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Faxed
By Ann
3/2/04

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

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It is curious, yet, after ^{all} ~~all~~ not so curious that few matters concerning

the ^{varied} ~~habits and~~ qualities of men and women ^{are} ~~is~~ as difficult to discuss as ~~bad~~ ^{unattractive}

~~human~~ odor. To make matters even less agreeable ^{for myself} ~~for myself~~, it is also true

that none of us who assist the Maestro possess ^{anything like a keen} ~~any~~ sense of smell. The

gossip among us soon takes to the ^{devil} ~~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} subject for satire. Many of our problems in

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

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

^{these smells were galling} ~~(Indeed, they were)~~ the worst of body odors (sufficiently characteristic to arouse the distrust ~~of~~ ⁱⁿ many.) ^{remarkable}

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 went} ~~focused~~ ^(be) 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. ^{Rather,}

^{we are asked} to deal ~~effectively~~ ^{as effectively as possible} with the problems ^{of these}

^{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 ^{slurp slurp} gulp down another shot of booze. In

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

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 with the stature of Lucifer is beyond my cognitive 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 stars ^{galaxies} of his need for an

assistant, or whether the O.O. (to use for a moment ^{his} the highest ^(self-assigned) 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., ^{by} ^{a species of cognition} of those 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

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

^{creatures} animals could fly ^{and gather} 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 ^{simply} too ~~God damn~~ large and ~~so~~ could not survive in the proportions the ^{few}

^{brought to} D.K. had given him—that is one failure. ^{are to be cited.} 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 since earthquakes and ice ages ^{that} brought many an interruption to

His experiments and pursuits.

^{Why? Because he had incorrectly} designed His ~~earth sphere~~ ^{in the first place} sphere—~~of earth~~

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

^{came a metamorphosis in} ~~came~~ the presence of odor ^{It became} as a subtle but ^{often} ~~sometimes~~ 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} ~~an~~ asset ^{for} to the D.K., an enhancement for the development of ^{all} the species.

^{In part animals} ~~Animals~~ were drawn or repelled by one another ^{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 were there to}

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

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

^{forward}
creative steps in evolution.

I think by the time our Prince entered the lists, the D.K. ^{was} enraged by the

^{reduction} ^{Now} ^{status} ^{no longer could he see}
~~diminution of His station (no longer able to label)~~ (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,

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

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

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

^{I would go so far as to say}
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

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marking process, if you will, that was chosen ^{for its simplicity} in preference to others (given ^{relative} and ^{lack of expense considering} the inevitable disbursements of ^{divine funds} budget inherent in any choice of program.)

From the Middle Ages on, ^{our} the Maestro combated this ^{obstacle to his} hardship by

(subtle intentions by ^{his eccliansists}) encouraging many of ^{our} eccliansists (to develop perfumes whose subtleties,

^{whereby he could blend} before all was done, became a means of blending harsh or rotten odors ^{could be insinuated by} into

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 ~~re~~construct the history of court life in France during the reign of Louis XIV without pondering these ~~discreet~~ redolent tricks of game playe.

By the late Renaissance and certainly in the Enlightenment, soaps were

~~By the late Renaissance and certainly in the Enlightenment, soaps were~~

Soaps had been developed ^{by us} to add their powers of obliteration to many varieties of perfume, and again in the Dark Ages ^(had altered) ^{again.} again confounded. At this time of Adi's boyhood, and indeed, throughout his years

anesthetizing of human odor ^{to come, thus represented} ^{in sacred} (sector of divine) life, that was the greatest progress the Devil had made. ^{Soaps, laundries,} ^{combat}

Soaps, bath-tubs, perfumes, cleansing oils and the development of plumbing all came

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

entrepreneurs who belonged more to ^(us more) us than to the Cudgols.

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} that the ~~process~~ is also presently
as a ~~strong~~ warning has been more or less wholly defeated. Deodorants have

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

Back, however, in the period I here relate, that was not ^{now} ~~not yet~~ so, and the

between ^{and} ~~and~~ meeting of Alois, the bee-keeper called Der Alte, ^{with present} and Adi was characterized

by the immediate intimacy felt ^{between} ~~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.

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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~~⁷ son, Adolf

Hitler, *on that occasion.*

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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

certainty
certainty 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 *despotie*

showing his
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
which would *on* *Weitra* *where he could take*
farmer's cart to take him to Linz, then by train to *Weitra*, and by a jitney

that passed
which sent through Spital every other day, *so* 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~~ ^{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 ^{bull-grass} was on the route—a bull grazing in a fenced-in pasture. They ^{Depending on the bull's mood, they} could choose to take a detour, or dare to

^{this last} cross, ^{—which} depending on the mood of their spirits, ^{On most} or a sense—this varied ^{that} ~~that~~ ^{Days} days one or the other was not up to the bold move, the other was not as ^{brave as oneself today} 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, ^{only for} but she saved such observations for those

^{occasions} occasions, when he would be so bold as to jeer at her caution concerning the ^{bull.} bull.

Probably, she did not know to what depth in his quick-beating chest these accusations entered, but deep ^{indeed} 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 ^{simple} ~~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. ^{as well} 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~~ ^{she was thinking of} 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 ~~Angela~~ ^{his} 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 diversions
 was always divided among these four grades: 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 lady, Fraulein Werner, who *had a long nose and* wore spectacles.

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

(the senior grade) where Angela and
 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 company with his studying cohort to decide
 see which pictures of animals could be connected to combinations of given words.

(should)
 In the beginning it was *wonderous*—all those interesting and sometimes awesome letters that made a word. *This was a*

It all seemed equal at first to a cabalistic rite, but before long, it was no more than a puzzle. By the
 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. Sooner
 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, *if permitted,* he would have been

were
 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.

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

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

* 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 ^{what they were wearing} came to ^{high up} 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 ^{apart from other boys during recess} quick in his wits in order not to get into a fight with a ^{one} bully one-year older ^{with} 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 ^{get} my good clothes ^{assurance} and my mother will kill me if I ^{get} them dirty." The daily wars of Passau had given his voice just enough ^{assurance} 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 ^{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} 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 ^{had become} was all connected in Angela's mind with Rosig ^{who, by the end, had been hemorrhaging} who had hemorrhaged blood all over her ~~hans~~ just before she died. ^{To bring some calm to her (poor)} ~~To calm this~~ outraged state, Klara spoke, for the first time of ~~more~~ ^{her step-daughter,} intimate matters. She adored Angela. (The twelve-year-old was by now ^{her} ~~the~~ nearest substitute ^{became her nearest} ~~Klara~~ ^{this} ~~had~~ for a woman who could be her friend, and so she spoke not only of ^{for Angela} Angela's new condition, but went on at good length about the naturalness of odor in general, and the peculiar subtleties ^{it's} 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
would paint ^{each of his} 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}
(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 ^{eggs, larvae} 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 ^{a dozen} ~~twenty~~ bees the opportunity to fly up my ~~nostrils~~ ^{nose}?"

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

^{indeed} Alois, however, 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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children and still remain a queen! *she could see it!* 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 did choose
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—~~any~~ larger in width and depth than the little

you could find ~~new~~ *on her emergence from that cell,*
eraser (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 be seated
hive as a full virgin, *and this took place* usually 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. *comes* Then it is down to two of *drones* 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 *until* *when it* *springs* *into* 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, ^{demands,} 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, ^{very} sharp hooks for certain to keep him ^{there}. He is stuck. When he does ^{insert 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 mouth pulled} She began to ^{into a} smirk and then ^{into a} to smile, and once ^{that} 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 ^{those} among thousands of cells, and ^{quite a few} ~~do~~ this for as much as three years to come, ^{until cold weather came and the cycle could go on} which meant that for the rest of her ^{life} she ^{to do} would have no more to do ^{she would have no more to do with} ~~with~~ ^{the} drones but ^{her own} life, she would be feeding honey and pollen to the pupae she had created even ^{her court} as ^{with her} worker females followed her with devotion, capping these cells of bees yet

to be born with ² the mysterious ^{way} 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} ~~at~~ the drones ^{from} 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

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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, ^WJoann 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 ^{mental Col. Anture despotism} despotic threat had lived in the midst of the son's rage ^{first being jammed in his face} like a jailer showing his key.

So, it was arranged. The transportation would begin on a neighboring ^{Alois'} (driven by the hired man, ^{waiter} Thad) which would take him to Linz, then on by train to Weitra ^{get on} where he could take a jitney which passed through Spital every other day. ^{the youngest year old}

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~~ ^{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 ^{the field} ~~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} ~~the way~~ to pay him back. She would inform him that he smelled ^{awful} ~~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 ~~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 those letters vibrated in his eyes like a} cabalistic rite, but before ^{became} 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~~ ^{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 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 ^{there was} ~~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 ^{get} ~~get~~ them dirty." The daily wars of Passau had ^{enriched} ~~given~~ 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} ~~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 ^{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 ^{planned to} would know how to come back to home. As she understood it, he would have, once his plans were fulfilled, ^{those hive-boxes} 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 ^{return to} ~~live in~~ ^{dwelling} ~~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

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 ~~the~~ ^{into separate wax cells which is} 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. ~~Evident obvious order for~~ Given her excitement about the Queen Bee, he could sense it would be to his advantage ^{on} ~~for~~ this night. She was clearly ^{full of ardor 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, ~~she~~ would be fed on her emergence from that cell, ^{so bee / bee} 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 ^{lift} ~~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.

They jam their corner of 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 — those poor girls do not have full ovaries so they forget and forget* 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,

5p. 1485 / 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 ~~It is~~ ^{a wonder} "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 ^{pull 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~~ 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 ^{Against her will, Klara's mouth} twisted into a smirk, then pulled into a smirk and then into a smile. (Once that began she had to laugh ^{beginning} and then, she could not stop. Alois had never before heard her laugh so long. ^{skipped over to a smile.} had Alois)

"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 ^{quantity} piece of the real ~~Dead~~ ^{business} ~~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. ^{she} This on this night, however, ^{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. ^{and} Some of them over the next few weeks into June ^{she could have another} had five or six lovers. ^{that would} Some Queen Bees could store enough semen ^{in her ovaries} ~~to~~ ^{more}

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} and ^{this} 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

~~while~~ ^{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, ^{these} the female worker-bees ^{would}

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

~~Now did that mean that the half of a drone was much softer than human skin. After the slaughter, they would sweep the dead ones out, sweeping them out.~~ He did not speak of other complications. There was

always a tendency, once warm weather began and the hive had ^{more worrisome} grown too

^{empty cells of the} been filled near to capacity with ^{as much as} full of new brood, for half of the colony to be ready to desert, to swarm, to

fly away. You could lose ^{most} half of your future profit in a hurry. He did not

^{conceive of telling} ^{that is, to} 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

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

to what would be his oncoming enterprise.

Klara had not only been ^{enraptured} fascinated by what he told her that night, but

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

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

they lose their sting. The belly

they lose their sting. The belly

~~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 ^{herself to be an open} wound open to ~~future~~ ^{yet} 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, ^{perfectly} ^{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 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 ^{(arbut aroma) stench} 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} warm 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!"

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~~ 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} ~~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

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?~~

~~Now, however, to~~
It revolved in his head. ~~To~~ ^{shared} 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 ^{would be} ~~was~~ going to talk to a neighbor ^{the} ~~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~~ ^{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,

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 ^{his own} 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, ^{may} must smell

^{offensive,} bad, so bad that we can become ill from sniffing our own ^{pits,} ~~reek.~~

^{a goal} Enough! It is not that ~~ridiculous~~ ^{many} subject for us. ^{many} Many of our problems

in managing our clients ^{into} at this time, near the turn of the nineteenth century, ^{approaching}

^{Many of the} were be traceable to one phenomenon. Unless those particular humans in

whom we had invested, ^{had to be} proved exceptionally fastidious in their personal

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

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 ~~commenced originally~~ ^{began,} I do not know. If I have ~~correctly~~
 served the E.O. ~~in various capacities~~ ^{for} many an age, my recollection of
 earlier eras is no more ~~focused on~~ ^{grounded in} 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~~ ^{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 ~~supposed~~ ^{proposed} it, the contest
 was between God and an angel of the stature of Lucifer, ~~is~~ ^{that} entirely beyond
 my province. Perhaps the E.O. was there from the onset, ~~or~~ ^{or} perhaps he only
 appeared later. It is not for us to know. Nor can we ~~suppose~~ ^{dismiss the possibility} with real
 confidence ~~whether~~ ^{that} the Dummkopf (in whole command ~~at the time~~ ^{since}) 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, *what? why not? they may have been* who were feeling dissatisfaction with the *performance* work of the D.K. Such a species *of necessity* of cognition is also unavailable to us. In these matters, there are only questions; there are no answers.

unless of So I cannot even speak with authority *on simple matters* on this much smaller matter *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.

~~But~~ 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, (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 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* ~~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 ^{has to} ~~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 this} ~~proceed with the~~ ^{development} of primates, so ^{did} ~~had~~ our Maestro also appeared. With ^{his} ~~now~~ 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 ^{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

~~obstacle~~
 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
 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} have a good
 sense of smell!) which men, women, and children had ^{separated} departed from Him in
^{their loyalty,}
~~part or in whole.~~ And so, if the Good Lord was not without His own skill as
 a sorcerer, ^{employ} (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
^{forceful}
 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, ^{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~~ ^{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} ~~these years~~ to come, ^a ~~the~~ ^{pervasive} ~~anesthetization of human odor~~ ^{became} ~~was~~ 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~~ ⁷ 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 ^(badly kept) ~~unpleasant~~ ^{odor} ~~human 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

how their closest partner might ^{actually} smell. (This is certainly true in the most developed nations!) ^{This loss of cognitive power for} That loss to the D.K. has given great impetus 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 a curious but immediate intimacy between the boy and the old man. They took to each other ~~at once~~ in an instinctive appreciation, ~~each~~ 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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What may be more important, however, is to speak of ^(the dream) installed in
 Adi's sleep on the Saturday night before ^{Alois' with the beekeeper/} the meeting on Sunday. It was
^{done} initiated in response to a direct order from the Maestro. Let me say that ^{laying in} that
^{a dream which is a complete fiction unconnected to the dreamer's}
^{previous experience} is not in the least ordinary. While we have the power to provide chimerical
^{on rare occasions} episodes, or even ^{such as} construct whole scenarios ^{for this intent} into our client's sleep,
 it is also true that any such dramatic shift in ^{the} these psychic regions of a
~~client, male or female, adult or occasionally a child,~~ ^{can} does produce real
 inroads on our budget. Inner dramas are expensive to produce ex nihilo.
 Moreover, there is risk involved, ^{when the client is} ~~that~~ ^{that young,}

To install whole dreams on special occasions can tamper with the
^{early less protected} roots of nocturnal material belonging to the ^{child,} ~~client~~. 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 a human's sleep ^{and} rarely result in any ^{young or old?}
^{subtle} conditioning favorable to our purpose, indeed, ~~on most occasions it~~
^{it} ^{often} will generate nightmare for the client. A set of delicate manipulations

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calculated to alter a subject's psyche should not be undertaken under such battlefield conditions. ^{Not many} Who can 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} The D.K. and His working angels ^{can react savagely to} are savagely opposed 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 afforded ^{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} ~~known~~ that the D.K. had a host of awards and punishments available. He could arouse visions in ~~His~~ prophets and plebians alike ^{and drive} ~~that drove~~ these wards in any direction He desired, often, I suspect, on not much more than ^{a great deal} ~~much~~ more than ^{imperious} His whim.

^(comings and goings) Our entrance, however, into the affairs of humankind produced a ~~resulted in a diminution of His~~ ^{Scholar} revolution in the divine powers available to the D.K. No longer could He

judith—note! Next page in this submission is 290B and 291 moving over then pages 290B to 291

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during what we can call the Jehovah Period (that is, approximately 1000 B.C. to the advent of Jesus Christ) I know that the D.K. had a host of awards and punishments available. He could arouse visions in ~~His~~ prophets and plebians alike ^{and could drive them} that ~~drove these~~ wards in any direction He desired, often, I suspect, on not much more than His whim.

Our entrance, however, into the affairs of humankind produced a revolution in the divine powers available to the D.K. No longer could He ^(still full of himself) ~~(living then as Jehovah)~~ employ dreams to accelerate His thralls and chattels ^{so easily.} ~~to rush off in whichever direction He desired.~~ Today, ^{as a result,} ~~as of this writing,~~ the effect of dreams on humans is profoundly altered. Today, ^{reduced,} ~~half of~~ humankind seems 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, ^{and non-comprehensible} ~~haunting~~, jagged, totally confused, and for the most part, non-productive. ^(intrusions, Rarely are they haunting) People do their best not to follow whichever messages they can extract from any episode that ^{passes} ~~might be recalled~~ ⁱⁿ⁾ from their sleep.

So the ^{the D.K.'s} ~~purposeful~~ use of dreams by the D.K. is, at present, inoperative.

Once our forces began to ^{vie} ~~contend~~ with the D.K. ^{concerning} ~~for~~ the growth and future

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direction of men and women, ^{the D.K.} ~~had~~, ^{and} willy-nilly, ^{and} I use the word

^{advisedly} ~~advisedly~~ ^{these sportings} had willy-nilly to reduce ~~the~~ absurd magnifications of His ego.

His manic obsession with Himself and His Powers, ^{so} which had swollen during

the Jehovah Period, became—if I may use the epithet—obsolete. He was

^{not quite as much} ~~obliged to insist~~ ^{of himself} ~~on the absolute adoration of His servants for Him and to~~

^{they no longer felt obliged to bring gifts and sacrifices} ~~proceed instead into the agonized search for more sophisticated modes of~~

^{he had to be used (to some degree)} ~~operation~~ (On occasion, He could now ^{even} show Himself to be wise in His

^{nocturnal insertions (most often via} ~~choice of how to insert dreams~~ ^{and} (the Cudgels) into His best remaining

^{human servants.)} ~~pensioners.~~ (The function of the dream now altered. It served much less often ^{did it act}

^{delivering} ~~as a medium for sending commands down from Above.~~ Rather, the function—

^{The purpose} ~~was drastically converted.~~ ^{Now, the} ~~The dream was now there,~~ ^{served} ideally, to ^{give} ~~serve~~ the

~~dreamer~~ ^{to give} a closer sense of ~~the~~ ^{buried} ~~realities~~ ^{and} disturbances in his

life. ^{trusted} ^{might} If a friend could prove a hint treacherous, the dream was there to alert

^{just} the dreamer to ^{on the other hand, one} such a possibility. If ~~one, unknown to oneself, was also ready~~

^{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, ^{indeed now} was ~~looking new~~ for a way to protect His

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most elaborate creation—^{His} humans. Indeed, for those lucky or worthy few ^{had been} who were sequestered by the ^{strongest guards among} Cudgels and so could rarely be approached by ^{great candidates for sainthood} us, ^{of such protection} (putative saints might be one example) the D.K.'s altered approach to ^{being} ^{new} ^{intended}

^{Clarification} ^(near candidates for sainthood being one example of such protection) dream-work did prove efficacious. On the other hand, dreams as direct prophecy became rare. ^{A which short period saw} The vogue for a time to see dreams seen 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} ^{be} ^{an} to serve as the most 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} could actually obtain insight into his or her vulnerabilities. The ^{intense}

^{but} mock situations ^{created by} of the dream were there to dramatize the subject's ability to withstand anxiety. ^{In that manner,} The dreamer's attention could be directed to situations ^{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} now ^{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.

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To the degree, however, that we could ^{interfere with} block the allegiance of any man or woman to the Cudgels, we were able to ^{want} sabotage that system. ^{at the best,} In return, ^{Sometimes} ~~the Cudgels~~ ^{Sabotage} delighted in undermining our influence over our best captives.

^{To be certain these} These wars produced much chaos. To the degree that any given man or woman had been penetrated by ^{got} ~~them~~ ^{lovers,} or us, the person's dream became an ^{usually incoherent} incoherent extravaganza. I may add that it was also wasteful to our budgets.

^{So, the act of creating a whole dream for a child} In effect, this has been a complaint by me over the damage done to my ^{appeared} ~~other~~ ^{to me} projects. As I have remarked, the Maestro did not, for the most part,

^{incursions} allocate too many of our efforts toward early development of children. ⁱⁿ He

^{Looking} looked upon their growth as essentially indeterminable, ^{he saw such action as} even counter-

indicative to ~~any~~ 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

^{in the region} into his fascination with beekeeping, I had been working ^{in other regions} instead in nearby

^{of my assistants} regions with other clients. The milk-runs proved sufficient to provide me

with any information I needed vis-a-vis the Hitlers of Hafeld.

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(Now, however)
But then had come this unexpected and direct communication from the
~~Maestro. I can warrant~~ *no* ~~that is no~~ *formally* ordinary event. I was 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* ~~may well have~~ an open
operation."

The 912 of 415) each one of
That was not a short speech for the E.O. His regard for us could be ~~directly~~
quickly we could be ready to carry out
measured by how ~~little time it would take for us~~ *took* to understand his desires.

24.

The act itself took ^{no more than a} but a few minutes, but the preparation ~~had not been~~

had not been

simple. It demanded no ordinary sensitivity to how the Maestro would wish

me to proceed. ^{must} Etch, I repeat, was the ^(determining) significant word. Fixed notions, once

^{can} they are successfully installed, prove to be most powerful tools for keeping ^(often we) use it to ^{link the client to us.} ~~bring him back~~ ^{to us} ~~to stay.~~

^{etching} ~~the~~ client attached to our program. But it is not an easy mode in which to ^{to learn, then} bring off. ~~It must be done with an~~

work, since the etching has to be done with one incisive stroke. Misapplied, ~~it~~

~~was a blotchy, it can even~~
~~one can drive the recipient into madness.~~

it can drive

I will go so far as to say that ~~I was not uncreative~~ on this occasion, I ~~was deft and accurate.~~

^{the} Given ~~all~~ ^{was absorbed} knowledge obtained from the milk runs, I knew that Alois would ~~soon~~

be visiting a neighboring beekeeper ~~who was~~ known in the area as Der Alte,

~~the~~ In full, his nickname was Der Alte Rauberer—the Old Sorcerer. ~~So he was~~

~~perceived by the neighboring peasants~~
~~seen by the neighbors.~~

Judith - note the number
from newspaper page 296 to 297

~~the term~~ ^{this}
 It was an exaggeration. ~~The~~ old man was highly eccentric, a bit of a

hermit, a mean individual for the most part, mean as a winter wind, ^{who could} once you

~~could master~~, on prime occasions ^{could}
 truly got to know him, but he made up for that with a far from convincing

^{must be} ~~the~~ facade as a sweet warm old fellow. The peasants in Hafeld, having known

him for decades, knew better, but he was the only ^{apiculturist in the area} ~~one~~ whom they could

recommend in good conscience to Alois since he knew more about

beekeeping than anyone to ^{within} be found over a day's walk in any direction. ^{So they said.}

Besides, they were curious to see in ^{whether} which manner he would ~~eventually~~

^{be gone}
 succeed in charming Alois ~~and~~ cheating him.

^{was most useful to me}
 What I liked about Der Alte ~~most~~ was that he had belonged to us ^{for} ~~or~~

decades. In effect, he was one of our old pensioners. ^(one old) ^(one old) Besides, he and Adi

would be ^{absentless} ~~absentless~~ and so were likely to find that the ^{kin}
 were close in odor, They would be perfectly capable of thinking ~~that~~ the

other had a ^{good} ~~nice~~ smell. ^{It was most likely that Adi would take to}
 I expected Adi to adore ~~Der Alte if and when they~~

→ same

~~were to meet personally~~ suggested itself.
 met. So, the first requirement of the dream could be met. I would etch the
 nature

boy's mind in advance of their meeting with a picture of Der Alte

As a matter of style, I had always been inclined to ^{keep} work within the ^{virtues of}
 the extent of ^(one could generalize in too many)
 likely limits of a dream-work, which is to say, I considered the modest

scenarios to be the most effective when it came to fitting ^{more} in ^{a dream} imaginary
~~with external elements~~ ~~Given the precision~~
~~with more material~~
 dream, (a dream that is ~~possessing~~ ^{more} no direct roots within the recipient)
~~external dream-material~~ ^{the subject's} ^{of the subject's psyche}
 onto the existing framework of his psyche. ^{In this case}

~~In this case, it required given the necessary~~
~~precision of the artwork required,~~
~~it required I saw a considerable~~
 So in this case, at a considerable disbursement of my available funds.

~~given the precision of the art-work needed,~~ ^(disbursement of available funds, but it did work out)
 I laid in as close an image of Der

^{produce} ^(then did no more than to place)
 Alte as I could ~~work up~~ with my skills and placed this image into the very

^{however was now given}
 center of a short dream, but Adi certainly saw a close representation of the

^{manner} ^{style of movement}
~~man.~~ There was Der Alte, his appearance, his voice, and his actions. For

^{yard way}
 the setting, I chose one of the two rooms of his hut, and the environs as seen

^{visible)} In the distance was ^{a section of the} through the window were his bee-house and his yard. The scenario itself

^{dream} could not have been more direct. Der Alte greeted Adi and Alois, Adi first,

^{a spoonful of honey, taste I} then led them inside his quarters, and fed Adi ^{some} honey whose taste I was

^{the taste} in the dream. I made certain it ^{was} careful to monitor ^{it} was exquisite on the boy's tongue, (never to be

^(for the clinician shorthand sweet) forgotten, forever etched!). I left ^{it} at that. Adi awakened with wet pajamas

^{plus} from navel to knee ^{and} a whole sense of happiness. He stripped his wet

night-clothing, a not unusual event, and went back ^{into slumber} to sleep. ^{on his own} In the morning, ^{dream} in small variations, ^{looking to taste such honey again.}

There was no question in his mind that he would ^{soon} meet Der Alte and ^{so} this emboldened him to ask his father to take him ^{timidity} (this once!) in speaking to his father. Alois, as I have stated, ^{was} a long the next morning. ^{remarked,}

^{was} indeed ^{pleased} to take him. ^{request,}

Their conversation on the walk to the Sorcerer's house ^{is to} must yet be

recounted but I ^{will choose} prefer to jump ahead long enough to ^{say a little more about} expatiate further on the

^{he} (Maestro's concept of etching ^{for it has fine applications} to our work. For example, we now knew that when Adi met Der Alt on this Sunday

~~Italing has endless applications but in this case~~
 The center of the notion was that we knew when Adi met Der Alte, it

~~on this Sunday it would feel, given the power of the~~
~~his dream on Saturday night that it was a~~
 would now feel, for all practical purposes, as if it were the second time. So,
 happening in the manner he had foreseen. The

~~as we expected~~, the boy was astonished, he was thrilled, he was full of a

sense of importance that seemed to commence in the ^{very heart} center of his thoughts,

as if he had the power to picture in advance, exactly how a stranger whom he
 matters ^{peer} ~~should~~ ^{into} ~~proceed~~ ^{an event}
 had not yet met, would actually be. Indeed, we ^{reaped our} ~~had an~~ expected bounty.

Being one of ours, Der Alte had been instructed ^{in his sleep} to give the boy a taste of his

finest honey directly on meeting him, and the experience, having been

~~So close to how it~~ ^{and the} ~~the way it had been foreseen~~ ^{did prove} ~~that it~~ ^{look up permanent lodging}
 foreseen, was invested directly in the boy's ~~heart~~ ^{memory}.

^{again,} Magnus Rudiger,

Be it said, this man, ~~(name TK)~~, called by all the men and women in

the area as Der Alte Rauberer, was in fact not much of an old sorcerer. He

had no great powers, and his curses were neither remarkable nor effective, and

^{his} His command of magic was rudimentary. Whenever he felt ^a any sense of

dread ^{clear} coming to him from forces he could not ^{quite} name (usually one or

another branch of the Cudgels) he hardly knew more than to ^{lay a circle of} surround his salt around the kitchen table where he usually ~~sat~~ kitchen table (where he sat) ^{by the stove} with a circle of salt. That was, for ^{sat by himself. That was, for} all, picayune effects, more effective at ^{keeping} keeping us away than in ^{the Cudgels} protecting

himself. (His error, common to so many of our clients, was to assume that naturally and, of course!)

^{So, it was demons} no matter what he did with his life, he was on the side of the angels. ^{Naturally, then,}

^{to assume} who had inspired his dread. ^{So, assumed} Naturally, he supposed that his dread had been inspired by demons. Such

^{such as this Maquing Rudiger are an annoyance} Minor clients are, in that sense, an annoyance. (Particularly when they grow

old. Still, he was enough of an actor to keep everyone in the area at a

^{of him.} respectful distance. No neighbor was in a hurry to attack his self-esteem,

^{and indeed must} but then he did present a full suggestion by way of his dress, his odor, his

resonant, even reverberating, voice, and his undeniable ^{knowledge of} success with bees,

that he was a species of magician. That is, I suppose, a power in itself—the

ability to ^{safeguard} ~~protect~~ one's self-esteem even when ^{the} ~~one's~~ psychic fortifications ^{revertments}

are flimsy. On the other hand, he ^{rarely failed} ~~was there~~ to lend himself ^{readily} ~~readily~~ to my

uses. (An individual of greater inner strength might ^{for example,} ~~not~~ have been ^{so ready} ~~so ready~~

^{too proud to rush} ~~to respect our order~~ to feed the boy ^{that} ~~his~~ spoonful of honey ^{while the boy was still on} ~~at the threshold.~~)

^{by the dream, and, ~~that~~ ^{equally} important, ^{the visit} ~~is at the~~ ^{visit}}
In any event, Adi was now etched. His belief that he would, on

occasion, be able ^{vividly and accurately} ~~by the force of his will~~ to bring ^{to mind} ~~to mind~~ the presence of

^{or} ~~and events~~ ^{essentially} ~~would be no mean~~
people ^{he had not yet met} ~~was a ready instrument for us, and we would~~

know how to exercise it in the years to come.

I will say that we were to ^{exercise such a ~~spiritual~~ ^{spiritual} device} ~~employ~~ this technique most often during his

^{Adolf Hitler's}

^{scrambling} ~~service as an Army messenger going up to the trenches and back to~~

^{adversity} ~~Regimental Headquarters on many a day during the First World War. It is ^{much} ~~much~~~~

^{dangerous work, and a confidence in one's} ~~ability to anticipate the future was~~ ^{no small assistance. If it is, however, too soon to speak of that,} ~~too soon to speak any more on that, however,~~ His experiences as a soldier.

~~produced~~ a most complex amalgam of magic, luck, desperation and

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perhaps 304

~~(are still)~~
dedication that we will not have to discuss for another eighteen years of his

~~will leave~~
life. For now, I would rather leave that matter and all discussion of the

→ ~~profits and~~ ^{related} problems produced by the etching until it ~~will be~~ ^{is} necessary to

→ look into this ~~the practical~~
discuss such matters again.

→ I would rather steal into ~~the newspaper~~ than ~~to~~
For now, let us go, rather, to (the conversation he had with his father

on the walk to see Der Alte Rauberer.

✓ ~~most of the talking~~ ^{Alois, of course, did}
~~Der Alte~~ ^{yet, all the while, he}
~~was meeting with~~ ^{and was anticipating}
~~no great~~
confidence. It was never routine for
Alois to encounter a man who knew
more about a subject than himself.

Innocent & Galtier

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Once they began to talk, Alois proceeded to fill
~~For that reason as much as any other, he was filling~~ Adi's head with
more than a few

(new names and ~~new~~ thoughts while walking at so good a pace that the boy

was twice breathless not to fall behind by a step or a word. In turn, Alois,

not at all in the habit of spending time or ~~much~~ ^{this} thought on little Adolf, that

~~he~~ was a hint short of breath himself before the unexpected obstacle of

~~that~~ that had proved an unexpected obstacle.
Finding a vein of conversation ~~to take up.~~ He was so pleased that Adi had

wished to go with him that he ~~was almost~~ ^{nearly became} ~~that~~ aware how much it meant to him.

~~had~~ He never considered fatherhood as a subject of personal interest ^{certainly not} (until a child

was old enough to work with him. Now, for once, most unexpectedly, he

felt a sense of mystery, ^{in the presence of} ~~a bond, indeed, with the boy, and~~ this was

unprecedented. He actually wished to impress the little creature next to

him.

One good part of this sentiment was due certainly to Adi's excitement

at being with him. He felt as if he was ^{he was} finally in the company of his

FATHER, just so large was his recognition of the size, the power and—no

other word—the immanence of the big man next to him, ^{Alois was} larger at that

moment ^{by} in the child's scale of measurement than ^(the name that filled) all the awestruck tones of

his mother when she would speak of der gute Gott, yes, there was Alois

striding beside him, quite an equal in emanative force to Jehovah, (or Franz-

^{for that matter)} Josef, (given the way that Alois pronounced the name) ^{of the Emperor)} Franz-Josef, a name—

^{however, neither was greater} enormous in size but no greater ^{at this moment} to Adi than as if he were the

~~big brother of his father, indeed, just so great did his father seem to him.~~

^{Alois!} How he wanted to please him! At the beginning of the walk, ^{the silence had} ~~they~~ ^{been formidable and)} ~~and they remained so until Adi/~~ ^{were silent, and it was Adi who} primed the pump. "Have there always been

^{at last} bees?" he asked. ~~The question~~ ^{It was a simple question} ~~but it came just before~~ ^{then would have to read} ~~would have taken over the rest of the walk.~~ ^{the continuing silence}

"Yes. Probably as long as anything." *Breese, yes, have been on our fine earth for a long time.*
"than they do"
 "They go way back, Father?"
far

Alois gave ~~me~~ ^{him} an encouraging pat on the back. The boy's ~~last~~ ^{few words}
actually question had served to activate *all of Alois'* power of exposition. "Yes, I would
at long times
So, too, have we looked to get their honey for a long time
 say, way back. Some people think that already from the time of the Bronze

Age, people were eating honey, already, yes, and this I do know: We have
even in the little Linz museums
 drawings and old poems *bee-keeping* (to tell us that in the Middle Ages, it was already an
 industry."

Given how fast Alois could still walk, Adli's
~~Adli's breath~~ *was reaching his lungs*
 Already Adli was beginning to breathe in a unique mixture of
 excitement and desperation. So many unknown expressions *were arriving* falling on his
on his mind head at once. *On this* That summer just passed he had been *standing* under the walnut tree

when a gale of wind came by like the stroke of a sword *whispering* and three walnuts,
 hard as stone, ~~had~~ pelted his head and body with such ~~an~~ authority that he

had not even been ready to cry—it was as if the walnuts had their own

and told him to be silent and next, maybe
 voice. Now, he was buffeted by the Bronze Age, the Middle Ages—he had

Middle Ages
~~perhaps~~ heard that before, and industry, a curious word, he felt as if he half-

strode along as fast as
 knew it. No question of stopping to ask—he ~~just listened~~
he could and just listened

"They had," said Alois, "no hives in the Middle Ages. Beekeepers

out
 already, yes, but they had to go ~~(~~ hunting for where they could find ~~the~~ bees,

Where else do you find bees in nature? locate the trees, and
 where else? *In* hollow trees. *And* that was a story. Search ~~out~~ the bees, and

then
 grab as much as you ~~could~~ *can* of the honey, and the wax! This beeswax was
 so important. *Get the beeswax and have*
 equal to a little light in their huts every night. Candles! ~~And for that, so~~ *To pick*
up that wax and honey, they had to pay. With
gives, many bites they used to get. Then it would be up to the duke or baron.
along would come

had found
 where they lived. If he heard you were finding this honey, you had to give

up his good share, and what would he give you back?—a nice strong cross-

bow. Why? Because it was dangerous. The bears in the forest were also

looking for honey. Think how ^{much maddened} ~~crazy~~ (those bees would get. ^{You can} ~~It is one thing to~~

sting a man, but a bear? A bear with his fur and thick skin? They had to go

for the bear's eyes ~~and~~ ^{and} even so, the bear would come looking. Ja, you

needed a cross-bow—to kill the bear. Not so easy to get honey ^{if the bear} ~~then, but~~

^{came first, but} ~~(sometimes you had bear meat to go with it.~~ ^{Once in awhile, bear} ~~meat and honey."~~

Adi's breath was on fire, his eyes full of expectation as ^{their path was} ~~meandering~~ ^{meandering} went through a small wood, and he was looking for a bear.

"Sometimes," said Alois, "they would find a tree ready to fall, ^{a deep} ~~full of~~ tree worth) ^{so many} ~~and all~~ ^{were in the hollow} ~~The good peasant~~ a big hollow ^{and all the bees in it.} They would knock the tree over, but so

carefully, ^{He would try} ~~so as~~ ^{too much,} not to stir up everything, and then in the evening, only in the

evening cause ^{these} ~~the~~ ^{more} little bees are quiet then, they would carry the tree near to

their hut, ^{so they could} ~~and~~ start to look after those bees and learn a little ^{about them.}

^{what about the bears."} ^{they would kill one and hang him up near} ~~the bees.~~ That was the beginning. Now, it is a profitable ^{and} ~~and~~ risky hobby."

"Hobby," the boy repeated—another new word.

"Soon," said Alois, "it will be a business."

They walked in silence. Der Steckenpferd was how Alois had put it—a horse-on-a-stick, a plaything, a game, ^{a hobby,} (But soon it would be a business. The boy was confused, ^{now} but ^{to} the speed at which they were walking was pinching his breath past the point where he could ask any more questions.

Abruptly, ^{even} surprised at himself that he ^{to} should notice Adi's discomfort, Alois stopped. "Come," he said, "let's stop." "You sit down." He pointed to an available rock, then actually sat next to him on ^{another rock,} a ~~less [??]~~ stone that was ~~less smooth.~~

"You must understand," he now said, "these are ^{not} ~~no~~ fairy-tales we are beginning. Honey is sweet, but bees can be cruel to each other. Do you know why?"

"No," said Adi. His eyes were ^{alight} ~~shining~~. ^{"Please, you must"} ~~"Will you tell me why,~~

Father?"

"Because they obey one law, ^{A single law} ~~and~~ this law takes care of everything. ^{It is that} ~~The colony must survive. That means~~ nobody can dare to be lazy inside the colony." He paused. "Except for the drones. They serve ^{their} ~~one~~ good purpose, ^{but} ~~and~~ then it's all over for them. They are gone. Goodbye."

"Are they killed?" He knew the answer.

"Yes, all of them. Once a year, right about now—just after summer, ^{Good riddance} ~~No charity~~," they are gotten rid of. He began to laugh. "In the home of the

bees, there are no good Christians. No charity, ^{Nothing of the sort} ~~no~~. You cannot find one bee

in a hive who is ~~crippled~~ ^{crippled} of too weak to work. They get rid of ~~them~~ ^{the} early."

As they rested however, Alois' mind turned back into its silence. He was full of fear. It was not intense, ~~for~~ yet anywhere within him, a complex and confusing fear, a cloud with many shapes and stances. He was directly afraid of being cheated by Der Alte. ~~The cautious peasant~~ Alois had understood what the peasants, ~~these~~ neighboring peasants were trying not to say. They had praised Der Alte, they had collected each other in speaking of his vast knowledge on this subject, and yet he could sense what was not in their voice. ~~Alois could hear no great~~ ^{no great} ~~trust in their~~ ^{high praise} ~~about him~~ ^{the man himself}. One neighbor even whispered to Alois, "You can trust him, yes, I think so," but Alois did not like nor trust this neighbor.

That was part of the fear. If the ~~best and finest~~ ^{best and finest} fine and attractive location of the farm had been the ~~best~~ ^{best} reason for his purchase, the worst had

been the quality of the land he ~~had~~ (318) did not wish to be cheated again. Indeed, grown the trouble with the land, Mr. Lee had kept putting off his ~~decision~~ decision to go into bee-keeping until all of August was gone. Now, it might be late to start the winter colony. He was not alone at home with the aspects of agriculture, and now that he had delayed so long, his choices were restricted. He had to buy and hurry soon. He might have to pay whatever price was asked for the ~~the~~ necessary stock and materials - where else could he go this late in the season without being held up wherever he went? That was, ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~fact~~ ^{fact} ~~gave~~ ^{gave} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~pleasure~~ ^{pleasure} laughing at him against except he knew ~~that~~ that was not his prime uneasiness. He could not quite admit it to himself that the last time he had dabbled in this bee business, just as a horse-on-a-stick out in a town ~~near~~ ^{near} ~~at~~ ^{at} walking distance from ~~near~~ ^{near} a place he could go to in the evening to get a rest from the tavern or also on Sunday does not to have to watch everyone going to church, he had had one ~~disaster~~ ^{very} disaster, and was stung so quickly and repeatedly by so many infuriated bees that he decided afterwards he must ~~have~~ have been poking about in a low bush in what might be the Queen's garden, where could he? He really ~~at~~ ^{at} the degree of his

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ignorance of the real stuff if he was so
gentle and bashful while ~~working with the lion~~
working with the lion.

Now, he knew a good deal more. He had
been reading at length on the subject
and, given his lack of education, no one
could claim to be a greater or sounder
student than himself. He retained what
he read. How many could say that?
So, where was his fear?

But he knew. He could tell by the way
he was preparing in advance to tell the
story of the many stings he had taken on his
hand and then his knees and how good
that had proved later for the stiffness in his
joints acquired over the years of standing
at customs posts. Yes, he was ready to
impress De Albe with his knowledge of
bee venom and how dangerous in Egypt
was treated with it. He would also
speak of Plong and Calen. Great doctors.
They too knew to make ointments from
bee venom and bee honey. Charlemagne
and even the Terrible had had affliction
of the joints and they, too, had like himself
had had such painful swellings, or so
it was reputed, by bee-stings.

But was he really prepared to enter
such varieties of conversation with
De Albe? Now, he regretted bringing
himself with him. Also even felt trapped
to the definite degree that he had suffered
no more and so often on the subject that
he had lost all choice. He had to speak

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bow—to kill the bear. Not so easy to get honey then if the bear came first,

but sometimes you had bear meat. Once in a while, bear meat and honey."

Adi's breath was on fire, his eyes full of expectation. Their path was

wandering through a small wood, and he was looking for a bear.

"Sometimes," said Alois, "they would find a tree ready to fall, a dead

tree with a big hollow. So many bees were in the hollow. The good peasant

would knock the tree over, but so carefully. He would try not to stir up too

much, and then in the evening, only in the evening cause these little bees are

more quiet then, they would carry the tree near to their hut, so they could start

to look after those bees and learn a little."

"What about the bears?"

Is this better redundant?
CK.

These pages have
been

Corrected
& updated.

The correct
Version is on
your left.

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"Because they obey one law. A single law. This law takes care of everything. It is that the colony must survive. Nobody can dare to be lazy inside the colony." He paused. "Except for the drones. They serve their one good purpose but then it's all over for them. They are gone. Goodbye."

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the home of the bees, there are no good Christians. No charity. Nothing of the sort. You cannot find one bee in a hive who is too weak to work. They get rid of the cripples early."

As they rested, however, Alois' mind turned back into silence. He was full of fear. It was not intense, yet everywhere within him, a complex and confusing fear, a cloud with many shapes at once. He was directly afraid of being cheated by Der Alte. Alois had understood what the neighboring peasants were trying not to say. They had praised Der Alte, they had all echoed each other in speaking of his vast knowledge on this subject, and yet he could sense what was not in their voice. Alois could hear no great allegiance to the man himself. One neighbor even whispered, "You can trust him, yes, I think so," but Alois did not like nor trust this neighbor.

That was part of the fear. If the fine and attractive location of the farm had been the best reason for his purchase, the worst had been the quality of the land. He did not wish to be cheated again. Indeed, given the trouble with Alois, Jr., he had kept putting off his decision to go into beekeeping until all of August was gone. Now, it might be late to start the winter colony. He was not altogether at home with this aspect of apiculture, and now that he had delayed so long, his choices were restricted. He had to buy and buy soon. He might have to pay whatever price was asked for the necessary stock and materials—where else could he go this late in the season, without being eld up, wherever he went? That was, for sure, a fear of the peasants laughing at him again except he knew that was not his prime uneasiness. He could not quite admit it to himself but the last time he had dabbled in the bee business,

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Now, he knew a good deal more. He had been reading at length on the subject, and, given his lack of education, no one could claim to be a quicker or sounder student than himself. He retained what he read. How many could say that? So, where was his fear?

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But he knew. He could tell by the way he was preparing in advance to tell the story of the many stings he had taken on his hand and then his knees and how good that had proved later for the stiffness in his joints acquired over the years of standing at Customs posts. Yes, he was ready to impress Der Alte with his knowledge of bee venom and how diseases in Egypt were treated with it. He would also speak of Pliny and Galen. Great doctors. They too knew to make ointments from bee venom and bee honey. Charlemagne and Ivan the Terrible had had afflictions of the joints and they, too, like himself, had had such pain eliminated, or so it was reputed, by bee stings.

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