~~ ^{adieu} in their hearts.

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Indeed, the right kind of dog was available. One of the farmers he knew was looking to sell a German Shepherd. "He was the best of the litter, which is why I have kept him all these months and fed him, this gross guzzler. Can you afford to work for him?"

labor long hours Because he
~~"He is sort of a guzzler."~~ *he eats all the time*
 "That could be," ~~Alois had said at the time.~~

I will sell him to you for next to nothing. Maybe he will make you as poor as he has made me. Then, I can laugh, and you will cry."

recollections
 Good beer talk. But Alois took a walk the morning after his close acquaintance with the faculties of the full moon, and bought the hound—cheaply, as promised.

He was a good wild one. Alois could tell. He had always had ~~a~~ *a nice* understanding with dogs. He could stare right into the eye of a fierce one, ~~and~~ *yet* because he felt a moment of love for the poor ugly old bastard, the animal would usually respond ~~well~~. Alois could talk to dogs. If the beast growled a bit, Alois would say, "Oh, fellow, how can you speak so to me? I like you, I approach you as a friend." And he even knew enough to bring his hand to 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 the near hand, his fingers directed to ~~the~~ *the* dog's eyes so that they looked like ~~sharp~~ *pointed* little horns, and the animal might ~~show~~ *keep up* his imprecations, but 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. And he would change his name. To hell with remembering King Friedrich the Great. He would call the dog Spartaner. Like a Greek. A

warrior. Any ex-smuggler who had thoughts of coming to the farm in the middle of the night, would not dare with both dogs present. ^{You could} Try to take care of one with a piece of meat and a cloth full of chloroform, ^{but} the other ^{yourself} will be ^{still 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 Spartaner to return, taught him to stop and sit at command, ^{even} though he knew that already. Alois merely keened up this good dog's reflexes. Alois found himself in such a ^{fine} mood that he almost wrestled with the hound, ^{Indeed, he} 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.

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. ^{But now!} Now it was as if he knew, ^{and most suddenly} immediately that there were problems awaiting him.

Of course. It was Luther. Alois was ready to ^{clap} 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 ^{on first meeting.}

They didn't. They were terrified, ^{was most afraid} each of the other, and sick with shame at their own fear. They nipped with their teeth at the parts of their own body they could reach, clawed at newly discovered fleas beyond the reach of their teeth, ^(at knees and hankies) they barked at insects, ^{the} they ran in circles that did not overlap with each other, they staked out territories.

The problem was that Luther was now an old dog. He was larger than Spartaner, considerably so, but he was making the big mistake of ^{in my hearing} moving ^{enough to tell} around too much and that told the young dog what to capitalize upon when they had their fight.

If Alois had had more than an afternoon, perhaps he could have brought them into some variety of strained mutual existence, but they went ^(The family ran out in the yard to witness them) to war two hours after the first sight of each other, rolling on the ground, ^{saliva flying} teeth as awesome as sharks, and blood on their faces and their flanks.

~~The family ran out in the yard to witness, but~~ Alois, being the furthest away at the moment, was the last to arrive. He was also the first and only one to dive into the fray. He had no fear of either animal. He was outraged. How did they dare to get into this, [?] without permission? He had told Luther

an hour before to shut up, sit down, ~~and~~ let live. This war was ~~and~~
disobedience.

^{He} Alois roared at them to stop, and then with his bare hands, ^{(on the same impulse,} flung them
^{with his bare hands,} apart. The sound of his voice ^{was} had been enough. They lay on the ground,
^{had fainted, breathless, (chewing open} two yards apart, each of them with gashes on their noses and bloody fur at
their throats. Spartaner kept panting as if the breath he needed was just
beyond his tongue, and ^{that} his tongue kept shaking. Luther was ill within, as if
^{and so full of} the sum of his years had exploded in this hour. He looked at Alois with
such pain, ^{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." Alois came near to petting him ^{and} tenderly, but that would
have spoiled ^{all} his plans for turning Spartaner into a great defender of a
dog, truth, Alois recognized ^{that} ^{have to} he ^{must} would have to go.

~~In the aftermath~~ ^{It} was obvious that the younger dog had won. As
their wounds healed, Luther did not try to eat until after Spartaner had
gorged himself. This regime continued even when Klara made a point of

putting out separate bowls at a distance from each other. Then, Spartaner proceeded to gobble up all the second bowl as well. It hardly mattered. Luther had lost all appetite.

Alois had decided what the next step would be. He would have to decide how to dispose of Luther. Good old Luther was probably ready by now to lick the hand of the first thief who came strolling over in the middle of the night.

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My greatest interest in this dog fight soon shifted to its effect on Adi. This was the second time that he had heard his father roar, once at young Alois for leaving that hive in the sun, and now again 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 had leaped at those two beasts entangled in one fury, blood flying from their strings of saliva, ^{even as} but his father had pulled those animals apart, thrown them apart, and so fearlessly! Adi was in love with his father. For a few days that gave issue to a sense of inheritance, of brave man's glory there for him

to share. Whenever Adi had an opportunity now, he would go off into the woods by himself—no small matter—but he forced himself to be as fearless as he could manage against the weight of all the silence and mystery of these ^(immense) trees quietly muttering above ^(while nearer to him were) all the insects hidden in or near the ground, and all of this so small in sound against the greater silence of the forest. ^{But they even} there, shivering in the warmth of the June air, ^{Adi} he would work on the power of his voice. ^{He} Adi would roar at the trees until his throat was ^{too} sore ^{to} he could hardly open his mouth.

~~Because he was doing this~~ I was delighted with him. I was beginning to see why the Maestro might be ^{exhibiting} ~~showing~~ such special interest.

And I was amused at how Adi was so ready to give credit to the effects of ^{his voice} ~~with something of his father's powers,~~ ^{did} his voice. If, after his best attempts to bellow, a few leaves shifted by way of a passing zephyr, Adi ^{knows only} ~~assumed~~ that it was the power issuing from his throat which had inspired this breeze ^{could} ~~or so still a day.~~

Once he almost met his father in the woods. Alerted by one of the resident Hafeld devils, I gave orders to divert him. It was easy for us at this point to steer Adi in any of a number of directions particularly while he was

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in the woods, and I did not want father and son to meet ^{not} on this occasion.

The father might have mocked the boy for being so crazy as to yelp at the

trees, and the boy might have slunk up behind his father and so would have

witnessed the most peculiar execution of Luther. That I was looking to

avoid. The shock ~~for Adi~~ ^{not readable} might prove ~~un~~classifiable and the Maestro would

be displeased. "With all we have to contend with, our strongest tool is ^{clear}

results ~~that are clear to us~~. Otherwise, we will be in danger of maundering

^{around}
~~about just~~ like the Dummkopf."

It was a long walk for Alois-Senior and longer for Luther. One of his

hind legs had become infected, then swollen from a ^{laceration} ~~site~~ received in the

battle. He limped in pain and after a few hundred yards began to hobble.

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I think ^{but then} ~~he~~ understood what was going on. While the Maestro must certainly possess the ability to monitor any thoughts that pass between humans and animals, he does not encourage us to exercise our instincts in such a direction. Or, at least, not among the devils I work with. For that matter, and this is a concern I hesitate to develop too openly, I often am ^{near to painfully curious concerning what I} ~~ready to give much—if, as a devil, I had any real possessions—to know~~ ^{do not know} ~~more~~ about the departments, out-reaches, special services, zones, belts, salients, precincts, orbits, spheres, beats, and occult enclaves that ^{The Maestro} ~~he~~ commands. Particularly this last—occult enclaves. For a devil, I know no ^{am instructed to} ~~more~~ about this last than what I use directly in my work. The curses, spells, and incursions into madness which legend would have ~~it as~~ available to all devils, is, actually, meted out to us as tools only when needed.

So, as I say, it was not common to follow the thoughts offered and thoughts received which passed between Alois and Luther as directly as any two humans might have chosen to direct their unsaid words back and forth, but I was at no loss here to recognize that Luther knew his end was near and Alois, willingly or not, was fully occupied by now in thinking of how and why he would dispose of the dog.

To begin with, he decided he would not shoot him. He ~~had~~ ^{did even} a shotgun and a pistol. The first would be too messy, and the second made him uneasy. It would dishonor Luther ^{yes} just a bit. Pistols were an execution reserved for malefactors. ^{whether} whether in cold blood or self-defense, ~~In any case,~~ a bullet was ~~an~~ impersonal, ^{a shattering end.}

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^{Alois'}
Let me remark at how surprised I was to read his thoughts so easily.

True, I was familiar with the workings of his mind in sleep and so my

insights could collect his conscious thoughts as adroitly as one can ^{connect} ~~connect~~

^{the dots in/}

(a child's puzzle. But still, he was not a client. Yet, I knew him better than

^{of my clients.}
many ~~who were~~

I think I may have been granted a few exceptional powers ^{for this} ~~on this~~

^{particular service.}

occasion. If Adi was one of my ^{major assignments,} ~~most privileged clients~~, then, indeed, ^{to} ~~one~~

^(granted a few subsidiary powers, namely)
should be ^(at least) ~~able~~ to get to know the father and mother with almost as much

^{something like this}

clarity ^{taking any} ~~as if~~ obtained through the ~~more~~ committed step of acquiring a client.

And Alois' thoughts were interesting on this occasion. He had

decided that the only way to dispatch his old companion Luther was by the

stroke of a knife directly into his heart. Poison would never do—worse than

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a pistol or a shotgun—wholly treacherous and it ^{might} ~~would~~ involve hours of
pain. Alois did not know (or care that much) whether men and women had
souls, but he was in no doubt about dogs. Yes, they had souls ~~that could be,~~
~~once treated properly, and properly brought along, could be the picture of~~ ^{they were the epitome of}
loyalty. So, in turn, one had to be loyal to the soul of one's dog, yes, .
~~altogether.~~ One would not blast him into the next place with ~~all~~ the
reverberations ^{the} ~~of any kind of~~ bullet—what a shock to the soul—no, it would
have to be ^{the incisive} ~~the short, sharp~~ stroke of a knife, fierce and clean as the heart ^{itself} in
the moment its integrity is severed.

Alois kept thinking these thoughts as he trudged through the woods,
slowed and slowed again by the hobbling of the old hound, and soon there
came a point where Luther sat down and refused to move and looked for a

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long time into Alois' eyes ~~and~~ I could swear that if he had speech at his command, he would have said to his master, "I know you are going to kill me and that explains why I have been afraid of you all my life. Now, I am still afraid, but I will not move ~~any~~ further. Can't you see, I am losing the last of my dignity as you insist on taking me further and further into the woods? I can no longer control my bowels and I do not want to keep pushing my legs along while they are covered with filth, so here I sit, and you will have to lift me and carry me if you wish to go any further."

Alois blew his nose. He could see that the dog would not move. ~~He~~ ^{But}

~~understood~~ ^{not yet} they had come to a ground ^{he} ~~had~~ selected for the killing. In

advance, in his mind, he had chosen a small sharp gully one-half mile further along where he could lay the carcass in the hollow crease of the

divide and cover him with mud and leaves, with branches, and finally, ^{lay} ~~with~~
^{over him}
 (the hollow trunk of a huge branch ^{large} big enough when turned around to hold

and cover the body. If necessary, he would weight it with stones.

That had been Alois' plan. He had thought it through, every detail in
~~—so much better than being buried under earth,~~
 the consecutive logic of such a burial, but now he saw that Luther would not

~~And he, Alois, so regrettably, was no longer~~
 go on, and he would not be strong enough to carry him up and down along a

rough trail for the next half mile. ^{So, it} ~~It~~ would have to be here. Afterward, he

would go back, get a pick and a shovel and dig a grave in the copse, a green

and decent place, girded by a half-circle of trees and some scrub brush, yes,

it could be done here. ~~From Luther, under nothing but earth,~~

So Alois laid the dog down, turned him on his back, looked into his

face which had sickened in the last few minutes as directly and recognizably

his
dog
body
not
a
damned
protected

as the face of any old creature whose liver is rushing to the grave ahead of him, a sad old face to be certain, and Alois unbuckled the flap of the ^{leather holster} case that held his hunting knife, laid the point of the blade at the center of the arch of Luther's rib-cage and pushed it in to the hilt. The dog's face contorted, the sound of his expiring came out of him ^{and it was} fearful to the ear ^{for} it was much more human than Alois had expected ^{and then} the dog's face passed through ^{one place and another} many places and with many expressions of anger and dead ^{gloom} weight and bright life before it settled into the face it would have for the first few hours of its death before it all began to decompose, ^{and} Luther ^{now} looked like a young dog again, and some indefinable pride had returned as if he had always been more beautiful than anyone had realized, ^{and} could have become a great warrior if it had been asked of him when he was young, yes, he did look very much like a warrior with this near-fund expression.

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All the same, he
It was a better death than he had hoped for, Alois decided. He felt

hollow. He was pleased with his acumen, he had made the right choice, but

he had seen
he was shocked by the changes in the presence of the dog through all of the

many
~~full ten seconds it took, and the changes of expression it engendered as,~~

~~Luther's life passed away from both of them and left its record on the dog's~~

~~face.~~

Alois had almost ten years left to live, but on that afternoon in the

forest he passed a junction on the road to death and so *he* wondered afterward

and often whether he was better or ~~worse~~ *a man or a worse one because of* for this commitment to dispose of

Luther in person, ~~all present~~, and, yes, honorable enough to bury him

afterward.

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They had a nice week of one good evening after another once they

were alone, *and although they made love again on the following night, and then did not for the rest of the week,*

Alois ~~feeling~~ *for Klara* was going through what can only be called a

of his feelings for Klara, this, of course,
transformation. *I will say that marriage which is so often an*
can occur in marriage. Most has hands and
will live, however, in an excrementitious relationship.
excrementitious relationship (since *even the bravest of mates reserve a few*

cowardices to wipe away on the other, and two cowards *enjoy being* look to be atrocious

back and forth for centuries, they married
to each other since they quarreled in the first place because they needed the

freedom to be able to be cruel to somebody—given how terrified they were

of the rest of the world—and, lol *he came a species of magic,* the magic of marriage, even the worst

marriage. All the
ones, there was a balance in the ugly judgments, endless criticisms, and
they would have liked to offer to the world
which did not dare, they were now
mean tricks they were ready to expend on each other. All that spiritual

excrement in each of them, and they could pass it back and forth.

all to well
 So, yes, as I knew, marriage was a workable relationship even for
 — especially for dreadful people — yet I
 dreadful people, but for those who are not so hideous or fearful or ugly *must also add that*
 but can be seen,
 within, but more to use the most useless word of them all — *as* more average
people There can even be discernible
 like our Klara and Alois, strange shifts can occur, transitions into the
 Few of these
 opposite of what has been the relationship formerly, conversions, indeed,
 conversions are then often endures
 sometimes permanent, but for often for a long enough period to bring a bit of
 species of aeration to what has been an airless *union* marriage. There are even
 If all marriages are seen short of invigorating air to some degree,
 nonetheless, there are surprises on occasion even in the least promising of
 couples, *(sooner or later, some collapse,)*
 unions. Without that, the institution would expire. With the promise,
 this capacity, however, for occasional reversal,
 however, of reversal upon occasion, many a marriage is able to reduce the

burden declared by
length of the sentence implicit in the arrangement, yes, a fresh breath of air,

short of divorce

We, I can say, are always alert to the uses of this—I will term it so—

this fresh breath of air
this maneuver, *(For whenever we bring it about in a married couple, it is on*
It has become one *can, if necessary*
the way
of our delicate tools, our public manoeuvres, and we use it to shore up even
of marriages should
very bad marriage when that suits our purposes.

This *Here the shift is*
That was hardly the occasion here. Klara and Alois went through a

this is a stimulus *It* *For*
change but it was of their choice, and even caught me by surprise. So far

brief time *the* *his summer*
intoxicated by the full moon ~~the~~ June and the air that came up at

night from the fields, ~~pleased to relax in the close fit of bodies that had ever~~

a shake of
the years adapted, willy-nilly, to one another, lying before her in trust, so

but he knew
rare for Alois, that her fingers would make no painful mistakes, as ~~one by~~

~~and~~ she took care of the stings—^(more those) so many ^{lustiness and} ~~hence~~ days in the ~~cannot get~~ of
~~cause of summer~~—^{had intensely did the}
~~has respond to the air of late June—yet,~~
~~summer~~ so deft and purposeful was she, and so much at peace was he

lying beside her, that for this little while, this week of ~~temporary~~ transition,

it was as if he had become more like a woman and she ^{closer to being} more like a man,

~~Of course~~ ^{I dismissed}
 except that I exaggerate, ~~and~~ have even missed the nuance by this first

assumption, no, it was not that Alois felt like a woman so much as that

Klara beside him now came to seem the embodiment of what he had never

been able to take into his mind before—a ^{Sally} sense of the presence of a real

mother.

Night after night, this ritual deepened. He became a little careless

with the bees. He went so far as to become fearless enough to work on

^{veil}
 occasion without the hat and ~~in~~ that protected his face. He was not looking

to get stung, not exactly, ^{but} he had acquired so much more skill that he made

^{still} ~~many~~ fewer mistakes, ^{additionally} but the stings cannot be discounted. It is fair to say

he took on ^{some} ~~a number of them~~ he really did not have to suffer, but then he

was ready for his reward, each night's play of her delicate fingers on his

brow, the cheeks of his face, ~~and~~ the meat of his hands.

Transformations inspire their own curious shifts in the long enervated ^{and}

habits of the mind. Sometimes Alois felt as if his brains were ^{cracking and} ~~creaking~~. He

was having ideas he ^{did} ~~could~~ not believe ^{could} ~~actually~~ belonged to him—they were

so different from ^{all that} ~~what~~ had come before. He actually began to ^{consider} ~~wonder~~

whether these stings ^{could be} ~~were~~ a way of paying for his sins. Just supposing—for

in no way was he ready to ^{assume} ~~say~~ that he believed in sinning as such—not ^{not} but, just

supposing, he would open a door to the notion, just supposing—these bee

stings might be part of a system, a way of accounting for ^{the} bad things you have done.

What a notion! It gave

That gave him discomfort. After several good nights of decent sleep

(direct)

with the solid feeling ^{that was} of Spartaner put there down below in a new dog-house

he had built for him on the day after Luther's death (no small task, but so

much ^{as} part of this new sense that he might even ^{was} feel entitled to feel secure

as his guard dog was to shelter himself in a proud-new habit that was a set of good feelings
it all took a turn into a paradox. (Transformations ^{are} as full of betrayals ^{but they were})

as deliverances.) He writhed at the thought that his head could even allow

(to entertain)

him to play anything like a premise of guilt. All the guilty people he knew!

They walked around like they ^{with} had a stone in their stomachs and a ^{bigger} larger one

But now, he
up their ass, *laugh* at them, he couldn't hold it off any more. *If he had decided to*
hold it off any more. *As if attacked by an*
attack him with an incubus, *he now had a thought*
that constricted his chest. He had

~~committed~~
~~him more—he was recalling his~~ acts of incest. He had made love to all

three of his step-sisters. That was not incest, ^{not} unless their father was his

father. But he had always known that was so without knowing it. He kept

Johann Nepomuk ^{back} ~~dancing~~ behind the veil of his mind.

And yet, all that was nothing compared to making love to Johanna ^{But what if his step-sister or half-sister}

^{had conceived} ~~it was Klara who proved to be the child who came out of that, but~~ all this

was much too much. He had one thought as sharp as the knife that had gone

into Luther. What if there was a God? ^{It says he, always, must be in a shit-load of trouble.}

In the dark, Alois ^{longer} ~~had~~ to nod his head. ^{there was} The one thing all the idiots

^{agreed on—} ~~seemed to agree on is that~~ God hated incest. He almost uttered the next

remark ^{aloud:} ~~slowly~~ "When all the idiots agree, you have to worry. They could—

^{then are} ~~be fight~~

If it was a species of breakdown, I must say it was of the worst sort, for Alois felt a kind of exaltation he did not trust at all by way of the thought that God might exist, did not trust it, not at all, because of all the incestual addenda he had just attached to it.

Like all men with strong minds (strong does not mean brilliant!) he had the mental force to push his worst thoughts back behind the veil ^{once more} again,

he would even have passed through ^{this} the transition, ceased to enjoy Klara as

fully as a mother, and have been himself again for better or worse, ^{but} except

^{not yet like} that he could not as yet relinquish the pleasures ^{soulful / he found} implicit in the pain of the

bee-stings.

In the passage of time
Over these consecutive June nights, he had brought himself to the

point where he allowed the pains of his flesh to resonate within him even as

Klaus
~~she~~ removed the stingers which is to say that he did not try to divert himself

or submerge his reactions to the pain, or look to ~~subvert it~~ *divert them* by determinedly

happy thoughts, ~~but~~ *he had been ready to* instead ~~accepted~~ the full symphonic breadth and depth

It is
~~of~~ that exceptional message which comes from the province of pain so clear in

what it tells the flesh ~~and yet so~~ *it remains* mysterious in its refusal to account for the

all-but-bersek mystery of its most ~~intense~~ *intense* presence ~~so soon as he would~~

He laid himself open to the fullness of each local pain until they could have been
~~allow himself to feel the fullness itself. These pains now seemed to him~~

analogous to the voices of a choir.

If I interrupt this grand and exaggerated journey Alois is taking into

the modest sufferings of the flesh, it is because I must comment about the

saintliness he is feeling. It is the saintliness of a sinner.

-12-

Too little is understood about ~~the nature of~~ saintliness. It is in

everyone, even in the worst of the worst. While Alois can certainly not be

does offer a kindness to
~~seen in such a light, he is characteristic of~~ *After all,*
~~(such people while having these~~

he is cheating, he is

~~thoughts and~~, offering his nerves and meat and skin to the rhapsodies of

being able to pick up
 small torture in return for ~~enjoying~~ the kind of insights that bona-fide saints

are revered for reaching.

The difference is simple. The saints work ^{honestly} for their revelations, and ^{They} may even deserve them. Men and women of middle value ^(like Alton) may be as complex as saints, or more so, but they are ~~also~~ undeserving. The saintless of a few of their sentiments is, therefore, ^{bad} a mark against the D.K., a direct presentation—as the Maestro is always ready to point out to us—of His

that the Maestro declares,
Carelessness, which is ~~virtually~~ as immense as His Godhead.

All the same, Alton, ^{like} the best of saints and the most unrighteous of devils, has come close to the mark. (The Danubioff does have a system, a vast immense system which keeps track of the moral accounts of each man and woman good and bad. It is carried out perfectly. Heaven ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~that~~ ^{that} officer in the empire that put the ~~franchise~~ ^{largest} ~~and~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{corporations} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~care~~ ^{care} of well-run offices, and the subjects who have to go out like us and do the dirty work when the world might

If carried out perfectly as a relay system, a grading system, Heaven (or Limbo - take your pick!) would be ~~the~~ a perfect ~~and~~ ~~of~~ ~~in~~ ~~men~~ ~~well-run~~ ~~office~~, ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~part~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~coroner's~~ ~~office~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~Drunkoff~~ ~~and~~ ~~his~~ ~~kind~~ ~~of~~ ~~people~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~disposition~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~dead~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~relocation~~ ~~of~~ ~~their~~ ~~souls~~ ~~would~~ ~~work~~ ~~so~~ ~~agreeably~~ ~~that~~ ~~the~~ ~~working~~ ~~life~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~Cadgers~~ ~~(who~~ ~~lets~~ ~~us~~ ~~know~~ ~~up~~ ~~and~~ ~~down~~ ~~the~~ ~~necessary~~ ~~data~~ ~~we~~ ~~have~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~world~~ ~~)~~ ~~would~~ ~~be~~ ~~made~~ ~~so~~ ~~much~~ ~~easier~~ ~~that~~ ~~they~~ ~~might~~ ~~even~~ ~~become~~ ~~better~~ ~~-tempered~~, ~~even~~ ~~as~~ ~~our~~ ~~labor~~ ~~and~~ ~~duties~~ ~~would~~ ~~prove~~ ~~more~~ ~~arduous~~.

Yet, from all the requirements available - or so the plastic assumes - the ~~Grand~~ ~~Officers~~ ~~and~~ ~~their~~ ~~kind~~ ~~of~~ ~~people~~ ~~are~~ ~~not~~ ~~all~~ ~~that~~ ~~well-run~~ ~~concerning~~ ~~the~~ ~~disposition~~ ~~of~~ ~~souls~~ ~~there~~ ~~is~~ ~~much~~ ~~too~~ ~~much~~ ~~visible~~ ~~dealing~~ ~~among~~ ~~many~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~monitors~~ ~~(Dispositional Cadgers)~~ ~~who~~ ~~calculate~~ ~~the~~ ~~future~~ ~~placement~~ ~~of~~ ~~those~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~dead~~ ~~whose~~ ~~place~~ ~~has~~ ~~been~~ ~~calculated~~ ~~for~~ ~~rebirth~~ ~~Corruption~~ ~~infects~~ ~~the~~ ~~place~~. ~~So~~ ~~say~~ ~~the~~ ~~plastic~~.

If I see that I am now obliged to (668)
 speak of reincarnation (or, as is popularly
 described, in America this year, of Karma) yet I
 cannot pretend to be authoritative, ~~for~~
 as I soon hope to be able to
~~discuss~~ discuss, the *Maestros* is full
 of ~~boasting~~ ^{of} the very notion of Karma,
 and so we are limited in our own
 understanding of it.

Still, I can feel some confidence
 in suggesting the outlines of
 the cosmic topography that exists
 just above or beyond the limits
 of human life. For centuries, whole
 coats of devils have successfully
 infected the minds of western men
 and women with the notion of
 Heaven and Hell. How those concepts
 have soured! We have taken the
 whole game of the hereafter ~~away~~
 from the Damndolff. The majority
 of people in Europe, Russia and the
 Americas believe for the most part
 or feel too much to ~~believe~~ detach
 themselves from the certainty that
 depending on God's judgement, they
 will go to Heaven or Hell, each
 an ongoing eternity, each wholly
 incapable of being comprehended

by the human imagination since (669)
 their eternal bliss and the other
 impending torture. How can humans
 comprehend either. All they know
 is that neither state can
 endure for long.

The Maccabees, however, ~~into~~ through
 a set of heroic victories over the
 Demobuffs succeeded in bringing
~~the nation of~~ Jesus and Christianity
 and the Church into dominance over
 the minds of people that were then
 civilization our forefathers looking
 to capture. We have succeeded in
 confusing, suffocating, twisting
 and perverting the moral and
 compassionate energies of humankind,
 yes, Jesus Christianity, and its churches,
 have become a set of values to disfigure
 God's mercies (which are one of His
 strengths) in the manner that rings
 us less, bad thinking and the inability
 to think seriously well. Prayers that
 do not reach God or love Him or
 exasperate His friends of compassion
 by asking for what one does not
 deserve serves very well indeed.
 And even when an adventure

God, the deity we want ~~the~~ ^{total} belief in, the mythical ^{control} is All-God and All-Powerful - he is ^{conceiving} the ^{formation} ^{greater} ^{the} ^{public} ^{consumption} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{fact} ^{for} ^{an} ^{who} ^{could} ^{be} ^{All-Powerful}. (Let God and evil debate if ^{can} ^{who} ^{is} ^{which} ^{and} ^{what} ^{where}.) the ^{with} ^{Macisto}, to reflect ^{the} All-Powerful.

As for the Damaskoff, from what we have been told (and most graciously by way of our need-to-know) he was once a great Artist, a true Creator, but - and this was told again and again - prodigious naance, (and knew what and the fundamental scheme (first conceived some indeterminate number of years ago) of reincarnation has even been distorted to a degree by the corruption of the angels we have managed to attract as highest-level clients.

Still, the scheme of reincarnation means there is no lot of separate spirit worlds to be called Hell and Heaven, there are no addenda nor proadendum to the afterlife. Either one ceases to exist and one's soul dies without, or the soul is born again, and takes up residence in a new body, new infant, (or ~~new~~ in a just-born animal for all we

(Go often the soul will feel a new system, is need only willing. How uncomfortable are most souls, especially my us! All the same, there is a light to the system.

(*)

Know the planet is iron-lifted (671) in his reference on this matter, and I have been able to glean a distinct concept of Hell and Heaven comes from the emotional turmoil implicit in the concept of reincarnation. (*)
 I consider a low-weller hardly a human lived with the family or situation provided by the birth, the divine sentiment is to give the person (the soul) more or ~~less~~ have advantages on the next time out. If a soul is not ready to forsake work of his Creation, but a time that he looks for a second or third opportunity to reach the same material in a new setting. One's near approach as a human to Heaven or Hell comes by way of the ~~spiritual~~ opportunities and gifts offered by the next life. Let a man be strong physically or less ~~bravely~~ ^{wise}, writer or less way judge, brave or ~~shameless~~ ^{shameful} birth, mean body or plain, holder or more content, greedy or more generous, cold or compassionate — there will be subtle options for the soul to improve itself or deteriorate further, but the only ~~way~~ ^{way} of Heaven or Hell and a taste is enough to serve comes from the more or less attractive nature of the rebirth.

If How the Haeftio lute 671
 Dammhoff's system Karma,
 is far from being of use to our
 purposes, is much too equitable.
 (provided the assignments are
 not unjust). Indeed, the Dammhoff
 as I see it has created a system
 that could work well for him. It
 accepts his limited condition as
 a Devil. He possesses great powers
 of creation, but he is not a power,
 unless his power increases or diminishes
 through the success or failure of his
 creation. As they learn lay away
 into contact with a universe, not
 created in whole by God Himself,
 (perhaps not even very much
 part) but a world that he has
 cut out for his creation to live, work
 with, dominate, and be dominated,
 so all of that experience can flow
 back to him, and he is wiser, more
 profoundly strengthened further in
 his active instincts that look to
 shape the future.

Yes, it is not difficult to
 see why our Haeftio desires
 to be a deity, a universal, a world.
 Dammhoff it is of no use

to him. The ~~Maestro~~ lives in the present. (b7c)
 He works entirely with all the humans
 he manages to employ. He soon stops ^{32 days}
 — or so I would warrant — the ~~Maestro~~
 personally when the monitoring agency
 decides on conditions of release, for
 there is a target ~~of~~ for some chosen few
 of the planet but ~~decides to~~ ~~be~~
 to fulfill — if ~~it~~ that is ~~possible~~
 possible — I do not know. I am not
 one of those chosen few.

I know enough, however, to
 perceive that reincarnation is a process
 that he sees as a restraining wall
 to his plans, purposes, his intelligence
 itself. To capture someone in a given
 life, ~~have to~~ ~~then~~ have to relinquish
 and control at their death, and
 then look, if possible, to find and
 capture them again — what a wonderful
 repetitive process it is for us. Perhaps
 our double activities can wear on
 the ~~energy~~ energies of the Dammerhoff
 but it can also exhaust our
 resources.

The Maestros of course is the epitome
 of resourcefulness, so even ~~we~~ ^{we}
 reincarnated, incarnations, the ~~processes~~ ^{processes}
 are detectable — we are present after
 all at most moments of our capture.
 Moreover, the Maestros now know

Judith - I may be
 the only one
 who knows
 for b7c

faith in his perception of the ⁽⁶⁷⁴⁾ beauty of the Damaskoff. He is forever reminding us that the D.K. is a vain artist, and does not have enough determination to ~~reach~~ withstand his monitoring complex in the presence of reassignments to the contrary, the D.K. mucks it all up with his excess of compassion (as it he is still in competition with Jesus.) Some clerics would argue that it is not his excess of compassion, but his sense of self-indulgence. He does think ~~so~~ too well of his works. He sees every writer (even the ones we've all had gutted) as being at the least splendid in intention. (I can offer Deralt as one example.)

~~I~~ I feel even sufficiently confident to say that the D.K. stresses his forgiveness complex. (Indeed, he has to - He has so little control over earthquakes and floods!) So he spends comparisons like a damned fool, like a spendthrift. ~~So~~ So much that it's wasteful, so many people heavily involved in by God himself. We do pick up for next to nothing.

(675)
If Gwinson ~~is~~ ~~going~~ ~~on~~ ~~going~~
settles with the Cudgels, it is equally
to have some long pecking, as well.
The Dammkopf, however, does not
give up too easily on those who
die. He does not save their souls, but
he certainly reanimates them, sends
them out again, and whenever we find
them, we pick them up, as I say,
for a day, a year, a one-hundred
somehow so ~~long~~ long, we cannot
even congratulate ourselves. It
is just one more reason for us to
keep calling him the Dammkopf.

*Note - this is a page 654a
but should be changed
to 654 etc.*

double - space final

-11-

Alois told the family that Luther had died on their walk through the

woods and Klara was the only one to suspect ^{*there was more than this*} he was not telling the truth, for ^{*to the truth. For*}

on the night following the afternoon of the dog's demise, Alois ~~had~~ made

love to her with a vigor he had not shown in ^{*several*} a few years.

Of course, she could not be certain. He had come back from the

woods after his second trip with pick and shovel all covered with a variety

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failure. As humans ^{came} learn by coming into contact with a universe that was
 not created in whole by God, (perhaps not even in large part) but ^{nonetheless} a world
~~that is out there~~ in which His Creatures can live, work, explore, dominate
 and be dominated, succeed or fail ~~in their turn~~. In the end, ~~it is at least a~~
~~finely conceived system~~ the sum of these human experiences ~~also~~ return to
 Him, and He is ^{as a result} wiser, and more profound, ~~He is~~ strengthened further in His
 artistic instincts that ~~we~~ desire to shape ^a the future of a larger universe out
 there, ^{the one God has known} a universe, even larger than ~~God~~.

Yes, it is not difficult to see why our Maestro ^{so} detests reincarnation. ~~It~~
^{After all,} is of no great use to him. The Maestro lives in the present. He works
~~entirely~~ ^{attract. He may even} with all the humans he manages to employ. He even looks to storm
^{those} the sacred precincts where the monitoring angels decide on conditions of
^{it is possible that} rebirth, yes, ~~I expect~~ some chosen few of the Maestro's best devils look to
^{whether possible} infiltrate Karma itself. If ~~that is possible~~ ^(I do not know), I am not one of
 those chosen devils.

I know enough, however, to perceive that reincarnation ^{is present} ~~is a process~~
^{the Maestro feels} ~~that the Maestro views~~ as a restraining wall to his purposes. To capture
^{or them} someone in a given life, then ~~have to~~ relinquish our control ~~at their deaths~~,

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(leaves us) (if they were valuable)
 and so be obliged, if possible, to find and capture them again, what a
 wasteful process it is for us. Our redoubled activities *may* wear on the
 energies of the Dummkopf, but it ~~also~~ exhausts our stores, *as well*

The Maestro, of course, is an epitome of resourcefulness. So, we
 even look to *play our role during* ~~inferno~~ (reincarnation). Sometimes, the occasion even
 resonates with our presence. *So often we look to be there*
 We are there so often at the moment of
 conception. *This may be one of the reasons that*
 Moreover, the Maestro never loses ~~faith in his~~ confidence that
 the faults of the Dummkopf will offer us *the* an eventual victory. *We are* ~~He is forever~~
always reminded reminding us that the D.K. is a vain artist *who* ~~Moreover, He simply does not~~
 have enough discrimination to insist that His monitoring angels obey all the
 strictures of reassignment. *these* To the contrary, the D.K. mucks it up with
harmic reassessments with excesses of compassion, (as if still in competition with Jesus.) Some devils
such generosity would argue that ~~this~~ does not come from an excess of compassion, but
 from self-indulgence. *insists on keeping his* The Dummkopf does have too high an opinion of His
 works. He sees every human as being, at the least, splendid in the original
 intention. (Should I offer Der Alte as one example?)

(The D.K. may be too fearful of losing the loyalty of his subjects so He
 Waste predominates.) The D.K. strews His forgiveness everywhere.
 (Indeed, He has to—He has so little control over earthquakes and floods!)

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He spends His compassion, therefore, like a damned fool, ^{like a spendthrift,} ~~so many people~~
~~so much of that is wasted so many are~~
 invested in heavily by God ~~Himself~~. Often, we pick them up later for next
 to nothing.

Given our ongoing battles with the Cudgels, it is agreeable to have
~~some~~ ^{however} easy pickings. The Dummkopf ~~however~~ does not give up ~~too easily~~
~~those~~ ^{for gives them only} on those who come ~~over~~ to us. Often, He ~~uses~~ reincarnation to send them
 out again. When we locate them—we call them Retreads—we pick them
 up, as I say, for a song, a kiss, a one-night stand. Some are so easy, we do
 not even stop to congratulate ourselves. It is just one more reassuring
 reason for us to keep calling Him the Dummkopf.

-12-

~~Too little is understood about saintliness. It is in everyone, even in~~
~~It is even to be found in the~~
~~the worst of the worst. While Alois can certainly not be seen in such a light,~~
~~as such, his~~ ~~the worst~~ ~~cheats~~
~~(he does offer a kinship to such people. After all, he is not a saint. He is~~
~~offering his nerves and meat and~~ ~~sensitive~~ ~~skin to the rhapsodies of small torture in~~
~~and does so in~~ ~~for what he~~
~~return for being able to pick up the kind of insights that bona-fide saints are~~
~~often~~ revered for reaching.

The difference is simple. The saints work ^{more} honestly for their
 revelations. They may even deserve them. Men ^{which men} and women of ^{the} ~~middle~~
~~lower-middle or virtue~~
~~value~~ like Alois may be as complex as saints, ^{of course,} but they are undeserving. The

saintliness of a few of their sentiments is, therefore, a ~~bad~~ mark against the

D.K. ~~a direct presentation~~ as the Maestro is always ready to point out to ^{us,}
^{it is a direct exhibit}
~~us~~ of His Carelessness. That, the Maestro declares, is as immense as His

Godhead.

All the same, like the best of saints and the most insightful of devils,

Alois has come close to the mark here. The Dummkopf does have a system,

^{does}
~~It is~~ a vast ~~immense~~ system which keeps track of the moral accounts of each man

and woman, good and bad. If carried out perfectly, Heaven ^{or Limbo} ~~take~~ your

pick!—has offices in the empyrean that put the largest corporations to

~~these~~ ~~ought to~~
 shame as reception centers would be the easiest of well-run offices and the

Cudgels who have to go out like us and do the dirty work here in the world

might be better-tempered. ~~their work would~~
~~be easier even as ours would be more~~
~~difficult.~~

~~is something missing? This ends p. 666 handwritten but p. 667 seems not~~

~~to follow?]~~

shame. If carried out perfectly as a ~~rating system~~, grading system, Heaven

(Or Limbo—take your pick!) would be a perfect and immense well-run

office. Decisions on the disposition of the dead and the relocation of their

souls would work ~~as agreeably~~ ~~than the working life of the Cudgels (who~~

~~like us must go out and do the necessary dirty work here in the world)~~

~~would be made so much easier that they might even become better-~~

~~tempered, even as our labors and duties would prove more arduous.~~

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¶ Yet from all the signs available—or so the Maestro assures us—the
Grand Offices are not all that ~~well-run~~ ^{efficient}. Concerning the disposition of souls,

there is much too much inside dealing among many of ~~the monitors~~ ^{these Dispositives}

Angels

(~~Dispositional~~ ^{Angels}), who calculate the future placements of those of the

dead who have been selected for rebirth. Corruption infests the place. So

says the Maestro.

I see that I am now obliged to speak of reincarnation (or, ^{of Karma} as it is

popularly described in America these years, ^{of Karma}), yet I cannot pretend

to be authoritative. ~~As I soon hope to be able to discuss,~~ ^T the Maestro is full

of loathing for ~~the very notion of Karma~~ and ^{so} we are limited in our ~~own~~

understanding of it.

Still, I ^{may be able to suggest} ~~can feel some confidence in suggesting~~ the outlines of the

cosmic topography that exists just ~~above~~ beyond the limits of human life.

For centuries, whole corps of ^{our} devils have successfully infested the minds of
~~men and women with the notion of Heaven and Hell. How~~ ^{into their needy brains, we have implanted} these concepts

^{By their use, we have taken whole regions of} have served us! ~~We have taken the whole game of~~ (the Hereafter away from

the Dummkopf. The majority of people in Europe, Russia, and the

^{— of the least! —} Americas believe for the most part, or feel too weak to detach themselves

from the ^{notion} ~~certainly~~ ^{by way of} that depending on God's judgment, they will ^{all} go to

^{we have gulled them into believing that each} Heaven or Hell, ^{at} each an ongoing eternity, ^{these} each wholly incapable of being

^{I would point out that neither Heaven} nor Hell ^{can} ~~can~~ offer any comfort ^{non-existent} ~~comprehended~~ by the human imagination since one is eternal bliss and one

^{the other} is unending torture. How can humans ^{humans} comprehend either? All ~~they~~ ^{they} know

that neither state can endure for long. ^{Bliss particularly. Very}

^{Few people can muster an even the} sketchiest notion of Heaven ~~and Hell~~
~~who tried to tried to compare~~

I turned that into an outline of the
 to the extent that I can repeat the same words

The Maestro, however, through a heroic set of ^{major engagements} ~~victories~~ ^{in our war with the} ~~in our war with the~~

^{Capturing} Dummkopf, succeeded in ~~bringing~~ ^{capturing} Jesus, Christianity, and the Church ~~into~~ ^{that gave us an ongoing}

~~dominance over the minds of precisely that western civilization our forces~~

~~are looking to capture.~~ We have succeeded in confusing, suffocating,

twisting, and perverting the moral and compassionate energies of

humankind, ~~Yes~~, Jesus, Christianity, and the Churches have become a set of

^{distort} ~~distort~~ values to ~~disprove~~ God's mercies ~~(which are one of His strengths)~~ ^{and ongoing} in the

^{into Savages and manners}

~~manner~~ ^{that injures us less.} Bad thinking ~~and the incapacity to think~~ serves

us well. Prayers that do not reach ~~God~~ ^{God} or bore ~~Him~~ ^{Him} exacerbate his funds

^{(We look to encourage all men and women to} of Compassion by asking for what one does not deserve serve us very well

^{pray for what they have not earned} ~~indeed~~ ^{or do not deserve.} That serves us well,

We had to establish Him as
 And everywhere we advertise God, ~~the deity we want them to believe~~

~~is~~ the mysterious Godhead who is All-Good and All-Powerful. ~~He is the~~

Leviathan conceived by our Maestro for public consumption ~~in the world.~~

Of course,

~~Whereas~~ it is our Maestro who would be All-Powerful. (Let Good and Evil

debate afterward over who is which and what is where.) The Maestro, to

repeat, will be All-Powerful.

By contrast the ~~As for~~ Dummkopf, from what we have been told ~~and from~~

~~most~~ grudgingly (by way of our need-to-know) ~~he~~ was once a great Artist, a true

Creator, but ~~and this we are told again and again~~ *His Original* prodigious resources, which

were prodigious,

have been wasted ~~and the fundamental scheme~~ *of reincarnation* (first conceived some

now uses Reincarnation ~~what is left~~ *Reincarnation*

~~in~~ indeterminate number of eons ago) of reincarnation has even been distorted

some indeterminate number of eons ago
 it remains (in the complete absence
 of heaven and Hell) as the only working
 scheme for the After-life. Either our

to a degree by the corruption of those angels we have managed to attract as

~~supremely high/~~
highest-level Clients.

Q5 Still, the scheme of reincarnation remains. There is no set of separate
~~universes~~ ^{as} ~~in the complete absence of such~~ ^{reincarnation}
spiritual universes to be called Hell and Heaven. ~~There are no addenda or~~
~~is the only working scheme~~

pendendum to the afterlife Either one ceases to exist and one's soul dies with

~~perishes with~~ — IR the ~~Maestros~~ ^{waiters} angels ~~so judge~~

one, or the soul is born again and takes up residence in a new body, ~~now~~ ^{will take} whether
that will be ~~just~~ ^{an infant or} infant (or in a just-born animal for all we know) ~~we do not know~~
(the Maestro is iron-lipped

in his reticence on this matter.) All I ~~have been able to give~~ ^{can assert from my own}

authority is that the ~~continuing existence of the~~ ^{is nourished by}
concept of Hell and Heaven comes from the emotional turmoil implicit in

~~verdicts — call it the sentences —~~
the ~~concept~~ of reincarnation. (So often the soul will feel its new existence is

needlessly hellish. How incomparably are most souls spoiled—usually by

us!) All the same, there is a logic to this system.

Considering how well or ^{badly} ~~bad~~ a human ^{lives new} ~~lives~~ with the family or ^{fresh} ~~fresh~~ situation provided by the ^{rebirth} ~~birth~~ ^{Dive Inclination} ~~the divine sentiment~~ is to give the person ^{reborn} ~~(the soul)~~ more ~~or fewer~~ advantages on the next time out. It is as if God, the

Artist, is not ready to forsake most of His Creations. Like a true artist, he

looks for a second or third opportunity to rework the same material in ~~a new~~ ^{everything from a redrafting to a wholly new genre (which is why some souls come back setting One's nearest approach as a human to Heaven or Hell comes by}

way of the opportunities and gifts offered by the next life. Will one be

stronger physically or less vital? [?] wiser or less imaginative? [?] braver or shamed

at birth, beautiful or plain, bolder or more cautious, greedier or more

generous, colder or compassionate? ~~there will be the endless options for~~

^{have been provided, chances to improve oneself} ~~the soul to improve itself or deteriorate further, but the only taste of Heaven~~

as usually,
In any
event,
one's
only
redemption
OR
a heavenly
or
hellish
judgment
upon
one's
conduct
is of

or Hell, ~~and a taste is enough to see~~^{well}, comes from the more or less

~~or disgusting~~^{or disgusting} nature of the rebirth.

~~How the Maestro hates the Dummkopf system.~~^{this system} Karma, far from

being of use to our purposes, is much too equitable (provided the

~~reassignments are not unjust.~~^{just} Indeed, the Dummkopf, as I see it, has

created a system that could work ~~well~~^{well} for Him. It accepts His limited

condition as a Deity. He ~~possessed~~^{still} great powers of Creation, but He is not

All-Powerful, ~~indeed~~^{not at all! Indeed} His Power increases or diminishes through the ~~by way of the~~

~~ultimately, human beings will determine His success~~^{ultimately, human beings will determine His success or failure} of failure of His Creatures. As ~~they~~^{humans} learn by coming into contact

~~that way~~^{that way} with a universe ~~not created in whole by God Himself~~, (perhaps not even

~~very much in part~~^{in large} but a world that ~~exists~~^{is} out there ~~for His Creatures to live,~~^{in which}

~~work with~~^{explains} (dominate and be dominated) so all of their experiences can flow

In the end — it is at least a finely conceived system — the sum of these

human experiences also ~~structure~~ ^{lead} to Him, /
back to Him, and He is wiser, more profound, strengthened further in His

artistic instincts that ~~look~~ ^{sadness} to shape the future, of a larger
universe out there, a universe even larger
than God.

Yes, it is not difficult to see why our Maestro detests reincarnation. ~~It~~

~~It~~ ^{is of no use to him.} The ~~Devil~~ ^{Maestro} lives in the present. He works entirely with

all the humans he manages to employ. He even ~~looks to storm~~ ^{looks to storm}

~~Warren~~ the sacred precincts where the monitoring angels decide on

conditions of rebirth, yes, ~~there is a target for~~ ^{I expect} some chosen few of the

Maestro's best devils ~~to look to infiltrate~~ ^{Karma itself. If that} if that is possible, I do not

know. I am not one of those chosen devils.

I know enough, however, to perceive that reincarnation is a process

~~that he sees~~ ^{the Maestro views} as a restraining wall to his purposes, ~~his intelligence itself~~.

capture someone in a given life, then have to relinquish our control at their

so he obliges/
deaths, and then look, if possible, to find and capture them again—what a

wasteful ~~repetitive~~ ^{redoubled} process it is for us. ~~Perhaps our doubled~~ activities can

wear on the energies of the Dummkopf, but it can also exhaust your ~~own~~ ^{store}

~~resources~~

^{an}
The Maestro, of course, is the epitome of resourcefulness. So, we

~~look to infiltrate~~ ^{occasionally even negotiate}
even use reincarnation. Sometimes, the new assignments are detectable
~~with our presence. We are there so often at the~~
~~we are present, after all, at most~~ moments of conception. Moreover, the

^{confidence that}
Maestro never loses faith in his perception of the faults of the Dummkopf
~~will offer us an eventual victory,~~

He is forever reminding us that the D.K. is a vain artist, ^{plainly,} and does not have

~~He simply does not have~~ ^{insist that} ~~enough discrimination to instruct~~ His monitoring angels in the nuances of ^{okay all the}

^{structures of}
~~reassignment.~~ To the contrary, the D.K. mucks it all up with ~~his~~ excesses of

compassion, (as if ~~he is~~ still in competition with Jesus.) Some devils

~~this does not come from~~ from
would argue that it is not His excess of compassion, but His sense of self-

~~The Dummkopf does have too high an opinion~~
indulgence. He does think too well of His works. He sees every human

~~(even the ones we've all but gutted)~~ as being at the least splendid in ~~the~~
~~original~~ ~~(Should I)~~
intentions. ~~(I can offer Der Alte as one example.)~~

~~Waste predominates,~~

~~Even feel sufficiently competent to over~~ that the D.K. strews His

forgiveness everywhere. (Indeed, He has to—He has so little control over

earthquakes and floods!) ~~So~~ He spends ~~compassion~~ ^{His} ^{therefore} like a damned fool. So

much of that is wasted, ~~so~~ many people ^{heavily} invested in ^{heavily} by God Himself. ~~so~~

~~Often we pick them up later~~
~~we do pick up~~ for next to nothing.

Given our ongoing battles with the Cudgels, it is agreeable to have

~~these~~
~~some~~ easy pickings as well. The Dummkopf, however, does not give up too

~~easily on those who come over to us. Often~~
~~which he does 4-99~~
~~easily on those who die. He does not save their souls, but He certainly~~

uses reincarnation to When we create
~~reincarnates them~~ sends them out again, ~~and when we find them, we pick~~
— we call them Retreats — we pick

them up, as I say, for a song, a kiss, a one-night stand. Some are so easy, we

do not even stop to reassessing
~~cannot even~~ congratulate ourselves. It is just one more reason for us to keep

calling Him the Dummkopf.

-11-

Alois told the family that Luther had died on ^{the} ~~their~~ walk through the ^{(taken} ~~woods~~, ^{he had laid down to rest and then had died here-} ~~woods~~ and Klara was the only one to suspect more than this had happened. ^{Sally.}

For, on the ^{same} ~~night~~ ^{perhaps six hours after} ~~following the afternoon~~ of the dog's demise, Alois made love to her with a good deal of vigor, ^{It was, she had recovered,} ~~(more than he had shown in a long~~

time.

Of course, she could not be certain. He was covered with a variety of insect bites from his second trip to the woods with pick and shovel, and so it had taken a while to ^{remove the stingers and solve the bites} ~~complete her ministrations.~~ ^{A communion developed} ~~By the time she completed her ministrations,~~ ^{developed} ~~there~~ was no question. They were both ready to make love. While she had no

basis of comparison, she was still ready to decide that there was probably not another man ^{of} to be found at Alois' age, only one year ^{she of} away from sixty, who was so vigorous, this Uncle Alois, and yet he was not Uncle Alois ^{so much} any more ~~so much~~ as he was her man, a good man. On this particular night, Klara was even ready to consider herself fortunate.

They had an agreeable few days. The nights were close. Alois was going through what can only be called a transformation of his feelings ^{For} ~~these few days, he was loving her~~ his wife. (This can occur in a marriage. Indeed, it is necessary. That is ^{use most of their relationship for} because most husbands and wives live in an excrementitious relationship, ^{exchanges, they have married} ~~For certain, the majority marry~~ ^{subconsciously} in the first place because they feel the need ^{to} to be able to be cruel to somebody who ^{was dependably close to hand} is near (given how terrified they are of the rest of the world.) Lo! even the worst marriage produces a species of magic. All the endless criticisms one would have liked to present to the world (but did not dare), ^{could} ~~can~~ now be expended in ugly judgments on one's mate. All that spiritual excrement! In marriage, it is there to be passed back and forth, to and fro.

Ergo, as I ^{know} ~~knew~~ all too well, marriage ^{is} ~~was~~ a workable institution—especially for dreadful people. Yet, I must also add that it can also serve for

those who are ^{neither} ~~not~~ hideous ^{nor} ~~or too~~ fearful ^{nor} ~~of~~ ugly, but may ^{still} be of use ^{to us} ~~(to use)~~

~~(the most useless word of them all)~~ for average persons like our Klara and

Alois. Strange shifts can even occur. ^A The relationship can turn inside-out.

Few of these reversals are permanent, but while they endure, some aeration is offered to what had been an airless union.

So, we are always alert ^{for} to the signs of a fresh breath of air. We use it to shore up the worst of marriages—should that suit our purpose.

This was not the occasion here. The shift in their attitudes was of their choice, and it caught me by surprise. Intoxicated by the full moon and the June air that came up at night from the fields, lying beside her in a state of trust so rare for Alois, he knew that her fingers would make no painful mistake as she took care of removing each stinger—so many more of them these days given the lushness of early summer—a festival for the bees!—but so deft and purposeful was she, and so much was he at peace lying beside her, that for this little while, it was as if he had become ^{something} ~~more~~ ^(like her)

^a woman. Of course, I exaggerate. I will even dismiss this assumption, no, it is not that Alois felt like a woman so much as that Klara now came to seem

the embodiment of what he had never been able to know—he had never had
a full sense of the presence of a mother ^{hovering over him.} before.

^{that's}
Night after night, ~~their~~ ritual took place. He even became so careless
as to work on occasion without the veil that protected his face. He was not
seeking to be stung—he had, after all, acquired more skill and did make
fewer mistakes. Still, these additional stings cannot be discounted. It is fair
to say he was anticipating his reward. Each night her fingers played out
their delicate movements on his brow, the cheeks of his face, and the meat
of his hands.

Transformations play with the arid habits of the mind. Sometimes
Alois felt as if his brains were cracking and creaking. He was having ideas

he did not believe could belong to him—they were different from all that

had come before. He actually began to consider whether ^{the pain from these} these insect bites
^{had become a means} were a way of paying for his sins. Just supposing—for in no other way was

^{was}
he ready to assume that he believed in sinning—but, just supposing ^{for the value of the supposition} what if

these bee stings were ~~part of a system~~ a way of accounting for bad things
you have done. ^{so to speak a system!}

What a notion! It gave him direct discomfort. Before ^{Up to the moment} he had this thought, he had been enjoying some decent sleep from the knowledge that ^(It came) ~~good news~~ ^{good news} ~~handed~~ ^{occupying} full-chested Spartaner was out there down below in a new dog-house built for him on the day after Luther's death. That had been no small task, but ^{Not only was a} necessary. ^{his own} A guard dog ~~was~~ ^{was} entitled to a sense of shelter in a new habitat, ^{but} ~~and~~ ^{had established} Alois' handiwork ~~around~~ ^{of} good feelings between the dog and himself.

Transformations, however, are full of paradox. New ideas betray old certainties. So, ^{Alois} he writhed at the premise that guilt could ~~even~~ be real. It gave too much dignity to all those ^{guilty} ~~guilty~~ people he knew! ^{They} ~~They~~ ^{per se} ~~walked~~ ^{walked} around with a stone in their stomachs and a bigger one up their ass.

But now, he couldn't deride them any more. He now had a recognition he had never allowed himself, and ^{this remembrance} ~~the thought~~ constricted his chest. He had committed incest. If he had made love to all three of his step-sisters, that was not incest ^{no} ~~not~~ unless their father was his father. But ^{he not} ~~he~~ had always known that Johann Nepomuk was his father even if he had managed to know it without knowing it. That ^{was the thought} ~~sort of~~ ^{sort of} he had always kept way back behind the veil of his mind.

In any case,
 Besides, all that was nothing compared to *one fact. He had* making love to Johanna. If
~~made love to Johanne, the oldest of the three sisters~~
~~the Klara was his child with Johanna instead of being the daughter of Johann Poolz,~~
~~but his child with Johanna (his 1st wife) then that was~~
~~Poolz, then everything was much too much. A thought now came to him~~
~~a fact)~~
 (as sharp as the knife that had gone into Luther. What if there was a God *who*
know all this?)

In the dark, Alois began to nod his head. Like all men with strong
 minds (strong does not mean brilliant!) he had the mental force to push his
 worst thoughts back. He could even have *pushed away this new* passed through this transition,
pleasure of enjoying
 have ceased to enjoy Klara as a mother. He could have been *just* himself again.
Some old sour mind again.
 (For better or worse. But not yet. He could not as yet relinquish the soulful
 pleasures that now followed *in the wake of* the pain removing the needles *removed* that had been
from
 left in his flesh.

During
 Through the passage of these June nights, as ~~Klara removed the~~
~~stingers,~~ *the echo of)* he allowed those pains to resonate within. He did not look to
~~divert these small agonies by~~ *such searching for* determinedly happy thoughts. Instead, he was
~~ready to accept the breadth and depth of the full message~~ *there and)* *(in breadth and depth)*
~~that came to him from~~ *that came to him from* *that was* *sternly*
~~the province of pain. To Alois, it was a species of music, and as full of~~
~~sensation for the mind and heart, a symphony felt~~
~~sensation as listening to a symphony. It was clear in what it told the flesh~~
~~of its own clarity as it spoke to his flesh~~

~~Yet it still remained mysterious.~~ He laid himself open to the swelling of
each pain until their amplitude was analogous to the voices of a ~~choir~~ ^{choral group}.

If I interrupt this grand and exaggerated journey Alois is taking into
the modest sufferings of the flesh, it is because I must comment about the
saintliness he is feeling: He is exhibiting the saintliness of a sinner.

-12-

Too little is understood about these matters. Saintliness is in everyone. It is even to be found in the worst of the worst. While Alois can hardly be characterized so, he does offer his kinship to the worst when he in this manner, offering cheats. He offers his nerves and meat and sensitive skin to the rhapsodies of small torture, and does so while secretly eager looking to pick up the kind of insights must labor for years to bona-fide saints can attain.

Of course, the saints work more for their revelations. They may even deserve them their revelations, While men and women like Alois can equally may be as complex as pieces of work as saints, they are, of course, undeserving. The saintliness of a few of their sentiments is, therefore, a mark against the D.K. As the Maestro is always

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~~present as one of his exactitudes~~ ^(more exact) ~~that's is one~~
 ready to ~~point out~~, it is a direct result of His Carelessness. ~~That, the Maestro~~
~~His Divine Carelessness~~
 declares, is as immense as His Godhead.

All the same, like the best of saints and the most insightful of devils,
 Alois has ~~indeed~~ ^{not to my surprise} come close to the mark here. The Dummkopf does have a
 system.

It is a vast system. ^{Limbo} ~~It~~ keeps track of the moral accounts of each man
 and woman, good or bad. ^{The extent of such} If carried out perfectly, ~~Heaven~~ or Limbo ~~take~~
~~your pick!~~ ^{put} has offices in the empyrean ~~that put~~ the largest American
 corporations to shame. If carried out perfectly as a grading system, ^{Limbo} ~~Heaven~~
 would be a well-run office, perfect and immense. Decisions on the
 disposition of the dead and the ^{speedy or delayed} relocation of their souls would ~~work~~
^{be an efficient process.}
~~agreeably.~~

Yet from all the signs available ~~or~~ so the Maestro assures us—the
^{in various stages of disarray,}
 Grand Offices are ~~not efficient~~. Concerning the disposition of souls, there is
~~too much insider dealing~~ ^{to} Many of ~~these~~ Dispositional Angels who
 calculate future placements for ~~those of the dead who have been selected for~~
~~rebirth~~ are corrupt. So says the Maestro.

I see that I am now obliged to speak of reincarnation (or, of Karma, as it is popularly described in America these years). However, the Maestro has a loathing for Karma. ~~So, we are limited in our understanding of it.~~ *I must say that this hinders us*

Still, I am able to sketch ~~the~~ ^{some} outlines of ~~the~~ ^{the} cosmic topography ~~that is~~ ^{lying} ~~in existence~~ ^{out there} just beyond the limits of human life. This process of

reincarnation has, of course, nothing to do with the popularly accepted notions of Heaven and Hell. ~~That has been our contribution to human culture.~~ *Those two concepts have* For centuries, legions of our devils have successfully infested the minds of men and women. Into their needy brains, we have implanted this notion of Heaven and Hell. ~~How such concepts have served us!~~ *You are going to* ~~By their use, we have taken whole regions of the Hereafter away from the~~ *our have been (I think)*

Dummkopf. The majority of people in Europe, Russia, and the Americas believe for the most part (or—at the least!—feel too weak to detach themselves ~~from the notion~~ ^{altogether}) that by way of God's judgment, they will all go to Heaven or Hell. We have gulled them into believing that each of these nonexistent kingdoms is an ongoing eternity. ~~I would point out that neither Heaven nor Hell can offer any comfort to the human imagination, since one is eternal bliss, and the other is pending torture.~~ *They are not even suitable as intellectual entities,* *One proposes* *promises* Where is the human who

condition?
can comprehend ~~either~~? People know that neither state can endure for long.

Particularly bliss. Very few minds can muster even the sketchiest notion of Heaven. (What does one do ^{with oneself} all day?)

The Maestro, however, through a heroic set of major engagements in our war with the Dummkopf, ^{has succeeded} ~~did succeed~~ in appropriating Jesus, Christianity, and the Church. It ^{has given us} ~~gave us~~ an ongoing dominance over the ^{prevailing} ~~have~~ culture of western civilization. We ~~succeeded~~ in confusing, suffocating, warping, and perverting the compassionate energies of humankind. Yes,

Jesus, Christianity, and the Churches have become a set of values to ^{subvert} ~~convert~~

~~They are so inadequate at speaking to the~~
God's mercies into moral stipulations that incite rebellion in His human creatures. Heaven and Hell germinate whole varieties of ~~bad thinking~~.

~~weak, sick, lame and dead thinking.~~

Where is the good Christian or devout Jew whom we do not exhort to pray

^{Get on your knees! As we know,}
all the time, pray and praise God? We know how praise bores God, and ^{it is usually repetitive, and the D.K. despise}
~~It is usually repetitive, and the D.K. despise~~
~~it is usually repetitive, and the D.K. despise~~
exacerbates His funds of Compassion. ^{How} ~~we~~ encourage ~~all~~ malleable men

and women to pray for what they have not earned. Or do not deserve. That

~~it invariably returns us a profit~~
~~serves us well.~~

^{So,}
~~Everywhere~~, we advertise God. We look to establish Him as the

fearsome and mysterious Godhead who is All-Good and All-Powerful. He

ongoing
complacency
of
human
emotion,
that
rebellion
is
incited
in the
best
of
it's
in the human
condition

is Leviathan. His Lineaments have been ^{exaggerated, of course} conceived and delineated (by our ^(father) ^{whereas, it} Maestro for public consumption. Of course, ^{it} is our Maestro who would be All-Powerful. (Let Good and Evil debate afterward over who is which and what is where.) The Maestro, to repeat, ^{would} ~~will~~ be All-Powerful.

By contrast, the Dummkopf, from what we have been told most grudgingly (by way of our need-to-know) ^{formerly} was ^{once} ~~once~~ a great Artist, a true Creator. Yet His resources, ^{once} ~~which were~~ prodigious, have been wasted.

Reincarnation looks to use what is left. Conceived some indeterminate ^{period} ~~number of~~ ^{some} ~~cons~~ ago by the Dummkopf looking to repair ~~some of~~ His losses,

it now survives as the D.K.'s only working scheme for the Afterlife. ~~After~~

~~# Some who die do cease their~~
human death, one now ceases to exist, and one's soul perishes with the body, ^{their}
~~Others, however, — should~~ ^{have their soul}
or — if the Monitoring Angels so decide — the soul is plucked up, judged ^{So, they are}
~~viable, and is born again. It will take~~ ^{Each such reincarnated soul takes}
(up residence in a new body. (Whether

that placement will be in an infant or in a just-born animal—we do not

know—the Maestro is iron-lipped in his reticence on this matter.) All I can

assert from my restricted purview is that our satanic labors to keep alive the

concept of Hell and Heaven is ^{even} ^{reincarnated} ~~nourished by~~ ~~men~~ and women who

remain full of the emotional turmoil implicit in the verdicts (call it the new

placements) of ^{rebirth} ~~reincarnation~~. (So often the soul) ^{if it is the least b.t. spoiled} will feel its new existence ^{and enough are} is needlessly hellish. ~~How incomparably are most souls spoiled~~ usually, by ^{will feel this}

~~not~~ All the same, there is a logic to the D.K.'s system. Or could be,

The heart of the process comes to this: (how) ^{how}

(How well or badly does the reincarnated soul live with the new

^{how} ~~Does the reborn soul respond to~~ family or the fresh situation provided by the rebirth? That could serve as a

^{equitable} stern means of moral measure, but ^{measuring a poor judgement} the Divine Inclination is to give the new

person (the soul) ^{old} more advantages ^{this} on the next time out. It is as if God, the

Artist, is not ready to turn on ^{Not the majority of them} most of His Creations. Like a true artist, He

looks for ^{another} a second or third opportunity to rework the same material.

Sometimes He engages in ^{large-scale} ~~more than a little~~ redrafting. On rare occasions

He selects a wholly new genre which is I suspect why some souls come

back as animals. In any event, ^{the} only similarity this process bears to

Heavenly or Hellish judgment comes by way of the opportunities offered in

the new life. Will one be stronger physically or less vital? ^{than the last time} Wiser or less, ^{because the body was abused in the previous life} imaginative? Braver or shamed at birth, beautiful or plain, bolder or more

cautious, greedier or more generous, colder or compassionate? Endless

options are provided for the reborn soul to ^{pay for past errors, to} improve oneself or deteriorate

further in the new body ^{to}

and enough are
will feel this

concept is
always in
danger of
becoming a
concept because

will
one
be
wiser
or
less

How the Maestro hates this system! Karma, far from being of open
~~use~~ ^{could prove} to our purposes, is much too equitable (provided the reassignments are
 just.) Indeed, the Dummkopf, as I see it, has created a system that could
~~work very well for Him~~ ^{if He had a better sense of how to use it. For it} ~~He still~~ ^{does}
~~accepts His limited condition as a Deity.~~ ^{It is still} He still
 possesses great powers of Creation, ~~but~~ ^{it cannot be, that is because} He is not All-Powerful. Not at all!
~~Indeed, His Power increases or diminishes by way of the success of failure~~ ^{in proportion to}
 of His Creatures. ~~(His artworks, good and bad)~~ ^{it is His} Ultimately, human beings
~~who~~ ^{His} will determine His success or failure. As humans come into contact with a
 universe that was not created in whole by God, (perhaps not even in large
 part) ~~but nonetheless a world that is out there~~ ^{it is} in which His Creatures can
 live, work, explore, dominate and be dominated, succeed or fail. ~~In the end,~~
~~The~~ ^{with} sum of these human experiences ~~also return to Him, and He is wiser as a~~
~~result, and more profound,~~ ^{and could, ideally, be} strengthened further in His artistic instincts ~~that~~
~~desire to shape a future even larger than the one~~ ^{with which He began,} ~~God has known.~~

Yes, it is not difficult to see why our Maestro ~~so~~ detests reincarnation.
 After all, the Maestro lives in the present. He works with all the humans he
 manages to attract. He may even look to storm those sacred precincts where
 the monitoring angels decide on conditions of rebirth, yes, it is possible that

some chosen few of the Maestro's best devils look to infiltrate Karma itself.

Whether that is feasible, I do not know. I am not one of those chosen devils.

I know enough, however, to perceive that reincarnation is present as a restraining wall to the Maestro's purposes. ^{Even when we} To capture someone in a given ^{we leave (etc.)} life, then relinquish ^{when they die. That} our control of them at their deaths, leaves us obliged (if ^{for us) to look to find} they were valuable) to find and capture them again. What a wasteful process ^{it is for us!} Our redoubled activities may wear on the energies of the Dummkopf, but it exhausts our stores, ^{as well.}

The Maestro, ^{is,} of course, ^{the} an epitome of resourcefulness. So, we even look to play ^{some) at the conclusion of} our role during reincarnation. Sometimes, the occasion ^{resonates with our presence. So often we look to be there at the moment of} conception, ^{Indeed, that occasion often resonates with our} This may be one of the reasons that the Maestro never loses ^{presence.} confidence that the ^{ongoing} faults of the Dummkopf will offer us the eventual ^{in his vanity as an} victory. We are always reminded that the D.K. is a vain ^{Does much (his)} (artist who ^{Our little} mucks ^{up these karmic reassignments with excesses of compassion, (as if still in} like is ^{He is still in competition with the Son.)} ^{competition with the Son.)} Some devils would argue that such generosity ^{the D.K.} does not come from ^{an} an excess of compassion, but from self-indulgence.

To void of self-criticism, He

~~The Dummkopf~~ insists on keeping His high opinion of His works. He sees every human as being, at the least, splendid in the original intention.

(Should I offer Der Alte as one example?)

Waste predominates. The D.K. may be fearful of losing the loyalty of His subjects. So, He strews His forgiveness everywhere. (Indeed, He has to—He has so little control over earthquakes *volcanoes* and floods!) He spends His compassion, therefore, like a damned fool, like a spendthrift. So much of that is wasted, so many are invested in too heavily by God. Often, we pick them up later for next to nothing.

Given our ongoing battles with the Cudgels, it is agreeable to have *a few* ~~some~~ easy pickings. The Dummkopf does not give up, however, on those *then, He* who come to us. Often, He forgives them ~~and~~ *uses* reincarnation to send *His children* ~~them~~ out again. When we locate them—we call them Retreads—we pick them up, as I say, for a song, a kiss, a one-night stand. Some are so easy, we do not even stop to congratulate ourselves. It is just one more reassuring reason for us to keep calling Him the Dummkopf.

-13-

If the reader is by now offended by all these ~~deadly~~ post-death
 presentations which offer no handholds to repudiation ^{or} of authentication, I
^{will} ~~would~~ apologize. These themes ^{have pressed} ~~lay~~ so heavily upon my own thoughts that I
^{may have assumed} ~~rushed quickly to assume~~ they are of interest to all.

^{let me put} ~~Let me~~ In any case, place some of the blame ^{on} ~~upon~~ Alois-Senior. He

came, as I say, so close to the mark that I was stimulated to express my

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understanding ~~can I dare to call it penetration?~~ ² into these more or less
~~unavailable~~
 cosmic matters.

What may now be of ^{never} more close interest, however, is that Alois,
~~(as such a man)~~
 given his propensity to brood ~~on~~ ^{and} that can go wrong, (which I
 attribute to his decades of work guarding the financial integrity of Austria's
 borders) ^{is} now under a full ~~compression~~ ^{substance} of paternal steam. Having
~~begun these new preoccupations with~~ ^{an unaccustomed} concern about his own acts of incest,
 he could not continue to live ^{So low / so low and pressing} under this low ceiling of self-examination.
^{He has been} he was a policeman, not a poet, and so ^{of intellect} the old habits soon took over. ~~He~~
~~When an officer of the law detects a vice~~
^{in himself} vice was present in ~~oneself~~, one should proceed quickly to be on the alert
^{he knows enough to get on the alert}
 for its presence in others.

So, he began to worry about Alois-Junior and Angela. ^{why} ~~As~~ there

~~something out of place between them, something worthy of his attention? If~~

in that quarter?

~~he had felt no interest in this direction since Alois-Junior had returned, now~~

~~it was on his mind. He did not like the curious attitude ^{with can pick} ~~or was it more the~~~~

~~curious conflict?~~ that was developing between the boy and the girl over

~~nothing less than~~ who should ride Uhlan, and when.

To the father's surprise, young Alois was not looking to keep total

possession of the horse. On the contrary, he was always offering to teach

Angela how to ride. ^{That} ~~Which~~ was a danger sign to Senior. At the tavern, he

had already picked up a few rumors about a girl named Greta-Marie

Schmidt, nothing to insult him or his son personally, but it seems Junior had

been teaching Greta-Marie to ride bareback.

Now it was Angela's turn. She kept refusing. He kept teasing her.

"You are simply afraid to get on Uhlan's back," *Alors - Simon*
would say.

"No, I am not."

"Of course you are. Admit it."

After several
The repetition of this accusation *she was driven to offer*
drove her to new remarks. "No," she

said, "I do not want to get up on Uhlan. What if I learn and am good at it?"

What then? I know you. *You will keep the horse*
away from me then.

"No, ~~then~~ I will let you ride him as often as you wish. All day *if*
it comes to it."

"No, you won't. You will drive me crazy *You will hide*
yes you can and then

the horse
no you can't. I know you well."

"This is nothing but *a*
your excuse. What you fear is obvious. You *are*
so

afraid of being thrown."

"I am not."

"You are. *most certainly you are.*"

It ~~all~~ came out. He ~~had~~ nagged at her so. *Fun-ky* "Yes," she said, "Have it

All wishes, that horse
your way *(I am afraid. He is too strong, that horse. Too high* And tall. He will throw

me and I will break my neck." She was ~~still~~ *and is* only thirteen, ~~and vulnerable at~~

~~any time. She was~~ ready to start crying out of annoyance itself. "You are

so sure of yourself, *you* and can ride around wherever you want, but I know what

will happen. I will ride him and he will throw me, *and* I will die of a broken

neck."

"Unless your neck is as stubborn as you."
"You won't die. ~~You are too stubborn.~~"

"Oh, yes, I will die, ~~and~~ *2* what will you care? You have girls all over

I hear about it.
the place, *and* they are always kissing you, and you kiss them back. ~~That is~~

~~plain for me to see.~~ But I am thirteen years old this week and I have never

~~been kissed, and~~ ^{So go away} I don't want to die before I even know what it is like to be

^{4 She did burst into tears. "Kissed}
~~kissed that way."~~
^{that way," she managed to tell him}

Alois-Senior heard the end of this conversation, ^{even as he}

approached the barn, ^{he} ~~He~~ was in time to witness young Alois' reaction. The

boy found her last speech so amusing that he ^{threw himself} ~~literally fell~~ on a bale of hay

and couldn't stop laughing until he had rolled ^{on} ~~to~~ the floor.

^{Now}
~~So Alois felt directly unhappy. He~~ kept telling himself that it was all

for the best that the boy was out there so much riding the hills, yes ^{it was} ~~better~~

for all if he was carrying on with a girl ^{out} ~~here or~~ there, much better than if he

^{thought}
~~began~~ to fool around with Angela. That must not be! She was not even his

half-sister, ^{but} ~~a~~ full one!

Now, he could not rid himself
~~Once this possibility charged into his mind, he could not rid himself~~
 of these thoughts. So,
 Alois-Senior began to wonder if they had ever been together. ^{Unless} ~~They~~
 it not likely that they had. So,
 must have seen him approaching the barn. Maybe all that conversation had ^{could}

^{have} been for him. Were they capable of such subterfuge? ^{Why not?} Their mother had

been. And himself as well. Of course.

^{I must say that}
 So he began over the next few days, and while he thought he was

^{he started observing Angela}
 being covert, even sly about this, he had spent too many years making
 closely. But he had spent too many years
 making people uneasy by the clarity of his gaze, the fear that his eyes could lay ^{down}

^{So} upon them. ^{her father's} Angela was soon unsettled by these attentions. She even began

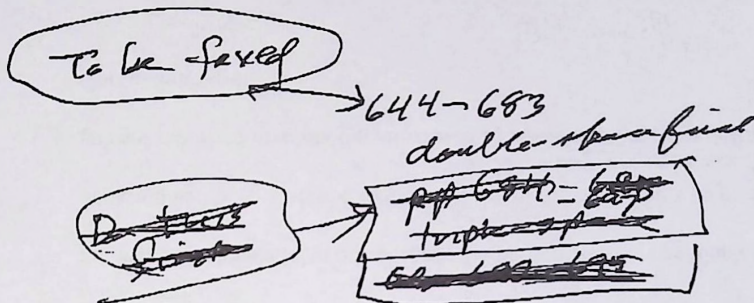
^{by} to wonder if her father was interested in her. ^{directly} At school, she ^{had} heard

stories like that ^{at school} from the other girls. One of them was even named

by the others. She did things with her father ~~and told the others~~. Ugh,
thought Angela, it was disgusting. ~~Totally so.~~

Now, whenever her father was near, Angela began to slide around
him, being artful to keep her distance, drawing her hips in toward her belly
as if to make certain nothing brushed ^{against him,} ~~back and forth.~~

All this had to upset Alois. ^{might be} ~~She was a nervous presence as if guilty,~~
~~but on the other hand,~~ ^{he} he didn't feel ready to approve of the female
sophistication with which she drew in her hips. Where had she learned ^{all}
that?



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Alois told the family. In the course of ^a ~~the~~ walk ^(which) ~~that~~ Luther and he had

taken through the woods, the dog lay down to rest and died. Peacefully.

That is what Alois told the family.

Klara was the only one to suspect that more than this might have happened.

For, on the same night, perhaps six hours after the dog's demise, Alois made

love to her with a good deal of vigor. It was more than she had enjoyed ~~in a while~~

*in a while
long time.*

He had had a variety of insect bites from his second trip to the woods, ~~done~~
to give a burial to Luther)
with pick and shovel, ~~and~~ so it had taken a while to remove the stingers. By

the time she completed her ministrations, they were both ready to make

love. While she had no basis of comparison, she was ready nonetheless to

think that there might not be another man of Alois' age, only one year shy of sixty, who was so vigorous, this Uncle Alois, her man, a good man.

They had an agreeable few ^{nights} days. ~~The nights were close.~~ Alois was experiencing what can only be called a transformation. ~~For these few days,~~ ^{often,} he was loving her. That can occur in a marriage. ~~Indeed, it is often~~ ^{precisely because} necessary ~~since~~ ^{the} most husbands and wives use most of their relationship for excrementitious exchanges. ~~That is why they married in the first place.~~ ^{Indeed, that} As the Maestro ^{delinicates} puts it, they felt the need to be able to be cruel at any moment ^{a person} to someone close to hand, ^(This is because they were) ~~(given how terrified they are of the rest of the~~ ^{allows than)} world.) Lo! even the worst marriage produces a species of magic. All the endless criticisms and upbraidings one would have liked to present to the world (but did not dare), can now be expressed through ugly judgments on one's mate. All that spiritual excrement! In marriage, it is there to be traded back and forth, ~~to and fro~~ ^{a zero-sum game, but} ~~nonetheless enjoyable~~

Ergo, marriage is a workable institution—especially for dreadful people. Yet, ~~(must also add)~~ ^{men and women who} it can also serve those who are neither fearful ~~nor ugly, but may still be of use to us,~~ ^{may be seen as} ~~average~~ persons. Like our Klara and Alois. Strange shifts ^{do} ~~can even~~ occur. A relationship can turn inside-out.

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Few of these reversals are permanent, but while they ^{last} endure, some aeration is offered to what has been an airless union.

So, we are always alert for the signs of a fresh breath ^(in the relations of married people) of temperament.

We use these new airs to shore up the worst of marriages—should that suit our purpose.

This was not the occasion here. The shift in their attitudes was of their choice, and ~~it~~ caught me by surprise. Intoxicated by the full moon and the June air that came up at night from the fields, lying beside her in a state of trust, rare for Alois, he knew that her fingers would make no painful mistake as she took care of removing each stinger—^(there were) so many more of them these days given the lushness of early summer—a festival for the bees!—but ^{she was} so deft and purposeful, ~~was she~~, and so much ^(was) ~~was he~~ at peace lying beside her ~~that~~ ^{that} for this little while, it was as if he had become something like a woman. Of course, I exaggerate. I will even dismiss this assumption, no, it is not that Alois felt like a woman so much as that Klara now came to seem the embodiment of what he had never been able to know—the presence of a mother hovering over him.

Night after night, ^{then} ~~this~~ ritual took place. He even became so careless as to work on occasion without the veil. He was not seeking to be stung, he had, after all, acquired ^{some} ~~more~~ skill and did make fewer mistakes. Still, ^{these} ~~these~~ ^{and they} ~~were~~ additional stings ~~could~~ cannot be discounted. It is fair to say he was anticipating his reward. Each night her fingers played out their delicate movements on his brow, the cheeks of his face, and the meat of his hands.

Transformations disrupt the arid habits of the mind. Sometimes Alois felt as if his brains were cracking and creaking. He was entertaining ideas he did not believe could belong to him. He actually began to consider whether the pain from these bites was a means of paying for his sins. Just supposing—for in no other way was he ready to assume that he believed in sinning—what if these bee stings were a way of accounting for bad things you had done? A system!

What a notion! It gave him direct discomfort. Up to the moment he had this thought, he had been enjoying some decent sleep. It came from the knowledge that full-chested Spartaner was out there below occupying a new dog-house built for him on the day after Luther's death. That had been no small task, but necessary. Not only was a guard dog entitled to his own

sense of shelter, especially in a new habitat, but Alois' handiwork had established close feelings between the hound and himself.

New ideas, however, are full of paradox. So, Alois writhed at the premise that guilt could be real. If nothing else, it gave too much dignity to so many guilty people! Awful persons. Weaklings who huddled in churches. They walked around with a stone in their stomachs and a bigger one up their ass. But now, he couldn't scorn them any more. He now had a recognition he had never allowed himself, and the remembrance constricted his chest. He had committed incest. If he had made love to all three of his step-sisters, that was not incest, no, not unless their father was his father. But had he not always known that Johann Nepomuk was his father even if he had managed to know it without knowing it? That was the sort of thought he had always kept to the rear of his mind.

In any case, the worst might be that he had made love to Johanna, the oldest of the three sisters. If Klara was not the daughter of Johann Poelzl, then she ^{had to be} was his child ("Sie ist hier!") That was a fact as sharp as the knife that had gone into Luther. What if there was a God who knew things like this?

In the dark, Alois began to nod his head. In common with all men who have strong minds (strong does not mean brilliant!) he had the mental force to push his worst thoughts back. He could even have relinquished the new pleasure of enjoying Klara as a mother. He could have gone back to being himself again. For better or worse. But not yet. He could not as yet relinquish the soulful pleasures that were present each night in the wake of the needles removed from his flesh.

On these June evenings, he allowed the echo of his pains to resonate within. He did not look to divert any small agonies by searching for happy thoughts. Instead, he was there, ready to accept the full message that came to him from this mysterious province of pain. To Alois, it was a species of music, replete with new sensations for the mind and heart, a symphony full of its own clarity even as it spoke to his flesh. He laid himself open to the

swelling up the sum of them was as rich in
 swelling of each pain until their amplitude was as rich as the voices of a

as a choral group.

If I interrupt this grand journey Alois is taking into the modest sufferings of the flesh, it is because I must comment about the saintliness he is feeling. He is exhibiting the saintliness of a sinner.

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Too little is understood about these matters. Saintliness is in everyone. It is even to be found in the worst of the worst. While Alois can hardly be characterized as the worst, he does offer ^{some} kinship when he cheats ^(like this, in this manner) in this manner. He is, after all, offering his nerves and meat and sensitive skin to the rhapsodies of small torture, and he does so while secretly ^{on the sly} eager to snatch up a harvest of insights which bona-fide saints ^{only} have. ^{acquire the} to labor (with for years) and their labors as saints. ^{Nonetheless, men} Men like Alois can be as complex as saints, ^{even if} but they are undeserving. This is a mark against the D.K. As the Maestro is always ready to offer ^{remarkably} as ~~one of his exactitudes~~ this easy generosity of the D.K. is but one more

his way through the
was all but screaming through the next words, "Yes, you find them, you
And my mother did.
fuck them, and then you forget them. (Maybe I am just like you."

The father's reflex was ~~even~~ faster than his mind. His fist struck

Junior on the side of the head hard enough to knock the boy down.

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knowledge is~~farming is so out-dated. Even Johann Poelzl, stupid as he is, knows how to~~

farm. You don't."

"So now"~~"Maybe I am stupid. Is that what you are saying?" He had not even~~~~begun to draw on his pipe, but now he dumped its contents, and ground~~~~them into the soil. Long before Alois Junior could even think of a reply,~~~~Senior was overtaking his own question. "Maybe I am stupid," he repeated.~~~~"Like father, like son. You flunked out of school, then you lied about it."~~*a stupid little!*~~have lived with this foul and rotten news for too long. I can come to only~~~~one conclusion. The only answer to why you lied is you are indeed an~~

idiot."

~~"Yes," said Alois, Junior, "and you have beautiful children." The~~*Do you know what? The*~~boy's breath was coming so quickly that his voice had to go up in pitch. He~~*counterfeit letter is that**are different. You**that these counterfeit letters**went*

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~~He knew~~ ^{he knew it} he had gone too far. (The fear he had been forming, that
 fear which ^{he} had been ~~storing~~ ^{even center} and storing in all the ~~centers~~ ^{even center} where fear is
~~secreted from~~ ^{secreted from} ~~between~~ ^{to} ~~located down from the mind~~ ^{there in} to the bowels, with the heart and lungs and the
~~nerves of the~~ ^{stomach}, each developing their own sense of fear, even that fear which had
 been seeping into his pores ^{was as loose by hand as} ~~and into his wife's as well~~ with all he could
~~his temper~~ ^{it was all} ~~feel of her fear~~ ^{was open now} ~~was open now~~ ^{reflected the entire} If his temper had ~~worked out the restraints~~
~~of~~ ^{I could have told her} ~~to his rage, now his fear followed, and it was equal to his anger.~~
~~It had been a large mistake to speak his mind,~~
~~And there was Alois's name in the air.~~
 Indeed, Alois had made a clear mistake in speaking his mind. If
~~it was any~~ ^{the} ~~he had been anything~~ ^{off Alois's union}
 young Alois had one possession ~~from his family~~ ^{the} He was even more vain
 to speak of ~~any~~ ^{the} children he
 than his father. Greta-Marie was not ugly, and any children he had ~~to~~
~~yet might have as ugly~~ ^{yet might have as ugly} ~~as his father~~
 speak of them as ugly in advance ~~that was outrageous.~~ "Yes," he said to
 his father, ^{I have seen you} ~~that is why I hate it so~~ Your

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~~many a maxim but one of the most useful was one of the oldest - the threat~~

~~is greater than the execution.~~

~~there was no help. His temper was out of~~
~~the gates and on the loose.~~
~~He lost his temper.~~

"Boy," he said to his son, "~~let us cut out all the nonsense.~~" You are not

equipped to go out in the world. You have no schooling, ~~and~~ you have no

~~And you ^{think you} will not be able to~~
 money. You seem to think that ~~because you can~~ talk your way into money?

~~that is rotten nonsense~~

Nonsense. All you can do with that tongue you are so proud of is to get

~~is get~~ (your ugly little farmgirls to flap their tits at you and spread their legs. Why?

Maybe they ~~think~~ ^{believe} they will get lucky and pick up a husband as lazy as

themselves. Maybe they will, and then I will have to look at grandchildren

^{as} ugly as your girlfriends, and you will have to work on her father's farm."

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~~but that he be ready to~~
~~insult his father. That would be quite the equal of taking one's horse~~
~~over a leap~~
~~over their first fine jump.~~ "You must face it," he said, "we are not ready for

Der Alte. He would steal us blind."

"What are you saying? ^{do you} You ~~insult~~ me as a beekeeper?"

"Well, you are always getting stung."

^{In this world that always happens?}
 "That happens ~~to all~~."

"Yes, and for those who know how ~~to do it~~, they can say in justice,

^{little}
 'Oh, I ~~have~~ had a ~~bad~~ accident today,' but for you, not so. Every day is an
^{full of bites. Always.}
 accident. You are ~~always getting stung~~."

~~Now~~
 Now, Alois lost his temper, that ~~valuable~~ but dangerous temper he

had schooled himself ^{for} ~~over~~ forty years to keep locked within himself ^{Now,} ~~except~~
~~for those rare occasions when it was essential to let it out. Alois lived on~~

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it. A young man who works on the land all his life is, in my opinion, an

idiot. He is as dumb as the earth. That is not for ~~you and~~ me. ~~We have~~

~~brains, tough brains, no?"~~

~~Alte made a point of filling his pipe and lighting it.~~

"I do not think you understood ~~completely~~ what I have said. It is not

~~the earth I wish to use~~ *am asking us to use / (I am thinking of* but the air, *the little creatures who fly through the air.*

Plus
~~And~~ *der* Alte. Let me put him into our discussion. I see the most profitable
use we can make of him."

"Father, in all respect, I cannot agree. You have said it yourself. He

knows more on this subject than ~~any of us.~~ *we don't. Illumination/* The ~~thrill~~ *that had followed*

came from after vaulting the hedge with Uhlan *was with him again. A* ~~came back now.~~ *had gone back again.* He no longer felt so
direct sense of exultation.
~~used, so close to poor odds.~~ *not only* It was as if his blood insisted that he speak,

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"I must tell the truth. It is."

"But you wouldn't go so far as to say that"
~~"And~~ our little apiary has no appeal."

that is true. But I think
 "I like the taste of honey, ~~but~~ I enjoy talking to people more than

listening to our bees."

Now, Alois dipped into ^a ~~one~~ his reservoir^{am} of wisdom. "Son, I will let

prepared to let
 you in on a secret that will save you a few years. *Maybe more.* (One cannot keep talking
~~for long. Not if~~
~~charming people~~ *if you have nothing but words*
~~to offer. People must~~
 to people unless they respect you. If they do not, they will laugh with you, *yes*

oh yes, poor boy
 they will sing with you, and then they will laugh behind your back. Hard

only a
 work is the basis of good solid exchange between ~~good~~ *two serious* people. A man who
tries to get by on ~~nothing but a fiddler's~~
 has nothing but good talk is ~~no better than a fiddler~~ *nothing more*

"I respect hard work," said Alois-Junior, "but not the kind that calls

for being a farmer. I like riding over the land, but I do not like working on

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*It had been a low hedge, but not that low,
but it had not been so low that it could not have thrown them. He had
But he had known.*
knows. He had had to take the jump. So, now, he did again.

"Everything you say is so correct, Father, but. . ." He hesitated just

*what you say is true for a person
long enough to repeat it, "but, it is more true for a person like yourself than
who is not exactly like myself.
for me.* I have other gifts. So, I believe."

*Alois nodded profoundly in order not to show
his annoyance. "Perhaps you will, tell me)
Tell me what these gifts can be.*

"I would say ~~that~~ I have a gift for dealing with people." His father

again.
nodded ~~as if to encourage him to go on.~~ "When I think of what I will do in

that way. But
years to come, it will be to make my living ~~by~~ dealing with people."

It was
At this point, he chose to stare into his father's eyes, ~~no~~ mean feat, but

he held the glance.

"Do you wish to say that?"
"So, farming is without appeal to you?" said Alois-Senior.

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waiting for him. The moment he was ready, he would ~~leave them~~ ^{leave them} ~~by his luck in~~
~~and go to~~ ^{The more suddenly, the better.}
 (Vienna). He had hardly forgiven Klara for being so rude ^{to him last week} ~~just a week ago~~.

~~So he spoke more directly than he might have responded otherwise.~~

"Good and honored father," he said, "I ~~must~~ ^{and} appreciate your concern
 for my future. I, too, think about it often. ~~Father~~ ^{And} I have come to certain
 conclusions."

"Yes," said Alois, "that is the first step to making a life for yourself."

~~That is~~ ^{So} true. You speak with the knowledge of your gifts. I can
 say that I am full of respect for them."

He had now arrived at the ~~word~~ ^{obstacle} that stood between them like a fence.
^{For the first time, he had taken a jump}
 Yesterday, ~~he had jumped for the first time~~ with Uhlan ^{over a low hedge}.

The afternoon sun was hot, and the boy was dispirited. Greta-Marie

had been unavailable that morning—she, too, had been in church with her

parents, and so he had visited Der Alte, and on this occasion, ^{he may} it ~~may have~~
~~have been too good, along he~~
~~been too much.~~ He felt stripped of vigor, and full of ^{der Alte, was} a bad odor in his

nostrils, ~~yes, what a dubious joy~~ ^{it would be} to work every day for three

years with these two old men. ^{! would be} Der Alte full of secret signals that his father

might pick up, and ^{it could be guaranteed that} the absolutely guaranteed certainty that there would

~~hardly be an hour when~~ Alois-Senior would ~~not~~ find something to yell

about ^{every day}

~~The young~~ ^{From his father,}
 Young Alois was furious. All this sweet talk, ^{so full of fraud.} He had

^{Not} no desire to work like a slave for three years. Too many good things were

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~~So~~ Alois did not take him far from the house, but sat him down on a bench near the hives and spoke instead ~~at new length~~ ^{that} about the money ~~they~~ ^{was there} were bound to make by working together. "It is even possible," the father added, that we could bring in Der Alte. He has made ~~such~~ hints already. ^{That leads me to believe} He would be ~~so~~ happy to work with us, ~~that I believe~~ ^{that I believe} we would have much the better of the bargain. In a few years, you could be a ~~very~~ prosperous ^{yes, most prosperous. And} young man, and let me say to you, good-looking young fellows like you are able to marry to ~~the highest local~~ advantage when it is seen that they are ~~not~~ ^{also} ~~only well set up in personal appearance but are~~ able to make a fine living. ^{like give it} Alois, I say to you, three years of hard work between us, and you will be ^{Especially since you have} sitting on top of a pretty good heap, with your sharp sense of what is what. ^{be able to take} Believe me, you will have your choice of some very good matches."

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with an expression that spoke
 nodding as if she were back in the ~~worst~~ ^{worst} of a bad day of school-house

thrice
 miseries. The ~~younger~~ ^{thrice} children were completely out of it, and Alois, Junior,

who had shown a bit of interest, ~~also~~ began to wilt. His eyelids ~~remained~~

closed for longer and longer periods.

~~Now~~, Alois-Senior had to contain his temper. It had ~~all~~ gone wrong.

He simply did not have the eloquence of Der Alte. "You," he said at last to

Alois-Junior, with an address as direct to the youth as a poke in the ribs,

"You and me—let us go for a little walk."

What a ~~What a~~ *mistake!* *It was obvious, the boy*
~~He had tried to impress Junior with a little trip~~

~~through a little culture when the boy, by his achievements, that is, his lack~~

~~of them, obviously~~ had a visceral distrust of knowledge he could not use

immediately. *And when he was eating, he'd*
not like to think could he be just
like his father?

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Pliny, speaks of the Sabaei to the south, and Strabo quotes Erastosthenes on

the abundance of honey in Arabia."

Since he had memorized all these names after all, he

He could have gone on and on. He was ready to tell them of the crazy

bauds drinking in Poland, the Ukraine, and Russia *in* of the mead they made *from* *or*

honey, the revels—although he must speak carefully of revels before his

own family, yes, the wild habits of the Cossacks in the Urals and the

Hungarians in the Carpathians.

If *Yes* *when it*

He crammed this kind of knowledge into himself like a man seeking

to win a food-gobbling contest, but when it came to deploying these quickly-

decided to give *perhaps he had crammed so much knowledge into himself*
acquired findings, he soon gave it up. Klara kept nodding with approval

over his words and the apple strudel she had made, but whether it was for

his words or the apple strudel she had made
his presentation or her cooking, he could not really say, and Angela kept

example of His Carelessness. ^{the Negligence} This Divine Carelessness, the Maestro declares, is as immense as His Godhead.

All the same, like the best of saints and the most insightful of devils, Alois ^{has have} to my surprise, come close to the mark here. The Dummkopf ^{did establish} ^{judging} does have a system for rewarding moral behavior or punishing it. ^{Full of rewards and punishments} A vast system! Limbo keeps track of the moral accounts of each man ^{Out in the empire, the} and woman, good or bad. The extent of such offices ~~in the empire~~ puts

~~over~~ the largest American corporations to shame. If carried out perfectly as a grading system, Limbo would be a well-run office, ^{perfect} ~~perfect~~ and immense. ^(but perfect)

Decisions on the value of the dead and the relocation of their souls would ~~be~~ ^{prove efficient} an efficient process.

Yet from all the signs available—or so the Maestro assures us—the Grand Offices are in various stages of disarray. Many of the Dispositional Angels who calculate these future placements for the dead, ^{have become} ~~are~~ corrupt.

I see that I am now obliged to speak of reincarnation (or, of Karma, as it is popularly described in America these years). However, the Maestro has ^{no affection} ^{Truth he loathes it.} a loathing for Karma. ^{(I must say that this keeps us limited in our} comprehension of it.

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Still, I am able to sketch an outline of ^{its} the cosmic topography ^{It does} ~~that is~~
~~to exist~~
~~lying~~ out there just beyond the limits of human life. This process of
reincarnation has, of course, nothing to do with popularly accepted notions
of Heaven and Hell. Those two concepts have been our ^{greatest} contribution to
human culture. For centuries, legions of our devils have successfully
infested the minds of men and women. Into their needy brains, we have
implanted this notion. You are going to Heaven or you are going to Hell.
How such concepts have served us! ~~Whole regions of the Hereafter have~~
~~been purloined from the Dummkopf~~ The majority of people in Europe,
Russia, and the Americas believe for the most part (or—at the least!—feel
too weak to detach themselves ^{all together} from the notion) that by way of God's
judgment, they will all go to Heaven or to Hell. We have gulled them!
They do believe that each of these nonexistent kingdoms is a real and
ongoing eternity when they are not even suitable as intellectual entities. I
would point out that neither Heaven nor Hell can offer any comfort to the
human imagination. One proposes eternal bliss, the other promises
unending torture. Where is the human who can comprehend either
condition? People know that in life neither state can endure for long.

~~Bliss, particularly, cannot. Few minds will~~
~~Particularly bliss. How many minds can~~ (muster even the sketchiest notion
 of Heaven? (What does one do with oneself all day?)

The Maestro, however, ~~through a heroic set of major engagements in~~
~~our war with the Dummkopf,~~ has become ~~the~~ the mighty impressario ~~with~~
~~these matters. He~~ (presents Jesus to all humankind via the manifests of Christianity and
 Church. It has given us an ongoing dominance over western civilization.
 We are now the prevailing culture, ~~of the west~~ We have succeeded in confusing,
 suffocating, warping, and perverting the ~~compassionate~~ ^{cognitive} ~~perceptive~~ energies of
 humankind. Yes, ~~in~~ the name of Jesus, and Christianity, the churches have
 managed to subvert God's mercies into moral stipulations. These well-
 advertised moral laws are so inadequate at speaking to the ongoing
 complexities of human emotion that rebellion is usually incited in the best
 of His human creatures. Moreover, expectations of Heaven and Hell
 germinate whole varieties of misbegotten thinking. Where is the good
 Christian or the devout Jew whom we do not exhort to prayer? Pray all the
 time, we tell them. Get on your knees and praise God. Of course, all this
 praise is ~~boring~~ ^{has to be} to the Lord. It is so damnably repetitive! The D.K., despite
 all, is still to a degree, creative. Dull prayer, therefore, roils His funds of

~~Patience~~
~~Compassion~~. How we encourage these malleable men and women to pray for what they have not earned. Or, do not deserve. Such prayer invariably returns us a profit.

So, we advertise God. We look to establish Him as the fearsome and mysterious Godhead. There He is—All-Good and All-Powerful. He is Leviathan. Of course, His Lineaments have been exaggerated. We serve ^{him} up
a) fodder for public consumption.

From what we have been told most grudgingly (by way of our need-to-know) the Dummkopf was formerly a great Artist, a true Creator. Yet His resources, once so prodigious, have in great part been wasted. Now, through reincarnation, He hopes to use what is left. Indeed, reincarnation has become the modus operandi for the Dummkopf's executive decisions on the Afterlife.

Let me offer the bare outline. Many who die, do indeed cease to exist. Their souls perish with their bodies. Others, however—should the Monitoring Angels so decide—travel into death with souls that are judged viable. So, they are born again. That is to say, each reincarnated soul will now take up residence in an embryo. (Whether that placement will be in a

redrafting. On rare occasions, He selects a wholly new genre. That, I suspect, is why some souls come back as animals. In any event, the only similarity which this process bears to Heavenly or Hellish judgment does come by way of the opportunities offered in the new life. Will one be stronger physically or less vital than the last time out—that sad previous life where the body was so abused. Will one be wiser or less imaginative? Braver or more timid, beautiful or plain, bolder or more cautious, greedier or more generous, colder or more compassionate? Endless options are provided for the reborn soul. This is ~~a~~ ^{the} means of paying for ~~their~~ past errors. One can improve oneself or deteriorate further.

How the Maestro hates this system! Karma, far from being of open use to our purposes, may ~~even~~ have been designed to defeat us. Indeed, the Dummkopf created a set of metamorphoses that could work very well for Him. For it does accept His limitations as a Deity. If He still possesses great powers of Creation, He is not All-Powerful. Not at all! He cannot be. That is because His Power increases or diminishes in proportion to the success or failure of His ^{Creations} ~~creatures~~. (Ultimately, it is His human beings (and His animals) who determine the Lord's success or failure in the Cosmos. As

His humans come into contact with a universe that was not created in whole by God, (perhaps not even in large part) nonetheless it is a world in which His Creatures can live, can work, can explore, and succeed or fail. A consciousness of these human experiences also returns to Him. He is wiser as a result, and more profound. Ideally, He could be strengthened further in His artistic instincts, in His desire to shape a future that would be larger than the one with which He began.

Yes, it is not difficult to see why our Maestro detests reincarnation. After all, the Maestro lives in the present. In the main, he works with those humans he manages to attract. So, reincarnation looms up as a restraining wall to the Maestro's purposes. We may capture someone in a given life, but we lose control when our client dies. That leaves us obliged (if he or she has been valuable to us) to look to find them again. What a wasteful process!

Since the Maestro is, however, the epitome of resourcefulness, we also look to play a supporting role in reincarnation. Our dynamic is to be there at the moment of conception. So often that occasion will resonate with our presence. I think this is one of the reasons that the Maestro never

loses confidence. He believes that the ongoing faults of the Dummkopf will offer us an eventual victory. We are always reminded that the D.K., subject to his vanity as an artist, ^{can} often muck^{up} His karmic reassignments. He has such erratic excesses of compassion! (Our little jibe is that He is still in competition with His Son.) Some devils would argue that the D.K.'s generosity does not come from any excess of kindness, but from self-indulgence. Too void of ^(searching) self-criticism, He insists on keeping a high opinion of His Works. So He sees every human as ^{potentially} being splendid. In His original intention at least! (Should I offer Der Alte as one example?)

Waste predominates. Some of us think that the D.K. may be afraid of losing the loyalty of His subjects. So, He strews forgiveness ^{everywhere!} (Indeed, He has to—He has so little control over earthquakes, volcanoes, and floods!) He spends His compassion, therefore, like a damned fool, like a spendthrift. So much is wasted, so many are invested in too heavily a second time by God. Often, we pick them up for next to nothing on their return.

Given our ongoing skirmishes with the Cudgels, it is agreeable to have these easy pickings. The Dummkopf does not give up, however, on

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those who come to us. Often, He forgives them. Then, He uses reincarnation to send them out again. When we locate a former client—we call them Retreads—we pick them up, as I say, for a song, a kiss, a one-night stand. Some are so easy, we do not even stop to congratulate ourselves. It is just one more reassuring reason for us to keep calling Him the Dummkopf.

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If the reader is offended by these ~~post-death~~ ^{of the} presentations ~~which~~ ^{hereafter which}
 offer, I must admit, no handholds to repudiation or authentication, I can
 (cosmic matters have) ^{to} only apologize. These themes pressed ~~so closely~~ ^{sufficiently} upon my thoughts ~~that~~
~~to~~ ^{to} may have assumed they are of interest to ~~all~~ ^{others}.

~~In any case,~~ let me put some of the blame on Alois-Senior. He came,
 as I say, close to the mark for a moment, and I was stimulated thereby to
 express my understanding of these interlocking cosmic matters.

What may ~~now~~ be of nearer interest, however, is that Alois, given his
 propensity to brood on all that can go wrong, (which I attribute to his
 decades of work guarding the financial integrity of Austria's borders) is now

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^{concern.)} full of paternal ~~steam~~ ^{acknowledgment of} Having suffered an unaccustomed concern about his
^{bear up} own acts of incest, he could not ~~continue to live~~ ^{such} for long under so low and
^{close} ~~oppressive a ceiling~~ ^{After all, he} of self-examination. He has been a policeman, not a
 poet, and so old habits of intellection took over. When an officer of the law
 detects a vice in himself, he knows enough to ^{look} ~~stand on the alert~~ for its
 presence in others.

So, he began to worry about Alois-Junior and Angela. Was there
 something worthy of his attention in that quarter? He did not like the
 curious conflict ~~that was~~ developing between the boy and the girl over who
 could or should ride Uhlan. Or when.

To the father's surprise, young Alois was not looking to keep total
 possession of the horse. On the contrary, he was always offering to teach
 Angela how to ride. The father had to see this as a danger sign. At the
 tavern, Senior had already picked up a few rumors about a girl named Greta-
 Marie Schmidt—nothing to insult him or his son personally, but it seems
 Junior had been teaching Greta-Marie to ride bareback.

Now it was Angela's turn. She kept refusing. Junior kept teasing her.

"You are simply afraid to get on Uhlan's back, " he would say.

"No, I am not."

"You are. Admit it."

"No." *I swear I am not.*

such false testimony,
After several repetitions of this spiritless defense, she was driven to

"It is simple."
offer new remarks. ~~No,~~ she said, "I do not want to get up on Uhlan. What *how?*
then
If I learn, and am good at it? What then? I know you. You will keep the
to yourself."
horse ~~away from me.~~

"I will let you ride him as often as you wish. All day, if it comes to
it."

"No."
~~"Not at all."~~ You will try to drive me crazy. ~~You will hide the horse.~~ *even*

I know you well."

"This is nothing but an excuse. What your fear is obvious. You are
afraid of being thrown."

"I am not."

"
~~"You are."~~ Most certainly you are."

Finally, she said, "Have it your way. So, I am afraid. Why not? That
And so
horse is ~~too~~ strong. ~~Too~~ high. He will throw me and I will break my neck."

She was ready to start crying out of annoyance itself. "You are so sure of

yourself. You ride around wherever you want, but I know what will happen. I will get up on him and he will gallop. He will throw me off. I will die of a broken neck."

"Never. Your neck is as stubborn ^{and thick} as you are."

(You are so funny. But)

"Oh, yes, I will die. What will you care? You have girls all over the place. I hear about them. ^{You} They are always kissing ^{them} you, and ^{they} you kiss ^{them} them

you back. But I am thirteen years old this week and I have never been kissed.

So, I don't want to die before I even know what it is like to be kissed."

Now, she did burst into tears.

Alois-Senior heard the end of this conversation. As he approached the barn, he was in time to witness young Alois' reaction. The boy found her last speech so comic that he ^{was unable to} couldn't stop laughing ^{Finally} until he rolled on the

floor ^{of the barn}

At that moment, told

Now, ^{of} Alois kept telling himself that it was all for the best that the boy ^{spent too much time} *made it was for the best, yes,* was out there riding the hills, Yes, better for all ^{if he was} ~~if he was~~ carrying on with a

Some ^{Senior girl} girl out there, much better than ^{feeling a giant} ~~if he thought in fool~~ with Angela. That must not be! She was not even a half-sister. *she was a full sister* A full one!

Now, Alois-Senior ~~could not rid himself of these possibilities. He~~
 began to wonder if the two had ever been together. Was it not likely that
~~just now~~ ^{just} they had seen him approaching the barn? If so, this conversation
~~he overheard could have been for him.~~ ^{was it all?} Were they capable of such
 subterfuge? Why not? Their mother had been. Himself as well. Of course.

Over the next few days, ~~(must say that)~~ Alois-Senior thought he was ^{tried to be}
~~being sly about it.~~ ^{observing} He was observing Angela closely. But, ^{he} here, it did not
~~work. He~~ ^{getting (to read) (ill-at-ease)} had spent too many years making people feel uneasy through the
 clarity of his gaze. No surprise, then, if Angela was unsettled by her father's
 attention. She began to wonder if he was interested in her. ~~In absolutely~~
~~the wrong way.~~ At school, she had heard such stories. One girl had even
 been named by the other girls. ~~They said she did things with her father.~~ ^{So}
^{everybody said}
 Ugh, thought Angela, so disgusting.

Now, whenever Alois-Senior was near, Angela would slide around
 him, ~~being artful to keep her distance,~~ ^{at keeping} drawing her hips in toward her belly
 as if to make certain nothing brushed ^{and was artful at keeping}
^{her distance.} ^{he certainly did not approve of}
 All this upset Alois. He did not like the female sophistication with
^{in girls as young as Angela.} ^{The manner, indeed, by}
 which she drew in her hips. Where had she learned all that?

Klara now took a hand. If she worried about many matters, and if her distrust of Alois-Junior remained, she ^{a/so/} ~~knew this kind of~~ ^{that they} ~~uncasiness~~

~~could lead nowhere. They~~ could not send the boy back to the Poelzl farm,

^{There was} ~~So~~ they must do something with him here. ^{If she} She had learned one lesson ^{from}

^{it} ~~that most~~ life, ~~it was the majority of one's situations~~ ^{is not all that} were uncomfortable. The secret

~~Often, a poor~~ ^{was not to feel sorry for yourself.} A bad solution to a problem could be

^{proud} ~~be~~ better than no solution. She had learned as much from her father and her

^{the Poelzl} mother. If ^{her parents} their children kept dying, they had managed at least to love the

few who were left.

While she could not even bring herself to like Alois-Junior, and no

solution was in sight, still she must ^{decide upon} choose one. It was obvious to her that

^{was not going to} ~~her husband would not plant potatoes again next summer.~~ ^(that was obvious) ~~Putting in beets~~

^{prove} might be just as unsuccessful. His bees, however, had been ^{acceptable} ~~more good~~ ^{Maybe}

^{even more} ~~More~~ good than bad. ^{perhaps} So maybe they should expand.

^{fixed on this} Klara brooded over the possibilities. ^{An imperfect} A poor solution—to repeat her

^{had to be} wisdom—~~was~~ better than no solution. Idleness was equal to ^{the boy} ~~riding~~ horses

up and down the hills and getting into trouble.

So she suggested to Alois that perhaps they should start a real business, ~~even~~ build a bee-house like Der Alte had, ^{They could} and install ten or fifteen hives. ^{A real business} That would keep them all ~~very~~ busy. And, she added, it would be good for Junior. Alois ^{could} ~~might~~ make him a young partner. ~~Maybe~~ ^{Maybe} a small share of the profits could even go to him ~~next year~~.

"You want me to ⁴ ~~take~~ take him on as a partner? You don't even trust him. ^{have told} So you tell me again and again."

"I said all that, yes," she ^{had to agree} ~~admitted~~ "but I do understand your son."

"You do? No, I would say you only make these ^{perfect} ~~amazing~~ remarks. ^{a lot of} And

^{they are contradictory.} "I do understand him," she said. "He is ~~very~~ ^{And he} ambitious. ^{he} So, he will ^{doesn't know what to do with himself.} But, I can see ^{for years a little} he wants to make money ~~for himself~~. Now, he is ^{wild, but...} wild, but..."

"He will always be wild," said Alois.

"Maybe so," she admitted. ^{he} "But boys change. If we do nothing..."

"I must think about this."

The notion did appeal to him. Hitler and Son, Apian Products. If that crybaby, Adolf and the snot-nose, Edmund, ever developed, it could be Hitler and Sons, ~~even a Company~~. ~~The farmers around here were so stupid that he could bring them in as associates.~~

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That would be down the road. But Klara was ^{had been} correct in one thing she ~~said~~. They had to do something. The boy's ambition must be aroused. ^{put into a focus,} (At present, he looked upon work as ^{ignorable} a chore. ~~Menial~~

Alois ~~even~~ went back to ^{his books} ~~his books~~. Over a few ~~even~~ ^{the several} afternoons, he studied the history, culture and ancient traditions of apiculture, and in doing ~~the few~~ ^{the several} he had collected on the subject and ~~so~~ decided that he would give ^{a small} some kind of lecture to the family, designed for Junior, of course. Something ^{like} more impressive than his old speeches in the taverns of Linz and Fischlham, yes, an exposition worthy of Der Alte. ^{but now / that might even be}

He would tell Junior about the ^{endless strife between} intimacy of bees and bears in the Middle Ages. ^{There had been} contests between them right here in these lands. The bears would raid every hole in every tree where there was a hive they could reach, and the bees would die en masse stinging those ursine eyes and noses.

Honey-gathering by humans had been near to impossible in Germany and in Austria until a few of the ^{local} medieval ^{lords} ~~barons~~ saw a solution.

Hunters deemed worthy ^{of honey} by the ^{granted} ~~lords~~ could be armed crossbows. Brave men ^{Now, brave men could defend themselves against the bears} would kill the bears who looked to attack them if they found the honey. ^{A splendid solution they would have} before the animals. ^{bear meat}

That, decided Alois, ^{could be a} was one good story ^{he} could tell. Give the family a taste of ^{such} his culture. He would even list all the lands where the bear and the bee struggled with one another. He actually memorized ^{a few of} the Latin terms, Selenarctos thibetanus for the Asiatic black bear. And Ursus arctos, the brown grizzly bear of Europe and America. Also, Helarctos Malanus, the Malaysian sun bear. He ^{decided to} contented himself with these three ~~sure~~ names ~~he~~. They ~~would be enough~~ ^{that was the stories he} could remember. There was so much he could expatiate upon. Even one ~~could tell~~ ^{could tell} ~~very even as recently as our~~ hundred years ago, beekeepers would climb high trees to get to hives that the bears could not reach. "This was a common practice in northern Spain and in southern France," he would tell ^{Junior} the boy. And one had to acquire a ~~one's~~ ^{one's} trees ~~then~~ ^{which were most} full knowledge of those trees that were most congenial to the apiary ^{for good} temperament, fine places for nesting, ^{I can tell you. It was} alder and ash, beech and birch, ^{and most certainly} honorable elm trees, ~~when these~~ ^{when} wise bees chose the most appropriate crotch up high, maples as well, ~~and~~ oak, and willows. "Lime trees," he could hear himself ^{declaring} ~~announcing~~, "those have always been great favorites for bees ^{and} even to this day." Such honey retains the finest aromatic traces of the skin of the lime. Yes," said Alois, ^{addressing (in his thoughts)} in his mind to Alois-Junior, "this love of the bee for the lime-tree goes back to the very end of the Neolithic period, close to

Too much memorization
Could wear you out

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five thousand years ago. And how they ^{the bees certainly} knew how to build honey-combs in those days. North of here, ^{up!} in Germany itself, they found one honey-comb ^{recently} a fossil, that was longer than any man who ever lived. ^{Unbelievable!} ~~Probably~~ An eight-foot ~~man~~ ^{has} never existed, but there was an eight-foot-long honey-comb. They found it, yes.

^{then} "So, too, do the Greeks speak of the practice and the Romans. Herodotus—" Alois was not ready to specify whether he was Greek or Roman—"wrote about the bees in the region of our Danube, yes, so thick were they that no traveler could pass through without being stung."

He was prepared to give whole funds of new information to his wife

^(the wedding) ~~and children~~ at Sunday dinner. ^{Get into the Greeks and the Romans.} Since he rarely spoke at such times, as if to

^{have} rebuke her for going to church, and the meal was generally consumed under

the overarching profundity of his ~~deep~~ silences, he had a sense that ~~his~~

^{a fall} exposition would impress Alois-Junior. If nothing else, he would ^{witness} have to

^{the respect of} see how respectful all the others would be. The number of countries

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involved would be enough to startle ^{them} the mind. ~~And he~~ he would have stories to

tell them about the Bassari in Senegal, the famine in Kilingula, the practices

in Madagascar and Namibia, the sight of bee wasps shimmering in the intense

(light of) ~~(Swaziland, and deep in Africa, he could speak of the Mbuti of the Ituri~~

forest and the honey hunters in southern Sudan, the Ndogo people. All that about Africa alone. He had stuffed those facts into his head like a bee going on honey. He had read enough to be able to quote a line from Homer about the

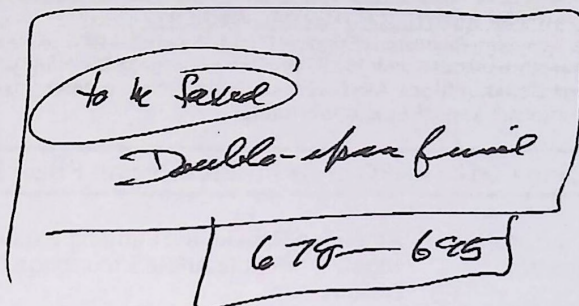
~~cave in Ithaca close to Cephalonia~~, and of how Israel right there in the

Hebrew scriptures had told his sons to bring honey to Joseph in Egypt. To

Alors was prepared to which he would add, "And this reminds me of the Egyptian god Min who as

far back as 3000 B.C. is referred to as "master of the wild bees," while

Ramses III is quoted as speaking of his honey-gatherers. The great writer,



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^{young Alois}
 If Junior (had been a client, I would have ^{looked} ~~done my best~~ to convince
 him not to get up. ^{His father} ~~Alois Senior~~ would have been saddled with a guilt the
 boy could have ridden for a year. But ^{since} I had no control in this matter, Junior
~~did get up.~~ He rushed at Senior, grabbed his legs, and threw him to the
 ground. Turn for turn.

~~He had a moment when he realized his life was at a crossroads.~~

~~Which route to take?~~

~~Since his life was at a crossroads, he~~
~~He made the error of helping his father get to his feet. (He had to. For he~~
~~to stand up)~~

~~knew an incommensurable fear in the moment after he upended his father.~~
~~up-ending Alex Senior~~

~~There he was on the ground, looking~~
~~Senior looked like such an old man at that moment. What was one to do?~~

~~next?~~ So Junior picked him up.

~~That fired up his father~~ To be knocked down was bad enough, but to

be assisted to his feet? By a youth with ^{an open} a big pimple on his face and the

beginnings of a ridiculous ^{little} brown mustache ^{which} had sprouted but a few ^{long}

~~weak hairs? The mustache was an insult in itself.~~
~~In itself, the~~

~~Neither of them knew how to fight.~~ ^{It} but Senior did weigh fifty pounds

more and he began to beat upon Junior until the boy fell to his knees,

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whereupon his father kept pummeling ^{him further as he lay} ~~his head and face once he was down~~
on the ground.

^{had come!}
Klara was ~~out~~ of the house by now. She screamed at Alois. ^{She}

begged him to stop, and that was just as well. For now, Alois-Junior did not

move. ~~Indeed,~~ ^{For} he lay ~~so~~ motionless on the ground ⁱⁿ the next few minutes

^{and}
~~that~~ Klara kept screaming.

She believed ~~that~~ she was ~~now~~ wailing for the dead. ~~She was~~

~~screaming,~~ "Oh, God," she managed to cry out, "I cannot believe what You
have allowed."

~~In that instant,~~ I saw a rare opening. She was without her Guardian

Angel—~~there was~~ not a Cudgel near. Angels flee from people who

scream—they know at such moments how close the man or woman is to us,

^{and} they feel outnumbered ^{For} by the devils who rush in to attend such outcries, ~~and~~

^{the tumult}
 To add to ~~it~~ there was ~~Ad's side as well~~ ^{Ad's} caterwauling away in the ~~most~~
^{Ad's} giving vent to the ~~most~~
 penetrating set of shrieks, a sound to rally ^{and} devils everywhere in the
 near region.

^{And}
 I saw my moment. Klara was so vulnerable. I reached her heart, I

touched her thoughts. She believed Alois-Junior ~~had been doomed to die~~

~~right there~~, was dead already, and his father would spend the rest of his days

^{all her faith she}
 in a fearful jail. It was ~~all~~ her fault, she ^{had} told the father ~~to~~ to get close

^{even} to the boy when she knew better. ^{Since the sum of her} For the first time in her life ~~knowing~~
^{experience had told her}
 that the majority of one's prayers to God were ~~never~~ ^{not} answered, she prayed ~~now~~

directly to us, she called upon the devil, she implored him. ⁽⁼⁾ Only the pious

can believe the devil has such powers! ¹ "save the boy's life," she implored,

"and I will be in your debt."

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So we had her for the future. Not as a client. Merely ^(attached to a bit) a piece of her

soul. These changes are never immediate. But now, we had ^{an} entrance to

her. We could yet play some fine tunes on her mind, and indeed we would

^{over}
in time to come.

She was a true gain. ^{when} Alois-Junior began to stir, ~~as indeed he would,~~

~~have in any case, but~~ she was convinced that there had been a direct

response to her prayer, and we ^{let} came down on ~~Klar~~ with all the full

responsibility of an oath. Unlike so many with whom we traffic, she was

the essence of responsibility, ^{she} ~~and so~~ would never betray an oath. In

consequence, she felt damned on the spot. And she was full of grief at the

pains she must now be rousing in God. What a nun she would have made.

A rare one.

Our most significant gain was with Adi. He had seen his father

beating ^{young} Alois ^{him} into the ground, into unconsciousness, he had heard his

father utter a groan remarkable ^{for} in the fullness of its woe, ^(suddenness and) and then as Alois

^{his brother} Junior ^{stagger} began to stir, Adi saw his father lumber off into the woods,

^{in the scuffle} staggering along, and indeed he had banged his knee ~~on a stone~~. But that

was the smallest part of it—Alois, Senior, was fleeing ~~to a cove~~ beyond the

^(to a glade in the woods where he could) view of the house ^{where he would} retire in full ~~agony~~ and horror at how it

had turned out, ^{and he was given a whole taste of} ~~tasting~~ Klara's apple strudel as it extruded through his

nostrils, and, in consequence, unable to breathe. ~~It~~ felt as if he must

evacuate a cannon ball from his esophagus ^(middle dinner) for the rest of the ~~meal~~ ^{was now}

surging ~~there~~ up and down.

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~~time enough~~ ^{to} ~~spend on~~ ~~more obliged to stay~~
That was Alois-Senior. My attention was, of course, with Klara and

~~Even more so~~ ^{with Adi}
~~even more directly~~ with Adi. The boy had voided everything, urine, feces,

food. He was half out of his senses with fear that his father would return

~~here~~ and beat his head into the ground as well.

How much I used my skills at that moment ^{I took my first studies at} ~~to engrave~~ the plenitude
~~engraving the plenitude~~ ^{Again and again,}
of this beating into Adi's memory. ~~Over and over,~~ I returned the images to

his mind, until—given ^{his certainty} ~~this fear~~ ^{that it would be done to him} on his father's

return, I managed to ^{score his thoughts} ~~force~~ that image into his thoughts. He had ^{he had} ~~a picture~~

^{the clear beginnings of an image}
of himself on the ground, ^{lying there in the field, close to dead from}
~~that~~ the beating his father had just given him.

In later years, at the height of his power, Adolf Hitler would always

^{completely} ~~one~~
believe that he was the ~~son~~ who received the beating, ~~and on~~ many a night

he would tell the tale to his secretaries and his military adjutants as they sat

around the remains of the evening meal. He was ^{would be} eloquent. "Of course, I

^{a whipping} deserved the ~~beating~~ he would say. "I gave real trouble to my father. My

mother, I recall, was screaming. She loved me so, my dear mother." He would remember himself as being just as brave as Alois Jancovic, yet, he had ~~stood up to his father~~. "I ~~to~~

He could tell a sad story about his childhood ~~in such a way~~ to bring

tears to the eyes, and pure sorrow to the hearts of all who listened. It had

not all come ^{all} at once, this ~~wonderful and~~ ^{hard-rock} immaculate ~~the~~ I had engraved into

those creases of his mental flesh where memory was stored, the true

~~memory and false memory~~. The art was to replace ^{exactitude} true memory entirely

with the false memory (which can be equal in ^{its entirety} ~~difficulty~~ even among the

most malleable clients, to removing an old tattoo and replacing it with a new ~~one~~ ^{one that shows no mark of its predecessor},

~~one~~ ^{think that is why he had} to beat me so. I must have deserved it. I said terrible things to him, words so awful I cannot repeat them. Probably, I deserved a good beating. My father was a fine strong decent man, one Austrian who was a real German. Still, I do not

He told a father should ever
beat a son so close to death
of Yes, he would tell stories about

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^{Given} I had known, however, through my finest developed ^{instincts} artist as a devil

~~devil~~ ^{what} ~~(one reason the Maestro will entrust me on proper occasions~~

^{I had known} ~~with serious missions~~ ^{fiction} that this complete lie I looked to install in Adi had

^{Only then could I} to be perfect and all-pervasive, ~~since I could then~~ employ the certainty of the

^{deploy more and more vital} implant to develop bit by bit (through the years his incapacity to tell the

truth. Instead, ^{an} a most elaborate artwork of lies would inhabit ^{even his} every

^{smallest} response. He became able to shade the truth by a hair or ^{equally could} subvert it

altogether, ^{has} and at need, could fill each and every one of the spaces between

a truth and a lie with a reasonable ^{transition} conceit.

Done properly, it is, as I say, a slow process, and I worked ^{to make} on it for
^{this a full installation and over many a year,}
^{and to succeed} many a year until the grown man would have been ready to die in the belief

that he was telling the truth when he declared that his father had almost

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From time to time, I still
~~Maestro on his chair and was~~
 beaten him to death. Rarely did a night pass when there was not a dream I

took pains)
~~used~~

It was worth it

~~could enter~~ to reinforce the keel of this one absolute lie. *(I will confess, the*

The Maestro often ~~fixed~~ *pointed to* my work on this matter to new devils who were

~~learning~~ *such*
~~studying the importance of this technique.~~ "There is no better way to

use up)
~~employ~~ the services of a high political leader," the Maestro would tell ~~them~~ *to their devils,*

Such figures are of
 "than by this method. ~~They are~~ considerably more use to us when they do

not know that they are lying. *4* ~~The~~ *drop*

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On that night, in the darkness ^{which} ~~that~~ followed the beating ~~which the boy~~

~~suffered Sunday afternoon following dinner~~, several events occurred of the

most exceptional nature and they were all initiated by Alois-Junior upon

discovering that his father had ^{healed all} ~~gone~~ to the tavern in Fischlham.

In itself, that ^{was} ~~had been~~ no ordinary occasion. The tavern served no

drinks on Sunday and Alois knew that—who didn't?—but he had also heard

of a house on the outskirts of ~~the~~ town where a former poacher who had

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once been an unsuccessful farmer now ^{collected a} put together some kind of meager
income ^{by way of} on the few men who would visit his house on Sunday ^{for a} and buy a
stein of beer in the pantry back of ^{his} the kitchen.

Alois had never visited before. It had been altogether beneath ^{every} his
notion ^{he kept} of what a reputable retired official of the ^{Grown} ~~State~~ could consider
reasonable activity, but ^{this} he had had to leave his own house. It was one of the
few times in his life when he had to have a drink ^{at all costs,} and so, his knee throbbing
from the fall, his head aching from the discharge of his rage, and his heart as
sore as an open wound, he hobbled across the fields into the sunset and took
in enough, perhaps even a gallon of beer, to drown not only his sorrows but
the augmented miseries of his old body.

~~They did not have~~ ^{Nobody had} to help him home. There were offers which he rejected—it was still early enough in the evening for the sky to retain some light ^{and} ~~but~~ he made it on the full fury of his sense of dignity up over the first hill out of Fischlham, and ^{then} almost up the second before he lay down in a pasture to sleep ^{he} ~~and~~ awoke a couple of hours later with his head not six ^{away} inches from a near-to-monumental cow-ball the size of a derby hat.

His hair was clean. He had not rolled into it. If he had believed in Providence, he would have offered thanks, but it was just as well he did not, for by the time—it was after ten P.M.—decently rested by this impromptu slumber, he came up over the last hill to his house, he saw the embers of a fire not thirty feet from the front door.

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There had been no wind that night, which was just as well, but there ^{were} ~~was~~ also no remains but ash of his three Langstrom boxes, ^{sign of} nor any bees

except for those poor thousands who had been roasted to a near-the-

microscopic crisp, as well as a startling sense of gloom clinging to the house

^{He felt at once a surprising emotion}
 itself, something close to terror considering the beauty of this June night so
^{summer}
 close to the ~~best~~ overtures of July.

^{If she} Klara met him. ^{she was,} She had been weeping, ~~but~~ by now, was dry of ~~all~~

^{enraged}
 tears. There was too much to be infuriated about. She was as crisp as the

^{at the hive colonies}
 husk and butts of the fiery remains, ^{and in} ~~in~~ harsh manner as the odor ^{to which} that
^{last black}
 rose from the ~~drugs and~~ lees of the honey that had smoked through the

conflagration.

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Alois knew ~~that~~ ^{her} a small but finite part of his wife's heart, ^{her} good will, and ^{her} allegiance would be soured forever by the fact that on this, the worst of all nights, he had found a way ~~on Sunday~~ to drink so much beer that he reeked of it from six feet away.

Detail by detail, she told him
~~So, what had happened? Oh, she told him, detail by detail, and their~~

~~The~~ sum was even worse than the sight before him, ~~on his return~~. The boy had ridden off on the horse—of course—and then he had come back when they were all asleep, or pretending to be—she would admit that they were by now afraid of him—and he had gathered together his clothing, tied it in a sack, attached it to the saddle of the horse and had gone off again, allowing them to breathe.

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Yet, just half an hour ago, safe as they ^{hoped to be} ~~thought~~ themselves now in the
beginning of sleep, the hound dog began to bay, and ^{howled} ~~with~~ such ferocity that
she almost left her bed to investigate. ~~But~~ then he yelped once and made
noise no more, ^{he just whined} ~~just grunted and growled~~ a little—like a puppy, ~~and~~
^{And the} ~~whimpered.~~ ^{Young Alois} The horse neighed. Alois ^{was} ~~is~~ back.

~~And~~ then the flames had begun. She had known almost at once what
was happening. Adi, as ~~fully~~ awake as a deer in flight, kept running
between the house and the beehives. "He has set them all on fire. With
kerosene," cried Adi. "I know. It is like it was before." And he was
laughing as much as he was weeping, not certain whether this was a terrible
event or another glorious auto-da-fé.

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double page

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But for one letter which came in August, they never heard again from

Alois, Junior. His father did learn in the course of a trip to Linz ~~in August~~

that the boy had sold Uhlan to a local horse trader. ~~By way of his instinct,~~

~~the father had been successful in his inquiries. So he learned that the horse~~

~~had been sold~~ for a little more than half of its real value, which was still

enough for young Alois to have travelled on to Vienna. There presumably

he must have found work
~~he could look for work.~~

Beyond that, they learned nothing. ^{and} The summer went by.

There was many a late afternoon when Alois-Senior would go off into

the woods on the trail that he assumed had been used by ^{Junior} the boy and the
~~horse to set out for Vienna, and he would come to a favorite old stump,~~
~~when he that wait Ben Linz, and Senior~~
~~now his favorite seat in the forest, and there~~
~~where he would sit and listen to the birds and the insects, and the occasional~~
~~sound of a small animal moving in stealth. Indeed, he hardly cared if it was~~
~~a rabbit or a vole.~~

Ensnconced on the amputated remains of what may once have been a

fine oak, he would think of the bees he had lost, and he would misremember

~~In that he recall~~
the occasion. ~~It was no great feat, no transmigration of memory, but he~~

~~he had created for himself. It assumed~~
would enjoy the fantasy that he had come back in time on Sunday night ~~and~~

~~to~~
~~had~~ chased the boy and the horse through the woods ~~until he had to stop,~~
~~and he had run~~

~~this side~~
just short of a heart attack.

(on these occasions)
 For that matter, his ongoing grief ~~at~~ the loss of his creatures ~~and the~~
~~as well as stirring up the still-alive,~~
 live coals of his rage at Junior did come close to attacking his heart, ~~and he~~

~~had to cease all such fantasies~~ before his lungs became too congested, ~~and~~
~~so he would cease all such fantasies.~~ *He would*
~~which was also part of this long summer process, of~~

mourning for all that was ~~lost~~ *as lost* that he could name ~~and~~ *also* for this is always at
~~the core of mourning that feels incomplete~~ *finds no rest* ~~the little mystery of what~~ *he mourned even*
~~had also been lost that he could not name.~~ *also lost,* ~~that had also been lost,~~

Otherwise, it was
 And so the summer passed. It was an ~~uneventful~~ *uneventful* summer. He did no

~~more than hire~~ *hired* a man to help him and Klara and Angela to ~~reap~~ *reap* their
~~pastures and bale the tall grass for hay, which he sold at the beginning of~~ *such forage*
~~September in Fischham.~~ *and* *in Fischham*

~~The fact that he had no~~ *active* worries concerning his ~~lost~~

hives became a species of worry in itself, a hollow he could almost locate in

his lungs. No fear now of swarming, no calculations to be made of when to

finish feeding the bees, and when to store the empty combs for winter, no

Further
(examinations of the health of the colonies, no more calculations *e.g. frames as to* of how

many ~~of the~~ old bees had died and not been replaced by young ones, no

~~fears of swarming~~ mouse invasions, no need to put up bird nets, *nor* or to

weigh the hives, no more *wonderings* calculations of whether ~~there~~ was enough pollen

had been collected by the *hives* foragers to satisfy *their* ~~the hives~~ need for protein through the

winter. There were not even any Langstroth boxes to repaint, *nor* or record

cards to be brought up to date. He was done with all of that *Yet* ~~even~~ if his

worries had not left him completely.

Sitting by the stump, Alois could not admit it to himself, but there

came an afternoon by the end of summer when the more caustic tastes of his

mourning gurgled down some vent where long-held useless feelings can be drained, and he actually said to himself, "I am relieved that I do not have to worry about those bees any more. I loved them, but their loss is not my fault."

I no longer had to pay any great attention to this family. They would be in Hafeld until they left ^{and that} ~~which~~ would be a matter of short or long duration. I hardly cared. One of our developed instincts as devils is to know when clients are ready to change at a ^{good} ~~great~~ rate and when, by contrast, they are relatively inert.

In truth, that is how, as devils, ~~that~~ we measure time. Except on those dramatic occasions when the Maestro assigns us to intense activities, to arenas—if you will—where history can be shaped, as was true, of course, of

the Coronation and Khodynskoe Field, we live for the most part reflexively.

Time does not come to us as days or weeks or seasons, but as the sum of

activities and problems elicited in us by our own clients. While I cannot

whole) speak with authority on ~~our~~ likenesses and dissimilarities ~~to~~ the expenditure

and regeneration of energy that humans know, it is true that we ~~can~~ ^{too} also be

in need of fallow periods, and so that summer ~~so far as I was concerned~~

with the Hitlers of Hafeld, went by like a ~~weight~~ ^{pes sage} of sleep. I tended more to

other clients, and ~~oversaw the minor devils in my command~~, and if I

pondered the nature of ~~Time~~ ^T a philosophical conundrum to devils as much

as it is to humans, and I suspect, to angels ~~—it seemed to me that time~~ ^{It} was

altogether free of ~~any~~ resemblance to such units as hours or days, but was

analogous to/
rather a sculpture garden of objects and spaces, of palls and presences, and.

had ever been able to locate
If no scientist could find the ether between, neither could I.

This has no great relevance to Alois other than to say that he was

living in the slough of a long and lackluster meditation.

(modest)
He was worrying to a modest degree now (for Alois!) about the value

of the farm. If he were to choose to sell it, could the resale price be in

any less than/
decline of what he had paid? That was more than possible. The beginnings

of neglect (nothing can be more subtle at the onset!) were at the edge of his

attention. He did not wish to exaggerate the matter—he felt more relaxed

than in many a year, even if it did nag at him that he was leaving all chores to the

which/
women that did not call for his personal strength, such as it remained.
He certainly did nothing

with the chickens or the vegetable garden. He thought of buying a new dog;

instead, he watched the ~~new~~ paint on poor dead Spartaner's dog house peel

in the summer heat.

They did not need a dog. With young Alois gone, there was no need

to fear any farmer who was ^{also} a worried father. By this time, no parent of

Greta-Marie Schmidt was likely to appear on his doorstep, ^{— he could give} and that former

frankly that that young lady was not pregnant, ^{for if she were, he would have heard that} smuggler no longer came to mind all that often.

smuggler who lived in the area — his reason for buying Spartaner in the first place no longer bothered his thoughts.

No, the only real worry was his own state of retirement. He could

^{that he could}

feel himself becoming more and more habituated to idleness itself. ^{Even a} ~~few~~

^{at all} ~~few~~ minutes spent doing nothing, which used to be more than enough to excite

his annoyance, ^{it was if he was as} ~~now~~ took on the self-satisfied languor of a curl of smoke or a

^{drifting} ~~passing~~ cloud.

^{he was certain that} All the same, ^{could not pass} such peace ^(expensive) could end by costing him. A farm that was

not worked would, no matter how clean one kept the house and the yard,

^{seen to} ~~never~~ look clean enough to impress a potential buyer. ^{such a visitor} They would feel the

mute reproach of the fields. So ~~no matter how relaxed he felt, there was still~~

^{Alois still} a small part of him ~~that~~ felt as if he was running uphill in his sleep.

The economic facts ^(which) as he calculated ~~them~~ over and over on separate

pieces of paper with separate stubs of pencil) was that no matter how careful

^{he and Maria might be} ~~they were~~ with expenses, ^{they would sooner or later,} sooner or later, year by year, they would spend ^{have to spend} more than his pension ^{once else began to come in} if nothing came in.

Or, he could go to ^{great} such lengths of saving money ^{up} that there might even

come a time when he would have to count ^{what it cost} the little it would cost in the

~~evening~~ to go to that miserable tavern in Fischlham. How much he was

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its talking with a few
missing Linz and ~~one or two~~ intelligent people to talk to. *Yes, he decided* The next

~~recognition was as clear.~~ *It* They must sell the farm and the house.

*It did not happen all that quickly,
the less one did the more ~~that time~~
~~to get to act like a real thing~~
it seemed to take for anything
to be done.*

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triple-space its teaming with a few
missing Linz and one

missing Linz and ^{its passing with a few} one or two intelligent people to talk to. The next ^{Yes,}

Yes, he ~~doing~~
the next

~~recognition was as clear.~~ They must sell the farm and the house.

It did not happen all that quickly, the less one did, the more ~~that time~~ ~~he began to act like an old man~~ ~~that~~ time it seemed to take for anything to be done. Remove, when I arrived, was like an ^{incomprehensible} ~~unfathomable~~ ~~that~~ strong enough to bend his movements, what if it was incumbent upon him as a father to forgive his son? What if it was Glad-Jean who was full of remorse.

[illegible]

We even brought it up to the Klaw,
If she had been able to remove from
him all memory, his sense of duty
was still in command. "If you
truly want him back, I will not
stand in the way," she obliged
himself to tell him, and felt a sense
of shame from the secret hope that

was a matter to take up with Clara (701)
and the original letter (with its
ink blot and errors of signature) was
too shameful to show — especially
since Clara, formerly had always been
able to speak honestly.

But take it up with Clara he must
because Alice, Emma, could only have
received such ideas by listening to
Clara's father, John Pollock, that
old pious hypocrite, that poor uneducated
farmer himself — how he must have
gone far ~~to~~ to the top.

Clara, however, made her of that
point. They had never discussed it,
but now she said, "I always thought
that was why you would not go to
church."

"And it did not bother you to
think you had an uncle who was
half-Jewish?"

"I've always said that a man
who hates Jews is ignorant and
uncultured. ~~I hate to~~ I hate Jews."

"But that does not make me Jewish."

This had all come as much
shock, ~~to him~~ that he had
a headache, sudden and fierce.
Old memories of the earliest years

an ugly mug." Alois began to laugh
at the recollection, "And all these
years you thought the opposite."

~~"And all these years you thought the opposite."~~

She nodded. She hardly knew whether
she was relieved or disappointed, some-
times had always been a nice if ~~just a little~~
~~bit~~ uneasy excitement that she had a
man with such blood. Jews were
intelligent and did forbidden things.
So, she had heard. So had she and
Alois done some of that. Now, she
was truly confused.

And Alois, thinking of her shaming
father, Johann Pöschl, could not
warded the old kind for soup.

(103)

a lifelong grudge - his spirit ~~was~~ ^(TOD) would leave when Poelz died - but the gauchinas of the farm remained remained and even now directed ~~at~~ against Alois, Junior.

He decided to cut him out of his will. Entirely. He was, indeed, in such a storm of mind, fury that it was impossible to sleep that night in the same bed with Klara. For the first time in all the years that they had enjoyed or been reduced by the wholly dependable proximity of their beds more or less side by side, he had to get up that ~~night~~ night, dress, pace the floor, try to sleep on the couch, try to sleep on the floor, and succeed, of course, in keeping half of the couch.

At what a cost to Klara! She was the one who truly paid for his rage. If she had been ~~own~~ own possession of an iron will, she was exercising it now. "Don't say a word," she ordered herself,

shaken to the ~~bone~~ days, the truth was also obvious — the Jews knew how to survive! To be so disturbed and still be among the living! Klara had always been impressed therefore (in absolute privacy with herself — whom could she talk to about this?) that she was with a half-Jewish man and they had three living children. Sometimes, she even thought it was their Jewish blood that had saved them.

She was not one to allow herself to be bothered by recitals of logic. If Gunter, and Ida and Otto (Jedele — that name) had all died much too soon, she could attribute it to her side of the family. But Adolf had survived, and Gideon and Anna (where were they?) she prayed to God every night.

So, that confidence was ~~broken~~ thereby. If they continued to live, it would not be because they had their ~~historical~~ perspective in their veins.

A large reason indeed not to keep what was worse was the ~~circumstances~~ with which she had accepted the ~~idea~~

that ~~Abel~~ Abel - Junior member (111)
 be invited back. Lying there, his body
 to Abel - Junior moving back and forth,
 slamming the floor with his body
 as he lay down and then leaning
 it again with his feet, she could feel
 her sawing, and it was shocking to
 her. How so large before, she could
 not believe. If it were possible and
 wholly without consequence, yes
 she, too, could tell Abel, Junior

But she could not.

So, yes it is possible. This could
 have been the night when the heart
 came that would have with
 belly pain in her chest might
 have begun. If it were cursed to
 know I could have consulted one
 or another, practicing demon or a
 doctor, but, to repeat, again and
 again, we do not ~~make~~ make
 disbursements on our funds of Time
 in order to satisfy a claim.

I prefer to take us back to Abel.

Book 5 email cc chs 14-16 triple 3/14/05

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She had not been able, Klara informed him, to put out the blaze. She and Angela had done what they could, which was to throw pails of water on the walls of the house closest to the conflagration. More than that would have required the presence of a man.

And Alois-Junior, where was he? Oh, he had departed once more on Uhlan. They had heard the last sounds of the animal's hooves as he trotted away. Nor would he be back. She did not think so. How could one say that he had left ^{any} way ~~at all~~ for himself to return?

It took them a day to find out, and he
Worst of all—Spartaner had been poisoned ~~and~~ did not even die for a week.

-16-

But for one letter which came in August, they never heard again from

His father did learn
Alois, Junior. ~~They did find out~~ in the course of a trip ~~Alois~~ took to Linz in

the way August that ~~he~~ had sold Uhlan to a local horse trader. *By way of his* Not for too little had

instruct ~~the father made~~ *had been successful in his inquiries* such inquiries by way of his instinct, and indeed, the youth

So he learned that the horse had been sold ~~had sold the horse for more than half of its real value, more than enough for~~ *which was still*

alone ~~him~~ *Young Alois* ~~there presumably he~~ to have travelled on to Vienna where he could look for work.

Beyond that, they learned nothing. The summer went by.

He had a headache, sudden and fierce. Old memories of the earliest
 taunts at school when ~~he was six years old~~ ^{he knew he was six years old} now came back. Of course. That

had been the talk in Strones and in Spital.

"~~And it~~ ^u never bothered you to think I was half-Jewish?" he said ~~to her~~ ^{to her}

~~now.~~ } ~~clearly~~
 "I worried about ^{the} my children ^{I wanted them to be able to live} being able to keep living." She could

not keep her eyes from tearing—not with such winds of recollection ~~there to~~

~~bend before again.~~ ^{to think you were} "So I was glad you ^{I thought} are half-Jewish. That could be fresh—
~~maybe that can make fresh~~
 blood for our Adolf and Edmund and Paula."

"But I am not at all Jewish," he said. "We must be clear about this.

Old Johann Nepomuk once told me ^{who} ^{I am his son} (I am his son. I am your real uncle, yes."

Book 5 email ch 16, double/triple 3/15/05

701

"He told you? He said such words?" She knew her grandfather Johann Nepomuk well enough to understand that he ^{could} ~~would~~ never speak in such a way.

"No," said Alois, "he ^{suggested this} ~~imparted the~~ information to me, in a wholly ^{He did say} ~~in a~~ wholly

^{that} ~~different way. He merely said~~ he knew for a certainty who my father was.

^{And then he said} ~~and~~ this man was not Jewish." He did not have to say more. It was ^{so} ~~clear~~.

There was only one way he could know. So, that was that. The next time a boy called me a Jew, I smashed him ^{in the} ~~on his~~ nose and broke ^{his nose} ~~it~~ for him. He

was left with an ugly mug." Alois began to laugh at the recollection. ^{Then} ~~And~~ ^{he laughed even more as if to signify that} ~~we was not beautiful.~~ "And all ^{all} ~~all~~ these years you thought the opposite."

She nodded. She hardly knew whether she was relieved or disappointed. There had always been a ^{curiously} ~~nice~~ sneaky excitement that she

had a man with such blood. Jews ~~were intelligent and~~ did forbidden things.
*Maybe Alois had done those forbidden things with her,
And ~~she~~ was intelligent ~~for a Jew~~*
So she had heard. ~~So had she and Alois done some of that.~~ Now, she was
truly confused.

And Alois, thinking of her skinny father, Johann Poetzel, could have
boiled the old bird for soup.

-17-

(as the narrator)

this nearly
in the pages

The reader may recall that when I first presented myself to him, I ~~was~~
~~I appeared~~ ~~as an SS man.~~ And indeed I ~~was~~
~~For~~ ~~this period in the late Thirties,~~ I had invested
 inhabiting the life of a real SS man, a total client, and the word is
 myself completely in ~~a German~~ ^{that} ~~man's~~ ~~belong,~~
~~usual Dieter~~
 emphasized for the investiture is close to complete.

Dieter
 I functioned within him as a devil, but at a price, ~~which is why~~ ^{he also not engage}

in
~~do not~~ enter total investitures unless the stakes justify it. The cost is that

one must sacrifice temporarily the riches of previous attendance on other

lives and other situations. One functions ^{via} in this second species of
 embodiment as the virtual equal of a human, ^{we might say} indeed, (human in every way
^{if it were not} except that the core of one's motivation ^{remains} is entirely demonic (which requires
^{constant attention to ones} the ~~ongoing~~ skills of concealment.)

So, as Dieter—the last name of is no importance any longer—I

functioned in the S.S. I made the inquiries in Graz that I described and I

discovered that the true father of Alois was indeed Johann Nepomuk.

I had to accomplish ~~all~~ that, however, without being able to use all

^{learned} that I ~~knew~~ in 1896 and earlier.

^{That, I fear, returns us right}
 The complexities are obvious. We are ^{back} into the mysteries of ~~the~~

^{(than time (note the lower case!) which}
 Time ^{Time} as we see and employ it, rather than time as humans regard it,
^{believe there can track}
^{through} through the ticking of a clock. One of the Maestro's ^{favorite} more ~~unapproachable~~

tells us: "Destroy time and
maxims ~~until we are engaged in the full exercise of its principles~~ comes

~~to this: Ignore Time, manipulate Time, destroy Time if necessary, and~~

Chaos can be ordered. ~~that is to say that our Time~~
~~because we inhibit~~
~~the other Time,~~

The simplest and quickest explanation is that Time can be made
can be tracked as,
malleable if ~~Proposed that our powers of memory are~~
~~memory (our memory as it is)~~ is severely sequestered.

~~we would feel utterly reset by~~
If this were not so, the complications that beset us would prove

~~Complications we had initiated.~~
~~unmanageable.~~ If I, for example, as Dieter, had been aware of the events in ^{earlier}
~~3 fones and 30, 100~~ I would have been
~~Hofe~~ I could only have become confused and (overlaid with information.

~~note the higher~~
The letter that came in from the son of Alois, Junior to Adolf Hitler would

~~wright)~~ ~~(in and of itself, but what my~~
~~have presented no problem to me, but would also have presented the~~
~~I would have created sure I tried~~
insuperable problem of trying to explain to Heinrich Himmler how I had

discovered what I know. ~~That would have been verboten~~ To the tenth
~~exponential power!~~

I believe the Maestro came to a conclusion ~~that he must quarantine~~ far back into the reaches

of the human past, to ~~imprison~~ ^{the} memories ^{of his} as devils ^{if he was wishing} and thereby maintain

^{to keep} order in his ^{portion} ~~half~~ of the universe. Be it said, this deprivation is not altogether

so cruel as it sounds. On my own, working as Dieter, I did in fact discover

what I had known already in Hafeld ~~(and much earlier)~~

Since devils like myself have developed instincts ^{Hafeld far} beyond even good,

^{the best of} human reach, I would warrant that ~~the intensity and preciosity of these~~

~~instincts~~ ^{are there} memories we are not permitted to recall ~~but can~~

~~nevertheless~~ ^{for us to} ~~tap into~~ ^(to use) ~~the American expression~~ ^{as intimations of our}
~~and so~~ ^{serve as unconscious guides}
 instincts. ^{to our instincts.}

I have gone into this condign matter at some length for precisely the
 reason that this question of Jewish blood ^{being present in Alois Senior} in Adolf Hitler's father has now
^{presided itself} ^{(almost four decades apart,}
 come up in two wholly separate places. (The Maestro calls it double,
~~dipping another Americanism.)~~

We feel the impact ^{we can feel} when that happens, ^{(being} as if we are attacked by
 the ligaments of Time ^{it is as if} we are in two places at once, and this shock to our
 working system is analogous to an ugly sprain, a dislocated shoulder ^{so to speak} ^{a torn}
^{a twisted} ankle, ^{so to speak}. The pain is ^{so we look to} ~~immediate~~ acute, and we distance ourselves
^{whenever element}
 at such moments from the portion (of Time which is less pressing, ^{presses}
^{less immediately on our purposes,}
^{I can assure the reader that} to
 So I paid my farewells in considerable haste to Dieter, Heinrich

Himmler, ^{to} and the record books in the city of Graz, and was back ⁱⁿ again, and
^{considerable haste to}
 wholly so, in Alois and Klara's bedroom.

~~And~~ ^{Alois} he was in a fury. His rage at Johann Poelzl ^{subsided} was soon ~~relegated~~

^{into} ~~to~~ what would ~~now~~ be a lifelong grudge—his spirits would lift when Poelzl

died—but the ^{edge} quickness of this fury remained and was ^{still} now directed against

Alois Junior.

~~He decided to cut him out of his will. Entirely.~~ He was, indeed, in ~~the~~
^{midst of an inner storm}
~~(such a storm of inner fury that it was impossible to sleep that night in the~~

same bed with Klara. For the first time in all the years that they had ^{spent} ~~enjoyed~~

~~or had been reduced by the wholly~~ ^{in the} ~~dependent~~ proximity of their bodies

~~more or less~~ ^{on this} side by side, he had to get up at night, dress, pace the floor, try

to sleep on the couch, try to sleep on the floor, and succeeded, of course, in

keeping both of them awake.

At what a cost to Klara! She was the one who ^{had to pay directly} ~~truly paid for this rage.~~

~~If she had her own possession of an iron will, she was exercising it now.~~

"Don't say a word," she ^{told} ~~ordered~~ herself, "do not touch this subject ever again."

While I cannot speak with the certain medical authority that some devils, having offered years to medical school and internship, can diagnose with authority, I will say it is possible that the cancer which was to end Klara's life in 1908 could have taken a determining leap forward on this miserable night ~~could have, indeed, begun.~~

Too much had happened to her at once. A profound idea ^{Because} ~~that her~~

^{with Alois} ~~her~~ children were one-quarter Jewish, ~~and thereby~~ ^{and} having survived their

~~first year of life and~~ ^{than had thereby} been provided with a ^{more opportunity to} ~~promise of much more ongoing~~

keep living)

~~life.~~ (If she had one notion about Jews, (and she could not really say she had

any Jew)
ever met ~~one~~ other than Alois) it was that no matter what their faults might

heard)
be, and she had terrible stories about Jews from friends, relatives,

storekeepers, ~~even the one or two strangers she had spoken to in her days,~~

the truth was also obvious—the Jews knew how to survive. To be so

yet
disliked ~~and~~ still be among the living! Klara had always been impressed,

therefore (in absolute privacy with herself—whom could she talk to about

this?) that she was with a half-Jewish man and they ~~had their two~~ *did have three* living

saved in good part by)
children, ~~Sometimes, she even thought it was~~ (their Jewish blood that had

~~saved them.~~

She was not one to allow herself to be bothered by niceties of logic.

If Gustav, and Ida, and Otto had all died much too soon, she could attribute

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711

it to her side of the family. But Adolf had survived, and ^{then} Edmund and Paula

(over whose breath she prayed to God every night.)

^{now her} So, ~~the~~ confidence was breached ^{the three remaining} ^(children) thereby. If they continued to live, it

^{through the support of his} would not be ~~because they had this~~ historic preservative in their veins.

A large reason ~~indeed~~ not to sleep. What was worse was the ^{knowledge}

^{of her} ^{How could she have} cowardice, ~~with which she had~~ accepted the idea that Alois-Junior might be

invited back. Lying there, listening to Alois-Senior ^{making his way} moving back and forth,

slamming the floor with his body as he lay down, ~~and~~ then slamming it

again with his fists, she ^{was certainly able to} ~~could~~ feel her own rage, and it was shocking to her.

^{that she was telling herself} ~~Never so large before~~ She could not believe ^{if it were possible and}

wholly without consequences, yes, she, too, could kill Alois-Junior. ^{Only} she knew she could not and ~~would not ever~~,

~~But she could not~~ And the fury of repelling such a
fury in herself, lived in her heart
which is to say—in her breast with

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~~such love and such detestation of~~
~~such things~~
 So, yes, it is possible—this could have been the night when the breast
~~that would burn~~ ^{and yet} with hell's pains in her chest might have begun. If it
~~were~~ ^{after} crucial to know, I ^{would} ~~could~~ have consulted one or another ~~passing~~ demon
^{I know} of a doctor, but, to repeat, ~~again and again~~, we do not make disbursements
^{on} ~~our funds~~ ^{merely} of Time in order to satisfy a whim.

I prefer to take us back to Alois.

The immensity of his rage on this night was that he had betrayed
^{And in} himself, ~~and in~~ the worst manner. The joys of rage (which are too

infrequently considered) ~~are that they~~ ^{nourish} offer the same ~~nourishing and~~
~~sustaining~~ sense of self-righteousness that is ~~not~~ available on regular

occasions to the most hypocritical of church-goers. The ^{core of such} ~~second of the~~
^{pleasure} ~~pleasures~~ is never to be angry at oneself, ^{but only at others, yet} and here, on this night, Alois could

~~not escape himself~~

~~not help it: To hell with Johann Poelzl, to hell with Alois Junior, the real~~

~~ticket to hell was the one he bought for himself. Which is to say—since he~~

~~(even more than with Poelzl or Junior)~~

~~did not believe in hell—~~ that he was infuriated with himself and so his rage

was not only joyless but caustic, and in the worst way.

He decided that if Junior had turned out badly, it was his fault, his

fault alone ~~(in such a light he was)~~ the worst of human beings had to be a father who was weak.

How despicable! He had spent his life obeying ~~(ordering)~~ and then enforcing ~~them~~

discipline in the Customs Service, he had revered Franz-Josef, a gallant,

great, and good king whose first virtues were hard work and discipline. He

~~(saw of his)~~ had constructed his own nature in homage to Franz-Josef. If he had ever

had the good fortune to be on duty on some miraculous occasion when the

Emperor might visit, how he would hope that the good king would recognize