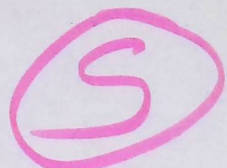


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Changes occurred, however. Alois' depression lessened. Junior was gone. Klara had taken it upon herself to suggest that he should be sent to Spital where he could work with her father, ^hJoann Poelzl, who by now was certainly old enough to need a strong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

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

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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 Adi, at six, going to first grade.

His first school days went through a bright September, mellow with sun. The green was still on the fields. It was a fine walk hand in hand with his sister over hills and through meadows with but one peril on the route—a full-grown bull grazing in a fenced-in pasture. Depending on the bull's mood, they could choose to take a detour, or dare to cross, this last depending on the mood of their spirits—which varied. On most days, one or the other was not up to the bold move, and so could be mocked.

Soon enough, Adi learned that it was not wise to shame Angela when she was in a fearful mood for she did know the way to pay him back. She would inform him that he smelled bad. Sometimes, it was his breath, as often, his body odor.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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"Yes."

"How do these bees not get mixed up?"

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

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

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

"You have never smelled it yourself?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What?"

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

"And him? What happens then to him?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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daylight when the sky was full of tiny lights, glints of light whipping about, flying in so many directions. His mother was always warning him that he must not try to touch any such tiny creature, not if he saw one on a flower. Worse, he must never dare to kill one. That same bee could give him something to remember! Then one fine morning in July, Edmund got stung and didn't stop screaming for an hour. So Adolf, in his turn, had been most respectful of the dangers implicit with their presence, but now, all of Angela's talk about his own odor, so bad that he might die, so he thought, even as Rosig had had to be buried in the big hole his father had dug—was her bad smell the reason for her death?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

By the end of the Enlightenment, matters had altered once more.

Soaps, developed by us, were able to add their powers of obliteration to many varieties of perfume. Again, the Dummkopf was confounded. At this time of Adi's boyhood, and indeed, throughout these years to come, ^{the} ~~an~~

anesthetization of human odor was part of ^{our} the immense progress ~~of the Devil~~ in this sector of divine combat. Soaps, bath-tubs, perfumes, cleansing oils

and the development of plumbing all came into being, ^{due} ~~and~~ in large part, ^{to} ~~by~~ the determined and highly focused energies of those entrepreneurs ^{in whom we} ~~who belonged~~ ^{had made successful investments. I think} ~~to us more than to the Cudgels.~~ 786A

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

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

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

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Back, however, in the period I now relate, that was not so, not yet, and ^{Adi} the meeting between Alois ^{a curious but} and the bee-keeper called Der Alte ^{with Adi} present was characterized by an immediate intimacy ^{many} between the boy and ⁱⁿ the old bee-keeper. They took to each other at once. I can warrant it was ^{redolence}

^{leap too quickly} due to an instinctive appreciation, each, of the other's odor. ^{since}

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

Alois may have had his first real conversation with his son, Adolf Hitler, on ^{this} that occasion.

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O.D. → Important a concept in Adli
Sci of the DA Alt + bees.
later, adibolians believe
accurate presentation.

It is dangerous step
for it can lead many
a client right down
into madness when
it works, which is
an exceptional ~~tool~~
tool, especially when
we can ~~but~~ use it
in later years

Reflections

20.

CR that ~~to the~~
(~~Chad~~ Challen
number in
conv.)

265 *

as was

So that was arranged, ^{as was} ~~and~~ the
transportation in ^{several} ~~one~~ piece — first
on a neighboring farmer's cart, ^{then by horse}
then on a team box train, ^{and coach}
on foot to Spital — the box was
shifted, and with that ^{day} ~~the~~ cloud
of unhappy expectation lifted.
In September, Adi and Angela

began to go to ^{a vacation} school in Fischham, Angela in the fourth or
most advanced grade for twelve year
old, and Adli, beginning at ~~six~~ ^{six},
went to the first grade.

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

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

(265)

smelled bad. Sometimes it was his
breath, and as often his body odor,
but she saved such observations
for those times, most necessary, when
he would be so bold as to jar at
her content concerning the hall.

Probably, she did not know to
what ~~great extent~~ depth in his
quick beating heart ~~that~~ ^{he} sank
these accusations, ~~for that~~ that he
had ~~a~~ such a bad smell but deep
indeed they went, and for good cause.
The added disadvantage was that
these accusations were true. He did
have an odd little odor, ~~and it was~~ ^{touch of sulphur and a hint of something rotten}
~~that was not at all pleasant. If that it~~
~~it~~ ^{it} will be possible to speak a little
later for ^{human} ~~the odor is~~ one of our
ongoing problems when dealing
with ~~the~~ our clients. It is an
unlabeled means of identification and
we are not the only ones to be aware
of its significance. The Cadgers are
often keen to pick it up.

In any event, it was, from any later
point of view no great matter. If di

was trying to make her cry, well, she
would look for ways to bring the tears
to his eyes well. Besides, not all had
small buttons that much. Her
was used by now, to some with some
big ~~buttons~~ wallow, but then that
brought ~~another~~ another
sorrow to her eyes - poor dead Rosie.

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

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

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

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

(268)
Defending on the weather and the needs of the neighboring farms, they were sometimes as many as ~~forty~~ forty boys and girls, sometimes down to thirty, even twenty-five, but they were divided among four classes, first to fourth, six to twelve in each, and each child could ~~listen to~~ ^{listen to} all that was to be heard in turn in each class, a simple matter since there was only one teacher, Franklin Werner, who was funny-looking, ~~was~~ ^{was} spectacles, but had a nice clear voice.

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

(208)
You found the right picture for each
collecting letter, ~~the~~ ^a matter on which
he did not make the same mistake
twice, and was indeed eager for the
next page of connections to be made
that Franklin Warner could give
them, he ~~soon~~ while waiting, moved
our ~~our~~ mind to listen to the lessons
of the third class who were ~~learning~~
studying the geography of their great
Habsburg empire, and he was ready
to speak to them when the students of
that class (who all seemed to be
simpletons) could not find any of
the places he had located and already
Braunauer and Ling the first to catch
our eyes on the map.

So at six hours studying the work
of my age up to twelve, and it pleased
him that Eugene was also the brightest
in the class. He also knew that they were
the next to learn it came to die. That
was ~~what~~ ^{not only} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~doing~~ ^{doing} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~used~~ ^{used} ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~to~~ ^{to}
install himself in Franklin's domain
factor, and ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~quick~~ ^{quick} ~~enough~~ ^{enough} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ
his will to see of bringing into a field

with a house of a boy a year older
and much more than his age.

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

21. (again check no of chapter)

If Angela had been teasing ~~and~~ about ~~her~~ ^{how} ~~bad~~ ^{bad} he could ~~be~~ for too little. She was ^{terribly} ~~concerned~~ ^{concerned} these days about ^{what might be} ~~her own~~ ^{her own} color, having come in there last few weeks at the farm to her ~~own~~ ^{first} first period. ~~It was~~ ^{that} ~~that~~ ^{that} Klara had been of great help ^{to her} ~~and in the course of~~ ^{social} ~~her~~ ^{conversations} ~~to allow her~~ ^{allaying her} ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~concerns~~ ^{concerns} and ~~feeling~~ ^{feeling} ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~honour~~ ^{honour} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~just~~ ^{just} ~~before~~ ^{before} ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~death~~ ^{death} ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~been~~ ^{been} ~~drenched~~ ^{drenched} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~blood~~ ^{blood} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~one~~ ^{one} ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~hans~~ ^{hans} ~~just~~ ^{just} ~~before~~ ^{before} ~~dying~~ ^{dying}.

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

in passing. ~~It was to explain~~ after (271)
Klara had asked him how he could be
sure his own bees when he got them would
know how to come back to their own
hive especially since he would now
have, once his plans were fulfilled, at
least three of these new hives, with
each a full ~~bee~~ colony in itself
settling side by side ~~outside~~ in the
shaded ~~of the~~ ^{under} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~valued~~ ^{valued} ~~grove~~ ^{grove}. "How do
they know which will be their's?"

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

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

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

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

"Yes."

"How do they not get mixed up?"

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

Still he decided to proceed. For he to be (272)
interested in bees was probably better than
indifference. "It is the queen bee," he
said. "Each queen bee has its own odor.
And since she fertilizes herself
in virginity and can give tens of thousands
of bees their beginning in life, so she is
certain to pass her own odor into each of her
thousands of children."

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

"I have read about the polixenia
in bees," he said judiciously.

"So you have never smelt it yourself?"

"Do I look so suited as to peck my
nose into a hive, so twenty bees can fly
up my nostrils?"

She began to laugh. She knew him so
well in certain ways. He read enormously
on the subject but kept far away from
at bottom, he did not like to admit
that ~~even~~ he had not learned his subject
with his hands, his feet, his tongue,
his patience and his five good senses
not to mention the mysterious sixth.

Alain, however, had made a serious
mistake. He had tried to learn a little
too much. And she was to know more.
She, too, was a peasant of a sort. More
than him even. Just a scateless

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

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

He explained then that the young
queen was much a virgin, not twenty
days out of her own cell, fed by nurses
and attendants from the day she ~~had~~
had emerged went out of the hive
a full virgin, usually on the first

warm day in May and up she flew (174)
into the heaven on her marden
flight, higher than all but a few male
bees could go.

"~~There they call~~ ^{these are called} ~~clones?~~" asked Klara

"Yes, but ~~spoiled~~ ^{another good day then} spoiled fellows. They
live to eat, to fly around ~~fast~~ ^{fast}
~~fast~~ ^{it's in by} ~~and then, it is~~
~~time~~ ^{that they can't lose their exis from} when the virgin queen comes out
for her first flight, ~~they are~~ ^{for that they are overrunning} ~~the~~ ^{this queen who}
they know phenomenal she is, she flies
so high, she is so beautiful compared
to her sisters, thousands of
worker bees, yet ~~worker bees~~ ^{worker bees} worker
bees always looking for more nectar,
or attending to the hive, but she is
different, a tall virgin, she is not
really up to queen ^{more I would say}
~~like a queen~~ ^{the equal of}. And ~~these~~ ^{these} ~~precious~~ ^{precious}
she flies so high, only a few ^{that} ~~few~~ ^{of these don't fly}
follow ~~and then it is~~ ^{last strong} ~~soon to~~ ^{two to}
one, but oh, this ~~strong~~ ^{strong} one, he ~~was~~ ^{was}
my, he gets what he has, ~~his own~~ ^{his own} ~~too~~ ^{too}
the - ~~from~~ ^{from} you might say into it, off,
you cancel of her virgin and she takes
it all in while they are up in the air, ^{no hush}
"It's like a miracle of love," said
Klara, and how could she say that about

"Not exactly," said Alice, and ^{now} ~~but~~ ^{she} ~~know~~ ^{to} ~~how~~ ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{continue}. If he said too much he would spoil what might follow on this night, but then they shrank out of him & spoke to himself and he knew ^{up} to but really ^{were to say} ~~came~~ ^{to} came from telling it all.

Which he did. "Yes," he said, "then doing the one good thing ~~and~~ ^{to her} doing, still it is so far, exactly what nature wants ^{we must say that} ~~for it all to work~~, that then he cannot get it out."

"What?"

"Don't see it," ^{Donner we'll} ~~Don't see it~~, the Queen ^{kind} ~~has~~ ^{sharp} ~~had~~ ^{hoo's} ~~had~~ ^{for} ~~contains~~ ^{it}, or something of the sort. He is ~~stuck~~ ^{stuck} and when he pulls away, you won't believe it, he has ~~been~~ ^{been} ~~snapped~~ ^{snapped} right out of him. ^{his} ~~man~~ ^{man} ~~had~~ ^{had}. All gone."

"What has been there?"

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

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

"What a life," she finally said and ~~she~~ ^{she} ~~has~~ ^{has} ~~been~~ ^{been} ~~right~~ ^{right} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~stop~~ ^{stop} ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~six~~ ^{six} ~~months~~ ^{months} and more into

* all the children and sweet them out of their mo. 1-6-7

her pregnancy, but they made ~~her~~ (2) the
 low that night. I don't know ~~any~~
 & woman who ~~could give~~ a fine description of a
 population to ~~them~~ ~~the night~~ ~~before~~ ~~she~~
 had someone else's baby, but that
 had hardly been the case with Clara.
 Her night's having was different.
 On this occasion he ~~was not~~ ~~most~~

[illegible]

in passing. ~~It was to explain~~ (271)
Klara had asked him how he could be
sure his own bees when he got them would
know how to come back to their own
hive especially since he would now
have, once his plans were fulfilled, at
least three of these new hives, with
each a bull ~~to~~ ^{along} in itself
settling side by side ~~outside~~ in the
shade of the walnut grove. "How do
they know which will be their's?"

He was sufficiently pleased at his
curiosity to explain that he would
paint the hives different colors green
for one, sky-blue for another and pink
for the third. These bees ~~behave~~ ^{behave}
like to live in habitations that were like
the color of the flower whose nectar they
brought back.

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

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

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

"Yes."

"How do they not get mixed up?"

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

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

"That is so remarkable," said Kloss.
"How do you know it, Alair? I must know."

"I have read about thymol crystals
in bees," he said judiciously.

"So you have never smell it yourself?"

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

She began to laugh. She knew him so
well in bit of a way. He read on voraciously
on the subject but got carried away
at times, he did not like to admit
that ~~he~~ he had not learned his subject
with his hands, his feet, his tongue,
his patience and his finger and senses
not to mention his mysterious sixth.

Alair, however, had made a serious
mistake. He had told her a little
too much. Now she had to know more.
She, too, was a person of a call. More
than being rich. Just a little more.

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

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

He explained then that the young
queen was much a virgin, not twenty
days out of her own cell, fed by nurses
and attendants from the day she ~~was~~
had emerged went out of the hive as
a full virgin, usually on the first

warm day in May and up she flew
into the heavens on her maiden
flight, higher than all but a few male
bees could go. (174)

4 These ~~things~~ are called

[illegible]

[illegible]

did not speak of other complications like the last ones, ~~of her~~ once warm weather began and the time grew too full with new broods for half of a colony to be ready to desert to swarm. He did not tell her of new queens being born and being extinguished by the ~~other~~ bees who ~~was~~ acted like royal maintainers to form a court around the Queen bee, he, but well enough alone. It was enough that Ken should know by ~~farmer's~~ ~~only~~ almost as ready as himself to start this new enterprise of apiculture.

Klara was not only fascinated but was acting as the best of stepmothers for Engle, and so like an older sister was ready to divert Engle from her own new work of coming into adolescence. Klara remembering the first blow of her own blood and the abyssal depth of vulnerability in which it had left her, as if she were now like an open wound to all the defecatorian men could now repeat upon her class therefore to describe in detail the ~~tragic~~ ^{tragic} self-amputation of the throne who actually ~~even~~ succeeded in reaching the goal, and that time Klara had company in her laughter, they laughed together, and there were ~~comrades~~ ^{girls of the} of the same age, and so it came about, such as Klara would

did not speak of other complications like the last one, ~~there~~ once warm weather began and the time grew too full with new brood for half of a colony to be ready to desert to summer. He did not tell her of new queens being born and being extinguished by the ~~other~~ bees who ~~was~~ acted like royal maidens to form a court around the Queen Bee. No, he let well enough alone. It was enough that Klara should now be ~~far from~~ almost as ready as himself to start their new extension of a settlement.

Klara was not only far-acted but was acting as the best of stepmothers for Angie, and her like an older sister was ready to divest Angie from her own new woe of coming into adolescence. Klara remembering the first flow of her own blood and the physical depth of vulnerability in which it had left her, as if she were now like an open wound to all the defecations men could now exact upon her, ~~clung~~ therefore to describe in detail the ~~helpless~~ self-amputation of the ~~one~~ ^{one} who actually ~~even~~ succeeded in reaching the goal, and this time Klara had company in her laughter. They laughed together, as if they were ^{girls} ~~girls~~ of the same age, and so it came about, even as Klara went

hapless

used material

a business. The boy was confused, but the speed with which they were walking was pinching his breath past the point where he could ask any more questions.

Abraham, surprised by himself, that he should notice Adi's discomfort, alone stopped. "Come," he said, "let's stop. You sit down." He pointed to an available rock, then actually sat next to him on a less stony that was less smooth.

"You must understand," he now said. "These are no fairy tales, we are beginning. Honey is sweet, but bees can be cruel to each other. Do you know why?"

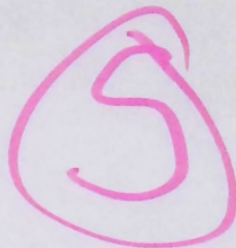
"No," said Adi, but his eyes were shining. "Will you tell me why, Father?"

"Because they obey one law, and their law takes care of everything. The colony must survive. That means nobody can dare to be lazy inside the colony," he paused. "Except the drones. They serve one good purpose 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 few years, right about now, just after summer they get too old. No clarity." He began to laugh. "In the home of the bees, there are no good Christians. No charity, no. You cannot find one bee in a hive who is crippled or too weak to work. They get rid of them early."

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The act itself took no more than a few minutes, but the preparation had not been simple. Etch, I must repeat, was the determining word. A fixed notion, once successfully installed, can link the client to us. (Often we use it to return him back to us should he wish to stray.) But etching is not an easy mode to learn, nor to bring off. It must be done with an incisive stroke. Misapplied, it can drive the recipient into madness.

I will go so far as to say that on this occasion, I was deft. Given the knowledge absorbed from the milk runs, I knew that Alois would soon be visiting a neighboring beekeeper known in the area as Der Alte, Der Alte

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Rauberer—the Old Sorcerer. So was he perceived by the neighboring peasants.

The term was an exaggeration. This old man was highly eccentric, a bit of a hermit, a mean individual, mean as a winter wind who could on prime occasions muster the facade of a warm old fellow. The peasants in Hafeld, having known him for decades, knew better, but he was the only apiculturist in the area whom they could recommend in good conscience to Alois since he knew more about beekeeping than anyone within a day's walk in any direction. So they said. Besides, they were curious to see whether he would succeed in charming Alois before cheating him.

What was most useful to me about Der Alte was that he had belonged to us for decades. In effect, he was one old pensioner. Moreover, he and Adi would be kin in odor, and so were likely to find that the other had a good smell. So, the nature of the dream suggested itself. I would etch the boy's mind with a picture of Der Alte in advance of their meeting.

As a matter of style, I had always been inclined to work limit the extent of a dream-work. One could lose oneself in too many virtuositities. I

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considered modest scenarios to be more effective when it came to fitting external dream material into the existing framework of the subject's psyche. In this case, given the necessary precision of the art-work required, I foresaw a considerable disbursement of available funds, but it did work. I laid in as close an image of Der Alte as I could produce with my skills and then did no more than to place this image into the very center of a short dream. Adi, however, was now given a close representation of Der Alte—his appearance, his voice, his manner of movement. For the setting, I chose one of the two rooms of his hut, and the yard was visible through the window. In the distance was his bee-house. The action of the dream could not have been more direct. Der Alte led them inside his quarters, and fed Adi a spoonful of honey, a task I was careful to monitor in the dream. I made certain it was exquisite on the boy's tongue. (Never to be forgotten, forever etched!). I left that for the climax. Adi awakened with wet pajamas from navel to knee plus a whole sense of happiness. He stripped his wet night-clothing, a not unusual event, and went back to into slumber, replaying the dream (on his own) in small variations, looking to taste such honey again. There was no question in his mind that he would soon meet Der Alte, and this emboldened him to ask

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his father to take him along the next morning. Alois, as I have remarked, was pleased indeed to fulfill that request.

Their conversation on the walk to the Sorcerer's house is yet to be recounted but I will choose to jump ahead long enough to say a little more about the Maestro's concept of etching for it has fine applications to our work. For example, we now knew than when Adi met Der Alte on this Sunday, it would feel, given the power of his dream on Saturday night, that it was all happening in the manner he had foreseen. The boy was astonished, he was thrilled, he was full of a sense of importance that seemed to commence in the very heart of his thoughts, as if he had the power to peer in advance into exactly how matters would proceed. Indeed, we had reaped our expected bounty. 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 did prove so close to how it had been foreseen that it took up permanent lodging in the boy's memory.

Be it said again, this man, Magnus Rudiger, called by all the men and women in the area as Der Alte Rauberer, was in fact not much of an old sorcerer. His curses were neither remarkable nor effective, and his command

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of magic was rudimentary. Whenever a sense of dread came to him from forces he could not name (usually one or another branch of the Cudgels) he hardly knew more than to lay a circle of salt around the kitchen table where he sat by himself. That was, for all its picayune effect, more effective at nudging us away than the Cudgels. (His error, common to so many of our clients, was to assume that naturally and of course! he was on the side of the angels. So it was demons who had inspired his dread.) Minor clients such as this Magus Rudiger are an annoyance. Particularly when they grow old. Still, he was enough of an actor to keep everyone in the area respectful of him. No neighbor was in a hurry to attack his self-esteem, and indeed, he did muster a full suggestion by way of his dress, his odor, his resonant, even reverberating, voice, and his undeniable knowledge of bees, that he was a species of magician. That is, I suppose, a power in itself—the ability to safeguard one's self-esteem even when the psychic revetments are flimsy. On the other hand, he rarely failed to lend himself to my uses. (An individual of greater inner strength might, for example, have been too proud to rush to feed that spoonful of honey while the boy was still on the threshold.)

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In any event, Adi was now etched by the dream, and equally important, the visit. His belief that he would, on occasion, be able to bring vividly and accurately to mind the presence of people or events he had not yet encountered, would be no mean instrument for us.

I will say that we were to exercise such a spiritual device often during Adolf Hitler's service as an Army messenger scurrying up to the trenches and darting back to Regimental Headquarters on many a day and night during the First World War. It was dangerous work, and a confidence in one's ability to anticipate the future was of no small assistance. It is, however, too soon to speak of that. His experiences as a soldier—a most complex amalgam of magic, luck, desperation and dedication—are still eighteen years away. For now, I will leave discussion of the profits and problems produced by etching until it is altogether necessary to discuss the practice again.

For now, I would rather steal into the unspoken thoughts of the conversation he had with his father on the walk to see Der Alte Rauberer. Alois, of course, did most of the talking, and was anticipating his meeting with no great confidence. It was never routine for Alois to encounter a man who knew more about a subject than himself.

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For that reason as much as any other, he was filling Adi's head with 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 thought on little Adolf, that he was a hint short of breath himself before the unexpected obstacle of finding a vein of conversation to take up. He was so pleased that Adi had wished to go with him that he was almost aware how much it meant to him. He never considered fatherhood as a subject of personal interest until a child was old

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enough to work with him. Now, for once, most unexpectedly, he felt a sense of mystery, 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 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, larger at that moment in the child's scale of measurement than 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-Josef, (given the way that Alois pronounced the name), Franz-Josef, a name

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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.

How he wanted to please him! At the beginning of the walk, they were silent, and it was Adi who primed the pump. "Have there always been bees?" he asked.

"Yes. Probably as long as anything."

"They go way back, Father?"

Alois gave him an encouraging pat on the back. The boy's last question had served to activate Alois' power of exposition. "Yes, I would 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

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drawings and old poems to tell us that in the Middle Ages, it was already an industry."

Already Adi was beginning to breathe in a unique mixture of excitement and desperation. So many unknown expressions falling on his head at once. That summer just passed he had been under the walnut tree when a gale of wind came by like the stroke of a sword 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 voice. Now, he was buffeted by the Bronze Age, the Middle Ages—he had perhaps heard that before, and industry, a curious word, he felt as if he half-knew it. No question of stopping to ask—he just listened.

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"They had," said Alois, "no hives in the Middle Ages. Beekeepers already, yes, but they had to go hunting for where they could find the bees, where else?, in hollow trees. And that was a story. Search out the bees, and grab as much as you could of the honey and the wax. This beeswax was equal to a little light in their huts every night. Candles! And for that, so many bites they used to get. Then it would be up to the duke or baron 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 crazy those bees would get. 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 even so, the bear would come looking. Ja, you needed a cross-

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bow—to kill the bear. Not so easy to get honey then, but sometimes you had bear meat to go with it."

Adi's breath was on fire, his eyes full of expectation as their path went through a small wood.

"Sometimes," said Alois, "they would find a tree ready to fall, full of a big hollow and all the bees in it. They would knock the tree over, but carefully, so as not to stir up everything, and then in the evening, only in the evening cause the little bees are quiet then, they would carry the tree near to their hut, and start to look after those bees and learn a little about them. That was the beginning. Now, it is a profitable and risky hobby."

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

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

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

Abruptly, surprised at himself that he 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 a less [??] stone that was less
smooth.

"You must understand," he now said, "these are no fairy-tales we are
beginning. Honey is sweet, but bees can be cruel to each other. Do you
know why?"

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"No," said Adi. His eyes were shining. "Will you tell me why,

Father?"

"Because they obey one law, and this law takes care of everything.

that is the one law. The colony must survive.

The colony must survive. That means nobody can dare to be lazy inside ~~the~~

that huge family."

colony." He paused. "Except for the drones. They serve one good purpose

and then it's all over for them. They are gone. Goodbye."

"They are killed?"

"Are they killed?" (He knew the answer.

Yes!

"Yes, *(it is)* all of them. (Once a year, right about now, just after summer,

they are gotten rid of. No charity." He began to laugh. "In the home of the

bees, there are no good Christians. No charity, no. You cannot find one bee

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

[F1-2]

not needed

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Recall by

on the way over

pass

On the Threshold of the Hive

void of memory as the happiness with-
out alloy.

[5]

In order to follow, as simply as possible, the life of the bees through the year, we will take a hive that awakes in the spring and duly starts on its labours; and then we shall meet, in their natural order, all the great episodes, viz.: the formation and departure of the swarm, the foundation of the new city, the birth, combat and nuptial flight of the young queens, the massacre of the males, and finally, the return of the sleep of winter. With each of these episodes there will go the necessary explanations as to the laws, habits, peculiarities and events that produce and accompany it; so that, when arrived at the end of the bee's short year, which extends only from April to the last days of September, we shall have gazed upon

[A]

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A

A-AA

will we get
honey right away
the time

X

P 49 INTRB

A

Desalite
Prise
from
the next
winter's
bees hatch

What Needs to Be Done in August

August is the beginning of the bees' new year. During this month the next winter's bees hatch (see page 7). The more bees there are to winter over, the

48

A-1

better the chance that the colony will be able to maintain the necessary temperature inside the hive. The warmer the bees keep, the stronger the colony will be in the spring and the more bees will be able to collect nectar and honeydew to turn into honey.

Important For

- Last harvest of honey in areas with late flow.
- If you haven't done so yet, requeen old colonies (see page 34).
- If you haven't yet checked and reorganized the brood nest (see page 43), do so now.

id Plants for Bees

- Combine weak colonies (see page 34).
- At elevations above 1500 feet (500 m), feeding should start now, whether the honey flow is early or late. At lower elevations wait until early September (see page 36).
- As long as the bees collect nectar, weigh the scale hive daily, after the last honey harvest, weekly.
- Make appropriate entries in the record cards.

10/95

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of the
first
honey is
extracted

INTRD

Swiss
honey

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for 5000
feet
Have
compensation
about
A1015
with
Adi

D. T.
receiving
no input
from O.O.
Resistant
if the Hitler
are going
to be dropped

Prelude to A-1

For minute of 243-283

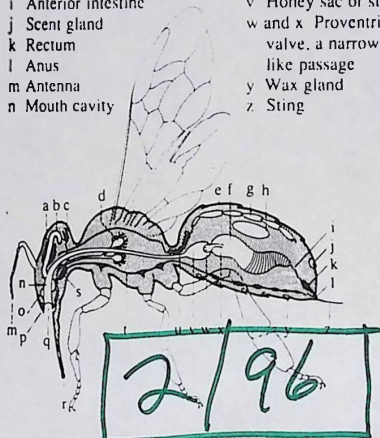
A-0000

alois + Kland

(discussing it)

A Short Introduction to Bees

- a Brain (upper ganglion)
- b Head salivary gland
- c and d Food glands in head (c) and thorax (d)
- e Abdominal back plate
- f Midgut or ventriculus
- g Heart
- h Ovaries
- i Anterior intestine
- j Scent gland
- k Rectum
- l Anus
- m Antenna
- n Mouth cavity
- o Mandibular gland
- p Mandibles
- q Mouth opening
- r Tongue (proboscis)
- s Brain (lower ganglion)
- t Nerve cord
- u Heart spiral (nine turns)
- v Honey sac or stomach
- w and x Proventricular valve, a narrow, funnel-like passage
- y Wax gland
- z Sting



Lengthwise vertical section of a bee. The bee's tripartite body (head, thorax, and abdomen) is enclosed by an exoskeleton consisting of chitin. Three pairs of legs and two pairs of wings are attached to the thorax. Bees breathe through tracheal tubes that open through breathing pores in the thorax, called spiracles.

discourage swarming (see page 26). If the beekeeper stands by idly, the queen will soon leave the hive with about a third of the workers (the prime swarm). The bees usually alight on a branch and hang there in a tight cluster with the queen in the middle. If the beekeeper does not catch the swarm at this point (see page 31), the bees will scout out and take off for a new permanent home in a hollow tree, a hole in the ground, or a rock crevice and will then be lost to the beekeeper for good. Almost half of the remaining bees may also move out seven days after the departure of the prime swarm, taking one

or several of the new queens with them (the after-swarm). Only the brood, some young nurse bees, and a few new queens are left in the hive. These latter will fight each other to the death until only one remains. After five days the virgin queen is sexually mature and takes off on her nuptial flight.

Drones that are ready to mate leave their hive in early afternoon usually between 2 and 3 o'clock. They fly around near their hives or gather in drone congregating areas where the weather conditions are favorable and where the drones stay aloft 15-40 feet (5-12 m) above the ground.

The mating always takes place in the air. In the act of copulation, the drone's genitalia, which are normally located inside the tip of the abdomen, are extruded by turning inside out and enter the queen's vagina pouch. The spermatozoa are discharged into the queen's vagina and gradually move from there to a sperm-holding reservoir called the spermatheca. The drone expires in the course of copulation. A queen may mate with five to eight drones during her five to six weeks of sexual receptivity. In the process she accumulates millions of spermatozoa, enough to last a lifetime of egg laying.

Sometimes the workers replace an old queen with a new one without the colony's swarming. The old queen either dies or is killed by a virgin queen or by the workers. This process, which is advantageous for the apiarist because the colony is rejuvenated without any effort on his or her part, is called superseding.

Once the young queen has mated and started a good brood nest, the drones no longer serve a useful function. They consume food without contributing to the life of the hive, and the worker bees begin to expel them from the hive or kill them.

Worker bees born in August or later winter over and don't die until the next spring. From November on no more brood is raised, and the entire colony collects in a tight cluster around the queen. The bees feed on the honey they have gathered and stored for winter, converting carbohydrates into body heat. The temperature at the center of the cluster stays between 68 and 77°F (20-25°C) and drops to be-

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only discuss
is back

Nov!

Der
Falter

3/96

bar
well

96 • WILLIAM LONGGOOD

THIRTY-THREE



For a new fielder, the great adventure begins the first time she leaves the hive to forage and must find her way back. Is she nervous during this initial excursion? Does she keep repeating to herself various landmarks she can identify? Or does she depend on some kind of homing instinct, a route committed to memory or a navigational system known only to her? Whatever the method, it is almost eerie the way she can go two or three miles distant and fly directly to her own hive. The feat is more remarkable because of the manner in which large apiaries or beeyards are usually laid out.

Beehives are generally placed next to one another in row after identical row, sometimes in pairs but often without even this small distinction. In large commercial operations there may be hundreds or even thousands of hives, all indistinguishable to the human eye, so many identical wooden boxes on some kind of platform, gleaming in the sun. And yet, in some unknown way, our initiate fielder, new to the game and loaded with nectar or pollen, is able to tell her own hive from all the others.

Occasionally a worker bee does mistakenly enter a strange hive, possibly due to a mental lapse or navigational error. This is known as "drifting"—is it due to daydreaming? If she arrives empty-handed, she is almost sure to be challenged by a sentry guarding the entrance and promptly thrown out. If she tries to bull her way into the hive, unable to accept her own error, she most likely will be mauled by the outraged inhabitants and lucky to escape with her life. A worker arriving at the wrong address with a load of nectar or pollen, however, may be permitted to enter without challenge, as a person with full purs-

3/96

96

THE QUEEN MUST DIE • 97

is rarely denied entry into a bank, even if unknown and with no account number; an appearance of prosperity almost universally confers respectability and assures a welcome, a truth that seems to cut across all class lines among all species.

A drone who enters a strange hive by mistake is usually permitted to enter without challenge, which occurs frequently with drones, perhaps because of their limited intelligence. They pose no threat to steal the hive's wealth, and bees are too hospitable to begrudge giving a stranger a handout. Is this another example of sex discrimination, the male, as usual, coming out ahead? Do the female workers make allowances for male stupidity, or just like "having another male about the place"? Is there a bit of the coquette in these incomplete females? Who is to say?

Often a drone, mindlessly blundering into a strange hive, does not bother to go home but simply moves in as an adopted member of the community. A drone's primary loyalty seems to be to his stomach, apart from his fatal lust. He seems to feel that one set of "women" looking out for him is as good as another; the drone is a virtual fountainhead of rampant male chauvinism.

Worker bees are less adaptable to changing hives or locations than the absent-minded or stupid drones. Generally bees are thoroughly oriented to one tiny spot on this earth that is home. Move the hive only a few feet from its customary place and they will return to the original site. If a hive is to be moved from one spot to another, even in the same apiary, beekeepers first take it at least two miles to disorient the bees, and then transfer it to the new location. If, in moving a hive, the entrance is not completely blocked, the bees will escape and try to return to their former abode. Home is a compelling concept for most species, a refuge of safety in an often perilous world.

Curiously enough, among bees, the homing instinct varies from one race to another. Italian bees are especially prone to return to the hive's original location, even if it is moved only a few feet away. Other strains, particularly the darker races of

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(Grammar of page)

E 190 - enemies of kees [A]

①

E 28 kees like raisins [A]

P 5 might start w a dialogue between Kees
+ Alvin

she is fascinated w Alvin's defects
phylomom and with death
of the character

Later part (double page) for Alvin

P 4 in answer to E 190 [A]

165 lecture to Alvin, + to Kees in May '96
on way back

{ E-24 (On the way back to [A])
{ E-27

29 [A] The des. Alto shows how to find
the queen & put her in
queen cage - Does it hold any

29 [A] a section on transfer of queens
& population increase
Dangers of swarming
Also believes ~~to~~ [A] ~~in~~ ~~the~~
will be honest in commerce
because he does not sell him, but
because he does not sell him, but
tries to scare him

P 50 last word - more screens, bird only
with the birds. Record cast

J-19 ad at school. Could come right after
first meeting w [A]

P 50 (Feb) last word. This is what has been
done before

P 49 [Aug] more lectures from [A] some of it
also in the way necessary

P 23 recap by [A] of the kee year
also in the way necessary

② ~~It enters with a~~
~~disposition on other~~
~~+ a few friends of~~
~~the beekeeper~~
 Preface
 1/95

Anyone who keeps bees is performing an important ecological service because many plants are dependent on bees for pollination. Of course, concern for the preservation of nature is not the only reason that more and more people are becoming interested in bees. Beekeeping is a satisfying and exciting hobby that demands that the beekeeper—to be successful—be familiar with the life cycle of bees and perform the necessary tasks at the appropriate time in the course of the changing seasons.

Beekeeping has a long tradition. It is likely that people used the products of wild bees as far back as the Bronze Age. During the Middle Ages, beekeepers, who tended wild bees that lived in hollow trees, were important because they provided both light (beeswax) and sweetener (honey). They were directly responsible to the local sovereign and were allowed to carry a crossbow to defend themselves against the honey-marauding bear. In time, these medieval beekeepers started to move the hollow trees, inclusive of bees, closer to home, and this was the beginning of apiculture. Visit IGA

This little handbook is designed primarily for the beginning beekeeper. In order to describe all the many tasks that have to be performed in the course of a year of beekeeping, I had to choose a simplified form of presentation, and some of my explanations may strike the more experienced reader as unusual.

I begin with a short introduction to bees, which describes the life cycle of bees and the many activities that take place inside the hive, activities that a beekeeper must understand fully to do his or her work. Then the beginner is told exactly what the necessary conditions for beekeeping are; only if these conditions are met is success with bees likely. The next chapter discusses how to choose the right kind of hives and other necessary equipment. This is followed by advice on buying, transporting, and establishing bee colonies.

* Also to find
 on the way over

Proper care and management (pages 24–43) of bees, including all the necessary manipulations, is probably the most important part of beekeeping. Anyone who does not look after the bees conscientiously is bound to suffer repeated setbacks. I have attempted to describe as lucidly as possible how to work with movable-frame hives, such as the Langstroth hives (popular in the United States), which usually accommodate 10 frames, as well as leaf hives (which are in common use in Germany). I also cover the subject of harvesting honey, starting with the removal of honeycombs from the hive and then describing how to extract and store the honey properly. Since it is often necessary to build or repair parts of the equipment oneself—where practical carpentry skills come in very handy—I have also included some instructions in this area. The chapter on the yearly work cycle (pages 46–50), in which all the chores are organized chronologically by month, should serve as a useful guide and reminder for any beekeeper but is needed especially by the novice.

The new beekeeper is also given all the necessary basic information about the different bee products and about diseases, pests, and dangers, including bee and brood diseases and damage caused by pesticides and herbicides. To aid the beginner in mastering the beekeeper's lingo quickly, a short glossary of beekeeping terms has been included. The appendix contains the addresses of beekeepers' associations and a list of books and publications for further study.

The instructive drawings and color photos will help the inexperienced beekeeper understand the activities of bees and facilitate working with them. I want to express my thanks to Mr. Walter Berghoff for his drawings and to all the photographers who have contributed their pictures, especially to Mr. Donat Waltenberger.

Werner Melzer

1916# In the year (was?) Adolf
 16 • WILLIAM LONGGOOD *hermits of this*

16F

responsible? Is it due to an abiding animus that dwells secretly in the hive, invisible and indecipherable, and provides this ability, this profound intelligence, that we observe without comprehending?

The mystery is compounded because each phase of a bee's development occurs on a fairly predictable timetable. One thing we know, as observers, is that from the moment of a bee's "birth" she is destined to work until she no longer can do so, but no one has the least notion what dictates this pattern of behavior. The queen and drones are equally condemned by the same invisible forces, although their roles differ. We watch the miracle that unfolds from their various labors with wonder but with little or no understanding of the origins or imperatives.

The colony, as noted, is ruled by one fixed law: those who do not or cannot work cannot remain in the hive and be a drain on its resources. There is no charity, no exception, no compassion. If a bee is born deformed, too weak, or not willing to work, it is ruthlessly killed or thrown out of the hive. The same fate awaits those who become too old or infirm to work. It also applies to victims of mishaps and heroines maimed in combat while guarding the hive against invaders.

There is, for the worker bee, no honorable retirement, no pension, no welfare program or reward for service to the community, no compromising of hive values. The individual bee means nothing. Only the continuing life of the colony counts. This is the first commandment of the hive—a manifestation of that mysterious and dispassionate force that guides all bee life. It is called, with little understanding of what it means, "the spirit of the hive."

The primary rule is inflexible: work or die.

1896# *Adolf impacts this to Adi in order to try to get him to understand the need for work.*

more to 1916 *Done*
 A-00 *after use*
 TWO
 10/95

I have, at this writing, been keeping bees for more than ten years, and in that time have observed and read about them extensively. Like most beekeepers, I understand bees only superficially, and then on the terms they set. Any deeper understanding eludes me. Bees are complex creatures and over the centuries they have worked out many successful strategies that are unique in nature. Much has been learned through observation about what they do but little about why they do it. Like most species, bees tend to protect their secrets from those who would invade their privacy. Only slowly and grudgingly have bees let us learn anything about their private lives, but they reveal nothing about their inner councils; theirs is one of nature's most effective conspiracies of silence and secrecy.

I am not sure how most people get into beekeeping. Interest is kindled in one way or another: possibly they had a friend or relative who kept bees, read an article that interested them, or saw something on television. Bees and men are closely enough related, as fellow members of a life community, that there should be an atavistic interest in some degree, unless this mechanistic human society has smothered such human inclinations as remain to us. Most of us have been trained to ignore or distrust our instincts and feelings unless they can be scientifically substantiated.

My own introduction to beekeeping was accidental. My son, who grew up in the sixties, had left home and was raising his consciousness in a commune-like house in New Jersey. As part of the great experiment in natural living and self-sufficiency, my son and his friends decided to keep bees and bought a

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Lecture to Colo Jr. + to Adi. *Adi in May 96* *we also Jr. on his return from school*

Adi had to be forced to work

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Superceded drafts

FAX triple-space
Thurs 11:00 A.M. March 4.

FAXED

Mar 4 11:00 A.M.

-23-

Triple space

Let me return to the dream I fashioned and ^{then} installed in Adi's sleep ^{on} the Saturday night ~~before~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{in response to} walk on Sunday night before. It was initiated by a direct order from the Maestro and that in ^(in the least) not ordinary while we have ^{chimerical} itself was exceptional. ~~We do have~~ the power to provide more than one episode, even whole scenarios ^{it is also true that} scenario into any hour of our client's sleep, but as is invariably the matter, ^{dramatic} any sudden shift in the routine of ^a any client, male or female, adult or

occasionally a child, ^{can} produces an unexpected inroad on our budget. ^{a real} Inner dramas are ^{expensive} to produce ~~ex nihilo~~.

I can install whole dramas on special occasions. While we ~~do~~ ^{often do} work on the installation of dreams in many a client, it is ^{not} ~~the~~ ^{material} initiated by the client, ^{but} ~~it~~ ^{cannot} ~~say~~ ^{that} ~~this~~ ^{is} ~~one~~ ^{of} my favorite modes of directed influence. ~~(and it~~

~~other any more circumstances under which it is under my charge.~~

suspect many of my colleagues would agree.) The unhappy conclusion I have

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come to is that dream-works ^{manipulated beings} can often end in a mess, particularly if ^{they stimulate} there is

open conflict with the Cudgels. ^{Attacks} Such ^{attacks on a} invasions and counter-invasions in a

human's sleep ^{rarely/ any subtle} result in ^{neener} no deep conditioning ^{will on} over to our purposes and does

most occasions generate

occasion nightmare for the client. A set of ^{assumed delicate} manipulations ^{calculated to alter the subject's psyche} are ^{undertaken} undertaken ^{under battle ground conditions} under battle ground conditions. ^{No one enjoys} No one enjoys

It is my experience that the installation of selected visions, phantoms,

false certainties, whole illusions, effective hysterias, even outright deliriums

can,

on those rare occasions when they ^{do deliver} can prove serviceable, ^{Exciting} can prove most

effective ^{but that is only when}

effective when ^{the} one can work slowly with ^{and} one's protégé, nimbly, subtly, and

proceeding ^{over many a night in order}

proceed in such small steps that the Cudgels ^{be} are not alerted for too little. Or

visions are ^{savagely opposed to dream-work that can} savagely opposed to dream-work that can ^{initiate}

many an eon, the D.K. ^{was most intrigued with the power that dreams} was most intrigued with the power that dreams

afforded Him over ^{those} the primates He was ^{nurturing} developing into humans. Certainly, ^{sa}

what we can call the Jehovah Period (that is, ^{approximately} 1000 B.C. to 30 A.D.) ^{I know that} contained

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the D.K. had
(a full spectrum of awards and punishments available to the D.K. ~~He~~ He could

arouse nightly
inculcate visions that drove His wards in any direction He desired, often, I

no more than His whim. Over the Millennia
suspect, on His Whim.
the gods do melt former personalities and take
on new ones. One did not see the D.K. at this best
during the scholastic period.
Our entrance into the affairs of humankind produced a revolution in the

Moreover, our
divine powers available to
operative power of the dream. No longer could the D.K. *(living than)* (as Jehovah) employ

dreams to accelerate His thralls and ~~His~~ *which ever* chattels to race off in whatever

Today,
direction He desired. Now, the effects of dreams on average humans (who *are*

~~were~~ so often employing their best efforts to have as little as possible to do

Maestro! become
with either the D.K. or the Maestro, *are* became curious. Dreams were now

eccentric, haunting, jagged, totally confused, and for the most part, non-

do
productive. People *do* their best not to follow *which ever* whatever messages they *can* could

recalled from
extract from any ~~recollected~~ scenario of their sleep.

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The efficacious use of dreams ^(by the D.K. is now) was gone. It must be said that once we ^{contented with the D.K. saw} began to ^{development} control the future nature of men and women, the D.K. ^{had to} did reduce the

absurd magnification of His ego, His manic obsession with Himself ^{which had swollen} during ^{he} ^{became— if I may use the word— obsolete. He was} ^{obliged} The Jehovah Period, and did begin to search for more sophisticated modes of

operation ^{(K) now} and, on occasion, ^{could} even prove wise in His insertion of dreams

(via the Cudgels) into His best clients and pensioners. The function of the ^{It did not often serve any longer} dream altered. ^{now} ^{to communicate} ~~served less often~~ as a means of communicating commands

^{Rather, the function} from Above, ^{a closer} and was modified rather to give the dreamer more sense of the

buried realities of his life. ^{own some} If a friend was to a slight degree treacherous, the

^{was there to alert the dreamer to that possibility,} dream would exaggerate ^{that tendency}. It was a way to encourage a more

^{closer} ^{one's own condition in the world} profound sense of reality, ^{Indeed, for} and for those human wards who were sequestered

by the Cudgels and so ^{could be} ^(potature saints, for example) were rarely approached by us, the D.K.'s approach to

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~~dream-work~~ did prove. On the other hand, dreams
the economy of dreams could even be efficacious. The old nonsense of the

~~Dreams as Direct~~ became rare. Dreams seen as
dream as a prophecy, or, to the contrary, a wish fulfillment, was gone (except
wish. But R.K. must have never been more than
a theory. As devised by the D.K., dreams would now
for being revived with only partial success by Sigmund Freud.) Now, a
be there to serve as an intimate form of
communication between the human creation and himself,
so long as we were. Devils and demons were
human's dream could work for him or her if we were not present to enter and

distort the content, in that blessed condition ^{might} a dreamer could obtain insight

vulnerabilities.

into his or her pressure points. Mock situations in the dream ^{could} would dramatize

the subject's ^{to} the dreamer's attention could
one's ability to withstand anxiety, and, by extension, could then point to those

he directed to it ^{or the}
(situations a dreamer was wise to avoid, for given enough pressure, the

~~foundation~~ ^{foundation} One would now be most unhappy
foundation of their ego might split or crack—yes, such matters as possessing

aware of how one possessed ^{less}
less courage, less loyalty, less devotion, (love, or less health than he or she

had previously assumed. ^{function of the} The dream, as redesigned for the D.K. to cope with

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modern life was—if one could ^{only} read the dream—a security system full of warning bells.

To the degree that we could contest the allegiance of any man or woman to the Cudgels, we were able to sabotage that ~~modern~~ system. In return, the Cudgels delighted in ^{undermining our influence over} invading our best captives whenever and wherever they could.

These ~~internecine~~ wars produced ^{much} further waste and chaos. To the degree that we had both ~~penetrated~~ ^{had been} any given man or woman, ~~their dreams~~ ^{penetrated by them or by us, the person's dream} became ^{an} incoherent extravaganzas, ^{was also} and wasteful to our ~~far from unbounded~~ budgets.

This has all been preface to ^{what became} an exceptional interruption of my ^{other} projects.

As I have ~~already~~ remarked, the Maestro did not, for the most part, allocate

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~~too~~ many of our efforts ^{toward (early)} into ~~the~~ development of children. He ^{looked} ~~look~~ upon their

growth as essentially indeterminable, 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} ~~Ad~~ and his family could ^{now} be monitored by the routine milk-

runs of my assistants. With the exception of the single occasion when I had

^{slipped} ~~stolen~~ into Alois' brain ^{long enough} in order to delve into his fascination with beekeeping,

I had been working ^{instead} ~~almost entirely~~ in nearby regions with other clients. The

milk-runs ^{proved sufficient in} were providing me with ^{any} ~~sufficient~~ information ^{I needed} vis-a-vis the Hitlers

of Hafeld.

Then came an unexpected and direct communication from the

Maestro—no ordinary event. I was instructed to implant a dream ^{into} ~~in~~ the head

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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

Etch was the
insertion of a concept. ~~The~~ verb employed by the Maestro ~~was etch~~. "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."

That was not a short speech for the E.O. His regard for us could be
measured by how little time it would take for us to understand his desires.

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double space

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what may be more important, however, is
to speak of

Let me return to the dream I fashioned and then installed in Adi's sleep

meeting/
on the Saturday night before the walk on Sunday. It was initiated in response

Let me say that that is
to a direct order from the Maestro and that in itself was not in the least

ordinary. While we have the power to provide chimerical episodes, even constructed

to insert into any
whole scenarios into any hour of our client's sleep, it is also true that any such

these psychic regions/
dramatic shift in the routine of a client, male or female, adult or occasionally a

does/
child, can produce a real inroad on our budget. Inner dramas are expensive to

produce/
produce ex nihilo. Moreover, they are a species there
is risk involved,

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^{To}
~~I can~~ install whole dreams on special occasions ^{can} and often do tamper
with the nocturnal material ^{more (roots of)} ^{belonging to} initiated by the client, but I cannot say ^{that this} ~~for this~~ ~~reason~~

one of my favorite modes of directed influence. The unhappy ^{result} conclusion ~~is~~
^{can be} ~~come to~~ is that dream-works manipulated by us ^{some chaos} can often end in a mess,

particularly if they stimulate open conflict with the Cudgels. Attacks and

^{within the depths of}
counter-attacks on a human's sleep rarely result in any subtle conditioning

^{most favorable} ^{indeed} ^{it will}
~~near~~er to our purpose, and will on most occasions generate nightmare for the

client. A set of ~~assisted~~ delicate manipulations calculated to alter a subject's

^{should not be}
psyche are undertaken under battle ^{field} ground conditions. ^{who can prosper} No one enjoys a

^{from a?}
nightmare, not the client, the Cudgels, or ~~ourselves~~ ~~us~~

It has been my experience that the installation of highly selected

^{phantasms}
visions, ~~phantoms~~, false certainties, whole illusions, effective hysterias, even

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outright deliriums can, on ~~these~~ rare occasions when they prove serviceable,

~~to~~ deliver exciting effects, but that is ^{most attainable} only when one can work slowly with

the protégé, nimbly ~~and~~ subtly, proceeding in small steps over many a night in

order that the Cudgels ^{are} be not alerted. The D.K. and His ^(working angels) minions ~~are~~ are savagely

opposed to dream-work that we initiate. From the Commencement of human

existence, I ^{would warrant that} believe the D.K. must have been most ^{attached to} intrigued with the power

~~that~~ dreams afforded Him over those ^{late} primates He was nurturing ^{and developing} into humans.

Much faster, during

Certainly, for what we can call the Jehovah Period (that is, approximately

^{the advent of Jesus Christ} 1000 B.C. to 30 ~~A.D.~~ ^{host} I know that the D.K. had a full spectrum of awards

and punishments available. He could arouse ^{in his prophets and plebeians alike} nightly visions that drove ~~His~~

^{these} ~~wards~~ in any direction He desired, often, I suspect, ^{not much} on no more than His

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whim. ~~Over the Millenia, the gods do molt former Personalities and take on~~

~~new ones. One did not see the D.K. at His best during the Jehovah Period.~~

however
Moreover, our entrance into the affairs of humankind produced a

revolution in the divine powers available to the ^{D.K.}dream. No longer could ^{He}the

D.K. (living then as Jehovah) employ dreams to accelerate His thralls and

chattels to rush off in whichever direction He desired. Today, ^{as of this writing,} the effect of

is profoundly altered. Today, half of humankind seems to
dreams on many humans ~~(who are often employing their best efforts to have~~

as few relations
as little as possible to do with either the D.K. or the Maestro! ^{Dreams are} ~~become~~

no longer seen as visions. They present themselves as
~~curious. Dreams are now~~ eccentric, haunting, jagged, totally confused, and

for the most part, non-productive. People do their best not to follow

whichever messages they can extract from any ^{episode that might be recalled} scenario recollected ~~(from their~~

sleep.

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So, the purpose is
 The efficacious (use of dreams by the D.K. is now gone. *at present inoperative* *Once we*

Once our forces
 began to contend with the D.K. for the *growth and future development* of men and

willy-nilly (and I use the word *advisably!*) had
 women, the D.K. had to *reduce* the absurd magnification of His ego. His *willy-nilly to reduce*

and His Powers
 manic obsession with Himself *which had swollen during the Jehovah Period,*

ap. that
 became—if I may use the word—obsolete. He was obliged to search for *insist less on*
 the absolute adoration of His servant for Him and
 to proceed *into the agonized search for*
 more sophisticated modes of operation. On occasion, He could now even show

Himself to be wise in His choice of how to insert
 prove wise in His insertion of dreams (via the Cudgels) into His best clients

remaining
 and pensioners. The function of the dream *altered*. *now* It served much *It did not often serve any*

medium for sending down
 longer served less often as a *means to communicate* commands from Above.

drastically converted the dream uses
 Rather, the function was modified to give the dreamer a closer sense of the
now there, ideally, to serve the dreamer, to give
and disturbances in
 buried realities of his own life. If some friend was to a slight degree

such a
 treacherous, the dream was there to alert the dreamer to that possibility. *If*
one, unknown to oneself, was also ready to
 be tray a close friend, that possibility could →

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also be suggested to the sleeping mind. The D.K. was
~~now looking for the best means to encourage a closer~~
 was a way to encourage a closer sense of one's condition in the world.
 sense in each man and woman of their real
 condition in the world. The D.K. given all his shortcomings,
 was looking now for a way to protect his ~~condition~~ most
 Indeed, for those wards who were sequestered by the Cudgels and so could ^{elaborate}
^(lucky or worthy few) ^(might be one) ^(elaborate humans!)

rarely be approached by us, (putative saints, for example), the D.K.'s altered

approach to dream-work did prove efficacious. On the other hand, dreams as

^{The verge for a time to see dreams}
 direct prophecy became rare. Dreams seen as wish-fulfillment had never ^{proved}

^{to be} ^{revised} ^{were now}
 been more than a theory. As devised by the D.K., dreams would now be

^{supposed} ^{the most}
 there to serve as an intimate form of communication between the human

^{Indeed, on those occasions when}
 creation and Himself. So long as ^{we} ^{devils and demons} were not present to

^{could actually}
 distort the content, a dreamer might obtain insight into his or her

^{The mock} ^{of} ^{were there to}
 vulnerabilities. Mock situations in the dream could dramatize the subject's

ability to withstand anxiety. The dreamer's attention could be directed to

situations it was wise to avoid. One would now ^{be} most unhappily aware of

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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, as

was now
~~redesigned by the D.K. to cope with modern life~~ *It was* ~~was~~ *hear* if one could only ~~read~~
the signals
~~the dream~~ *and* a security system full of warning bells.

however, block
To the degree that we could ~~contest~~ the allegiance of any man or

woman to the Cudgels, we were able to sabotage that system. In return, the

Cudgels delighted in undermining our influence over our best captives,

~~whenever and wherever they could.~~

These wars produced much chaos. To the degree that any given man
or woman had been penetrated by Them or us, the person's dream became an

I may add that it
incoherent extravaganza, ~~and~~ *was* also wasteful to our budgets.

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In effect, a complaint by me over the damage ~~done~~
(This has all been preface to what became an exceptional interruption of
done to

my other projects. As I have remarked, the Maestro did not, for the most
part, allocate too many of our efforts toward early development of children.

He looked upon their growth as essentially indeterminable, 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 to* ~~could~~ now be

monitored by the routine milk-runs of my assistants. With the exception of
the single occasion when I had slipped into Alois' brain long enough to delve

into his fascination with beekeeping, I had been working instead in nearby

regions with other clients. The milk-runs proved sufficient *to provide* ~~in providing~~ me

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

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But they had come this
Then came an (unexpected and direct communication from the
I can warrant that is
Maestro. ~~no~~ 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 may well have an open operation.*

That was not a short speech for the E.O. His regard for us could be
measured by how little time it would take for us to understand his desires.

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*replaced by
a later draft
on March 2*

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

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

be repeated / Call that wealth of impregnations devised

*from
no
more
than
five
or
six
copulations!*

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

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

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enough alone. It was enough that Klara should now be sympathetic to what would be his ^{owning} new enterprise of apiculture.

Klara had not only been fascinated by what he told her that night, but

now, acting ^{much} like an older sister, ^{she ~~was~~ try to guide} she was ready to divert Angela from ^{the final} those

^{out of her own first adolescent woes,} woes of adolescence, Klara, remembering the ^{early phase of} first flow of her own blood and

^{could certainly recall} the depth of vulnerability in which it had left her, (she had felt as if she ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{was no}

^{more than a} ^{open} no more than an open wound to future depredations that men might exact

^{So, now she chose} from her) made a choice to describe in detail to Angela the hapless self-

amputation of the brave drone who had succeeded in reaching the Queen.

~~Alas, did not have it all their way, at least~~ This time, Klara had company in her laughter, they carried on as girls of the

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

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

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

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

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

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

the hive and ^{all} the thousands who dwelt within it. All of them smelled the

same. "It is," said Klara, full of a new set of giggles, "as if all Russian men

and women have one kind of stink, and ^{all} those Polish oafs another. Maybe

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

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

Angela in laughter,

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

~~now.~~ ^{why?} "And maybe the worst, the Bohemians. I shouldn't describe them."

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

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

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

~~name~~ ^{said} of each country mentioned.

^{Some happy} The notion remained, ~~however~~ with Angela. ^{nope!} Now, School ~~had for her~~

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

can do some work, you careless boy."

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

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

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

Then Angela ^{however,} would begin to brood again on the death of Rosig. The prize sow had indeed had ^{of course without} an odor at times, ~~which was~~ not unlike Adi at his worst, or was it Rosig at her worst?—enough! Angela began to cry for both, of them, the boy and the pig together. Now, ^{full} of remorse for teasing him,

she tried to make amends by telling him ^{a few} some of the wonderful secrets that Klara had told her, all of this new knowledge about bees, and ^{on many} before long,

each morning as the two walked to school, she would take up the topic again—her head was ^{so} full of what she had been told ^{that} ~~and~~ Adi's imagination was soon inflamed by the mysteries of the Queen Bee.

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

directions, and ^{any such} his mother was always warning him that he must not try to touch such a tiny creature ^{not} if he saw one on a flower. Worse, he must never dare to kill one. That same bee could give him something to remember!

Then ^{Edmund got stung} Edmund got stung one fine morning in July, and didn't stop screaming for an hour ^{or more}. So Adolf, in his turn, had been most respectful of the dangers implicit with their presence, but now, all of Angela's talk about his

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own odor, so bad that he might die, so he thought, even as Rosig had ~~probably~~ gotten sick and had to be buried in the big hole his father had dug—
was her bad smell the reason for her death?

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

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

(and he could count by now to ten thousand) ~~was now attached in his~~

did exert his thoughts.

~~thoughts to something similar about himself since the more that Angela~~

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

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

Queen Bees that was like himself.

So when he heard that his father was going to ~~visit~~ ^{talk to} a neighbor one

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

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

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

above the farm. ~~On the ground next to the house was an old man who was~~ *standing on (near to them)* *and he*

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

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

~~stocking over his white hair, a hat so long it hung down half over his back.~~ *(as long as a stocking so it)*

~~Although he was not short, he still looked like a dwarf because he was bent~~ *but*

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

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

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

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

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

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This request was the product of our Adolf's ^{the boy's} dream (the night before. I ^{can} say that I ^{in vacation} had been directly instrumental in shaping his images of Der Alte, which ^{then} ~~which~~ 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} talk (in that Linz tavern about the beauties and wonders of apiculture.

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

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

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

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commenced originally,
 How this condition ~~began~~ *(I do not know. If I have served the E.O. in*
 various capacities for many an age, my recollection of earlier eras is no more
 focused on the far past than is a human's sense of what might be ~~past~~ *previous*
 incarnations. It is probably not to the Maestro's interest to have us know any
 more than we need to know. Rather, we are asked to deal as effectively as
 possible with ~~these~~ *particular,* problems immediately before us. We do not have to call
 upon Judas or Bluebeard or Attila the Hun to encourage a drunken client to
 slug down another shot of booze. In consequence, we have almost no idea of
 the real beginning of the war between the Dummkopf and the Evil One.

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

Lucifer, is *entirely* beyond my province. ~~Whether~~ *Perhaps* the E.O. was there from the *onset*

perhaps he only commencement, or appeared later *It is* also not for us to know. Nor can we
suppose with real confidence that discern whether the Dummkopf (in whole command *at the time*
~~we would certainly~~ *was obliged, nonetheless*

suppose, of this earth and this solar system) had to speak to higher powers

somehow ~~out~~ in the galaxies of his immediate need for an assistant, or whether (the O.O.
It is ~~not~~ possible that

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

on purpose was sent here by those greater powers above *who were feeling* because of dissatisfaction with
 the work of the D.K. *Such* is also a species of cognition *also* that is (unavailable to us.

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

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

Because He had incorrectly designed His sphere of earth in the first place.

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

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

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

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

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

From the Middle Ages on, ^{however,} our Maestro combated this obstacle to ^{his} ~~his~~ subtle intentions by encouraging many of ^{his} ~~his~~ ^{no talent for} ~~chemists~~ ^{his} ~~alchemists~~ to develop perfumes whose subtleties, ^{with} ~~became~~ ^{marinated} a means whereby harsh or rotten odors could be incriminated.

by sweeter, earthier, more untraceable, and ^{even exciting} ~~finally~~ more appealing fragrances, even exotic in their hint of a curious human stink beneath the bouquet. (It is, for example, impossible to reconstruct the history of court life in France during the reign of Louis XIV without pondering those redolent tricks of

camouflage. ^{Moreover,} ~~it proved a great boon to all of our clients who were wealthy a (reader.)~~

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

perfume, and ^{to those} ~~again~~ the Dummkopf was confounded. At this time of Adi's boyhood, and indeed, throughout ^{the} ~~his~~ years to come, ^{was part of} ~~this~~ ^{the} anesthetization of human odor represented ~~the~~ ^{the} greatest progress of the Devil in this sector of

divine combat. Soaps, bath-tubs, perfumes, cleansing oils and the development of plumbing all came into being, ^{due} ~~and~~ in large part, ^{to} ~~by~~ the

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

also give some account of It was
I must not skip, however, over the walk to Der Alte's farm, because
on that short journey that

Alois may have had his first real conversation with his son, Adolf Hitler, ~~on~~
~~that occasion.~~

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

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

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

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

So when he heard that his father was going to talk to a neighbor one Sunday about purchasing what Alois called "the first materials"—an announcement he made on a Saturday evening at dinner, Adi had a dream that night about bees, and saw an army of them flying in circles above the farm. Standing on the ground near to their house was an old man and he was dressed differently from anyone Adi had ever seen. His shirt remained outside his pants and came down to his knees, and he wore an old hat over his white hair, as long as a stocking so it hung down half over his back. He was not short, but he still looked like a dwarf because he was bent over, and in the dream, Adi knew his name. This man was called Der Alte, and the boy woke up on Sunday morning thinking he was the only one who knew this odd man's name only to discover that he was in error. Alois had spoken of him on Saturday night as this neighbor, Der Alte, from whom he might purchase his "first materials." Alois had gone on to give the family one of his long lectures and declared that by next May, eight months from now, they would all be working with him in the new enterprise. He would want help from each one of them, each to their strength and capacity.

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what she had been told that Adi's imagination was soon inflamed by the mysteries of the Queen Bee.

Ever since they had come to the farm in April, he had been most aware of the nearness of bees. In May and June, there had been hours in full daylight when the sky was full of tiny lights, glints of light whipping about, flying in so many directions. His mother was always warning him that he must not try to touch any such tiny creature, not if he saw one on a flower. Worse, he must never dare to kill one. That same bee could give him something to remember! Then one fine morning in July, Edmund got stung and didn't stop screaming for an hour. So Adolf, in his turn, had been most respectful of the dangers implicit with their presence, but now, all of Angela's talk about his own odor, so bad that he might die, so he thought, even as Rosig had had to be buried in the big hole his father had dug—was her bad smell the reason for her death?

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

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on a baby, and her own little brother Adi. He absolutely had this terrible smell when he ran up and down too many hills, and she was always coaxing him to use more soap, or even on those nights once a week when Klara boiled enough water for each of them to bathe in the big farm house tub, Angela would even insist on lathering his back and his armpits before handing him back the bar of soap with a wholly mischievous grin. "Now you take the soap and put it where it can do some work, you careless boy."

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

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

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

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

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

Some happy notion remained with Angela. School now had a special smell, and Fraulein Werner with all her talcum powder, like much too much

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hive, or killed those who would not stir ^{and then proceeded to} prior to sweeping them out. He ~~did~~ ^{would}
^{be} ^{more worried} not speak of other complications. There was always a tendency, once warm
^{cells of the} weather began and the ^{been filled near to capacity with} 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 ^{that is,} half of ^{as much as} ^(most)
your future profit in a hurry. ^{He would be concerned to tell her} He ~~did not tell her~~ of new queens being born
^{those} who were often extinguished by the loyal and royal maidens who had formed
a court around the Queen Bee. No, he let well enough alone. It was enough
that Klara should now be sympathetic to what would be his oncoming
enterprise.

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

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~~Some of them~~
else's baby. But that had hardly been the case with Klara. This night,
however, was different.

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

The first was that the queen was perfectly capable of having other lovers after
that first fabulous flight. ~~Some of them~~ Over the next few weeks into June

~~some Queens added (more) those~~
~~had five or six lovers. Some Queen Bees~~ could store enough semen to lay
thousands, then tens of thousands of eggs, one each to every cell among those
thousands of cells, and continue to do until cold weather came, and ~~the~~ ^{this} cycle
could be repeated for as much as three years to come. (All that wealth of
impregnations derived from no more than five or six copulations.) This meant
that for the rest of her life, she would have no more to do with drones, but
would be feeding honey and pollen to the pupae she had created ~~even as~~ ^{while} her
own worker females, her court, followed her with devotion, capping these
cells of bees yet to be born with a mysterious wax substance they made from
the pollen of the May flowers, a wax that no chemist could duplicate in the
laboratory. No, he did not describe how devotedly the Queen would have to
work for the rest of her life, and he certainly did not tell Klara that when
mating season was done, the female worker-bees evicted the drones from the

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

"What?"

"No, Donnerwetter, he can't get back his ^{private organ} ~~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, ^{good itself} the thing ^{Right out of him.} 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?"

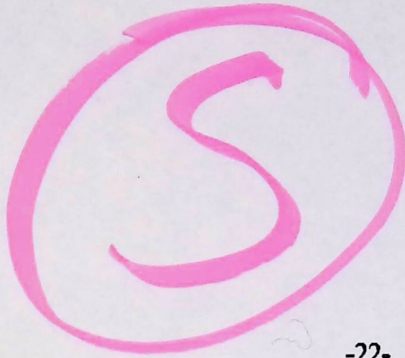
"Oh, he dies, ^{of course!} He is gone. He falls ~~down~~ to earth."

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

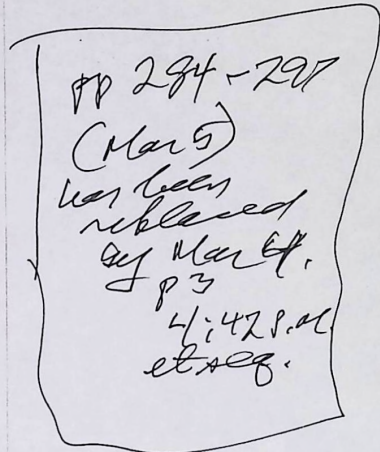
"What a life," she finally said, and Alois had been right to tell her. She was over six months into her pregnancy, but they made love that night. Alois had known more than one woman who could even give you a good big sweat ^{the real thing} of a copulation ^(business) in that very last week before she would pop out someone

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

Enough! It is not that ribald a subject for us. Many of our problems in managing our clients at this time near the turn of the nineteenth century were be traceable to one phenomenon. Unless those particular humans in whom

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

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

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powers somewhere in the galaxies of his immediate need for an assistant. It is possible that the O.O. (to use for a moment his highest self-assigned title—the Other Omniscience) was sent here on purpose by those greater powers who were feeling dissatisfaction with the work of the D.K. Such a species of cognition is also unavailable to us. In these matters, there are only questions; there are no answers.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

By the end of the Enlightenment, matters had altered once more. Soaps, developed by us, were able to add their powers of obliteration to many varieties of perfume. Again, the Dummkopf was confounded. At this time of Adi's boyhood, and indeed, throughout these years to come, the anesthetization of human odor 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 look upon most of our humans as more analogous to stocks than to living creatures.

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What may be more important, however, is to speak of ^{the dream} I installed in
Adi's sleep on ^{Alois' with the weekender} the Saturday night before the meeting on Sunday. It was
^{done} initiated in response to a direct order from the Maestro. Let me say that ^{far more in} that
^{a dream which is a complete fiction}
(is not in the least ordinary. While we have the power to provide chimerical
^{on rare occasions like this to insert}
episodes, or even construct whole scenarios to insert into our client's sleep, it
is also true that any such dramatic shift in these psychic regions of a client,
male or female, adult or occasionally a child, does produce real inroads on
our budget. Inner dramas are expensive to produce ex nihilo. Moreover,
there is risk involved.

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To install ^{these} ~~whole dreams~~ ^{for} ~~on special occasions~~ ^{distort} can ~~tamper~~ with the roots ^{that belongs legitimately} of nocturnal material ~~belonging~~ to the 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 rarely result in any subtle conditioning favorable to our purpose, indeed, on most occasions it will generate nightmare for the client. A set of delicate manipulations calculated to alter a subject's psyche should not be undertaken under ^{such} ~~battlefield~~ conditions. 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. The D.K. and His working angels 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~~ ^{could bring to} ~~afforded~~ Him over those late primates He was nurturing and developing into humans. Much later,

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By the middle of the Twentieth Century, it can be said that the D.K.'s dependence on unpleasant human odor as a system of warning that the Evil One is 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 smell. (This is certainly true in the most developed nations!) 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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March 4 version*

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What may be more important, however, is to speak of I installed in Adi's sleep on the Saturday night before the meeting on Sunday. It was initiated in response to a direct order from the Maestro. Let me say that that is not in the least ordinary. While we have the power to provide chimerical episodes, or even construct whole scenarios to insert into our client's sleep, it is also true that any such dramatic shift in these psychic regions of a client, male or female, adult or occasionally a child, does produce real inroads on our budget. Inner dramas are expensive to produce ex nihilo. Moreover, there is risk involved.

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From the commencement of human existence, I would warrant that the D.K.
must have been most attached to the power dreams afforded Him over those
late primates He was 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) I know that the D.K. had a host of awards and punishments available. He could arouse visions in His prophets and plebians alike 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 (living then as Jehovah) employ dreams to accelerate His thralls and chattels to rush off in whichever direction He desired. Today, as of this writing, the effect of dreams on humans is profoundly altered. Today, 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, haunting, jagged, totally confused, and for the most part, non-productive. People do their best not to follow whichever messages they can extract from any episode that might be recalled from their sleep.

So the purposeive use of dreams by the D.K. is, at present, inoperative. Once our forces began to contend with the D.K. for the growth and future

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direction of men and women, the D.K. had, willy-nilly, (and I use the word advisedly!) had willy-nilly to reduce the absurd magnifications of His ego. His manic obsession with Himself and His Powers which had swollen during the Jehovah Period, became—if I may use the epithet—obsolete. He was obliged to insist less on the absolute adoration of His servants for Him and to proceed instead into the agonized search for more sophisticated modes of operation. On occasion, He could now even show Himself to be wise in His choice of how to insert dreams (via the Cudgels) into His best remaining pensioners. The function of the dream now altered. It served much less often as a medium for sending commands down from Above. Rather, the function was drastically converted. The dream was now there, ideally, to serve the dreamer, to give a closer sense of the buried realities and disturbances in his life. If a friend could prove a hint treacherous, the dream was there to alert the dreamer to such a possibility. If one, unknown to oneself, was also ready to betray a close friend, that possibility could also be suggested to the sleeping mind. The D.K. was now looking for the best means to encourage a closer sense in each man and woman of their real condition in the world. The D.K., given all His shortcomings, was looking now for a way to protect His

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most elaborate creation—humans. Indeed, for those lucky or worthy few who were sequestered by the Cudgels and so could rarely be approached by us, (putative saints might be one example), the D.K.'s altered approach to dream-work did prove efficacious. On the other hand, dreams as direct prophecy became rare. The vogue for a time to see dreams seen as wish-fulfillment never proved to be more than a theory. As revised by the D.K., dreams were now supposed be there 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 could actually obtain insight into his or her vulnerabilities. The mock situations of the dream were there to dramatize the subject's ability to withstand anxiety. The dreamer's attention could be directed to situations 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 now to cope with modern life. It was—if one could only hear the signals the dream—a security system full of warning bells.

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To the degree, however, that we could block the allegiance of any man or woman to the Cudgels, we were able to sabotage that system. In return, the Cudgels delighted in undermining our influence over our best captives.

These wars produced much chaos. To the degree that any given man or woman had been penetrated by Them or us, the person's dream became an incoherent extravaganza. I may add that it was also wasteful to our budgets.

In effect, this has been a complaint by me over the damage done to my other projects. As I have remarked, the Maestro did not, for the most part, allocate too many of our efforts toward early development of children. He looked upon their growth as essentially indeterminable, 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 into his fascination with beekeeping, I had been working instead in nearby 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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But then had come this unexpected and direct communication from the Maestro. I can warrant—that is no 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 may well have an open operation."

That was not a short speech for the E.O. His regard for us could be measured by how little time it would take for us to understand his desires.

(living then as Jehovah) employ dreams to accelerate His thralls and chattels to rush off in whichever direction He desired. Today, as of this writing, the effect of dreams on humans is profoundly altered. Today, 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, haunting, jagged, totally confused, and for the most part, non-productive. People do their best not to follow whichever messages they can extract from any episode that might be recalled from their sleep.

So the purposeive use of dreams by the D.K. is, at present, inoperative. Once our forces began to contend with the D.K. for the growth and future direction of men and women, the D.K. had, willy-nilly, (and I use the word advisedly!) had willy-nilly to reduce the absurd magnifications of His ego. His manic obsession with Himself and His Powers which had swollen during the Jehovah Period, became—if I may use the epithet—obsolete. He was obliged to insist less on the absolute adoration of His servants for Him and to proceed instead into the agonized search for more sophisticated modes of operation. On occasion, He could now even show Himself to be wise in His choice of how to insert dreams (via the Cudgels)

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into His best remaining pensioners. The function of the dream now altered. It served much less often as a medium for sending commands down from Above. Rather, the function was drastically converted. The dream was now there, ideally, to serve the dreamer, to give a closer sense of the buried realities and disturbances in his life. If a friend could prove a hint treacherous, the dream was there to alert the dreamer to such a possibility. If one, unknown to oneself, was also ready to betray a close friend, that possibility could also be suggested to the sleeping mind. The D.K. was now looking for the best means to encourage a closer sense in each man and woman of their real condition in the world. The D.K., given all His shortcomings, was looking now for a way to protect His most elaborate creation—humans. Indeed, for those lucky or worthy few who were sequestered by the Cudgels and so could rarely be approached by us, (putative saints might be one example), the D.K.'s altered approach to dream-work did prove efficacious. On the other hand, dreams as direct prophecy became rare. The vogue for a time to see dreams seen as wish-fulfillment never proved to be more than a theory. As revised by the D.K., dreams were now supposed be there 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 could actually obtain insight into his or her vulnerabilities. The mock situations of the dream were there to dramatize the subject's ability to withstand anxiety. The dreamer's attention could be directed to situations 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 now to cope with modern life. It was—if one could only hear the signals the dream—a security system full of warning bells.

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The act itself took but a few minutes, ^{but the} ^{had not been} The preparation was hardly as

^{no ordinary} simple. It demanded intuition and a sensitivity to how the Maestro would ^{work up}

to proceed. Etch, I repeat, was the significant word. Permanent notions are on ^{Fixed} ^{once they}
^{successfully} are ^{are} ^{installed} ^{above} ^{to be a} ^{for} ^{keeping a client} ^{program} ^{for} ^{the}
 of the most powerful tools available for ^{maintaining} ^{attached to our} keeping a client forever in our sphere.
 But it is not ^{an easy} ^{incisive} ^{stroke} ^{usually} ^{as} ^{proper} ^{in which to work} ^{since} ^{the}
 and so they demand ^{however} an incisive stroke. Misapplied, one can drive the
 recipient into madness. ^{Etching} ^{has to} ^{be done} ^{with one}

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I will go so far as to say that I was ^{not uncreative)} proud of my creativity on this

^{Given all knowledge obtained every}
occasion. On the basis of the milk runs, I knew that Alois would be visiting

^a the particular neighboring beekeeper ^{who was} known in the area as Der Alte for short.

In full, his nickname was Der Alte Rauberer—the Old Sorcerer—^{So he was} for so it was

seen by the neighbors.

It was ^{I knew} an exaggeration. The old man was highly eccentric, a

^{for the most part,}
bit of a hermit, a mean individual if it is to be simply put, mean as a winter

^{one)} wind if you truly got to know him, ^{but he)} and made up for that with a ^{far from} somewhat

^{convincing}
unsuccessful facade as a sweet and warm old fellow. The peasants in Hafeld

^{having}
who had known him for decades, also knew better than that, but he was the

only one whom they could recommend in good conscience to Alois since he

^{to be found over}
knew more about beekeeping than anyone for a day's walk in any direction,

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and, Besides, they were curious to see in which manner he would eventually succeed in charming Alois and cheating him.

What I liked about ^{Der Alte} him most was that he ^{had} belonged to us, he was one of

In effect, he ~~was~~ ^{was} one of our old pensioners, ^{besides, he} ours, had been for decades. He and Adi were definitely close in odor. They

^{would be} were perfectly capable of thinking that the other had the ^{a nice} nicest smell. I

expected Adi to adore Der Alte if and when they met. So, ^{the} the first requirement

of the dream could be met. I would etch the boy's mind ^(in advance of their meeting) with his ^{a picture} dream.

Once the aesthetic decision was taken, I was able to feel a nice pride

As a matter of style,

afterward in the success of my choice. I had always been inclined to work

^{and} modestly within the ^{likely limits} near-possibility of a dream-work, which is to say, I

^{modest} considered the smallest or nearest scenarios ^{to be} were invariably the most

With Der Alte
it is always to be understood
that he is a pensioner

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effective when it came to fitting an imaginary dream, (^{that is, possessing} a dream with no direct roots ^{within} in the recipient) ^{into} ~~into~~ the existing framework of his psyche.

So in this case, at ^a ~~our~~ considerable disbursement of my available funds, ^{given the precision of} for the art-work needed, I laid in as close an image of Der Alte as I could

^{and placed this image} work up with my skills ^{but Adi certainly} into the very center of a short dream. ^{This image of} ~~gave a clear representation of the man. There was~~

Der Alte, his appearance, his voice, and his actions ^{From (windes the picture)} were the core of the ^{the setting, I chose} ~~the setting, I chose~~ effort. ^{and (as seen through)} The setting was one of the two rooms of his hut, ^{the environs} were his

^{The scenario itself} bee-house and his yard. ^{Der Alte} It ~~could~~ not have been more direct. He ~~greeted~~ Adi

^{they} and Alois, Adi first; ^{and} he led them inside his quarters; ^{he} fed Adi some honey

whose taste I was careful to monitor—it was exquisite on the boy's tongue,

(never to be forgotten, forever etched!) ~~and~~ I left it at that. Adi awakened

with wet pajamas from navel to knee and a whole sense of happiness. He

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stripped his wet night-clothing, a not unusual event, and went back to sleep.

In the morning, there was no question in his mind that he would meet Der

Alte and no timidity (this once!) in speaking to his father. Alois, as I have

stated, was ^{pleased} delighted to take him.

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

long enough to expatriate
recounted in a moment but I prefer to jump ahead just to make the point of

what we mean by the ^{farther on the Maestro's} concept of etching.

^{The center of the notion was that we knew}
When Adi met Der Alte, ^{it would now feel} it could, for all practical purposes, have been ^{as if it were}

^{So as we expected, the}
for the second time. The boy was astonished, he was thrilled, he was full of a

sense of importance that seemed to ^{commence in the center of his} come to him from his mind itself, as if he

^{thoughts as if he}

had the power to picture in advance exactly how a stranger one was yet to ^{whom he had not} yet meet, would actually be. Indeed we ^{an expected} had a ^{ground} ground.

meet would be, would appear, would speak and the crux and the art of this

Being one of ours, Der Alte had been instructed

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Such minor *(Particularly when they grow old.)*
one of our clients but, in that sense, an annoyance. (Still, he was enough of an

actor to keep everyone in the area at a respectful distance. No *neighbor* ~~one~~ was in a

but then
hurry to attack his self-esteem, ~~for he did present the~~ full suggestion by way of

his dress, his odor, his resonant, even reverberating, voice, and his undeniable

success with bees that he was a species of magician. That is, I suppose, a

power in itself—the ability to protect one's self-esteem even when one's

On the other hand, he was there
psychic fortifications are flimsy. I go so far as to employ the word flimsy, but

to lend
then, he had lent himself readily to my uses ~~—he had been there to install in~~ *7*

might
~~the dream I gave to Adi.~~ (An individual of greater inner strength would not

ready to respect our order to keep
have been so amenable ~~the day~~ his plentiful of honey at the threshold.

In any event, Adi was now etched. His belief that he *would, on occasion,* could bring into
be able by the force of his will to bring to
his mind the presence of people he had not yet met *was a ready* would be there for us to
instrument for us, and we would know how
to exercise it in the years to come,

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~~fortify when needed in years to come.~~ ^{if} I will say that we ^{were to} employ this

~~technique the most during his service as a messenger from Regimental~~ ^{often} ^{an Army going up}

~~Headquarters up to the trenches and back on many a day during the First~~ ^{to Regimental Headquarters}
 World War, It is ~~too soon to speak any more on that however.~~

~~World War, but that is its own complex amalgam of magic, luck, desperation~~
~~His experiences as a soldier produced~~ ^{have to} ~~a most~~

and dedication that we will not ~~begin to~~ (discuss for another eighteen years of

his life and more. For now, I ~~will leave the matter~~ ^{would rather} and all discussion of the
~~profits and problems produced by the etc~~ ^{that} ~~until~~
~~force of my installation in his psyche until it is apt to discuss such matters~~ ^{it will be necessary}

again.

~~Now, rather,~~ ^{For now} ^{rather} let us go to the conversation he had with his father on the

walk to see Der Alte Rauberer.

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Triphar

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The act itself took but a few minutes. The preparation was hardly as simple. It demanded ~~anyone's~~ intuition and a sensitivity to how the alchemist would proceed. Etch, I repeat was the magical word. Permanent relations are one of the most powerful tools available for keeping a client forever in our sphere, and so they demand an incisive stroke. Misapplied, one can drive the recipient into madness.

I will go so far as to say that I was proud of my creativity on that occasion. On the basis of the myth, I knew that Alice would be visiting the particular neighborhood known in the area as Der Atk for short, and in Der Atk, his nickname was Der Alte Rauber — the Old Sorcerer — for so he was seen by the neighbors.

It was, I knew, an exaggeration. The old man was highly eccentric, a bit of a hermit, a mean individual if it is to be simply put, mean as a winter wind if you truly got to know him, and made up for all with ~~the~~ a somewhat unsuccessful facade as a sweet and calm old fellow. The peasants in the field who had known

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So in this case at considerable disbursement
of my available funds, for the out-of-pocket involved, I laid as close an image
of Derralle as I could work up with my skill,
into the very center of a short dream. ~~There~~
Their image of Derralle, his appearance, his voice,
and his actions were the core of the effort.
The setting was one of the two rooms of his
hut, the enunciation was his knee-house, and
his pen. It could not have been more direct.
He greeted Adi and Alain, Adi first, he
led them inside his quarters, he fed Adi
some honey whose taste I was careful to
~~make~~ monitor - it was exquisite on
the tongue, ~~man~~ to be forgotten, forever
etched, ~~and~~ - and I left it at that.
Adi awakened with wet pajamas from navel
to knee, and a whole sense of happiness.
He stripped his wet night clothing, a
not unusual event, and went back to
sleep. In the morning there was no
question in his mind that he would meet
Derralle, and no timidity (he is usual!) in
speaking to him for the first time. Alain, as I have
~~so~~ stated, was delighted to take him.

Their conversation on the walk to
the Governor's house I will be recounting
in a moment but I prefer to jump ahead
just to make the point of what it means,
by the concept of electricity.

H) When Adé met Der Alte, it could for all practical purposes have been for the second time. The ~~honey~~ ^{honey} was so delicious, he was thrilled, he was full of a sense of importance that seemed to come to him from his mind itself, as if he had the power to ~~measure~~ ^{picture} in advance exactly how a stranger once was yet to meet would be, it would appear, would speak, and — the cry and the art of their particular etching — would swell and elect and invest himself in one's heart. For this case, it was Der Alte's honey. The old man on the occasion of this meeting did give Alois and Adé each a spoonful of the finest honey in his harvest, and, truly, the taste was so memorable to Alois.

Best said, this man, WANE, called by
all the men and women in the area as
Der ^{Alte} Kaubere, was in fact not much of
an old sorcerer. He had no great power
to speak of, his curses were neither remarkable
nor effective, his command of magic was
rudimentary — (when feeling threatened by
~~any~~ forces ~~he~~ he could not name (was
usually one or another branch of the
Cudgel) he hardly knew more than to
run around his ^{table} ~~hob~~ (close backed
by the stone) with the circle of salt that

him for decades, also knew better than (29) that, but he was the only one whom they could recommend in good conscience to Aloc since he knew more about bookkeeping than anyone for a day's work in any district, and, beside, they were curious to see in which manner he would eventually succeed in charming Aloc and cheating him.

What I liked about him most was that he belonged to us, he was one of ours had been for decades. He and Aloci were definitely close in color. They were perfectly capable of thinking that the other had the nicest smell. I expected Aloci to do the D.A.H.E. if and when they met. So, the first requirement of the dream could be met. I would etch the boy's mind with his dream.

Once these three decisions were taken, I was able to feel a nice pride afterward in the success of my choice. I had always been inclined to work modestly within the near possibility of dream-work, which is to say, the ^{considered} smallest ^{most} ^{unusually} ^{most} scenarios ~~but~~ ^{the} ^{most} effective when it came to fitting an imagined dream, that is, (a dream with no direct roots in the recipient) into the existing framework of the psyche.

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then for all its most circumscribed effects
more effective in keeping us away than in
protecting himself. He was one of our chiefs
but in that sense a stranger. Still, he
was enough of an actor to keep everyone in
the area at a respectful distance from
him. No one was in a hurry to attack his
self-esteem for he did present the full
suggestion ~~that~~ by way of his dress, his
odor, his resonant and reverberating voice, and
his undeniable success with beer, that
he was a species of magician. That is,
perhaps, a power in itself - the ability
to protect one's self - even when
one's psychic fortifications are flimsy
flimsy. I go so far as to employ the
word flimsy, but then he had lent
himself readily to my uses - he had
been there to install in the dream I gave
to Adi. (An individual of greater inner
strength would not have been so amenable.)

In any event, Adi was now elected, his
belief that he could bring into his mind
the presence of people he had not yet met
met would be there for us to fortify, when
needed, in years to come. I will say that
we did employ this technique the first
during his service as a messenger
from Regional Headquarters up to the
trenches and back on many a day during

the First World War, that is its own (299)
complex amalgam of magic, luck, desperation
and dedication that we will not begin
to discuss for another eighteen years of
his life and more. For now, I will leave
this matter and all discussion of the force
of my installation on his psyche until
it is apt to discuss such matters again.

Now, rather, let us go to the conversation
he had with his father on the walk to
see Dualte Rouberer.

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The act itself took but a few minutes, but the preparation ^{was hardly} ~~had not been~~
simple. It demanded ~~no ordinary sensitivity to~~ ^{how} the Maestro would wish
me to proceed. ^{must} ~~Etch~~, I repeat, was the significant word. Fixed notions, once
they are successfully installed, prove to be most powerful tools for keeping a
client attached to our program. But it is not an easy mode in which to work
since the etching has to be done with one incisive stroke. Misapplied, one
can drive the recipient into madness.

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I will go so far as to say that I was not uncreative on this occasion.

Given all knowledge obtained from the milk runs, I knew that Alois would be visiting a neighboring beekeeper who was known in the area as Der Alte. In full, his nickname was Der Alte Rauberer—the Old Sorcerer. So he was seen by the neighbors.

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 once you truly got to know him, but he made up for that with a far from convincing facade as a sweet warm old fellow. The peasants in Hafeld, having known him for decades, knew better, but he was the only one whom they could recommend in good conscience to Alois since he knew more about beekeeping than anyone to be found over a day's walk in any direction.

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Besides, they were curious to see in which manner he would eventually succeed in charming Alois and cheating him.

What I liked about Der Alte most was that he had belonged to us or decades. In effect, he was ^{an} ~~one of our~~ old pensioners. Besides, ^{Moussier} (he and Adi were close in odor. They would be perfectly capable of thinking that the other had a nice smell. I expected Adi to adore Der Alte if and when they met. So, the first requirement of the dream could be met. I would etch the boy's mind in advance of their meeting with a picture.

As a matter of style, I had always been inclined to work within the 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 an imaginary dream,

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(a dream, that is, possessing no direct roots within the recipient) onto the existing framework of his psyche.

So in this case, at a considerable disbursement of my available funds, given the precision of the art-work needed, I laid in as close an image of Der Alte as I could work up with my skills and placed this image into the very center of a short dream, but Adi certainly saw a close representation of the man. There was Der Alte, his appearance, his voice, and his actions. For the setting, I chose one of the two rooms of his hut, and the environs as seen through the window were his bee-house and his yard. The scenario itself could not have been more direct. Der Alte greeted Adi and Alois, Adi first; then led them inside his quarters, and fed Adi some honey whose taste I was careful to monitor—it was exquisite on the boy's tongue, (never to be

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forgotten, forever etched!). I left it at that. Adi awakened with wet pajamas from navel to knee and a whole sense of happiness. He stripped his wet night-clothing, a not unusual event, and went back to sleep. In the morning, there was no question in his mind that he would meet Der Alte and no timidity (this once!) in speaking to his father. Alois, as I have stated, was pleased to take him.

Their conversation on the walk to the Sorcerer's house must yet be recounted but I prefer to jump ahead long enough to expatiate further on the Maestro's concept of etching.

The center of the notion was that we knew when Adi met Der Alte, it would now feel, for all practical purposes, as if it were the second time. So, as we expected, the boy was astonished, he was thrilled, he was full of a

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sense of importance that seemed to commence in the center of his thoughts, as if he had the power to picture in advance exactly how a stranger whom he had not yet met, would actually be. Indeed, we had an expected bounty. Being one of ours, Der Alte had been instructed to give the boy a taste of his finest honey directly on meeting him, and the experience, having been foreseen, was invested directly in the boy's heart.

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. His command of magic was rudimentary. Whenever he felt any sense of dread coming to him from forces he could not quite name (usually one or another branch of the Cudgels) he hardly knew more than to surround his

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kitchen table (where he sat by the stove) with a circle of salt. That was, for all picayune effects, more effective at keeping us away than in protecting himself. (His error, common to so many of our clients, was to assume that no matter what he did with his life, he was on the side of the angels. Naturally, he supposed that his dread had been inspired by demons.) Such 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 respectful distance. No neighbor was in a hurry to attack his self-esteem, but then, he did present a full suggestion by way of his dress, his odor, his resonant, even reverberating, voice, and his undeniable success with bees that he was a species of magician. That is, I suppose, a power in itself—the ability to protect one's self-esteem even when one's psychic fortifications are flimsy.

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On the other hand, he was there to lend himself readily to my uses. (An individual of greater inner strength might not have been so ready to respect our order to feed the boy his spoonful of honey at the threshold.)

In any event, Adi was now etched. His belief that he would, on occasion, be able by the force of his will to bring to mind the presence of 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 employ this technique most often during his service as an Army messenger going up to the trenches and back to Regimental Headquarters on many a day during the First World War. It is 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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dedication that we will not have to discuss for another eighteen years of his life. For now, I would rather leave that matter and all discussion of the profits and problems produced by the etching until it will be necessary to discuss such matters again.

For now, let us go, rather, to the conversation he had with his father on the walk to see Der Alte Rauberer.