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now installed in every fold, redoubt, and corner of human existence. Much like the immensely complicated Japanese game of Go, (with its 387 intersections where one can deposit a stone) the positions occupied bit by bit with our black stones are forever surrounding or being surrounded by the white stones of the angels. (It is even said that when Go is played by two Japanese Masters of the Ninth Degree, it can take almost as long to count up the results of their black and white encirclements of each other as to play the match.)

To enforce, therefore, this first explanation of the sinuosities and recesses of our war, I am obliged to offer my own crude outline of the forces at play. There are, indeed, three separate conceptions of what reality might be—the divine, the satanic, and the human. Three separate armies in effect, and so, there are really three kingdoms by now, not two. God and his angels work upon humans to move them in His direction. Our E.O. and his loyal devils look to infiltrate, or, better, possess many of these same humans. Through the Middle Ages, humans had virtually no role in this war. Hence ^{the} ~~is~~ title: Two Kingdoms. But now there is also the individual man or woman to take into account. I can say that many do their best to be

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beholden neither to God nor to the E.O. They are always seeking to be free, to be the creature of their own destiny. Their greatest desire is to become what they wish to be by the light of their desires. In the actual event, as matters proceed today, we devils try to guide those men and women we have attracted (we call them clients), the Cudgels contest us, and the particular individual usually does his or her best to fight Us off, both of Us, God and Devil alike. Humans have become so vain (through technology, I suspect) that quite a number now wish to be wholly separated from both of us.

This, it can be repeated, is but a first approach to the subtle perversity embedded now in existence, a poor excuse for ~~the true complexity~~ *at the root of a apparently simple* ~~the true complexity that and~~ *events.* My hope—given the curious temper that has overtaken me lately—is that I will be able to capture the real and inner life of Adolf Hitler. *however,* (Just why *is* not altogether clear to me as yet.) Let me be ready, then, to explain not only my strengths and yes, my talents for this task, but also my weaknesses. I promise you: No devil is without a profile! Some of us can be as complex as men and women, and, on occasion, as disappointing. We

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more than an unspoken intimation which was all we needed (in much the manner ~~the~~ ^{that} a dog can rise from his sleep and shake himself at his master's silent command), we never knew how serious The Master might be when he spoke aloud. The consummate irony in the tones of his voice took away any certainty that he was committed altogether to what he said. Sometimes I felt that might come from his own uncertainty, but this was too perilous a notion to entertain for more than a moment. The E.O. would put up with our critical thoughts or even a passive outburst, but we knew better than to let it persist.

In any case, I did not dare to ask: What if I fail? Many of our projects do. Particularly, major ones. They are such outrageous gambles. Our Source is not unlike God in this regard. There are all too many blind alleys in existence, after all—and a good many, I can tell you, were designed by the Lord Himself. ~~The dinosaurs,~~ ^{dinosaurs,} for example. If God is the greatest artist, He has also made the largest mistakes.

I was depressed. The new project was at present a backwater. I knew about such twisted clients, their future hopeless unless an historic era developed that could prove uniquely favorable to the distortions present in

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that person. At this point, there seemed no sign of such incomparably special circumstances. (The First World War and the disasters that fell upon Germany had not yet occurred.) My role, as I saw it, would seat me as jockey on a horse running against unbelievably long odds. I could foresee further demotions for myself.

All this is not of much interest now. We know, after all, what happened to the horse. And I was the one who rode him (with occasional but crucial help from the Maestro). I rode with Adolf all the way up to glory (and down again—which is half the matter, the other half being why I now propose to tell the tale). I know so much. This knowledge seems to exist as a separate force within me, separate and independent of Our Maestro, a force, indeed, so intense that I feel ready to break the first of the rules of our fold, which is that we never explain what we know to the uninitiated. Nor is it simple to do so. If, for example, I have told how Adolf was conceived on that night, in those extraordinarily special circumstances when I could speak of myself as being present as a catalyst, a Gabriel come from our side to stand in for the Evil One, it is true; yet it is, by ordinary measure, not true.

The others laughed uneasily. But Alois was thinking of Klara and how her piety left a hot rock in his stomach. He would grind this rock to powder. "In the Middle Ages," he said, "do you know? The whores, they were more respectable than the nuns. They even had a Guild for themselves alone! I have read about a convent in Franconia so stinking bad the Pope had to investigate. Why? Because the Whores' Guild complained about the competition with the nuns."

"Come now," said two drinkers at once.

"True. It is true. Absolutely true. Hans Leipziger here can show you the text." Leipziger nodded slowly, reflectively. He was a little too drunk to be certain on which side his authority should fall. "Yes," said Alois, "the Pope says, 'Send a monsignor to look into it.' What does this good monsignor report? Yah? Half the nuns are pregnant. This is the sober fact history must live with. So, the Pope takes a real look at the monasteries. Orgies. Orgies of homosexuals." He said it with such force that he had time to take a long large swallow from his tankard.

Nobody else he knew could say as much for himself. He was no coward in that department.

But now this respected friend who gave every evidence that he had an ear in the councils of the Finance-Watch was saying, "Watch out for the townspeople in Braunau."

This was a worry to travel right into him. Because Alois could not decide whether to trust this friend. The man was a practical joker. In fact, he was the same one who had once told him: "The townspeople of Braunau are nothing. You can put your thumb to your nose at them." Alois had indeed put together a good many habits around this remark, but the truth was that tonight he had said too much, absolutely, what with this most unsettling and exciting rumor concerning Passau. He was learning how much ambition he had, a real ambition which he had never admitted to himself. He couldn't. It would have been like a river breaking through a levee. But now he could recognize that a flood-water was waiting. If he wanted to stay afloat, he had to stop pissing on the Church.

Yes, in this sense, his wife, a cold tit to him and a jug of warm milk to the baby—what a guzzler! never off of the tit, but, get by all that!—she was

most human feelings ~~was~~ over to our purposes. Of no state is this more true than ambition. Plus, its weak sister, avarice. Avarice is simple to deal with—it is pure greed—but ambition is closely related to the Originating Vision. That is why the D.K., who so often puts serious restraints upon human behavior, is more ready to encourage ambition. (I would suppose His goal is for each and every man and woman to possess the potential (on their own!) to fulfill some part of His Vision. To that degree, God could also rise in the cosmos. (The E.O. is forever hinting to us that there are other gods, quite equal to ours, out among the stars, and they all have extreme and separate notions of what existence might yet become. At that level, the E.O. remarks, the D.K. is no more than one entrepreneur among many!)

That, of course, is cosmic ambition. Return us, however, to the more human variety. As the E.O. is never loathe to tell us, too much ambition proves all too often to be an impasse set up by the Creator. For the D.K.'s Vision to be effective, real and independent strength had to be granted to the human will. In doing so, He was obliged unwillingly to leave room for us. We captured a horde of clients. It may be sacrilege to some, but I would

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propose that God miscalculated. Ambition is not only the most powerful of the emotions but the most unstable. It cannot bear defeat with signal grace. Not often! So, defeat does turn a putative client closer to us. There are so many who are ready to blame God for a run of bad luck.

Personal ambition, therefore, awakens our interest. The D.K., always a prodigious optimist, had not foreseen that the only men and women who could promulgate His Vision by the intensity of their ambition would have to be saints. Of course, few humans have any desire to develop to that point. I will be blunt. The D.K. made miscalculations that were—no lesser judgment—grievous for Him. He overrated the potential for development of good feeling in the very human nature He had created. Whereas our E.O. has always had a keen comprehension of how much perversity was ~~there~~ ^{to be found} in men and women.

Consider the case with Alois. Many people guard their ambition as the most secret part of their emotions (guarded even from their open thoughts). For so soon as ambition begins to burn brightly in the mind, it is ready to shred a good many long-held vanities about the honor and high

nipped her enough for Klara to cry out, whereupon he stopped bawling long enough to give a deep and hearty chuckle. They were back together again.

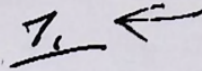
From the room she had just quit, she could hear Alois bellowing at Alois, Jr. and Angela to clean up the puddles.

"That dog can't even shit right," he cried out of his own pain at the awful turn the evening had taken. Luther was bleeding at the mouth from blows he had received full-face on his muzzle, but in turn, Alois' palm had a small but ugly laceration from raking one fierce slap across a broken incisor in Luther's sad front teeth.

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It will be noted that I write about my people in much the mode of any reasonably good novelist. I am ready by turns to observe them sardonically, objectively, ironically, sympathetically, judgmentally, even compassionately. Nor am I often sinister. This should not come as too great a surprise. Why should I be required to sink my style down to the level of a casual reader's notion of how a devil might present himself?

From the onset of our service, the Evil One has instructed us to make humankind our study. We do the E.O. honor every time we are able to appreciate a man or woman in full. The Maestro's way has always been to encourage us to feel close to what is godly in people as well as to the spoils that may be there later for us. To comprehend the godly facets of humankind, precisely those that could prove inimical to us down the road, is important. If we had religious Orders in the Company, I would serve as a Jesuit. Indeed, I share a fundamental understanding with Jesuits as, for certain, does the E.O. I am always ready to acquire a sympathetic comprehension of all that in essence will prove to be our final adversary—I see it as my duty to be ready, indeed, to know more about godly sentiments than all but the most gifted of the angels.

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That is why the E.O. encourages us to speak of God as the D.K. (At least those of us who work in German-speaking lands. In America, it is the D.A.—dumb ass! In England, the B.F.—bloody fool! For France, A.S.—L'Amé Simple. In Italian, G.~~F~~^F.—gran cornutto! For Spanish—G.P.—grande payaso.) So D.K. stands for Dummkopf. It is not that we look upon God as directly retarded (not so!). Moreover, we know from experience (and lost battles) that the Cudgels can, on occasion, be as bright and incisive as ourselves. The root to employing such a term as Dummkopf comes, I think, from the E.O.'s desire to wean us from what has been our greatest weakness—the admiration we often feel unwillingly before the Almighty. As the E.O. never allows us to forget, God may be powerful, but He is not All Mighty. Hardly so! We, after all, are present. If the D.K. is the Creator, we are His most profound critics. Often, very often, we are successful opponents.

So successful, indeed, that the E.O. wished to rearrange the balance. If the Angels had succeeded in brainwashing all too many men and women to believe that our Source was the Evil One, (until we are obliged to live without any real opportunity to protest this canard), then our best recourse,

as the E.O. suggested, is to take pride in his initials. Or, try to. Which we do. When I write E.O., or speak of the Evil One, it is with full knowledge of the richness of the concept. He has given us so much, our subtle master who disdains to capitalize any reference to his presence. "Leave all that to those God worshippers on their knees," he tells us. "We have work to do, and it is tricky. I recommend that you keep thinking of Him as the Dummkopf. For, indeed, given what He could have been, that is what He is. We are brighter by far. And, of late, we are more creative. Remember: It is our universe to gain. It is His to lose. Keep calling Him the Dummkopf."

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8.

The outpouring of the urine, the shit, and the blood of Luther became the first in a series of episodes remarkable for their powers of transmogrification—that is to say, dramatic and thoroughgoing metamorphosis.

So, for example, Adolf's bowel movements now began to dominate the tenor of life in the house on Linzerstrasse. Before the episode with Luther took place, Klara had certainly been alert, no matter how often Adi soiled his wrapping cloths, to keep the child in clean state, indeed, the act as I have remarked, became a daily dalliance between mother and boy. She wiped him so carefully that his eyes gleamed with transmogrificational delight. He discovered that Heaven was in his anus right there with the cramps. All the while, his mother subtly, tenderly, delicately (and with unwitting demonic finesse) expunged the soil, wet or dry, from his rosebud, (which was, of course, Klara's secret name for her dear baby's incomparably dear little hole—die Rosenknospe.) She was so proud of its pink sheen that she could not even suppress her joy when her step-children were watching. Indeed, unlike other good mothers in Braunau, she barely bothered to teach Angela how to substitute for her. In truth, she preferred to

Rosenknospe*clarification*

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He began to bawl for his milk not thirty minutes after Klara had sunk into the best sleep she had known for years.

Must one suppose that because a child's deepest feelings have a half-life of thirty minutes, they are not profound? Because of that betrayal, he would never love his mother as much again. Yet, his feelings were more intense. There was pain in his love now, and an anger that revealed itself by nipping at her breast with his first teeth. Indeed, for a few days, he felt almost as close to Luther, and when drowsy, could sleep beside the dog through an afternoon. Truth, he saw the hound as a brother. They had both taken a fearful beating on the side of the heart that is most tender, and indeed, the love affair went on until Adolf began to take too much advantage of the beast, punching him in the belly, trying to poke into his eyes, and sometimes, when standing, loosing a kick to the ribs. The dog began at last to growl at his approach and Adolf in turn would whine and run to Klara. There was a period when this made her so distraught that all delight in breast-feeding was gone. The teeth had done it. The days of weaning were at hand.

10.

Alois' promotion came through. The Finance ~~Watch~~ named him to the post of Chief Customs Officer at Passau, and Klara had the confirmation of knowing she was married to a man of achievement.

On the other hand, they could hardly rent their house in Braunau at such quick notice. Yet Alois had to work in Passau and that took a full day of travel. So, there were periods, often for weeks at a time, when Alois lived apart from the family. In consequence, Adolf could loll in the big bed with his mother.

The child's joy was profound. If it was grievous that Klara had to put him aside whenever Alois come home, so did he also learn that such happiness could be recovered. For after a day or two, Alois would be off again to Passau.

This lasted for a year. Even when the family eventually moved to Passau, the new position required Alois to oversee other towns. He was,

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Taking up his command in Passau left him feeling, however, less settled. While he made few outright errors, his tone became, at times, too harsh. Rudeness toward inferiors was reasonable only when the cutting edge of the criticism was accurate. One's subordinates learned correct procedure best under the sting of a fine whip well-applied. Occasionally, however, some trifle would provoke him unduly. Once he went into a tirade because an underling addressed him as "Herr Official" rather than "Herr Senior Official Hitler." He could sense that his new Passau contingent of juniors, so much more sophisticated and educated than the younger officers at Braunau, were growing critical of him. Now and again, looking down from his post at the rush of the Danube below the Customs' bridge, tears would come to his eyes. He would find himself thinking of Braunau, and of the two women buried in the region, dear carnal-spirited Franzeska, yes, and for an instant he would also mourn Anna Glassl. No beauty, but she had known what to do under the sheets.

He smoked all the time. His nickname, not known to him, was ~~Der Rauchfang~~. *(The German is so good at what he does)* ~~Chimney~~ *Chimney*. And what is the mood of ~~The~~ Chimney today? one young officer might ask another as he came on duty. Alois knew these juniors

(The Chimney, Der Rauchfang!) And

closer care of him now. Stiffen his spine. We will lose many of his future potentialities if we don't take steps."

*Faxed by Dwyer
2/20/04*

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As is true of all reasonably disciplined armies, there is no room for rebellion when given a direct order. I did what I was told. I stiffened the boy's spine. Indeed, I will make the claim that I accomplished this with some finesse for I did not inject any of our special funds of energy into his courage or his will, no, rather, I steered him to do the job himself. That proved enough. ~~At bottom, he was~~ *had been, after all,* the one who chose not to weep when his face was in the dirt, and afterward, he displayed his own cunning in finding

ways to avoid physical punishment. It ^{had been} ~~was~~ enough that I was (so to speak) at his side. That gave him a subtle confidence. We too served in effect as guardian angels. (For special clients, only!)

I was aware again of the superior insight of the E.O. Adi showed a few signs that he might be worth the work. The child had powerful instincts, and was as much superior to an average five-year-old as a young race-horse is to a run-of-the-mill pony. I enjoyed working with him, therefore, and that was just as well since the order had come during a period when I could not afford new inroads on my budget. Improving a child's courage usually demands the use of precious stores, precisely those funds of love and force we have managed to steal from His Cudgels. Warmth and gifts of courage are His preserve and if the D.K. were not such a wastrel, and we not so adept, our chances would be paltry at best. Of necessity, we have become skilled at impersonating angels. Even an adult, feeling our infusion of love, tends to believe it is bona-fide, that he or she is the recipient of Grace. (I suspect Kierkegaard had just that in mind when he suggested people ought to be wary of feeling ^{too} ~~happily~~ saintly, since they could then be working for Satan.)

I speak of this because we devils are human to this degree—a fine return on our investment puts us in the best of moods. So I came to enjoy being with Adi as he proceeded to improve the little game of war that was being played by these five-year-olds in Passau in the spring and summer of 1894. Indeed, the change in my sentiments was as rapid for me as for the child. (Secretly, we do cherish our power to bestow gifts upon a putative client.) We must. Often the only way to capture a child so young is, as I have indicated, to spend some of our limited stores of love to seal the conquest. A risky business. One might lose a lot. All too often, a child's shifting inclinations create too much capacity for quick and independent change. We can waste our efforts. Our youngest clients alter themselves on their own, or resist us, or, worse, the Cudgels move in.

To forestall this event, I was there night after night to instruct Adi while he slept. Indeed, he delighted me (the rarest of pleasures for a devil!) by the development of his activities during the day. To repeat—he was no ordinary five-year-old, no, he had an exceptional capacity to tinker with his game of war. Rarely did he fail to improve it.

He soon saw, and I believe this came as much from his perception as mine, that outposts were necessary. It was wrong to send soldiers over the hill without fore-knowledge of what opposite force they might encounter. So, a scout from each army had to attempt to work his way up close enough to the summit to obtain a covert look at the dispositions of the other side. Following in logical sequence came another change in the rules—an advancing army had to be free to move its forces from flank to flank, even as it climbed the hill. Ditto for the defenders. The defense could also shift their outposts. Of course, all this soon called for larger forces on each side, but Adi was able to convince his regulars that more boys should be invited in from nearby streets and other fields. They, the originals, having been here first, could take promotion in rank. Let me offer one of his speeches to his troops.

“Why do we love our game?” he would ask. “Is it because we need to know more about war? Yes. Because, my friends, we want to be heroes when we are ^{b.i.g} men. Is that not true? Klaus, do you want to be a hero?”

“That is what I want.”

"Of course. It is what we ~~all~~ want. All of us. ^{Back} ~~And~~ to do this we must learn more. For that, we need more soldiers on both sides. How are we to accomplish this?

"I will tell you. It is by bringing in ^{all} ~~others~~ who are willing to join us. Then, we who are here can ~~all~~ be given high rank. We who command must be very high in rank. Not just a captain, or a major, but a general.

"Klaus here, will be my colonel."

Those words are close to what I remember. While I have certainly given him an eloquence no five-year-old could muster, I ^{have also to} ~~will insist that~~ ~~admit that some of the~~ ^{did not seem his} good turns of speech did come out of him and these words were not only not ^{that came} his own, nor mine, ^{I began to suspect that they could have been} but seemed equally inspired by some agent of the D.K. ^{was unknown to me, also} At this point ~~was he being~~ ^{helped by both sides at once?} What a large investment ^{to put into} was being placed in this little Adi!

Before long, his—I will indeed say his boys—were engaged each afternoon in hour-long battles. There were startling shifts of tactics and endless alterations of the rules. The numbers increased to fifteen and twenty a side.

Word came from the E.O. "Enough for now. Let us see how much of this endures after the move."

This was characteristic of our Maestro. We had to be ready to accept *such quick* *entire* *was*
~~(changes in circumstance)~~ In this case, the ~~situation~~ of the family ~~was~~ altered.

Alois had decided to move Klara, Angela, Alois Junior, Adi, and the baby Edmund, up from Passau to dwell nearer to him in Linz.

Let me apologize for this change of venue. A good reader is the most unprotected of humans—their sympathy moves in advance of their judgment. Some readers may have felt uneasy, therefore, to discover that they were enjoying the first successes of the child Adolf Hitler in his games of war. Be assured. To read *in any book* about the skills or triumphs of *a* ~~any~~ protagonist is all-but-guaranteed to elicit happiness in whoever follows the story, especially if there is a ~~small~~ suggestion of the sentimental, or even better, the magical. Those are two useful tools for any author who *desires* ~~is shamelessly~~ *(at all cost!)* ~~content~~ *while a* to arouse quick emotions in the reader. *A* few fine minds may be ready to come to working terms with the devil, (Faust was one!) ~~but~~, count on it—popular writers and champions of the sentimental come looking for us all the time. We love them. They are such dupes. They think they are

working both for God and their own prosperous selves. We do not disabuse them. Rather, we encourage them. We want them, indeed, to marinate their readers in baths of misperception while we enjoy the profit.

This time, Alois had a serious reason for moving. He had decided to retire. He wished to become a bee-keeper. For that, he would buy a farm. In the last year of his Customs work, he had begun to look about and by January of 1895, had found what might be the right property in a town

called Hafeld, thirty miles from Linz. In February he bought it. In April, Klara and the children moved from Passau to that house. They would still 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 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, having managed to keep an unspoken sense of himself as a man

destined eventually for serious achievement, he was certainly not lacking in

a sense of reality as well, and so ~~kept~~ ^(lived with) ^(special) this notion ^{of himself as a} meditative nectar

rather than as

~~rather than~~ a serious expectation. Nonetheless, it would seep into his

sweetest thoughts ~~about himself when~~ ⁱⁿ male company, good beer, and

tobacco mingled dependably in the tavern after work ^{with this larger view of himself}

By his final year as Chief Customs Officer of Linz, some rudiments of

this concept—"a man of importance"—were even satisfied. While ~~his final~~ ^{this last}

position could hardly ^{rise so high as} be as elevated as the thin air of his dreams, still the ^{Chief Customs Officer} title tickled a 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 ^{center} station for the Finance-Watch. Since it was capital of a most important province, Upper-Austria, Customs was stocked with young, ambitious, and socially sophisticated junior officers never at a loss to show quiet contempt for senior officials who might fail in any way to fulfill the post. Most of these young men 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 somewhat out of joint. He was getting on. For the first time in all the years he had been wearing a uniform, he did not always strike the passing eye as immaculate. (That now demanded too many pains!) Nor was he 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 just such a reason, he eased up on smoking restrictions. He no longer enjoyed facing into the inheld wrath of younger officers. In

consequence, he enjoyed his own tobacco less. He began to feel as if his associates were looking for him to retire. He had put in, after all, near to 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 kept 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 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 had to pay a tithe to money that was not earned properly. Money gave back its reflection of how it had been gained. Sometimes, he felt a passing chill. A good part of his prosperity could be seen as the 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 to 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 his present plans did not include heavy duty as a farmer. 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 of Klara's babies had gone back to wherever they came from.

The reverse had occurred. The land did not perish, but his ownership did not go ^{all that} so well. The holding had been near Spital, ^{about} 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 ^{might be} seemed a good way to take care of his sister-in-law, Johanna Poelzl, ^{in preference to} 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 ^{done on her back} hunched-up body.

All the same, he did feel some admiration for ^{the woman, Johanna} Johanna. She had the fierce pride of someone who was not in the least afraid of God. She would put no trust in Him. "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. "She's not

like my wife," he was fond of telling the tavern. "Klara is ready to kiss every cross she meets."

All the same, Johanna did not run the farm very well. Each and every peasant who worked for her was, sooner or later, antagonized by ~~Johanna's~~ ^{the Klara's} ~~sister's~~ (sharp tongue, and finally she ~~had~~ ^{decided} 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 was not ill-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 ^{the Estate} 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 a cow, 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 exactly the kind of hazing that resident farmers would visit on a 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 ^{and} ~~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 so much of his ~~K~~^kultur on hive maintenance and the "mysterious psychology of these fabulous little creatures," that Alois' junior officers

would warn each other, "Tonight, let's try to keep The Chimney from smoking us out with his bees."

In truth, he did see himself as something of a philosopher ^{concerning} ~~on~~ this subject. What an achievement for an untutored peasant from the Waldviertel to be able to give a lecture equal to a Heidelberg savant!

"There are many social structures to perceive in each hive," he would inform the drinking gang by way of introduction to the subject ~~each night~~.

^{So, in} ~~At~~ the last weeks before retirement, in the same Linz tavern he had frequented each night after his customs house shift, Alois spoke more and more often of the higher concepts of 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: ^{It is to build!} ~~Build a~~ future for the generations who will follow. The honey they ~~are able to~~ convert from the nectar ~~and pollen~~ that they bring back from the flowers is ~~not~~.

^{only} ~~for their consumption, but, gentlemen, it is also accumulated in a necessary excess of hard work~~ to feed their larvae." He nodded. "These larvae are installed in the tiniest hexagonal cells, 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, and that is a mysterious process not quite understood as yet even by the most modern chemist. Moreover, great care is taken in the construction of the hexagonal cells. They know *how vital it is* (that future generations ~~must~~ succeed them."

His company nodded, their spirits glum. This was *(not the most lively)* ~~poor~~ beer talk. ~~But Alois was off on his peroration. Indeed, he was the essence of that kind~~ *For those last nights had become the* of dogmatic lecturer who is *ready to exhibit* ~~prepared to pride himself on~~ an incorruptible lack of sensitivity to his audience (if they are insufficiently grateful to listen carefully). "Some bees," he now remarked, "the heftier ones, become guards to watch over the entrances to the hive. Do you know? They are ready to go into battle at the cost of their lives? They will even 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 of the obstacles to a peaceful life for the bee. They have to come up with *their continuing* ingenious solutions to ~~serious~~ problems. All through the summer months, many of the worker bees, as one example, are constantly engaged, if I may be permitted to speak thus, in keeping the interior of the hive cool. How? By means of ~~their~~ tireless activity. They never stop fanning their wings.

A good many

Some must even wear out their wings. After which, they are ready to die.

Why? ~~For the common need~~ *Because the* To create a draft to cool the hive. ~~This act is~~

~~so necessary.~~ The larvae cannot survive in too much ~~chill~~ *nor in too much*

heat. Think of it. Thousands of wings all fanning away, even as others go

out to forage out for more supplies in a ~~multitude~~ *the fields* of flowers. They ~~cover~~ *collected*

~~themselves with pollen and store the nectar in pads~~ *as well in pads* on their legs and then fly

back to the hive. ~~Absolutely loyal to the needs of the hive, all of them. I~~

~~can tell you.~~ *are able to* They fly under the weight of loads *of pollen and nectar* 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, *in the hives* others are working to make beeswax from the pollen, that

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 for 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."

Note:
pods
not
pads.

"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."

15.

^{for}
 I was not well-prepared Alois' interest in these matters. Here
 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 unscheduled 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. He was not sufficiently concerned with profit. ~~The~~ ^{But the}
 desire for money is ~~however~~ ^{the tap-root of the motive} that drives most
 men and women into new activity. Therefore, ^(a relative) ^(of this desire) signs of its absence concerns
^{have to} me. Obviously, I feel like a sorry devil ^{if} when I cannot come close to a
 client's ^{real} ~~private~~ intentions. Yet here was Alois ready to undertake this
 venture because it satisfied something in him that I had not yet detected.
 Normally, Alois kept a close ~~relation~~ ^{relation} to the money he made.

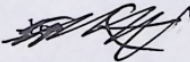
I did recall that he had tinkered with keeping a hive in one small town, dabbled, and soon gave it up, but a few years later, went back again. Always on the smallest scale. In the last few months, he had, it is true, written a short article for a journal that served bee-keepers in the area around Linz. To my surprise, the piece was literate. Alois' experience ^{might be} ~~was~~ ~~obviously~~ limited, but ~~indeed~~ he had acquired some book knowledge of the subject, and was now fascinated by a new mode of cultivation. ^{It looked as if} ~~Bee hives~~ made of straw ^{would} ~~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 ^{these did have} ~~skeps had~~ their drawbacks. For example, ^{to} ~~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 product. Despite the smoke, some honeybees awoke long enough to sting the collector.

A new and much-discussed innovation was, however, being developed in England and in America. Already, even in Austria, local bee-keepers were ready to do away with the old ungainly straw structure. If the

skep had been for 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, advanced bee-keepers around Linz were now speaking of hives ^(built to the scale of bees) that could soon become the equivalent of a modern ^{bee-city} city ~~city~~ built to the scale of bees. This new housing, no greater in size than the skep, was a wooden cabinet that could be filled with glass trays installed vertically. The worker bees seemed content to build their miniscule wax cells on both sides of each inserted pane of wax. Since this new kind of 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 ^{was now comparable} 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 Angela would help, he told her. And Adi as well! He convinced her that the new project was eminently practical.

more than,
I was ~~still~~ bothered. Klara might believe him but I did not. *I had* ~~To me,~~
decided that) ~~17~~
(Alois was looking to find a way to come nearer to the Dummkopf. That was
not a matter I could afford to ignore.



16. ~~16~~

I was now debating whether to pass this concern on to the E.O.
~~While~~ ^{of course,} the Maestro could, ~~when he so desired,~~ ^{but} enter into our thoughts, ~~he~~ ^{he} did
 not often choose to do so, ^{preferring} ~~He preferred~~ to reserve his resources for ~~more~~
 exceptional activities.

On the other hand, I was supposed to be on the alert for unexpected
~~in the hands of the~~
 turns. One could fall to the side of too much caution or not enough.

My conclusion on this matter was not to inform the E.O. Alois had,
^{we had never had such a}
 after all, never been one of our clients. ~~There was never the~~ need. He was
 by our measure an average man, which is to say, sufficiently corrupt to be
 available for our use whenever we might ^{decide} ~~need~~ to invest temporarily in him.
 The assumption was that he would be open to a quick invasion. The
 Cudgels would hardly be guarding him. To what end? He was so self-
 centered. What could there be for them to protect? Whereas, when it came
 to someone like Klara, we did not ^{choose} ~~dare~~ to go near. Not for too little. It
 would have proved punishing and again—to what end? We did not need
 her directly. Some of our most exceptional clients are the offspring of good
 mothers. Indeed, evil children that issue from the most loving women are

always able to injure morale. Average men and women find it hard to accept that ugly results can issue from devoted efforts. It shakes their faith in the Dummkopf. How could God allow this? A standard lament.

We had not gone near Klara, therefore, except for that one incomparably special night—that lightning raid—when Adolf had been conceived.

After that, paradoxically, she was more useful to us as herself, there, innocent, nurtured by the attentions of the Cudgels. This is, however, so complex a matter that 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, which was just about certain to flagellate many of Adolf's feelings.

To watch over a child through the early years is, as I have indicated, so complex and chancy a procedure, that we usually wait. Life itself will shape unexpected openings for us to ~~find our way into~~ ^{into} men and women we have not yet gone near. Besides, 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 predictable.

Now, his outsize love for bees was turning ^{matters} things askew for me, at least!
 There are few ^{like Alois} 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 pious virgins who are tempted into sudden and unholy heats. Like many such ladies, they cannot accept sex (^{this} in the atheistic case, religion) as a force to be met on equal terms. No, like the good virgin, 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—^{usually seen by them} seen as the best possible solution to humankind's problems—or through exceptional allegiance to a

fetish or a ~~M~~mystery. In Alois' case, it happened to be ~~this grand & this overblown~~
 (after day) (recognition of the immense collaboration that could be present between the
 mighty and the miniscule.

Since he was hardly ready to bathe in a pool of joy for the greater
 glory of the Lord, he approached his newly opened sense of Mystery by way
 of the old allegiance to Franz Josef. This much I learned by a quick raid on
 his mind, an activity that depended on the likely chance no Cudgels would
 be near during the length of my ~~raid~~ (excursion). (It is not unlike a blind bet in poker)

On this occasion, I penetrated quickly, and soon was out. I gathered
 what I needed. I now knew 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 analogous to his own. This is why natural phenomena
 are so often the first perception by humans of the conceivable nearness of
 God. They discover, for example, that a puppy or kitten is a warm cuddly
 bit of existence much like themselves and so can serve as the gateway to
 larger suppositions. For Alois, the foragers out in search of the flowers
 were creatures he could understand.

On any warm day, bees scouting for new fields of flowers knew the heat of the sun and the intimate yearning that only the sun could arouse in flower petals. Alois was not about to throw open any massive bolted door to the mystical side of himself—he was like most humans in that regard—but I had found a soft spot in his psyche. He would actually, in the innermost recess of his thoughts, muse on the 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 two wholly separated existences, entranced with each other by the burgeoning heat of the sun.

The flower would surrender its nectar, ^{to the bee's tongue} while the ^(hairs of the) honeybee covered ^{themselves} itself with the pollen of the stamens. In another moment, the bee would separate from one passionate lust to look for another, whichever fine flower of the same species was beckoning in the breeze, ready to gather more nectar for the hive even as it left some of the pollen of the first stamen on this second infatuation.

Such images gave life to Alois. It was the balance between hard work and satisfied desire. He felt close to that bee who would stagger back in flight with its pollen bags heavy, and ^{its stoma^{ch} full of nectar.} ~~its nectar full ducts.~~ Had not Alois, in

his turn, given much to women and yet 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 invariably 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.~~ *+travellers looked to themselves, I had been* But he was there to

take their secrets. He could work as hard and long as any honeybee on the

hottest and most productive day of summer when the flowers were most

open, working hard for a future beyond themselves, even as he, Alois, had

labored on many an occasion to ~~protect~~ *defend* 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 very good as

people, but it was true for the best of them, those who were 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 part for oneself.

Some people in Linz he knew, fools for the most part, had been shocked when gossip spread about the actress, ~~Fra~~^{Fräulein} Katharina Schratt, whom, it was now bruited about, Franz Josef had taken for a mistress. Even when he had a wife so beautiful as Empress Elizabeth! Such news had spread like a spill of oil that 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 ^{some} ~~their~~ share of the honey for themselves. As he entered retirement, this thought actually brought a taste of peace.

Let me not be altogether captivated, however, 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 did not come from the honeybee alone, he decided, but must derive from congress with the sun! Such pain might even express 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 ^{might be} ~~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 accept openly. He never brought such meditations all the way forward into words, ^{but this} ~~only his~~ ~~thoughts~~ ^{on} ~~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 ^{it} ~~them~~ all.

Could these large epiphanies be the product of full retirement? ~~Had he lost his own power to bring harsh levys upon any stranger who might try to abuse his realm?~~

The answer ^{was} ~~is~~ obvious: Alois ^{did not seem} ~~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 there. For that matter, how would it be to

live on a farm with Klara? In my purview, I could anticipate ~~the unforeseen~~
~~and~~ unexpected rages ⁱⁿ 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 to pretend to the E.O. later that
I was ready for the trouble that Alois, Junior, would bring in the next year
when he turned fourteen.

Another situation had arisen. On the very night in April when, ~~for the~~
for the first time
~~first time~~, they slept in the house at Hafeld, Klara became pregnant. Until
then, the farm, ~~although~~ *had not been* purchased in February, ~~was not~~ occupied by the
Hitler family. Klara had kept the children in Passau because Edmund was
ailing. Besides, it was winter. Alois would not be able to join them
permanently until the end of June when he retired. By April, however,
Klara decided finally to brave the difficulties and right after Easter,
accompanied by Angela, Adolf, Edmund, and the sum of their possessions,
accomplished it
she ~~did~~ the move which ~~was~~ made even more difficult since she was without
Alois, Jr. to help her with the luggage—he had had to stay behind and board
with a neighbor until the end of his school year. Nonetheless, whatever the
difficulties, she embarked by train from Passau early in the day and her
husband met them at the station in Linz with a large wagon and two work
horses to carry their trunks, valises, packing crates and packages over the
last thirty miles to Hafeld.

This portion of the trip lasted from noon to dark, but the day had been warm, and Alois, to everyone's surprise, entertained the children with one song after another—his voice was rich, and Klara, who had a clear ^{if} delicate soprano, would join him when she knew the words. Alois was in a rare mood, ~~keeping it to himself~~ ^{and of} he was proud ~~at~~ his skill with the horses and wagon. Having done ~~so~~ little of that in decades, he had almost hired a driver, but given his oncoming responsibilities as a farmer, felt it incumbent to take on the project himself.

The previous owner had—as was local custom—stocked each ~~fireplace~~ ^{with logs and kindling,} and so the rooms, before long, were warm. What with ~~some~~ bread and sausage, plus a carefully packed jar of split pea soup, they had enough to eat and went to bed more happily than not. Alois would ^{even} spend the next day with them before driving his rented wagon back to Linz.

That first night, however, Alois was ^{also} ready to establish a little connubial investiture of the premises ~~as well~~. By the light of the gas lamp in their bedroom, he could see that Klara looked in fine color, not pale at all, and said as much only to hear her laugh in true merriment.

"You, too, Uncle," she said. "Your nose is very red from the sun."

"Ah," he said, "you are still calling me Uncle. Soon, it's ten years that we are married and still, what am I to you? Uncle Alois? Do you mean Old Uncle Alois? That is a disgrace."

"No," she said, "we are all very proud of you. Today, so much. You did it all. And so well. Something you never did before."

"Well, I can do a lot of things you do not know. I am never so simple as you think."

"I do not think you are simple," she said, "no, that I do not think."

"Yes, you can tell me. What do you think, my little Niece?"

It was not often that she was ready to speak to him so directly, but on this night, ^{an exceptional} ~~a most special~~ night, after all, she said, "I wonder why you never tell me that you love me."

"Maybe," he replied, "it is because you still call me 'Uncle.'"

To his astonishment, her answer was the nearest she had ever come to speaking in a manner that most certainly belonged to other kinds of women, ~~to her.~~ ^{to her.} "Maybe I call you Uncle," she said, "because you are such a big, healthy fellow of an Uncle."

He was not about to pass this by. *Instantly, the* ~~The~~ Hound was straining on the leash. Alois' voice was heavy. "How would you know what is the size of a healthy fellow?" he asked.

"I do not know. But I am free to guess. You are a very big Uncle."

That was all it took to make her pregnant. He was excited enough to take her by the side of the bed, both of them standing, half-dressed, and then he took her again in bed. He was full of love—for himself, first, and his prowess—such a fine power at his age—and then he felt some love for her to some degree—plus a good deal of love for the farm. It was a beautiful piece of land. He even took pleasure in the thought of coming a little closer to his children, which is to say, he had an image of kids working along with him in the fields, doing what, he hardly could say, he was about to fall asleep and now thought of summer bees searching the meadows. He was unusually delighted with how much power had been in his loins on this night. To have it all there, just when he had begun to wonder.

He even held Klara in his arms, which was hardly his habit, and when he woke up to honor the alarms of his bladder, he almost kicked over the chamber pot. In the dark, what with his unfamiliarity with a new bedroom,

he was stumbling around, and Klara was giggling. Then, she wrapped her arms around him as he came back to bed. "I am happy," she said. "I think this will be the place for us."

"Silence!" he growled. "Don't be a goose! One does not make silly predictions!" Yes, he could feel the earth of the farm, all those nine acres to the rear and ^{to} the front of them, and felt just as superstitious as any of the peasants of his childhood. A person should not be as ready as Klara to speak out with good feelings to empty night air. Not aloud! ^{was it so} How empty ~~was it~~ after all? Who knew what spirit might be ~~about~~ there to listen to ~~you~~, ^{present} there with ~~nothing~~ ^{thin air} but its evil ears?

In the morning, she could sense his impatience to be done with the unpacking. It was obvious. He wanted to go out and walk his grounds. So, she took over the larger part of the immediate tasks while he gave the children a tour of the barn, all three huddled close to him now before the animal immanence of the two horses, the cow, and the prize sow that had been part of the purchase price. Those animals were huge to the children, and close to overpowering them with the fetid statement of their odor, all three, Angela, twelve; Adi, now close to six, and Edmund, not yet one and

a half years old and a fine toddler. Edmund hugged Adi. He loved to walk with his hand in Adi's hand.

Now, Alois told them to go back to the house and help their mother. In the afternoon, he would, he promised, teach them how to milk the cow, feed the pig, and curry the horse, not to mention the hen house and the eggs, but for now it was their good mother who needed them.

He wanted to walk his lands alone. He had more than a few decisions to take. So, once again, he studied the condition of the orchard. When he had seen it last, there was more than a little snow on the ground, but he had been able to determine that the trunks of the walnut trees looked healthy, and the bare branches appeared to have integrity, strong, reasonably straight, and not too many tortured shapes to suggest the aftermath of crazy storms when the trees were young.

In truth, he realized now, he had hardly studied the place before buying it. Enough that the price, comparatively, was not too high, and the house and the view were the best he had found. No, he could not manage to keep spending full days in travel out from Linz. This place was enough. In his work, after all, he had had to be good at making quick decisions. You

could not examine in complete professional detail every traveler who might have something wrong about him, no, you made your choices on the spot. He had been good at that.

All the same, he was not so much at ease with his purchase as he had anticipated. Walking the meadows and the one small hill of his new domain, the land was less extensive than he remembered, no larger, really, than what it was, nine acres, a good-sized parade-field. On the other hand, it was small enough to encourage him to do a little more farming than he had anticipated. Three or four of those acres would make a decent but manageable potato field. Should he give another acre to beets? Could he plant this year? That would be the question. He could not get going until the end of June, the beginning of July, but Alois, Jr. would be back here then from Passau, his school year finished, and, yes, maybe they could take on some late plowing, maybe get some planting done.

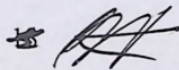
All the while, his true disappointment came back to him. He must recognize—once again—that he could not cultivate his bees, not this summer. The brunt of the project would have to wait until next spring. A season of honey-gathering began in April and hardly lasted into September.

18. ~~18.~~

By July, life became considerably different for Alois. Klara, for one example, was most definitely pregnant. In seven months, if the baby was born without incident, there would be a total of eight kids who had come into existence because of him, eight, if you include the three who now were gone. Of course, if he so desired, he could add some ~~K~~inder not exactly accounted for—quite a number of cooks and chambermaids who had managed to conceive with what might be called mixed male parentage, much mixed. Yes, when one of them told him she was pregnant, he had agreed that it was possible. He could be the true father, but then, hadn't she also been with Hans and Gerhardt and Hermann and Wolf? With rare exceptions (like Fanny) those women were not in a position to argue who was the true father. It was enough to give them a decent gift.

Here in Hafeld, he was face to face with the other side of such achievements. Through the heat of July, in this farm-house up on the hill, he had to look at five faces every meal, from Klara down to Edmund, sixteen months old and walking, even trying to talk. And by January, there would be another. He was used to living with peoples' faces in front of him,

He had to be there at the beginning. He must wait. All right, he would have nine months now to prepare, counting at least from the time when he would be back here again, permanently, in June, late June, and an unexpected and most unpleasant shiver of anticipation came to him at this thought. Did he know what he was doing? Such a bad thought! He forced it back. He had been in control of his feelings since he was ten years old, and he was not preparing to let go now.

A handwritten signature or set of initials, possibly "AJ", written in dark ink.

more new faces than most people had to meet up with every day, but now it was always the same mugs. He was not used to dwelling with such questions as whether Edmund, for example, had come up with a new phrase or was just gurgling as usual, blobs of sound, no real sense of language.

Managing the farm was another matter. He could take pleasure in Angela's work. For a twelve-year-old who had been putting cold cream on her hands ever since she was eight—a little city girl, ready to be spoiled!-- she was now, to his surprise, decent help. She was always currying the two horses, and washing down the cow even when that hefty lady didn't need another bath. She would also get Adolf and Edmund to laugh at the hearty contentment to be heard in the full-gutted sound of the sow every time they approached with food. ^(Pinky) Rosig was large for a pig, large even for a prize pig, and so happy in that smelly wallow with its pink rosette tacked above her stall, an old prize rosette from the summer before they came to the farm. By next summer, when all this new work wouldn't be weighing on them, and ~~there~~ might be a little time, Angela wanted to prepare Rosig ^{again} for local competition ~~again~~. Yes, his girl, Alois decided, was a prize herself. Angela even took the pains to separate out the manure of the farm animals before

carrying each collection to a different pile. Why? Because she declared to Klara, "My father would want it that way. Nice and neat." She even succeeded in getting Adi to take up a part of the slack. While he could be counted on to throw a tantrum, Angela would ride it out. Then the boy would follow her, his nose up to heaven in horror, but nonetheless carrying a second manure pail.

His school year over in Passau, Alois, Jr., came to the farm at the beginning of July. For a short period, no one could surpass him at work. Right off, he was splendid with the horses, particularly the younger one, Ulan, a stallion five years old. Alois was proud of how quickly ^{Junior} ~~Adi~~ took to the saddle. He was also ready for the joy of a quick canter bareback up the hill and down, accompanied by full screams of excitement from Angela and Adi. Yet, he also seemed content to work the plow for hours in the sun with the dray horse, Graubart. Before too long, they had turned up three acres of hard soil pasture for the potatoes, the same sprouting potatoes Klara had bought and stored in the root cellar a week after her arrival. Alois, Junior, worked harder for two weeks than his father would have believed. Then, all this splendid flurry of hard labor ^{fell off,} ~~was cursed~~ ^{arrived} ~~came~~ in a letter

from Alois' school in Passau. He had failed half of his courses this last semester, ^{he} and would have to take those studies over again.

"I won't go back," he told his father. "The teachers are so stupid we laugh at them."

Yes, ^{the boy} ~~he~~ must have been living with what he knew the Realschule news would bring. ^{Had he been} living with it for these two weeks, and ~~had~~ not said a word, just kept working hard in his father's field. [?] They had tilled ten inches deep into the three acres chosen, a stubborn, resistant soil, then laid the seed potatoes in shallow trenches and covered them lightly, each of the sprouters a foot apart, each row of furrow less than a yard away from the next, but that had been only the beginning. Now, came the labor that went into weeding, and ^{into} fertilizing. Bad memories, more than forty years old, came back to Alois. Disasters might yet be out there waiting for him. He now encountered white grubs and wire worms, ^{and had to watch as} ~~saw~~ the earliest potato leaves ^{were} nibbled into green lace by aphids and flea beetles. Every day one had to go back for more weeding. Then, drainage became ^{an} ~~a~~ ongoing problem. One could only dig the irrigation canals down a few inches, or else too many potato roots would be slashed by the hoe or the shovel. Then ^{these} ~~the~~ shallow

~~trenches~~
~~canals~~ filled with silt. Hours had to be spent carrying pail after pail of well water up the slope to the meadow. On one of those afternoons, Junior disappeared. He was out riding Ulan. Alois put Angela to work in his stead, and for the rest of the working day, she carried the water, heavy duty for a girl her size.

That night, Alois gave his son a tongue-lashing. It was memorable to

~~all of the family~~. "You are," he said, "very much like your crazy mother. Only

~~But~~ Except with you, ~~it is~~ worse. You have no excuse. By the end, your mother, ~~by~~

~~her end~~ ^{yes,} was out of her mind, but at least she had always been hard-working. You

are lazy. You ~~mix your intelligence with laziness?~~ ^{are full of silt like Paul} ~~your laziness!~~" If the

episode had happened even a year earlier, Alois would have given him a beating, exactly the apocalyptic variety that leaves a scar on the heart, but now the boy was big, and wild enough in the occasional expression of his eyes to make Alois pause. So, he did not strike him. Which, he came to decide in the days that followed, was a mistake. He should have given him one hell of a wallop. Now, Junior might think his father was a little afraid of him, maybe a little, yes. Thereafter, Alo, Jr. ^{the boy kept picking} ~~worked at pinching away~~ at the edges of his work, reducing one way or another the total of his hours.

He was no longer acting like a farmer's son, more like some boy from the city doing summer labor at a job he did not like. Often, short of sundown, even ~~quite a bit~~ ^{much} before the day's effort was done, he would ask Alois to let him take Ulan for a ride over the hill ~~into the twilight~~.

The trouble, Alois told himself, was that as a father, he was false. ~~He~~ ^{he had a soft palate} ~~had too soft a palate~~ under all the hard bite, (The truth was that he adored Alois, Jr. The boy was so attractive. Restless, yes, ^{victim} ~~prayed~~ to terrible moods like his mother, much too prideful, and at present in full flight from education, yet he could be as charming as Fanni when he chose to be. He reminded Alois of how well she used to move. He even felt pride at how quickly his son had gotten on good terms with the stallion. Alois himself hesitated to ride him. It was truly a long way to the ground for a heavy man! But Alois Junior could saddle up with all the éclat of a prize cadet—the sort who used to promenade along the best streets of Vienna wearing the kind of boots that Alois had made for cadets in those years, all the way back then when he had so admired those well-turned-out young men. Memories came of those young officers strutting on the Ringstrasse with their handsome ladies, while he, the apprentice, had dreamed of finding an

elegant and lovely young milliner for himself whom he might persuade to
~~keep~~ ^{start a} ~~with him~~ ^(with him) ~~shop~~ ^{hand-made} where only the finest hats and most exceptional boots
 would be ~~put~~ up for sale, a stupid dream, but now his own Junior reminded
 him of those cadets. Such a striking young man. He was not at all like
 Adolf, full of hysterical temper, or tiny Edmund, full of snots.

So, Alois could not bring himself to refuse when Alois, Jr. would ask
 for an hour off. Ulan, after all, had to be exercised. And the horse did love
^{his young rider,}
~~him!~~ But not Alois! The beast would paw the straw of his stall when Alois
 approached, showing his large horse teeth in an unmistakably evil grin. He
 might just as well have been stating that he did not like the father, but was
 much taken with the son.

On one warm evening in August, ^{Alois, Junior,} Alo took another unpleasant liberty.
This time, Klara was infuriated. ^{the youth} Alo was at table ready for their evening

supper, but Angela was not. She was in the barn currying Ulan's wet hide after ~~Al~~^{her brother,} had put the charger into a gallop on the way back from the woods and then provided a walk-down which was neither long enough nor slow enough to allow the hard-breathing animal to cool. Klara could not believe such selfish behavior. It was one of the few times in their marriage when she spoke sharply to her husband. After six pregnancies, he was no uncle to her now, not at this moment. "You allowed ~~Al~~^{your son,} to leave such work to Angela? That is certainly not right."

"Angela likes wiping Ulan down," said ~~Al~~^{Alara, Junior,} "I can do without it."

"I may not know horses so much as some people," said Klara, "but I am still ready to say that he who rides a horse has his duty to it afterward. The horse sees the difference. Even if you don't."

"You know nothing about horses," said ~~Al~~^{her step-son,} "nothing. Ten degrees less than zero."

"Silence!" ~~said~~^{shouted} Alois. "You will keep your mouth shut for the rest of the meal. Not one word more."

Coming into the fray these several steps behind Klara, he had to be masterful. "Yes, silence," he repeated. "I call for it."

"Jawohl!"
 "Yessir."

Note: Jawohl
 is one word.

The boy did know how to ^{pick at} nibble little pieces off the edges of every proposition. Now, Alois had to ask himself whether he was being mocked or obeyed? "I told you," said Alois, "You are to be silent for the rest of the meal. Not one word. Not even 'Yessir.'"
 "Jawohl!"

Alois, Jr., stood up and left the table.

"Come back," said Alois, "come back, sit down, and be silent. I repeat, Not one word."

There was a pause, and then Alo did come back, but in the pause was a suggestion of what might be ^{more} to come.

They finished the meal in silence. Angela came in, flushed from currying, started to speak, and then did not. She sat down, her face still moist from the quick wash she had taken with the dipper, and put her face to the food. Adi, sitting next to her, full of excitement and foreboding, was now living in the fear that he would wet himself. And Klara? She ate slowly, pausing often with her spoon in the air. She was filled with an unruly desire to upbraid ^{her stepson} Alo Junior again and then—no small impulse—upbraid her own Alois as well. She said nothing, however. She did not

dare. To interfere with two men in such a rage with each other was ~~not~~^{safe} ~~unknown territory to her.~~ The air ~~between them~~ looked ready to quiver.

Edmund, pale, pasty-faced, lip-dribbling Edmund, began to cry.

That offered a solution. Klara was able to pick him up and leave the table. Then Alois rose and quit the room. Angela and Adi gathered the plates for washing, and ~~Adi~~^{Alois} Junior, continued to sit at the table, poised within his own silence, gravely poised, as if he had converted his father's order into a species of silent reverence addressed ~~altogether toward~~^{to} himself.

That night, Alois, Senior, could not sleep and by the end of the next afternoon, he quit work early. For the first time since he had come to Hafeld, he went to the only tavern in the area, a full mile away at Fischlham.

He had hesitated whether to go. The company would certainly be less to his taste than ~~his~~^{the old} (old) of beer cronies in Linz. Besides, he knew enough about farmers to anticipate the nature of his reception. ~~(They would be ready~~
~~to mock him in their own provincial manner)~~ Given his natural predilection to lord it over his fellow drinkers, he was not looking forward to what would be the sly edge of their attitude. He could hear their thoughts in advance. "The peasant who tries to act like a millionaire," they would say

behind his back. Or, as easily, exactly the opposite—"this rich idiot who wants to play at being a peasant."

He had ^{visited a couple of his} met a few of his much-dispersed neighbors in January when he first visited the house he was to buy, and ^{he} had asked a few questions. They had not trusted him too much. He ^{had expected that} knew as much in advance. They were not about to offer the truth to a stranger who could ^{choose not to} pass on buying the farm, yet ^{might} repeat enough of what gossip he had heard to ^{leave} get the owner offended at them. So Alois only ^{received} heard the best of remarks, yes, everything good, land good, just a few animals, excellent livestock, the prize sow, your walnut orchard—that, itself, ^{should} could be easy money once a year.

Alois had not bothered to believe them. Nor to disbelieve them. He had wanted the farm. He had assumed it would not be as good as it looked, and, of course, it couldn't be. Already the fine big cow who had been giving good milk every day had come down with udder trouble.

He did bring just that matter up at the tavern in Flischlham. He needed to. He was looking for a few opinions on the respective merits of the two veterinarians in the district, and used it as a calculated opening to ^{stimulate} (the farmers now drinking with him, ^{to say a few things} He had decided to be mild, and most

modest. Nothing could be worse than to be perceived from the outset as a retired fool ^{th raising} trying to throw his city weight around. So, he listened to their ~~most~~ guarded opinions of what they ^{might know} knew about his land.

When he told them that he had planted potatoes, they looked uneasy. In the most indirect manner, it did come out that he might have been wiser to consider beets.

"I planned to put one acre in like that, but not this first year. Too much at once."

They nodded. Farming and work. Yes. The oldest marriage. One must never do too much at once if one could help it.

They were more slow-spoken than most of the voices he had heard for, yes, the last forty-five years! It took an hour of staring at the unadorned wooden walls of the tavern, fretting all the while over the one spike of a splinter in his behind (a gift of the dried-up wood of the tavern bench) before ^{one} ~~any~~ of them would come forward with the muffled hint that this land on which he had planted potatoes ~~really~~ ^{even to} should have been in beets. That was because last year's crop had been wheat. Now, they spoke of a variety of wheat whose genus was unfamiliar to him, but that was what the previous

owner had been planting these last three years. ~~Such repetition was not so likely to make the best ground for potatoes now.~~ Who knew? The soil could have been depleted by the wheat. They did not say ^{as} ~~that~~ much; they just drew on their pipes and drank their beer and looked sad. Worst of all, ~~as~~ he could tell, the sadness was hardly for him, no, it was offered to the outrage done to the earth now owned by him, a rich man, an interloper trying to be a peasant.

The smell of the tavern became unpleasant. He could not locate the odor that mingled with the beer, but it was impure—sour milk? Old manure? A compost pile outside the door that had gone wrong? What he resented most about this quiet dun-brown wooden den was that there was not even a hint of schnapps in the air, no, not even one good town drunkard.

The evening, however, proved not altogether a loss. He learned the names of a couple of apiculturists who lived in Hafeld. Veterans who knew bees were nearby. To console himself further, he ^{the} ~~had a good~~ walk home, ^{became agreeable.} The late summer moon was out, a harvest-orange moon, and he finally felt on this night the pleasure beer usually ^{provided} ~~gave him~~ just so quickly as he could quaff it. Tonight, however, ^{those} pints had merely been banked in his

stomach, stored there to dispense ^{the} ~~his~~ pleasure now, now at last ^{that he was} to be able to find himself alone. He had a long splendid urination by the side of the road.

Next morning he was back in his gathering gloom. He had to live with the disappointment of his three acres of potatoes. He had ended with a crop where not much more than half looked to be salable. His drinking companions of last night (who in memory now smelled as dank as the Fischlham tavern) had been right. He knew it in the pit of his stomach, knew it whenever he dug up another potato. He had felt a few twinges in that same gut during the last few days of August and his heart was definitely acting up, yes, full of high pressure now. Whenever Alo took Ulan for a ride, Alois could feel the boy chipping away ^{one more time} ~~once again~~ at the edges of his authority, ^{and} ~~that~~ that was guaranteed to get his own heart to race! Sometimes he even felt as if ^{this} ~~that~~ long-trusted organ—such a hearty companion—was now forcing itself right up under his brain. Which is to say he was having headaches.

Given the work to be done of digging up the potatoes and carting them to the market in Fischlham, he ended by hiring a day laborer for ~~the~~ week, a stupid fellow working for his beer at night and not much else, yet,

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on balance, the man probably served up as much useful labor as ~~he~~^{Junior} with his Ulan. How was that boy going to end? Would he yet be a criminal? Alois could conceive of him ~~having to run away to~~^{ending up in} something like the French Foreign Legion. Dark thoughts, but they had their appeal to Alois. When he was young, he would have made a good soldier of that variety, ready for anything. Or was that nonsense? There was something in the boy that was wilder than himself. Was that why, these days, they always had to speak to each other as if they were in ballet shoes? Up on tiptoe!

The day laborer was stupid, but he was not so incapable of thinking when it came to putting a number of those potatoes aside for himself, and Alois could not even be certain that there had been a theft. Feeling ill one afternoon, he had let the laborer take the produce to market for him, and ~~the~~^{the} returned with ~~something less in the way of~~^{may} ~~Kronen~~^{OK} than Alois had estimated. Just a little less. More fingering at the edges.

Alois was sick. There had been a miserable end to ~~the~~^{all} the pride Angela had been taking in the prize sow. It died. The girl was disconsolate. ~~He~~^{Alois} was ~~amazed~~^{now} at how much and how long a twelve-year-old female could cry.

It started with that big, pretty pig being a little ill. Then, day to day, it got worse. Angela was so upset that Alois broke into his own reservoirs of pride and actually turned to his three nearest neighbors for advice. It was then he had to recognize all over again that he had forgotten what he was now remembering too late. One of the laws of his childhood received from Johann Nepomuk before he was even ten years old was that when it came to farming, there were no laws you could count on if you had the bad luck to meet an unexpected problem. Even your lifetime friends could ^{and would} disagree with you on the solution. Of course! Every farmer, he now learned, had his own idea of how to cure a sick pig. Of course!

The three neighbors to whom he turned in this case offered three ~~Different~~ solutions, an emetic, a binder, and a diarrhetic. All were wrong. The sow stopped breathing and was gone. All three men had assumed the trouble could only be in the stomach or the bowels. Where else in a pig? Who had ever heard of consumption in such a heavy porker? Perhaps it was something else. Even the veterinarian he called in after the demise was unsure.

Nothing could have aggravated Alois more. To pay good money after the animal had died! Why? Because he had to know the cause. What an idiocy! He wasn't going to raise any more pigs, not now! but still he had to know. And then he found out that the specialist—if you could call him that—was not even sure of the cause. It would take, he told Alois, the further expense of lab tests in Linz, or maybe, even ^{all the way to} Vienna. ~~Well,~~ to hell with that! Such an expenditure would be obscene. On top of it all, he even had to bury the animal whole. He was tempted, but he did not dare to carve away any good part of it for the family. Left to himself, Alois would have looked for some choice cuts—how much did the hams have to do, after all, with the lungs? But, no, the vet was definite. "Do not take a chance, Herr Hitler, on any part of this animal."

Yes, that is what the vet told him, but only after he had been paid! And there was Angela going on and on with ^{her hiccups and her sobs,} ~~that weeping.~~ ("Ach, ach, ach!") Not to mention the labor of digging ^{big} a goddamn trench ^{hole} for the carcass.

Yes, these were losses to calculate. What kind of profits could he point to from his mediocre potato crop? When he added the cost of the seed potatoes, the compost he had bought for the three acres, and then subtracted

the wages of the hired hand, the loss of the sow, and the fee of the vet as well, how could he claim to have made any respectable sum ^{at all?} If he divided the total ~~that came back~~ ^{number of} from the sale of the potatoes by the hours put in, could he say that he had earned any more ^{each} by the day than in his first years with the ~~Finanzwatch~~ ^{Finance watch?} Worse. The real calculation was humiliating. He was living here rent-free. No mortgage payment to worry over. The house had been bought outright, after all. But if he had had to give money quarterly to the bank, could he have claimed any profit ^{perhaps} at all? No more than a token profit. The walnuts. They had brought in ^{some} a little easy money, money off the ground. For the rest, it had been a good deal of work ^{for not} for very ^{much at all.} little. (He couldn't even complain to Klara ~~for the shame of it,~~

He had to reassure himself. It wasn't that he was in real financial trouble. Never yet! His pension alone was six times the income of any day laborer like the poor ~~dumb~~ fellow he had hired, who, dumb or not, was also able to cheat him. But, all right! In the old days, in the best years of his earning power at Passau and Linz, he had been situated in what you could call the well-salaried layers of the middle class. Why, he had made more than any principal in an elementary school. Not bad when you consider that

he, more respected, economically speaking, than the principal, had never even finished elementary school.

Alois could talk to himself in such a way but it did not dig the real thorn out of his gut. One of his strengths with the younger officers who came from good families had always been that he, at least, being good peasant stock, could know at least when people were cheating him. And now he had discovered that the land he bought was not as good as it had looked. Once upon a time, he might have been a peasant. Now, he ^{could} ~~might as~~ ^{just as} well call himself one more middle class ^{idiots} ~~fool~~, fooled on a deal involving land! He felt all the shame a peasant could ^{not bear to} (know. Would it be any worse if Klara had taken up with a farm boy? That was impossible, but then, how had it been so possible for himself, Alois Hitler, to be gulled on this deal?

He went into a depression. By October ~~and November~~, he was settled in gloom. The Hound was one sick puppy these days. How was he to look at himself—a man in his late middle age who dangled a sick pup between his legs?

Klara, seven and a half months pregnant, tried to explain it to him. Now that the potato crop was in, so much hard work was finished. It was

natural to be unhappy. Women, she could tell him, felt that way after a child was born. So much had gone into the womb, so much hope and effort, but now one was empty again. The baby might be there and beautiful, but for a time the woman had to feel empty, even awful. For a little while. It was natural.

She had never waxed so philosophical before, not to him, but he almost took her head off. "What am I, a woman?" he wanted to shout.

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~~Some~~ changes occurred, ~~and~~ ^{and} with that, his depression lifted. To ~~lessen~~ ^{lessen} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~burden~~ ^{burden}

~~that~~ ^{Junior} begin with, Alois ~~it~~ was gone. Klara had taken it upon herself to ^{suggest that} provide a

~~the~~ ^{he} solution. It was that the youth should be sent to Spital where he could work

^{by now} with her father who ~~was~~ ^{was} certainly old enough to need a strong young

It developed that ^{in favor of} assistant, and Alois Junior was for the move as well. ~~His father's depression~~ ^{His father's depression} ~~had been heavy enough to carry its own threat~~ ^{had been heavy enough to carry its own threat} ~~had sat like a jailer upon the head of his own rage~~ ^{had sat like a jailer upon the head of his own rage}

~~in the midst of the son's rage~~ ^{in the midst of the son's rage}
Alois Senior's depression ~~had carried~~ ^{had carried} carrying its own heavy threat ~~had lived~~ ^{had lived} in the midst of the son's rage like a jailer with the key.

So, ^{it} ~~that~~ was arranged, as ^T ~~was~~ the transportation in several services ^{would begin} ~~=~~ ^{Weitra} ~~(a jitney)~~ ^(to take him) ~~first~~ on a neighboring farmer's cart (to Linz, and then by train) ^(to wait and by) ~~next by rented~~ ~~a horse and coach which went through Spital every~~ ~~for horse and coach~~ ~~horse, and last by foot to Spital~~ ^(rather slow) ~~(the boy was shifted, and with a cloud~~ ^{(transported and} ~~of unhappy expectations)~~ ^{was} lifted.

In September, Adi and Angela began ~~to go to~~ school in Fischlham, ^{and} Angela in the fourth ^{or} most advanced grade for twelve-year-olds, ^{with} ~~and~~ Adi, ^{going} beginning at six, ~~went to~~ the first grade.

^{School started} ~~fast began for him~~ In the beginning, ^{with a bright September, mellow with sun and} ~~what~~ ^{much} some green still in the fields, it was a fine walk ^(with his sister) hand in hand over hills and ^{and only one peril was on the route} ~~down~~ through meadows ^{with one reasonable and comfortable peril} (a bull

ⁱⁿ ~~who was~~ grazing at the other end of a fenced-in pasture ^T they could choose to ^{take a detour} ~~walk around~~ or dare to cross, depending on ~~the weather~~ the mood of their

~~Such off-odor~~ ^{the constant} ~~But human odor is one of our ongoing problems when dealing with our~~ ¹⁴
~~It besets us~~ ^{So often} ~~the Cudgels~~ ^{pick it up}
 of our clients. It is an unhappy means of identification and we are not the only ones
~~identify themselves by their scent or just~~
~~that manner. Now, we are not the only ones~~
 to be aware of its significance. The Cudgels are often as keen to pick it up
~~as the cat is to a mouse.~~

~~In any event, it was, from Angela's point of view, no great matter. It~~ ^{it was no}
~~more than a childish~~ ^{of course} ~~contest. It~~
 Adi was trying to make her cry, well, she would look for ways to bring the

tears to his eyes as well. Besides, ~~not all~~ ^{most} ~~bad smells~~ ^{did not} bothered her that much.
~~By now, she was accustomed~~ ^{had been} ~~and could manage~~ ^{and the thought of these}
 She was used, by now, to sour milk and pig wallow, but then that brought
~~But a word full of pig wallows brought~~
~~a real~~ ^{heart} ~~another sorrow to her eyes~~ ^{poor dead Rosig.}

^{now? asked}
 "What are you crying about?" said Adi. "You tell me how ~~bad~~ I am
~~had~~ ^{am the one who} smelling and I should cry—you are ~~so~~ mean."

"Oh, shut up. It's not you I cry for."

^{meant} ^{did feel}
 He knew that ~~was~~ Rosig and he ~~felt~~ ^{sad} for her, not because he had
^{I had the same} ^{Angela's} ^{heart}
~~lost~~ Rosig so much (in fact, he had been jealous of her passion for the pig)

but because ~~indeed~~ ^{indeed} he did like Angela, she was a good older sister most of

^{Besides,} the time, and she was the brightest girl in the school, just as he was the

smartest boy.

^{morning and afternoon,}
~~Indeed,~~ ^{that was true.} He enjoyed ^{spending the days}
~~He was~~ So long as the classes did not become repetitive, he could

enjoy ~~all~~ the struggle to be felt in his head once he was inside the four walls

of the one room in the school house.

Depending on ~~the~~ ^{immediate} weather and the needs of the neighboring farms, ^{for}
^{additional labor,} there were sometimes ^{less than} as many as forty boys and girls, sometimes down to
 thirty, even twenty-five, but ^{the school room was always} they were divided among ^{these} four ^{grades, for} classes, first to

^{fourth, six to twelve in age,} and each child ^{was obligated to} could ^{sweller-milk} listen to all that was ^{to be}
^{took place} ~~heard~~ in turn in each class, a simple matter since there was only one teacher,

^{a middle-aged lady,} Fraulein Werner, who was funny looking, ^{and} wore spectacles, ^{Additional} but had a nice
~~the~~ ^{clear voice.}

So Adi ^{soon} ^{was able to pick up the lessons of} all four classes ^{during} ^{of a}

^{His introduction to German history came by way} of a day, and he learned to read and write better and better in the course of ^{the afternoon}

certain hours, and was introduced to German history in another, the Fourth

Class who were studying the exceptional deeds of Charlemagne even as

An hour ^{he was obliged to attach} ^{in First} to see which ^{twenty minutes later, having matched drawings of smaller and large animals} ^{pictures of animals could be connected to combinations} ^{get on wood blocks} ^{of} ^{the exceptionally interesting and sometimes awesome letters that could be} ^{that made a word. This way} ^{to} ^{be connected to one another} ^{that} ^{attached to one or the other, provided you found the right picture for each}

^{that} ^{collection of letters} a matter on which he ^{did} not make the same mistake

twice. ^{he was usually} ^{to} ^{receive the next picture} ^{twice} and was indeed eager for the next page of connections to be made

that Fraulein Werner would give them, he soon, while waiting, moved over

^{to assist} ^{and he could barely} ^{wait for the lessons of the third} ^{in his mind to listen to the lessons of the third class who were studying the}

geography of their great Hapsburg empire, and he was ready to speak out

have been ready to speak out to those students ^{and} ^{then when the students of that class, who all seemed to be simpletons, could}

and could / on the map / being /
(not find any of the places he had noticed already, Braunau and Linz the first

to catch his eye on the map.

(the age of) in effect picking up the lessons of the
So, at six, he was studying the work of every age to twelve, and it
eight and ten ~~and~~ and twelve year olds, and it
pleased him that Angela was also the brightest in her class. He also knew
as they entered the room each day
in Fraunwerner's eggs (he also knew that ~~the~~
that they were the neatest when it came to dress. That was Klara's doing

(children) in school
and it ~~helped~~ ^{helped} them
yet he not only used it to install himself in Fraulein Werner's favor, but was
such neat dress obliged him to stay quick / certain /
quick enough in his wits to keep from getting into a fight with a ^{bully} of a
(in order not to get)

one
boy a year older and much more than his size / ^{own} who kept daring
Adolf to wrestle him
with one arm or another during recess?

"Are you crazy?" he said to the other during recess. "I am in my good

(The dark ways of Passau had given
clothes and my mother will kill me if I get them dirty." It was his tone of
his voice just enough certainty to)
authority and long-earned certainty that deterred the other, but then that boy

was nothing. If Adi could manage to live with Alois, Junior, he had ^{how much less} ~~nothing~~

to fear from ^{a)} fools like this, also named Klaus. It was Angela who
bothered him with all this teasing

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Start
 If Angela had been teasing Adi about how bad he could smell, it was
 not for too little. She *(all for her)* was terribly concerned these days about what might be

her own odor, having come in *the* ~~these~~ last few weeks *(Angela)* at the farm to her first

period. Here Klara had been of great help, allaying her fears, her concerns, *and she did her best to allay the girl's*

(It was all connected in Angela's mind)
 and indeed her outright horror for Rosig had been drenched in blood all over *(with)*

all over
~~that covered~~ her hams just before *she died* dying.

calm
 To soothe this outraged state for the girl, Klara, *s pde,* for the first time, spoke
 of more intimate matters, *the twelve year old was*
 intimately. She adored Angela, who was by now probably the nearest

for who could be her
 substitute Klara had to a close woman friend, and so she spoke not only in the

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~~most general terms~~ of Angela's new condition, but went on at good length

about the naturalness of odor in general, and the peculiar subtleties of it in

nature, ~~and~~ ^{she} casting about for happy examples, ~~passed~~ on a piece of

information Alois had ~~mentioned~~ ^{remembered} in passing. Klara had asked him how he

could be ~~sure~~ ^{certain} of his own bees, when he ~~got them~~ ^{did start his hives}, (would know how to come

back to their own ~~hive~~ ^{home}, especially since he would now have, once his plans

were fulfilled, at least three of the new boxes ^{thus} ~~each~~ ^{he kept describing} a full colony in itself, ~~and there~~

^{they would be} (sitting side by side in the shade of the walnut grove. "How ~~do they~~ ^{will the bees} know

^{where they would belong?} ~~which will be theirs?~~ ^{she asked}

^{had been} He ~~was~~ ^{by} sufficiently pleased at her curiosity to explain that he would

paint the boxes different colors, green for one, sky-blue for another, ~~and~~ pink

for the third. ^{he explained} These bees ~~liked~~ to live in habitations that were like the color

of the flowers whose nectar they brought back.

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"But you tell me each day they can go to a different kind of flower.

They are faithful only for one day to ^{each} this kind of flower ^{is that not so?} or that?"

"Yes." He wasn't certain he ^{they} liked the conversation. ^{would he} continue to be able to answer all her questions?

"So it could be a flower of one color on one day, and another color

tomorrow?"

"Yes."

How do ^{the bees} they not get mixed up?"

He was reluctant to tell her. It was not something necessarily to talk

about. Still, he decided to proceed. ^{chose} For ^{klava} her to be interested in ^{apiculture} bees ^{would probably} was

he better for him on the whole,

probably ^{u he informed} better than indifference. "Each queen bee has its own odor, And

her: "since she fertilizes every cell in every comb and ^{so} ^{minuscule} ^{gives} can give tens of thousands of

bees their beginning in life, ^{yes, every year,} so she is certain to pass her own odor into each of

her thousands of children."

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^{this,}
"That is so remarkable," said Klara. "How do you know ~~it~~ ^{it}, Alois? So

much you know."

"I have read about these discoveries in books," he said grudgingly.

~~So~~ "You have never smelled it yourself?"

"Do I look so stupid as to put my nose into a hive ^{in order to give} ~~so~~ twenty bees ^{can}

^{the opportunity to}
fly up my nostrils?"

She began to laugh. ^{his books} She knew him so well in certain ways, ^{might} He ~~read~~ ^{he was still} ~~omnivoreously~~ on the subject, but, ⁽⁼⁾ good peasant stock at bottom, he did not

like to admit that ^{he had not been} ~~he had not learned~~ ^{the} ~~his~~ ^{had not been learned by way of} subject with his hands, his feet, his

^{as well as} ~~own~~ strength, his patience and his five good senses, ~~not to mention~~ ⁽⁼⁾ the mysterious

sixth.

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Alois, however, had ~~made a serious mistake~~. He ~~had~~ told her a little too much. Now, she had to know more. ~~She, too, was a peasant, after all.~~
~~More than him, even, just scratch her.~~

Before ~~they were through~~, before the conversation they had this night, ~~was over~~,
and others, she actually ~~induced~~ ^{prodded} him to explain how the queen was fertilized.
~~She had, after all, to be more than~~ birth so many
She was, indeed, intensely curious about any queen who could have tens of
thousands of children and still ~~was so much~~ ^{to remain} a queen! There was a tone ^{such} in
Alois' voice and a look of admiration in ^{Alois'} his eye when he spoke of the Queen
Bee. Everything ~~apparently~~ depended on her—the absolute success of the
hive, you could say, ^{nothing less.}

So he led her up and down ^{Klara through some} the descriptive steps. She ^{was developing} had her own
excitement about the Queen Bee and he could sense it ^{would be} was to his advantage

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for this night. She was ^{clearly} becoming excited by the thought of so female a creature, so tiny, so noble, so ^{and} ~~absolutely~~ extraordinary.

He explained then that the young queen, very much a virgin, not twenty days out of her own cell, ^(in width and depth) ~~fed by~~ ^{(max) — no larger than the little ones on the end} nurses and attendants from the day she had emerged, ^{would nonetheless take her maiden flight} went out of the hive as a full virgin, usually on the first warm day in May, ^{would fly} and ^{this first sortie,} up she flew into the heavens on her maiden flight, higher than all

but a few ^{would dare to} male bees ~~could~~ go.

"The ones"

"Those (who are called drones?)" asked Klara.

"Yes, fat, spoiled fellows. They live to eat, and on a good day they fly around like fools." ^(For the fun of it, they do not even bother to bring) It is only when the virgin queen comes out for her first

flight that they can justify their existence, for ^{It is that} then they are overcome by how phenomenal she is. ^{And they know it. On this day they have been playing around waiting for her} This queen who flies so high, ^{who} she is so beautiful

compared to all her sisters, those thousands of worker bees, yes, work-horse

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(female)

(or else they are)
~~bees~~ always looking for more nectar, ~~or~~ attached to their duties for the hive,
 Clean-up duties. Chores. But this Queen,

~~but~~ she is different, still a virgin, ~~she is not really yet~~ a queen, more, I would

I would say, even
 say, ~~like the equal of~~ a princess. And then, *(like a princess, she flies so high*

they that only a few of ~~the~~ drones can follow. Then it is down to two *of them* to one, but,

oh, this last strong one, he reaches her, he puts what he has, yes, *you* know what I

(which he keeps inside himself now comes out)
 mean, his very own tool-for-the-sperm *could* you might say into yes, yes, *and* you can *goes*
why not? it is so, even as
 call it her vagina, *and she takes it all in while* (they are up in the air so high."

had begun
 "It is like a miracle of love," said Klara, and how could her eyes ~~not~~
to shine How could they not?
~~shine?~~ *(she almost said)* "A miracle of love?"

he
 "Not exactly," said Alois, and ~~now~~ (did not know how to continue. If

he said too much, he could spoil what might follow on this night, but then ~~she~~ *she*

his shrewd side of him spoke to himself and he knew, yes, the best ~~really~~ *likely* was

~~bound~~ to come from telling it all.

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"This drone"
~~Which he did.~~ "Yes," he said, "this ~~drone~~, ~~this~~ one good brave drone,
which is
sticks it in so far ~~to her~~, exactly what nature wants, we must suppose, that
then he cannot get it back."

"What?"

get back his own tail
"No, Donnerwetter, he can't. The queen has hooks, or something of
to keep him.
the kind, sharp hooks, for certain. He is stuck. When he *does* pull away, you
won't believe it, he *it is all* has to leave it behind. His manhood! All gone."

"And him? What?"
~~"What happens then?"~~ *to him*

"Oh, he dies, of course. He is gone."

"The poor creature," she said. But she could not help it. She began to *smile*
and then *to smile* and ~~once this began she had to~~
laugh and *then* ~~having begun~~, could not stop. *Alois* He had never heard her laugh so
long and so hard before.

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"What a life," she finally said, and Alois had been right to tell her. She was six months and more into her pregnancy, but they made love that night.

Alois had known more than one woman who could give a fine big sweat of a copulation even in the ^{very} last week before she had someone else's baby. But

that had hardly been the case with Klara. This night, however, was different.

^{Of course he}
~~On this occasion, he most~~ certainly did not go on to tell her ^{of other} ~~two more~~ things. The first was that the queen was perfectly capable of having ^{other} ~~more~~ ^{Some of them had five or six (lovers in a few)} ~~lovers even on~~ ^{after} that first fabulous flight, ^{Some Queen Bees} ~~and~~ ^(weeks) could store enough semen to lay

thousands and then tens of thousands of eggs, one each to ^{every} ~~a~~ cell among

thousands of cells, ^{and do this} for as much as three years to come, ^{which meant that} ~~and then she would~~ for

^{she would be} the rest of her life feeding honey and pollen to the pupae she had created even

as worker females followed her with devotion, capping these cells of bees yet

to be born with the mysterious substance they made from ^{the} ~~pollen~~ ^{of the} in May

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flowers, a wax that no chemist could ^{duplicate in the laboratory} No, he did not ^{describe} get into how devotedly

the Queen would have to work for the rest of her life, and he certainly did not

tell her that when the mating season was ^{done} over, the female worker bees ^{evicted} killed

all the drones ^{that proceeded to sweep} and swept them out of the hive. He did not speak of other

complications ^{there was always a} like the tendency, once warm weather began and the hive ^{had grown} grew

too full ^{or} with new brood, for half of the colony to be ready to desert, to

to fly away. ^{you could lose all the profits in a hurry} He did not tell her of the new queens being born, and being ^{who were often}

extinguished by the ^{loyal} bees who acted like royal maidens to form a court around

the Queen Bee. No, he let well enough alone. It was enough that Klara

should now be almost as ready as himself to start ^{sympathetic to what would be his} this new enterprise of

apiculture.

Klara was not only ^{had been} fascinated but was acting as the best of stepmothers

for Angela, and so ^{but now acting} like an older sister, ^{she} was ready to divert Angela from ^{these} her

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new woes of coming into adolescence. Klara, remembering the first flow of

her own blood and the ~~abysmal~~ ^{small} depth of vulnerability in which it had left her,

(she had felt as if she was no more than
as if she were now like an open wound to all the depredations ^{that} ^{men} could ~~now~~ ^{future}

exact from her) ^{made a choice, to struggle,} chose therefore to describe in detail the hapless self-

amputation of the ^{one} ^{had lost} brave drone who ~~actually~~ succeeded in reaching the Queen,

and this time Klara had company in her laughter, ^{and they carried on} they laughed together as if

^{as} they were girls together of the same age, and so it came about, even as Klara

^{divulged more and more} went on into more and more of what she had learned from Alois on ^{this} ~~the~~

subject, ^{that the topic, now} ^{virtually as} did turn to odor, and both of them, now almost equal as girls for this

^{two young women,}

hour, thought more than a little of the exceptional power of this Queen Bee,

^{there she was,}

(only a little larger than her own nursing bees and certainly smaller than any

drone, ^{this Queen Bee} nonetheless had the power to impregnate not only the air of the hive,

^{and all}

but the thousands who dwelt within it, all of them smelled the same. "It is,"

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said Klara, full of a new set of giggles, "as if all ^{men and women have} the Russians had one kind of
those ~~girls~~ ^{Make there is a good decent young} stink, and all the Polish ^{one} another, ~~and a good aroma~~ for the English, and
^{we love to be} "Angela was laughing "Aug
we Austrians, something special. ~~And~~ the French, yes, a shameless smell."

They were hugging each other by now, ~~they were laughing so hard~~. "And
maybe the worst, the Bohemians."

^{not} "And the Hungarians?" ^{they could be the worst!"}

They wiped their eyes. Adi, hearing their laughter, came to join them,
^{it} ~~and~~ ^{more than unusual} ~~was~~ ^{to him} ~~and was enraged that they explained nothing,~~ only laughed at the name of
each country ^{mentioned}.

The notion remained, however, with Angela. ~~She could not separate it~~
~~from everything else~~. Now, ^{for her} school had a special smell, and Fraulein Werner
^{all} ^{like much} with her talcum powder, ~~worse than~~ too much on a baby, and her own little

brother Adi. He did have this terrible smell when they ran up and down too

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many hills, and she was always ~~over him at night~~, coaxing him to use more

soap, or even on those nights twice a week when Klara boiled enough water

~~for~~ ^{catches} them to bathe in the big farm house tub, ^{Angela} she would even insist on lathering

his back and his armpits before handing him the soap with a wholly

mischievous grin ~~(as it looked to her idea of herself)~~ when in truth she was

^{in truth} actually looking ~~a bit~~ demonic, and, yes, she told him, "Now you take the

soap and put it where it can do some work, you careless boy."

^{such rudeness} Adi would scream with anger at how rude she could be, loud enough

for Klara to come running in, but he would not tell his mother. ^{he was} Either he

^{in a turmoil of indecision. Either he} smelled as bad as Angela kept saying, or she was crazy. ^(which he could know) He could hardly

^{smell} smell a thing on himself but she left him so uncomfortable.

^{begin to brainstorm} Then Angela would think of the death of Rosig again. The prize sow

^{which was not} had indeed had an odor at times, ~~not wholly~~ unlike Adi at his worst, or was it

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~~On the way back to the farm, once more~~
~~Then Angela would think of the death of Rosig again. The prize sow~~
~~that was~~
 had indeed had an odor at times, not wholly unlike Adi at his worst, or was it

Rosig at her worst?—enough, Angela began to cry for both of them, the boy

~~and the pig together. Full of remorse, she began to speak some of the~~
~~to make amends by telling him little stories about how~~
~~that had told her some wonderful secrets that Klara had told her, all of this new knowledge about~~
~~these bees, and before long,~~

she would take
 began to come forth each morning as the two walked to school, and so, in

up the topic again—her head was full of what she had
 turn, was Adi's imagination inflamed by the mysteries of the Queen Bee. ~~He was~~
~~not unlike~~ ~~the hearing the story~~ ~~that Klara would name to them~~
~~year at night~~

He had been aware of bees ever since they had first come to the farm

in April, and more and more did he have to think of them in May and June for

there were hours when the sky seemed full of ~~tiny~~ glints of light flying

in many directions, (his mother warning him that he must not try to play with

such an insect if he saw one on a flower, or worse, never dare to kill one or

this bee would give him something to remember, and then Edmund got stung

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one fine morning in July and didn't stop screaming for an hour or ~~more~~. So

Adolf, in his turn, had ^{became} ~~been~~ most respectful of the dangers implicit with ^{the} ~~their~~

presence, ^{of bees} but now, all of Angela's talk about his own odor, ^{was} so bad that he

might die, ^{because she stank} ~~so he thought~~, even as Rosig had probably gotten sick and had to

be buried in the big hole his father had dug—was her bad smell the reason for

her death?

It ~~all mixed and~~ revolved in his head. To hear that the Queen Bee gave

a distinct odor, always the same, an odor of herself to every bee in the hive

(and he could count by now to ten thousand) ^{became} was now attached in his

thoughts to ^{himself was there} ~~something similar about himself since the more that Angela~~

carried on about him—"You, too, have a scent, and it is awful!"—the more he

~~assumed that even if he was a boy, there might be~~ some little thing concerning

Queen Bees that was like himself?

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So when he heard that his father was going to visit ^{a)} neighbor one Sunday and talk to him about purchasing what Alois called ^{"the first"} ~~"starter-up"~~ materials—an announcement he made on a Saturday evening at dinner, Adi had a dream that night about bees, and ^{saw} ~~there was~~ an army of bees ~~all~~ flying in circles ^{over and} ~~over and~~ above the farm. On the ground ^{next to the house} ~~below~~ was an extraordinary-looking old man who was dressed ^{differently} ~~in a different way~~ from anyone else Adi had ever seen, ^{was} his shirt ^{was} outside his pants and almost down to his knees, and ^{he wore} an old hat ^{as long as} like a stocking over his white hair, ^{and} ~~had~~ a hat so long it hung down half over his back. Although he was not short, ^{still} he looked like a dwarf, ^{because} ~~and in~~ ^{he was bent over, and in} ~~the dream~~, Adi knew his name. This man was ^{called} ~~Der Alte~~, and the boy woke up ^{Sunday} ~~on~~ the morning thinking he was the only one who knew this odd man's name ^{only to discover} ~~except that he was altogether~~ in error. Alois had spoken of him ^{on Saturday} ~~several times~~ the night before as the ~~very~~ neighbor from whom he might purchase his

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ng 4 first)
"starter-up materials," but then Alois had ^{gone on to give} given the family one of his long

(fully) now that not with them) and he declared
lectures (now resumed once Alois Junior was gone) and told them as well that

that)
by next May, eight months from now, they would all be engaged in the new ^{working with him}

enterprise, and he wanted help from each one of them, each to their strength
and capacity.

"Even little Edmund?" asked Angela with a trace of the mockery that

Alois, Junior had always been ready to offer, ^{might have been}
in her voice.

She was no Alois, Junior, however. One look from her father ^{now}
silenced her.

(clear and defined)
Sunday morning, as if to establish one fine area of clear superiority to

his sister, Adi asked his father if he could go with him to see Der Alte, and

Alois, pleased, and certainly surprised, gave his assent. On Sunday, Klara

^{from couple in their}
would be picked up by another neighbor in their wagon to take the road to

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Fischlham for Sunday Mass in a small chapel, and she would always take the

~~Carol~~ even as ^{Alois} ~~exercising~~ with her children, and Alois, as a matter of conscience, would not go at all. This

morning he was all the more pleased that Adi asked to join him.

This ^{was} request ~~was~~ the product of ^{our Address} ~~his~~ ^{altruism}
 We can attribute it to the power of the boy's dream. I had been
 the night before. I had been ^{directly} ~~of~~ ^{of} Rev Aite, ~~which~~
 instrumental in shaping his images, which was the first active participation I

had taken with the family since ^{entering} I had entered Alois' mind ^{just after} back in Linz when

he had ^{first} ^{that Lenz} begun to talk in his tavern about the beauties and wonders of

apiculture.

apiculture.

Now, I ~~feel~~ (with some unease) that I must address the reader again on this most unappetizing matter ~~of~~ concerning Adi's odor.

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closer care of him now. Stiffen his spine. We will lose many of his future potentialities if we don't take steps."

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As is true of all reasonably disciplined armies, there is no room for rebellion when given a direct order. I did what I was told. I stiffened the boy's spine. Indeed, I will make the claim that I accomplished this with some finesse for I did not inject any of our special funds of energy into his courage or his will, no, rather, I steered him to do the job himself. That proved enough. ~~At bottom, he was the one who chose not to weep when his~~ *had been, after all,* face was in the dirt, and afterward, he displayed his own cunning in finding

ways to avoid physical punishment. It ^{had been} ~~was~~ enough that I was (so to speak) at his side. That gave him a subtle confidence. We too served in effect as guardian angels. (For special clients, only!)

I was aware again of the superior insight of the E.O. Adi showed a few signs that he might be worth the work. The child had powerful instincts, and was as much superior to an average five-year-old as a young race-horse is to a run-of-the-mill pony. I enjoyed working with him, therefore, and that was just as well since the order had come during a period when I could not afford new inroads on my budget. Improving a child's courage usually demands the use of precious stores, precisely those funds of love and force we have managed to steal from His Cudgels. Warmth and gifts of courage are His preserve and if the D.K. were not such a wastrel, and we not so adept, our chances would be paltry at best. Of necessity, we have become skilled at impersonating angels. Even an adult, feeling our infusion of love, tends to believe it is bona-fide, that he or she is the recipient of Grace. (I suspect Kierkegaard had just that in mind when he suggested people ought to be wary of feeling ^{too} ~~saintly~~, since they could then be working for Satan.)

I speak of this because we devils are human to this degree—a fine return on our investment puts us in the best of moods. So I came to enjoy being with Adi as he proceeded to improve the little game of war that was being played by these five-year-olds in Passau in the spring and summer of 1894. Indeed, the change in my sentiments was as rapid for me as for the child. (Secretly, we do cherish our power to bestow gifts upon a putative client.) We must. Often the only way to capture a child so young is, as I have indicated, to spend some of our limited stores of love to seal the conquest. A risky business. One might lose a lot. All too often, a child's shifting inclinations create too much capacity for quick and independent change. We can waste our efforts. Our youngest clients alter themselves on their own, or resist us, or, worse, the Cudgels move in.

To forestall this event, I was there night after night to instruct Adi while he slept. Indeed, he delighted me (the rarest of pleasures for a devil!) by the development of his activities during the day. To repeat--he was no ordinary five-year-old, no, he had an exceptional capacity to tinker with his game of war. Rarely did he fail to improve it.

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He soon saw, and I believe this came as much from his perception as mine, that outposts were necessary. It was wrong to send soldiers over the hill without fore-knowledge of what opposite force they might encounter. So, a scout from each army had to attempt to work his way up close enough to the summit to obtain a covert look at the dispositions of the other side. Following in logical sequence came another change in the rules—an advancing army had to be free to move its forces from flank to flank, even as it climbed the hill. Ditto for the defenders. The defense could also shift their outposts. Of course, all this soon called for larger forces on each side, but Adi was able to convince his regulars that more boys should be invited in from nearby streets and other fields. They, the originals, having been here first, could take promotion in rank. Let me offer one of his speeches to his troops.

“Why do we love our game?” he would ask. “Is it because we need to know more about war? Yes. Because, my friends, we want to be heroes when we are ^{b.i.g}men. Is that not true? Klaus, do you want to be a hero?”

“That is what I want.”

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"Of course. It is what we ~~all~~^{But} want. All of us. ~~And~~^{And} to do this we must learn more. For that, we need more soldiers on both sides. How are we to accomplish this?

"I will tell you. It is by bringing in ~~others~~^{all} who are willing to join us. Then, we who are here can ~~all~~^{all} be given high rank. We who command must be very high in rank. Not just a captain, or a major, but a general.

"Klaus here, will be my colonel."

Those words are close to what I remember. While I have certainly given him an eloquence no five-year-old could muster, I ~~will insist that~~^{have also to} ~~admit that some of the~~^{did not seem his} good turns of speech ~~did come out of him~~^{that came} and those words were not only not his own, nor mine, ~~but seemed equally inspired by some agent of the D.K.~~^{I began to suspect that they could have been} who ~~must also have been present, and was helping him from the other side.~~^{was unknown to us, also. At this point was he being helped by both sides at once?} What a large investment ~~was being placed in this little Adi!~~^{to put into}

Before long, his—I will indeed say his boys—were engaged each afternoon in hour-long battles. There were startling shifts of tactics and endless alterations of the rules. The numbers increased to fifteen and twenty a side.

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Word came from the E.O. "Enough for now. Let us see how much of this endures after the move."

This was characteristic of our Maestro. We had to be ready to accept *such quick* *entire* *was*
(changes in circumstance) In this case, the *entire* *was* situation of the family altered.

Alois had decided to move Klara, Angela, Alois Junior, Adi, and the baby Edmund, up from Passau to dwell nearer to him in Linz.

Let me apologize for this change of venue. A good reader is the most unprotected of humans—their sympathy moves in advance of their judgment. Some readers may have felt uneasy, therefore, to discover that they were enjoying the first successes of the child Adolf Hitler in his games of war. Be assured. To read *in any book* about the skills or triumphs of *a* ~~any~~ protagonist is all-but-guaranteed to elicit happiness in whoever follows the story, especially if there is a *small* suggestion of the sentimental, or even better, the magical. Those are two useful tools for any author who is shamelessly *desires* *(at all cost!)* *content* to arouse quick emotions in the reader. *while* A few fine minds may be ready to come to working terms with the devil, (Faust was one!) ~~but~~, count on it—popular writers and champions of the sentimental come looking for us all the time. We love them. They are such dupes. They think they are

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working both for God and their own prosperous selves. We do not disabuse them. Rather, we encourage them. We want them, indeed, to marinate their readers in baths of misperception while we enjoy the profit.

This time, Alois had a serious reason for moving. He had decided to retire. He wished to become a bee-keeper. For that, he would buy a farm. In the last year of his Customs work, he had begun to look about and by January of 1895, had found what might be the right property in a town

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called Hafeld, thirty miles from Linz. In February he bought it. In April, Klara and the children moved from Passau to that house. They would still 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 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, having managed to keep an unspoken sense of himself as a man destined eventually for serious achievement, he was certainly not lacking in a sense of reality as well, and so ^{lived with the} ~~kept~~ ^(special) ~~this notion of~~ ^{of himself as a} ~~meditative nectar~~ ^{rather than as} ~~rather than~~ ^{a special} a serious expectation. Nonetheless, it would seep into his sweetest thoughts ^{about himself when} ~~about himself when~~ male company, good beer, and tobacco mingled dependably in the tavern after work ^{with this larger view of himself}.

By his final year as Chief Customs Officer of Linz, some rudiments of this concept—"a man of importance"—were even satisfied. While ^{this last} ~~his last~~

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position could hardly ^{rise so high as} be as elevated as the thin air of his dreams, still the Chief Customs Officers title tickled a 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 ^{center} ~~station~~ for the Finance-Watch. Since it was capital of a most important province, Upper-Austria, Customs was stocked with young, ambitious, and socially sophisticated junior officers never at a loss to show quiet contempt for senior officials who might fail in any way to fulfill the post. Most of these young men 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 somewhat out of joint. He was getting on. For the first time in all the years he had been wearing a uniform, he did not always strike the passing eye as immaculate. (That now demanded too many pains!) Nor was he 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 just such a reason, he eased up on smoking restrictions. He no longer enjoyed facing into the inheld wrath of younger officers. In

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consequence, he enjoyed his own tobacco less. He began to feel as if his associates were looking for him to retire. He had put in, after all, near to 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 kept 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 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 had to pay a tithe to money that was not earned properly. Money gave back its reflection of how it had been gained. Sometimes, he felt a passing chill. A good part of his prosperity could be seen as the 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 to 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 his present plans did not include heavy duty as a farmer. 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

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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 of Klara's babies had gone back to wherever they came from.

The reverse had occurred. The land did not perish, but his ownership did not go ^{all that} so well. The holding had been near Spital, ^{about} 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 ^{might be} seemed a good way to take care of his sister-in-law, Johanna Poelzl, ^{in preference to} 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 ^{done on her back} hunched-up body.

All the same, he did feel some admiration for ^{-the woman, Johanna} Johanna. She had the fierce pride of someone who was not in the least afraid of God. She would put no trust in Him. "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. "She's not

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like my wife," he was fond of telling the tavern. "Klara is ready to kiss every cross she meets."

All the same, Johanna did not run the farm very well. Each and every peasant who worked for her was, sooner or later, antagonized by ~~Johanna's~~ ^{the Klara's} ~~sharp~~ ^{decided} ~~tongue~~ ^{to} (sharp tongue, and finally she ~~had~~ ^{decided} 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 was not ill-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 ^{the Estate} 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 a cow, 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 exactly the kind of hazing that resident farmers would visit on a 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 ^{and} ~~and~~ 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 so much of his Kultur on hive maintainence and the "mysterious psychology of these fabulous little creatures," that Alois' junior officers

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would warn each other, "Tonight, let's try to keep The Chimney from smoking us out with his bees."

In truth, he did see himself as something of a philosopher ^{concerning} ~~on~~ this

subject. What an achievement for an untutored peasant from the Waldviertel to be able to give a lecture equal to a Heidelberg savant!

"There are many social structures to perceive in each hive," he would inform the drinking gang by way of introduction to the subject ~~each night~~

^{So in}
~~In~~ the last weeks before retirement, in the same Linz tavern he had frequented each night after his customs house shift, Alois spoke more and more often of the higher concepts of 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: ^{It is to build} ~~Build a~~

future for the generations who will follow. The honey they ~~are able to~~

convert from the nectar and pollen that they bring back from the flowers is ~~not~~ ^{not}

^{only} ~~only~~ for their consumption, but, gentlemen, it is also ~~accumulated in a necessary excess of hard work~~ to feed their larvae." He nodded. "These larvae are

installed in the tiniest hexagonal cells, a wonder to behold, yes, they are constructed superbly and symmetrically out of the very beeswax these insect

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workers know how to make from pollen, and that is a mysterious process not quite understood as yet even by the most modern chemist. Moreover, great care is taken in the construction of the hexagonal cells. They know how vital it is (that future generations ~~must~~ succeed them."

His company nodded, their spirits glum. This was ^(not the most lively) ~~poor~~ beer talk. But Alois ~~was off on his peroration. Indeed, he was the essence of that kind~~ ^{for these last nights had become the} of dogmatic lecturer who is ^{ready to exhibit} ~~prepared to pride himself on~~ an incorruptible lack of sensitivity to his audience (if they are insufficiently grateful to listen carefully). "Some bees," he now remarked, "the heftier ones, become guards to watch over the entrances to the hive. Do you know? They are ready to go into battle at the cost of their lives? They will even 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 of the obstacles to a peaceful life for the bee. They have to come up with ^{their continuing} ingenious solutions to ~~serious~~ problems. All through the summer months, many of the worker bees, as one example, are constantly engaged, if I may be permitted to speak thus, in keeping the interior of the hive cool. How? By means of ~~their~~ tireless activity. They never stop fanning their wings.

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A good many
Some ~~must~~ even wear out their wings. After which, they are ready to die.

Why? ~~For the common need~~ *Because the* To create a draft to cool the hive. This act is ~~so necessary~~. The larvae cannot survive in too much ~~chill~~ nor in too much

heat. Think of it. Thousands of wings all fanning away, even as others go

out to forage out for more supplies in ~~a multitude~~ *the fields* of flowers. They ~~cover~~ *collect*

Note! Pools not pads.
themselves with pollen ~~and store the nectar in pads~~ *as well in pools* on their legs and then fly

back to the hive. ~~Absolutely loyal to the needs of the hive, all of them. I~~

are able to can tell you: They fly under the weight of loads *of pollen and nectar* 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

in the hives the while, others are working to make beeswax from the pollen, that

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 for 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 ^{for} Alois' interest in these matters. Here 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 unscheduled 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. He was not sufficiently concerned with profit. ~~But the~~ desire for money is ~~however~~ ^(a relative) the tap-root ^(of this desire) of the motive that drives most men and women into new activity. Therefore, ^{have to} signs of its absence ^{if} concerns me. Obviously, I feel like a sorry devil ^{real} when I cannot come close to a client's ^{private} intentions. Yet here was Alois ready to undertake this venture because it satisfied something in him that I had not yet detected. Normally, Alois kept a close ~~relation~~ ^{relation} to the money he made.

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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 ^{might be} ~~was~~ ~~obviously~~ limited, but ~~indeed~~ he had acquired some book knowledge of the subject, and was now fascinated by a new mode of cultivation. ^{It looked as if} ~~Bee~~ hives made of straw ^{would} ~~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 ^{these did have} ~~skeps had~~ their drawbacks. ~~For example,~~ ^{To} 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 product. Despite the smoke, some honeybees awoke long enough to sting the collector.

A new and much-discussed innovation was, however, being developed in England and in America. Already, even in Austria, local bee-keepers were ready to do away with the old ungainly straw structure. If the

skep had been for 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, advanced bee-keepers around Linz were now speaking of hives ^{*built to the scale of bees*} that could soon become the equivalent of a modern ^{*bee-city*} city ~~city~~ built to the scale of bees. This new housing, no greater in size than the skep, was a wooden cabinet that could be filled with glass trays installed vertically. The worker bees seemed content to build their miniscule wax cells on both sides of each inserted pane of wax. Since this new kind of 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 ^{*was now comparable*} 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 Angela would help, he told her. And Adi as well! He convinced her that the new project was eminently practical.

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more than
I was ~~and~~ bothered. Klara might believe him but I did not. *I had*
decided that ~~to me,~~
Alois was looking to find a way to come nearer to the Dummkopf. That was
not a matter I could afford to ignore.

[Signature]

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16. ~~Agg~~

I was now debating whether to pass this concern on to the E.O.

~~While~~ ^{of course,} the Maestro could, ^{but,} when he so desired, enter into our thoughts, he did not often choose to do so, ^{preferring} He preferred to reserve his resources for ~~more~~ exceptional activities.

On the other hand, I was supposed to be on the alert for unexpected ~~in the morning~~ turns. One could fall to the side of too much caution or not enough.

My conclusion on this matter was not to inform the E.O. Alois had, ^{we had never had such a} after all, never been one of our clients. ~~There was never the need.~~ He was by our measure an average man, which is to say, sufficiently corrupt to be available for our use whenever we might ^{decide} need to invest temporarily in him. The assumption was that he would be open to a quick invasion. The Cudgels would hardly be guarding him. To what end? He was so self-centered. What could there be for them to protect? Whereas, when it came to someone like Klara, we did not ^{choose} ~~care~~ to go near. Not for too little. It would have proved punishing and again—to what end? We did not need her directly. Some of our most exceptional clients are the offspring of good mothers. Indeed, evil children that issue from the most loving women are

always able to injure morale. Average men and women find it hard to accept that ugly results can issue from devoted efforts. It shakes their faith in the Dummkopf. How could God allow this? A standard lament.

We had not gone near Klara, therefore, except for that one incomparably special night—that lightning raid—when Adolf had been conceived.

After that, paradoxically, she was more useful to us as herself, there, innocent, nurtured by the attentions of the Cudgels. This is, however, so complex a matter that 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, which was just about certain to flagellate many of Adolf's feelings.

To watch over a child through the early years is, as I have indicated, so complex and chancy a procedure, that we usually wait. Life itself will shape unexpected openings for us to find our way ~~into~~^{into} men and women we have not yet gone near. Besides, 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 predictable.

Now, his outsize love for bees was turning ^{matters} things askew ^{for me, at least!}.
^(like Alois) 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 pious virgins who are tempted into sudden and unholy heats. Like many such ladies, they cannot accept sex (in ^{this} ~~the~~ atheistic case, religion) as a force to be met on equal terms. No, like the good virgin, 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—^{usually seen by them} ~~seen~~ as the best possible solution to humankind's problems—or through exceptional allegiance to a

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fetish or a ~~Mystery~~. In Alois' case, it happened to be ~~this overblown~~ ^{this sense of}
(^{after day}) recognition of the immense collaboration that could be present between the
mighty and the miniscule.

Since he was hardly ready to bathe in a pool of joy for the greater
glory of the Lord, he approached his newly opened sense of Mystery by way
of the old allegiance to Franz Josef. This much I learned by a quick raid on
his mind, an activity that depended on the likely chance no Cudgels would
be near during the length of my ^(excursion) ~~raid~~. (It is not unlike a blind bet in poker)

On this occasion, I penetrated quickly, and soon was out. I gathered
what I needed. I now knew 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 analogous to his own. This is why natural phenomena
are so often the first perception by humans of the conceivable nearness of
God. They discover, for example, that a puppy or kitten is a warm cuddly
bit of existence much like themselves and so can serve as the gateway to
larger suppositions. For Alois, the foragers out in search of the flowers
were creatures he could understand.

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On any warm day, bees scouting for new fields of flowers knew the heat of the sun and the intimate yearning that only the sun could arouse in flower petals. Alois was not about to throw open any massive bolted door to the mystical side of himself—he was like most humans in that regard—but I had found a soft spot in his psyche. He would actually, in the innermost recess of his thoughts, muse on the 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 two wholly separated existences, entranced with each other by the burgeoning heat of the sun.

to the bee's tongue *(hairs of the)* *themselves*
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 lust to look for another, whichever fine flower of the same species was beckoning in the breeze, ready to gather more nectar for the hive even as it left some of the pollen of the first stamen on this second infatuation.

Such images gave life to Alois. It was the balance between hard work and satisfied desire. He felt close to that bee who would stagger back in flight with its pollen bags heavy, and *its stomach full of nectar.* *(you see)* *Had not Alois, in*

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his turn, given much to women and yet 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 invariably 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~~ *+travellers looked to themselves, had been* But he was there to take their secrets. He could work as hard and long, as any honeybee on the hottest and most productive day of summer when the flowers were most open, working hard for a future beyond themselves, even as he, 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 very good as people, but it was true for the best of them, those who were 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 part for oneself.

Some people in Linz he knew, fools for the most part, had been shocked when gossip spread about the actress, [←]Fräulein Katharina Schratt, whom, it was now bruited about, Franz Josef had taken for a mistress. Even when he had a wife so beautiful as Empress Elizabeth! Such news had spread like a spill of oil that 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 ^{some} ~~their~~ share of the honey for themselves. As he entered retirement, this thought actually brought a taste of peace.

Let me not be altogether captivated, however, 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

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it caused. Such power to create pain! That it could exist in creatures so small! It did not come from the honeybee alone, he decided, but must derive from congress with the sun! Such pain might even express 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 ^{might be} ~~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 accept openly. He never brought such meditations all the way forward into words, ^{but this} ~~only his~~ ~~thoughts~~ ^{on} ~~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 ^{it} ~~them~~ all.

Could these large epiphanies be the product of full retirement? ~~Had~~ ~~he lost his own power to bring harsh levys upon any stranger who might try~~ ~~to abuse his realm?~~

The answer ^{was} ~~is~~ obvious: Alois ^{did not seem} ~~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 there. For that matter, how would it be to

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live on a farm with Klara? In my purview, I could anticipate the unforeseen
~~and~~ unexpected rages ⁱⁿ 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 to pretend to the E.O. later that
I was ready for the trouble that Alois, Junior, would bring in the next year
when he turned fourteen.

Another situation had arisen. On the very night in April when, ~~for the~~ ^{for the first time} first time, they slept in the house at Hafeld, Klara became pregnant. Until then, the farm, ~~although~~ ^{had not been} purchased in February, ~~was not~~ occupied by the Hitler family. Klara had kept the children in Passau because Edmund was ailing. Besides, it was winter. Alois would not be able to join them permanently until the end of June when he retired. By April, however, Klara decided finally to brave the difficulties and right after Easter, accompanied by Angela, Adolf, Edmund, and the sum of their possessions, ^{accomplished it} she ~~did the move which~~ was made even more difficult since she was without Alois, Jr. to help her with the luggage—he had had to stay behind and board with a neighbor until the end of his school year. Nonetheless, whatever the difficulties, she embarked by train from Passau early in the day and her husband met them at the station in Linz with a large wagon and two work horses to carry their trunks, valises, packing crates and packages over the last thirty miles to Hafeld.

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This portion of the trip lasted from noon to dark, but the day had been warm, and Alois, to everyone's surprise, entertained the children with one song after another—his voice was rich, and Klara, who had a clear ^{if} delicate soprano, would join him when she knew the words. Alois was in a rare mood, ~~Keeping it to himself, he was proud of~~ ^{and of} his skill with the horses and wagon. Having done ~~so~~ little of that in decades, he had almost hired a driver, but given his oncoming responsibilities as a farmer, felt it incumbent to take on the project himself.

The previous owner had—as was local custom—stocked each ~~fireplace,~~ ^{with logs and kindling,} and so the rooms, before long, were warm. What with ~~some~~ bread and sausage, plus a carefully packed jar of split pea soup, they had enough to eat and went to bed more happily than not. Alois would ^{even} spend the next day with them before driving his rented wagon back to Linz.

That first night, however, Alois was ^{also} ready to establish a little connubial investiture of the premises ~~as well~~. By the light of the gas lamp in their bedroom, he could see that Klara looked in fine color, not pale at all, and said as much only to hear her laugh in true merriment.

"You, too, Uncle," she said. "Your nose is very red from the sun."

"Ah," he said, "you are still calling me Uncle. Soon, it's ten years that we are married and still, what am I to you? Uncle Alois? Do you mean Old Uncle Alois? That is a disgrace."

"No," she said, "we are all very proud of you. Today, so much. You did it all. And so well. Something you never did before."

"Well, I can do a lot of things you do not know. I am never so simple as you think."

"I do not think you are simple," she said, "no, that I do not think."

"Yes, you can tell me. What do you think, my little Niece?"

It was not often that she was ready to speak to him so directly, but on this night, ^{an exceptional} ~~a most special~~ night, after all, she said, "I wonder why you never tell me that you love me."

"Maybe," he replied, "it is because you still call me 'Uncle.'"

To his astonishment, her answer was the nearest she had ever come to speaking in a manner that most certainly belonged to other kinds of women, ~~to her~~ ^{to her} ~~not her~~ "Maybe I call you Uncle," she said, "because you are such a big, healthy fellow of an Uncle."

He was not about to pass this by. *Instantly, the* ~~The~~ Hound was straining on the leash. Alois' voice was heavy. "How would you know what is the size of a healthy fellow?" he asked.

"I do not know. But I am free to guess. You are a very big Uncle."

That was all it took to make her pregnant. He was excited enough to take her by the side of the bed, both of them standing, half-dressed, and then he took her again in bed. He was full of love—for himself, first, and his prowess—such a fine power at his age—and then he felt some love for her to some degree—plus a good deal of love for the farm. It was a beautiful piece of land. He even took pleasure in the thought of coming a little closer to his children, which is to say, he had an image of kids working along with him in the fields, doing what, he hardly could say, he was about to fall asleep and now thought of summer bees searching the meadows. He was unusually delighted with how much power had been in his loins on this night. To have it all there, just when he had begun to wonder.

He even held Klara in his arms, which was hardly his habit, and when he woke up to honor the alarms of his bladder, he almost kicked over the chamber pot. In the dark, what with his unfamiliarity with a new bedroom,

he was stumbling around, and Klara was giggling. Then, she wrapped her arms around him as he came back to bed. "I am happy," she said. "I think this will be the place for us."

"Silence!" he growled. "Don't be a goose! One does not make silly predictions!" Yes, he could feel the earth of the farm, all those nine acres to the rear and the front of them, and felt just as superstitious as any of the peasants of his childhood. A person should not be as ready as Klara to speak out with good feelings to empty night air. Not aloud! How empty ^{was it so} ~~was it~~ after all? Who knew what spirit might be ~~about~~ there to listen to you, there with ~~nothing but~~ ^{present} ~~his~~ evil ears?

In the morning, she could sense his impatience to be done with the unpacking. It was obvious. He wanted to go out and walk his grounds. So, she took over the larger part of the immediate tasks while he gave the children a tour of the barn, all three huddled close to him now before the animal immanence of the two horses, the cow, and the prize sow that had been part of the purchase price. Those animals were huge to the children, and close to overpowering them with the fetid statement of their odor, all three, Angela, twelve; Adi, now close to six, and Edmund, not yet one and

a half years old and a fine toddler. Edmund hugged Adi. He loved to walk with his hand in Adi's hand.

Now, Alois told them to go back to the house and help their mother. In the afternoon, he would, he promised, teach them how to milk the cow, feed the pig, and curry the horse, not to mention the hen house and the eggs, but for now it was their good mother who needed them.

He wanted to walk his lands alone. He had more than a few decisions to take. So, once again, he studied the condition of the orchard. When he had seen it last, there was more than a little snow on the ground, but he had been able to determine that the trunks of the walnut trees looked healthy, and the bare branches appeared to have integrity, strong, reasonably straight, and not too many tortured shapes to suggest the aftermath of crazy storms when the trees were young.

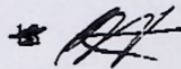
In truth, he realized now, he had hardly studied the place before buying it. Enough that the price, comparatively, was not too high, and the house and the view were the best he had found. No, he could not manage to keep spending full days in travel out from Linz. This place was enough. In his work, after all, he had had to be good at making quick decisions. You

could not examine in complete professional detail every traveler who might have something wrong about him, no, you made your choices on the spot. He had been good at that.

All the same, he was not so much at ease with his purchase as he had anticipated. Walking the meadows and the one small hill of his new domain, the land was less extensive than he remembered, no larger, really, than what it was, nine acres, a good-sized parade-field. On the other hand, it was small enough to encourage him to do a little more farming than he had anticipated. Three or four of those acres would make a decent but manageable potato field. Should he give another acre to beets? Could he plant this year? That would be the question. He could not get going until the end of June, the beginning of July, but Alois, Jr. would be back here then from Passau, his school year finished, and, yes, maybe they could take on some late plowing, maybe get some planting done.

All the while, his true disappointment came back to him. He must recognize—once again—that he could not cultivate his bees, not this summer. The brunt of the project would have to wait until next spring. A season of honey-gathering began in April and hardly lasted into September.

He had to be there at the beginning. He must wait. All right, he would have nine months now to prepare, counting at least from the time when he would be back here again, permanently, in June, late June, and an unexpected and most unpleasant shiver of anticipation came to him at this thought. Did he know what he was doing? Such a bad thought! He forced it back. He had been in control of his feelings since he was ten years old, and he was not preparing to let go now.

A handwritten signature or set of initials, possibly "AJ", written in dark ink.

18. ~~18.~~

By July, life became considerably different for Alois. Klara, for one example, was most definitely pregnant. In seven months, if the baby was born without incident, there would be a total of eight kids who had come into existence because of him, eight, if you include the three who now were gone. Of course, if he so desired, he could add some Kinder not exactly accounted for—quite a number of cooks and chambermaids who had managed to conceive with what might be called mixed male parentage, much mixed. Yes, when one of them told him she was pregnant, he had agreed that it was possible. He could be the true father, but then, hadn't she also been with Hans and Gerhardt and Hermann and Wolf? With rare exceptions (like Fanny) those women were not in a position to argue who was the true father. It was enough to give them a decent gift.

Here in Hafeld, he was face to face with the other side of such achievements. Through the heat of July, in this farm-house up on the hill, he had to look at five faces every meal, from Klara down to Edmund, sixteen months old and walking, even trying to talk. And by January, there would be another. He was used to living with peoples' faces in front of him,

more new faces than most people had to meet up with every day, but now it was always the same mugs. He was not used to dwelling with such questions as whether Edmund, for example, had come up with a new phrase or was just gurgling as usual, blobs of sound, no real sense of language.

Managing the farm was another matter. He could take pleasure in Angela's work. For a twelve-year-old who had been putting cold cream on her hands ever since she was eight—a little city girl, ready to be spoiled!-- she was now, to his surprise, decent help. She was always currying the two horses, and washing down the cow even when that hefty lady didn't need another bath. She would also get Adolf and Edmund to laugh at the hearty contentment to be heard in the full-gutted sound of the sow every time they approached with food. ^(pink) Rosig was large for a pig, large even for a prize pig, and so happy in that smelly wallow with its pink rosette tacked above her stall, an old prize rosette from the summer before they came to the farm. By next summer, when all this new work wouldn't be weighing on them, and there might be a little time, Angela wanted to prepare Rosig ^{again} for local competition, ~~again~~. Yes, his girl, Alois decided, was a prize herself. Angela even took the pains to separate out the manure of the farm animals before

carrying each collection to a different pile. Why? Because she declared to Klara, "My father would want it that way. Nice and neat." She even succeeded in getting Adi to take up a part of the slack. While he could be counted on to throw a tantrum, Angela would ride it out. Then the boy would follow her, his nose up to heaven in horror, but nonetheless carrying a second manure pail.

His school year over in Passau, Alois, Jr., came to the farm at the beginning of July. For a short period, no one could surpass him at work. Right off, he was splendid with the horses, particularly the younger one, Ulan, a stallion five years old. Alois was proud of how quickly ^{Junior} ~~Adi~~ took to the saddle. He was also ready for the joy of a quick canter bareback up the hill and down, accompanied by full screams of excitement from Angela and Adi. Yet, he also seemed content to work the plow for hours in the sun with the dray horse, Graubart. Before too long, they had turned up three acres of hard soil pasture for the potatoes, the same sprouting potatoes Klara had bought and stored in the root cellar a week after her arrival. Alois, Junior, worked harder for two weeks than his father would have believed. Then, all this splendid flurry of hard labor ^{fell off,} ~~was cursed~~. Bad news ^{arrived,} ~~came~~ in a letter

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from Alois' school in Passau. He had failed half of his courses this last semester, ^{he} and would have to take those studies over again.

"I won't go back," he told his father. "The teachers are so stupid we laugh at them."

Yes, ^{the boy} ~~he~~ must have been living with what he knew the Realschule news would bring ^{had he been} living with it for these two weeks, and ~~had~~ not said a word, just kept working hard in his father's field. [?] They had tilled ten inches deep into the three acres chosen, a stubborn, resistant soil, then laid the seed potatoes in shallow trenches and covered them lightly, each of the sprouters a foot apart, each row of furrow less than a yard away from the next, but that had been only the beginning. Now, came the labor that went into weeding, ^{into} and fertilizing. Bad memories, more than forty years old, came back to Alois. Disasters might yet be out there waiting for him. He now encountered white grubs and wire worms, ^{and had to watch as} ~~saw~~ the earliest potato leaves ^{were} nibbled into green lace by aphids and flea beetles. Every day one had to go back for more weeding. Then, drainage became ^{an} ~~a~~ ongoing problem. One could only dig the irrigation canals down a few inches, or else too many potato roots would be slashed by the hoe or the shovel. Then ^{these} ~~the~~ shallow

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trenches)

~~canals~~ filled with silt. Hours had to be spent carrying pail after pail of well water up the slope to the meadow. On one of those afternoons, Junior disappeared. He was out riding Ulan. Alois put Angela to work in his stead, and for the rest of the working day, she carried the water, heavy duty for a girl her size.

in front of
~~before the rest of the family~~

That night, Alois gave his son a tongue-lashing. It was memorable to

~~all of the family.~~ "You are," he said, "very much like your crazy mother. *Only*

~~Except with you, I~~ worse. You have no excuse. *By the end,* your mother, *by*

her end,

yes,
was out of her mind, but at least she had always been hard-working. You

are full of sitting foul)
are lazy. You ~~mix your intelligence with laziness?~~ *How laziness!*" If the

episode had happened even a year earlier, Alois would have given him a beating, exactly the apocalyptic variety that leaves a scar on the heart, but now the boy was big, and wild enough in the occasional expression of his eyes to make Alois pause. So, he did not strike him. Which, he came to decide in the days that followed, was a mistake. He should have given him one hell of a wallop. Now, Junior might think his father was a little afraid of him, maybe a little, yes. Thereafter, Alo, *the boy kept picking* ~~he worked at pinching away~~ at the edges of his work, reducing one way or another the total of his hours.

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He was no longer acting like a farmer's son, more like some boy from the city doing summer labor at a job he did not like. Often, short of sundown, even ~~quite a bit~~ ^{much} before the day's effort was done, he would ask Alois to let him take Ulan for a ride over the hill ~~into the twilight~~.

The trouble, Alois told himself, was that as a father, he was false. ~~He~~ ^{he had a soft palate} ~~had too soft a palate~~ ^(E) under all the hard bite. (The truth was that he adored Alois, Jr. The boy was so attractive. Restless, yes, ^{victor} ~~prayed~~ to terrible moods like his mother, much too prideful, and at present in full flight from education, yet he could be as charming as Fanni when he chose to be. He reminded Alois of how well she used to move. He even felt pride at how quickly his son had gotten on good terms with the stallion. Alois himself hesitated to ride him. It was truly a long way to the ground for a heavy man! But Alois Junior could saddle up with all the [/] eclat of a prize cadet—the sort who used to promenade along the best streets of Vienna wearing the kind of boots that Alois had made for cadets in those years, all the way back then when he had so admired those well-turned-out young men. Memories came of those young officers strutting on the Ringstrasse with their handsome ladies, while he, the apprentice, had dreamed of finding an

elegant and lovely young milliner for himself whom he might persuade to
~~start a~~ *start a* ~~shop~~ *with him* ~~where~~ *hand-made* the finest hats and most exceptional boots
~~keep with him~~ would be ~~set~~ up for sale, a stupid dream, but now his own Junior reminded
him of those cadets. Such a striking young man. He was not at all like
Adolf, full of hysterical temper, or tiny Edmund, full of snots.

So, Alois could not bring himself to refuse when Alois, Jr. would ask
for an hour off. Ulan, after all, had to be exercised. And the horse did love
his young rider,
~~him~~ But not Alois! The beast would paw the straw of his stall when Alois
approached, showing his large horse teeth in an unmistakably evil grin. He
might just as well have been stating that he did not like the father, but was
much taken with the son.

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On one warm evening in August, Alois, Junior, ~~Alo~~ took another unpleasant liberty.
This time, Klara was infuriated. The youth ~~He~~ was at table ready for their evening

supper, but Angela was not. She was in the barn currying Ulan's wet hide after ~~Al~~^{her brother} had put the charger into a gallop on the way back from the woods and then provided a walk-down which was neither long enough nor slow enough to allow the hard-breathing animal to cool. Klara could not believe such selfish behavior. It was one of the few times in their marriage when she spoke sharply to her husband. After six pregnancies, he was no uncle to her now, not at this moment. "You allowed ~~Al~~^{your son} to leave such work to Angela? That is certainly not right."

"Angela likes wiping Ulan down," said ~~Al~~^{Alois, Junior.} "I can do without it."

"I may not know horses so much as some people," said Klara, "but I am still ready to say that he who rides a horse has his duty to it afterward. The horse sees the difference. Even if you don't."

"You know nothing about horses," said ~~Al~~^{her step-son.} "nothing. Ten degrees less than zero."

"Silence!" ~~said~~^{shouted} Alois. "You will keep your mouth shut for the rest of the meal. Not one word more."

Coming into the fray these several steps behind Klara, he had to be masterful. "Yes, silence," he repeated. "I call for it."

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"Jawohl!"
 "Yessir."

*Not, Jawohl
 is one word.*

pick at
 The boy did know how to nibble little pieces off the edges of every proposition. Now, Alois had to ask himself whether he was being mocked or obeyed? "I told you," said Alois, "You are to be silent for the rest of the meal. Not one word. Not even 'Yessir.'" *"Jawohl."*

Alois, Jr., stood up and left the table.

"Come back," said Alois, "come back, sit down, and be silent. I repeat, Not one word."

There was a pause, and then Alo did come back, but in the pause was a suggestion of what might be *more* to come.

They finished the meal in silence. Angela came in, flushed from currying, started to speak, and then did not. She sat down, her face still moist from the quick wash she had taken with the dipper, and put her face to the food. Adi, sitting next to her, full of excitement and foreboding, was now living in the fear that he would wet himself. And Klara? She ate slowly, pausing often with her spoon in the air. She was filled with an unruly desire to upbraid *her stepson* Alo, Junior *again* and then—no small impulse—upbraid her own Alois as well. She said nothing, however. She did not

dare. To interfere with two men in such a rage with each other was ~~not~~^{safe}
~~unknown~~ territory ~~to her~~. The air ~~between them~~ looked ready to quiver.

Edmund, pale, pasty-faced, lip-dribbling Edmund, began to cry.

That offered a solution. Klara was able to pick him up and leave the table. Then Alois rose and quit the room. Angela and Adi gathered the plates for washing, and ~~Alois~~^{Alois} Junior, continued to sit at the table, poised within his own silence, gravely poised, as if he had converted his father's order into a species of silent reverence addressed ~~altogether toward~~^{to} himself.

That night, Alois, Senior, could not sleep and by the end of the next afternoon, he quit work early. For the first time since he had come to Hafeld, he went to the only tavern in the area, a full mile away at Fischlham.

He had hesitated whether to go. The company would certainly be less to his taste than ~~his~~^{the old} fold of beer cronies in Linz. Besides, he knew enough about farmers to anticipate the nature of his reception. ~~(They would be ready to mock him in their own provincial manner)~~ Given his natural predilection to lord it over his fellow drinkers, he was not looking forward to what would be the sly edge of their attitude. He could hear their thoughts in advance. "The peasant who tries to act like a millionaire," they would say

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behind his back. Or, as easily, exactly the opposite—"this rich idiot who wants to play at being a peasant."

He had ^{visited a couple of his} met a few of his much-dispersed neighbors in January when he first visited the house he was to buy, and ^{he} had asked a few questions. They had not trusted him too much. He ^{had expected that} knew as much in advance. They were not about to offer the truth to a stranger who could ^{choose not to} pass on (buying the farm, yet repeat enough of what ^{might} gossip he had heard to ^{leave} the owner offended at them. So Alois only ^{received} heard the best of remarks, yes, everything good, land good, just a few animals, ^{but} excellent livestock, the prize sow, your walnut orchard—that, itself, ^{should} could be easy money once a year.

Alois had not bothered to believe them. Nor to disbelieve them. He had wanted the farm. He had assumed it would not be as good as it looked, and, of course, it couldn't be. Already the fine big cow who had been giving good milk every day had come down with udder trouble.

He did bring just that matter up at the tavern in Flischlham. He needed to. He was looking for a few opinions on the respective merits of the two veterinarians in the district, and used it as a calculated opening to ^{stimulate} the farmers now drinking with him, ^{to say a few things,} He had decided to be mild, and most

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modest. Nothing could be worse than to be perceived from the outset as a retired fool ^{th raising} trying to throw his city weight around. So, he listened to their ^{might know} most guarded opinions of what they ~~knew~~ about his land.

When he told them that he had planted potatoes, they looked uneasy. In the most indirect manner, it did come out that he might have been wiser to consider beets.

"I planned to put one acre in like that, but not this first year. Too much at once."

They nodded. Farming and work. Yes. The oldest marriage. One must never do too much at once if one could help it.

They were more slow-spoken than most of the voices he had heard for, yes, the last forty-five years! It took an hour of staring at the unadorned wooden walls of the tavern, fretting all the while over the one spike of a splinter in his behind (a gift of the dried-up wood of the tavern bench) before ^{one} ~~any~~ of them would come forward with the muffled hint that this land on which he had planted potatoes ~~really~~ ^{even to} should have been in beets. That was because last year's crop had been wheat. Now, they spoke of a variety of wheat whose genus was unfamiliar to him, but that was what the previous

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owner had been planting these last three years. ~~Such repetition was not so~~
~~likely to make the best ground for potatoes now.~~ Who knew? The soil
could have been depleted by the wheat. They did not say ^{as} ~~that~~ much; they
just drew on their pipes and drank their beer and looked sad. Worst of all,
~~as~~ he could tell, the sadness was hardly for him, no, it was offered to the
outrage done to the earth now owned by him, a rich man, an interloper
trying to be a peasant.

The smell of the tavern became unpleasant. He could not locate the
odor that mingled with the beer, but it was impure—sour milk? Old
manure? A compost pile outside the door that had gone wrong? What he
resented most about this quiet dun-brown wooden den was that there was
not even a hint of schnapps in the air, no, not even one good town drunkard.

The evening, however, proved not altogether a loss. He learned the
names of a couple of apiculturists who lived in Hafeld. Veterans who knew
bees were nearby. To console himself further, he ~~had a good~~ ^{the} walk home,
~~became agreeable.~~
The late summer moon was out, a harvest-orange moon, and he finally felt
on this night the pleasure beer usually ^{provided} ~~gave him~~ just so quickly as he could
quaff it. Tonight, however, those pints had merely been banked in his

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stomach, stored there to dispense ^{the} ~~his~~ pleasure now, now at last to ^{that he was} ~~be able~~ to find himself alone. He had a long splendid urination by the side of the road.

Next morning he was back in his gathering gloom. He had to live with the disappointment of his three acres of potatoes. He had ended with a crop where not much more than half looked to be salable. His drinking companions of last night (who in memory now smelled as dank as the Fischlham tavern) had been right. He knew it in the pit of his stomach, knew it whenever he dug up another potato. He had felt a few twinges in that same gut during the last few days of August and his heart was definitely acting up, yes, full of high pressure now. Whenever Alo took Ulan for a ride, Alois could feel the boy chipping away ^{one more time} ~~once again~~ at the edges of his authority, ^{and} ~~that~~ that was guaranteed to get his own heart to race. Sometimes he even felt as if ^{this} ~~that~~ long-trusted organ—such a hearty companion—was now forcing itself right up under his brain. Which is to say he was having headaches.

Given the work to be done of digging up the potatoes and carting them to the market in Fischlham, he ended by hiring a day laborer for ~~the~~ week, a stupid fellow working for his beer at night and not much else, yet,

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on balance, the man probably served up as much useful labor as ~~Alois~~ ^{Junior} with his Ulan. How was that boy going to end? Would he yet be a criminal? Alois could conceive of him ^{ending up in} ~~having to run away to~~ something like the French Foreign Legion. Dark thoughts, but they had their appeal to Alois. When he was young, he would have made a good soldier of that variety, ready for anything. Or was that nonsense? There was something in the boy that was wilder than himself. Was that why, these days, they always had to speak to each other as if they were in ballet shoes? Up on tiptoe!

The day laborer was stupid, but he was not so incapable of thinking when it came to putting a number of those potatoes aside for himself, and Alois could not even be certain that there had been a theft. Feeling ill one afternoon, he had let the laborer take the produce to market for him, and ~~the~~ ^{man} returned with ~~something~~ less ~~in the way of~~ ^K Kronen than Alois had estimated. Just a little less. More fingering at the edges.

Alois was sick. There had been a miserable end to ^{all} the pride Angela had been taking in the prize sow. It died. The girl was disconsolate. ^{Alois} ~~he~~ ^{now} was amazed at how much and how long a twelve-year-old female could cry.

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It started with that big, pretty pig being a little ill. Then, day to day, it got worse. Angela was so upset that Alois broke into his own reservoirs of pride and actually turned to his three nearest neighbors for advice. It was then he had to recognize all over again that he had forgotten what he was now remembering too late. One of the laws of his childhood received from Johann Nepomuk before he was even ten years old was that when it came to farming, there were no laws you could count on if you had the bad luck to meet an unexpected problem. Even your lifetime friends could ^{and would} disagree ~~with you~~ on the solution. Of course! Every farmer, he now learned, had his own idea of how to cure a sick pig. Of course!

The three neighbors to whom he turned in this case offered three ~~different~~ solutions, an emetic, a binder, and a dian'hetic. All were wrong. The sow stopped breathing and was gone. All three men had assumed the trouble could only be in the stomach or the bowels. Where else in a pig? Who had ever heard of consumption in such a heavy porker? Perhaps it was something else. Even the veterinarian he called in after the demise was unsure,

Nothing could have aggravated Alois more. To pay good money after the animal had died! Why? Because he had to know the cause. What an idiocy! He wasn't going to raise any more pigs, not now! but still he had to know. And then he found out that the specialist—if you could call him that—was not even sure of the cause. It would take, he told Alois, the further expense of lab tests in Linz, or maybe, even ^{all the way to} Vienna. ~~Well~~, to hell with that! Such an expenditure would be obscene. On top of it all, he even had to bury the animal whole. He was tempted, but he did not dare to carve away any good part of it for the family. Left to himself, Alois would have looked for some choice cuts—how much did the hams have to do, after all, with the lungs? But, no, the vet was definite. "Do not take a chance, Herr Hitler, on any part of this animal."

Yes, that is what the vet told him, but only after he had been paid! And there was Angela going on and on with ^{her hiccups and her sobbing} ~~that weeping~~ ("Ach, ach, ach!") Not to mention the labor of digging a ^{big} goddamn ^{hole} ~~trench~~ for the carcass.

Yes, these were losses to calculate. What kind of profits could he point to from his mediocre potato crop? When he added the cost of the seed potatoes, the compost he had bought for the three acres, and then subtracted

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the wages of the hired hand, the loss of the sow, and the fee of the vet as well, how could he claim to have made any respectable sum ^{at all?} If he divided the total ~~that came back~~ ^{number of} from the sale of the potatoes by the hours put in, could he say that he had earned any more ^{each} by the day than in his first years with the ~~Stanzwatz~~ ^{Finance watch?} Worse. The real calculation was humiliating. He was living here rent-free. No mortgage payment to worry over. The house had been bought outright, after all. But if he had had to give money quarterly to the bank, could he have claimed any profit [?] ~~at all?~~ ^{Perhaps} No more than a token profit. The walnuts. They had brought in ^{some} ~~a little~~ easy money, money off the ground. For the rest, it had been a good deal of work ^{for not} ~~for very~~ ^{much at all.} little. (He couldn't even complain to Klara ~~for the shame of it~~.)

He had to reassure himself. It wasn't that he was in real financial trouble. Never yet! His pension alone was six times the income of any day laborer like the poor ~~fund~~ fellow he had hired, who, dumb or not, was also able to cheat him. But, all right! In the old days, in the best years of his earning power at Passau and Linz, he had been situated in what you could call the well-salaried layers of the middle class. Why, he had made more than any principal in an elementary school. Not bad when you consider that

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he, more respected, economically speaking, than the principal, had never even finished elementary school.

Alois could talk to himself in such a way but it did not dig the real thorn out of his gut. One of his strengths with the younger officers who came from good families had always been that he, at least, being good peasant stock, could know at least when people were cheating him. And now he had discovered that the land he bought was not as good as it had looked. Once upon a time, he might have been a peasant. Now, he ^{could} ~~might as~~ ^{idiots} ~~well~~ call himself one more middle class ~~fool~~, fooled on a deal involving land! He felt all the shame a peasant could ^{not bear to} ~~know~~. Would it be any worse if Klara had taken up with a farm boy? That was impossible, but then, how had it been so possible for himself, Alois Hitler, to be gulled on this deal?

He went into a depression. By October ~~and~~ ^{and} November, he was settled in gloom. The Hound was one sick puppy these days. How was he to look at himself—a man in his late middle age who dangled a sick pup between his legs?

Klara, seven and a half months pregnant, tried to explain it to him. Now that the potato crop was in, so much hard work was finished. It was

natural to be unhappy. Women, she could tell him, felt that way after a child was born. So much had gone into the womb, so much hope and effort, but now one was empty again. The baby might be there and beautiful, but for a time the woman had to feel empty, even awful. For a little while. It was natural.

She had never waxed so philosophical before, not to him, but he almost took her head off. "What am I, a woman?" he wanted to shout.

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Some changes occurred, and that, his depression lifted. To begin with, Alois, Jr. was gone. Klara had taken it upon herself to provide a solution. It was that the youth should be sent to Spital where he could work with her father who was certainly old enough to need a strong young assistant, and Alois Junior was for the move as well. His father's depression had sat like a jailer upon the head of his own rage.

* Consult
the ~~post~~
number
if
necessary

influence
20.

(~~check~~ that ~~the~~
chapter
number is
correct.)

263 *

Song changes occurred, and with
~~that~~ his depression ~~to~~ lifted
to begin with, Alai ~~for~~ in was gone,
Klara had taken it upon herself to
provide a solution. It was that the
youth should be sent to Spital where
he ~~could~~ could work with her father,
who was certainly old enough to need
a strong young assistant, and Alai
Junior was for the most or well.
His father's depression had ~~not~~
sat like a jailer upon the head of
his own life.

So, that was arranged, as was
transportation in ~~several~~ ^{as was} the
on a neighboring farmeric ^{next by horse}
line, and then by train, ~~and each~~
on foot to Spital — the boy was
shifted, and with that ~~the~~ ^{as} ~~change~~
of unhappy expectation lifted.
In September, Adi and Angela

began to go to school in Fischham → 164
Fischham, Angela in the fourth or
most advanced grade for twelve year
old, and Aoli, beginning at ~~six~~
six, went to the first grade.

In the beginning, what with a
bright September, mellow with sun
and some green still in the ~~front~~ fields,
it was ~~not a bad thing~~ a fine walk
hand in hand up over hills and down
through meadows with one reasonable
and comfortable peril — a bull who
~~was~~ was grazing at the other end
of a fenced-in pasture they could
choose to walk around or dare
to cross, depending on the weather,
the mood of their spirits, or the sense
in one or the other — it varied — that
one's dear sibling was not as brave
as oneself today and so could be
minded.

Soon enough Aoli learned that
it was not wise to shame Angela
when she was in a fearful mood
for she utterly paid him back.
He had one vulnerability — she
could always tell him that he

was trying to make her cry, well, she
 would look for ways to ~~be~~ cry the tears
 to her eyes well. Her ~~eyes~~ not all had
 smell, but then they that much. Her
 was used by now, to some with some
 pig ~~and~~ wallow, but then that
 brought ~~another~~ another
 sorrow to her eyes, in poor dead Rosy.

"What are you crying about?" said
 Edin. "You tell me how ~~bad~~ bad I am
 smelling and I should cry - you are
 so mean." 4

"Oh, shut up. It's not you I cry for." 4

He knew that was Rosy, and he
 felt for her, not because he had loved
 Rosy so much (in fact he had
 been jealous of her passion for the pig)
 but because, indeed, he did like
 her. She was a good older sister
 most of the time, and she was the
 brightest girl in the school, faster
 he was the smartest ~~boy~~ boy.

He was. So long as the class did
 not become ~~at all~~ repetitive, he
 could engage all the strength he ~~felt~~
 felt in his head once he was
 inside the four walls of the one room
 in the school house.

(278)
Depending on the weather and the needs of the neighborhood farms, there were sometimes as many as ~~four~~ forty boys and girls, sometimes down to thirty, even twenty-five, but they were divided among four classes, first to fourth, six to twelve in age, and each child could ~~hear~~ ^{listen to} all that was to be heard in turn in each class, a simple matter since there was only one teacher, Franklin Wernsey, who was funny-looking, wore spectacles, but had a nice clear voice.

Sofedi was able to pick up the lessons of all four classes in the course of a day, and he learned to read and write better and better in the course of certain hours, and was introduced to German history in another, the fourth class showed + studying the exceptional deal of Claude Magné, even as twenty-minute later, having matched drawings of small and large animals to the exceptionally interesting and sometimes awesome letters that could be attached to one or the other, framed

(269)

with a hammer of a 4 or 5 year old,
and much more than hit & eye.

"Are you crazy?" he said to the
other during recess, "I am in my good
clothes, and my mother will help
me if I get them dirty." He was his
tone of authority and he earned
certainly that deserves the other, but
then that says nothing, if he could
manage to live with Alvin, Junior,
he had nothing to fear from Basil, like
them also named Henry, ~~about~~
~~hardly interfere with~~

-20-

Some changes occurred, and with that, his depression lifted. To begin with, Alois, Jr. was gone. Klara had taken it upon herself to provide a solution. It was that the youth should be sent to Spital where he could work with her father who was certainly old enough to need a strong young assistant, and Alois Junior was for the move as well. His father's depression had sat like a jailer upon the head of his own rage.

So, that was arranged, as was the transportation in several services—first on a neighboring farmer's cart to Linz, and then by train; next by rented horse, and last by foot to Spital—the boy was shifted, and with tat a cloud of unhappy expectations lifted.

In September, Adi and Angela began to go to school in Fischlham, Angela in the fourth or most advanced grade for twelve-year-olds, and Adi, beginning at six, went to the first grade.

In the beginning, what with a bright September, mellow with sun and some green still in the fields, it was a fine walk hand in hand over hills and down through meadows with one reasonable and comfortable peril—a bull who was grazing at the other end of a fenced-in pasture they could choose to walk around or dare to cross, depending on the weather, the mood of their

spirits, or the sense in one or the other—it varied—that one's dear sibling was not as brave as oneself today and so could be mocked.

Soon enough, Adi learned that it was not wise to shame Angela when she was in a fearful mood for the certainly paid him back. He had one vulnerability—she could always tell him that he smelled bad. Sometimes it was his breath, and as often his body odor, but she saved such observations for those times, most necessary, when he would be so bold as to jeer at her caution concerning the bull.

Probably, she did not know to what depth in his quick-beating heart sank these accusations that he had such a bad smell, but deep indeed they went, and for good cause. The added disadvantage was that these accusations were true. He did have an odd little odor—touch of sulphur and

a hint of something rotten—of that will it be possible to speak a little later.

But human odor is one of our ongoing problems when dealing with our clients. It is an unhappy means of identification and we are not the only ones to be aware of its significance. The Cudgels are often as keen to pick it up.

In any event, it was, from Angela's point of view, no great matter. If Adi was trying to make her cry, well, she would look for ways to bring the tears to his eyes as well. Besides, not all bad smells bothered her that much. She was used, by now, to sour milk and pig wallow, but then that brought another sorrow to her eyes—poor dead Rosig.

"What are you crying about?" said Adi. "You tell me how bad I am smelling and I should cry—you are so mean."

"Oh, shut up. It's not you I cry for."

He knew that was Rosig and he felt sad for her, not because he had liked Rosig so much (in fact, he had been jealous of her passion for the pig) but because, indeed, he did like Angela, she was a good older sister most of the time, and she was the brightest girl in the school, just as he was the smartest boy.

He was. So long as the classes did not become repetitive, he could enjoy all the struggle to be felt in his head once he was inside the four walls of the one room in the school house.

Depending on the weather and the needs of the neighboring farms, there were sometimes as many as forty boys and girls, sometimes down to thirty, even twenty-five, but they were divided among four classes, first to

fourth, six to twelve in age, and each child could listen to all that was to be heard in turn in each class, a simple matter since there was only one teacher, Fraulein Werner, who was funny-looking, wore spectacles, but had a nice clear voice.

So Adi was able to pick up the lessons of all four classes in the course of a day, and he learned to read and write better and better in the course of certain hours, and was introduced to German history in another, the Fourth Class who were studying the exceptional deeds of Charlemagne even as twenty minutes later, having matched drawings of smaller and large animals to the exceptionally interesting and sometimes awesome letters that could be attached to one or the other, provided you found the right picture for each collection of letters (a matter on which he did not make the same mistake

twice), and was indeed eager for the next page of connections to be made that Fraulein Werner would give them, he soon, while waiting, moved over in his mind to listen to the lessons of the third class who were studying the geography of their great Hapsburg empire, and he was ready to speak out then when the students of that class (who all seemed to be simpletons) could not find any of the places he had noticed already, Braunau and Linz the first to catch his eye on the map.

So, at six, he was studying the work of every age to twelve, and it pleased him that Angela was also the brightest in her class. He also knew that ~~they~~ were the neatest when it came to dress. That was Klara's doing—yet he not only used it to install himself in Fraulein Werner's favor, but was

quick enough in his wits to keep from getting into a fight with a bruiser of a boy a year older and much more than his size.

"Are you crazy?" he said to the other during recess. "I am in my good clothes and my mother will kill me if I get them dirty." It was his tone of authority and long-earned certainty that deterred the other, but then that boy was nothing. If Adi could manage to live with Alois, Junior, he had nothing to fear from fools like this, also named Klaus.

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If Angela had been teasing Adi about how bad he could smell, it was not for too little. She was terribly concerned these days about what might be her own odor, having come in these last few weeks at the farm to her first period. Here Klara had been of great help, allaying her fears, her concerns, and indeed her outright horror, for Rosig had been drenched in blood all over her hams just before dying.

To soothe this outraged state for the girl, Klara, for the first time, spoke intimately. She adored Angela, who was by now probably the nearest substitute Klara had to a close woman friend, and so she spoke not only in the

most general terms of Angela's new condition, but went on at good length about the naturalness of odor in general, and the peculiar subtleties of it in nature, and, casting about for happy examples, passed on a piece of information Alois had mentioned in passing. Klara had asked him how he could be sure his own bees, when he got them, would know how to come back to their own hive, especially since he would now have, once his plans were fulfilled, at least three of the new boxes, each a full colony in itself, sitting side by side in the shade of the walnut grove. "How do they know which will be theirs?"

He was sufficiently pleased at her curiosity to explain that he would paint the boxes different colors, green for one, sky-blue for another, and pink for the third. These bees liked to live in habitations that were like the color of the flowers whose nectar they brought back.

"But you tell me each day they can go to a different kind of flower.

They are faithful only for one day to this kind of flower or that?"

"Yes." He wasn't certain he liked the conversation.

"So it could be a flower of one color on one day, and another color tomorrow?"

"Yes."

"How do they not get mixed up?"

He was reluctant to tell her. It was not something necessarily to talk about. Still, he decided to proceed. For her to be interested in bees was probably better than indifference. "Each queen bee has its own odor. And since she fertilizes every cell in every comb and can give tens of thousands of bees their beginning in life, so she is certain to pass her own odor into each of her thousands of children."

"That is so remarkable," said Klara. "How do you know it, Alois? So much you know."

"I have read about these discoveries in books," he said grudgingly.

"So you have never smelled it yourself?"

"Do I look so stupid as to put my nose into a hive so twenty bees can fly up my nostrils?"

She began to laugh. She knew him so well in certain ways. He read omnivorously on the subject, but, good peasant stock at bottom, he did not like to admit that he had not learned his subject with his hands, his feet, his strength, his patience and his five good senses, not to mention the mysterious sixth.

Alois, however, had made a serious mistake. He had told her a little too much. Now, she had to know more. She, too, was a peasant, after all. More than him, even. Just scratch her.

Before they were through, before the conversation they had this night and others, she actually induced him to explain how the queen was fertilized. She was, indeed, intensely curious about any queen who could have tens of thousands of children and still was so much a queen! There was a tone in Alois' voice and a look of admiration in his eye when he spoke of the Queen Bee. Everything apparently depended on her—the absolute success of the hive, you could say.

So he led her up and down the descriptive steps. She had her own excitement about the Queen Bee and he could sense it was to his advantage

for this night. She was becoming excited by the thought of so female a creature, so tiny, so noble, so absolutely extraordinary.

He explained then that the young queen, very much a virgin, not twenty days out of her own cell, fed by nurses and attendants from the day she had emerged, went out of the hive as a full virgin, usually on the first warm day in May, and up she flew into the heavens on her maiden flight, higher than all but a few male bees could go.

"Those who are called drones?" asked Klara.

"Yes, fat, spoiled fellows. They live to eat, and on a good day they fly around like fools. It is only when the virgin queen comes out for her first flight that they can justify their existence for then they are overcome by how phenomenal she is. This queen who flies so high, she is so beautiful compared to all her sisters, those thousands of worker bees, yes, work-horse

bees always looking for more nectar, or attached to their duties for the hive, but she is different, still a virgin, she is not really yet a queen, more, I would say, like the equal of a princess. And then, like a princess, she flies so high that only a few of the drones can follow. Then it is down to two, to one, but, oh, this last strong one, he reaches her, he puts what he has, yes, know what I mean, his very own tool-for-the-sperm you might say into yes, yes, you can call it her vagina, and she takes it all in while they are up in the air so high."

"It is like a miracle of love," said Klara, and how could her eyes not shine?

"Not exactly," said Alois, and now did not know how to continue. If he said too much, he could spoil what might follow on this night, but then she shrewdest side of him spoke to himself and he knew, yes, the best really was bound to come from telling it all.

Which he did. "Yes," he said, "this drone, this one good brave drone, sticks it in so far to her, exactly what nature wants, we must suppose, that then he cannot get it back."

"What?"

"No, Donnerwetter, he can't. The queen has hooks, or something of the kind, sharp hooks for certain. He is stuck. When he pulls away, you won't believe it, he has it ripped right out of him. His manhood. All gone."

"What happens then?"

"Oh, he dies, of course. He is gone."

"The poor creature," she said. But she could not help it. She began to laugh and having begun, could not stop. He had never heard her laugh so long and so hard before.

"What a life," she finally said, and Alois had been right to tell her. She was six months and more into her pregnancy, but they made love that night. Alois had known more than one woman who could give a fine big sweat of a copulation even in the last week before she had someone else's baby. But that had hardly been the case with Klara. This night, however, was different.

On this occasion, he most certainly did not go on to tell her two more things. The first was that the queen was perfectly capable of having more lovers even on that first fabulous flight, and could store enough semen to lay thousands and then tens of thousands of eggs, one each to a cell among thousands of cells, for as much as three years to come, and then she would for the rest of her life feeding honey and pollen to the pupae she had created even as worker females followed her with devotion, capping these cells of bees yet to be born with the mysterious substance they made from pollen in May

flowers, a wax that no chemist could. No, he did not get into how devotedly the Queen would have to work for the rest of her life, and he certainly did not tell her that when the mating season was over, the female worker bees killed all the drones and swept them out of the hive. He did not speak of other complications like the tendency, once warm weather began and the hive grew too full with new brood, for half of the colony to be ready to desert, to swarm. He did not tell her of the new queens being born, and being extinguished by the bees who acted like royal maidens to form a court around the Queen Bee. No, he let well enough alone. It was enough that Klara should now be almost as ready as himself to start this new enterprise of apiculture.

Klara was not only fascinated but was acting as the best of stepmothers for Angela, and so like an older sister, was ready to divert Angela from her

new woes of coming into adolescence. Klara, remembering the first flow of her own blood and the abysmal depth of vulnerability in which it had left her, as if she were now like an open wound to all the depredations men could now exact from her, chose therefore to describe in detail the hapless self-amputation of the brave drone who actually succeeded in reaching the queen, and this time Klara had company in her laughter, they laughed together as if they were girls together of the same age, and so it came about, even as Klara went on into more and more of what she had learned from Alois on the subject, did turn to odor, and both of them, now almost equal as girls for this hour, thought more than a little of the exceptional power of this Queen Bee only a little larger than her own nursing bees and certainly smaller than any drone, nonetheless had the power to impregnate not only the air of the hive, but the thousands who dwelt within it, all of them smelled the same. "It is,"

said Klara, full of a new set of giggles, "as if all the Russians had one kind of stink, and all the Polish oafs another, and a good aroma for the English, and we Austrians something special. And the French, yes, a shameless smell." They were hugging each other by now, they were laughing so hard. "And maybe the worst, the Bohemians."

"And the Hungarians!"

They wiped their eyes. Adi, hearing their laughter, came to join them, and was enraged that they explained nothing, only laughed at the name of each country.

The notion remained, however, with Angela. She could not separate it from everything else. Now, school had a special smell, and Fraulein Werner with her talcum powder, worse than too much on a baby, and her own little brother Adi. He did have this terrible smell when they ran up and down too

many hills, and she was always over him at night, coaxing him to use more soap, or even on those nights twice a week when Klara boiled enough water for them to bathe in the big farm house tub, she would even insist on lathering his back and his armpits before handing him the soap with a wholly mischievous grin (as it looked to her idea of herself) when in truth she was actually looking a bit demonic, and, yes, she told him, "Now you take the soap and put it where it can do some work, you careless boy."

Adi would scream with anger at how rude she could be, loud enough for Klara to come running in, but he would not tell his mother. Either he smelled as bad as Angela kept saying, or she was crazy. He could hardly smell a thing on himself but she left him so uncomfortable.

Then Angela would think of the death of Rosig again. The prize sow had indeed had an odor at times, not wholly unlike Adi at his worst, or was it

Rosig at her worst?—enough, Angela began to cry for both of them, the boy and the pig together. Full of remorse, she began to speak some of the wonderful secrets of bees that Klara had told her, all of this new knowledge began to come forth each morning as the two walked to school, and so, in turn, was Adi's imagination inflamed by the mysteries of the Queen Bee.

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21. (again check no of sheets)

If Angela had been teasing Kari
about ~~his body~~ ^{that he could} smell it was not
for too little. She was ^{terribly} concerned
these days about ^{what might be} her own body, having
come in there last few weeks at the
farm to live ~~over~~ ^{first} first period.
~~It was~~ ^{that} Kari had been of
great help ^{to her} and in the course of
~~several~~ ^{her} ~~conversations~~ ^{concerns} to allow her
allaying ^{her} ^{under her} fears and concerns and putting her
mind for Kari just before her death
had been drained in blood all over
her hands just before dying.

To soothe this outraged state for
the girl Kari for the first time,
spoke of intimate. She advised Angela
who was by now probably the nearest
substitute Kari had to a close woman
friend, and so she spoke not only in
the most general terms of Angela's new
condition, but went on at great length
about the naturalness of sex in general,
and the peculiar subtleties of it
in nature and, ending about for
happy example, passed on a piece
of information about her own experiences.

in passing. ~~It was to say~~ (271)
 Klara had asked him how he would be
 sure his own bees when he got them would
 know how to come back to their own
 hive especially since he would now
 have, once his plans were fulfilled, at
 least three of these new hives, with
 each a full colony in itself
 sitting side by side ~~in the~~ in the
 shade of the walnut grove. "How do
 they know which will be theirs?"

He was sufficiently pleased at his
 curiosity to explain that he would
 paint the hives different colors green
 for one, sky-blue for another, and pink
 for the third. These bees ~~he had~~
 like to live in hives that were like
 the color of the flowers where most of them
 brought back.

"But you tell me each day they can
 go to a different kind of flower. They are
 faithful only for one day to one kind
 of flower, that?"

"Yes." He wasn't certain that the
 answer was.

"So it could be a flower of one color
 one day, and another color tomorrow?"

"Yes."

"How do they not get mixed up?"
 He was reluctant to tell her. It was
 not something necessarily to talk about.

Still he decided to proceed. For him to be interested in bees was probably better than indifference. "It is the queen bee," he said. "Each queen bee has its own odor. And since she ~~for~~ fertilizes herself in ~~every~~ comb and can give taste of thousands of bees their beginning in life, so place it certainly to put her own odor into each of her thousands of children."

"How do you know it, John? I mean you know."

"I have read about the explosion in
in Wales," he said judiciously.

⁴ So you have now small it passed?

"Do I look so stupid as to peck my
nose into a bird's twenty beer can fly
off my nostrils?"

The begonia laughs. She knew him as well in Cambridge. He read everywhere on the subject but ~~was~~ ^{wasn't} present & off at ~~bottom~~, he did not like to admit that ~~even~~ he had not learned his subject with his hands, his feet, his strength, his patience and his fine good senses not to mention the mysterious sixth.

Alain, knowing how much a serious
mother ~~loves~~ loves her little
too much. I do she love to know more
She, too, was a pleasant girl. More
than long ago. Just a little.

Before they were through before the (273) conversation they had their night and other, she actually induced him to explain how the queen was fertilized. She was, indeed, intensely curious about any queen who could have tens of thousands of children and still was so much a virgin. There was a tone in Alois' voice and a look of admiration in his eye when he spoke of the Queen Bee. Everything apparently depended on her with absolute success of the kind you could say.

So he led her up and down the descriptive steps & he had been over excitement about the Queen Bee and he could sense it was to his advantage for this night. She was becoming excited by the thought of so female a creature, so tiny, so noble, so absolutely extraordinary.

He explained then that the young queen was much a virgin, not only kept out of her own cell, fed by nurses and attendants from the day she had emerged from the center of the brood as a full virgin, usually on the first

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of all the drama and suspense than out of Harmon. (6-7)

more than one night. I don't know
if he was alone or with a
woman who could give
a relation to him in the night before
had someone else's baby, but that
had hardly been the case with Kara.
This night however was different.

Feb. 24 2004 02:44PM P9

did not speak of other complaints
like the tendency of ~~these~~ once warm
weather, began and the birds grew too
full with new brood for half of a colony
to be ready to desert. I was obliged
not tell him of new quail being born
and being extinguished by the winter heat,
who were as yet like ragged mounds &
form a coarse mass around the Indian tree.
No, what well he caught at home. It was
enough that Kera should now be
~~further away~~ almost as ready as
himself to start this new enterprise
of agriculture.

Klara was not only fascinated but
was acting as the best of stop motions for
Angela, and her like an older sister was
ready to divert Angela from her own new
words of coming tutored lessons. Klara,
remembering the first blow of her own
blood and unalloyed depth of
vulnerability in which it had left
her, as if she were now blind again
would tell the deplorable men
could now repeat upon her class
therefore to describe in detail the ~~the~~
self-amputation of the ~~the~~ who actually
even succeeded in reaching the ground,
and that time Klara had company in
her laughter they lay back together as if
they were ^{girls friends} of the same age, and
so it came about even as Klara would

Feb. 24 2004 02:44PM P10

did not speak of other complications
like the tendency of ~~bees~~ once warm
weather began and the hive grows
full with new brood, for half of a colony
to be ready to desert to swarms. I did
not tell her of new queens being born
and being exterminated by the ~~worker~~ bees,
who ~~soon~~ acted like royal maidens to
form a court around the young bee,
h&c, but well enough to know. It was
enough that I ~~even~~ should know by
~~experience~~ almost as regularly
himself to start the new introduction
of apiculture.

Klara was not only fascinated but
was acting as the host of stipulations for
Angela and so like an older sister was
ready to divert Angela from her own new
world of coming into a classroom. Klara
remembering the first flow of her own
blood and the physical depth of
vulnerability in which it had left
her, as if she were now. When open
wounds told the deprecating men
could now repeat upon her, she
therefore to describe in detail the total
self-amputation of the one who actually
succeeded in reaching the green,
and this time Klara had company in
her laughter. They laughed together as if
there were ^{girls of their} ~~some of the~~ of the same age, and
so it came about, even as Klara was

on into more and more of what she (278)
 had learned from her, that the serlyest
 did turn today and both of them, now almost
 freed or girls for their lives. thought more
 than a little of the exceptional ^{part of} ~~part of~~
 their lives. but only a little longer ^{than} ~~than~~ ^{they} ~~they~~
 were, and certainly smaller than any of the
 navigators had the power to imagine.
 not only the air of the river, but the thousands
 who dwelt within it, all of them smelling
 the same. "Oh," said Klam, "field of a
 new set of people," as if all Russians ^{had} ~~had~~
 our kind of flesh, and all their ^{people} ~~people~~
 another, and a good reason for the English
 and the Austrians something special, and
 the French, yes, a shadow, small. "They
 were laughing each other by now? they were
 laughing so ~~loud~~ loud, "and maybe the
 worst the Bohemians."

"and the Hungarians!"

they wiped their eyes, Edie, hearing
 their laughter, came to join them, and was
 ever so glad that they were laughing nothing,
 only laughing at the name of peace
 convention.

The notion remained, however, with
 Angela. She could not separate from
 anything else. Now, indeed, had a
 special smell and fragrance with
 her talcum powder, worse than too much
 on a baby, and her own little mother, Edie.
 He did have the terrible smell when they
 ran up and down too many hills, and she
 was always over him at night, coaxing him to

use more soap, or even on their nights (279)
 twice a week when Clara could enough
 water for them to bathe in the big farm-house
 tub, she would even insist on bathing her
 husband in a wash-tub, before leaving him
 the soap with a little mischievous grin
 (as it looked to her like of herself) when
 in truth she was actually looking a bit
 demonic, and, yes, she told him, "Now you
 take the soap and put it where it can do
 some work, you careless boy."

At last she screamed with surprise at how
nude she could be, loudly saying for Klara
to come running in, but he would not take
his mother. Either he smelled or had a hunch
heft saying or she was crazy. He could
hardly smell a thing on himself but she
left him so uncomfortable.

Teen Angela would think of the death of Robert again. The pain now lessened, almost had an odor ^{at times} not wholly unpleasant at his tomb, or even. Perhaps they were enough. Angela began to cry for both of them, the boy and the pig together, & full of remorse, she began to ~~uncover~~ ^{reveal} some of the wonderful secrets about her, that Clara had told her, all of this new knowledge began to come forth early morning as the two walked to school and so, in turn, was Eli's imagination inflamed by the mysteries of the Green Bee.

If he had been aware of bees ever since
 they had ^{first} come to the farm in April, and more
 and more did he have to think of them in
 May and June for there were hours when the sky
 seemed full of them, tiny glimmers of light
 flying in many directions, his mother
 warning him that he must not try to
 play with them if he saw one, one flower
 or worse, never dare to kill one or then he
 would give him something to remember, and
 then Edmund got stung one fine morning
 in July and didn't stop screaming for
 hours or more. So Adolf in turn, had been
 most respectful of the dangers implicit
 with their presence, but not all of Angela's
 talk about his cowardice so that he
 might die, so he thought even as Rosa had
 probably gotten stung and would be heaving
 in the back hole his father had dug - was
 he had smelt the reason for her death.

Still mixed and confused in his head
 to hear that the Queen Bee gave a distinct
 odor, always the same, an odor of herself he
 always knew in the hive (and he could count by
 now to ten thousand) was now attached in
 his thoughts to something similar about
 himself since the more that Angela seemed
 on about him - "You, too, have a scent, camp
 it is awful!" the more he assumed that even
 if he was a boy, there might be some little
 thing concerning these Queen Bees that
 was like himself.

So, when he heard that ~~Albi~~ ^{Albi} ⁽²⁸¹⁾ was going to visit a neighbor on Sunday and talk to him about purchasing what Albi called "starter-up materials," an announcement he made on ~~Saturday evening~~ ^{Saturday evening} ~~at dinner~~ ^{at dinner} ~~that a dream~~ ^{that a dream} ~~that night~~ ^{that night} ~~about bees~~ ^{about bees} ~~and lives of bees~~ ^{and lives of bees} ~~and raising of bees~~ ^{and raising of bees} ~~all flying in circles over his~~ ^{all flying in circles over his} ~~the farm~~ ^{the farm}. On the ground below was an extraordinary-looking old man who was dressed in a different way than anyone else Albi had ever seen, his shirt outside his pants, and almost down to his knees, and an old hat so long it hung down half over his back. Although he was not short he looked like a dwarf, and in the dream Albi knew his name. This man was Don Alte and the day after in the morning thinking he was the only one who knew the old man's name except that he was altogether in error Albi had spoken of him several times the night before with the neighbor from whom he might purchase "starter-up materials," but then Albi had given the family one of his long lectures (now somewhat more Albi for a long gone) and told them a little that by next May, eight months from now, they would all be engaged in the new enterprise.

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and he wanted help from each one (292)
 of them; each to their strength and affinity.

"Even little Edmund?" asked Angela with
 a trace of the mischief that Alois, junior, had
 always been ready to offer.

She was no Alois, junior, however. One
 look from his father, now silent as her,

Sunday morning, as if to establish
 one fine area of clear superiority to his
 sister, Ade asked his father if he could go
 with him to see ~~Dr. Little~~, and Alois, pleased
 and certainly surprised, gave his assent.
 On Sunday, ~~Dr. Little~~ would be picked up
 by another neighbor in their wagon to take
 the road to Birchham for Sunday Mass in
 a small chapel, and she would accompany
 both the children, and Alois, as a matter
 of conscience would not go at all, this
 morning he was all the more pleased that
 Ade asked to join him.

I can attribute it to the power of
 the boy's dream, I had been instrumental
 in shaping his images, which was the first
 active participation I had taken with
 the family since I had entered Alois'
 mind as a child, when he had begun to
 talk in his tower about the beauties and
 wonders of a peaceful life.

new woes of coming into adolescence. Klara, remembering the first flow of her own blood and the abysmal depth of vulnerability in which it had left her, as if she were now like an open wound to all the depredations men could now exact from her, chose therefore to describe in detail the hapless self-amputation of the brave drone who actually succeeded in reaching the queen, and this time Klara had company in her laughter, they laughed together as if they were girls together of the same age, and so it came about, even as Klara went on into more and more of what she had learned from Alois on the subject, did turn to odor, and both of them, now almost equal as girls for this hour, thought more than a little of the exceptional power of this Queen Bee only a little larger than her own nursing bees and certainly smaller than any drone, yet this Queen nonetheless had the power to impregnate not only the air of the hive with her personal odor, but the thousands who dwelt within it,

all of them smelled the same. "It is," said Klara, full of a new set of giggles, "as if all the Russians had one kind of stink, and all the Polish oafs another, and a good aroma for the English, English tea, and we Austrians something special, warmth like strudel, and the French, yes, a shameless smell." They were hugging each other by now, they were laughing so hard. "And maybe the worst, the Bohemians. I shouldn't describe them."

"And the Hungarians, maybe they are worse."

They wiped their eyes. Adi, hearing their laughter, came to join them, and was enraged that they explained nothing, only laughed at the name of each country.

The notion remained, however, with Angela. She could not separate it from her thinking. Now, school had a special smell, and Fraulein Werner with her talcum powder, worse than too much on a baby, and her own little

brother Adi. He did have this terrible smell when they ran up and down too many hills, and she was always over him at night, coaxing him to use more soap, or even on those nights twice a week when Klara boiled enough water for them to bathe in the big farm house tub, she would even insist on lathering his back and his armpits before handing him the bar of soap with a wholly mischievous grin (as it looked to her idea of herself) when in truth she was actually looking a bit demonic, and, yes, she told him, "Now you take the soap and put it where it can do some work, you careless boy."

Adi was ready to scream with anger at how rude she could be, loud enough for Klara to come running in, but he would not tell his mother. Either he smelled as bad as Angela kept saying, or she was crazy. He could hardly detect a thing on himself but she left him so uncomfortable.

Then Angela would think of the death of Rosig again. The prize sow had indeed had an odor at times, not wholly unlike Adi at his worst, or was it Rosig at her worst?—enough, Angela began to cry for both of them, the boy and the pig together. Full of remorse, she began to speak some of the wonderful secrets of bees that Klara had told her, all of this new knowledge began to come forth each morning as the two walked to school, and so, in turn, was Adi's imagination inflamed by the mysteries of the Queen Bee.

He had been aware of bees ever since they had first come to the farm in April, and more and more did he have to think of them in May and June for there were hours when the sky seemed full of them, tiny glints of light flying in many directions, his mother warning him that he must not try to play with such an insect if he saw one on a flower, or worse, never dare to kill one or this bee would give him something to remember, and then Edmund got stung

one fine morning in July and didn't stop screaming for an hour or more. So Adolf, in his turn, had been most respectful of the dangers implicit with their presence, but now, all of Angela's talk about his own odor, so bad that he might die, so he thought, even as Rosig had probably gotten sick and had to be buried in the big hole his father had dug—was her bad smell the reason for her death?

It all mixed and revolved in his head. To hear that the Queen Bee gave a distinct odor, always the same, an odor of herself to every bee in the hive (and he could count by now to ten thousand) was now attached in his thoughts to something similar about himself since the more that Angela carried on about him—"You, too, have a scent, and it is awful!"—the more he assumed that even if he was a boy, there might be some little thing concerning Queen Bees that was like himself.

So when he heard that his father was going to visit neighbor one Sunday and talk to him about purchasing what Alois called "starter-up materials"—an announcement he made on a Saturday evening at dinner, Adi had a dream that night about bees, and there was an army of bees all flying in circles over and above the farm. On the ground below was an extraordinary-looking old man who was dressed in a different way from anyone else Adi had ever seen, his shirt outside his pants and almost down to his knees, and an old hat like a stocking over his white hair, but a hat so long it hung down half over his back. Although he was not short, he looked like a dwarf, and in the dream, Adi knew his name. This man was Der Alte, and the boy woke up in the morning thinking he was the only one who knew this odd man's name except that he was altogether in error. Alois had spoken of him several times the night before as the very neighbor from whom he might purchase his

"starter-up materials," but then Alois had given the family one of his long lectures (now resumed once Alois Junior was gone) and told them as well that by next May, eight months from now, they would all be engaged in the new enterprise, and he wanted help from each one of them, each to their strength and capacity.

"Even little Edmund?" asked Angela with a trace of the mockery that Alois, Junior had always been ready to offer.

She was no Alois, Junior, however. One look from her father now silenced her.

Sunday morning, as if to establish one fine area of clear superiority to his sister, Adi asked his father if he could go with him to see Der Alte, and Alois, pleased, and certainly surprised, gave his assent. On Sunday, Klara would be picked up by another neighbor in their wagon to take the road to

Fischlham for Sunday Mass in a small chapel, and she would always take the children, and Alois, as a matter of conscience, would not go at all. This morning he was all the more pleased that Adi asked to join him.

We can attribute it to the power of the boy's dream. I had been instrumental in shaping his images, which was the first active participation I had taken with the family since I had entered Alois' mind back in Linz when he had begun to talk in his tavern about the beauties and wonders of apiculture.