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(or else they are)
~~bees~~ *bees* always looking for more nectar, ~~or attached~~ *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~~ *she is not really yet* a queen, more, I would

I would say, even
 say, ~~like the equal of~~ *like the equal of* a princess. And then, *(like a princess, she flies so high*
 that only a few of ~~the~~ *these* 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~~ *can't* you might say into yes, yes, you can *(and)*
when 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.)*

"It is like a miracle ^{of love}," said Klara, and how could her eyes ~~not~~ *hard to say*
 to shine. *How could they not?*
~~it shine?~~ *(she almost said)* "A miracle of love?"

"Not exactly," said Alois, *he* 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~~ *he*

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*it is all* won't believe it, *it has to leave it behind* he has it ripped right out of him. His manhood! All gone."*"And how? Let's see"**"What happens then?" to him*
"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 *smile*
and then to smile and once this began she had to
laugh and ~~having begun~~ *then* 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 ^{as many} more
^{Some of them had five or six (average in a few)}
^{after} lovers ^{Some Queen Bees} even on that first fabulous flight, ^(weeks) and could store enough semen to lay

thousands and then tens of thousands of eggs, one each to ^{every} 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 ^{the} made from ^{of the} pollen 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

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

all the drones ^{then proceeded to destroy} and ~~evicted~~ 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 ^{was} grow

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

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

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

apiculture.

Klara ^{had been} was not only ^{by what he told her that night,} fascinated but was acting as the best of stepmothers

^{but now acting} for Angela, and so 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 ~~abyss~~ 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 might} ~~men could~~
~~do~~ ^{future}

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

amputation of the ~~brave~~ ^{had been} 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~~

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

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

^{that the topic / words}
subject, ~~did turn to odor,~~ and both of them, ^{virtually as} ~~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

^{this Queen Bee}
drone, 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 ~~the~~ ^{men and women have} Russians had one kind of
stink, and all ~~the~~ ^{those} Polish ~~ones~~ ^{cats} another, and a good ~~one~~ ^{stink} for the English, and
we Austrians, ^{we have to be} something special. ^{Angela was laughing 4 Aug} 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 ^{not} the Hungarians?" ^{they could be the worst!}

They wiped their eyes. Adi, hearing their laughter, came to join them,
~~he~~ ^{it} was ^{more than unusual} ~~he was~~ ^{so hard} ~~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, school had ^{so hard} a special smell, and Fraulein Werner
with her talcum powder, ^{all} ~~were~~ ^{like much} ~~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 them to bathe in the big farm house tub, ~~she~~ ^{Angela} 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~~ ^{in truth}) when in truth she was actually looking ~~a bit~~ ^{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~~ ^{such rudeness}, loud enough for Klara to come running in, but he would not tell his mother. ~~Either he~~ ^{he was} in a turmoil of indecision. ~~Either he~~ ^{he} smelled as bad as Angela kept saying, or she was crazy. ~~He could hardly~~ ^{who could know?} smell a thing on himself but she left him so uncomfortable.

Then Angela would ~~think of the death of Rosig again~~ ^{begin to brag again}. The prize sow had indeed had an odor at times, ~~not wholly~~ ^{which was not} unlike Adi at his worst, or was it

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On the way back to the farm, some way
~~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

New, well) ~~and~~ for teasing him, she tied
 and the pig together. Full of remorse, she began to speak some of the
 to make amends by telling him little stories ~~about a boy~~
~~that had told her some wonderful secrets~~ *some of the* wonderful secrets ~~of the~~ that Clara had told her, all of this new knowledge about
~~these~~ bees, and before long,

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

up the topic again—her head was ~~Soil~~ *she wanted to*
~~turn~~ *she had been told and* ~~was~~ *here* ~~was~~
 turn, was Adi's imagination inflamed by the mysteries of the Queen Bee. ~~He~~
~~He had been aware of bees ever since they had first come to the farm~~
~~He had been aware of bees ever since they had first come to the farm~~

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

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

about flying in so ~~and~~ *was always*
 in many directions, his mother warning him that he must not try to ~~play with~~

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

that same ~~could~~
 this bee would give him something to remember, and then Edmund got stung

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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"} ~~start-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 ~~at~~ flying in

circles ^{next to the house} ~~over and~~ above the farm. On the ground ~~below~~ was an ~~extraordinary~~

^{different} looking old man who was dressed 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}

^{as long as} an old hat ^{like} a stocking over his white hair, ^{and} 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} ^{called} the dream, Adi knew his name. This man was ^{Der Alte}, and the boy woke up ^{on}

^{Sunday} in 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 ^{on Saturday} had spoken of him ^{several times}

the night before as the ~~very~~ neighbor from whom he might purchase his

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"~~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 (new/resumed once Alois Junior was gone) and told them as well that

that by next May, eight months from now, they would all be ^{working with him} 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, ^{might have been}
in her voice.

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

silenced her.

(clear and definite)
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 ^{bring} take the

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

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

~~This~~ ^{was} request ~~had been~~ the product of ^{our Adolfs'} ~~his~~ ^{own} ~~power~~ ^{of} ~~the boy's dream~~ ^{his} ~~I had been~~

the night before. I had ~~been~~ ^{dreamt} of ~~Der Alte~~ ^{of Der Alte} ~~which~~ instrumental in shaping his images, which was the first active participation I

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

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

apiculture.

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

include all references to
the D. K. that are ~~proposed~~
are to be capitalized ~~in the~~ ^{in the} ~~13, etc~~

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It is curious, ~~and~~ ^{after all, it is,} yet ~~not~~ ^{not} so curious
~~after all~~ that few matters concerning
the habits and qualities of men and
women is as difficult to discuss
as bad human odor, to make matters
even less agreeable for myself it
is also true that none of us who ~~are~~
~~assist~~ ^{assist} ~~for the plastic~~ ^{for the plastic} ~~possess any~~ ^{possess any} ~~weak~~
sense of smell. The good among
us ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~soon~~ ^{soon} takes to the
Doubtful if still amusing notion ~~that~~
that it is because we would all ~~get~~
~~it~~ ^{it} ~~from~~ ^{from} sniffing our own neck

Enough! It is not a subject for
retire. ~~I do not know~~ ^{I do not know} ~~klang of~~
our problem ~~of management~~ ^{of management} in
managing our clients can be traced
to an undeniable phenomenon. Under
those men and women ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~whom~~
we direct (to the best of our ability)

are exceptionally fastidious in their 289
 personal habits concerning baths, deodorants,
 and soap, yes, perfume or after shave, they
 can at varying times give off the worst of
 body odors ~~and~~ (sufficiently characterizable)
 to arouse the distrust of many. ~~the~~

How this condition began, I do
 not know. If I have served the E.O.
 in various capacities for many an age,
 my recollection of past events is no more
~~for as a~~ ~~than~~ ~~any~~ ~~human~~ ~~sense~~ ~~of~~
 past ~~times~~ incarnations. Put simply,
~~the Master has no interest~~ it is probably
 not to the Master's interest to have
 us know any more than we need
 to know to deal effectively - or effectively
 or possibly with the problems now
 immediately before us. We do not ~~need~~
 to call upon upon Judas or
 Bluebeard to encourage a drunken
 client to gulp down another shot of
 booze. In consequence, we have a great
 no idea of the real beginning of the
 Dammbhoff and the Evil One. Whether
 they were brothers (the D.K. presumably
 the older one) or God and an angel of
 the stature of Lucifer is not in our
 cognitive province. Whether the E.O.

was there from the commencement or (290)
 only appeared considerably later
 is not for us to know. Nor can we discern
 whether the Demuths of (in whose command)
 at one time of this earth and their
 solar system) ~~appeared~~^{appeared} to higher powers
 cut in the stars of his used for an
 assistant, or whether the D.O. (to use
 for a moment his ~~other~~^{highest} title - the Other
 Omnipotence was assigned to the
 D.K. because of the dissatisfaction
 of those same higher powers is
 also an understanding ~~to~~ that is
 unavailable to us.

So, I can hardly begin to speak
 with true authority on their matters
 of order. Yet, if we are to ~~look over~~ comprehend
 what took place during the end days
 of evolution, I would suppose that
 the D.K. (who is undoubtedly the Creator of
 that world of ~~matter~~ weather, flora,
 fauna and planets that we inhabit,
^{ball of us} ~~separate~~ separate souls, ~~visions~~ and
 spirits - divine and satanic - if, he is,
 yes, the Creator, ~~then~~ then evolution was
 certainly his great laboratory, and the
 signs of his omnipotence as well as his
~~Genius~~ Genius are to be found in all

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those experiments with the development of his creatures — the less it ~~was~~ before certain animals could fly — the extreme experiments in size, the great hopes that went into the dinosaur ~~was~~ because it was so large (only to discover that the particular invention of animal being was too Goddam large, and so could not survive in the proportions the D.K. had given him). That is our failure. We create a myriad of them. The Creator had the relative successes and his failures, but it must be admitted — He never gave up. No, He never gave up even if he was not altogether in control of the earth he had fashioned under earthquakes and for ages brought many an interruption to His experiments and pursuits.

Of one matter, I am reliably certain. By the time men and women entered the D.K.'s ^{concept of how to proceed} ~~realm~~ ^{of existence}, we had our Macbeth also of fear and with him developed the perversities and uncontrollable (from the D.K.'s point of view) of human activity.

There, right at such a point of 292
 the creative development of the world
 was all in lockbit, ~~was~~ came the presence
 of odor as a ~~factor~~ ^{factor} ~~little~~ ^{factor} ~~that~~ ^{factor} ~~somebody~~
 determining factor in these human
 affairs.

Back with the animals, and last?
 primitive man as well, odor had power
 an asset to the D.K., an enhancement
 for the development of the species.
 Animals were drawn or repelled by
 one another in part because of their
 odor, and presumably their smell.
 — the web products, or ~~odor~~ ^{odor} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~fact~~ ^{fact}
 the D.K. — revealed the ~~depth~~ ^{depth} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~their~~ ^{their} ~~courage~~ ^{courage} ~~perseverance~~ ^{perseverance} ~~fear~~ ^{fear} ~~treachery~~ ^{treachery} ~~loyalty~~ ^{loyalty} ~~determination~~ ^{determination}
 to propagate — no end to the list.
 It was all useful to positive creation
 steps in evolution.

I think by the time our Primeval of
 the list, the D.K., enraged by the
 diminution of his ~~status~~ ^{status} (no longer a
 leader to know himself as All-Good
 and All-Powerful) began to search
 for a method whereby his ~~body~~ ^{body} ~~could~~ ^{could} ~~come~~ ^{come} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~determine~~ ^{determine} ~~assuming~~ ^{assuming} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~they~~ ^{they} ~~have~~ ^{have} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~smell~~ ^{smell} ~~!!~~ ^{!!} which men, women,

* lack of the others often
 I don't want not which, however, over the walls to
 Dr. Althea for my benefit of learning how to
 force will come in with the least doubt, as of the other

soaps were developed, soaps of (2948)
 as many varieties of perfumes, and
 the Dumanhoff were again confounded.
 At that time of Althea's knowledge and
 indeed throughout his life that was
 the greatest progress the Dumanhoff
 made. Soaps, laundries, bath-tubs,
 perfumes, cleansing oils, and the
 development of plumbing;
 all came in part, in large part, by
 the determined and highly focused
 energies of entrepreneurs who belonged
 more to us than to the English.

After Althea's time, it can be said
 that the D.K.'s use of the man odor as
 a siren warning has been more or
 less wholly defeated. Deodorants
 have arrived the most modern day,
 and one knows any longer how any group
 else smells, and that has proved a
 great simplification to our work.

Each, however, in the period I keep
 note, that was not the case, and the
 making of Althea, the ~~world~~ 'bee-hive'
 called Dr. Althea, and Althea was characterized
 by the immediate intimacy felt by
 the boy and the old bee-keeper. There was
 no other distance, I can understand
 was due to some ~~unpleasant~~ of personal *

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It is curious, yet, after al^l, not so curious that few matters concerning the habits and qualities of men and women is as difficult to discuss as bad human odor. To make matters even less agreeable for myself, it is also true that none of us who assist the Maestro possess any sense of smell. The gossip among us soon takes to the painful if still amusing notion that that is because we would all become ill from sniffing our own reek.

Enough! It is not a subject for satire. Many of our problems in managing our clients can be traced to an undeniable phenomenon. Unless those men and women whom we direct (to the best of our ability) are exceptionally fastidious in their personal habits concerning baths, deodorants and soap, yes, perfumed or otherwise, they can at varying times give off the worst of body odors (sufficiently characteristic to arouse the distrust of many.)

How this condition began, I do not know. If I have served the E.O. in various capacities for many an age, my recollection of past eras is no more focused than any human sense of past incarnations. Put simply, it is probably not to the Maestro's interest to have us know any more than we need to know to deal effectively—as effectively as possible—with the problems immediately before us. We do not have to call upon Judas or Bluebeard to

encourage a drunken client to gulp down another shot of booze. In consequence. We have almost no idea of the real beginning of the Dummkopf and the Evil One. Whether they were brothers (the D.K. presumably the older one) or God and an angel of the stature of Lucifer, is not in our cognitive province. Whether the E.O. was there from the commencement or only appeared considerably later is not for us to know. Nor can we discern whether the Dummkopf (in whole command at one time of this earth and this solar system) spoke to higher powers out in the stars of his need for an assistant, or whether the O.O. (to use for a moment the highest title—the Other Omniscience) was assigned to the D.K. because of the dissatisfaction of those same higher powers, is also an understanding that is unavailable to us.

So I can hardly begin to speak with true authority on this matter of odor. Yet, if we are to conjecture what took place during the endless eras of evolution, I would suppose that the D.K. (who is undeniably the Creator of that world of weather, flora, fauna, and primates that we inhabit, all of us separate souls, bodies and spirits—divine and satanic—if, He is, yes, the Creator, then evolution was certainly His great laboratory, and the signs of His Stupidity as well as His Genius are to be found in all those experiments with the development of His creatures—the aeons it took before certain animals could fly—the extreme experiments in size, the great hopes that went into the dinosaur (only to discover that that particular invention of animal being was too Goddamn large and so could not survive in the proportions the D.K. had given him—that is one failure. We can cite a myriad of others. The Creator had His relative successes and His failures, but it must be admitted—

He never gave up, even if He was not altogether in control of the earth He had fashioned since earthquakes and ice ages brought many an interruption to His experiments and pursuits.

Of one matter I am relatively certain. By the time men and women entered the D.K.'s concept of how to proceed with existence, so had our Maestro also appeared and with Him developed the perversities and uncontrollables (from the D.K.'s point of view) of human activity. There, right at such a point of the creative development of the world we all inhabit, came the presence of odor as a subtle but sometimes determining factor in these human affairs.

Back with the animals and with primitive man as well, odor had proven an asset to the D.K., an enhancement for the development of the species.

Animals were drawn or repelled by one another in part because of their odor,

and presumably their smells—the end product as designed by the D.K.—revealed the depth of their courage, perseverance, fear, treachery, loyalty, determination to propagate—no end to the list. It was all useful to positive creative steps in evolution.

I think by the time our Prince entered the lists, the D.K., enraged by the diminution of His station (no longer to be able to know Himself as All-Good and All-Powerful) began to search for a method whereby His Cudgels could determine (assuming that they have a sense of smell!) which men, women, and children had been lost to Him in part and in whole. And so, if the Good Lord (soi-disant!) had His own skill as a sorcerer, and how could He not deploy such powers given the dire complexities of dealing with the varied acts of the Maestro, it is my expectation that the D.K. even had the ability to mark each of our clients with a touch of recognizable and condign odor, a

marking process, if you will, that was chosen in preference to others (given the inevitable disbursements of budget inherent in any choice of program.)

From the Middle Ages on, the Maestro combated this hardship by encouraging many of our chemists to develop perfumes whose subtleties, before all was done, became a means of blending harsh or rotten odors into sweeter, earthier, more untraceable, and finally more appealing fragrances, even exotic in their hint of a stink beneath the bouquet.

By the late Renaissance and certainly in the Enlightenment, soaps were developed, soaps of as many varieties of perfumes, and the Dummkopf was again confounded. At this time of Adi's boyhood, and indeed, throughout his life, that was the greatest progress the Devil had made. Soaps, laundries, bath-tubs, perfumes, cleansing oils and the development of plumbing all came

in part, in large part, by the determined and highly focused energies of entrepreneurs who belonged more to Us than to the Cudgels.

After Adolf's time, it can be said that the D.K.'s use of bad human odor as a siren warning has been more or less wholly defeated. Deodorants have carried the most modern day. No one knows any longer how anyone else smells and that loss proved a great simplification to Our work.

Back, however, in the period I here relate, that was not yet so, and the meeting of Alois, the bee-keeper called Der Alte, and Adi was characterized by the immediate intimacy felt by the boy and the old bee-keeper. They took to each other at once. I can warrant it was due to some instinctive appreciation, each of the other's odor.

I must not skip, however, over the walk to Der Alte's farm because

Alois may have had his first real conversation with his second son, Adolf

Hitler.

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triple space

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Some changes occurred ^{and} ~~and with that~~ his depression ^{lessened} ~~lifted~~. To

~~the next~~ ^{January} begin with Alois. ~~It~~ ^{He} was gone. Klara had taken it upon herself to provide a ^{suggest that}

~~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

It developed that ⁱⁿ favor of assistant, and Alois Junior was for the move as well. His father ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~for~~ ^{for} the move as well.

had sat like a tailor upon the head of his staff.

Alois, senior's depression ~~had~~ ^{had} carried out
its own heavy threat had lived on the midst
of the son's rage like a jester with the key.

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So, ^{it} that was arranged, ~~as was~~ ^{would begin} the transportation in several services ^{Weitra} ^(a jitue)
~~first~~ ^(to take him) on a neighboring farmer's cart ^(to Weitra) to Linz, and then by train, next by rented ^{and by}
~~a horse and coach which went to and from Spital every~~
~~for hours by renting a horse~~ ^(rather slow)
~~horse, and last by foot to Spital~~ ^(transported and) (the boy was shifted, and with ^{at} a cloud
^{was} of unhappy expectations/lifted.

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

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

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spirits, or ^{the} sense ⁱⁿ one or the other ^{that} varied ^{that} ~~that~~ ^{and so could be mocked,}

~~that the other~~

~~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 the one to be~~ ^(since she) ~~she knew~~ ^{about the} ~~for the~~ ^(except to pay)

she was in a fearful mood ~~for~~ the certainly paid him back. He had one

vulnerability ^{she would} she ~~could~~ always tell him that he smelled bad. Sometimes it

was his breath, ^{or} and as often his body odor, but she saved such observations

for those ^{occasional} ~~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 ^{chest} heart

sank these accusations ^{entirely being} ~~that he had such a bad smell~~, but deep indeed they

went, and for good cause. ^{They were} The added disadvantage was that these

accusations were true. He did have an ~~odd little~~ odor—touch of sulphur, and

^{and} ~~an unmistakable~~ ^{I may have} hint of something rotten—of that will it be possible ^{(to speak a little later.}

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but because ~~indeed~~ ^{he} 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 ^{time} ~~day~~
~~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 ^{immediate} the 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

^{the school room was always}
thirty, even twenty-five, but ^{these} ~~they were~~ divided among four ^{grades or} classes, first to

^{was obliged to} fourth, six to twelve in age, and each child ~~could~~ ^{was obliged to} listen to all that ~~was to be~~ ^{taught} took place

^{and} ~~heard~~ ^{other} in turn in each class, a simple ^{routine} matter since there was only one teacher,

a middle-aged lady,

Fraulein Werner, who was funny-looking, wore spectacles, but ~~had a nice~~ ^{clear} clear voice.

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~~So~~ ^{Adli} ~~soon~~ ^{follow} ~~he~~ ^{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~~ ^{which was} ~~and was introduced to German history in another~~ ^{the Fourth}

~~Class~~ ^{of the Fourth} ~~who were studying the exceptional deeds of Charlemagne even as~~

An hour ^{he was obliged to} ~~in First~~ ^{to see which} ~~twenty minutes later~~ ^{having matched drawings of smaller and large animals} ~~pictures of animals could be connected to combinations~~

~~to the exceptionally interesting and sometimes awesome letters that could be~~ ^{that made a word this way} ~~be attached to one or the other provided you found the right picture for each~~

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

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

~~that Fraulein Werner would give them~~ ^{even if} ~~he soon while waiting moved over~~ ^{to another}

~~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~~

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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.

^{29%}
 (the ~~map~~) 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 Fraulein Werner's class (he also knew ~~that~~)
 that they were the neatest when it came to dress. That was Klara's doing

^{children in school}
 and it ~~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 quiet ^{All the time}
^{because} quick enough in his wits to keep from getting into a fight with a ^{certain} ^{bully} ^{in order not to get} ^{of a}

^{one} ^{over}
 boy a year older and much more than his size, who kept ^{Adolf to} ^{wrestle him} ^{over} ^{the} ^{during recess}

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

^(The daily wars of Passau had given)
 clothes and my mother will kill me if I get them dirty. ~~I was one of~~

his voice just enough certainty to)

authority and long-earned certainty that deterred the other, But then that boy

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

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

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Changes occurred, and his depression lessened. Alois, Junior, was gone. Klara had taken it upon herself to suggest that he should be sent to Spital where he could work with her father who by now was old enough certainly to need a strong young assistant. It developed that Alois Junior was in favor of the move as well. Alois, Senior's depression, conveying its own heavy threat, had lived in the midst of the son's rage like a jailer with the key.

So, it was arranged. The transportation would begin on a neighboring farmer's cart to take him to Linz, then by train to Weitre, and by a jitney which sent through Spital every other day—the boy was transported, and a cloud of unhappy expectations was lifted.

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

School started for him with a bright September, mellow with sun, much green still in the fields. It was a fine walk hand in hand with his sister over hills and through meadows and only one peril was on the route—a bull grazing in a fenced-in pasture. They could choose to take a detour, or dare to cross, depending on the mood of their spirits, or a sense—this varied—that the other 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 the one to be in a fearful mood since she knew the way to pay him back. She would tell him that he smelled bad. Sometimes it was his breath, or, as often, his body odor, but she saved such observations for those occasions, 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 chest these accusations entered, but deep indeed they went, and for good cause. They were true. He did have an odor—touch of sulphur and an unmistakable hint of something rotten—of that I may choose to speak later. Such off-odor is one of the constant problems of our clients. It besets us. So often the Cudgels pick it up.

From Angela's point of view, it was no more than a childish contest.

If Adi was trying to make her cry, of course she would look for ways to bring tears to his eyes. Besides, most bad smells did not bother her that much. By now, she was accustomed to sour milk and pig and horse manure. But a wind full of pig wallow brought a real sorrow to her heart—poor dead Rosig.

"What are you crying about now?" asked Adi. "You tell me how I am bad-smelling and I am the one who should cry—you are mean."

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

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

Indeed, that was true. He enjoyed spending the morning and afternoon inside the four walls of the one room in the school house.

Depending on weather and the immediate needs of the neighboring farms for additional labor, there were sometimes less than forty boys and girls, sometimes it was down to thirty, even twenty-five, but the school-room was always divided among these four grades; First to Fourth, six to twelve in age, and each child was able to listen willy-nilly to all that took place in each other class, a routine matter since there was only one teacher, a middle-aged lady, Fraulein Werner, who wore spectacles.

Adi was soon able to follow all four classes. His introduction to German History came by way of the Fourth who were studying the exceptional deeds of Charlemagne. An hour later, he was obliged in First to see which pictures of animals could be connected to combinations of

interesting and sometimes awesome letters that made a word. This was a matter on which he took care not to make the same mistake twice. Indeed, he was usually eager to receive the next picture that Fraulein Werner would show them, even if it took too long for the others in the class to answer, and he could barely wait for the lessons of the Third who were studying the geography of their great Hapsburg empire. If permitted, he would have been ready to speak out to those students who all seemed to be simpletons, and could not find any of the places on the map he had noticed already, Braunau and Linz being the first to catch his eye.

So, at the age of six, he was in effect picking up the lessons of the eight and ten and twelve-year-olds, and it pleased him that Angela was the brightest in her class. By the approval in Fraulein Werner's eyes as they entered the room, he also knew that they were the neatest children when it

came to dress. That was Klara's doing, and it helped to install them in Fraulein Werner's favor. All the same, such neat dress obliged him to stay quick in his wits in order not to get into a fight with a bully one year older and much more than his own size who kept daing Adolf to wrestle him during recess.

"Are you crazy?" he said. "I am in my good clothes and my mother will kill me if I get them dirty." The daily wars of Passau had given his voice just enough certainty to deter the other. But then that boy was nothing. If Adi could manage to live with Alois, Junior, how much had he to fear from a fool like this, also named Klaus? It was Angela who bothered him with all this teasing.

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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 ~~threnched in~~ blood all over

her hams just before dining

To soothe this outraged state for the girl, Klara, 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

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} ~~last~~ ^{passing} ~~passing~~ about for happy examples, ^{she} ~~passed~~ on a piece of

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

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

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

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

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

^{where they will belong?} ~~which~~ ^{he asked,} ~~will be theirs?~~

^{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} ~~liked~~ to live in ~~habitations~~ ^{habitats} 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.

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

"Yes." He wasn't certain he *this* ~~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."

the bees "How do ~~they~~ not get mixed up?"

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

chose about. Still, he decided to proceed. For *have* *(apiculture)* *he would probably* ~~her~~ to be interested in ~~bees~~ *was* he better for living on the whole, *u he informed* probably better than indifference. "Each queen bee has its own odor, And—

her "since she fertilizes every *minuscule* *so* *gives* cell in every comb and can give tens of thousands of

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

her thousands of children."

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"That is so remarkable," said Klara. "How do you know ^{this} 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 ^{the opportunity to} fly up my nostrils?"

She began to laugh. ^{his books} She knew him so well ^{he was still} in certain ways. ^{might} He read ^{he} omnivorously on the subject, but, ⁽⁼⁾ good peasant stock at bottom, he did not like to admit that ^{he had not been leaved by every of} he had not learned his 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.~~

~~she also liked.)~~
~~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~~ ^{she had} ~~effectally~~ ^{effectally} ~~to be more than~~ ^{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 in ^{such}

~~Alois' voice and a look of admiration in his eye~~ ^{Alois'} when he spoke of the Queen ^{hers}

Bee. Everything ~~apparently~~ ^{apparently} depended on her—the absolute success of the

hive, you could say, ~~nothing less.~~ ^{nothing less.}

So he led her up and down ~~the~~ ^{klara through some} descriptive steps. She ~~had~~ ^{was developing} her own

excitement about the Queen Bee and he could sense it ~~was~~ ^{would be} 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, ^{and} so ~~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 nurses and attendants from the day she had ^{(was) — no longer than the little ones on the one} 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 ^(for the fun of it. They do not even bother to bring) around like fools. It is only when the virgin queen comes out for her first ^{bees,} flight that they can justify their existence, ^{honey,} for then they are overcome by how ^{And they know it. On this day they have been playing} phenomenal she is. This queen who flies so high, ^{who} she is so beautiful ^{around waiting for her}

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

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double space

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however Alois
Changes occurred, and his depression lessened. *Alois* Junior was gone. Klara had taken it upon herself to suggest that he should be sent to Spital where he could work with her father *Johann Poelz* (who by now was old enough *certainly* *certainly* to need a strong young assistant. It developed that Alois Junior was in favor of the move as well. *his father's* *Alois Senior's* depression, conveying its own *despotic* *despotic* threat, had lived in the midst of the son's rage like a jailer *showing his* *with the* key.

So, it was arranged. The transportation would begin on a neighboring farmer's cart *which would* *one* *way* *where he could take* to take him to Linz, then by train to *Weitra* *and by a jitney* *that passed* *so* which sent through Spital every other day, *the* the boy was transported, and a cloud of unhappy expectations was lifted.

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

^{His first school days went through}
School started for him with a bright September, mellow with sun, much-

^{was on}
The green ^(still) in the fields. It was a fine walk hand in hand with his sister over hills and through meadows ^{with but} and only one peril was on the route—a bull ^{bull-grown} grazing in a fenced-in pasture. ^{Depending on the bull's mood,} They could choose to take a detour, or dare to cross, ^{this last} depending on the mood of their spirits, ^{—which} or a sense—this varied ^{On most} ~~that~~ days one or the other was not up to the bold move, ^{the other 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 ^{for she did know} the one to be in a fearful mood since she knew the way to pay him back. She would ^{inform} tell him that he smelled bad. Sometimes, it was his breath, or, as often, his body odor, ^{but she saved such observations for those} occasions, 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 chest these accusations entered, but deep ^{indeed} they went, and for good cause. They were true. He did have an odor—touch of sulphur and an unmistakable hint of something rotten—of that I may ^{soon} choose to speak later. Such off-odor

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is one of the constant problems of our clients. It besets us. ~~So often the~~

The Cudgels pick it up.

From Angela's point of view, it was ~~no more than a childish contest.~~ *simple.*

If Adi was trying to make her cry, of course she would look for ways to bring tears to his eyes. *as well,* Besides, ~~most~~ bad smells did not bother her that much. By now, she was accustomed to sour milk and ~~horse~~ horse manure. But a wind full of pig wallow brought a real sorrow to her heart—poor dead Rosig!

"What are you crying about now?" asked Adi. "You tell me how I am bad-smelling and I am the one who should cry—you are mean."

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

she was thinking of He ~~knew~~ that meant Rosig and he did feel sad for her *this was,* (not because he

had liked the sow so much (in fact, he had been jealous of Angela's *affection* passion

for the beast) but because he did like *her* Angela ~~she was a good~~ older sister, *she*

was good most of the time. Besides, she was the brightest girl in the school, just as he was the smartest boy.

Indeed, that was true. He ~~enjoyed spending the morning and afternoon~~ inside the four walls of the ~~one-room~~ *in the* school house.

Depending on weather and the immediate needs of the neighboring farms for additional labor, there were sometimes less than forty boys and girls, sometimes it was down to thirty, even twenty-five, but the school-room

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Contained setting up divisions
 was always divided among these four grades. *age* First to Fourth, six to twelve in *age*

would
 and each child ~~was able to~~ listen willy-nilly to all that took place in each

other class, a routine matter since there was only one teacher, a middle-aged

had a long nose and
 lady, Fraulein Werner, who wore spectacles.

the lessons in
 Adi was soon able to follow all four classes. His introduction to

(the junior grade) where Angela and ~~her~~
 German History came by way of the Fourth who were studying the

~~the others were studying the~~

exceptional deeds of Charlemagne. An hour later, he was obliged in First to

in his mind
 Adi would be asked about *with his situation* coherent to decide

see which pictures of animals could be connected to combinations of *given words*

In the beginning it was
 interesting and sometimes awesome letters that made a word.

It all seemed equal at first to a catalytic vire, but
 matter on which he took care not to make the same mistake twice. Indeed, he

was usually eager to receive the next picture that Fraulein Werner would

he soon grew bored waiting
 show them, even if it took too long for the others in the class to answer, and

up to him. So
 he could barely wait for the lessons of the Third who were studying the

the great Hapsburg Empire as
 geography of their great Hapsburg empire, *(it permitted, he would have been*

were
 ready to speak out to those students who all seemed to be simpletons, and

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and Linz being the first to catch his eye.

absorbing
 So, at the age of six, he was in effect *picking up* the lessons of the eight

and ten and twelve-year-olds, and it pleased him that Angela was the

brightest in her class. By the approval in Fraulein Werner's eyes *each time* ~~at~~ they

If Fraulein Werner would always say. If permitted,

time
 he had
 reduced
 it to a
 problem,
 it had
 become
 no more
 than a
 matter.

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entered the room, he also knew that they were the neatest children ^{brother and sister} (when it ^{high up} came to ~~dress~~ ^{what they were wearing}). That was Klara's doing, and it helped to install them in

Fraulein Werner's favor. All the same, such neat dress obliged him to stay ^{apart from other boys during recess} quick in his wits in order not to get into a fight with a ^{one} bully ^{with} one year older and ~~much more than his own size~~ who kept daing Adolf to wrestle him during

~~recess~~

"Are you crazy?" he ^{would answer} said. "I am in ~~my~~ good clothes and my mother ^{get} will kill me if I ~~get~~ ^{get} them dirty." The daily wars of Passau had given his voice ^{assurance} just enough ~~certainly~~ ^{assurance} to deter the other. But then that boy was nothing. If

Adi could manage to live with Alois, Junior, how much had he to fear from a ^{like his Lieutenant in Passau} fool like this, also named Klaus. It was Angela who bothered him with all this teasing.

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~~Angela~~ ^{She} was all too concerned these days by what might be her own odor, having come in the last few weeks ^(into) to her first period. Here Klara had been of great help, and ^{had done} did her best to allay the girl's fears, her concerns, and indeed her outright horror. It was ^{had become} all connected in Angela's mind with Rosig ^{who, by the end, had been hemorrhaging} who had hemorrhaged blood all over her ^{had been} ~~hams~~ just before she died.

To bring ^{Angela's} ~~some~~ ^{her} ~~calm~~ ^{peace} to this outraged state, Klara spoke, for the first time of more intimate matters. She adored ^{her step-daughter,} ~~Angela~~. The twelve-year-old was by now ^{has} ~~the~~ nearest substitute ^{become her nearest} ~~Klara~~ ^{for Angela,} had for a woman who could be her friend, and so she spoke not only of ^{this} ~~Angela's~~ new condition, but went on at good length about the naturalness of odor in general, and ^{it's} the peculiar subtleties ~~of it~~ in nature.

Casting about for happy examples, she passed on a piece of information Alois ^{provided} ~~had given~~ her in passing. ^{Once,} ~~Klara~~ had asked how he could be sure his own

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after
 bees, when he did start his hives, would know how to come back to home,
As she understood it,
 especially since he would now have, once his plans were fulfilled, at least

three of these new boxes he kept describing, each a full colony in itself, ~~and~~
and there they would be, sitting side by side in the shade of the walnut grove.

these thousands of
 "How will the bees know where they belong?" she asked.

He had been sufficiently pleased by her curiosity to explain that he
each of his / 10
 would paint the boxes different colors, green for one, sky-blue for another,
every pink for the third. Bees, he explained, liked to live in habitations that were
not unlike
 like the color of the flowers whose nectar they brought back.

that these little creatures will
 "But you tell me each day *they can go to a different kind of flower.*
at a time
 They are faithful only for one day to each kind of flower. Is that not so?"

all that
 "Yes." He wasn't certain he liked this conversation. Would he

continue to be able to answer all her questions? *She was no stupid woman,*
Mark she was not stupid enough to be a good wife,
then like
 "So it could be a flower of one color on one day, and another color *is what*
(tomorrow?)"

"Yes."

these
 "How do the bees not get mixed up?"

Yes, he
 He was reluctant to tell her. It was not necessarily something to talk
not necessarily.
 about. Still, he chose to proceed. For Klara to be interested in apiculture
might, on balance *(if she should)*
 would probably be better for him on the whole than indifference. "Each

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queen bee has its own odor," he informed her. "Since she ^{will} fertilizes every miniscule cell in every comb and so gives tens of thousands of ^{eggs, larvae} ~~bees~~ their beginning in life, yes, every year, 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 this, Alois?"

So much you know."

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

"You have never smelled it yourself?"

"Do I look so stupid as to put my nose into a hive in order to give a ^{doozey} ~~dozey~~ ^{twenty} bees the opportunity to fly up my ~~nose~~ ^{nose?}?"

She began to laugh. In certain ways, she ^{at bottom} knew him ~~so~~ well. He might read his books on the subject, but he was still good peasant stock ^{at bottom} ~~at bottom~~

— he did not like to admit that ^{he} ~~the subject~~ had not been learned by way of his

hands, his feet, his ^{own} strength, his patience and his five good senses, ^{not every} ~~as~~

^{to mention} well as the mysterious sixth.

Alois, however, ^{indeed} had told her a little too much. Now ~~she~~ ^{she} had to know more.

Before the conversation ^{on this night} ~~they had this night~~ was over, she actually prodded him to explain how the queen was fertilized. She had, after all, to be more than curious about any queen who could ^{create} ~~birth~~ so many thousands of

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she could see it!
children and still remain a queen! *(There was such admiration in Alois' eye*
when he spoke of this Queen Bee. Everything depended on her—the
absolute success of the hive, you could say, nothing less.

Alois had chosen
So he led Klara through some descriptive steps. *Given* She was developing
her ~~own~~ excitement about the Queen Bee, and he could sense it would be to
his advantage for this night. She was clearly excited by the thought of so
female a creature, so tiny, so noble, ~~and~~ so extraordinary.

He explained then that the young queen, very much a virgin, not twenty
which yes is
days out of her own wax cell—~~larger~~ *new* in width and depth than the little
you could find eraser *on her emergence from that cell,*
on the end of a pencil— would be fed by nurses and attendants from the
Yet, just three weeks from the day she had emerged, would nonetheless take her maiden flight out of the
she is ready hive as a full virgin, usually *and this took place* on the first warm day in May. Up she would fly
into the heavens on this first sortie, higher than all but a few male bees would
dare to go.

"The ones 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 back
honey. It is only when the virgin queen comes out for her first flight that they
can justify their existence. It is then that they are overcome by how
phenomenal she is. And they know it. On this day, they have been flying

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They know she is coming,
 around waiting for her. (This queen who flies so high, who is so beautiful
 compared to all her sisters, those thousands of worker bees, yes, work-horse
 female bees always looking for more nectar, *unless have been* or else they are attached to their
necessary duties for the hive. Clean-up duties. Chores. But this Queen, she is
 different, still a virgin, she is not yet really a queen, more, I would say, like a
 princess. And then, I would say, even like a princess, she flies so high that
 only a few of these drones can follow. Then it *comes* *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 mean, his very own tool-for-the-sperm which he keeps
until when it springs into inside himself *now* comes out and goes, you could say into, yes, yes, call it
 her vagina, why not? it is so, and she takes it all in even as they are up in the
 air so high, *just the two of them*

"It is like a miracle," said Klara, ~~and~~ her eyes had begun to shine. How

~~could they not?~~ She almost said, "A miracle of love."

No, not

"Not exactly," said Alois. Now, he did not know how to continue. If

he said too much, he could spoil what *he was looking for* might follow *still* on this night, but then his
was there to speak shrewd side spoke *most* to himself and he knew, yes, the best was likely to come
 from telling it all.

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"This drone," he said, "this one good brave drone, sticks it in so far,
which is exactly what nature ^{demands} ~~wants~~ we must suppose, that then he cannot get
it back."

"What?"

"No, Donnerwetter, he can't get back his own tool. The queen has
hooks, or something of the kind, ^{very} sharp hooks for certain to keep him. ^{there} He is
stuck. When he does ^{insists when he has to} pull away, you won't believe it, ^{the thing} it is all ripped right out
of him. He has to leave it behind. His manhood! ~~All gone.~~ ^{All gone!}

"And him? What happens then to him?"

"Oh, he dies, of course. He is gone. ^{He falls down to earth}

"The poor creature," she said. But she could not help it. ^{Her youth pulled} She began to
^{into a} smirk and then ^{into a} to smile and ^{that} once this began she had to laugh and then, ^{she} could
not stop. Alois had never ^{before} heard her laugh so long and so hard before.

"What a life," she finally said, and Alois had been right to tell her. She
^{over} 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.

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Of course, he certainly did not go on to tell her of two other things.

The first was that the queen was perfectly capable of having other lovers after that first fabulous flight. Some of them ^{over the next few weeks, into June} had five or six lovers in a few weeks.

Some Queen Bees could store enough semen to lay thousands and then tens of thousands of eggs, one each to every cell among ^{those} thousands of cells, and ^{continue} ~~as~~ ^{until cold weather came and the cycle could go on} this for as much as three years to come, which meant that for the rest of her ^{life} she would have no more to do with ^{her} ~~her~~ ^{her own} ~~her~~ ^{her} drones but life, she would be feeding honey and pollen to the pupae she had created even ^{her own} ^{her} ~~her~~ ^{her} as worker females followed her with devotion, capping ^{with wax} these cells of bees yet to be born with ^a ^{wax} the mysterious substance they made from the pollen of the

May flowers, a wax that no chemist could duplicate in the laboratory. No, he did not describe how devotedly the Queen would have to work for the rest of her life, and he certainly did not tell Klara that when mating season was done, the female worker bees evicted ^{chased} ~~the~~ ^{from} the drones out of the hive, ^{on} and killed those ^{and then swept them out} who would not stir. He did not speak of other complications. There was

always a tendency, once warm weather began and the hive had grown too full of new brood, for half of the colony to be ready to desert, to swarm, to fly away. You could lose half the ^{of your future} profit in a hurry. He did not tell her of new queens being born who were often extinguished by the loyal ^{and vocal} bees who acted ^{who had formed} like royal maidens to form a court around the Queen Bee. No, he let well

FROM :MAILER

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Mar. 02 2004 11:10AM P1

FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

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Mar. 01 2004 04:40PM P1

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FAX ^{in Double Space} ~~to be sent out~~
To be sent out March 2

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It is curious, yet, after ^{all,} not so curious that few matters concerning
the ^{varied} habits and qualities of men and women ^{are} as difficult to discuss as ~~and~~
^{unattractive} ~~human~~ odor. To make matters even less agreeable ^{for myself}, it is also true
that none of us who assist the Maestro possess ^{anything like a keen} sense of smell. The
gossip among ^{devils} us soon takes to the ^{painful if still amusing} notion that ^{that is}
^{we must smell so bad that}
^{might} ~~is~~ because we ~~would all~~ become ill from sniffing our own reek.

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Enough! It is not a ^{ribald} ^{us.} subject for satire. Many of our problems in

managing our clients ~~are traceable to them~~ ^{can be traced to an undeniable} phenomenon. ^{During} ~~Unless~~

~~this period, near the turn of the nineteenth century,~~
~~our clients unless~~ ^{can be traceable to this}
 these men and women whom we direct (to the best of our ability) are
 phenomenon. ~~Unless~~ ^{those humans in whom we}
~~had invested proved~~ ^{they were really}
 exceptionally fastidious in their personal habits concerning baths, deodorants

and soap, ~~yes, perfumed or otherwise, they can~~ ^{could give off} at varying times give off the

^{These guests were}
 the worst of body odors ^{Indeed, these guests were} sufficiently ~~characteristic~~ ^{remarkable} to arouse the distrust ~~in~~

many.)

How this condition began, I do not know. If I have served the E.O. in

various capacities for many an age, my recollection of ^{earlier} ~~past~~ eras is no more

~~focused on the far past~~ ^{than is a human's sense of what might}
~~focused than any human sense of~~ ^{be} past incarnations. Put simply, ~~it~~ ^{it} is probably

not to the Maestro's interest to have us know any more than we need to know. ^{Rather,}

^{we are asked}

to deal ~~effectively~~ ^{as} effectively as possible ^{so these} with the problems

^{or Attila the Hun}
 immediately before us. We do not have to call upon Judas or Bluebeard ~~to~~

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to encourage a drunken client to ^{slap/slug} ~~gulf down~~ another shot of booze. In

consequence, ^{we?} ~~we~~ have almost no idea of the real beginning ^{of the war between} of the Dummkopf

and the Evil One. Whether they were brothers (the D.K. presumably the

~~older~~ on as Milton supposed it, the contest was between
God and an angel with the stature of Lucifer is
^{beyond my} ~~negative~~ province. Whether the E.O. was there from the commencement or

^{also} only appeared ~~considerably~~ later is not for us to know. Nor can we discern

whether the Dummkopf (in whole command ^{one would certainly suppose} ~~at one time~~ of this earth and this

solar system) ^{had to speak} spoke to higher powers out in the ^{galaxies} ~~stars~~ of his need for an

assistant, or whether the O.O. (to use for a moment ^{his} ~~the~~ ^(self-assured) highest title—the

Other Omniscience) ^(sent here by those greater powers above) was assigned to the D.K. because of the dissatisfaction
with the work ^{of the D.K.} ~~of the D.K.~~ ^{a species of cognition}
~~of these same higher powers~~, is also an understanding that is unavailable to

us. In these matters, there are only questions
to pose, there are no answers.

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So I can hardly ~~begin to~~ speak with ~~any~~ ^{much smaller} authority on this matter of

odor. Yet, if we are to conjecture what took place ^{through the interminable} ~~during the endless~~ ~~eras of~~

^{coming at} evolution, I would suppose that the D.K. (who is undeniably the Creator of

^{familiar} that world of weather, flora, fauna, and primates that we inhabit, all ^{us} ~~are~~

separate souls, bodies and spirits—divine and satanic—if, He is, yes, the

Creator, then evolution was certainly His great laboratory, and the signs of

His Stupidity as well as His Genius are to be found in all those experiments ^{endless}

^{concerning} ~~with~~ the development of His creatures ^{yes,} the ~~time~~ ^{it} took before certain ~~of His~~

^{creatures} animals could fly ^{and gaily} the extreme experiments in size, the great hopes that went, ^{for}

^{examples} into the dinosaur (only to discover that that particular invention of animal

being was too ^{simply} ~~God-damn~~ large and ~~so~~ could not survive in the proportions the ^{fine}

^{brought to} D.K. had ~~given~~ ^{are to be cited.} him—that is one failure. We can cite a myriad of others. The

Creator had His relative successes and His failures, but it must be admitted ^{that}

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He never gave up, even if He was not ^{even in firm} altogether in control of the earth He
~~It is incontrovertible that~~
~~despite the~~ had fashioned, ~~these~~ earthquakes and ice ages brought many an interruption to

His experiments and pursuits. ^{Why? Because he had incorrectly}
~~designed his~~ ^{in the first place}
~~concept of the earth~~

Of one matter, I am relatively certain. By the time men and women
~~were generated into~~ ^{He was,} ~~the development of~~
~~entered the D.K.'s concept of how to proceed with existence, so had our~~

Maestro also appeared and with ^{his entrance} ~~him~~ developed the perversities and
~~uncontrollables~~ ^(were stimulated)
~~[from the D.K.'s point of view]~~ of human activity. There,

right at such a point of the creative development of the world we ~~inhabit~~,
~~came a metamorphosis in~~ ^{It became}
~~came the presence of odor as a subtle but sometimes~~ ^{often} determining factor in

~~these~~ human affairs.

~~At the time of~~
~~Back with the animals and with primitive man as well, odor had~~ ^{still been} ~~proven~~

~~an~~ ^{all}
~~asset to the D.K., an enhancement for the development of the species.~~

In part animals

Animals were drawn or repelled by one another ~~in part~~^{in part} because of their odor.

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and presumably their smells ~~(the end product)~~ as designed by the D.K. ^{te}

^{we're there to}

revealed the depth of their courage, perseverance, fear, treachery, loyalty,

their determination to propagate ~~no end to the list~~. It was all useful ^{taking} to positive

^{forward}
creative steps in evolution.

I think by the time our Prince entered the lists, the D.K. ^{was} enraged by the
^{reduction} ^{status} ^{Now} ^{no longer could he see}
diminution of His station ~~(no longer to be able to lead)~~ (Himself as All-Good

^{So He}
and All-Powerful) began to search for a method whereby His Cudgels could

determine (assuming that they have ^{good} a sense of smell!) which men, women,

and children ^{precisely} had been lost to Him in part ^{or} and in whole. And so, if the Good

Lord ~~(soi-disant)~~ ^{was not without} had His own skill as a sorcerer, ^{and indeed} and how could He not

deploy such powers given the ^{now and} dire complexities of dealing with the varied

acts of the Maestro, ^{I would go so far as to say} ~~it is my expectation~~ that the D.K. even had the ability to

mark each of our clients with a touch of recognizable and condign odor, a

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into being and in
 in part, *in* large part, by the determined and highly focused energies of *those*

(us more)
 entrepreneurs who belonged *more to us* than to the Cudgels.

by the middle of the Twentieth Century,
 After Adolf's time, it can be said that the D.K.'s use of *unpleasant* bad human odor

system of *Evil One*
 as a *system* *warning* has been more or less wholly defeated. Deodorants have

But the time of this writing, no
 carried the *most modern* day. No one knows any longer how anyone else *smells to the D.K.!*
in the most developed nations, and that loss (has)
 smells and that loss proved a great simplification to Our work, a boon.

now *(not yet)*
 Back, however, in the period I here relate, that was not *so* and the

between (and) *with present*
 meeting of Alois, the bee-keeper called Der Alte, *and* Adi *was* characterized

can *between*
 by the immediate intimacy felt *by* the boy and the old bee-keeper. They took

to each other at once. I can warrant it was due to *an* some instinctive

appreciation, each, of the other's odor.

*Indelible - Let's talk about the
 use of Caps for the D.K. and
 the loss for the D.K.*

FROM :MAILER

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FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243782

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I must not skip, however, over the walk to Der Alte's farm because

Aldis may have had his first real conversation with his ~~second~~ son, Adolf

Hitler, *on that occasion.*

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Changes occurred, and his depression lessened. Alois, Junior, was gone. Klara had taken it upon herself to suggest that he should be sent to Spital where he could work with her father who by now was old enough certainly to need a strong young assistant. It developed that Alois Junior was in favor of the move as well. Alois, Senior's depression, conveying its own heavy threat, had lived in the midst of the son's rage like a jailer with the key.

So, it was arranged. The transportation would begin on a neighboring farmer's cart to take him to Linz, then by train to Weitre, and by a jitney which sent through Spital every other day—the boy was transported, and a cloud of unhappy expectations was lifted.

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

School started for him with a bright September, mellow with sun, much green still in the fields. It was a fine walk hand in hand with his sister over hills and through meadows and only one peril was on the route—a bull grazing in a fenced-in pasture. They could choose to take a detour, or dare to cross, depending on the mood of their spirits, or a sense—this varied—that the other 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 the one to be in a fearful mood since she knew the way to pay him back. She would tell him that he smelled bad. Sometimes it was his breath, or, as often, his body odor, but she saved such observations for those occasions, 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 chest these accusations entered, but deep indeed they went, and for good cause. They were true. He did have an odor—touch of sulphur and an unmistakable hint of something rotten—of that I may choose to speak later. Such off-odor

is one of the constant problems of our clients. It besets us. So often the Cudgels pick it up.

From Angela's point of view, it was no more than a childish contest. If Adi was trying to make her cry, of course she would look for ways to bring tears to his eyes. Besides, most bad smells did not bother her that much. By now, she was accustomed to sour milk and pig and horse manure. But a wind full of pig wallow brought a real sorrow to her heart—poor dead Rosig.

"What are you crying about now?" asked Adi. "You tell me how I am bad-smelling and I am the one who should cry—you are mean."

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

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

Indeed, that was true. He enjoyed spending the morning and afternoon inside the four walls of the one room in the school house.

Depending on weather and the immediate needs of the neighboring farms for additional labor, there were sometimes less than forty boys and girls, sometimes it was down to thirty, even twenty-five, but the school-room

was always divided among these four grades; First to Fourth, six to twelve in age, and each child was able to listen willy-nilly to all that took place in each other class, a routine matter since there was only one teacher, a middle-aged lady, Fraulein Werner, who wore spectacles.

Adi was soon able to follow all four classes. His introduction to German History came by way of the Fourth who were studying the exceptional deeds of Charlemagne. An hour later, he was obliged in First to see which pictures of animals could be connected to combinations of interesting and sometimes awesome letters that made a word. This was a matter on which he took care not to make the same mistake twice. Indeed, he was usually eager to receive the next picture that Fraulein Werner would show them, even if it took too long for the others in the class to answer, and he could barely wait for the lessons of the Third who were studying the geography of their great Hapsburg empire. If permitted, he would have been ready to speak out to those students who all seemed to be simpletons, and could not find any of the places on the map he had noticed already, Braunau and Linz being the first to catch his eye.

So, at the age of six, he was in effect picking up the lessons of the eight and ten and twelve-year-olds, and it pleased him that Angela was the brightest in her class. By the approval in Fraulein Werner's eyes as they

entered the room, he also knew that they were the neatest children when it came to dress. That was Klara's doing, and it helped to install them in Fraulein Werner's favor. All the same, such neat dress obliged him to stay quick in his wits in order not to get into a fight with a bully one year older and much more than his own size who kept daing Adolf to wrestle him during recess.

"Are you crazy?" he said. "I am in my good clothes and my mother will kill me if I get them dirty." The daily wars of Passau had given his voice just enough certainty to deter the other. But then that boy was nothing. If Adi could manage to live with Alois, Junior, how much had he to fear from a fool like this, also named Klaus? It was Angela who bothered him with all this teasing.

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Angela was all too concerned these days by what might be her own odor, having come in the last few weeks to her first period. Here Klara had been of great help, and did her best to allay the girl's fears, her concerns, and indeed her outright horror. It was all connected in Angela's mind with Rosig who had hemorrhaged blood all over her hams just before she died.

To calm this outraged state, Klara spoke, for the first time of more intimate matters. She adored Angela. The twelve-year-old was by now the nearest substitute Klara had for a woman who could be her friend, and so she spoke not only 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. Casting about for happy examples, she passed on a piece of information Alois had given her in passing. Klara had asked how he could be sure his own

bees, when he did start his hives, would know how to come back to home, especially since he would now have, once his plans were fulfilled, at least three of these new boxes he kept describing, each a full colony in itself, and there they would be, sitting side by side in the shade of the walnut grove.

"How will the bees know where they belong?" she asked.

He had been sufficiently pleased by her curiosity to explain that he would paint the boxes different colors, green for one, sky-blue for another, pink for the third. Bees, he explained, 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 each kind of flower. Is that not so?"

"Yes." He wasn't certain he liked this 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 not get mixed up?"

He was reluctant to tell her. It was not necessarily something to talk about. Still, he chose to proceed. For Klara to be interested in apiculture would probably be better for him on the whole than indifference. "Each

queen bee has its own odor," he informed her. "Since she fertilizes every miniscule cell in every comb and so gives 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."

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

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

"You have never smelled it yourself?"

"Do I look so stupid as to put my nose into a hive in order to give twenty bees the opportunity to fly up my nostrils?"

She began to laugh. In certain ways, she knew him so well. He might read his books on the subject, but he was still good peasant stock at bottom—he did not like to admit that the subject had not been learned by way of his hands, his feet, his own strength, his patience and his five good senses, as well as the mysterious sixth.

Alois, however, had told her a little too much. Now, she had to know more.

Before the conversation they had this night was over, she actually prodded him to explain how the queen was fertilized. She had, after all, to be more than curious about any queen who could birth so many thousands of

around waiting for her. This queen who flies so high, who is so beautiful compared to all her sisters, those thousands of worker bees, yes, work-horse female bees always looking for more nectar, or else they are attached to their duties for the hive. Clean-up duties. Chores. But this Queen, she is different, still a virgin, she is not yet really a queen, more, I would say, like a princess. And then, I would say, even like a princess, she flies so high that only a few of these 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 mean, his very own tool-for-the-sperm which he keeps inside himself now comes out and goes, you could say into, yes, yes, call it her vagina, why not? it is so, and she takes it all in even as they are up in the air so high."

"It is like a miracle," said Klara, and her eyes had begun to shine. How could they not? She almost said, "A miracle of love."

"Not exactly," said Alois. Now, he did not know how to continue. If he said too much, he could spoil what might follow on this night, but then his shrewd side spoke to himself and he knew, yes, the best was likely to come from telling it all.

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

"What?"

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

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Of course, he certainly did not go on to tell her of two other things. The first was that the queen was perfectly capable of having other lovers after that first fabulous flight. Some of them had five or six lovers in a few weeks. Some Queen Bees could store enough semen to lay thousands and then tens of thousands of eggs, one each to every cell among thousands of cells, and do this for as much as three years to come, which meant that for the rest of her life, she would be 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 May flowers, a wax that no chemist could duplicate in the laboratory. No, he did not describe how devotedly the Queen would have to work for the rest of her life, and he certainly did not tell Klara that when mating season was done, the female worker bees evicted all the drones out of the hive and killed those who would not stir. He did not speak of other complications. There was always a tendency, once warm weather began and the hive had grown too full of new brood, for half of the colony to be ready to desert, to swarm, to fly away. You could lose half the profit in a hurry. He did not tell her of new queens being born 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 sympathetic to what would be his new enterprise of apiculture.

Klara had not only been fascinated by what he told her that night, but now, acting like an older sister, she was ready to divert Angela from these woes of adolescence. Klara, remembering the first flow of her own blood and the depth of vulnerability in which it had left her, (she had felt as if she was no more than an open wound to future depredations that men might exact from her) made a choice to describe in detail to Angela the hapless self-amputation of the brave drone who had succeeded in reaching the Queen. This time, Klara had company in her laughter, they carried on as girls of the same age, and so it came about, even as Klara divulged more and more of what she had learned from Alois on this subject, that the topic did turn to odor. Now, both of them, virtually as equal as two young women, 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. Nonetheless, this Queen Bee had the power to impregnate the air of the hive and all 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 Russian men and women have one kind of stink, and all those Polish oafs another. Maybe there is a good decent aroma for the English, English tea, and we Austrians,

we have to be something special, warmth like strudel." Angela was laughing. "And the French, yes, a shameless smell." They were hugging each other by now. "And maybe the worst, the Bohemians. I shouldn't describe them."

"And not the Hungarians? They could be the worst!"

They wiped their eyes. Adi, hearing their laughter, came to join them. He was more than annoyed that they explained nothing, only laughed at the name of each country mentioned.

The notion remained, however, with Angela. Now, school had for her a special smell, and Fraulein Werner with all her talcum powder, like much 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 coaxing him to use more soap, or even on those nights twice a week when Klara boiled enough water for each of them to bathe in the big farm house tub, Angela would even insist on lathering his back and his armpits before handing him the bar of soap with a wholly mischievous grin, looking, in truth, 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 such rudeness, loud enough for Klara to come running in, but he would not tell his mother. He was in a

turmoil of indecision. Either he smelled as bad as Angela kept saying, or she was crazy. Who could know? He could hardly sniff a thing on himself.

Then Angela would begin to brood again on the death of Rosig. The prize sow had indeed had an odor at times, which was not 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. Now, full of remorse for teasing him, she tried to make amends by telling him some of the wonderful secrets that Klara had told her, all of this new knowledge about bees, and before long, each morning as the two walked to school, she would take up the topic again—her head was full of what she had been told and Adi's imagination was soon inflamed by the mysteries of the Queen Bee.

He had been aware of bees ever since they had come to the farm in April. More and more did he see them in May and June. There were hours when the sky was full of glints of light whipping about, flying in so many directions, and his mother was always warning him that he must not try to touch such a tiny creature if he saw one on a flower. Worse, he must never dare to kill one. That same bee could give him something to remember! 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 a neighbor one Sunday and talk to him about purchasing what Alois called "the first materials"—an announcement he made on a Saturday evening at dinner, Adi had a dream that night about bees, and saw an army of bees flying in circles above the farm. On the ground next to the house was an old man who was dressed differently from anyone Adi had ever seen. His shirt was outside his pants and almost down to his knees, and he wore an old hat as long as a stocking over his white hair, a hat so long it hung down half over his back. Although he was not short, he still looked like a dwarf because he was bent over, and in the dream, Adi knew his name. This man was called Der Alte,

and the boy woke up on Sunday morning thinking he was the only one who knew this odd man's name only to discover that he was in error. Alois had spoken of him on Saturday night as the neighbor from whom he might purchase his "first materials," but then Alois had gone on to give the family one of his long lectures (fully resumed now that Alois Junior was not with them) and he declared that by next May, eight months from now, they would all be working with him in the new enterprise. He wanted help from each one of them, each to their strength and capacity.

"Even little Edmund?" asked Angela. 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 silenced her.

Sunday morning, as if to establish one clear and defined area of 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 farm couple in their wagon to take the road to Fischlham for Sunday Mass in a small chapel, and she would always bring the children, even as Alois, exercising a matter of conscience, would not go with her. This morning therefore, he was all the more pleased that Adi asked to join him.

This request was the product of our Adolf's dream the night before. I had been directly instrumental in shaping his images of Der Alte—which which was the first active participation I had taken with the family since entering Alois' mind just after he had first begun to talk in that Linz tavern about the beauties and wonders of apiculture.

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

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It is curious, yet, after all, not so curious that few matters concerning the varied qualities of men and women are as difficult to discuss as unattractive odor. To make matters even less agreeable, it is also true that none of us who assist the Maestro possess anything like a keen sense of smell. The gossip among devils soon takes to the notion that we must smell so bad that we might become ill from sniffing our own reek.

Enough! It is not a ribald subject for us. Many problems in managing our clients near the turn of the nineteenth century can be traceable to this phenomenon. Unless those men and women in whom we had invested proved exceptionally fastidious in their personal habits, they were ready to give off at varying times the worst of body odors. (Indeed, these smells were sufficiently remarkable to arouse the distrust of many.)

How this condition began, I do not know. If I have served the E.O. in various capacities for many an age, my recollection of earlier eras is no more focused on the far past than is a human's sense of what might be past incarnations. It is probably not to the Maestro's interest to have us know any more than we need to know. Rather, we are asked to deal as effectively as possible with these problems immediately before us. We do not have to call upon Judas or Bluebeard or Attila the Hun to encourage a drunken client to slug down another shot of booze. In consequence, we have almost no idea of the real beginning of the war between the Dummkopf and the Evil One. Whether they were brothers (the D.K. presumably the older) or, as Milton supposed it, the contest was between God and an angel of the stature of Lucifer, is beyond my province. Whether the E.O. was there from the commencement, or appeared later is also not for us to know. Nor can we discern whether the Dummkopf (in whole command, we would certainly suppose, of this earth and this solar system) had to speak to higher powers out in the galaxies of his immediate need for an assistant, or whether the O.O. (to use for a moment his highest self-assigned title—the Other Omniscience) was sent here by those greater powers above because of dissatisfaction with the work of the D.K., is also a species of cognition that is unavailable to us. In these matters, there are only questions to pose; there are no answers.

So I can hardly speak with authority on this much smaller matter of odor. Yet, if we are to conjecture what took place during the interminable eons of evolution, I would suppose that the D.K. (who is undeniably the Creator of that familiar world of weather, flora, fauna, and primates that we inhabit, all of us, all we separate souls, bodies and spirits—divine and satanic—if, He is, yes, the Creator, then evolution was certainly His great laboratory, and the signs of His Stupidity as well as His Genius are to be found in all those endless experiments concerning the development of His creatures, yes, the eons it took before certain of His creatures could fly, the extreme experiments in size, the great and godly hopes that went, for example, into the dinosaur (only to discover that that particular invention of animal being was simply too large and could not survive in the proportions the D.K. had brought to him—that is one failure. A myriad of others are to be cited. The Creator had His relative successes and His failures, but it must be admitted that He never gave up, even if He was not even in firm control of the earth He had fashioned. It is incontestable that earthquakes and ice ages brought many an interruption to His experiments and pursuits. Why? Because He had incorrectly designed His sphere of earth in the first place.

Of one matter I am relatively certain. By the time men and women were generated into the D.K.'s concept of how He was to proceed with the

development of existence, so had our Maestro also appeared. With *his* entrance, the perversities and uncontrollables of human activity were stimulated. There, right at such a point of the creative development of the world we inhabit, came a metamorphosis in the presence of odor. It became a subtle but often determining factor in human affairs.

At the time of primitive man, odor had still been an asset for the D.K., an enhancement for the development of all the species. In part, animals were drawn or repelled by one another because of their odor. Presumably their smells (as designed by the D.K.) were there to reveal the depth of their courage, perseverance, fear, treachery, loyalty, their determination to propagate—no end to the list. It was all useful to taking positive creative steps forward in evolution.

I think by the time our Prince entered the lists, the D.K. was enraged by the reduction of His status. Now, no longer could He see Himself as All-Good and All-Powerful. So He began to search for a method whereby His Cudgels could determine (assuming that they have a good sense of smell!) which men, women, and children precisely had been lost to Him in part or in whole. And so, if the Good Lord was not without His own skill as a sorcerer, and indeed, how could He not deploy such powers given the new and dire complexities of dealing with the varied acts of the Maestro, I would go so far

as to say that the D.K. even had the ability to mark each of our clients with a touch of recognizable and condign odor, a marking process, if you will, that was chosen for its simplicity and reliable lack of expense considering the inevitable disbursements of divine funds inherent in any choice of program. From the Middle Ages on, our Maestro combated this obstacle to *his* subtle intentions by encouraging many of *his* chemists to develop perfumes whose subtleties, became a means whereby harsh or rotten odors could be insinuated by sweeter, earthier, more untraceable, and finally more appealing fragrances, even exotic in their hint of a curious human stink beneath the bouquet. (It is, for example, impossible to reconstruct the history of court life in France during the reign of Louis XIV without pondering those redolent tricks of camouflage.

By the end of the Enlightenment, matters had altered again. Soaps had been developed by us, to add their powers of obliteration to many varieties of perfume, and again the Dummkopf was confounded. At this time of Adi's boyhood, and indeed, throughout his years to come, this anesthetization of human odor represented the greatest progress of the Devil in this sector of divine combat. Soaps, bath-tubs, perfumes, cleansing oils and the development of plumbing all came into being, and in large part, by the

determined and highly focused energies of those entrepreneurs who belonged to *us* more than to the Cudgels.

After Adolf's time, by the middle of the Twentieth Century, it can be said that the D.K.'s use of unpleasant human odor as a system of warning that the Evil One is also present, has been more or less wholly defeated.

Deodorants carried the day. By the time of this writing, no one knows any longer how anyone else smells in the most developed nations, and that loss to the D.K. has proved a great simplification to *our* work, a boon.

Back, however, in the period I now relate, that was not so, not yet, and the meeting between Alois, and the bee-keeper called Der Alte with Adi present was characterized by an immediate intimacy felt between the boy and the old bee-keeper. They took to each other at once. I can warrant it was due to an instinctive appreciation, each, of the other's odor.

I must not skip, however, over the walk to Der Alte's farm because Alois may have had his first real conversation with his son, Adolf Hitler, on that occasion.

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Changes occurred, however. Alois' depression lessened. Junior was gone. Klara had taken it upon herself to suggest that he should be sent to Spital where he could work with her father, Joann Poelzl, who by now was certainly old enough to need a strong young assistant. It developed that Alois, Junior was in favor of the move as well. His father's depression, conveying its own despotic threat, had lived in the midst of the son's rage like a jailer showing his key.

So, it was arranged. The transportation would begin on a neighboring farmer's cart which would take him to Linz, then on by train to Weitre, where he could take a jitney which passed through Spital every other day. So, the boy was transported, and a cloud of unhappy expectations was lifted.

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

His first school days went through a bright September, mellow with sun. The green was still on the fields. It was a fine walk hand in hand with his sister over hills and through meadows with but one peril on the route—a full-grown bull grazing in a fenced-in pasture. Depending on the bull's mood, they could choose to take a detour, or dare to cross, this last depending on the mood of their spirits—which varied. On most days, one or the other was not up to the bold move, 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 she did know the way to pay him back. She would inform him that he smelled bad. Sometimes, it was his breath, as often, his body odor.

Probably, she did not know to what depth in his quick-beating chest these accusations entered, but deep they went, and for good cause. They were true. He did have an odor—touch of sulphur and an unmistakable hint of something rotten—of that I may soon choose to speak. Such off-odor is one of the constant problems of our clients. It besets us. The Cudgels pick it up.

From Angela's point of view, it was simple. If Adi was trying to make her cry, of course she would look for ways to bring tears to his eyes as well. Besides, bad smells did not bother her that much. By now, she was accustomed to sour milk and horse manure. But a wind full of pig wallow brought a real sorrow to her heart—poor dead Rosig!

"What are you crying about now?" asked Adi. "You tell me how I am bad-smelling and I am the one who should cry—you are mean."

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

That meant she was thinking of Rosig and he did feel sad for her. This was not because he had liked the sow so much (in fact, he had been jealous of Angela's affection for the beast) but because he did like his older sister. She was good most of the time. Besides, she was the brightest girl in the school, just as he was the smartest boy inside the four walls of the one-room school house.

Depending on weather and the immediate needs of the neighboring farms for additional labor, there were sometimes less than forty boys and girls, sometimes it was down to thirty, even twenty-five, but the school-room contained seating divisions for these four grades; and each child, First to Fourth, six to twelve in age, was able to listen willy-nilly to all that took place in each other class, a routine matter since there was only one teacher, a

middle-aged lady, Fraulein Werner, who had a long nose and wore spectacles.

Adi was soon able to follow the lessons in all four classes. His introduction to German History came by way of the senior grade, the Fourth, where Angela and the others were studying the exceptional deeds of Charlemagne. An hour later, in First, Adi would be asked in company with his little cohort to decide which pictures of animals should be connected to given words. In the beginning, it was wondrous—all those awesome letters that made a word. It all seemed equal at first to a cabalistic rite, but before long, it was no more to him than a puzzle. By the time he had reduced it to a problem, it had become no more than a matter on which he took care not to make the same mistake twice. Indeed, he was usually eager to receive the next picture that Fraulein Werner would show them, even if it he soon grew bored waiting for the others in his class to catch up to him. Soon, he could barely wait for the lessons of the Third who were studying the geography of the Hapsburg empire, the great Hapsburg Empire, as Fraulein Werner would always say. If permitted, he would have been ready to speak out to those students who were simpletons, and could not find any of the places on the map he had already noticed, Braunau and Linz being the first to catch his eye.

So, at the age of six, he was in effect absorbing the lessons of the eight and ten and twelve-year-olds, and it pleased him that Angela was the brightest in her class. By the approval in Fraulein Werner's eyes each time they entered the room, he also knew that they were the neatest brother and sister when it came to what they were wearing. That was Klara's doing, and it helped to install them high up in Fraulein Werner's favor. All the same, such neat dress obliged him to stay apart from other boys during recess in order not to get into a fight with one bully a year older who kept daring Adolf to wrestle with him.

"Are you crazy?" he would answer. "I am in my good clothes. My mother will kill me if I got them dirty." The daily wars of Passau had given his voice just enough assurance to deter the other. But then that boy was nothing. If Adi could manage to live with Alois, Junior, how much had he to fear from a fool like this, also named Klaus, like his lieutenant in Passau? It was Angela who bothered him with all this teasing.

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She was all too concerned these days by what might be her own odor, having come in the last few weeks into her first period. Here, Klara had been of great help, and had done her best to allay the girl's fears, indeed, her outright horror. It had become connected in Angela's mind with Rosig who, by the end, had been hemorrhaging blood all over her hams.

To bring some calm to Angela's poor outraged state, Klara spoke, for the first time of intimate matters. She adored her step-daughter. The twelve-year-old was by now her substitute for a woman who could become her nearest friend, and so she spoke not only of this new condition for Angela, but went on at good length about the naturalness of odor in general, and its peculiar subtleties in nature. Casting about for happy examples, she passed

on a piece of information Alois had provided her in passing. Once, Klara had asked how he could be sure his own bees, after he did start his hives, would know how to come back to home. As she understood it, he would have, once his plans were fulfilled, at least three of these new boxes he kept describing, each a full colony in itself, and there they would be, sitting side by side in the shade of the walnut grove. "How will these thousands of bees know where they belong?" she asked.

He had been sufficiently pleased by her curiosity to explain that he would paint each of his boxes a different color, green for one, sky-blue for another, even pink for the third. Bees, he explained, liked to live in habitations that were not unlike the color of the flowers whose nectar they brought back.

"But you tell me that each day these little creatures can go to a different kind of flower. They are faithful only for one day at a time to each kind of flower. Is that not so?"

"Yes." He wasn't all that certain he liked this conversation. Would he be able to answer all her questions? She was no stupid woman. Maybe she was not stupid enough to be a good wife.

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

"Yes."

"How do these bees not get mixed up?"

Yes, he was reluctant to tell her. It was not something to talk about. Not necessarily. Still, he chose to proceed. For Klara to be interested in apiculture might, on balance, be better for him than if she showed indifference. "Each queen bee has its own odor," he informed her. "Since she will fertilize every miniscule cell in every comb and so gives tens of thousands of eggs, larvae, their beginning in life, yes, every year, 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 this, Alois? So much you know."

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

"You have never smelled it yourself?"

"Do I look so stupid as to put my nose into a hive in order to give a dozen bees the opportunity to fly up my nose?"

She began to laugh. In certain ways, she knew him well. He might read his books on the subject, but, at bottom, he was still good peasant stock—he did not like to admit that he had not learned the subject by way of his hands, his feet, his strength, his own patience and his five good senses, not even to mention the mysterious sixth.

Alois, however, had indeed told her a little too much. She had to know more.

Before the conversation was over for this night, she actually prodded him to explain how the queen was fertilized. She had, after all, to be more than curious about any queen who could create so many thousands of children and still remain a queen! She could see it! There was such admiration in Alois' eye when he spoke of this Queen. Everything depended on her—the absolute success of the hive, you could say, nothing less.

So Alois did choose to lead Klara through some descriptive steps. Given her excitement about the Queen Bee, he could sense it would be to his advantage for this night. She was clearly excited by the thought of so female a creature, so tiny, so noble. So extraordinary.

He explained then that the young queen, very much a virgin, not twenty days out of her own wax cell, which was no larger in width and depth than the little eraser you could find on the end of a new pencil—would be fed on her emergence from that cell, by nurses and attendants. Yet, just three weeks from the day she had emerged, she would be ready nonetheless to take her maiden flight out of the hive as a full virgin, and this usually took place on the first warm day in May. Up she would fly into the heavens on this first sortie, higher than all but a few male bees would dare to go.

"The ones 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 back honey. It is only when the virgin queen comes out for her first flight that they can justify their existence. It is then that they are overcome by how phenomenal she is. And they know it. On this day, they have been flying around waiting for her. They know she is coming. This queen who flies so high, who is so beautiful compared to all her sisters, those thousands of worker bees, yes, work-horse female bees always looking for more nectar, unless they have been attached to necessary duties for the hive. Clean-up duties. Chores. But this Queen, she is different, still a virgin, she is not yet really a queen, more, I would say, like a princess. And then, I would say, even like a princess, she flies so high that only a few of these drones can follow. Then it comes down to two drones, to one, but, oh, this last strong one, he reaches her, he puts what he has, yes, you know what I mean, his very own tool-for-the-sperm which he keeps inside himself until now when it comes out and goes, springs, you could say into, yes, yes, into—call it her vagina—why not? it is so, and she takes it all in even as they are up in the air so high, just the two of them."

"It is like a miracle," said Klara. Her eyes had begun to shine. She almost said, "A miracle of love."

"No, not exactly," said Alois. Now, he did not know how to continue. If he said too much, he could spoil what he was looking for on this night. Still, his shrewd side was there to speak to him and he knew, yes, the best was most likely to come from telling it all.

"This drone," he said, "this one good brave drone, sticks it in so far, which is exactly what nature demands, we must suppose, that then he cannot get it back."

"What?"

"No, Donnerwetter, he can't get back his own tool. The queen has hooks, or something of the kind, very sharp hooks for certain to keep him there. He is stuck. When he does insist, when he has to pull away, you won't believe it, the thing is all ripped right out of him. He has to leave it behind. His manhood! Gone. All gone."

"And him? What happens then to him?"

"Oh, he dies, of course. He is gone. He falls down to earth."

"The poor creature," she said. But she could not help it. Her mouth pulled into a smirk and then into a smile. Once that began she had to laugh and then, she could not stop. Alois had never before heard her laugh so long.

"What a life," she finally said, and Alois had been right to tell her. She was over six months 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 certainly did not go on to tell her of two other things. The first was that the queen was perfectly capable of having other lovers after that first fabulous flight. Some of them over the next few weeks into June had five or six lovers. Some Queen Bees could store enough semen to lay thousands and then tens of thousands of eggs, one each to every cell among those thousands of cells, and continue to do until cold weather came, and the cycle could go on for as much as three years to come. This meant that for the rest of her life, she would have no more to do with drones, but would be feeding honey and pollen to the pupae she had created even as her own worker females, her court, followed her with devotion, capping these cells of bees yet to be born with a mysterious wax substance they made from the pollen of the May flowers, a wax that no chemist could duplicate in the laboratory. No, he did not describe how devotedly the Queen would have to work for the rest of her life, and he certainly did not tell Klara that when

mating season was done, the female worker bees evicted the drones from the hive, or killed those who would not stir and then swept them out. He did not speak of other complications. There was always a tendency, once warm weather began and the hive had grown too full of new brood, for half of the colony to be ready to desert, to swarm, to fly away. You could lose half of your future profit in a hurry. He did not tell her of new queens being born who were often extinguished by the loyal and royal maidens who had formed a court around the Queen Bee. No, he let well enough alone. It was enough that Klara should now be sympathetic to what would be his new enterprise of apiculture.

Klara had not only been fascinated by what he told her that night, but now, acting like an older sister, she was ready to divert Angela from these woes of adolescence. Klara, remembering the first flow of her own blood and the depth of vulnerability in which it had left her, (she had felt as if she was no more than an open wound to future depredations that men might exact from her) made a choice to describe in detail to Angela the hapless self-amputation of the brave drone who had succeeded in reaching the Queen. This time, Klara had company in her laughter, they carried on as girls of the same age, and so it came about, even as Klara divulged more and more of what she had learned from Alois on this subject, that the topic did turn to

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same age, and so it came about, even as Klara divulged more and more of

what she had learned from Alois on this subject, that the topic ~~did turn to~~ ^{not only turn}

to odor, ^{last to} Now, both of them, ~~virtually as equal as two young women,~~ thought

~~more than a little~~ ^{the} of the exceptional power of ~~this~~ Queen Bee. There she was,

^{hardly} ~~only a little~~ larger than her own nursing bees and certainly smaller than any

drone. Nonetheless, this Queen Bee had the power to impregnate the air of

the hive and ~~all~~ 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 Russian men

and women have one kind of stink, and ~~all~~ those Polish oafs another. Maybe

there is a good decent aroma for the English, English tea, and we Austrians,

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we have to be something special, warmth like strudel." ^{Again she had} Angela was laughing.

Angela in (laughter.)

"And the French, yes, a shameless smell." They were hugging each other, by

now. ⁱⁿ "And maybe the worst, the Bohemians. I shouldn't describe them."

"Why?"

"And not the Hungarians? They could be ^{terrible.} the worst!"

They wiped their eyes. Adi, hearing their laughter, came to join them.

He was more than annoyed ^{when} that they explained nothing, ^{merely kept laughing} only laughed at the

^{sound} name of each country mentioned.

^{Some happy}

The fiction remained ^{however} with Angela. ^{Now} School ^{had} ^{other}

a special smell, and Fraulein Werner with all her talcum powder, like much

too much on a baby, and her own little brother Adi. ^{absolutely bad} He ~~did have~~ this terrible

smell when ^{he} they ran up and down too many hills, and she was always coaxing

him to use more soap, or even on those nights ^{once} ~~times~~ a week when Klara

boiled enough water for each of them to bathe in the big farm house tub,

Angela would even insist on lathering his back and his armpits before handing

him ^{back} the bar of soap with a wholly mischievous grin, looking, in truth, a bit

demonic, and, yes, she told him, "Now you ~~take the soap and~~ put ^{this} where it

can do some work, you careless boy."

^{would} Adi was ready to scream with anger at such rudeness, loud enough for

Klara to come running in, but he would not tell his mother. He was in a

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turmoil of indecision. Either he smelled as bad as Angela kept saying, or she was crazy. Who could know? He could ^{hardly} sniff a thing on himself.

Then Angela ^{however} would begin to brood again on the death of Rosig. The prize sow had indeed had ^{an odor} an odor at times, which ~~was~~ not 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. Now, ^{full} full of remorse for teasing him,

she tried to make amends by telling him ^{a few} some of the wonderful secrets ~~that~~

Klara had told her, all of this new knowledge about bees, and ^{on many} before long,

each morning as the two walked to school, she would take up the topic

again—her head was ^{so} full of what she had been told ^{that} ~~and~~ Adi's imagination

was soon inflamed by the mysteries of the Queen Bee.

He had been aware ^{these} of bees ever since they had come to the farm in April. ^{he had been most aware of the nearness of bees} More and more did he see them in May and June. There were hours ^{in May and June, there had been hours in full daylight} when the sky was full of glints of light whipping about, flying in so many

directions, and ^{his} his mother was always warning him that he must not try to

touch such ^{an} a tiny creature ^{not} if he saw one on a flower. Worse, he must never

dare to kill one. That same bee could give him something to remember!

Then ^{Edmund got stung} 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

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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 ~~was~~ ^{passed}

~~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~~

did excite his thoughts.

~~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 ~~decided?~~

~~that the world was now attached in his~~
~~thoughts to something similar about himself since~~
~~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~~ ^{talk to} a neighbor one

Sunday ~~and talk to him~~ about purchasing what Alois called "the first

materials"—an announcement he made on a Saturday evening at dinner, Adi

had a dream that night about bees, and saw an army of ~~bees~~ ^{them} flying in circles

above the farm. ~~On~~ ^{Standing on} (near to them) the ground ~~next to the house~~ ^{and he} was an old man ~~who was~~

~~dressed differently from anyone Adi had ever seen.~~ His shirt ~~was~~ ^{remained} outside his

pants and ~~almost~~ ^{came} down to his knees, and he wore an old hat as long as a

~~steeking over his white hair, a hat~~ ^(as long as a stick, so it) so long it hung down half over his back.

~~Although~~ ^{but} he was not short, he still looked like a dwarf because he was bent

over, and in the dream, Adi knew his name. This man was called Der Alte.

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and the boy woke up on Sunday morning thinking he was the only one who knew this odd man's name only to discover that he was in error. Alois had spoken of him on Saturday night as ^{this} the neighbor ^{Der 14/K} from whom he might purchase his "first materials," but then Alois had ^{than} gone on to give the family one of his long lectures ~~fully resumed now that Alois Junior was not~~ ⁱⁿ ~~them~~ and ~~he~~ declared that by next May, eight months from now, they would all be working with him in the new enterprise. He ^{would want} ~~wanted~~ help from each one of them, each to their strength and capacity.

"Even little Edmund?" asked Angela. ^{"So he can get some more?"} ~~A trace~~ of the mockery that Alois, Junior had always been ready to offer ^{used} ~~might have been~~ in her voice.

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

Sunday morning, as if to establish ^a ~~and~~ clear and defined area of superiority to his sister, Adi asked his father if he could go with him to see Der Alte, and Alois, pleased, ^{and then pleased} ~~and certainly surprised~~, gave his assent. On Sunday, Klara would be picked up by another farm couple in their wagon to ^{in their wagon, Fischlham's} take the road to Fischlham for Sunday Mass in a small chapel, and she would

^{three} always bring the children, even as Alois, exercising a matter of conscience, "In ^{truthly in good conscience, I cannot go,} ~~her and he would let him alone~~ ^{he would feel} ~~would not go with her~~ ^{This morning} ~~he was all the more pleased~~ ^{three} ~~this morning, therefore~~ that Adi asked to join him.

FROM :MAILER

FAX NO. :5084872136

Mar. 03 2004 01:19PM P7

FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243782

Mar. 02 2004 01:12PM P15

Book3 Fcb041—icmp fax copy 3/2/04

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This request was the product of our ^{the boys' own} Adolf's dream the night before. I ^{can} ~~say that I~~ ^{in vocat ion} had been directly instrumental in shaping his ~~images~~ ^{images} of Der Alte ~~which~~ ^{Ther}

~~which~~ was the first active participation I had taken with the family since ^{opine to all} entering Alois' mind just after he had first begun to talk ^{in that Linz tavern} about the beauties and wonders of apiculture.

Now, I feel (with some unease) that I must address the reader again on ^{a more} this most unappetizing matter ^{It concerns} ~~concerning~~ Adi's odor.

FROM :MAILER

FAX NO. :5084872136

Mar. 03 2004 01:19PM P8

FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243782

Mar. 02 2004 01:12PM P16

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It is curious, yet, after all, not so curious that few matters concerning
the varied ^{aspects} ~~qualities~~ of men and women are as difficult to discuss as
unattractive odor. To make matters even less agreeable, it is also true that ^{our}
~~these~~ ^{scholar of aids to} ~~do not possess~~
~~none of us~~ ^{who assist} the Maestro ~~possess anything like~~ a keen sense of
smell. ^{can hardly avoid} ~~The~~ ^{too} ~~gossip among devils seen takes to the notion that we must smell~~ ^{bad,}
so bad that we ^{can} ~~might~~ become ill from sniffing our own reek.
Enough! It is not ^{that a} ~~a~~ ^{of our} ~~subject~~ for us. Many ^{at this time} ~~problems~~ in managing
our clients ^{near the turn of the nineteenth century} ~~can be traceable to~~ ^{were} ~~this~~ ^{particular humans} ~~phenomenon~~. Unless those ^{heavily} ~~men and women~~ in whom we had invested
proved exceptionally fastidious in their personal habits, they ^{did give off} ~~were ready to~~
give off at varying times the worst of body odors. ^{swelling} ~~(Indeed, these smells were~~
sufficiently remarkable to arouse the distrust of many.)

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Commenced originally,
How this condition ~~began~~ *(I do not know. If I have served the E.O. in*

various capacities for many an age, my recollection of earlier eras is no more
focused on the far past than is a human's sense of what might be ~~past~~ *previous*

incarnations. It is probably not to the Maestro's interest to have us know any
more than we need to know. Rather, we are asked to deal as effectively as
possible with ~~these~~ *particular* problems immediately before us. We do not have to call
upon Judas or Bluebeard or Attila the Hun to encourage a drunken client to
slug down another shot of booze. In consequence, we have almost no idea of
the real beginning of the war between the Dummkopf and the Evil One.

Whether they were brothers (the D.K. *being* presumably the older) or, as Milton
supposed it, the contest was between God and an angel of the stature of

Lucifer, is ~~beyond~~ *entirely* my province. ~~Whether~~ *Perhaps* the E.O. was there from the ~~onset~~
perhaps he only commencement, or appeared later *It is* also not for us to know. Nor can we
suppose with real confidence that discern whether the Dummkopf (in whole command *at the time*
was obliged, nonetheless ~~we would certainly~~

~~suppose~~ *somehow* of this earth and this solar system) ~~had~~ *It is not possible that* to speak to higher powers
out in the galaxies of his immediate need for an assistant, or whether (the O.O.

(to use for a moment his highest self-assigned title—the Other Omniscience)

was sent here *on purpose* by those greater powers above *who were dealing* because of dissatisfaction with

the work of the D.K. *Such* is also a species of cognition *also* that is *(unavailable to us.*

In these matters, there are only questions ~~to pose~~ *to pose*, there are no answers.

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So I ~~can hardly~~ ^{cannot even} speak with authority on this much smaller matter of ~~fragrant~~ odor. Yet, if we are to ~~conjecture what took place~~ ^{I am to offer my (as to what could have taken)} during the interminable eons of evolution, I would suppose that the D.K. (who is undeniably the Creator of that familiar world of weather, flora, fauna, and primates that we inhabit, all of us, all we separate souls, bodies and spirits—divine and satanic—if, He is, yes, the Creator, then evolution was certainly His great laboratory, and the signs of His Stupidity as well as ^{of} His Genius are to be found in all those endless experiments concerning the development of His creatures, yes, the eons it took before ~~certain~~ ^{he could divine how to enable some} of His creatures could fly, the ~~extreme experiments in size, the great and godly hopes that went, for~~ ^{divergences of earth-bound species, the great} example, into the dinosaur (only to discover that that particular invention ^{construction} of animal being was simply too large ^{to} and could not survive in the proportions the D.K. had brought to him—that is one failure. A myriad of others are to ^{there} be cited. The Creator had His relative successes and His ^{abysmal} failures, but it must be admitted that He never gave up, even if He was not ^{always} in firm control of the earth He had fashioned. It is incontestable that earthquakes and ice ages brought many an interruption to His ^{gavaged many of his} experiments and pursuits. Why? Because He had incorrectly designed His sphere of earth in the first place.

Of one matter I am relatively certain. By the time men and women ^{had entered} were generated into the D.K.'s concept of how He was to proceed with the

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development of ^{primates} ~~existence~~, so had our Maestro also appeared. With his entrance, the perversities and uncontrollables of human activity were now stimulated. There, ^{just} ~~right~~ at such a point ⁱⁿ of the creative development of the world we inhabit, came a metamorphosis in the ^{nature} ~~presence~~ of odor. ^{Its presence} ~~It became~~ a subtle but often determining factor in human ~~affairs~~ ^{relations}.

^{I can be fairly certain that in the bygone era}
~~At the time of primitive man, odor had still been an asset for the D.K.~~
^{one of the D.K.'s assets,}
~~an enhancement for~~ (the development of all the species. In part, animals were ^{to aid}

drawn or repelled by one another because of their odor. Presumably their ^{conceivable} ~~laws~~ ^{laws that the D.K. had but it was there} smells (as designed by the ~~D.K.~~ ^{precisely}) were there to reveal the depth of ~~their~~ ^{animals} ~~early~~ ^{indeed, to} courage, perseverance, fear, treachery, loyalty, their determination ^{the best} to propagate—no end to the list. It was all useful to taking ~~positive~~ ^{positive} creative steps forward in evolution.

I think by the time our Prince entered the lists, the D.K. ^{must have been} ~~was~~ enraged by the reduction of His status. Now, ~~no~~ ^{no} longer could He see Himself as All-Good and All-Powerful. So He began to search for a method whereby His Cudgels could determine (assuming that they have a good sense of smell!) which men, women, and children ~~previously~~ ^{deserved} had ~~been sent to~~ Him in part or in whole. And so, if the Good Lord was not without His own skill as a sorcerer, and indeed, how could He not deploy such powers given the new and dire complexities of dealing with the varied acts of the Maestro, I would go so far

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as to say that the D.K. even had the ability to mark each of our clients with a touch of recognizable and condign odor, a marking process, if you will, that was chosen for its simplicity and ^{relative} ~~reliable~~ lack of expense considering the inevitable disbursements of divine funds ^{rather} ~~inherent~~ in any ^{change} ~~choice~~ of program.

From the Middle Ages on, ^{however,} our Maestro ^{his} ~~combated~~ this obstacle to ~~his~~ subtle intentions by encouraging many of ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~chemists~~ ^{alchemists} to develop perfumes whose subtleties, ^{marinated} ~~became~~ a means whereby harsh or rotten odors could be ~~incubated~~.

^{with} ~~by~~ sweeter, earthier, more untraceable, and ^{even exciting} ~~finally~~ more appealing fragrances, even exotic in their hint of a curious human stink beneath the bouquet. (It is, for example, impossible to reconstruct the history of court life in France

during the reign of Louis XIV without pondering those redolent tricks of camouflage. ^{Moreover, it proved a great boon to all} ~~of our clients who were weak~~ ^{that a reader})

By the end of the Enlightenment, matters had altered ^{once more} ~~again~~ (Soaps had ^{become} ~~been~~ developed by us, ^{weeable} ~~to add their powers of obliteration to many varieties of~~

perfume, and again the Dummkopf was confounded. At this time of Adi's boyhood, and indeed, throughout ^{those} ~~his~~ ^{an} ~~years to come~~, ~~the~~ ^{was part of} ~~anesthetization of~~ human odor represented the ^{immense} ~~greatest~~ progress of the Devil in this sector of divine combat. Soaps, bath-tubs, perfumes, cleansing oils and the

development of plumbing all came into being, and in large part, by the

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determined and highly focused energies of those entrepreneurs who belonged
to ^{us} ~~us~~ more than to the Cudgels.

After Adolf's time, by the middle of the Twentieth Century, it can be
said that the D.K.'s use of unpleasant human odor as a ^{means} ~~system~~ of warning that
the Evil One is ^{had} ~~also~~ present, ~~has~~ been more or less wholly defeated.

Deodorants carried the day. By the time of this writing, no one knows any
longer how anyone else smells in the most developed nations, and that loss to
the D.K. has proved a great simplification to ^{our} ~~our~~ work, a boon.

Back, however, in the period I now relate, that was not so, not yet, and
the meeting between Alois ^{Alois} and the bee-keeper called Der Alte ~~with Adolf~~
~~present~~ was characterized by an immediate intimacy felt between the boy and
the old bee-keeper. They took to each other at once. I can warrant it was
due to an instinctive appreciation, each, of the other's odor.

I must not skip, however, over the walk to Der Alte's farm because
Alois may have had his first real conversation with his son, Adolf Hitler, on
that occasion.

"What a life," she finally said, and Alois had been right to tell her. She was over six months 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 certainly did not go on to tell her of two other things. The first was that the queen was perfectly capable of having other lovers after that first fabulous flight. Some of them over the next few weeks into June had five or six lovers. Some Queen Bees could store enough semen to lay thousands, then tens of thousands of eggs, one each to every cell among those thousands of cells, and continue to do until cold weather came, and the cycle could be repeated for as much as three years to come. (All that wealth of impregnations derived from no more than five or six copulations.) This meant that for the rest of her life, she would have no more to do with drones, but would be feeding honey and pollen to the pupae she had created even as her own worker females, her court, followed her with devotion, capping these cells of bees yet to be born with a mysterious wax substance they made from the pollen of the May flowers, a wax that no chemist could duplicate in the laboratory. No, he did not describe how devotedly the Queen would have to

work for the rest of her life, and he certainly did not tell Klara that when mating season was done, the female worker bees evicted the drones from the hive, or killed those who would not stir prior to sweeping them out. He did not speak of other complications. There was always a tendency, once warm weather began and the hive had grown too full of new brood, for half of the colony to be ready to desert, to swarm, to fly away. You could lose half of your future profit in a hurry. He did not tell her of new queens being born who were often extinguished by the loyal and royal maidens who had formed a court around the Queen Bee. No, he let well enough alone. It was enough that Klara should now be sympathetic to what would be his oncoming enterprise.

Klara had not only been fascinated by what he told her that night, but now, acting much like an older sister, she was ready to try to cajole Angela out of her first adolescent woes. Klara, remembering her own early flow of blood, could certainly recall the depth of vulnerability in which it had left her. She had felt as if she were no more than a wound open to future depredations men might exact from her. So, now she chose to describe to Angela the hapless self-amputation of the brave drone who had succeeded in reaching the Queen. This time, Klara had company in her laughter. They carried on as if they were girls of the same age, and so it came about, even as Klara divulged

more and more of what she had learned from Alois on this subject, that the topic not only turned to odor, but to the exceptional power of the Queen Bee. There she was, hardly larger than her own nursing bees and certainly smaller than any drone. Nonetheless, this Queen Bee had the power to impregnate the air of the hive and 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 Russian men and women have one kind of stink, and those Polish oafs another. Maybe there is a good decent aroma for the English, English tea, and we Austrians, we have to be something special, warmth like strudel." Again, she had Angela in laughter. "And the French, yes, a shameless smell." They were hugging each other by now. "Maybe the worst, the Bohemians. I shouldn't describe them."

"Why not the Hungarians? They could be terrible!"

They wiped their eyes. Adi, hearing their laughter, came to join them. He was annoyed when they explained nothing, merely kept laughing at the sound of each country.

Some happy notion remained with Angela. School now had a special smell, and Fraulein Werner with all her talcum powder, like much too much on a baby, and her own little brother Adi. He absolutely had this terrible smell when he ran up and down too many hills, and she was always coaxing

him to use more soap, or even on those nights once a week when Klara boiled enough water for each of them to bathe in the big farm house tub, Angela would even insist on lathering his back and his armpits before handing him back the bar of soap with a wholly mischievous grin. "Now you take the soap and put it where it can do some work, you careless boy."

Adi would scream with anger at such rudeness, loud enough for Klara to come running in, but he would not tell his mother. He was in a turmoil of indecision. Either he smelled as bad as Angela kept saying, or she was crazy. Who could know? He could barely sniff a thing on himself.

Angela, however, would begin to brood again on the death of Rosig. The prize sow had indeed had a strong odor at times, not unlike Adi at his worst, or was it Rosig at her worst?—enough! Angela began to cry for both, the boy and the pig together. Full of remorse for teasing him, she tried to make amends by telling him a few of the wonderful secrets Klara had told her, all of this new knowledge about bees, and on many a morning as the two walked to school, she would take up the topic again—her head was so full of what she had been told that Adi's imagination was soon inflamed by the mysteries of the Queen Bee.

Ever since they had come to the farm in April, he had been most aware of the nearness of bees. In May and June, there had been hours in full

daylight when the sky was full of tiny lights, glints of light whipping about, flying in so many directions. His mother was always warning him that he must not try to touch any such tiny creature, not if he saw one on a flower. Worse, he must never dare to kill one. That same bee could give him something to remember! Then one fine morning in July, Edmund got stung and didn't stop screaming for an hour. 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 had to be buried in the big hole his father had dug—was her bad smell the reason for her death?

It revolved in his head. To hear that the Queen Bee passed an odor of herself to every bee in the hive (and he could count by now to ten thousand) did excite his thoughts.

So when he heard that his father was going to talk to a neighbor one Sunday about purchasing what Alois called "the first materials"—an announcement he made on a Saturday evening at dinner, Adi had a dream that night about bees, and saw an army of them flying in circles above the farm. Standing on the ground near to their house was an old man and he was dressed differently from anyone Adi had ever seen. His shirt remained outside his pants and came down to his knees, and he wore an old hat over

his white hair, as long as a stocking so it hung down half over his back. He was not short, but he still looked like a dwarf because he was bent over, and in the dream, Adi knew his name. This man was called Der Alte, and the boy woke up on Sunday morning thinking he was the only one who knew this odd man's name only to discover that he was in error. Alois had spoken of him on Saturday night as this neighbor, Der Alte, from whom he might purchase his "first materials." Alois had gone on to give the family one of his long lectures and declared that by next May, eight months from now, they would all be working with him in the new enterprise. He would want help from each one of them, each to their strength and capacity.

"Even little Edmund," asked Angela, "so he can yell some more?" The mockery that Alois, Junior had always been ready to offer was in her voice.

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

Sunday morning, as if to establish a clear and defined area of superiority to his sister, Adi asked his father if he could go with him to see Der Alte, and Alois, surprised, and then pleased, gave his assent. On Sunday, Klara would be picked up by another farm couple to take the road to Fischlham in their wagon for Sunday Mass in Fischlham's small chapel, and she would bring the three children, even as Alois, exercised a matter of

conscience. "In truth, in good conscience, I cannot go," he would tell her, and he would be left alone to walk his fields. This morning, therefore, he was all the more pleased that Adi asked to join him.

This request was the product of the boy's dream the night before. I can say that I had been directly instrumental in shaping his invocation of Der Alte. This was the first active participation I had taken with the family since entering Alois' mind just after he had first begun to opine to all in that Linz tavern about the beauties and wonders of apiculture.

Now, I feel (with some unease) that I must address the reader again on a more unappetizing matter. It concerns Adi's odor.

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It is curious, yet, after all, not so curious that few matters concerning the varied aspects of men and women are as difficult to discuss as unattractive odor. To make matters even less agreeable, it is also true that our echelon of aides to the Maestro do not possess a keen sense of smell. Gossip among devils can hardly avoid the notion that we, too, must smell bad, so bad that we can become ill from sniffing our own reek.

Enough! It is not that ribald a subject for us. Many of our problems in managing our clients at this time near the turn of the nineteenth century were be traceable to one phenomenon. Unless those particular humans in whom we had invested proved exceptionally fastidious in their personal habits, they

did give off at varying times the worst of body odors, smells sufficiently remarkable to arouse the distrust of many.

How this condition commenced originally, I do not know. If I have served the E.O. in various capacities for many an age, my recollection of earlier eras is no more focused on the far past than is a human's sense of what might be previous incarnations. It is probably not to the Maestro's interest to have us know any more than we need to know. Rather, we are asked to deal as effectively as possible with particular problems immediately before us.

We do not have to call upon Judas or Bluebeard or Attila the Hun to encourage a drunken client to slug down another shot of booze. In consequence, we have almost no idea of the real beginning of the war between the Dummkopf and the Evil One. Whether they were brothers (the D.K. being presumably the older) or, as Milton supposed it, the contest was between God and an angel of the stature of Lucifer, is entirely beyond my province. Perhaps the E.O. was there from the onset, or perhaps he only appeared later. It is not for us to know. Nor can we suppose with real confidence whether the Dummkopf (in whole command at the time of this earth and this solar system) was obliged nonetheless to speak to higher powers somewhere in the galaxies of his immediate need for an assistant. It is possible that the O.O. (to use for a moment his highest self-assigned title-

—the Other Omniscience) was sent here on purpose by those greater powers who were feeling dissatisfaction with the work of the D.K. Such a species of cognition is also unavailable to us. In these matters, there are only questions; there are no answers.

So I cannot even speak with authority on this much smaller matter of odor. Yet, if I am to offer my conjecture as to what could have taken place during the interminable eons of evolution, I would suppose that the D.K. (who is undeniably the Creator of that familiar world of weather, flora, fauna, and primates that we inhabit, all of us, all we separate souls, bodies and spirits—divine and satanic)—if, He is, yes, the Creator, then evolution was certainly His great laboratory, and the signs of His Stupidity as well as of His Genius are to be found in all those endless experiments concerning the development of His creatures, yes, the eons it took before He could divine how to enable certain of His creatures to fly, the extreme divergences in size of earth-bound species, His great and godly hopes that went, for example, into the dinosaur (only to discover that that particular construction of animal being was simply too large to survive in the proportions the D.K. had brought to him—that is one failure). A myriad of others are there to be cited. The Creator had His relative successes and His abysmal failures, but it must be admitted that He never gave up, even if He was not always in firm control of

the earth He had fashioned. It is incontestable that earthquakes and ice ages brought many an interruption to His experiments and savaged many of His pursuits. Why? Because He had incorrectly designed His sphere of earth in the first place.

Of one matter I am relatively certain. By the time men and women had entered into the D.K.'s concept of how He was to proceed with the development of primates, so had our Maestro also appeared. With *his* entrance, the perversities and uncontrollables of human activity were now stimulated. There, at just such a point in the creative development of the world we inhabit, came a metamorphosis in the nature of odor. Its presence became a subtle but often determining factor in human relations.

I can be fairly certain that in the bygone era of primitive man, odor had been one of the D.K.'s assets, an enhancement to aid the development of all the species. In large part, animals were drawn or repelled by one another because of their odor. Presumably their smells (as conceived by the laws the D.K. had built into them) were there precisely to reveal the depth of each animal's courage, perseverance, fear, treachery, loyalty, their determination, indeed, to propagate—no end to the list. It was all useful to taking the best creative steps forward in evolution.

I think by the time our Prince entered the lists, the D.K. must have been enraged by the reduction of His status. No longer could He see Himself as All-Good and All-Powerful. So He began to search for a method whereby His Cudgels could determine (assuming that they have a good sense of smell!) which men, women, and children had departed from Him in part or in whole. And so, if the Good Lord was not without His own skill as a sorcerer, and indeed, how could He not deploy such powers given the new and dire complexities of dealing with the varied acts of the Maestro, I would go so far as to say that the D.K. even had the ability to mark each of our clients with a touch of recognizable and condign odor, a marking process, if you will, that was chosen for its simplicity and relative lack of expense considering the inevitable disbursements of divine funds that are inherent in any change of program. From the Middle Ages on, however, our Maestro combated this obstacle to his subtle intentions by encouraging many of his alchemists to develop perfumes whose subtleties became a means whereby harsh or rotten odors could be marinated with sweeter, earthier, more untraceable, and finally more appealing fragrances, even exotic in their hint of a curious, even exciting, human stink beneath the bouquet. (It is, for example, impossible to reconstruct the history of court life in France during the reign of Louis XIV

without pondering those redolent tricks of camouflage. Moreover, it proved a great boon to all of our clients who were wealthy already.)

By the end of the Enlightenment, matters had altered once more. Soaps, developed by us, were able to add their powers of obliteration to many varieties of perfume. Again, the Dummkopf was confounded. At this time of Adi's boyhood, and indeed, throughout these years to come, an anesthetization of human odor was part of the immense progress of the Devil in this sector of divine combat. Soaps, bath-tubs, perfumes, cleansing oils and the development of plumbing all came into being, and in large part, by the determined and highly focused energies of those entrepreneurs who belonged to us more than to the Cudgels.

After Adolf's time, by the middle of the Twentieth Century, it can be said that the D.K.'s use of unpleasant human odor as a means of warning that the Evil One is present, had been more or less wholly defeated. Deodorants carried the day. By the time of this writing, no one knows any longer how anyone else smells in the most developed nations, and that loss to the D.K. has proved a great simplification to our work, a boon.

Back, however, in the period I now relate, that was not so, not yet, and the meeting between Alois, Adi, and the bee-keeper called Der Alte was characterized by an immediate intimacy felt between the boy and the old bee-

keeper. They took to each other at once. I can warrant it was due to an instinctive appreciation, each, of the other's odor.

I must not skip, however, over the walk to Der Alte's farm because Alois may have had his first real conversation with his son, Adolf Hitler, on that occasion.

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"What a life," she finally said, and Alois had been right to tell her. She was over six months into her pregnancy, but they made love that night. Alois had known more than one woman who ^{every year a queen} could ~~give a fine~~ sweat of a copulation ^{that} ~~even in the~~ very last week before she ^{would pop out} ~~had~~ someone else's baby.

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

Of course, he certainly did not go on to tell her of two other things.

The first was that the queen was perfectly capable of having other lovers after that first fabulous flight. Some of them over the next few weeks into June had five or six lovers. Some Queen Bees could store enough semen to lay thousands, then tens of thousands of eggs, one each to every cell among those thousands of cells, and continue to do until cold weather came, and the cycle could be repeated for as much as three years to come (All that wealth of impregnations derived from no more than five or six copulations.) This meant that for the rest of her life, she would have no more to do with drones, but would be feeding honey and pollen to the pupae she had created even as her own worker females, her court, followed her with devotion, capping these cells of bees yet to be born with a mysterious wax substance they made from the pollen of the May flowers, a wax that no chemist could duplicate in the laboratory. No, he did not describe how devotedly the Queen would have to

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determined and highly focused energies of those entrepreneurs ^{in whom we} ~~who belonged~~ *had made successful investments, I think* ~~to us more than to the Cudgels.~~ 286A

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room contained seating divisions for these four grades; and each child, First to Fourth, six to twelve in age, was able to listen willy-nilly to all that took place in each other class, a routine matter since there was only one teacher, a middle-aged lady, Fraulein Werner, who had a long nose and wore spectacles.

Adi was soon able to follow the lessons in all four classes. His introduction to German History came by way of the senior grade, the Fourth, where Angela and the others were studying the exceptional deeds of Charlemagne. An hour later, in First, Adi would be asked in company with ~~the other beginners~~ ^{the other beginners} his little cohort to decide which pictures of animals should be connected to given words. In the beginning, it was wondrous—all those awesome letters that made a word. ~~It all seemed equal at first to a~~ ^{At first, these letters vibrated in his eyes like a} cabalistic rite, but before long, it was ^{became} no more to him than a puzzle. By the time he had reduced it to a problem, it ^{was only} ~~had become no more than~~ a matter on which he took care not to make the same mistake twice. Indeed, he was usually eager to receive the next picture that Fraulein Werner would show them, even if it he soon grew bored waiting for the others in his class to catch up to him. Soon, he could barely wait for the lessons of the Third who were studying the geography of the Hapsburg empire, the great Hapsburg Empire, as Fraulein Werner would

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always say. If permitted, he would have been ready to speak out to those students who were simpletons, and could not find any of the places on the map he had already noticed, Braunau and Linz being the first to catch his eye.

So, at the age of six, he was in effect absorbing the lessons of the eight and ten and twelve-year-olds, and it pleased him that Angela was the brightest in her class. By the approval in Fraulein Werner's eyes each time they entered the room, he also knew that they were the neatest brother and ~~sister~~ ^{sister} when it came to what they were wearing. That was Klara's doing, and it helped to install them high up in Fraulein Werner's favor. All the same, such neat dress obliged him to stay apart from other boys during recess in order not to get into a fight, ~~with~~ ^{there was} one bully a year older who kept daring Adolf to wrestle with him.

"Are you crazy?" he would answer. "I am in my good clothes. My mother will kill me if I ~~get~~ ^{get} them dirty." The daily wars of Passau had ~~given~~ ^{enriched} his voice ^{with} just enough assurance to deter the other. But then that boy was nothing. If Adi could manage to live with Alois, Junior, how much had he to fear from a fool like this, also named Klaus, ~~like~~ ^{same as} his lieutenant in Passau? It was Angela who bothered him with all this teasing.

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She was all too concerned these days by what might be her own odor, having come in the last few weeks ^{to} ~~into~~ her first period. Here, Klara had been of great help, and had done her best to allay the girl's fears, indeed, her outright horror. It had become connected in Angela's mind with Rosig who, by the end, had been hemorrhaging blood all over her hams.

To bring some calm to Angela's poor outraged state, Klara spoke ^{for} the first time of intimate matters. She adored her step-daughter. The twelve-year-old was by now her substitute for a woman who could become her nearest friend, and so she spoke not only of this new condition for Angela, but went on at good length about the naturalness of odor in general, and its peculiar subtleties in nature. Casting about for happy examples, she passed on a piece of information Alois had provided her in passing. Once, Klara had asked how he could be sure his own bees ^{once} ~~after~~ he did start his hives) would know how to come back to home. As she understood it, he ^{planned to} ~~would have~~, once his plans were fulfilled, at least three of ^{those hive-boxes} ~~these new boxes~~ he kept describing, each a full colony in itself, ~~and~~ ^{there} they would be,

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sitting side by side in the shade of the walnut grove. "How will these thousands of bees know where they belong?" she asked.

He had been sufficiently pleased by her curiosity to explain that he would paint each of his boxes a different color, green for one, sky-blue for another, even pink for the third. Bees, he explained, liked to live in ^{return to} ~~live in~~ ^{dwellings} ~~habitations~~ ^{could be close to} ~~that were not unlike~~ the color of the flowers whose nectar they brought back.

"But you tell me that each day these little creatures ~~can~~ go to a different kind of flower. They are faithful only for ^{this} ~~one~~ day at a time to each ^{variety} ~~kind~~ of flower. Is ^{this} ~~that~~ not so?"

"Yes." He wasn't ~~all that~~ ^{the} certain he liked ~~this~~ conversation. Would he be able to answer all her questions? ~~She was no stupid woman. Maybe~~ ~~she was not stupid enough to be a good wife?~~

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

"Yes."

"How do these bees not get mixed up?"

Yes, he was reluctant to tell her. It was not something to talk about. Not necessarily. Still, he chose to proceed. For Klara to be interested in

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apiculture might, on balance, be better for him than if she showed indifference. "Each queen bee has its own odor," he informed her. "Since she will fertilize every miniscule cell in every comb and so ^{puts} gives tens of thousands of eggs, ^{yes,} ~~into~~ ^{into} ~~the~~ ^{separate} ~~wax cells~~ ^{which is} (their beginning in life, ~~yes,~~ ^{yes,} every year) 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 this, Alois? So much you know."

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

"You have never smelled it yourself?"

"Do I look so stupid as to put my nose into a hive in order to give a dozen bees the opportunity to fly up my nose?"

She began to laugh. In certain ways, she knew him well. He might read his books on the subject, but, at bottom, he was still good peasant stock—he did not like to admit that he had not learned the subject by way of his hands, his feet, his strength, his own patience and his five good senses, not even to mention the mysterious sixth.

Alois, however, had indeed told her a little too much. She had to know more.

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Before the conversation was over for this night, she actually prodded him to explain how the queen was fertilized. She had, after all, to be more than curious about any queen who could create so many thousands of children and still remain a queen! She could see it! There was such admiration in Alois' eye when he spoke of this Queen. Everything depended on her—the absolute success of the hive, you could say, nothing less.

So Alois did choose to lead Klara through some descriptive steps. Given her ^{evident} ~~obvious~~ excitement about the Queen Bee, he could sense it would be to his advantage ^{on} ~~for~~ this night. She was clearly ^{full of wonder at} ~~excited~~ by the thought of so female a creature, so tiny, so noble. So extraordinary.

He explained then that the young queen, very much a virgin, not twenty days out of her own wax cell (which was no larger in width and depth than the little eraser you could find on the end of a new pencil) ~~—~~ would be fed on her emergence from that cell, ^{so bee} ~~by~~ ^{bee} ~~nurses and~~ attendants. Yet, just three weeks from the day she had emerged, she would be ready nonetheless to take her maiden flight out of the hive as a full virgin, and this usually took place on the first warm day in May. Up she would ^{lift} ~~fly~~ into the

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heavens on this first sortie, higher than all but a few male bees would dare to go.

"The ones who are called drones?" asked Klara.

They jam their corner in the hive.
 "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 ~~back honey~~ *back honey*. It is only when the virgin queen comes out for her first flight

that they can justify their existence. It is then that they are overcome by

how phenomenal she is. And they know it. On this day, they have been

flying around waiting for her. They know she is coming. This Queen who

flies so high, who is so beautiful compared to all her sisters, those thousands

of worker bees, yes, work-horse female bees always looking for more *nectar* ~~to bring back~~ *to bring back — those poor girls do not have full ovaries.*
~~nectar, unless they have been attached to necessary duties for the hive.~~

Clean-up duties. Chores. But this Queen, she is different, still a virgin, she

is not yet really a queen, more, I would say, like a princess. And then, I

would say, *very much* ~~even~~ like a princess, she flies so high that only a few of these

drones can follow. Then it comes down to two drones, to one, but, oh, this

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

mean, his very own *sperm-organ* ~~tool for the~~ sperm which he keeps inside himself until

now when it comes out and goes, springs, you could say into, yes, yes,

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spines
into—call it her vagina—why not? *It is* ~~It is~~ so, and she takes it all in even as they are up in the air so high, just the two of them."

a (a wonder, a)
"It is *(like a miracle)* said Klara. Her eyes had begun to shine. She almost said, "A miracle of love."

"No, not exactly," said Alois. Now, he did not know how to continue. If he said too much, he could spoil what he was looking for on this night. Still, his shrewd side was *ready* ~~there~~ to speak *for* to him and he knew, yes, the best was most likely to come from telling it all.

"This drone," he said, "this one good brave drone, sticks it in so far, which is exactly what nature demands, we must suppose, that then he cannot get it back."

"What?"

"No, Donnerwetter, he can't *get it out!* ~~get back his own tool~~. The queen has hooks, or something of the kind, very sharp hooks for certain to keep him there. He is stuck. When he does insist, when he has to pull away, you won't believe it, *his good organ is* ~~the thing is all~~ flipped right out of him. He has to leave it behind. His manhood! Gone. All gone."

"And him? What happens then [?] ~~to~~ him?"

"Oh, he dies [!] ~~of course~~. He is gone. He falls ~~down~~ to earth."

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"The poor creature," she said. But she could not help it. Her mouth, ~~Against her will, Klara's mouth twisted into a smirk, then pulled into a smirk and then into a smile.~~ ^{slipped over to a grin.} (Once ~~that~~ ^{beginning} she had to laugh and then, she could not stop. Alois ~~had~~ ^{had Alois} never before heard her laugh so long.

"What a life," she finally said, and Alois had been right to tell her.

She was over six months into her pregnancy, but they made love that night.

Alois had known more than one woman who could even give you a good ^{empty} piece ~~of the real food business~~ ^(would forget it?) big sweat of a copulation in that very last week before she would pop out

someone else's baby. But that had hardly been the case with Klara. ~~This~~ ^{On this} night, however, ^{she} ~~was~~ ^{It was} equal to her best.

Of course, he certainly did not go on to tell her of two other things.

The first was that the queen was perfectly capable of having other lovers

after that first fabulous flight. ~~Some of them~~ ^{and} over the next few weeks (into ^{she could have} ~~that would~~ ^{more} June ~~had~~ ^{she could have} five or six lovers. ~~Some Queen Bees~~ ^{in her size} could store enough semen ⁱⁿ

^{so} lay thousands, then tens of thousands of eggs, one each to every cell among those thousands of cells, and continue to do ^{than} (until cold weather came, ^{and} ~~this~~ ^{the} cycle could be repeated for as much as three years to come. (All that wealth of impregnations ^{der} derived from no more than five or six copulations.)

This meant that for the rest of her life, she would have no more to do with

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drones, but would be feeding honey and pollen to the pupae she had created

^{while} ~~even as~~ her own worker females, her court, followed ~~her own~~ devotion.

capping ~~these~~ cells of bees yet to be born with a mysterious wax substance

they made from the pollen of the May flowers, a wax that no chemist could

duplicate in the laboratory. No, he did not describe how devotedly the

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

tell Klara that when mating season was done, ^{these} the female worker-bees ^{would}

evict ~~the~~ drones from the hive, or killed those who would not stir prior to

^{working in teams would sting to death}
~~Now did that they stung the bodies of a drone was much softer~~
^{After the stinging, they would sweep the dead ones out}
~~sweeping them out~~ He did not speak of other complications. There was

^{move with some}
^{empty cells of the} ~~beam~~ ^{filled near}
 always a tendency, once warm weather began and the hive had ~~grown too~~

^{to capacity with as much as}

full of new brood, for half of the colony to be ready to desert, to swarm, ^{that is, to}

fly away. You could lose ^{most} ~~half~~ of your future profit in a hurry. ^{He could be}

^{conceive of telling} ^{He did not}
~~tell~~ her of new queens being born who were often extinguished by the royal ^{elly}

~~and royal maidens who had formed a~~ court around the Queen Bee. No, he

~~left such details~~ ^{better} ^{remain}
 let well enough alone. It was ^{enough} that Klara should now be sympathetic

to what would be his oncoming enterprise.

^{engrossed} ^(disinterested)
 Klara had not only been fascinated by what he told her that night, but

now, acting ^(much like an older sister) ^{she would attempt} ^{she was ready to try} to cajole Angela

^{these prime}
 out of ~~her first~~ adolescent woes. Klara, remembering her own early flow, ~~of~~

they lose their sting, the belly

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~~blood~~, could certainly recall the depth of vulnerability in which it had left her. She had felt ^{herself to be an open} as if she were no more than a wound open to ~~any~~ depredations men might ^{yet} exact from her. So, now she chose to describe to Angela the hapless self-amputation of the brave drone who had succeeded in reaching the Queen. This time, Klara had company in her laughter. They carried on ^{perfectly} as if they were girls of the same age, ^{or just about} and so it came about, even as Klara divulged more and more of what she had learned from Alois on ^{the} this subject, ~~that~~ the topic ^(not only) turned to odor, but to the exceptional power of the Queen Bee. There she was, hardly larger than her own nursing bees and certainly smaller than any drone. Nonetheless, this Queen Bee had the power to impregnate the air of the hive and the thousands who dwelt within it. All of them ^{would know their own hive. So they all} smelled the same. "It is," said Klara, full of a new set of giggles, "as if all Russian men and women have one kind of ^{awful, a really stinky} stink, and those Polish oafs another. Maybe there is a good decent ^{smell of tea} aroma for the English, ~~English tea~~, and we Austrians, we have to be something special, ^{we are warm} warmth like strudel." Again, she had Angela in laughter. "And the French, yes, a ^{curly scent. So harsh!} shameless ~~smell~~." They were hugging each other by now. "Maybe the worst, the Bohemians. I shouldn't describe them."

"Why not the Hungarians? They could be terrible!"

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They wiped their eyes. Adi, hearing their laughter, came to join them. He was annoyed when they explained nothing, merely kept laughing at the sound of each country.

Some happy notion remained with Angela. School now ^{gave} had a special ^{time to her nose} ~~smell~~ ^{just} and Fraulein Werner with all her talcum powder, like much too much

on a baby, and her own little brother Adi. He absolutely had this terrible ^{stink} ~~smell~~ when he ran up and down too many hills, and she was always coaxing

him to use more soap, or ~~even~~ on those nights once a week when Klara

boiled enough water for each of them to bathe in the big farm house tub,

Angela would ~~even~~ insist on lathering his back and his armpits before

handing him back the bar of soap. ^{then, with} with a wholly mischievous grin, ^{— you have} "Now ^{now so} you take the soap and put it where it can do some work, you careless boy."

Adi would scream with anger at such rudeness, loud enough for Klara to come running in, but he would not tell his mother. He was in a turmoil of indecision. Either he smelled as bad as Angela kept saying, or she was crazy. Who could know? He could barely sniff a thing on himself.

Angela, however, would begin to brood again on the death of Rosig. The prize sow had indeed ^{been full of} ~~had~~ a strong odor at times, not unlike Adi at his worst, or was it Rosig at her worst?—enough! Angela began to cry for

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both, the boy and the pig together. Full of remorse for teasing him, she tried to make amends by telling him a few of the wonderful secrets Klara had told her, all of this new knowledge about bees, and on many a morning as the two walked to school, she would take up the topic again—her head was so full of what she had been told that Adi's imagination was soon inflamed by the mysteries of the Queen Bee.

Ever since they had come to the farm in April, he had been most aware of the nearness of bees. In May and June, there had been hours in full daylight when the sky was full of tiny lights, glints of light, whipping about, flying in so many directions. His mother was always warning him that he must not try to touch any such tiny creature, not if he saw one on a flower. Worse, he must never dare to kill one. That same bee could give him something to remember! Then one fine morning in July, Edmund got stung and didn't stop screaming for an hour. So Adolf, in his turn, had been most respectful of the dangers implicit with their presence, ~~but now~~ ^{what with} all of

Angela's talk about his own odor, so bad that he might die, ^{an} so he thought, even as Rosig had had to be buried in the big hole his father had dug—was her bad smell the reason for her death?

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Now, however, to
~~It revolved in his head.~~ *shared* To hear that the Queen Bee passed an odor of
herself *with* to every bee in the hive (and he could count by now to ten thousand) *yes,*
~~that~~ did excite his thoughts.

So when he heard that his father *might be* was going to talk to a neighbor ~~one~~ *the,*

~~Sunday~~ about purchasing what Alois called "the first materials"—an
announcement he made on a Saturday evening at dinner, Adi had a dream
that night about bees, and saw an army of them flying in circles above the
farm. Standing on the ground near to their house was an old man and he
was dressed differently from anyone Adi had ever seen. His shirt remained
outside his pants and came down to his knees, and he wore an old hat over
his white hair, as long as a stocking, ~~so~~ *it* hung down half over his back. He
was not short, but he still looked like a dwarf because he was bent over, *and*
to this In the dream, Adi knew his name. *The* This man was called Der Alte, *and the*

boy woke up on Sunday morning thinking he was the only one who knew
this odd man's name only to discover that he was in error. Alois had spoken
of him on Saturday night as this neighbor, Der Alte, from whom he might
purchase his "first materials." Alois had gone on to give the family one of
his long lectures and declared that by next May, eight months from now,

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they would all be working with him in the new enterprise. He would want help from each one of them, each to their strength and capacity.

"Even little Edmund," asked Angela, "so he can yell some more?"

The mockery that Alois, Junior had always been ready to offer was in her voice.

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

Sunday morning, ~~as if to establish a clear and defined area of~~
~~superiority to his sister,~~ Adi asked his father if he could go with him to see
Der Alte, and Alois, surprised, and then pleased, gave his assent. On
Sunday, Klara would be picked up by another farm couple to take the road
to Fischlham in their wagon for Sunday Mass in ^{that town's} Fischlham's small chapel,
and she would ^{travel with} bring the three children, even as Alois, exercised ^{his own} a matter of
conscience. "In truth, in good conscience, I cannot go," he would tell her,
and he would be left alone to walk his fields. This morning, therefore, he
was all the more pleased that Adi asked to join him.

This request was the product of the boy's dream the night before. I
can say that I had been directly instrumental in shaping his invocation of
Der Alte. This was the first active participation I had taken with the family

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since entering Alois' mind just after he had first begun to opine to all in that Linz tavern about the beauties and wonders of apiculture.

Now, I feel (with some unease) that I must address the reader again on a more unappetizing matter. It concerns Adi's odor.

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At this time, approaching the end of the nineteenth century, many of our problems in managing our clients were to be traceable

It is curious, yet, after all, not so curious that few matters concerning the varied aspects of men and women are as difficult to discuss as unattractive odor. To make matters even less agreeable, it is also true that our echelon of aides to the Maestro do not possess a keen sense of smell.

Gossip among devils can hardly avoid the notion that we, too, ^{may} ~~must~~ smell ^{offensive} bad, so bad that we can become ill from sniffing our own ^{pits} ~~reek~~.

Enough! It is not ^{a good} ~~that would~~ subject for us. ^{many} ~~Many~~ of our problems in managing our clients ^{at this time near the turn of the nineteenth century,} ~~at this time near the turn of the nineteenth century,~~ were ^{Many of the} ~~be traceable~~ to one phenomenon. Unless those particular humans in whom we had invested ^{had to be} ~~proved~~ exceptionally fastidious in their personal

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^{on they would}
habits, ~~they did~~ give off at varying times ~~the worst of body odors~~ smells
sufficiently remarkable to arouse the distrust of many.

How this condition ^{began,} ~~commenced originally~~, I do not know. If I have ~~served~~
served the E.O. ^{in various capacities} for many an age, my recollection of
earlier eras is no more ^{grounded in} ~~focused on~~ the far past than is a human's sense of
~~what might be~~ previous incarnations. It is probably not to the Maestro's
interest to have us know any more than we need to know. Rather, we are
asked to deal as effectively as possible with ^{the} ~~particular~~ problems
immediately before us. We do not have to call ^{after all} upon Judas or Bluebeard or
Attila the Hun to encourage a drunken client to slug down another shot of
booze. In consequence, we have almost no idea of the real beginning of the
war between the Dummkopf and the Evil One. Whether they were brothers
(the D.K. being presumably the older) or, as Milton ^{proposed} ~~supposed~~ it, the contest
was between God and an angel of the stature of Lucifer ^{— that} ~~is~~ entirely beyond
my province. Perhaps the E.O. was there from the onset, ~~or~~ perhaps, he only
appeared later. It is not for us to know. Nor can we ^{dismiss the possibility} ~~suppose~~ with real
confidence ^{that} ~~whether~~ the Dummkopf (in whole command ~~at the time~~ ^{of} of this
earth and this solar system) was obliged nonetheless to speak to higher
powers somewhere in the galaxies of his immediate need for an assistant. It

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is possible that the O.O. (to use for a moment his highest self-assigned title—
 —the Other Omniscience) was sent here on purpose by those greater powers, *when? why not? they may have been*
 who were feeling dissatisfaction with the *work* of the D.K. Such a species *performance*
of necessity of cognition is also unavailable to us. In these matters, there are only
 questions; there are no answers.

on simple matters
 So I cannot even speak with authority on this much smaller matter *of*
instead of odor. Yet, if I am to offer my conjecture as to what could have taken place
some time (during the interminable eons of evolution, I would *posit* ~~suppose~~ that the D.K.
~~He~~ is undeniably the Creator of that familiar world of weather, flora,
 fauna, and primates that we inhabit, all of us, all we separate souls, bodies
 and spirits—divine and satanic *So, if He is*, yes, *if He is* the Creator, then evolution
 was certainly His great laboratory, and the signs of His Stupidity as well as
 of His Genius are to be found in all those endless experiments concerning
 the development of His creatures, yes, the eons it took before He could
 divine how to enable certain of His *beings* ~~creatures~~ to fly, the extreme divergences
His and marine in size of *earth-bound* species, His great and godly hopes that went, for
 example, into the dinosaur (only to discover that that particular construction
 of animal *life* ~~being~~ was simply too large to survive in the proportions the D.K.
 had brought to him—that is one failure.) A myriad of others are there to be

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cited. The Creator had His relative successes and His abysmal failures, but ^{has to} it ~~must~~ be admitted that He never gave up, even if He was not always in firm control of the earth He had fashioned. It is incontestable that earthquakes and ice ages brought many an interruption to His experiments and savaged many of His pursuits. Why? Because He had incorrectly designed His sphere of earth in the first place.

Of one matter I am relatively certain. By the time men and women had entered into the D.K.'s concept of how He was to ^{develop His} ~~proceed with the~~ ^{development of primates,} so ~~had~~ ^{did} our Maestro also appeared. With ^{his} entrance, the perversities and uncontrollables of human activity were ~~now~~ stimulated. There, at just such a point in the creative development of the world we inhabit, came a metamorphosis in the nature of odor. Its presence became a subtle but often determining factor in human relations.

I can be fairly certain that in the bygone era of primitive man, odor had been one of the D.K.'s assets, an enhancement to aid the development of all the species. In large part, animals were drawn or repelled by one ^{by the messages that came to their nose} another ~~because of their odor.~~ (Presumably their smells (as conceived by the laws the D.K. had built into them) were there precisely to reveal the depth of each animal's courage, perseverance, fear, treachery, loyalty, their

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~~outback~~
determination ~~indeed~~ to propagate—no end to the list. It was all useful to ~~the D.K.~~
~~It was enabling Him to take~~
taking the best creative steps forward in evolution.

I think by the time our Prince entered the lists, the D.K. must have
~~much~~
been ~~enraged~~ by the reduction of His status. No longer could He see
~~comfortably~~
Himself as All-Good and All-Powerful. So He began to search for a method
whereby His Cudgels could determine (assuming that they ~~have~~ ^{possess} a good
sense of smell!) which men, women, and children had ~~departed~~ ^{separated} from Him in
~~their loyalty,~~
~~part or in whole.~~ And so, if the Good Lord was not without His own skill as
a sorcerer, ~~(and indeed, how could He not~~ ^{employ} ~~deploy~~ such powers given the new
and dire complexities of dealing with the varied acts of the Maestro) I would
go so far as to say that the D.K. even had the ability to mark each of our
clients with a touch of ~~recognizable and~~ ^{forceful} condign odor, a marking process, if
you will, ~~that was~~ chosen for its simplicity and relative lack of expense
considering the inevitable disbursements of divine funds that are inherent in
any change of program. From the Middle Ages on, however, our Maestro
combated this ^{forceful} obstacle to his subtle intentions by encouraging many of his
alchemists to develop perfumes whose subtleties became a means whereby
harsh or rotten odors could be marinated with sweeter, earthier, more
untraceable, and finally more appealing fragrances, even exotic in their hint

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of a curious, even exciting, ^{evil} ~~human~~ stink beneath the bouquet. (It is, for example, impossible to reconstruct the history of court life in France during the reign of Louis XIV without pondering those redolent tricks of camouflage. Moreover, it proved a great boon to all of our clients who were wealthy ~~already~~ ^{best such} enough to afford the ~~the~~ ^(perfumes)

By the end of the Enlightenment, matters had altered once more. Soaps, developed by us, were able to add their powers of obliteration to many varieties of perfume. Again, the Dummkopf was confounded. At this time of Adi's boyhood, and indeed, throughout ^{the decades} ~~these years~~ to come, ~~the~~ ^a ~~pervasive~~ ^{(anesthetization of human odor} ~~was~~ ^{became)} part of our immense progress in this sector of divine combat. Soaps, bath-tubs, ~~perfumes~~, cleansing oils and the development of plumbing all came into being, due in large part, to the determined and highly focused energies of those entrepreneurs in whom we had made successful investment. I think it is true that we ~~tend to~~ look upon most of our humans as more analogous to stocks than to living creatures.

By the middle of the Twentieth Century, it can be ^{noted clearly,} ~~said~~ that the D.K.'s ~~dependence on unpleasant~~ ^(bad smells) ~~human odor~~ ^{odor} as a system of warning that the Evil One is ^{near} ~~present~~ had been more or less rendered obsolete. Deodorants carried the day. By the time of this writing, hardly anyone ever knows any longer

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how their closest partner might ^{actually} smell. (This is certainly true in the most developed nations!) ~~That loss to the D.K. has given great impetus to our work.~~ ^{~~This loss of cognitive power for~~} ~~That loss to the D.K. has given great impetus to our work.~~ ~~Proof.~~

Back, however, in the period I now relate, that was not so, not yet. and the meeting between Alois, Adi, and the bee-keeper called Der Alte was characterized by a curious but immediate intimacy between the boy and the old man. They took to each other ~~at once~~ in an instinctive appreciation, ~~of the other's redolence.~~

I must not leap too quickly, however, over the walk to Der Alte's farm since Alois may have had his first real conversation with his son, Adolf Hitler, on this occasion.

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Changes occurred, however. Alois' depression lessened. Junior was gone. Klara had taken it upon herself to suggest that he should be sent to Spital where he could work with her father, Joann Poelzl, who by now was certainly old enough to need a strong young assistant. It developed that Alois, Junior was in favor of the move as well. His father's depression, conveying its own muted threat of future despotism, had lived in the midst of the son's rage like a fist being jammed in his face.

So, it was arranged. The transportation would begin on Alois' farmer's cart driven by the hired man. That would take the fourteen-year-old to Linz, then on by train to Weitra, where he could get on a jitney which passed

through Spital every other day. So, the boy was transported, and a cloud of unhappy expectations lifted.

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

His first school days went through a bright September, mellow with sun. The green was still on the fields. It was a fine walk hand in hand with his sister over hills and through meadows with but one peril on the route—a full-grown bull grazing in a fenced-in pasture. Depending on the bull's mood, they could choose to take a detour, or dare to cross the field, this last depending on the mood of their spirits—which varied. On most days, one or the other was not up to the bold move, 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 she did know how to pay him back. She would inform him that he smelled awful! Sometimes, it was his breath, as often, his body odor.

Probably, she did not know to what depth in his quick-beating chest these accusations entered, but deep they went, and for good cause. They

were true. He did have an odor—touch of sulphur and an unmistakable hint of something rotten—of that I may soon choose to speak. Such off-odor is one of the constant problems of our clients. It besets us. The Cudgels pick it up.

From Angela's point of view, it was simple. If Adi was trying to make her cry, of course she would look for ways to bring tears to his eyes as well. Besides, bad smells did not bother her that much. By now, she was accustomed to sour milk and horse manure. But a wind full of pig wallow brought a real sorrow to her heart—poor dead Rosig!

"What are you crying about now?" asked Adi. "You tell me how I am bad-smelling and I am the one who should cry—you are mean."

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

That meant she was thinking of Rosig and he did feel sad for her. This was not because he had liked the sow so much (in fact, he had been jealous of Angela's affection for the beast) but because he did like his older sister. She was good most of the time. Besides, she was the brightest girl in the school, just as he was the smartest boy inside the four walls of the one-room school house.

Depending on weather and the immediate needs of the neighboring farms for additional labor, there were sometimes less than forty boys and girls, sometimes it was down to thirty, even twenty-five, but the school-room contained seating divisions for these four grades; and each child, First to Fourth, six to twelve in age, was able to listen willy-nilly to all that took place in each other class, a routine matter since there was only one teacher, a middle-aged lady, Fraulein Werner, who had a long nose and wore spectacles.

Adi was soon able to follow the lessons in all four classes. His introduction to German History came by way of the senior grade, the Fourth, where Angela and the others were studying the exceptional deeds of Charlemagne. An hour later, in First, Adi would be asked in company with the other beginners to decide which pictures of animals should be connected to given words. In the beginning, it was wondrous—all those awesome letters that made a word. At first, those letters vibrated in his eyes like a cabalistic rite, but before long, it became no more to him than a puzzle. By the time he had reduced it to a problem, it was only a matter on which he took care not to make the same mistake twice. Indeed, he was usually eager to

receive the next picture that Fraulein Werner would show them, even if it he soon grew bored waiting for the others in his class to catch up to him. Soon, he could barely wait for the lessons of the Third who were studying the geography of the Hapsburg empire, the great Hapsburg Empire, as Fraulein Werner would always say. If permitted, he would have been ready to speak out to those students who were simpletons, and could not find any of the places on the map he had already noticed, Braunau and Linz being the first to catch his eye.

So, at the age of six, he was in effect absorbing the lessons of the eight and ten and twelve-year-olds, and it pleased him that Angela was the brightest in her class. By the approval in Fraulein Werner's eyes each time they entered the room, he also knew that when it came to what they were wearing, they were the neatest brother and sister. That was Klara's doing, and it helped to install them high up in Fraulein Werner's favor. All the same, such neat dress obliged him to stay apart from other boys during recess in order not to get into a fight. There was one bully a year older who kept daring Adolf to wrestle with him.

"Are you crazy?" he would answer. "I am in my good clothes. My mother will kill me if I get them dirty." The daily wars of Passau had enriched his voice with just enough assurance to deter the other. But then that boy was nothing. If Adi could manage to live with Alois, Junior, how much had he to fear from a fool like this, also named Klaus, same as his lieutenant in Passau? It was Angela who bothered him with all this teasing.

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She was all too concerned these days by what might be her own odor, having come in the last few weeks to her first period. Here, Klara had been of great help, and had done her best to allay the girl's fears, indeed, her outright horror. It had become connected in Angela's mind with Rosig who, by the end, had been hemorrhaging blood all over her hams.

To bring some calm to Angela's poor outraged state, Klara spoke for the first time of intimate matters. She adored her step-daughter. The twelve-year-old was by now her substitute for a woman who could become her nearest friend, and so she spoke not only of this new condition for Angela, but went on at good length about the naturalness of odor in general, and its

peculiar subtleties in nature. Casting about for happy examples, she passed on a piece of information Alois had provided her in passing. Once, Klara had asked how he could be sure his own bees (once he did start his hives) would know how to come back to home. As she understood it, he planned to have, once his plans were fulfilled, three of those hive-boxes he kept describing, each a full colony in itself. There they would be, sitting side by side in the shade of the walnut grove. "How will these thousands of bees know where they belong?" she asked.

He had been sufficiently pleased by her curiosity to explain that he would paint each of his boxes a different color, green for one, sky-blue for another, even pink for the third. Bees, he explained, liked to return to dwellings that could be close to the color of the flowers whose nectar they brought back.

"But you tell me that each day these little creatures go to a different kind of flower. They are faithful only for this one day at a time to each variety of flower. Is that not so?"

"Yes." He wasn't certain he liked the conversation. Would he be able to answer all her questions?

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

"Yes."

"How do these bees not get mixed up?"

Yes, he was reluctant to tell her. It was not something to talk about. Not necessarily. Still, he chose to proceed. For Klara to be interested in apiculture might, on balance, be better for him than if she showed indifference. "Each queen bee has its own odor," he informed her. "Since she will fertilize every miniscule cell in every comb and so puts tens of thousands of eggs, yes, larvae, into separate wax cells which is 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 this, Alois? So much you know."

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

"You have never smelled it yourself?"

"Do I look so stupid as to put my nose into a hive in order to give a dozen bees the opportunity to fly up my nose?"

She began to laugh. In certain ways, she knew him well. He might read his books on the subject, but, at bottom, he was still good peasant stock—he did not like to admit that he had not learned the subject by way of his hands, his feet, his strength, his own patience and his five good senses, not even to mention the mysterious sixth.

Alois, however, had indeed told her a little too much. She had to know more.

Before the conversation was over for this night, she actually prodded him to explain how the queen was fertilized. She had, after all, to be more than curious about any queen who could create so many thousands of children and still remain a queen! She could see it! There was such admiration in Alois' eye when he spoke of this Queen. Everything depended on her—the absolute success of the hive, you could say, nothing less.

So Alois did choose to lead Klara through some descriptive steps. Given her evident excitement about the Queen Bee, he could sense it would be to his advantage on this night. She was clearly full of ardor at the thought of so female a creature, so tiny, so noble. So extraordinary.

He explained then that the young queen, very much a virgin, not twenty days out of her own wax cell, (which was no larger in width and depth than the little eraser you could find on the end of a new pencil) would be fed on her emergence from that cell, by bee nurses and bee attendants. Yet, just three weeks from the day she had emerged, she would be ready nonetheless to take her maiden flight out of the hive as a full virgin, and this usually took place on the first warm day in May. Up she would lift into the heavens on this first sortie, higher than all but a few male bees would dare to go.

"The ones who are called drones?" asked Klara.

"Yes, fat, spoiled fellows. They jam their corner of the hive. 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 back honey. It is only when the virgin queen comes out for her first flight that they can justify their existence. It is then that they are overcome by how phenomenal she is. And they know it. On this day, they have been flying around waiting for her. They know she is coming. This Queen who flies so high, who is so beautiful compared to all her sisters, those thousands of worker bees, yes, work-horse female bees always looking for more nectar to bring back—those poor girls do not have

full ovaries so they go out and forage, unless they have been attached to necessary duties for the hive. Clean-up duties. Chores. But this Queen, she is different, still a virgin, she is not yet really a queen, more, I would say, like a princess. And then, I would say, very much like a princess, she flies so high that only a few of these drones can follow. Then it comes down to two drones, to one, but, oh, this last strong one, he reaches her, he puts what he has, yes, you know what I mean, his very own sperm-organ which he keeps inside himself until now when it comes out and goes, springs, you could say into, yes, yes, springs into—call it her vagina—why not? It is so, and she takes it all in even as they are up in the air so high, just the two of them."

"It is a wonder," said Klara. Her eyes had begun to shine. She almost said, "A miracle of love."

"No, not exactly," said Alois. Now, he did not know how to continue. If he said too much, he could spoil what he was looking for on this night. Still, his shrewd side was ready to speak for him and he knew, yes, the best was most likely to come from telling it all.

"This drone," he said, "this one good brave drone, sticks it in so far, which is exactly what nature demands, we must suppose, that then he cannot get it back."

"What?"

"No, Donnerwetter, he can't pull out! The queen has hooks, or something of the kind, very sharp hooks for certain to keep him there. He is stuck. When he does insist, when he has to pull away, you won't believe it, his good organ is ripped right out of him. He has to leave it behind. His manhood! Gone. All gone."

"And him? What happens then? To him?"

"Oh, he dies. Of course! He is gone. He falls to earth."

"The poor creature," she said. But she could not help it. Against her will, Klara's mouth pulled into a smirk, then slipped over to a smile. Once begun, she had to laugh. Then, she could not stop. Never before had Alois heard her laugh so long.

"What a life," she finally said, and Alois had been right to tell her. She was over six months into her pregnancy, but they made love that night. Alois had known more than one woman who could even give you a good piecec of

the real business in that very last week before she would pop out someone else's baby. But that had hardly been the case with Klara. On this night, however, she was different. It was equal to her best.

Of course, he certainly did not go on to tell her of two other things. The first was that the queen was perfectly capable of having other lovers after that first fabulous flight. Over the next few weeks and into June, she could have five or six more lovers. That would store enough semen in her ovaries to lay thousands, then tens of thousands of eggs, one each to every cell among those thousands of cells, and continue to do so until cold weather came. Then this cycle could be repeated for as much as three years to come. (All that wealth of impregnation derived from no more than five or six copulations!) This meant that for the rest of her life, she would have no more to do with drones, but would be feeding honey and pollen to the pupae she had created while her court, her own worker females, followed her with devotion, capping cells of bees yet to be born with a mysterious wax substance they made from the pollen of the May flowers, a wax that no chemist could duplicate in the laboratory. No, he did not describe how devotedly the Queen would have to work for the rest of her life, and he

certainly did not tell Klara that when mating season was done, these female worker-bees would evict the drones from the hive, or working in teams would sting to death those who would not stir. (Nor did they lose their sting. The belly of a drone was much softer than human skin.) After the slaughter, they would sweep the dead bees out. He did not speak of more worrisome complications. There was always a tendency, once warm weather began and the empty cells of the hive had been filled near to capacity with new brood, for as much as half of the colony to be ready to desert, to swarm, that is, to fly away. You could lose most of your future profit in a hurry. Nor could he conceive of telling her of new queens being born, five or six perhaps, fed for that purpose on royal jelly, who were often extinguished by the royal court around the Queen Bee. No, he left such details alone. It was better that Klara should remain sympathetic to what would be his oncoming enterprise.

Klara had not only been engrossed by what he told her that night, but now, (much like an older sister), would attempt to cajole Angela out of these prime adolescent woes. Klara, remembering her own early flow, could certainly recall the depth of vulnerability in which it had left her. She had felt herself to be an open wound open to depredations men might yet exact from

her. So, now she chose to describe to Angela the hapless self-amputation of the brave drone who had succeeded in reaching the Queen. This time, Klara had company in her laughter. They carried on perfectly, girls of the same age or just about, and so as Klara divulged more and more of what she had learned from Alois on the subject, the topic turned not only to odor, but to the exceptional power of the Queen Bee. There she was, hardly larger than her own nursing bees and certainly smaller than any drone. Nonetheless, this Queen Bee had the power to impregnate the air of the hive and the thousands who dwelt within it. All of them would know their own hive for they all smelled the same. "It is," said Klara, full of a new set of giggles, "as if all Russian men and women have one kind of awful aroma, and those Polish oafs another. Maybe there is a good decent smell of tea for the English, and we Austrians, we have to be something special, we are warm like strudel." Again, she had Angela in laughter. "And the French, yes, a shameless ugly scent. So harsh!." They were hugging each other by now. "Maybe the worst, the Bohemians. I shouldn't describe them."

"Why not the Hungarians? They could be terrible!"

They wiped their eyes. Adi, hearing their laughter, came to join them. He was annoyed when they explained nothing, merely kept laughing at the sound of each country.

Some happy notion remained with Angela. School now gave a special tingle to her nose, and Fraulein Werner with all her talcum powder, just like much too much on a baby, and her own little brother Adi. He absolutely had this terrible stink when he ran up and down too many hills, and she was always coaxing him to use more soap, or on those nights once a week when Klara boiled enough water for each of them to bathe in the big farm house tub, Angela would insist on lathering his back and his armpits before handing him back the bar of soap. Then, with a wholly mischievous grin—"You have the soap now, so put it where it can do some work, you careless boy."

Adi would scream with anger at such rudeness, loud enough for Klara to come running in, but he would not tell his mother. He was in a turmoil of indecision. Either he smelled as bad as Angela kept saying, or she was crazy. Who could know? He could barely sniff a thing on himself.

Angela, however, would begin to brood again on the death of Rosig. The prize sow had indeed been full of a strong odor at times, not unlike Adi

at his worst, or was it Rosig at her worst?—enough! Angela began to cry for both, the boy and the pig together. Full of remorse for teasing him, she tried to make amends by telling him a few of the wonderful secrets Klara had told her, all of this new knowledge about bees, and on many a morning as the two walked to school, she would take up the topic again—her head was so full of what she had been told that Adi's imagination was soon inflamed by the mysteries of the Queen Bee.

Ever since they had come to the farm in April, he had been most aware of the nearness of bees. In May and June, there had been hours in full daylight when the sky was full of tiny lights, glints of light whipping about, flying in so many directions. His mother was always warning him that he must not try to touch any such tiny creature, not if he saw one on a flower. Worse, he must never dare to kill one. That same bee could give him something to remember! Then one fine morning in July, Edmund got stung and didn't stop screaming for an hour. So Adolf, in his turn, had been most respectful of the dangers implicit with their presence.

Now, however, to hear that the Queen Bee shared an odor of herself with every bee in the hive (and he could count by now to ten thousand) yes, that did excite his thoughts.

So when he heard that his father might be going to talk to a neighbor about purchasing what Alois called "the first materials"—an announcement he made on a Saturday evening at dinner, Adi had a dream that night about bees, and saw an army of them flying in circles above the farm. Standing on the ground near to their house was an old man and he was dressed differently from anyone Adi had ever seen. His shirt remained outside his pants and came down to his knees, and he wore an old hat over his white hair, as long as a stocking. It hung down half over his back. He was not short, but he still looked like a dwarf because he was bent over. In this dream, Adi knew his name. The man was called Der Alte , and the boy woke up on Sunday morning thinking he was the only one who knew this odd man's name only to discover that he was in error.

Sunday morning, Adi asked his father if he could go with him to see Der Alte, and Alois, surprised, and then pleased, gave his assent. On Sunday, Klara would be picked up by another farm couple to take the road to

Fischlham in their wagon for Sunday Mass in that town's small chapel, and she would travel with the three children, even as Alois, exercised his own matter of conscience. "In truth, in good conscience, I cannot go," he would tell her, and he would be left alone to walk his fields. This morning, therefore, he was all the more pleased that Adi asked to join him.

This request was the product of the boy's dream the night before. I can say that I had been directly instrumental in shaping his invocation of Der Alte. This was the first active participation I had taken with the family since entering Alois' mind just after he had first begun to opine to all in that Linz tavern about the beauties and wonders of apiculture.

Now, I feel (with some unease) that I must address the reader again on a more unappetizing matter. It concerns Adi's odor.

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It is curious, yet, after all, not so curious that few matters concerning men and women are as difficult to discuss as unattractive odor. To make matters even less agreeable, it is also true that our echelon of aides to the Maestro do not possess a keen sense of smell. Gossip among devils can hardly avoid the notion that we, too, may smell offensive.

Enough! It is not a good a subject for us. At this time, approaching the end of the Nineteenth Century, many of our problems in managing our clients were to be traceable to one phenomenon. Many of the humans in whom we had invested, had to be exceptionally fastidious in their personal habits, or

they would give off at varying times smells sufficiently remarkable to arouse the distrust of many.

How this condition began, I do not know. If I have served the E.O. for many an age, my recollection of earlier eras is no more grounded in the far past than is a human's sense of previous incarnations. It is probably not to the Maestro's interest to have us know any more than we need to know. Rather, we are asked to deal as effectively as possible with the problems immediately before us. We do not have to call, after all, upon Judas or Bluebeard or Attila the Hun to encourage a drunken client to slug down another shot of booze. In consequence, we have almost no idea of the real beginning of the war between the Dummkopf and the Evil One. Whether they were brothers (the D.K. being presumably the older) or, as Milton proposed, the contest was between God and an angel of the stature of Lucifer—that is entirely beyond my province. Perhaps the E.O. was there from the onset. Perhaps, he only appeared later. It is not for us to know. Nor can we dismiss the possibility that the Dummkopf (in whole command of this earth and this solar system) was obliged nonetheless to speak to higher powers somewhere in the galaxies of his immediate need for an assistant. It is possible that the O.O. (to use for

a moment his highest self-assigned title—the Other Omniscience) was sent here on purpose by those greater powers. Why? Why not? They may have been feeling dissatisfaction with the performance of the D.K. Such a species of cognition is, of necessity, also unavailable to us. In these matters, there are only questions; there are no answers.

I cannot even speak with authority on simple matters, on this much smaller matter, indeed, of odor. Yet, if I am to offer my conjecture as to what could have taken place some time during the interminable eons of evolution, I would posit that the D.K. is undeniably the Creator of that familiar world of weather, flora, fauna, and primates that we inhabit, all of us, all we separate souls, bodies and spirits—divine and satanic. So, yes, if He is the Creator, then evolution was certainly His great laboratory, and the signs of His Stupidity as well as of His Genius are to be found in all those endless experiments concerning the development of His creatures, yes, the eons it took before He could divine how to enable certain of His beings to fly, the extreme divergences in size of His earth-bound and marine species, His great and godly hopes that went, for example, into the dinosaur (only to discover that that particular construction of animal life was simply too large to survive

in the proportions the D.K. had brought to him—that is one failure.) A myriad of others are there to be cited. The Creator had His relative successes and His abysmal failures, but it has to be admitted that He never gave up, even if He was not always in firm control of the earth He had fashioned. It is incontestable that earthquakes and ice ages brought many an interruption to His experiments and savaged many of His pursuits. Why? Because He had incorrectly designed His sphere of earth in the first place.

Of one matter I am relatively certain. By the time men and women had entered into the D.K.'s concept of how He was to develop His primates, so did our Maestro also appear. With *his* entrance, the perversities and uncontrollables of human activity were stimulated. There, at just such a point in the creative development of the world we inhabit, came a metamorphosis in the nature of odor. Its presence became a subtle but often determining factor in human relations.

I can be fairly certain that in the bygone era of primitive man, odor had been one of the D.K.'s assets, an enhancement to aid the development of all the species. In large part, animals were drawn or repelled by one another by the messages that came to their noses. Presumably their smells (as

conceived by the laws the D.K. had built into them) were there precisely to reveal the depth of each animal's courage, perseverance, fear, treachery, loyalty, their determination to propagate—no end to the list. It was all useful to the D.K. It was enabling Him to take the best creative steps forward in evolution.

I think by the time our Prince entered the lists, the D.K. must have been much enraged by the reduction of His status. No longer could He see Himself comfortably as All-Good and All-Powerful. So He began to search for a method whereby His Cudgels could determine (assuming that they possess a good sense of smell!) which men, women, and children had separated from Him in their loyalty. And so, if the Good Lord was not without His own skill as a sorcerer, (and indeed, how could He not employ such powers given the new and dire complexities of dealing with the varied acts of the Maestro) I would go so far as to say that the D.K. even had the ability to mark each of our clients with a touch of condign odor, a marking process, if you will, chosen for its simplicity and relative lack of expense considering the inevitable disbursements of divine funds that are inherent in any change of program. From the Middle Ages on, however, our Maestro

combated this forceful obstacle to his subtle intentions by encouraging many of his alchemists to develop perfumes whose subtleties became a means whereby harsh or rotten odors could be marinated with sweeter, earthier, more untraceable, and finally more appealing fragrances, even exotic in their hint of a curious, even exciting, evil beneath the bouquet. (It is, for example, impossible to reconstruct the history of court life in France during the reign of Louis XIV without pondering those redolent tricks of camouflage. Moreover, it proved a great boon to all of our clients who were wealthy enough to afford the best such perfumes.)

By the end of the Enlightenment, matters had altered once more. Soaps, developed by us, were able to add their powers of obliteration to many varieties of perfume. Again, the Dummkopf was confounded. At this time of Adi's boyhood, and indeed, throughout the decades to come, a pervasive anesthetization of human odor became part of our immense progress in this sector of divine combat. Soaps, bath-tubs, cleansing oils and the development of plumbing all came into being, due in large part, to the determined and highly focused energies of those entrepreneurs in whom we

had made successful investment. I think it is true that we look upon most of our humans as more analogous to stocks than to living creatures.

By the middle of the Twentieth Century, it can be noted clearly that the D.K.'s dependence on bad human odor as a system of warning that the Evil One is near, had been rendered more or less obsolete. Deodorants carried the day. By the time of this writing, hardly anyone ever knows any longer how their closest partner might actually smell. (This is certainly true in the most developed nations!) This loss of cognitive power for the D.K. has given great impetus to our work.

Back, however, in the period I now relate, that was not so, not yet, and the meeting between Alois, Adi, and the bee-keeper called Der Alte was characterized by a curious but immediate intimacy between the boy and the old man.

I must not leap too quickly, however, over the walk to Der Alte's farm since Alois may have had his first real conversation with his son, Adolf Hitler, on this occasion.

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What may be more important, however, is to speak of the dream I installed in Adi's sleep on the Saturday night before Alois' meeting with the beekeeper on Sunday. It was done in response to a direct order from the Maestro. Let me say that laying in a dream which is a complete fiction unconnected to the dreamer's previous experiences is not in the least routine. While we have the power to provide chimerical episodes, or even on rare occasions such as this, insert whole scenarios into our client's sleep, it is also true that any such dramatic shift in the psychic regions of a child, can produce real inroads on our budget. Inner dramas are expensive to produce ex nihilo. Moreover, there is risk involved when the client is that young.

To install whole dreams on special occasions can tamper with the early, less protected, roots of nocturnal material belonging to the child. The unhappy result can be that dream-works manipulated by us often end in some chaos, particularly if they stimulate open conflict with the Cudgels. Attacks and counter-attacks within the depths of any human's sleep, young or old, rarely result in conditioning favorable to our purpose, indeed, it will often generate nightmare. A set of delicate manipulations calculated to alter a subject's psyche should not be undertaken under such battlefield conditions. Not many prosper from a nightmare.

It has been my experience that the installation of highly selected visions, phantasms, false certainties, whole illusions, effective hysterias, even outright deliriums can deliver exciting effects, but that is most attainable when one can work slowly with the protégé, nimbly, subtly, proceeding in small steps over many a night in order that the Cudgels are not alerted. Count on it, His working angels can react savagely to dream-work that we initiate. From the commencement of human existence, I would warrant that the D.K. must have been most attached to the power that dreams could bring to Him over those late primates He was then nurturing and developing into humans. Much

later, during what we can call the Jehovah Period (that is, approximately 1000 B.C. to the advent of Jesus Christ) it is clear to see that the D.K. had a host of awards and punishments available. He could arouse visions in prophets and plebians alike and drive these wards in any direction He desired, often, I suspect, on not a great deal more than His imperious whim.

Our entrance, however, into the comings and goings of humankind resulted in a diminution of His divine powers. No longer could Jehovah employ dreams to control His chattels so easily. Today, as a result, the effect of dreams is profoundly reduced. Half of humankind seem to be employing their best efforts to have as few relations as possible with either the D.K. or the Maestro! Dreams are no longer seen as visions. They present themselves as eccentric, jagged, totally confused, and for the most part, non-productive and non-comprehensible intrusions. People do their best not to follow whichever messages they can extract from any episode in their sleep.

So the D.K.'s imperious use of dreams is, at present, inoperative. Once our forces began to vie with the D.K. concerning the growth and future direction of men and women. He had, willy-nilly—and I use the word advisedly!—He had willy-nilly to reduce these absurd sportings of His ego.

Manic obsession with Himself and His Powers, so swollen during the Jehovah Period, became—if I may use the epithet—obsolete. Now, He could not insist quite as much on the absolute adoration of His servants. They no longer felt so obliged to bring gifts and sacrifices all the time. Instead, Jehovah had to give Himself to an agonized search for more sophisticated modes of operation. He bent to the need. (To some degree.) On occasion, He could now show Himself to be wise in His nocturnal insertions (most often via the Cudgels) into His best remaining human servants. The function of the dream now altered. Much less often did it serve as a medium for delivering commands from Above. Rather, the purpose was converted. Now, the dream served, ideally, to give the dreamer a closer sense of buried disturbances in his life. If a trusted friend might prove a hint treacherous, the dream was there to alert the dreamer to just such a possibility. If, on the other hand, one was unwittingly ready to betray a close friend, that possibility could also be suggested to the sleeping mind. The D.K. was now looking for the best means to encourage a closer sense in each man and woman of their real condition in the world. The D.K., given all His shortcomings, was indeed now looking for a way to protect His most elaborate creation—His

humans. Indeed, for those lucky or worthy few who had been sequestered by the strongest guards among the Cudgels and so could rarely be approached by us, (real candidates for sainthood being one example of such protection), the D.K.'s new approach did prove efficacious. On the other hand, dreams intended as direct prophecy became rare. A vogue which for a short period saw dreams as wish-fulfillment became a popular notion, but never proved to be more than a theory. As revised by the D.K., dreams were now supposed to serve as an intimate form of communication between the human creation and Himself. Indeed, on those occasions when we devils and demons were not present to distort the content, a dreamer might actually obtain insight into his or her vulnerabilities. The intense but mock situations created by the dream were there to dramatize the subject's ability to withstand anxiety. In that manner, a dreamer's attention could be directed to encounters it was wise to avoid. One would now be most unhappily aware of how one possessed less courage, less loyalty, less devotion, less love, or less health than he or she had previously assumed. The function of the dream was therefore more direct—it was to give illumination on how to cope with modern life. It was—

if one could only hear the signals within the dream—a security system full of warning bells.

To the degree, however, that we could interfere with the allegiance of any man or woman to the Cudgels, we were able to warp that system at the least, and sometimes sabotage it. In return, we have to put up with trained angels who delight in undermining our influence over our best captives.

To be certain, these wars produced chaos. To the degree that any given man or woman had been penetrated by both forces, the person's dream became an extravaganza, usually incoherent. I may add that it was also wasteful to our budgets.

So, the act of creating a whole dream for a child appeared, on the face of it, to promise the loss of time and effort to my other projects. As I have remarked, the Maestro did not, for the most part, allocate too many of our incursions toward early development in children. Looking upon their growth as essentially indeterminable, he saw such actions as counter-indicative to well-thought-out procedure. It will be recalled that when the Hitler family made their move from Passau to Hafeld, I was instructed to cease paying attention to little Adolf. He and his family were now to be monitored by the

routine milk-runs of my assistants. With the exception of the single occasion when I had slipped into Alois' brain long enough to delve into his fascination with beekeeping, I had been working in the region with other clients. The milk-runs of my assistants proved sufficient to provide me with any information I needed vis-a-vis the Hitlers of Hafeld.

Now, however, had come this unexpected and direct communication from the Maestro—no ordinary event. I was formally instructed to implant a dream into the head of a six-year-old, none other, of course, than our young first grader, little Adolf Hitler. Indeed, the order proposed considerably more than the passing insertion of a concept. Etch was the verb employed by the Maestro. "I want you," he said, "to etch Adi's brain with a permanent notion. We have been quiescent in that direction long enough to expect to be free of the presence of the Cudgels. You can probably expect an open operation."

That was not a short speech for the E.O. The size of his regard for each one of us could be measured by how quickly we could be ready to carry out his desires.