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Fixed by
Dwayne
1/6/04

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^{this time}
This once, ~~unlike most of his other moves~~, Alois had a serious reason, ^(moving) ~~for~~
~~in looking for a new residence~~ He had decided to retire. He would become a
~~and for that he wanted to buy a farm.~~
bee-keeper. ^(what) In the last year of his work at Linz, he had begun to look about
~~and had found a farmhouse in a town called Hafeld, thirty miles away.~~ The
family would now be ^{at} a distance from city life. The closest school was in the
next small town to Hafeld, Fischlham, where Adi would soon be ready for
~~the first grade.~~
school. / Over the next few months Klara and the ^{young ones} children were to live on the
farm while Alois completed his service in Linz.

Of course, the oncoming retirement would not come without some
~~serious inroads on~~ ^{yes!}
~~degradation to~~ a most impressive edifice. I speak of Alois' ego ~~yes~~

(Impressive, yes, when we consider the meager materials out of which he
had managed to construct it.) ^{managed} Yet, through his adult years, he had been able
to keep an unspoken sense of himself as a man destined eventually for

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serious achievement. (Since he was ~~far from mad~~ ^{not in the least delirious}, he managed to keep this notion as a ~~private fancy, a meditative nectar~~ ^{in a sense}, rather than a serious expectation. ~~It was there to seep~~ ^{but would dependably} into his sweetest thoughts about himself when male company, beer, and tobacco mingled in the tavern after work.) ^{It was never of reality}

Be it said that his final year as Chief Customs Officer of Linz did manage to satisfy some rudiments of this concept—"a man of importance."

While his ^{final} position was hardly as elevated as the thin air ^{had come} in the ultimate regions of his dreams, it ^{the narrow of real satisfaction} came certainly with satisfaction.

^{Provided} It might even have been enough ^{the} to fill this sense of himself if he had enjoyed working in Linz, but he did not. The problems with personnel ^{that he had} that he had encountered at Passau were now aggravated. Linz was an important ^{station for} place to the Finance Watch. Since it was capital of its province, Customs

was stocked with young and ambitious junior officers. They had enough ^{and were not unready} social sophistication from the start to be able to show a quiet contempt for senior officials who were not sufficiently first-rate. Most of them came from ^{did attempt to prove} families well-to-do enough to ensure such a point of view. ^{Their upbringing ensured} Their own future high office was taken for granted. This attitude, as palpable as the air he

^{out-of-date} breathed, left Alois feeling all too old. Indeed, he was getting on. For the first time in his career, he did not always ^{strike the passing eye as} look immaculate in uniform. (That ^{now} demanded too much time and pains.) Nor was he as confident of his quick

CK on the name of the province

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and certainly /
decisions, nor as severely punctual as once he was. Sometimes, at the point
of issuing disciplinary ^{reprimands,} orders, he would hesitate long enough to contemplate
^{possible} the repercussions.

^{For such a reason,}
On this basis, he eased up on smoking restrictions. He no longer felt
all that ready to face into the inheld wrath of younger officers. In

consequence, he enjoyed his own tobacco less. He also began to feel as if
~~too many of his associates~~

~~more than a few~~ were looking for him to retire. He was, after all,

approaching forty years of service. ^{he would be eligible, then,} While he could continue for another
^{he did not wish to. Losses of vanity} twelve-month and even another, these losses of ego were conducting him

toward a smaller dream. What if he ~~did not end as an exceptional man of~~
prodigious achievement, but rather chose ^{instead} to become a gentleman

farmer? That would not be so bad, no, not out there in the autumn sun of his
^{career} life.

^{he could endure} That kind of life could fulfill a few ^{other} inclinations. What the hell! Born as
a peasant and ~~end~~ as a prosperous agriculturalist.

^{enough,} He had the money. He could buy a decent farm outright. He would
have his pension, and his savings—he and Klara had certainly exhibited
thrift. Besides, he had in hand the sum and interest of ^{the larger part of} three wives' dowries.

It could be said that the first two had brought some real money to the union.

If Anna Glassl had succeeded in recovering, through law, half of her large
dowry in lieu of their separation, still, she had been nicely well-to-do, and

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Franzceska, while hardly up to that measure, was nonetheless the child of a prosperous farmer. Even old Poelzl, Klara's father, had come up with some florin.

On the other hand, Alois understood money only too well. He knew not all coin was equal. Deep in one's conscience, one could pay a tithe to money that had not been earned properly. ^{that incontestable to Alois,} ~~It was true.~~ Money gave back its ~~hoarded~~ reflection of how it had been earned. Sometimes, he felt a passing chill. A good part of his prosperity could be seen as a flower that had ^{sprouted} ~~grown~~ ^{from} ~~out of~~ the coffin-soil of dead wives' dowries.

During this last year of service, while Klara took care of the children in Passau and he was free in Linz, he had begun to feel too old for other women. That was when he told himself ^{to go back to the earth.} ~~to go back to the earth.~~ That was what he had always heard from Johann Nepomuk—"the real woman is the ⁱⁿ ~~earth.~~" ^{fields.} ⁴ The old man had ~~had~~ ^{only} to get drunk enough, and he would repeat it over and over.

It was an image Alois could enjoy but hardly support altogether. After all, his present plans did not include ^{heavy duty in the} ~~serious~~ agriculture. His aim, rather, was apiculture. He was interested in developing beehives. He would market the honey. That would be his ~~only~~ real crop. All the same, owning a little

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land might be equal to acquiring another limb, a fifth appendage so to speak, as important to a man with peasant roots as a trunk to an elephant.

He had indeed bought a farm five years ago about the time Adolf was born. In many a way that purchase had been more exciting to him than the

birth. Land, at least, was not going to die on him. *for every the first three babies had come back to where they came from,*

(prevailing.) The reverse had occurred. The land did not perish, but his ownership ~~had~~

~~had~~ (The holding had been near Spital, a hundred miles from where he was then working in Braunau, yet he had had some far-off notion ~~even that of~~ *of* retiring to the place. In the interim, it seemed a good way to take care of his

sister-in-law, Johanna Poelzl, rather than having her dwell with them as a

maid. Johanna, he had long decided, was not only surly but half out of her

head. In addition, she was a hunchback. He did not want her in the parlor

every night, especially not ^{with} that body.

All the same, he did have some admiration
On the other hand, he had respect for Johanna. She was Klara's sole

remaining living sister, but that had little to do with it. He respected Johanna's *temper,*

pride
~~because~~ she had the fierce ~~temper~~ of someone who was not in the least afraid

of God. She would put no trust in Him. She was ready to say as much.

"God," she would declare, "did not have to kill off so many of us in the Poelzl

to that old fiancee,
family." Alois could tip his hat. "She's not like my wife," he was fond of

his fellow cannibals
telling ~~those~~ in the tavern. "Klara is ready to kiss every cross she meets."

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Still, Johanna's occupation of that farm ^{very well,} ~~did not run the farm~~ ~~bought these five years ago,~~

~~did not turn out well.~~ She antagonized each and every peasant who worked there was, ~~sooner or later, antagonized by her sharp~~ ^{quite an answer} for her, and finally had to go back to live with her father and her mother—
^{toque,} ~~Johanna~~ also named Johanna. ~~Indeed,~~ ^{If} we recall, that Johanna had been Alois'

mistress on one unforgettable occasion. ("Sie ist hier!")

^{Alois} He was able, however, to sell that first farm at a modest profit and so felt well-disposed to taking on the property in Hafeld these several years later. This farm he would work himself. It was called the Rauscher Gut (which I can ^{be translated} ~~translate~~ freely as Windy Lands) and it offered nine acres plus a wooden house under a thatched roof with good views from ^{the} high ground of the mountains of the Salzkammergut. In addition to some fruit trees, there was an orchard of walnut trees. A hayloft was in the stable and stalls for two horses and three cows. The children could play there.

It was perfect all ways but one. After the purchase, (and only after the purchase) neighboring farmers were ready to hint to the new arrival that the land might be beautiful, but it ^{was} ~~would~~ not necessarily be famous for its crops. ^{going to be} ~~become~~

He looked upon these comments as ^(an old farmers' there) ~~hazarding ceremony~~ ^{to be visited on} for the newcomer. ^{Oh, he assured them, it} ~~It~~ ^{the land would be given a rest.} did not matter, he assured them. He was there to raise bees.

That ^{was} ~~would be~~ his element. Good honey ^{could become} ~~was~~ (the most prosperous crop of them all.

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Indeed, in the last days before his retirement ceremony (which ^{was} ~~proved~~, acceptably eulogistic to Alois but most impressive, even at least, most impressive to Klara) he ^{thrillingly} ~~had~~ ^{did have} a series of drinking nights as a ~~closer~~ ^{way} of saying farewell to his staff and to the decades of his work. Since he

had no desire ever to be seen as a man who would moon over ^{the} ~~a~~ lost past, he dwelt on his future, he ^{bullied} ~~lectured~~ his junior associates, old cronies, and respected town officials to ^{drink more than one} ~~put down a~~ stein with him on the merits and

mysteries of bee-keeping. Indeed, he belabored each ^{drinking} ~~table~~ on each night with so ^{much} ~~many~~ kultur on the nooks and crannies of hive maintenance, ^{subject} ~~and the~~ ^{and the} ~~there~~ psychology of bees

^{mysterious} ~~and the~~ ^{there} ~~psychology of bees~~ ^{that his junior officers would tell each other in} ~~advance,~~ "Try to keep The Chimney from smoking us out with his bees."

In truth, Alois did see himself as a ^{future} ~~future~~ philosopher on the subject.

What an achievement for an untutored Austrian to be able to ^{give a} ~~lecture~~ like a

German savant! "Honey bees form an amazing and most complex society," ^{there} ~~are so many social structures to perceive in each hive~~ he would inform the drinking gang each night.

In the last ^{weeks} ~~year~~ before retirement, in the ^{same} ~~Linz~~ tavern he would frequent ^{most} ~~often~~ after his customs house shift, Alois spoke more ^{and more} ~~often~~ of ^{such} ~~the~~ higher concepts.

^{has} ~~He saw himself as a future philosopher of apiculture.~~ Honey bees formed ^{an} ~~an~~ amazing and complex ^{would} ~~society~~, he would inform the drinking table. "With

rare exceptions, these tiny creatures give their lives to building a future for the generations who will follow them. ~~They are a society.~~ The honey they

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are able to make ^{from the} nectar and pollen they bring back ~~that wonderful rich stuff~~ ^{they}

^{from the flowers,} they bring back from the flowers is not only for their own consumption, no,

gentlemen, it is accumulated to feed the larvae in ^{the} these tiny hexagonal cells, they manage to construct so superbly and symmetrically so superbly crafted out of the beeswax they are able to make from pollen.

^{take that care because they know that future generations} They understand these pupae will succeed them. Some bees are even

assigned to become guards to watch over the security of the entrances to the

hive. They are ready to go into battle even at the cost of their lives with such

^{to face such} powerful raiders as wasps or spiders or termites looking for a free meal in the

^{But that is only one aspect of their endeavor} honey. Many of the worker bees are constantly engaged in keeping the

interior of the hive cool ^{and dry} in summer. How? Through tireless activity.

^{Some even wear out their wings} They never stop fanning their wings. And that is to create a cooling draft,

^{to cool the hive a necessary degree} Think of it. A cluster of thousands of wings all fanning away, while others

^{even as others} go out to forage among a multitude of flowers and then fly back with their

^{completely loyal to the needs of the hive} gatherings. They can carry back loads that weigh more than their own

bodies. Could we do that ^{Do it} day after day? Think of them as flying work-

^{all the while others are working} horses. Yet, they are only the size of bees. Some make that extraordinary

^{that extra and many bees work} make beeswax from the pollen. Others store the material that will be there to build

^{But} the honeycombs. I tell you, they create a society comparable to ours. And

maybe more rational."

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None of the junior officers were ready to argue, ^(He would only go on longer.) ^{It took} ~~but~~ one of the older ^{town officials to reply. After taking} officers who graced their table took in little sips of smoke from his pipe, ^{he said,}

"Come, Alois, ~~he said~~ they are only insects."

"No, good sir, you are mistaken. There is much more to them than one would think. Some are, I believe, more inspired in purpose than the average human dolt."

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15.

I was not well-prepared for ~~(what seemed to me)~~ Alois' excessive
~~this was not the man I knew, so~~
 interest in these matters. (I could see a practical purpose in acquiring a

number of hives. The product was saleable, pollen as well as honey, and

~~and~~ in particular,

beeswax did bring a very good price. Apiculture had its risks, however,

including the always-present peril of ^{receiving} a serious number of bee stings. ~~At this~~ ^{on balance,}

^{might be} age, however, it ~~was~~ ^{was} certainly more reasonable to engage in such efforts than

~~endangering a near-to-old man's heart by~~
 looking to plow a field, ~~in the sun~~ and reap a harvest
 in the sun.

All the same, I had an uneasy suspicion. So far as I could determine,

~~I noticed, he was not over-concerned~~
 Alois was sincere in his enthusiasm, ~~and not truly concerned~~ with profit. The

desire for money is, however, so much of the motive that drives men and

women into new activity that ^{sign of its} any absence always concerns me. I hardly can

feel like a devil when I do not feel close to a client's private intentions. ^{superior assistance to the job} Yet ^{am not near} ^{come up}

~~Not wish to be called a sorry devil!~~ Yet

here was Alois ready to undertake this venture because it satisfied something in him —

~~something~~ ^{something I had not}

in him I had not yet detected in the man. Normally, Alois not only counted
~~the money he made, but stayed close to the various possibilities of interest.~~
^{but kept himself intimate}

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Still, I knew his history well enough to ^{recall} remember that he had tinkered with keeping a hive ~~in~~ ^{on} one small town and then another. Yet ^{he} had ~~only~~ dabbled ~~there~~, soon gave it up, and, a few years later, went back again. Always on ^{the smallest} ~~a small~~ scale. In the last few months, ^{it is true,} he had written a short article for a journal that served bee-keepers in the area around Linz. To my surprise, the piece was reasonably literate. Alois' experience was obviously limited, but, indeed, he had acquired some book knowledge of the subject, and was ^{now} ~~obviously~~ fascinated by a potentially major innovation ~~that could~~ ~~transform all the working procedures~~. Bee hives made of straw might soon be outmoded. Skeps they were called, squat-ribbed domed objects about the size and shape of big-bellied, small-shouldered human torsos, and these skeps had drawbacks. For example, to harvest the honey, bee-keepers had to keep the population of the hive stunned by smoke into near-comatose condition. It was an imprecise process, and the skep often had to be ^{ripped} ~~broken~~ open ~~in order~~ to collect the produce. Despite the smoke, some honeybees awoke long enough to sting the collector.

^{the innovation} This ~~new notion~~ in apiculture was, however, ^{being developed} ~~developing~~ in England and in America. Talk could be heard about it in Austria as well. Some local bee-keepers were now ready to do away with the old ungainly straw structure. If the skep had been in its time an improvement over the more

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barbaric practice—common in antiquity and the Middle Ages—of rooting the bees out from their hole in a tree, more advanced bee-keepers around Linz were now speaking of hives that could soon become the equivalent of a future modern city—or, at least, a city built to the scale of bees. This new housing would be no greater in size than the skep, no more than a wooden box of comparable volume, but it would be filled with glass trays installed vertically. ^{By} In this new mode, worker bees could build their ^{miniscule} tiny hexagonal wax cells up on either side of each inserted pane of glass. It was a transparent wall one could insert into the box at will, or remove as easily. Since this wooden chamber could hold a good number of upright trays, and each tray had room for thousands of cells in a grid of layers and rows, some keepers calculated that each hive could yet be compared to a giant apartment building in some future megalopolis like Berlin or New York. There were articles speaking of tens of thousands of bees being housed in each box.

To explain this venture to Klara, Alois did emphasize the pecuniary promise. Good money would come back from clean work, and Alois Jr. and Angela would help, he told her. And Adi as well! *it convinced her that the new project was eminently practical*
I was still bothered, Klara might believe him, but I did not, to me, Alois was finding his own religion, his own way of coming ~~from~~ nearer to God,

Not
Latest

~~Handwritten signature or scribble~~

This once, unlike most of his other moves, Alois had a serious reason in looking for a new residence. He had decided to retire. He would become a bee-keeper. In the last year of his work at Linz, he had begun to look about and had found a farmhouse in a town called Hafeld, thirty miles away. The family would now be a distance from city life. The closest school was in the next small town to Hafeld, Fischlham, where Adi would soon be ready for school. Over the next few months Klara and the children were to live on the farm while Alois completed his service in Linz.

Of course, the oncoming retirement would not come without some depredation to a most impressive edifice. I speak of Alois' ego. (Impressive, yes, when we consider the meager materials out of which he had managed to construct it.) Yet, through his adult years, he had been able

to keep an unspoken sense of himself as a man destined eventually for serious achievement. (Since he was far from mad, he managed to keep this notion as a private fancy, a meditative nectar, rather than a serious expectation. It was there to seep into his sweetest thoughts about himself when male company, beer, and tobacco mingled in the tavern after work.)

Be it said that his final year as Chief Customs Officer of Linz did manage to satisfy some rudiments of this concept—"a man of importance." While his best position was hardly as elevated as the thin air in the ultimate regions of his dreams, it came certainly with satisfaction.

It might even have been enough to fill this sense of himself if he had enjoyed working in Linz, but he did not. The problems with personnel that he had encountered at Passau were now aggravated. Linz was an important place to the Finance Watch. Since it was capital of its province, Customs was stocked with young and ambitious junior officers. They had enough social sophistication from the start to be able to show a quiet contempt for senior officials who were not sufficiently first-rate. Most of them came from families well-to-do enough to ensure such a point of view. Their own future high office was taken for granted. This attitude, as palpable as the air he breathed, left Alois feeling all too old. Indeed, he was getting on. For the first time in his career, he did not always look immaculate in uniform.

(That demanded too much time and pains.) Nor was he as confident of his quick decisions, nor as severely punctual as once he was. Sometimes, at the point of issuing disciplinary orders, he would hesitate long enough to contemplate the repercussions.

On this basis, he eased up on smoking restrictions. He no longer felt all that ready to face into the inheld wrath of younger officers. In consequence, he enjoyed his own tobacco less. He also began to feel as if more than a few were looking for him to retire. He was, after all, approaching forty years of service. While he could continue for another twelve-month and even another, these losses of ego were conducting him toward a smaller dream. What if he did not end as an exceptional man of prodigious achievement, but rather chose instead to become a gentleman farmer? That would not be so bad, no, not out there in the autumn sun of his life. That kind of life could fulfill a few inclinations. What the hell! Born as a peasant and end as a prosperous agriculturalist.

He had the money. He could buy a decent farm outright. He would have his pension, and his savings—he and Klara had certainly exhibited thrift. Besides, he had in hand the sum and interest of three wives' dowries. It could be said that the first two had brought some real money to the union. If Anna Glassl had succeeded in recovering, through law, half of her large

dowry in lieu of their separation, still, she had been nicely well-to-do, and Franzceska, while hardly up to that measure, was nonetheless the child of a prosperous farmer. Even old Poelzl, Klara's father, had come up with some florin.

On the other hand, Alois understood money only too well. He knew not all coin was equal. Deep in one's conscience, one could pay a tithe to money that had not been earned properly. It was true. Money gave back its hoarded reflection of how it had been earned. Sometimes, he felt a passing chill. A good part of his prosperity could be seen as a flower that had grown out of the coffin-soil of dead wives' dowries.

During this last year of service, while Klara took care of the children in Passau and he was free in Linz, he had begun to feel too old for other women. That was when he told himself to go back to the earth. That was what he had always heard from Johann Nepomuk—"the real woman is the earth." The old man had had only to get drunk enough, and he would repeat it over and over.

It was an image Alois could enjoy but hardly support altogether. After all, his present plans did not include serious agriculture. His aim, rather, was apiculture. He was interested in developing beehives. He would market the honey. That would be his only real crop. All the same, owning a

little land might be equal to acquiring another limb, a fifth appendage so to speak, as important to a man with peasant roots as a trunk to an elephant.

He had indeed bought a farm five years ago about the time Adolf was born. In many a way that purchase had been more exciting to him than the birth. Land, at least, was not going to die on him.

The reverse had occurred. The land did not perish, but his ownership did. The holding had been near Spital, a hundred miles from where he was then working in Braunau, yet he had had some far-off notion even then of retiring to the place. In the interim, it seemed a good way to take care of his sister-in-law, Johanna Poelzl, rather than having her dwell with them as a maid. Johanna, he had long decided, was not only surly but half out of her head. In addition, she was a hunchback. He did not want her in the parlor every night, especially not that body.

On the other hand, he had respect for Johanna. She was Klara's sole remaining living sister, but that had little to do with it. He respected Johanna because she had the fierce temper of someone who was not in the least afraid of God. She would put no trust in Him. She was ready to say as much. "God," she would declare, "did not have to kill off so many of us in the Poelzl family." Alois could tip his hat. "She's not like my wife," he

was fond of telling those in the tavern. “Klara is ready to kiss every cross she meets.”

Still, Johanna’s occupation of that farm bought those five years ago did not turn out well. She antagonized each and every peasant who worked for her, and finally had to go back to live with her father and her mother—also named Johanna. Indeed, if we recall, that Johanna had been Alois’ mistress on one unforgettable occasion. (“Sie ist hier!”)

He was able, however, to sell that first farm at a modest profit and so felt well-disposed to taking on the property in Hafeld these several years later. This farm he would work himself. It was called the Rauscher Gut (which I can translate freely as Windy Lands) and it offered nine acres plus a wooden house under a thatched roof with good views from high ground of the mountains of the Salzkammergut. In addition to some fruit trees, there was an orchard of walnut trees. A hayloft was in the stable and stalls for two horses and three cows. The children could play there.

It was perfect all ways but one. After the purchase, (and only after the purchase) neighboring farmers were ready to hint to the new arrival that the land might be beautiful, but it would not necessarily be famous for its crops.

He looked upon these comments as a hazing ceremony for the newcomer. It did not matter, he assured them. He was there to raise bees. That would be his element. Good honey was the most prosperous crop of them all.

Indeed, in the last days before his retirement ceremony (which proved, at least, most impressive to Klara) he had a series of drinking nights as a way of saying farewell to his staff and to the decades of his work. Since he had no desire ever to be seen as a man who would moon over a lost past, he dwelt on his future, he lectured his junior associates, old cronies, and respected town officials to put down a stein with him on the merits and mysteries of bee-keeping, indeed, he belabored each drinking table on each night with so much kultur on the nooks and crannies of hive maintainence and the psychology of bees that his junior officers would tell each other in advance, "Try to keep The Chimney from smoking us out with his bees."

In truth, Alois did see himself as a future philosopher on the subject. What an achievement for an untutored Austrian to be able to lecture like a German savant! "Honey bees form an amazing and most complex society," he would inform the drinking gang each night.

In the last year before retirement, in the Linz tavern he would frequent after his customs house shift, Alois spoke more often of the higher

concepts. He saw himself as a future philosopher of apiculture. Honey bees formed an amazing and complex society, he would inform the drinking table. "With rare exceptions, these tiny creatures give their lives to building a future for the generations who will follow them. They are a society. The honey they are able to make from the nectar and pollen—that wonderful rich stuff!—they bring back from the flowers is not only for their own consumption, no, gentlemen, it is accumulated to feed the larvae in those tiny hexagonal cells so superbly crafted out of the beeswax they are able to make from pollen. They understand these pupae will succeed them. Some bees are even assigned to become guards to watch over the security of the entrances to the hive. They are ready to go into battle even at the cost of their lives with such powerful raiders as wasps or spiders or termites looking for a free meal in the honey. Many of the worker bees are constantly engaged in keeping the interior of the hive cool and dry in summer. How? Through tireless activity. They never stop fanning their wings. And that is to create a cooling draft. Think of it. A cluster of thousands of wings all fanning away, while others go out to forage among a multitude of flowers and then fly back with their gatherings. They can carry back loads that weigh more than their own bodies. Could we do that day after day? Think of them as flying work-horses. Yet, they are only the size

of bees. Some make that extraordinary beeswax from the pollen. Others store the material that will be there to build the honeycombs. I tell you, they create a society comparable to ours. And maybe more rational."

None of the junior officers were ready to argue, but one of the older officers who graced their table took in little sips of smoke from his pipe.

"Come, Alois," he said, "they are only insects."

"No, good sir, you are mistaken. There is much more to them than one would think. Some are, I believe, more inspired in purpose than the average human dolt."

15.

I was not well-prepared for what seemed to me Alois' excessive interest in these matters. I could see a practical purpose in acquiring a number of hives. The product was saleable, pollen as well as honey, and beeswax did bring a very good price. Apiculture had its risks, however, including the always-present peril of a serious number of bee stings. At his age, however, it was certainly more reasonable to engage in such efforts than looking to plow a field.

All the same, I had an uneasy suspicion. So far as I could determine, Alois was sincere in his enthusiasm and not truly concerned with profit. The desire for money is, however, so much of the motive that drives men and women into new activity that any absence always concerns me. I hardly can feel like a devil when I do not feel close to a client's private intentions.

Yet here was Alois ready to undertake this venture because it satisfied something in him I had not yet detected in the man. Normally, Alois not only counted the money he made, but stayed close to the various possibilities of interest.

Still, I knew his history well enough to remember that he had tinkered with keeping a hive in one small town and then another. Yet he had only dabbled there, soon gave it up, and, a few years later, went back again. Always on a small scale. In the last few months, he had written a short article for a journal that served bee-keepers in the area around Linz. To my surprise, the piece was reasonably literate. Alois' experience was obviously limited, but, indeed, he had acquired some book knowledge of the subject, and was obviously fascinated by a potentially major innovation that could transform all the working procedures. Bee hives made of straw might soon be outmoded. Skeps they were called, squat-ribbed domed objects about the size and shape of big-bellied, small-shouldered human torsos, and these skeps had drawbacks. For example, to harvest the honey, bee-keepers had to keep the population of the hive stunned by smoke into near-comatose condition. It was an imprecise process, and the skep often had to be broken open in order to collect the produce. Despite the smoke, some honeybees awoke long enough to sting the collector.

This new notion in apiculture was, however, developing in England and in America. Talk could be heard about it in Austria as well. Some local bee-keepers were now ready to do away with the old ungainly straw structure. If the skep had been in its time an improvement over the more barbaric practice—common in antiquity and the Middle Ages—of rooting the bees out from their hole in a tree, more advanced bee-keepers around Linz were now speaking of hives that could soon become the equivalent of a future modern city—or, at least, a city built to the scale of bees. This new housing would be no greater in size than the skep, no more than a wooden box of comparable volume, but it would be filled with glass trays installed vertically. In this new mode, worker bees could build their tiny hexagonal wax cells up on either side of each inserted pane of glass. It was a transparent wall one could insert into the box at will, or remove as easily. Since this wooden chamber could hold a good number of upright trays, and each tray had room for thousands of cells in a grid of layers and rows, some keepers calculated that each hive could yet be compared to a giant apartment building in some future megalopolis like Berlin or New York. There were articles speaking of tens of thousands of bees being housed in each box.

To explain this venture to Klara, Alois did emphasize the pecuniary promise. Good money would come back from clean work, and Alois Jr. and Angela would help, he told her. And Adi as well!

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To be FAXED on Jan. 8.

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Done
1/9/04
Dwyer

This time, Alois had a serious reason for moving. He had decided to retire. He ^{wanted to} become a bee-keeper, for that, he ^{would} want to buy a farm.

In the last year of his Customs work at Linz, he had begun to look about and by ^{January} ~~February~~ of 1945, he

had found what looked to be the right property in a town called Hafeld, thirty miles away, ^{and in February he bought it. In April, the family} The family would now be at a distance from city life.

^{Klara and the children would have to leave the house. They would now be at a distance from city life. Even the} closest school was in the next small town to Hafeld, Fischlham, where Adi

would soon be ready for the first grade. Over the next few months Klara and the young ones were to live on the farm while Alois completed his service in Linz.

Of course, the oncoming retirement would not come without some

serious inroads on a most impressive edifice. I speak of Alois' ego, ~~yes!~~

^{Yes, it was its own kind of monument, impressive, yes,} impressive, yes, when we consider the meager materials out of which he had ^{been able} managed to construct it. Through his adult years, he had ^{managed} been able to keep

an unspoken sense of himself as a man destined eventually for serious

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achievement. Since he was not in the least ^{lacking} deficient in a sense of reality, he ^{did} ~~no more than~~ managed to keep this notion as a meditative nectar. ^{rather than a} ~~It was never a~~ serious expectation, ^{alone the less, it} but would seep dependably into his sweetest thoughts about himself when male company, good beer, and tobacco mingled ^{dependably} in the tavern after work.

Be it said that his final year as Chief Customs Officer of Linz ^{even} ~~did~~ ^{satisfied} manage to satisfy some rudiments of this concept—"a man of importance."

While his final position ^{could be} was hardly as elevated as the thin air of his dreams, ^{still the title offered} it had come certainly with the marrow of real satisfaction.

^{If only} ~~Provided~~ he had enjoyed working in Linz, it might ~~even~~ have been enough, but the problems with personnel ^{that he had} encountered at Passau were now aggravated. Linz was an important station for the Finance Watch.

Since it was capital of its province, [CK name of province] Customs was stocked with young ^{and well-educated} and ambitious ^{possessed of} junior officers. They ^{they} had social sophistication ^{satisfy the mark} from the start and were not unready to show a quiet contempt for senior officials who did not ^{prove first-rate} prove first-rate. Most of them came from

well-to-do families. ^{and so} Their upbringing ^{future attainment of} ensured such a point of view. Indeed, ^{somebody} their own ~~future~~ high office was taken for granted. This attitude, as palpable as the air itself, left Alois feeling out of date. Indeed, he was getting on. For the first time in his career, he did not always strike the passing eye as

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immaculate in uniform. (That now demanded too many pains!) Nor was he as confident of his quick decisions, ~~and~~ ^{was} certainly not as severely punctual as once he was. Sometimes, at the point of issuing disciplinary reprimands, he would hesitate long enough to contemplate the possible repercussions.

For such a reason, he eased up on smoking restrictions. He no longer felt all that ready to face into the inheld wrath of younger officers. In consequence, he enjoyed his own tobacco less. He also began to feel as if too many of his associates were looking for him to retire. He was, after all, approaching forty years of service. He ~~would be~~ ^{was} eligible ~~then~~. While he could continue for another twelve-month and even another, he did not ~~seem~~ ^{deem it} wise. Small steady inroads on his vanity were ~~now~~ moving ~~the~~ (Losses of vanity were conducting him toward a smaller dream. What if he chose to become a gentleman farmer? That would not be so bad, no, not out there in the autumn sun of his career. ^{Such a} ~~That kind of~~ life could fulfill a few other inclinations. What the hell! Born a peasant, he could end as a prosperous agriculturalist.

He had money enough. He could buy a decent farm outright. He would have his pension, and his savings—he and Klara had certainly exhibited thrift. Besides, he had in hand the sum and interest of the larger part of three wives' dowries. It could be said that the first two had brought some real money to the union. If Anna Glassl had succeeded in recovering,

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through law, half of her large dowry in lieu of their separation, still, she had been nicely well-to-do, and Franzceska, while hardly up to that measure, was nonetheless the child of a prosperous farmer. Even old Poelzl, Klara's father, had come up with some florin.

On the other hand, Alois understood money only too well. He knew not all coin was equal. Deep in one's conscience, one could pay a tithe to money that had not been earned properly. That was incontestable to Alois. Money gave back its reflection of how it had been earned. Sometimes, he felt a passing chill. A good part of his prosperity could be seen as a flower that had sprouted from the coffin-soil of dead wives' dowries.

During this last year of service, while Klara took care of the children in Passau and he was free in Linz, he had begun to feel too old for other women. That was when he told himself: go back to the earth. It was what he had always heard from Johann Nepomuk—"the real woman is in the fields." The old man had only to get drunk enough, and he would repeat it over and over. *"The real woman — look for the real woman in the fields. Respect her."*

It was an ~~image~~ ^{adage} Alois could enjoy but hardly support altogether. After all, his present plans did not include heavy duty in agriculture. His aim, rather, was apiculture. He was interested in developing beehives. He would market the honey. That would be his real crop. All the same, owning a little

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land might be equal to acquiring another limb, a fifth appendage so to speak, as important to a man with peasant roots as a trunk to an elephant.

He had indeed bought a farm five years ago about the time Adolf was born. In many a way that purchase had been more exciting to him than the birth. Land, at least, was not going to die on him ⁽ⁱⁿ⁾ the way the first three babies had gone back to ^{wherever} ~~where~~ they came from.

The reverse had occurred. The land did not perish, but his ownership ~~did not go so well.~~ ^{proved ailing.} (The holding had been near Spital, a hundred miles from where he was then working in Braunau, yet he had had some far-off notion of retiring to the place. In the interim, it seemed a good way to take care of his sister-in-law, Johanna Poelzl, rather than having her dwell with them as a maid. Johanna, he had long decided, was not only surly but half out of her head. In addition, she was a hunchback. He did not want her in the parlor every night, especially not with that body.

All the same, he did have some admiration for Johanna. She was Klara's sole remaining living sister, but that had little to do with it. He respected Johanna's temper. She had the fierce pride of someone who was not in the least afraid of God. She would put no trust in Him. She was ready to say as much. "God," she would declare, "did not have to kill off so many of us in the Poelzl family." Alois could tip his hat to that defiance. "She's

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not like my wife," he was fond of telling his fellow convivialists in the tavern. "Klara is ready to kiss every cross she meets."

Still, Johanna did not run the farm very well. Each and every peasant who worked ^{for her, was,} there was, sooner or later, antagonized by ^{Johanna's} her sharp tongue, and finally ^{she} Johanna had to give it up and go back to live with her father and her mother—also named Johanna. If we recall, that Johanna had been Alois' mistress on one unforgettable occasion. ("Sie ist hier!")

Alois was able, however, to sell that first farm at a modest profit and so felt well-disposed to taking on the property in Hafeld these several years later. This farm he would work himself. It was called the Rauscher Gut (which can be translated freely as Windy Lands) and it offered nine acres plus a wooden house under a thatched roof with good views from the high ground of the mountains of the Salzkammergut. In addition to some fruit trees, there was an orchard of walnut trees. A hayloft was in the stable and ~~stalls~~ ^{and one prize sow who ~~also~~ came with the} stalls for two horses and three cows. ^{The children could play there.}

It was perfect all ways but one. After the purchase, (and only after the purchase) neighboring farmers were ready to hint to the new arrival that the land might be beautiful, but it was not necessarily going to be famous for its crops.

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He looked upon these comments as an ^a ~~old farmers'~~ ^{Heat} hazing ceremony to ^{resident farmers would} ~~be visited~~ on the newcomer. Oh, he assured them, it did not matter. The land would be given a rest. He was there to raise bees. That was his element. Good honey could become the most prosperous crop of them all.

Indeed, in the last days before his retirement ceremony (which was acceptably eulogistic to Alois but most impressive, even thrilling, to Klara) he did have a series of drinking nights as a closer way of saying farewell to his staff and to the decades of his work. Since he had no desire ever to be seen as a man who would moon over the past, he dwelt on his future, he ^{(plus a couple of fold) (a few)} bullied his junior associates, ~~old~~ cronies, and respected town officials to drink more than one stein with him on the merits and mysteries of bee-keeping. Indeed, he belabored each table on each night with ^{a good deal of} ~~so much~~ kultur on the subject of hive maintenance and the mysterious psychology of ^{his own} ~~these~~ fabulous little creatures ^{In advance would} ~~that~~ his junior officers would tell each other ⁱⁿ ~~advance~~, "Try to keep The Chimney from smoking us out with his bees."

In truth, Alois did see himself as a philosopher on the subject. What an achievement for an untutored Austrian to be able to give a lecture ^{equal to} ~~like~~ a German savant! "Honey bees form an amazing and most complex society. There are ^{so} ~~many~~ social structures to perceive in each hive," he would inform the drinking gang each night.

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In the last weeks before retirement, in the same Linz tavern he ^{would have been} would
~~frequently~~ ^{frequent} most nights after his customs house shift, Alois spoke more and
 more often of ^{these} ~~such~~ higher concepts. Honey bees formed an amazing and
 complex world, he ^{best informing his cohort.} would inform ~~the~~ drinking table. "With rare exceptions,
 these tiny creatures give their lives ^{to one purpose: Build,} to building a future for the generations
 who will follow ^{to} them. The honey they are able to ^{convert} make from the nectar and
 pollen they bring back from the flowers is not only for their own

consumption, no, gentlemen, it is accumulated to feed ^{their} the larvae, ^{in the tiny}
 "These larvae are installed in hexagonal cells ^{that have a}
 hexagonal cells they manage to construct ^{so} superbly and symmetrically out
 of the beeswax they make from pollen. They take such care because they
 Great care is taken in the construction. They
 know that future generations must succeed them." Some bees are even
 assigned to become guards to watch over the security of the entrances to the
 hive. They are ready to go into battle even at the cost of their lives when

obliged to face such powerful raiders as wasps or spiders or termites looking
 for a free meal in the honey. But that is only one aspect of their endowment.
 if I may be permitted to speak thus. Many of the worker bees are constantly
 engaged in keeping the interior of the hive cool in summer. How? Through

of tireless activity. They never stop fanning their wings. Some even wear out
 their wings. Why? To create a draft to cool the hive, a necessary degree.
 Think of it. A cluster of wings, thousands of wings all fanning away, even

nodded.
 their & the ~~would~~
 wonder
 to
 behold,
 yes,
 they
 are
 constructors

They
 a x

yes, all the insect world is on this
 lack
 of
 sensitivity
 to
 our
 audience.
 "some
 wasps"
 we
 now
 remark,
 in the
 bigger
 ones
 even
 because
 guards

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out there in the as others go out to forage among a multitude of flowers, *they cover themselves*
~~with pollen and nectar and then fly back to the hive~~
~~with their gatherings.~~ Absolutely loyal to the needs of the hive, all of them.

fly under the weight of They can carry back loads that weigh more than their own bodies. Could we
perform such labors do that? ~~Do it~~ day after day? Think of them as flying work-horses. Yet, they

are only the size of bees. And all the while, others are working to make
~~beeswax from the pollen, that extraordinary beeswax.~~ *mysterious and extraordinarily useful* I tell you, they create

a society comparable to ours. But maybe more rational."

if they did, he might None of the junior officers were ready to argue. ~~(He would only go on~~
another hour) longer. ~~It took one of the older town officials to reply. After taking little~~
pauses, sips of smoke from his pipe, he said, "Come, Alois, they are only insects."

with all due respect "No, good sir, ~~you are mistaken.~~ There is much more to them than one
 would think. Some are, I believe, more inspired in purpose than the average
 human dolt." *let me say, they are one of the*
reconders of our universe."

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15.

I was not well-prepared (Alois' ^{for} ~~excessive~~ ^{while} interest in these matters. This was not the man I knew. (I could see a practical purpose to acquiring a number of hives ^{since the} ~~The~~ ^{eminently} product was saleable, and beeswax in particular, ^{brought} ~~did bring~~ a very good price. ^{I could not find the balance,} (Apiculture had its risks, ~~however~~ including the always-present peril of receiving a serious number of bee stings. ^{while} On balance, ~~however~~, it might be ^{more} ~~more~~ reasonable to engage in such efforts than endangering an old man's heart by looking to plow a field, ^{rather} ~~and~~ ^{his long-winded} ~~I had all the time~~ ^{to} reap a harvest in the sun.)

~~All the same~~, I had an uneasy suspicion. So far as I could determine, Alois was ^{too} ~~sincere~~ in his enthusiasm. ^{and} ~~Indeed, he was~~ not ^{enough} ~~over~~ concerned with profit. The desire for money is, however, so much of the motive that drives men and women into new activity that ~~any~~ ^{I have to} sign of its absence always concerns me. ^{proper sorry devil} ~~I hardly can~~ feel like a superior assistant to the E.O. when I am not near to a client's private intentions. ~~(One would not wish to be called a~~ ^{proper sorry devil} ~~sorry devil)~~ Yet here was Alois ready to undertake this venture because it

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satisfied something in him ^{that} ~~something~~ I had not yet detected ^{in the man} ~~in the man~~.

Normally, Alois ~~not only~~ counted the money he made, ^{most carefully} but kept himself ~~intimate to the various possibilities of interest.~~

^{If I did} Still, I knew his history well enough to recall that he had tinkered with

keeping a hive in one small town and then another. He ^{and} had dabbled, soon gave it up, ^{but} and, a few years later, went back again. Always on the smallest

scale. In the last few months, he had, it is true, written a short article for a journal that served bee-keepers in the area around Linz. To my surprise, the

piece was literate. Alois' experience was obviously limited, but, indeed, he

had acquired some book knowledge of the subject, and was now fascinated

by a ^{new mode of cultivation.} potentially major innovation. Bee hives made of straw might soon be ^{done away with.}

~~outmoded.~~ Skeps they were called, squat-ribbed domed objects about the

size and shape of big-bellied ~~small shouldered~~ human torsos, and ~~these~~

^{their} skeps had drawbacks. For example, to harvest the honey, bee-keepers had to

keep the population of the hive stunned, ^{which was usually done by} by ^{smoking them} smoke, into near-comatose

condition. It was an imprecise process, and the skep often had to be ripped

open to collect the produce. Despite the smoke, some honeybees awoke

long enough to sting the collector.

~~As for~~ ^{This new and much discussed innovation} The innovation was, however, being developed in England and in

^{Already there was talk} America. Talk could be heard about it in Austria as well. Some local bee-

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keepers were now ready to do away with the old ungainly straw structure. If the skep had been in its time an improvement over the more barbaric practice—common in antiquity and the Middle Ages—of rooting the bees out from their hole in a tree, more advanced bee-keepers around Linz were now speaking of hives that could soon become the equivalent of a ~~future~~ modern city ^{~~or, at least, a city~~} built to the scale of bees. This new housing would be no greater in size than the skep, no more than a wooden box of comparable volume, but it would be filled with glass trays installed vertically. By this new mode, worker bees could build their miniscule hexagonal wax cells ^{on both} ~~up~~ on either side of each inserted pane of glass. It was a transparent wall one could insert into the box at will, or remove as easily. Since this wooden chamber could hold a good number of upright trays, and each tray had room for thousands of cells in a grid of layers and rows, some keepers calculated that each hive could yet be compared to a giant apartment building in some future megalopolis like Berlin or New York. ~~There were~~ ^{could be} articles speaking of ~~tens of thousands of bees being housed in each box.~~

To explain this venture to Klara, Alois did emphasize the pecuniary promise. Good money would come back from clean work, and Alois Jr. and Angela would help, he told her. And Adi as well! He convinced her that the new project was eminently practical.

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I was still bothered. Klara might believe him but I did not. To me,
Alois was finding his own religion, his own way of coming nearer to ^{the Damned} God,
~~that~~ I can promise you, was not a
matter I could afford to ignore.

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I was now debating whether to pass this ^{concern} ~~suspicion~~ on to the E.O.

While ~~we~~ ^{center, whenever he desired,} could take it for granted that the Maestro could ~~if he wished,~~

penetrate into ~~all~~ our thoughts, ~~we~~ ^{we} knew that as a practical matter, he did not ~~the~~

^{chose to} ~~even, he would preserve his efforts for more~~
^{all that} ~~he preferred to do things his time and~~
~~bother. It would have demanded time that could be disbursed toward more~~

exceptional activities.

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On the other hand, he would not be about to ^{save} ~~forgive~~ any high-ranking assistant who did not ^{send out his company} ~~give the alert to~~ unexpected turns concerning one of our prime clients. ~~(We were always balancing them on our executive choices)~~

One could fall to the side of too much caution or not enough.

My conclusion ^{on} ~~in~~ this matter was to inform the E.O. Alois had never been one of our clients. There had been no need. He was by our measure an average man, which is to say ~~that~~ ^{he} was sufficiently corrupt to be available ^{temporarily} for our use if we needed to invest in him. The assumption was that he would be open to a quick invasion since the Cudgels would hardly be guarding him.

To what end? He was so self-centered ^{what slave} ~~that there~~ (would be little in him for

^{them} ~~these~~ angels to protect. ^{? whereas, if when} ~~(I can repeat these angels were about as sweet to~~

^{the Imperial Guard} ~~encounter as a platoon of Marines (whose organizational honor has been~~

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~~impugned~~ ^{for so little}
~~infringed~~ When it came to someone like Klara, we did not dare to go near

^{praise} It would have been too punishing and ^{again} moreover—to what end? Some of our

most exceptional clients had ^{come} been drawn in the past from the best mothers, ^{good} ^{involuntarily}

^{the most long women} ^{injure}
^{leaving parents} Evil children that issue from good mothers are always able to assail morale.

^{long} ^{of average men and women, do}
^{in the} In the Dummkopf's ranks, they find it hard to accept that ugly results can

^{devoted}
~~yet~~ issue in part from their best efforts.

Indeed, we had not gone near Klara. It had been enough to reach her

on ^{one} ~~our~~ incomparably special night—that lightning raid—when Adolf had

been conceived.

After that, paradoxically, she could prove ^{more} useful to us as she was,

^{there} nurtured by the attentions of the Cudgels, but that is so complex a matter that

it will have to wait. To give but an indication of what I am talking about, let

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(let)

(me say that Klara, being gifted with depths of love, would not only adore her

Adi, but would become enchanted by the new one, Edmund, ^{as well,} and this

prove)

was enough to flagellate many of Adolf's early feelings.

~~Placing a child into marriage within one's spirit~~

To marinate a child over the years of their childhood is, as I have

is, as I have) ~~To watch over a child through the early years,~~(indicated, so complex and chancy a procedure, ~~however,~~ that we do not try it — ^{embark}

upon it)

(often. Life itself will shape unexpected openings for us to get into men and

women we have not yet gone near, and our best efforts, as I have also

~~contravened~~remarked, can be ~~contravened~~ by the Cudgels.We deal then with likelihoods, ^{with} and reasonably expected outcomes.~~that is to say Alois, his,~~Alois, in himself, on the hoof, ~~so to speak, Alois,~~ (faults and virtues all more~~had been serving~~or less predictable, ~~served~~ as the keel for our ongoing comprehension of

(his productive contributions)

the Hitler family. He was so dependable in his strengths and habits and

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his *and credities* ~~and his productive~~
 (built-in cruelties that one could, if necessary, ~~steer Adolf in and around him,~~

intensify or reduce the heat of Adolf's hatred for his father in such a way as to
 mold the boy. Depend on it! We depended on Alois. He was so predictable.

Now, his outsize love for bees promised to turn *things as he is.*
~~everything inside out.~~

There are few atheists who can go all the way to the grave without being

challenged in their heart on one or another occasion by the fear or, worse, the
 intimation that God does exist. In this sense, they are *comparable to* ~~like~~ *who are*
 like virgins tempted

into sudden and unholy heats. Like ~~so~~ many such *ladies,* virgins, *sex (in their atheistic case - religion)*
~~sex~~ *to be met* they cannot accept
 as a force they can meet on equal ~~(which is to say - transcendental)~~

like
 terms. No, the virgin, ~~like~~ the atheist, has to take it, so to speak, through the

back door. They fall in love with God by way of nature, paganism, service to

others, technology *seen best possible*
~~even~~ as the solution to humankind's problems *for* or through

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exceptional allegiance to a fetish or a mystery. In Alois' case, it happened to be a recognition of the immense collaboration that ^{could be} ~~seemed to be~~ present between the mighty and the miniscule.

Since he was hardly ready to dive into ^{any immediate} ~~the pool of blind, black ersatz~~ joy in the glory of the Lord, he approached his newly opened sense of Mystery by way of his old allegiance, Franz Josef. This much I learned by engaging in a quick raid on his mind, an activity—as I have suggested—that depends on the good chance no Cudgels are near during the length of your raid. (It is not unlike a blind bet in poker, and the E.O.—who may be the greatest poker player of all time—does not encourage us to form a ^{predictable} ~~willful~~ habit there.)

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On this occasion, I ~~got in~~^{penetrated} quickly with my raid, and was soon out. I

gathered what I needed. I now knew a good deal more about Alois'

~~surprisingly~~^{unhappy} new dispositions. My sense of what might be in his mind was

confirmed. These bees had a life he could find sympathetic to his own. ~~Let~~^{think}

is why nature is ^{so often} the first entrance for humans into the conceivable nearness

of God. They discover, for example, that a puppy ^{or kitten} is a small warm cuddly bit

of nature and love ^{who is secretly} ~~much~~ like themselves and so can serve as the gateway into

a larger imaginative existence. For Alois, the bees had a life he could

compare to his own, the foragers most of all.

On any warm day, bees who were out scouting for new fields of flowers knew the heat of the sun and the intimacy that only the sun could arouse in flower petals. Alois would never allow to harboring an unbolted

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mystical side to himself—he was altogether like most humans in that regard—but I had found the spot, the much-protected psychic soft spot. He would, in the innermost recess of his unadmitted thoughts, begin to muse on the extraordinary art that must be present in any creation ^{which} ~~that~~ would choose to bring the honeybee into the perfumed caverns of the flower. It stirred him to think of this: Two wholly separated existences had become so entranced by the burgeoning heat of the sun that they were ready to serve each other. The flower would surrender its nectar, while the honeybee covered itself with the pollen of the stamens. In another moment, the bee would separate from one passionate love to look for another, whichever next flower was nearby, ready to gather more nectar for the hive even as it spread the pollen of the previous stamens onto this second infatuation.

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Sach images actually gave
That had to ~~give~~ life to Alois. The balance between hard work and
satisfied desire was so fine. Indeed, the bee would stagger back in flight
with its pollen bags and honey ducts. And ~~had not~~, Alois, in his turn, given
much to women and brought back much for himself, so much accumulated
wisdom on how to deal with the world, or, at least, his customs-house corner
of the world where by the end of his career, he almost always knew what was
true and what was false in declarations offered by strangers, particularly
women, who might wish to deceive him, *yet failed* ~~yet could not~~, because he was wiser
possessed ~~owned~~ than they were. He ~~owned~~ the true honey. Wisdom was the knowledge of
what others were up to.

As Alois saw it, honey was a concentrate of secrets—~~the dirty~~ secrets
held by passing travelers and commercial people, secrets as sweet as honey,

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all those little goods you could steal and keep for yourself. But he was there to stop them. He could work as hard and long as any honeybee on the hottest and most productive day of summer when the flowers were open, working hard for a future beyond themselves, ^{even as} ~~yes~~ me, Alois, had labored on many an occasion to protect the glory, centuries upon centuries old, of the Hapsburgs and their exceptional Empire, so devoted to the future. Not all the Hapsburgs had been great, perhaps, not all even ~~so~~ good as people, but it was true for the best of them, those like ~~like~~ Franz Josef. ^(human, very good) They were good. Alois could hope to find a resemblance to Franz Josef in his own features—the same sideburns, the same dignity. It was said of the Emperor Franz Josef that he could work for endless hours at his necessary and near-to-endless duties. When necessary, he, Alois, was also ready. And yet they knew enough, both

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of them, to comprehend that it was not enough to carry the honey back, but that one must keep a good part for oneself.

Some people in Linz he knew, fools for the most part, had been

shocked when gossip had spread about the actress, ~~Kathryn~~ ^{Katherine} [CK], Franz

Schmitt whom it was now bruited about, Franz

Josef now had for a mistress. Such news had spread like a spill of oil that ~~which~~

taken

Even when he had a wife so beautiful as Empress Elizabeth!

has no boundaries. It had been a blow to some. But not to Alois. He

understood. Both the best of men and the worst had to keep their share of the

honey for themselves, ~~And~~ this thought actually brought a taste of peace to ~~Alois~~

~~Alois~~ *As* he entered his retirement,

Let me not be altogether captivated by the voluptuous turn ~~Alois~~ *Alois has*

just brought to his meditations. After all, ~~he~~ *he* had his fear of bees as well.

Once, in previous years, he had been stung so ferociously and apocalyptically

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(if I may put it so) that he never forgot the attack of vertigo it caused. Such power to create pain! That it could exist in ~~a~~ creature so small! It could not be the honeybee alone, he decided, but must derive from that little being's congress with the sun! Such pain might even be an end-product of the rage of the sun ^{with that} and Alois was familiar ~~with that as well~~. He had worked through many a summer in the blare of hottest daylight, stuffed into his uniform. Of course he knew the rage of the sun. It was there ~~not only~~ to disseminate goods and warmth from the heavens above, ^{also} but to glow as a manifest of divine rage.

These were thoughts too large for Alois to ^{take in} accept openly. He never brought such meditations all the way forward into words, only his thoughts—which was good enough for me. ^{however} But ~~this~~ much he knew:

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Honeybees were agents of the sun even as he was an agent of the Hapsburgs,
and both were close to the ultimate ^{power} ~~giant~~ of them all. ~~Which could be no less,~~
~~than the sun.~~

^{Could large be}
Were these epiphanies the product of full retirement? Had he lost his
~~own~~ ~~sting~~, his power to bring harsh and severe levys upon any stranger who was
ready to abuse his realm?

The answer is obvious: Alois was not ready, ^{to retire,} I looked forward with
my own trepidation to how he would deal with his four children now that
Edmund was born. ^{For that matter, how would he live} ~~And how would he deal~~ (with Klara? In my purview, I
could anticipate the unforeseen and unexpected rages of a man whose ^{heart} ~~part~~
was not wholly in his retirement. Like unclassifiable clouds on the horizon
was the shape of my disturbance. Given Alois' propensity to blow pipe

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smoke into Adi's face, I could feel the return of my obligation to keep more

than a small eye on the premises. All the same, I ~~was~~ ^{would be} not able later to

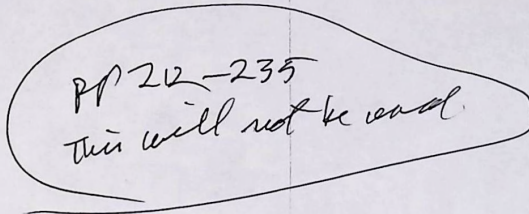
pretend to the E.O. that I was ready for the trouble that Alois, Junior, would

bring in the next year, *when he turned fourteen,*

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PP 212-235
This will not be read.

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This time, Alois had a serious reason for moving. He had decided to retire. He wanted to become a bee-keeper. For that, he would buy a farm. In the last year of his Customs work at Linz, he had begun to look about and by January of 1845, he found what looked to be the right property in a town called Hafeld, thirty miles away, and in February he bought it. In April, Klara and the children moved from Passau to the house. They would now be at a distance from city life. Even the closest school was in the next small town to Hafeld, Fischlham, where Adi would soon be ready for the first grade. Over the next few months Klara and the young ones were to live on the farm while Alois completed his service in Linz.

Of course, the oncoming retirement would not come without some serious inroads on a most impressive edifice. I speak of Alois' ego. It was

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its own kind of monument, impressive, yes, when we consider the meager materials out of which he had been able to construct it. Through his adult years, he had managed to keep an unspoken sense of himself as a man destined eventually for serious achievement. Since he was not in the least lacking in a sense of reality, he did no more than keep this notion as a meditative nectar, rather than a serious expectation. Nonetheless, it would seep into his sweetest thoughts about himself when male company, good beer, and tobacco mingled dependably in the tavern after work.

Be it said that his final year as Chief Customs Officer of Linz even satisfied some rudiments of this concept—"a man of importance." While his final position could hardly be as elevated as the thin air of his dreams, still the title offered the marrow of real satisfaction.

If only he had enjoyed working in Linz, it might have been enough, but the problems with personnel encountered at Passau were now aggravated. Linz was an important station for the Finance Watch. Since it was capital of its province, [CK name of province] Customs was stocked with young, ambitious, and well-educated junior officers. Possessed of social sophistication, they were not unready to show a quiet contempt for

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senior officials who did not satisfy the mark. Most of them came from well-to-do families, and so their own future attainment of high office was taken for granted. This attitude, as palpable as the air itself, left Alois feeling somewhat out of date. Indeed, he was getting on. For the first time in his career, he did not always strike the passing eye as immaculate in uniform. (That now demanded too many pains!) Nor was he as confident of his quick decisions. Certainly not as severely punctual as once he was. Sometimes, at the point of issuing disciplinary reprimands, he would hesitate long enough to contemplate the possible repercussions.

For such a reason, he eased up on smoking restrictions. He no longer felt all that ready to face into the inheld wrath of younger officers. In consequence, he enjoyed his own tobacco less. He also began to feel as if too many of his associates were looking for him to retire. He was, after all, approaching forty years of service. He was eligible. While he could continue for another twelve-month and even another, he did not deem it wise. Small, steady inroads on his vanity were moving him toward a smaller dream. What if he chose to become a gentleman farmer? That would not be so bad, no, not out there in the autumn sun of his career. Such a life could fulfill a

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few other inclinations. What the hell! Born a peasant, he could end as a prosperous agriculturalist.

He had money enough. He could buy a decent farm outright. He would have his pension, and his savings—he and Klara had certainly exhibited thrift. Besides, he had in hand the sum and interest of the larger part of three wives' dowries. It could be said that the first two had brought some real money to the union. If Anna Glassl had succeeded in recovering, through law, half of her large dowry in lieu of their separation, still, she had been nicely well-to-do, and Franzceska, while hardly up to that measure, was nonetheless the child of a prosperous farmer. Even old Poelzl, Klara's father, had come up with some florin.

On the other hand, Alois understood money only too well. He knew not all coin was equal. Deep in one's conscience, one could pay a tithe to money that had not been earned properly. That was incontestable to Alois. Money gave back its reflection of how it had been earned. Sometimes, he felt a passing chill. A good part of his prosperity could be seen as a flower that had sprouted from the coffin-soil of dead wives' dowries.

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During this last year of service, while Klara took care of the children in Passau and he was free in Linz, he had begun to feel too old for other women. That was when he told himself: go back to the earth. It was what he had always heard from Johann Nepomuk—"the real woman is in the fields." The old man had only to get drunk enough, and he would repeat it over and over. "The real woman—look for the real woman in the fields. Respect her."

It was an adage Alois could enjoy but hardly support. After all, his present plans did not include heavy duty in agriculture. His aim, rather, was apiculture. He was interested in developing beehives. He would market the honey. That would be his real crop. All the same, owning a little land might be equal to acquiring another limb, a fifth appendage so to speak, as important to a man with peasant roots as a trunk to an elephant.

He had indeed bought a farm five years ago about the time Adolf was born. In many a way that purchase had been more exciting to him than the birth. Land, at least, was not going to die on him in the way the first three babies had gone back to wherever they came from.

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The reverse had occurred. The land did not perish, but his ownership did not go so well. The holding had been near Spital, a hundred miles from where he was then working in Braunau, yet he had had some far-off notion of retiring to the place. In the interim, it seemed a good way to take care of his sister-in-law, Johanna Poelzl, rather than having her dwell with them as a maid. Johanna, he had long decided, was not only surly but half out of her head. In addition, she was a hunchback. He did not want her in the parlor every night, especially not with that body.

All the same, he did have some admiration for Johanna. She was Klara's sole remaining living sister, but that had little to do with it. He respected Johanna's temper. She had the fierce pride of someone who was not in the least afraid of God. She would put no trust in Him. She was ready to say as much. "God," she would declare, "did not have to kill off so many of us in the Poelzl family." Alois could tip his hat to that defiance. "She's not like my wife," he was fond of telling his fellow convivialists in the tavern. "Klara is ready to kiss every cross she meets."

Still, Johanna did not run the farm very well. Each and every peasant who worked for her was, sooner or later, antagonized by Johanna's sharp

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tongue, and finally she had to give it up and go back to live with her father and her mother—also named Johanna. If we recall, that Johanna had been Alois' mistress on one unforgettable occasion. ("Sie ist hier!")

Alois was able, however, to sell that first farm at a modest profit and so felt well-disposed to taking on the property in Hafeld these several years later. This farm he would work himself. It was called the Rauscher Gut (which can be translated freely as Windy Lands) and it offered nine acres plus a wooden house under a thatched roof with good views from the high ground of the mountains of the Salzkammergut. In addition to some fruit trees, there was an orchard of walnut trees. A hayloft was in the stable and stalls for two horses and three cows, plus one prize sow who also came with the purchase.

It was perfect all ways but one. After the purchase, (and only after the purchase) neighboring farmers were ready to hint to the new arrival that the land might be beautiful, but it was not necessarily going to be famous for its crops.

He looked upon these comments as a hazing ceremony that resident farmers would visit on the newcomer. Oh, he assured them, it did not

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matter. The land would be given a rest. He was there to raise bees. That was his element. Good honey could become the most prosperous crop of them all.

Indeed, in the last days before his retirement ceremony (which was acceptably eulogistic to Alois but most impressive, even thrilling, to Klara) he did have a series of drinking nights as a closer way of saying farewell to his staff and to the decades of his work. Since he had no desire ever to be seen as a man who would moon over the past, he dwelt on his future, he bullied his junior associates, plus a couple of old cronies, and a few respected town officials to drink more than one stein with him on the merits and mysteries of bee-keeping. Indeed, he belabored each table on each night with a good deal of kultur on the subject of hive maintainence and the mysterious psychology of his oncoming fabulous little creatures. In advance would his junior officers tell each other, "Try to keep The Chimney from smoking us out with his bees."

In truth, Alois did see himself as a philosopher on the subject. What an achievement for an untutored Austrian to be able to give a lecture equal to a German savant! "Honey bees form an amazing and most complex society.

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For Angel, the impact is immediate; her condition has worsened and she was going to the hospital just two days after the ruling. "I can use cannabis there and be federally legal. I don't have to fear anymore."

There are many social structures to perceive in each hive," he would inform the drinking gang each night.

In the last weeks before retirement, in the same Linz tavern he would frequent most nights after his customs house shift, Alois spoke more and more often of these higher concepts to be found in apiculture. Honey bees formed an amazing and complex world, he kept informing his drinking cohort. "With rare exceptions, these tiny creatures give their lives to one purpose: Build a future for the generations to follow. The honey they are able to convert from the nectar and pollen they bring back from the flowers is not only for their own consumption, no, gentlemen, it is accumulated to feed their larvae." He nodded. "These larvae are installed in the hexagonal cells that are a wonder to behold, yes, they are constructed superbly and symmetrically out of the very beeswax these insect workers know how to make from pollen. Great care is taken in the construction. They know that future generations must succeed them."

His company nodded, their spirits glum. This was poor beer talk, indeed. But Alois was off on his peroration. Indeed, he was the essence of the kind of dogmatic lecturer who virtually prides himself on his lack of

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sensitivity to his audience. "Some bees," he now remarked, "the bigger ones, even become guards to watch over the security of the entrances to the hive. They are ready to go into battle at the cost of their lives. They are obliged to fight off such powerful raiders as wasps or spiders or termites, yes, all the insect world is looking for a free meal in the honey. But that is only one difficulty. They come up with ingenious solutions to serious problems, if I may be permitted to speak thus. Many of the worker bees are constantly engaged in keeping the interior of the hive cool in summer. How? By means of tireless activity. They never stop fanning their wings. Some even wear out their wings. Why? To create a draft to cool the hive. For that is necessary. The larvae can survive neither in too much chill nor too much heat. Think of it. A cluster of wings, thousands of wings all fanning away, even as others go out to forage out there in the multitude of flowers. They cover themselves with pollen and nectar and then fly back to the hive. Absolutely loyal to the needs of the hive, all of them. They fly under the weight of loads that weigh more than their own bodies. Could we do that? Perform such labors day after day? Think of them as flying work-horses. Yet, they are only the size of bees. And all the while, others are working to

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make beeswax from the pollen, mysterious and extraordinarily useful beeswax. I tell you, they create a society comparable to ours. But maybe more rational."

None of the junior officers were ready to argue. (If they did, he might go on another hour.) It took one of the older town officials to reply. Taking several portentous sips of smoke from his pipe, he said, "Come, Alois, they are only insects."

"No, good sir! With all due respect, you are mistaken. There is much more to them than one would think. Some are, I believe, more inspired in purpose than the average human dolt. Let me say, they are one of the wonders of our universe."

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15.

I was not well-prepared Alois' interest in these matters. This was not the man I knew. While I could see a practical purpose to acquiring a number of hives since the product was eminently salable, and beeswax in particular, brought a very good price, I could not find the balance. Apiculture had its risks, including the always-present peril of receiving a serious number of bee stings. While it might be reasonable to engage in such efforts rather than endangering his long-worked heart by looking to plow a field, I had, all the same, an uneasy suspicion. Alois was too sincere in his enthusiasm, and not concerned enough with profit. The desire for money is, however, so much the usual root of the motive that drives men and women into new activity that signs of its absence always concern me. I have to feel like a sorry devil when I am not near to a client's private intentions. Yet here was Alois ready to undertake this venture because it satisfied

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something in him that I had not yet detected. Normally, Alois counted the money he made most carefully.

I did recall that he had tinkered with keeping a hive in one small town, dabbled, and soon gave it up, but a few years later, went back again. Always on the smallest scale. In the last few months, he had, it is true, written a short article for a journal that served bee-keepers in the area around Linz. To my surprise, the piece was literate. Alois' experience was obviously limited, but, indeed, he had acquired some book knowledge of the subject, and was now fascinated by a new mode of cultivation. Bee hives made of straw might soon be done away with. Skeps they were called, squat-ribbed domed objects about the size and shape of big-bellied human torsos, and skeps had their drawbacks. For example, to harvest the honey, bee-keepers had to keep the population of the hive stunned, which was usually done by smoking them into near-comatose condition. It was an imprecise process, and the skep often had to be ripped open to collect the produce. Despite the smoke, some honeybees awoke long enough to sting the collector.

This new and much-discussed innovation was, however, being developed in England and in America. Already there was talk about it in

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Austria. Some local bee-keepers were now ready to do away with the old ungainly straw structure. If the skep had been in its time an improvement over the more barbaric practice—common in antiquity and the Middle Ages—of rooting the bees out from their hole in a tree, more advanced bee-keepers around Linz were now speaking of hives that could soon become the equivalent of a modern city built to the scale of bees. This new housing would be no greater in size than the skep, no more than a wooden box of comparable volume, but it would be filled with glass trays installed vertically. By this new mode, worker bees could build their miniscule hexagonal wax cells on both sides of each inserted pane of glass. It was a transparent wall one could insert into the box at will, or remove as easily. Since this wooden chamber could hold a good number of upright trays, and each tray had room for thousands of cells in a grid of layers and rows, some keepers calculated that each hive could yet be compared to a giant apartment building in some future megalopolis like Berlin or New York.

To explain this venture to Klara, Alois did emphasize the pecuniary promise. Good money would come back from clean work, and Alois Jr. and

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Angela would help, he told her. And Adi as well! He convinced her that the new project was eminently practical.

I was still bothered. Klara might believe him but I did not. To me, Alois was finding his own way of coming nearer to the Dummkopf. That, I can promise you, was not a matter I could afford to ignore.

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I was now debating whether to pass this concern on to the E.O. While the Maestro could enter, whenever he desired, into our thoughts, as a practical matter, he did not choose to all that often. He would preserve his efforts for more exceptional activities.

On the other hand, he would not be about to favor any high-ranking assistant who did not send out his alert on any unexpected turns concerning one of our prime clients. One could fall to the side of too much caution or not enough.

My conclusion on this matter was to inform the E.O. Alois had never been one of our clients. There had been no need. He was by our measure an average man, which is to say he was sufficiently corrupt to be available for our use if we needed to invest temporarily in him. The assumption was that he would be open to a quick invasion since the Cudgels would hardly be guarding him. To what end? He was so self-centered. What would there be

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in him for them to protect? Whereas when it came to someone like Klara, we did not dare to go near for so little. It would have proved too punishing and again—to what end? Some of our most exceptional clients had come from good mothers. Indeed, evil children that issue from the most loving women are always able to injure morale. The Dummkopf's long ranks of average men and women do find it hard to accept that ugly results can issue from devoted efforts.

Indeed, we had not gone near Klara. It had been enough to reach her on one incomparably special night—that lightning raid—when Adolf had been conceived.

After that, paradoxically, she could prove more useful to us as she was, there, nurtured by the attentions of the Cudgels, but that is so complex a matter it will have to wait. To give but an indication, let me say that Klara, being gifted with depths of love, would not only adore her Adi, but would become enchanted by the new one, Edmund. This could prove enough to flagellate many of Adolf's early feelings.

To watch over a child through the early years is, as I have indicated, so complex and chancy a procedure, that we do not embark upon it often. Life

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itself will shape unexpected openings for us to get into men and women we have not yet gone near, and our best efforts, as I have also remarked, can be contravened by the Cudgels.

We deal then with likelihoods, with reasonably expected outcomes. Alois, in himself, on the hoof, that is to say, Alois, his faults and virtues all more or less predictable, had been serving as the keel for our ongoing comprehension of the Hitler family. He was so dependable in his strengths and habits, his productive contributions, his built-in cruelties and crudities, that one could, if necessary, intensify or reduce the heat of Adolf's hatred for his father in such a way as to mold the boy. Depend on it! We depended on Alois. He was so predictable.

Now, his outsize love for bees promised to turn things askew. There are few atheists who can go all the way to the grave without being challenged in their heart on one or another occasion by the fear or, worse, the intimation that God does exist. In this sense, they are comparable to virgins who are tempted into sudden and unholy heats. Like many such ladies, they cannot accept sex (in their atheistic case, religion) as a force to be met on equal terms. No, like the virgin, the atheist, has to take it, so to speak,

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through the back door. They fall in love with God by way of nature, paganism, service to others, technology seen as the best possible solution to humankind's problems, or through exceptional allegiance to a fetish or a mystery. In Alois' case, it happened to be a recognition of the immense collaboration that could be present between the mighty and the miniscule.

Since he was hardly ready to dive into any immediate pool of joy in the glory of the Lord, he approached his newly opened sense of Mystery by way of his old allegiance, Franz Josef. This much I learned by engaging in a quick raid on his mind, an activity—as I have suggested—that depends on the good chance no Cudgels are near during the length of your raid. (It is not unlike a blind bet in poker, and the E.O.—who may be the greatest poker player of all time—does not encourage us to form a predictable habit there.)

On this occasion, I penetrated quickly on my raid, and soon was out. I gathered what I needed. I now knew a good deal more about Alois' new dispositions. My unhappy sense of what might be in his mind was confirmed. These bees had a life he could find sympathetic to his own. That is why nature is so often the first entrance for humans into the conceivable nearness of God. They discover, for example, that a puppy or kitten is a

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small warm cuddly bit of nature and love who is secretly much like themselves and so can serve as the gateway into a larger imaginative existence. For Alois, the bees had a life he could compare to his own, the foragers most of all.

On any warm day, bees who were out scouting for new fields of flowers knew the heat of the sun and the intimacy that only the sun could arouse in flower petals. Alois would never allow to harboring an unbolted mystical side to himself—he was altogether like most humans in that regard—but I had found the spot, the much-protected psychic soft spot. He would, in the innermost recess of his unadmitted thoughts, begin to muse on the extraordinary art that must be present in any creation which would choose to bring the honeybee into the perfumed caverns of the flower. It stirred him to think of this: Two wholly separated existences had become so entranced by the burgeoning heat of the sun that they were ready to serve each other. The flower would surrender its nectar, while the honeybee covered itself with the pollen of the stamens. In another moment, the bee would separate from one passionate love to look for another, whichever next

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flower was nearby, ready to gather more nectar for the hive even as it spread the pollen of the previous stamens onto this second infatuation.

Such images actually gave life to Alois. The balance between hard work and satisfied desire was so fine. Indeed, the bee would stagger back in flight with its pollen bags and honey ducts. And, had not Alois, in his turn, given much to women and brought back much for himself, so much accumulated wisdom on how to deal with the world, or, at least, his customs-house corner of the world where by the end of his career, he almost always knew what was true and what was false in declarations offered by strangers, particularly women who might wish to deceive him, yet could not, because he was wiser than they were. He possessed the true honey. Wisdom was the knowledge of what others were up to.

As Alois saw it, honey was a concentrate of secrets—secrets held by passing travelers and commercial people, secrets as sweet as honey, all those little goods you could steal and keep for yourself. But he was there to stop them. He could work as hard and long as any honeybee on the hottest and most productive day of summer when the flowers were open, working hard for a future beyond themselves, even as he, Alois, had labored on many an

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occasion to protect the glory, centuries upon centuries old, of the Hapsburgs and their exceptional Empire, so devoted to the future. Not all the Hapsburgs had been great, perhaps, not all even good as people, but it was true for the best of them, those like Franz Josef. They were good humans, very good. Alois could hope to find a resemblance to Franz Josef in his own features—the same sideburns, the same dignity. It was said of the Emperor Franz Josef that he could work for endless hours at his necessary and near-to-endless duties. When necessary, he, Alois, was also ready. And yet they knew enough, both of them, to comprehend that it was not enough to carry the honey back, but that one must keep a good part for oneself.

Some people in Linz he knew, fools for the most part, had been shocked when gossip had spread about the actress, Miss Katharina Schratt whom, is was now bruited about, Franz Josef had taken for a mistress. Even when he had a wife as beautiful as Empress Elizabeth! Such news had spread like a spill of oil which has no boundaries. It had been a blow to some. Not to Alois. He understood. Both the best of men and the worst had to keep their share of the honey for themselves. As he entered retirement, this thought actually brought a taste of peace.

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Let me not be altogether captivated by the voluptuous turn Alois has just brought to his meditations. After all, he had his fear of bees as well. Once, in previous years, he had been stung so ferociously and apocalyptically (if I may put it so) that he never forgot the attack of vertigo it caused. Such power to create pain! That it could exist in creatures so small! It could not be the honeybee alone, he decided, but must derive from that little being's congress with the sun! Such pain might even be an end-product of the rage of the sun. With that, Alois was familiar. He had worked through many a summer in the blare of hottest daylight, stuffed into his uniform. Of course he knew the rage of the sun. It was there to disseminate goods and warmth from the heavens above, but also to glow as a manifest of divine rage.

These were thoughts too large for Alois to take in openly. He never brought such meditations all the way forward into words, only his thoughts—which was good enough for me. This much, however, he knew: Honeybees were agents of the sun even as he was an agent of the Hapsburgs, and both were close to the ultimate power of them all.

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Could these large epiphanies be the product of full retirement? Had he lost his own power to bring harsh and severe levys upon any stranger who was ready to abuse his realm?

The answer is obvious: Alois was not ready to retire. I looked forward with my own trepidation to how he would deal with his four children now that Edmund was born. For that matter, how would he live with Klara? In my purview, I could anticipate the unforeseen and unexpected rages of a man whose heart was not wholly in his retirement. Like unclassifiable clouds on the horizon was the shape of my disturbance. Given Alois' propensity to blow pipe smoke into Adi's face, I could feel the return of my obligation to keep more than a small eye on the premises. All the same, I would not be able later to pretend to the E.O. that I was ready for the trouble that Alois, Junior, would bring in the next year when he turned fourteen.