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come to is that dream-works <sup>manipulated by us</sup> can often end in a mess, particularly if <sup>they stimulate</sup> these

open conflict with the Cudgels. <sup>Attacks</sup> Such <sup>attacks on a</sup> invasions and counter-invasions in a

human's sleep result in <sup>rarely any subtle</sup> no deep conditioning <sup>never</sup> ever to our purposes and <sup>will on</sup> does most occasions generate

occasion nightmare for the client. A set of as yet delicate manipulations calculated to alter the subject's psyche are undertaken <sup>under</sup> the battle ground conditions. 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 can prove serviceable, <sup>do deliver</sup> can prove most exciting

effects <sup>but that is only when</sup> effective when one can work slowly with <sup>the</sup> one's protégé, <sup>and</sup> nimbly, subtly, and

proceeding <sup>over many a night in order</sup> proceed in such small steps that the Cudgels <sup>are</sup> not alerted for too little. Our <sup>the D.K. and his</sup> minions are <sup>initiate</sup> savagely opposed to dream-work that <sup>attempt</sup> From the commencement of human existence, I many an eon, the D.K. was most intrigued with the power that dreams believe the D.K. must have been

afforded Him over <sup>these</sup> the primates He was <sup>nurturing</sup> developing into humans. Certainly, <sup>for</sup>

what we can call the Jehovah Period (that is, <sup>approximately</sup> 1000 B.C. to 30 A.D.) <sup>I know that</sup> contained



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*the D.K. had*

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

*arouse nightly*

insulate 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 molt former personalities and take on new ones. One did not see the D.K. at this work during the Jehovah period.**His* entrance into the affairs of humankind produced a revolution in the*of* ~~Moreover, our~~ *divine powers available to*

operative power of the dream. No longer could the D.K. (as Jehovah) employ

dreams to accelerate His thralls and ~~His~~ *which ever* chattels to race off in whatever*Today,* direction He desired. *many* Now, the effects of dreams on average humans (who *are*~~were~~ often employing their best efforts to have as little as possible to do*Maestro! become*  
with either the D.K. or the Maestro *became* curious. Dreams *are* now

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

*do* productive. People *which ever* *can* did their best not to follow *what ever* messages they *could**recalled from*  
extract from any ~~recalled~~ scenario of their sleep.

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

absurd magnification of His ego, His manic obsession with Himself *which had swollen* ~~during~~ *to*

*became— if I may use the word— obsolete. He was* *Capitulated*  
 The Jehovah Period, and did begin to search for more sophisticated modes of

operation and, *he now* 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* ~~It served less often~~ *to communicate* as a means of communicating commands

*Rather, the function*  
 from Above, ~~and was modified~~ *a closer* rather to give the dreamer ~~more~~ sense of the

buried realities of his *own* life. If ~~a~~ *some* friend was to a slight degree treacherous, the

*was there to alert the dreamer to that possibility*  
 dream would exaggerate ~~that tendency~~ *that tendency*. It was a way to encourage a more

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

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



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

~~Dreams as Direct~~ became rare. Dreams seen as  
dream as a prophecy, ~~as 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 have  
for being revived with only partial success by Sigmund Freud.) Now, a  
he there to serve as an intricate ~~factor~~ of  
communication between his ~~human~~ creation and himself.  
So long as we ~~are~~ ~~and~~ ~~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~~ <sup>might</sup> a dreamer could obtain insight

~~vulnerabilities.~~  
into his or her ~~pressure~~ <sup>could</sup> points. Mock situations in the dream would dramatize

the subject's) ~~the dreamer's attention could~~  
one's ability to withstand anxiety, and, ~~by extension~~, could then point to those

~~he directed to it~~ <sup>go the</sup>  
(situations a dreamer was wise to avoid, for ~~given enough~~ pressure, the

~~foundation of their ego might split or crack~~ <sup>suffer</sup> ~~yes~~, such matters as possessing

~~aware of how one possessed~~ <sup>less</sup>  
less courage, less loyalty, less devotion, (love, or less health than he or she

had previously assumed. ~~The dream, as redesigned for~~ <sup>function of this</sup> ~~by~~ the D.K. to cope with

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modern life was—if one could <sup>only</sup> 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 <sup>us undermining our influence over</sup> invading our best captives whenever and wherever they could.

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

This has all been preface to <sup>what became</sup> an exceptional interruption of my <sup>other</sup> projects.

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



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~~too~~ many of our efforts <sup>toward (early)</sup> into the development of children. He <sup>looked</sup> 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. <sup>He</sup> <sup>was</sup> and his family could be monitored by the routine milk-

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

<sup>slipped</sup> <sup>long enough</sup> stolen into Alois' brain in order to delve into his fascination with beekeeping,

I had been working <sup>instead</sup> almost entirely in nearby regions with other clients. The

<sup>proved sufficient in</sup> <sup>any</sup> <sup>I needed</sup> milk-runs were providing me with sufficient information 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 <sup>into</sup> 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

insertion of a concept. Etch was the 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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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

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

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

ordinary. While we have the power to provide chimerical episodes, <sup>or</sup> even construct

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

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

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

produce <sup>produce</sup> ~~produce~~ ex nihilo. Moreover, <sup>they are a species</sup> there  
 is risk involved.

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Let me return to the dream I fashioned and installed in Adi's sleep the night before. It was initiated by a direct order from the Maestro and that in itself was exceptional. We do have the power to provide more than one scenario into any hour of our client's sleep, but as is invariably the matter, any sudden shift in the routine of any client, male or female, adult or occasionally a child, produces an unexpected inroad on our budget.

While we do work on the installation of dreams in many a client, it is certainly not one of my favorite modes of directed influence (and I suspect many of my colleagues would agree.) The unhappy conclusion I have



come to is that dream-works can often end in a mess, particularly if there is open conflict with the Cudgels. Such invasions and counter-invasions in a human's sleep result in no deep conditioning over to our purposes and does occasion nightmare for the client.

It is my experience that the installation of selected visions, phantoms, false certainties, whole illusions, effective hysterias, even outright deliriums on those rare occasions when they can prove serviceable, can prove most effective when one can work slowly with one's protégé, nimbly, subtly, and proceed in such small steps that the Cudgels are not alerted for too little. Oer many an eon, the D.K. was most intrigued with the power that dreams afforded Him over the primates He was developing into humans. Certainly, what we can call the Jehovah Period (that is, 1000 B.C. to 30 A.D.) contained

a full spectrum of awards and punishments available to the D.K.—He could inculcate visions that drove His wards in any direction He desired, often, I suspect, on His Whim.

Our entrance into the affairs of humankind produced a revolution in the operative power of the dream. No longer could the D.K. (as Jehovah) employ dreams to accelerate His thralls and His chattels to race off in whatever direction He desired. Now the effects of dreams on average humans (who were so often employing their best efforts to have as little as possible to do with either the D.K. or the Maestro) became curious. Dreams were now eccentric, haunting, jagged, totally confused, and for the most part, non-productive. People did their best not to follow whatever messages they could extract from any recollected scenario of their sleep.



The efficacious use of dreams was gone. It must be said that once we began to control the future nature of men and women, the D.K. did reduce the absurd magnification of His ego, His manic obsession with Himself during the Jehovah Period, and did begin to search for more sophisticated modes of operation 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 dream altered. It served less often as a means of communicating commands from Above, and was modified rather to give the dreamer more sense of the buried realities of his life. If a friend was to a slight degree treacherous, the dream would exaggerate that tendency. It was a way to encourage a more profound sense of reality, and for those human wards who were sequestered by the Cudgels and so were rarely approached by us, the D.K.'s approach to

the economy of dreams could even be efficacious. The old nonsense of the dream as a prophecy, or, to the contrary, a wish-fulfillment, was gone (except for being revived with only partial success by Sigmund Freud.) Now, a human's dream could work for him or her if we were not present to enter and distort the content. In that blessed condition, a dreamer could obtain insight into his or her pressure points. Mock situations in the dream would dramatize one's ability to withstand anxiety, and, by extension, could then point to those situations a dreamer was wise to avoid, for given enough pressure, the foundation of their ego might split or crack—yes, such matters as possessing less courage, less loyalty, less devotion, love, or less health than he or she had previously assumed. The dream, as redesigned for the D.K. to cope with

modern life was—if one could 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 invading our best captives whenever and wherever they could.

These internecine wars produced further waste and chaos. To the degree that we had both penetrated any given man or woman, their dreams became incoherent extravaganzas, and wasteful to our far from unbounded budgets.

This has all been preface to an exceptional interruption of my projects. As I have already remarked, the Maestro did not, for the most part, allocate



too many of our efforts into the development of children. He 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. Adi and his family could be monitored by the routine milk-runs of my assistants. With the exception of the single occasion when I had stolen into Alois' brain in order to delve into his fascination with beekeeping, I had been working almost entirely in nearby regions with other clients. The milk-runs were providing me with sufficient information 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 in 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. 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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Let me return to the dream I fantasized  
and installed in Adli's sleep the night  
before. It was initiated by a direct order  
from the ~~Master~~ Maestro, and that in itself  
was exceptional. We do have the power to  
provide more than one scenario into any  
hour of our clients sleep, but as it  
invariably the matter with any sudden  
stuff in the routine of ~~one~~ any client,  
male or female, adult or occasionally  
a child, produces an unexpected increase  
on our budget.

on the installation of  
While we do work with dreams  
in many a client, it is certainly not one of  
my favorite techniques <sup>method of directed influence</sup> (and I am sure  
many of my colleagues would agree)  
with me. The unlikely conclusion I have  
come to is that dream work <sup>can</sup> be of benefit  
in a man, particularly if there is open  
conflict with the budget. Such invasion  
and counter-invasion of a woman's sleep  
results in no deep condition <sup>over to our</sup>  
purpose, and <sup>occasionally</sup> <sup>nightmare</sup> <sup>can</sup> <sup>have</sup>  
for the client.  
It is my experience that the installation



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of selected visions, fantasies, false certainties, whole illusions, affective hypnosis, even ~~delusions~~ outright delirium on those rare occasions when they can prove serviceable ~~than others~~ <sup>proven</sup> most effective. When one can work slowly with one's proteges, nimbly, subtly, and proceed in such a way that the lads are not alerted for too long, ~~the D.K. was most intrigued with the power~~ that dreams afforded him ~~potentially~~. ~~Confessions of a dreamer~~ <sup>over the centuries</sup> he was developing into humans. Certainly what we call the Jahannam Period (from 1000 B.C. to 30 A.D.) <sup>contained but a few</sup> was an era of ~~visions and~~ <sup>visions</sup> of power, and punishment, <sup>he could manipulate</sup> ~~visions that drove~~ <sup>visions that drove</sup> his words in any direction he desired, often, I suspect, on <sup>his whim,</sup> ~~his whim~~.

Our entrance into the affairs of humankind produced a revolution in the operative powers of the dream. No longer could the D.K. (as Jahannam) employ dreams to accelerate his thrills and his chattels to race off in whatever direction he desired. Now the effects of dreams on ~~an average~~ <sup>on average</sup> humans (who were ~~usually~~ <sup>usually</sup> employing their best efforts to live













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If there came an unexpected and direct communication from the Maestros - no ordinary event - I was instructed to implant a dream in the head of a six-year-old nonentity of course, then our young friend Grady Little, baby of Hitler. Indeed, the order proposed considerably more than a passing insertion of a concept. The verb employed by the Maestros was etch. "I want you," he said, "to etch a hit's brain with a permanent notion, will have been quiescent ~~long enough~~ without direction long enough I am sure to be free of the presence of the Cudgels."

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



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What may be more important, however, is to speak of <sup>the dream</sup> I installed in  
Adi's sleep on the Saturday night before <sup>Aldis' with the newspaper</sup> the meeting on Sunday. It was  
<sup>done</sup> initiated in response to a direct order from the Maestro. Let me say that <sup>laying in</sup> that  
<sup>a dream which is a complete fiction</sup>  
is not in the least ordinary. While we have the power to provide chimerical  
<sup>on various occasions like this to insert</sup>  
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 whole dreams on special occasions can tamper with the roots 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 <sup>such</sup> 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 hystorias, 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 <sup>that could bring to</sup> (dreams afforded Him over those late primates He was nurturing and developing into humans. Much later,



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during what we can call the Jehovah Period (that is, approximately 1000 B.C. to the advent of Jesus Christ) I know that the D.K. had a host of awards and punishments available. He could arouse visions in His prophets and plebians <sup>and could drive them</sup> 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 <sup>(still full of himself)</sup> (living then as Jehovah) employ dreams to <sup>stimulate</sup> accelerate His thralls and chattels to rush off in whichever direction He desired. Today, <sup>as a result</sup> as of this writing, the effect of dreams on humans is profoundly <sup>reduced</sup> altered. Today, <sup>As of this writing,</sup> 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 <sup>and non-comprehensible</sup> for the most part, non-productive. <sup>(visions)</sup> 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 <sup>bring to</sup> 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 <sup>(most often via)</sup> ~~and~~ (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 <sup>fundamental</sup>

<sup>purpose</sup> ~~was~~ drastically converted. The dream <sup>served</sup> ~~was~~ now there, ideally, to <sup>give</sup> ~~serve~~ the dreamer ~~to give~~ a closer sense of the buried ~~realities~~ <sup>reality</sup> and disturbances in his

life. If a <sup>trusted</sup> ~~friend~~ <sup>might</sup> ~~could~~ prove a hint treacherous, the dream was there to alert

the dreamer to such a possibility. <sup>on the other hand, one</sup> If ~~one~~ <sup>one</sup>, ~~unknown to oneself~~, <sup>was also ready</sup>

<sup>unwittingly ready</sup> ~~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, <sup>indeed now</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>looking now</sup> for a way to protect His



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most elaborate creation—humans. Indeed, for those lucky or worthy few <sup>had been</sup> ~~were~~ <sup>strongest guards in the</sup> sequestered by the Cudgels and so could rarely be approached by <sup>(real for growth of such perfection)</sup> us, ~~(putative saints might be one example)~~ <sup>the D.K.'s altered approach to</sup>

dream-work did prove efficacious. On the other hand, dreams as direct prophecy became rare. <sup>A which short period saw</sup> 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 ~~to 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 <sup>created by</sup> of the dream were there to dramatize the subject's ability to <sup>In that manner,</sup> withstand anxiety. <sup>encounters</sup> The dreamer's attention could be directed to situations <sup>it</sup> 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 <sup>therefore</sup> now <sup>more direct—it was to give illumination on how</sup> <sup>with</sup> to cope with modern life. It was—if one could only hear the signals <sup>(the</sup> dream—a security system full of warning bells.

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To the degree, however, that we could ~~block~~ <sup>infer (blue worth)</sup> the allegiance of any man

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

~~the Cudgels~~ <sup>those angels</sup> delighted in undermining our influence over our best captives.

~~to be certain these~~

These wars produced much chaos. To the degree that any given man

or woman had been penetrated by ~~them~~ <sup>either force,</sup> or us, the person's dream became an

~~incoherent extravaganzas~~ <sup>usually incoherent</sup> I may add that it was also wasteful to our budgets.

~~So, the act of creating a whole dream for a child~~

In effect, this has been a complaint by me over the damage done to my

~~looked on the face of it to promise a loss of time and effort~~

to my other projects. As I have remarked, the Maestro did not, for the most part,

allocate too many of our ~~efforts~~ <sup>projects</sup> toward early development <sup>in</sup> 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~~ <sup>in other regions</sup> 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 <sup>formally</sup> 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 <sup>The size of his</sup> regard for us could be <sup>each one of</sup> ~~described~~ <sup>quietly we could be ready to carry out</sup> ~~measured by how little time it would take for us to understand his desires.~~

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<sup>can</sup> install whole dreams on special occasions <sup>can</sup> and often do tamper  
 with the nocturnal material <sup>more roots of</sup> <sup>belonging to</sup> <sup>that this</sup> instigated by the client, but I cannot say ~~for this~~

one of my favorite ~~means~~ of directed influence. The unhappy <sup>result</sup> conclusion ~~can be~~  
<sup>come to</sup> is that dream-works manipulated by us ~~can~~ often end in <sup>some chaos</sup> a mess,

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

<sup>within</sup> <sup>the depths of</sup> counter-attacks on a human's sleep rarely result in any subtle conditioning

<sup>isn't favorable</sup> <sup>indeed</sup> <sup>it will</sup> nearer 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

<sup>should not be</sup> <sup>field</sup> <sup>who can prosper</sup> psyche are undertaken under battle ~~ground~~ conditions. No one enjoys

<sup>from a?</sup> <sup>?</sup> (nightmare, not the client, the Cudgels, or ~~onset~~ ~~us~~)

It has been my experience that the installation of highly selected

<sup>phantasms</sup> visions, ~~phantoms~~, false certainties, whole illusions, effective hysterias, even



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

~~to~~ deliver exciting effects, but that is <sup>(most attainable)</sup> ~~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 <sup>are</sup> ~~be~~ not alerted. The D.K. and His <sup>(working agents)</sup> ~~visions~~ are savagely

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

existence, I <sup>would warrant that</sup> ~~believe~~ the D.K. must have been most intrigued with <sup>attached to</sup> the power

~~that~~ dreams afforded Him over those <sup>late</sup> ~~primates~~ He was nurturing <sup>and developing</sup> into humans.

*Much later, during*

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

<sup>the advent of Jesus Christ</sup> 1000 B.C. to 30 ~~A.D.~~ <sup>AD</sup> I know that the D.K. had a <sup>host</sup> full spectrum of awards

and punishments available. He could arouse <sup>in his prophets and plebeians alike</sup> ~~mighty~~ visions that drove ~~him~~

<sup>these</sup> ~~wards~~ in any direction He desired, often, I suspect, <sup>not much</sup> 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 ~~dream~~ <sup>D.K.</sup>. No longer could ~~the~~ <sup>He</sup>

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

chattels to rush off in whichever direction He desired. Today, <sup>as of this writing,</sup> the effect of

<sup>is profoundly</sup> ~~has~~ <sup>altered.</sup> Today, <sup>half of humankind seems to</sup> dreams on many human <sup>be</sup> who are often employing their best efforts to have

<sup>as few relations</sup>

as little as possible to do with either the D.K. or the Maestro! <sup>Dreams are</sup> ~~become~~

<sup>no longer seen as visions. They present themselves as</sup> 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 <sup>episode that might be recalled?</sup> ~~scenario~~ recollected from their

sleep.



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~~So the purposive~~ ~~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 future development of men and~~ ~~growth and future direction~~

willingly (and I use the word ~~advisably~~!) ~~and~~  
 women, the D.K. had to ~~reduce the absurd magnification of His ego.~~ His ~~will-~~  
~~more~~ ~~and His Powers,~~ ~~will-~~  
 manic obsession with Himself ~~which had swollen during the Jehovah Period,~~ ~~to reduce?~~

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.~~ ~~It did not often serve any~~ ~~now!~~ It served much

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

~~drastically converted. The dreamer~~  
 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~~ ~~a~~ ~~could prove a hint~~  
 buried realities of his own life. If some friend ~~was to a slight degree~~

treacherous, the dream was there to alert the dreamer to ~~that possibility.~~ ~~such a~~ ~~If~~  
 one, unknown to oneself, ~~was also ready to~~  
 betray 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 ~~best~~ most~~  
 Indeed, for those words who were sequestered by the Cudgols and so could ~~elaborate~~  
~~(lucky or worthy head)~~ ~~creation~~

~~might have~~  
 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 vogue 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 most~~ ~~or~~ ~~were there to~~  
 vulnerabilities. Meek situations in the dream ~~could~~ dramatize the subject's

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

~~be~~  
 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 was~~ *It was* ~~if one could only read~~ *again*  
*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 <sup>were to</sup> ~~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 <sup>to provide</sup> ~~in providing~~ me

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



FROM :MAILER

FAX NO. :5084872136

Mar. 04 2004 02:37PM P9

FROM :JMWORCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243782

Mar. 04 2004 12:37PM P9

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*But then had come this*

~~Then came an~~ unexpected and direct communication from the

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

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



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calculated to alter a subject's psyche should not be undertaken under <sup>such</sup> battlefield conditions. <sup>Not many</sup> 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 <sup>Count on its</sup> <sup>can react savagely to</sup> 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

<sup>that</sup> <sup>could bring to</sup> <sup>than</sup> (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) \

<sup>it is clear to see</sup> <sup>know</sup> that the D.K. had a host of awards and punishments available. He

could arouse visions in His prophets and plebians alike <sup>and drive</sup> <sup>that drove</sup> these

wards in any direction He desired, often, I suspect, on not <sup>a great deal</sup> much more than

<sup>impervious</sup> His whim.

Our entrance, however, into the <sup>(coming and going)</sup> affairs of humankind produced a <sup>Schopenh</sup> resulted in a diminution of His <sup>revolution in the divine powers available to the D.K.</sup> No longer could He

note! Next page in  
this subvolume in 290 B and  
moving over then after 200 B to 296

new page number ~~290 B~~  
296 A

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2908 2908

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 <sup>and could drive them</sup> 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 <sup>(often as Jehovah)</sup> employ dreams to accelerate His thralls and chattels <sup>so easily.</sup> <sup>to rush off in whichever direction He desired.</sup> Today, <sup>as a result of this writing,</sup> the effect of dreams on humans is profoundly altered. <sup>reduced.</sup> 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, <sup>and non-comprehensible</sup> haunting, jagged, totally confused, and <sup>(intrusions)</sup> Rarely are they haunting for the most part, non-productive. <sup>People do their best not to follow</sup>

whichever messages they can extract from any episode that might be recalled <sup>from their sleep.</sup>

So the <sup>the D.K.'s</sup> purposeful use of dreams <sup>has (imprisoned)</sup> by the D.K. is, at present, inoperative.

Once our forces began to <sup>via</sup> <sup>concerning</sup> ~~cooperate~~ with the D.K. for the growth and future



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direction of men and women, <sup>the</sup> D.K. had, willy-nilly, <sup>— and</sup> I use the word

<sup>advisedly</sup> ~~advisedly~~ had willy-nilly to reduce <sup>these sportings</sup> the absurd magnifications of His ego.

His <sup>so</sup> manic obsession with Himself and His Powers, which had swollen during

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

<sup>not quite as much</sup> ~~obliged~~ to insist <sup>of</sup> on the absolute adoration of His servants for Him and to

<sup>There no longer felt go obliged to bring gifts and sacrifices all the time. This had, I suppose, been to get himself to any proceed instead into the agonized search for more sophisticated modes of</sup>

<sup>He had to the need. (To some degree.)</sup> operation. On occasion, He could now ~~even~~ show Himself to be wise in His nocturnal insertions <sup>(most often via)</sup> choice of how to insert dreams <sup>(the Cudgels)</sup> into His best remaining human servants.)

prisoners. The function of the dream now altered. It <sup>now</sup> served much less often ~~did it~~

as a medium for <sup>delivering</sup> sending commands down from Above. Rather, <sup>fundamentally</sup> the function

<sup>The purpose</sup> was drastically converted. <sup>Now, the</sup> The dream was now there, ideally, to <sup>serve</sup> serve the

dreamer, <sup>to give</sup> to give a closer sense of ~~the~~ buried ~~realities~~ and disturbances in his

life. <sup>trusted</sup> If a friend <sup>might</sup> could prove a hint treacherous, the dream was there to alert

the dreamer to <sup>(just)</sup> such a possibility. <sup>on the other hand, one</sup> If one, unknown to oneself, ~~was also ready~~

<sup>was unwittingly ready</sup> (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, <sup>indeed none</sup> was ~~(looking now)~~ for a way to protect His

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most elaborate creation—<sup>His</sup> humans. Indeed, for those lucky or worthy few <sup>had been</sup> who were <sup>strongest guards</sup> sequestered by the Cudgels and so could rarely be approached by us, <sup>(great candidates for removal of such protection)</sup> <sup>(positive saints might be one example)</sup> the D.K.'s altered approach <sup>being</sup> <sup>intended</sup>

<sup>Framework</sup> did prove efficacious. On the other hand, dreams as direct prophecy became rare. <sup>A which short period saw</sup> The vogue <sup>for a time to see dreams seen as wish-fulfillment</sup> never proved to be more than a theory. As revised by the D.K.,

dreams were now supposed <sup>to</sup> to serve as <sup>an</sup> 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 <sup>might</sup> could actually obtain insight into his or her vulnerabilities. The <sup>intense</sup>

<sup>but</sup> mock situations <sup>created by</sup> of the dream were there to dramatize the subject's ability to

withstand anxiety. <sup>In that manner,</sup> The dreamer's attention could be directed to situations <sup>encounters</sup> 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 <sup>therefore</sup> ~~now~~

<sup>more direct—it was to give illumination on how</sup> to cope with modern life. It was—if one could only hear the signals <sup>within</sup> the

dream—a security system full of warning bells.

Verification  
for  
real candidates for  
removal of such protection  
examples of such protection



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*infer fire worth*  
 To the degree, however, that we could ~~block~~ <sup>wean</sup> the allegiance of any man or woman to the Cudgels, we were able to ~~sabotage~~ <sup>at the beach and</sup> that system. ~~In return,~~ <sup>Sometimes as</sup>  
~~the Cudgels~~ <sup>to be certain these</sup> delighted in undermining our influence over our best captives. <sup>Sabotage</sup>  
 These wars produced much chaos. To the degree that any given man or woman had been penetrated by ~~them~~ <sup>us</sup>, the person's dream became an <sup>usually incoherent</sup> incoherent extravaganza. I may add that it was also wasteful to our budgets. <sup>I've</sup>  
<sup>So, the act of creating a whole dream for a child</sup>  
<sup>appeared to be on the face of it to promise a loss of time and effort to</sup>  
<sup>to my</sup> 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, <sup>incurrgions</sup>  
 allocate too many of our efforts toward early development <sup>in</sup> of children. ~~He~~  
<sup>Looking</sup> looked upon their growth as essentially indeterminable, <sup>he saw such action as</sup> even counter-  
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 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 <sup>in the region</sup> ~~inst~~  
<sup>in other regions</sup> ~~inst~~ with other clients. (The milk-runs proved sufficient to provide me  
<sup>of my assistants</sup>  
 with any information I needed vis-a-vis the ~~Hitlers~~ of Hafeld.

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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.



To install whole dreams on special occasions can tamper with the roots 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 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 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.

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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) 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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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.

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."

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-23-

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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

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



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.

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



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.

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.



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The act itself took but a few minutes, but the preparation had not been simple. It demanded no ordinary sensitivity to how the Maestro would wish me to proceed. 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.

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.

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 one of our old pensioners. Besides, 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,



( 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

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

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



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.

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

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.



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24.  
 The act itself took <sup>no more than a</sup> but a few minutes, but the preparation ~~had not been~~

had not been  
 simple. It demanded no ordinary sensitivity to how the Maestro would wish

me to proceed. Etch, I repeat, was the significant word. Fixed notions, once

they are successfully installed, prove to be most powerful tools for keeping  
 use it to <sup>bring him back</sup> ~~bring him back~~ <sup>to us</sup> ~~to us~~ <sup>to stay</sup> ~~to stay~~.

the client attached to our program. But it is not an easy mode in which to  
 to bring off. It must be done with an

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

~~it can drive~~  
 one can drive the recipient into madness.

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

~~the~~ Given ~~the~~ knowledge ~~obtained~~ from the milk runs, I knew that Alois would ~~soon~~

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

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

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

Judith - note threaded from renumbered page 296 to 297

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~~It was an exaggeration.~~ <sup>The term</sup> ~~The~~ <sup>this</sup> old man was highly eccentric, a bit of a hermit, a mean individual ~~for the most part,~~ <sup>who could</sup> mean as a winter wind, ~~once you~~

~~But I got to know him, but he made up for that with a far from convincing~~ <sup>could remember, on prime occasion</sup>

<sup>must be</sup> facade of a <sup>of old</sup> sweet warm old fellow. The peasants in Hafeld, having known

him for decades, knew better, but he was the only <sup>apiculturist in the area</sup> ~~one~~ whom they could

recommend in good conscience to Alois since he knew more about

beekeeping than anyone <sup>within</sup> ~~to be found over~~ a day's walk in any direction. <sup>So they said</sup>

Besides, they were curious to see in <sup>whether</sup> ~~which manner~~ he would ~~eventually~~

succeed in charming Alois <sup>before</sup> ~~and~~ cheating him.

<sup>was most useful to me</sup> What I ~~liked~~ <sup>liked</sup> about Der Alte ~~most~~ was that he had belonged to us <sup>for</sup>

decades. In effect, he was <sup>(one day)</sup> ~~one of our~~ old pensioners. <sup>(one day)</sup> ~~Besides,~~ <sup>he and Adi</sup> ~~would be absolutely~~ <sup>and so were likely to find that the</sup> ~~were close in odor,~~ <sup>They would be perfectly capable of thinking that the</sup>

<sup>good</sup> other had a ~~nice~~ <sup>good</sup> smell. ~~It was most likely that Adi would be the~~ <sup>I expected Adi to know Der Alte if and when they</sup>

→ Same off



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~~was the most important~~  
~~met~~ So, the first requirement of the dream could be met: I would etch the  
 nature

suggested itself.

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

As a matter of style, I had always been inclined to 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 in imaginary

dream, (a dream that is missing no direct roots within the recipient)

external dream-material into the existing framework  
 onto the existing framework of the subject's psyche. (of the subject's psyche)

In this case, it required given the necessary  
 precision of the artwork required  
 it required I saw a considerable  
 So in this case, 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 produce (then did no more than to place  
 work up) with my skills and placed this image into the very

center of a short dream, but Adi, <sup>however was now queen</sup> 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



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*visible* In the distance was *a section of the*  
 through the window, were his bee-house and his yard. The scene itself

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

*a spoonful of honey, taste I*  
 then led them inside his quarters, and fed Adi ~~some~~ *honey*, whose taste I was

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

*(for the clinician shorthand snice!)*  
 forgotten, forever etched!). I left ~~it~~ *that* Adi awakened with wet pajamas

*plus*  
 from navel to knee ~~and~~ a whole sense of happiness. He stripped his wet

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

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

*was* *indeed to fulfill that request,*  
 pleased to take him.

Their conversation on the walk to the Sorcerer's house *is to* must yet be

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

*he)*  
 (Maestro's concept of etching for it has fine applications  
 to our work. For example, we now knew  
 that when Adi met Der Alte on this Sunday  
 ↓

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~~Etching has endless applications but in this case~~  
 The center of the notion was that we knew when Adi met Der Alte, ~~it~~  
~~on this Sunday~~ it would feel, ~~given the power of the~~  
~~his dream on Saturday~~ ~~as if it were the second time~~ So,  
 would now feel, for all practical purposes, as if it were the second time. So,  
 happening in the manner he had ~~seen~~ seen. The  
~~as we expected~~, the boy was astonished, he was thrilled, he was full of a

sense of importance that seemed to commence in the <sup>very heart</sup> center of his thoughts.

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

Being one of <sup>in his s/esp</sup> ours, Der Alte had been instructed to give the boy a taste of his

finest honey directly on meeting him, <sup>and the</sup> ~~and the~~ <sup>experience, having been</sup> ~~experience, having been~~  
<sup>So close to how it</sup> ~~the way it had been for years~~ <sup>that it</sup> ~~took up permanent looking~~  
 foreseen, was invested directly in the boy's ~~memory~~ <sup>memory</sup>.

<sup>again,</sup> Magnus Rudiger,  
 Be it said, this man, ~~(name TK)~~ <sup>(name TK)</sup> called by all the men and women in

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

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

<sup>his</sup> His command of magic was rudimentary. Whenever he <sup>a</sup> felt any sense of



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dread <sup>coming</sup> to him from forces he could not <sup>quite</sup> name (usually one or

another branch of the Cudgels) he hardly knew more than to <sup>lay a circle of</sup> surround his  
 salt around the <sup>table</sup> ~~table~~ where he usually ~~sat~~  
 kitchen table (where he sat by the stove) with a circle of salt. That was, for  
 sat by himself. That was, for  
 all <sup>its</sup> ~~its~~ <sup>magical</sup> ~~magical~~ effects, more effective at <sup>keeping</sup> ~~keeping~~ (is away than in protecting  
 the Cudgels)

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

<sup>So, it was obvious</sup>  
 no matter what he did with his life, he was on the side of the angels. <sup>Natural, thing</sup>  
<sup>to assume</sup> who had inspired his dread  
<sup>So, assumed</sup> Naturally, he supposed that his dread had been inspired by demons. <sup>idea</sup> Such

<sup>such as this Magus Rudiger are an annoyance</sup>  
 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

<sup>of him.</sup>  
 respectful ~~distance~~. No neighbor was in a hurry to attack his self-esteem,

<sup>and indeed master</sup>  
 but then he did <sup>present</sup> a full suggestion by way of his dress, his odor, his

resonant, even reverberating, voice, and his undeniable <sup>knowledge of</sup> success with bees,

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



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ability to <sup>safeguard</sup> protect one's self-esteem even when <sup>the</sup> one's psychic fortifications <sup>revertments</sup>

are flimsy. On the other hand, he <sup>rarely failed</sup> was there to lend himself <sup>readily</sup> to my

uses. (An individual of greater inner strength might <sup>for example</sup> not have been ~~so ready~~

<sup>too proud to rush</sup> to respect our order <sup>that</sup> (while the boy was still <sup>my</sup> to feed the boy his spoonful of honey at the threshold.)

<sup>by the dream, and, ~~that~~ equally important, the visit</sup> In any event, Adi was now etched. His belief that he would, on

occasion, be able <sup>vividly and accurately</sup> ~~by the force of his will~~ to bring to mind the presence of

<sup>or</sup> ~~and events~~ <sup>encountered</sup> would be no mean people (he had not yet met, <sup>was a ready instrument for us, and we would</sup>

~~know how to exercise it in the years to come~~

I will say that we were to <sup>exercise such a ~~spiritual device~~</sup> employ this technique most often during his

<sup>scavenging</sup> <sup>haunting</sup> <sup>searching</sup> <sup>Adolf Hitler's</sup> (service as an Army messenger <sup>going up to the trenches and back to</sup>

Regimental Headquarters on many a day <sup>and night</sup> during the First World War. <sup>It was</sup> dangerous work, and a confidence in one's ability to anticipate the future was <sup>no small assistance</sup> ~~too soon to speak any more~~ <sup>that, however</sup> His experiences as a soldier

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

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

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

~~is together~~  
profits and problems produced by the etching until it will be necessary to

~~the practice~~  
discuss such matters again.

~~I would rather steal into the unspoken themes of~~  
For now, let us go, rather, to 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 ~~Bernard~~ ~~about~~ 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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fortify when needed in years <sup>to come</sup>. I will say that we <sup>were to</sup> did employ this

technique <sup>often</sup> the most during his service as <sup>an Army going up</sup> a messenger from Regimental

<sup>to Regimental Headquarters</sup> Headquarters up to the trenches and back on many a day during the First

World War. It is <sup>too soon to speak any more on that, however.</sup> too soon to speak any more on that, however.

World War, but that is its own complex amalgam of magic, luck, desperation <sup>his experiences as a soldier produced for a most</sup>

and dedication that we will not <sup>have to</sup> begin to discuss for another eighteen years of

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

again.

<sup>For now rather</sup> 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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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

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

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



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

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.)

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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The act itself took but a few minutes. The preparation was hardly as simple. It demanded intuition and a sensitivity to how the Maestro would proceed. Etch, I repeat, was the significant word. Permanent notions are on 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 this occasion. On the basis of the milk runs, I knew that Alois would be visiting the particular neighboring beekeeper known in the area as Der Alte for short. In full, his nickname was Der Alte Rauberer—the Old Sorcerer—for so e 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 that with a somewhat unsuccessful facade as a sweet and warm old fellow. The peasants in Hafeld 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 knew more about beekeeping than anyone for a day's walk in any direction,

and, besides, they were curious to see in which manner he would eventually succeed in charming Alois 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 Adi were definitely close in odor. They were perfectly capable of thinking that the other had the nicest 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 with his dream.

Once the aesthetic decision was 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 a dream-work, which is to say, I considered the smallest or nearest scenarios were invariably the most



effective when it came to fitting an imaginary dream, ( a dream with no direct roots in the recipient) into the existing framework of his psyche.

So in this case, at our considerable disbursement of my available funds for the art-work needed, I laid in as close an image of Der Alte as I could work up with my skills into the very center of a short dream. This image of Der Alte, 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 environs were his bee-house and his yard. It could not have been more direct. He greeted Adi and Alois, Adi first; 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

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 delighted to take him.

Their conversation on the walk to the Sorcerer's house will be recounted in a moment but I prefer to jump ahead just to make the point of what we mean by the concept of etching.

When Adi met Der Alte, it could, for all practical purposes, have been for the second time. The boy was astonished, 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 picture in advance exactly how a stranger one was yet to meet would be, would appear, would speak and—the crux and the art of this

particular etching—would smell and act 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 Adi each a spoonful of the finest honey in his harvest, and, truth, the taste was even memorable to Alois.

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 to speak of, his curses were neither remarkable nor effective, his command of magic was rudimentary—when feeling any dread of forces he could not quite name (usually one or another branch of the Cudgels) he hardly knew more than to surround his kitchen table (where he sat by the stove) with a circle of salt that was, for all its most circumscribed effects, more effective in keeping us away than in protecting himself. He was



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 one was in a 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 psychic fortifications are 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 etched. His belief that he could bring into his mind the presence of people he had not yet met would be there for us to

fortify when needed in years to come. I will say that we did employ this technique the most during his service as a messenger from Regimental Headquarters up to the trenches and back on many a day during the First World War, but that is its own 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 the matter and all discussion of the force of my installation in 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 Der Alte Rauberer.

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The act itself took but a few minutes, <sup>but the</sup> ~~The~~ preparation was hardly as <sup>had not been</sup>

<sup>no ordinary</sup> simple. It demanded ~~intuition and~~ a sensitivity to how the Macstro would <sup>wish</sup> ~~wish~~ us

to proceed. ~~Each~~, I repeat, was the significant word. <sup>Fixed</sup> ~~Permanent~~ notions are on <sup>once they</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>successfully</sup> ~~installed~~ <sup>proven to be a</sup> ~~program~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~keeping a client~~ <sup>attached to our</sup>

of the most powerful tools available for ~~keeping a client~~ <sup>in which to work since</sup> ~~forever in our sphere~~ <sup>the</sup>

But it ~~is~~ <sup>is not an easy matter</sup> ~~usually as proposed~~ <sup>and so they demand</sup> ~~an incisive stroke~~ <sup>misapplied</sup> ~~one can drive the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~recipient into madness~~ <sup>he can</sup> ~~with one~~

recipient into madness.



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I will go so far as to say that I was <sup>not uncreative</sup> proud of my creativity on this

<sup>Given all knowledge obtained from</sup>  
occasion. On the basis of the milk runs, I knew that Alois would be visiting

<sup>a who was</sup>  
the particular neighboring beekeeper known in the area as Der Alte for short.

In full, his nickname was Der Alte Rauberer—the Old Sorcerer <sup>So he was</sup>—for so it was

seen by the neighbors.

It was <sup>I knew</sup> an exaggeration. The old man was highly eccentric, a

<sup>from the most part</sup>  
bit of a hermit, a mean individual if it is to be simply put, mean as a winter

<sup>once</sup> wind if you truly got to know him, <sup>but he</sup> and <sup>from from</sup> made up for that with a somewhat

<sup>convincing</sup>  
~~unsuccessful~~ facade as a sweet and warm old fellow. The peasants in Hafeld

<sup>knowing</sup>  
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

<sup>to be found over</sup>  
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 <sup>Der Alte</sup> him, most was that he <sup>had</sup> belonged to us, he was one of

In effect, he was one of our old <sup>residing</sup> pensioners, <sup>ours</sup>, 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 <sup>a nice</sup> nicest smell. I

expected Adi to adore <sup>the</sup> Der Alte if and when they met. So, <sup>the</sup> first requirement

of the dream could be met. I would etch the boy's mind <sup>in advance of their meeting</sup> with his dream <sup>a picture</sup>.

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

modestly <sup>and</sup> within the <sup>likely limits</sup> near possibility of a dream-work, which is to say, I

considered the <sup>modest</sup> smallest or <sup>to be</sup> nearest scenarios were invariably the most

Der Alte  
was always to be understood  
as a picture  
of a picture



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

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

<sup>and placed this image</sup>  
work up with my skills <sup>but Adi certainly</sup> into the very center of a short dream. This image of  
<sup>gave a close representation of the man. There was</sup>

Der Alte, his appearance, his voice, and his actions, <sup>From Swinda</sup> were the core of the <sup>(the next)</sup>  
<sup>the setting, I chose</sup>  
~~effort.~~ The setting was <sup>and (as seen through?)</sup> one of the two rooms of his hut, the environs were his

<sup>The scenario itself</sup>  
bee-house and his yard. <sup>Der Alte</sup> It could not have been more direct. He greeted Adi

<sup>they</sup> and Alois, Adi first, <sup>and</sup> 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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to give the boy a taste of his finest honey <sup>300</sup>  
~~directly on his chest and the experience~~  
~~particular etching would smell and act and invest himself in one's heart. For~~  
~~having been so seen, was indeed directly~~  
~~in to the boy's heart.~~  
~~this case, it was Der Alte's honey. The old man on the occasion of this~~

meeting did give Alois and Adi each a spoonful of the finest honey in his

harvest, and, truth, the taste was even memorable to Alois.

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 to speak of, and his curses were neither remarkable nor

effective, his command of magic was rudimentary <sup>whenever he felt</sup> ~~when feeling any dread~~

<sup>a sense of dread</sup> ~~of dread~~ <sup>coming to him</sup> ~~coming to him~~ <sup>Prayer</sup>  
 of forces he could not quite name (usually one or another branch of the

Cudgels) he hardly knew more than to surround his kitchen table (where he

sat by the stove) with a circle of salt <sup>that was, for all its most circumscribed</sup>

effects, <sup>still</sup> more effective <sup>at</sup> in keeping us away than in protecting himself. <sup>even</sup> ~~He was~~

<sup>of course</sup> ~~common to~~ <sup>to most of</sup> ~~our clients,~~  
<sup>was that</sup> ~~no matter what he did with his~~  
<sup>life,</sup> ~~he was on the side of the angels, and~~ <sup>natural</sup>

he supposed ~~to assume~~ <sup>that his dread had been</sup>  
<sup>inspired by demons,</sup>



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

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

hurry to attack his self-esteem *but then* for he did present *a* 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

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

*to hand*  
 then, he had lent himself readily to my uses *for* ~~he had been there to install in~~

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

have been so *ready to respect our order to keep* amenable *the bag his spoonful 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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Triphur

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The act itself took but a few minutes. The preparation was hardly as simple. It demands of my own intuition and a sensitivity to have the alchemist would proceed. Etch, I repeat was the significant word. Permanent reaction is one of the most powerful tools available for keeping a client forever in our sphere and so they demand an incisive stroke. Unapplied, one condenses the recipient into malice.

I will go so far as to say that I was proud of my creativity on that occasion. On the basis of the mother tongue I know that Alan would be visiting the particular neighborhood. Bee-keeper known in the area as Der Atk for short, and in On fully, his nickname was Der Alte Rauber - the Old Sore - for so he was seen by the neighbors.

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

him for decades, also knew better than (29) that, but he was the only one whom they could recommend in good conscience to Alois since he knew more about her head by than anyone for a day's walk in any direction, and, besides, they were curious to see in which manner he would eventually succeed in charming Alois 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 Alois were definitely close in color. They were perfectly capable of thinking that the other had the nicest smell. I expected Alois to do the first requirement of the dream could be met. I would etch the boy's mind with his dream.

Once the decision was 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 possibilities of dream-work, which is to say, the <sup>considered</sup> smallest <sup>unusually</sup> most scenarios ~~that~~ were the most effective when it came to fitting an imagining dream, that is, (a dream with no direct roots in the recipient) into the existing framework of the psyche.



him for decades, also knew better than (I) that, but he was the only one whom they could recommend in good conscience to Alois since he knew more about beekeeping than anyone for a deep well informed opinion, and, besides, they were curious to see in which manner he would eventually succeed in charming Alois 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 Alois were definitely close in color. They were perfectly capable of thinking that the other had the nicest smell. I expected Alois to do the DAHC 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 that decision was taken, I was able to feel a nice pride after it was done I had.



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So in this case at considerable disturbance of my available ~~number~~ for the art. work involved, I laid as close an image of Darklitz as I could work up with my belly into the very center of a short dream. ~~There~~ This image of Darklitz, 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 envious one his tree-house, and his yard. It could not have been more dream. He greeted Adi and Alain, Adi first, he led them inside his quarters, he fed Adi some honey whose taste I was careful to ~~watch~~ monitor - it was exquisite on the tongue, never to be forgotten, forever etched, ~~and~~ - and I left it at that. Adi embraced with wet pajamas from noon to noon, 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 Darklitz, and no timidity (He is used!) in speaking to him. Alain, as I have ~~stated~~ stated, was delighted to take him.

Their conversation on the way to the Sorcerer's house I will be recounting in a moment but I prefer to jump ahead just to make the point of what we mean by the concept of eternity,

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 When Adi met Der Alte, it was for all practical purposes his first for the second time. The young man, startled, 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 ~~change~~ <sup>picture</sup> in advance exactly how a stranger one was yet to meet would be. It would appear, would speak, and — the cry and the art of their particular etching — would swell and set and invest himself in one's heart. For their case, it was Der Alte's honey. The old man, on the occasion of their meeting did give Alois and Adèle each a spoonful of the finest honey in his harvest and, truly, the taste was so memorable to Alois.

Best said, this man, NAME, called by all the men and women in the area as Der <sup>Alte</sup> Paubere, 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 commands of magic were <sup>any</sup> ~~redemptive~~ <sup>strange</sup> — (when feeling the ~~weight~~ <sup>weight</sup> of ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~force~~ <sup>force</sup> he could not <sup>quite</sup> ~~name~~ <sup>name</sup> ~~himself~~ <sup>himself</sup> usually one or another branch of the Cudgels) he hardly knew more than to ~~run~~ <sup>run</sup> ~~around~~ <sup>around</sup> his ~~humble~~ <sup>humble</sup> ~~table~~ <sup>table</sup> (else he said by the stone) with the circle of salt that



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tion for all its most circumvented effects  
 more effective in keeping away than in  
 protecting himself. He was not for chains  
 but in that sense a song gone. 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 the~~ by way of his dress, his  
 odor, his resonant even reverberating voice, and  
 his undeniable success with her that  
 he was a species of magician. That is, I  
 suppose, a power in itself the ability  
 to protect oneself ~~at least~~ 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 wait till in the dream I gave  
 to Adi. (An individual of greater mind  
 strength would not have been so amenable.)

In any event, Adi was now established, 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 ~~to~~  
 from Regimental Headquarters up to the  
 trenches and back on many a day during



the First World War, that is to say (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 time to discuss such matters again.  
Now, rather, let us go to the conversation  
he had with his father on the way to  
see Dualte Pauker.

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

"What?"

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

"And him? What happens then to him?"

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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.



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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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

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



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 im 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

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.

"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-



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."

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?"

"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. The colony must survive. That means nobody can dare to be lazy inside the colony." He paused. "Except for 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 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 crippled or too weak to work. They get rid of them early."



Triple SP.

25.

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~~at the same~~  
 For that reason as much as any other, he  
 was following Adie's head with new <sup>and</sup> ~~new~~ <sup>thoughts</sup> while walking at ~~the~~ <sup>a</sup> pace  
 that the boy was twice breathless ~~in~~ <sup>not</sup>  
 not to fall behind by a step or a word, but  
~~that~~ turn, Adie, not at all in the least  
 of spending time or much thought on little  
 Adie that he was hint short of breath  
 himself before the unexpected obstacle of  
 finding a vein of conversation to take off.  
 It was so pleased that Adie had wished to  
 go with him that he was almost ~~to~~ <sup>how</sup>  
 much it meant to him. He never considered  
 the child as a subject of personal interest  
 until a child was old enough to work with  
 him. Now, for once, most unexpectedly, he  
 felt ~~of~~ 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 Adie's excitement at  
 being with him. He felt that 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  
 immensity of the big man next to him, larger















a business. The boy was confused, but the speed with which they were walking was pinching his breath at the point where he could ask any more questions. (309)

Abraha, surprised by himself, that he should notice Adi's discomfort, also stopped. "Come," he said, "let's stop. You sit down." He pointed to an available wall, then actually sat next to him on a bench slant 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 sting one last, 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 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 crippled or too weak to work. They get rid of them early."

25.  
 Once they began to talk, Alois proceeded to fill  
 For that reason as much as any other, he was filling Adi's head with  
 more than a few)

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

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

not at all in the habit of spending time or ~~much~~ <sup>this</sup> thought on little Adolf, that

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

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wished to go with him that he ~~was almost~~ <sup>nearly became</sup> ~~that~~ aware how much it meant to him.

~~had~~ He never considered fatherhood as a subject of personal interest <sup>certainly not</sup> until a child

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

felt a sense of mystery, ~~and~~ <sup>in the presence of</sup> 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~~ <sup>he was</sup> finally in the company of his

FATHER, <sup>in</sup> just so large was his recognition of the size, the power and—no

other word—the immanence of the big man next to him, <sup>Alois was</sup> larger at that

moment <sup>by</sup> ~~in~~ the child's scale of measurement than <sup>(the name that he had)</sup> 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, <sup>for that matter</sup> given the way that Alois pronounced the name <sup>of the Emperor</sup> Franz-Josef, a name—

~~enormous in size but no greater~~ <sup>however, neither was greater</sup> 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.~~

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

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

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

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

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

*Given how lost Alois could still walk, Alois'*  
~~Alois' breath~~ *was reaching his lungs*  
 Already Adi was beginning to breathe in a unique mixture of

excitement and desperation. So many unknown expressions *were arriving*  
*in his mind* *on this*  
 head at once. *standing* That summer just passed he had been under the walnut tree

when a gale of wind came by like the stroke of a sword *whenever* and three walnuts,

hard as stone, ~~had~~ pelted his head and body with such ~~an~~ authority that he



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



looking for honey. Think how <sup>much maddened!</sup> ~~crazy~~ those bees would get. <sup>You can</sup> ~~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, <sup>and</sup> even so, the bear would come looking. Ja, you

needed a cross-bow—to kill the bear. Not so easy to get honey <sup>if the bear</sup> ~~then, but~~

<sup>came first, but</sup> sometimes you had bear meat to go with it. <sup>Once in awhile, bear</sup> meat <sup>and</sup> honey."

Adi's breath was on fire, his eyes full of expectation. <sup>as</sup> Their path <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>meandering</sup> went through a small wood, and he was looking for a bear.

"Sometimes," said Alois, "they would find a tree ready to fall, <sup>a large</sup> ~~fall of~~ tree worth <sup>so many</sup> ~~in the hollow~~. The good peasant/ a big hollow <sup>and all the bees in it</sup>. They would knock the tree over, but so

carefully, <sup>he would try</sup> ~~so~~ not to stir up everything, and then in the evening, only in the

evening cause <sup>these</sup> ~~the~~ little bees <sup>more</sup> ~~are~~ quiet then, they would carry the tree near to

their hut, <sup>so they could</sup> and start to look after those bees and learn a little <sup>about them.</sup>

<sup>"what about the bears."</sup> <sup>"they would kill one and hang him up near</sup> ~~the bees.~~ That was the beginning. Now, it is a profitable <sup>all</sup> ~~and~~ risky hobby."

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

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

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

Abruptly, <sup>even</sup> surprised at himself that he ~~should~~ <sup>to</sup> 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 <sup>another rock.</sup> ~~a less [??] stone that was~~   
 ~~less smooth.~~

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

"No," said Adi. His eyes were <sup>alight</sup> ~~shining~~. <sup>"Please, you must"</sup> ~~"Will you tell me why,~~

Father?"

"Because they obey one law, <sup>A single law</sup> ~~and~~ this law takes care of everything. ~~It is that~~

The colony must survive. ~~That means~~ <sup>no</sup> nobody can dare to be lazy inside the

colony." He paused. "Except for the drones. They serve <sup>their</sup> ~~one~~ good purpose, ~~but~~

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

"Are they killed?" He knew the answer.

"Yes, all of them. Once a year, right about now—just after summer,

<sup>Good riddance</sup> they are gotten rid of. ~~No~~ <sup>charity</sup>." He began to laugh. "In the home of the



bees, there are no good Christians. No charity, ~~no~~ <sup>Nothing of the sort</sup> You cannot find one bee

in a hive who is ~~crippled~~ <sup>crippled</sup> too weak to work. They get rid of them ~~early~~ <sup>early</sup> of the cripples early."

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

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



seen the quality of the land. He ~~did~~ (318) did not wish to be cheated again. Indeed, from the trouble with the land, Mr. Lee had kept putting off his ~~decision~~ decision to go into bee-keeping until all of August was gone. Now, it might be ~~late~~ start the winter colony. He was not altogether at home with the aspects of apiculture, and now that he had delayed so long, his choices were restricted. He had to buy and hurry soon. He might have to pay whatever price was asked for the ~~needed~~ the necessary stock and materials - where else could he go this late in the season without being held up wherever he went? That was, ~~but~~ ~~sure~~ ~~the~~ ~~planter~~ ~~laughing~~ at him against except he knew ~~it~~ that was not his prime concern. He could not quite admit it to himself that the last time he had dabbled in this bee business, just as a horse-on-a-stick out in a town ~~from~~ ~~from~~ at walking distance from Braunau, a place he could go to in the evening to get a rest from the tavern or also on Sunday does not have to wait for anyone going to church, he had had one ~~disaster~~ ~~very~~ ~~terrible~~ ~~thing~~ so quickly and reflectably by so many infuriated bees that he decided afterwards he must ~~never~~ have been poking about inadvertently in what might be the Queen's quarter, he ~~could~~ ~~not~~? He realized the danger this



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ignorance of the real stuff if he was to  
then remember while ~~working~~ ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~lion~~.  
working with a lion.

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

But he knew. He could tell by the way  
he was preparing in advance to tell the  
story of the many stings he had taken on his  
hand and their bitterness and how good  
that had proved later for the stiffness in his  
joints acquired over the years of slaving  
at customs posts. Yes, he was ready to  
impress Dr. Albe with his knowledge of  
bee venom and how diseases in Egypt  
were treated with it. He would also  
speak of Pleng and Golen. Great doctors.  
They too knew to make antidotes from  
bee venom and bee honey. Charlemagne  
and even the Turbille had had afflictions  
of the joints and they, too, had like himself  
had had such painful ailments, or so  
it was reputed, by bee stings.

But was he really prepared to enter  
such varieties of conversation with  
Dr. Albe? Now, he regretted bringing  
it all with him. Also, even factious  
to the definite degree that he had suffered  
so much and so often on this subject that  
he had lost all choice. He had to start



-25-

Once they began to talk, Alois proceeded to fill Adi's head with new names 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 thought on this little Adolf, was a hint short of breath himself. Finding a vein of conversation had proved an unexpected obstacle. He was so pleased that Adi had wished to go with him that he nearly became aware how much that meant to him. He had never considered fatherhood as

a subject of personal interest, certainly not until a child was old enough to work with him. Now, for once, most unexpectedly, he felt a sense of mystery in the presence of the boy. 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. Finally he was in the company of his FATHER. Just so large was his recognition of the size, the power and—no other word—the immanence of the big man next to him. Alois was larger at that moment in the child's scale of measurement than the nerve that filled 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, for that matter, given the way that Alois pronounced the name of the Emperor.) At this moment, however, neither was greater to Adi.

How he wanted to please Alois! At the beginning of the walk, the silence had been formidable and remained so until Adi primed the pump.

"Have there always been bees?" he asked at last. It was a simple question but it came just before they would have turned mute over the rest of the walk.

"Yes. Probably as long as anything. Bees have been on our fine earth for a long time."

"Then they do go far back, Father?"

Alois gave him an encouraging pat on the back. The boy's few words had actually served to activate all of Alois' powers of exposition. "Yes, I would say, way back. So, too, have we looked to get their honey. For a



long time. 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 drawings and old poems even in the little Linz museum to tell us that in the Middle Ages, beekeeping was already an industry."

Given how fast Alois could still walk, Adi's breath was reaching his lungs in a unique mixture of excitement and desperation. So many unknown expressions were arriving in his mind at once. On this summer just passed he had been standing under the walnut tree when a gale of wind came by like the stroke of a sword whereupon three walnuts, hard as stone, pelted his head and body with such authority that he had not even been ready to cry—it was as if the walnuts had their own voice and told him to be silent. Now, he was buffeted by the Bronze Age, and next, the Middle Ages—maybe he had

heard Middle Ages before, and industry, a curious word, he felt as if he half-knew it. No question of stopping to ask—he strode along as fast as he could and just listened.

"They had," said Alois, "no hives in the Middle Ages. Beekeepers already, yes, but they had to go out hunting for where they could find bees. Where else do you find bees in nature? Where else? In hollow trees. That was a story. Locate the tree, and then grab as much as you can of the honey. And the wax! This beeswax was so important. Get the beeswax and have light in your hut every night. Candles! To pick up that wax and honey, they had to pay. With bites. Many bites they used to get. Then along would come the duke or baron. If he heard you ad found 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-bow—to kill the bear. Not so easy to get honey then if the bear came first, but sometimes you had bear meat. Once in a while, bear meat and honey."

Adi's breath was on fire, his eyes full of expectation. Their path was wandering through a small wood, and he was looking for a bear.

"Sometimes," said Alois, "they would find a tree ready to fall, a dead tree with a big hollow. So many bees were in the hollow. The good peasant would knock the tree over, but so carefully. He would try not to stir up too



much, and then in the evening, only in the evening cause these little bees are more quiet then, they would carry the tree near to their hut, so they could start to look after those bees and learn a little."

"What about the bears?"

"They would kill one and hang him up near the bees. That was the beginning. Now, it is all a profitable if risky hobby."

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

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

They walked in silence. Der Steckenpferd was how Alois had put it—a horse-on-a-stick, a plaything, a game, a hobby. But soon it would be a business. The boy was confused. The speed at which they were walking was

now pinching his breath past the point where he could ask any more questions.

Abruptly, even surprised to notice Adi's discomfort, Alois stopped.

"Come," he said, "you sit down." He pointed to an available rock, then actually sat next to him on another rock. .

"You must understand," he now said, "these are not fairy-tales we are beginning. Honey is sweet, but bees can be cruel to each other. Do you know why?"

"No," said Adi. His eyes were alight. "Please, you must tell me why, Father."

"Because they obey one law. A single law. This law takes care of everything. It is that the colony must survive. Nobody can dare to be lazy

inside the colony." He paused. "Except for the drones. They serve their one good purpose but then it's all over for them. They are gone. Goodbye."

"Are they killed?" He knew the answer.

"Yes, all of them. Once a year, right about now—just after summer they are gotten rid of. Good riddance. No charity." He began to laugh. "In the home of the bees, there are no good Christians. No charity. Nothing of the sort. You cannot find one bee in a hive who is too weak to work. They get rid of the cripples early."

As they rested, however, Alois' mind turned back into silence. He was full of fear. It was not intense, yet everywhere within him, a complex and confusing fear, a cloud with many shapes at once. He was directly afraid of being cheated by Der Alte. Alois had understood what the neighboring



peasants were trying not to say. They had praised Der Alte, they had all echoed each other in speaking of his vast knowledge on this subject, and yet he could sense what was not in their voice. Alois could hear no great allegiance to the man himself. One neighbor even whispered, "You can trust him, yes, I think so," but Alois did not like nor trust this neighbor.

That was part of the fear. If the fine and attractive location of the farm had been the best reason for his purchase, the worst had been the quality of the land. He did not wish to be cheated again. Indeed, given the trouble with Alois, Jr., he had kept putting off his decision to go into beekeeping until all of August was gone. Now, it might be late to start the winter colony. He was not altogether at home with this aspect of apiculture, and now that he had delayed so long, his choices were restricted. He had to buy and buy soon.

He might have to pay whatever price was asked for the necessary stock and materials—where else could he go this late in the season, without being eld up, wherever he went? That was, for sure, a fear of the peasants laughing at him again except he knew that was not his prime uneasiness. He could not quite admit it to himself but the last time he had dabbled in the bee business, just as a horse-on-a-stick out in a town at walking distance from Braunau, a place he could go to in the evening to get a rest from the tavern or also on a Sunday so as not to have to watch everyone going to church, he had one near disaster, and was stung so quickly and repeatedly by so many infuriated bees that he decided afterward he must have been poking about inadvertently in what might be the Queen Bee's quarters. Who could tell? He realized the

degree of his ignorance of the real stuff if he was so open to ambush while working with a hive.

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

But he knew. He could tell by the way he was preparing in advance to tell the story of the many stings he had taken on his hand and then his knees and how good that had proved later for the stiffness in his joints acquired over the years of standing at Customs posts. Yes, he was ready to impress Der Alte with his knowledge of bee venom and how diseases in Egypt were treated with it. He would also speak of Pliny and Galen. Great doctors.



They too knew to make ointments from bee venom and bee honey.

Charlemagne and Ivan the Terrible had had afflictions of the joints and they, too, like himself, had had such pain eliminated, or so it was reputed, by bee stings.

But was he really prepared to enter such varieties of conversation with Der Alte? Now, he regretted bringing Adolf with him. Alois even felt trapped to the definite degree that he had spoken so much and so often on the subject that he had lost all choice. He had to start

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302  
+303

Jadeeth - Fax back, on letter, E-mail  
pages 1 + 2 of the novel. They  
seems to have gotten mixed up  
on the week end

Double - space

-25-

302 - 315

however, <sup>supplying</sup> was soon ~~filled~~ so many  
Once they began to talk, Alois proceeded to fill Adi's head with new

~~names~~ <sup>before (me)</sup> and  
names while walking at so good a pace that the boy was twice breathless <sup>not daring</sup>

<sup>lag</sup>  
to fall behind by a step or a word. In turn, Alois, not at all in the habit of  
~~walking so fast given some shortness of breath~~

spending time or thought on this little Adolf, was a hint short of breath <sup>himself</sup>  
over the years he had peaked enough when <sup>into his notes and enough construction in his lungs</sup>  
<sup>into his pipes</sup> ~~to move more slowly as a rule~~ <sup>But not, finding</sup>  
himself. Finding a vein of conversation had proved an unexpected obstacle,  
<sup>not only</sup>  
<sup>but a stimulus to his legs.</sup>

Indeed he was  
He was so pleased that Adi had wished to go with him that he nearly became  
almost close to his own feelings. It was not his  
habit to venture <sup>over</sup> to sentiments about his  
aware how much that meant to him. He had never considered fatherhood as  
younger children, <sup>indeed, he</sup>

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a subject of personal interest, certainly not until a child was old enough to

by his self  
work with him. (Now, for once, most unexpectedly, he felt <sup>(an uncommon)</sup> a sense of mystery

in the presence of <sup>his</sup> the boy. <sup>It</sup> This was unprecedented. He actually wished to  
enlist the admiration of <sup>(trusting along)</sup>  
impress the little creature next to him.

that desire was already fulfilled. A

One good part of this sentiment was <sup>trusting along</sup> due certainly to Adi's excitement.

could feel he was at last  
at being with him. Finally he was in the company of his FATHER. Just so  
father. The word which he had <sup>trusting along</sup> barely learned to  
spell stood before his eyes as FATHER. Just so <sup>trusting along</sup> large  
large was his recognition of the size, the power and—no other word—the

<sup>trusting along beside</sup>  
immanence of the big man next to him. Alois was larger at that moment in

the child's scale of measurement than the <sup>awe</sup> nerve that filled the <sup>trusting along</sup> awestruck tones

of his mother when she would speak of der gute Gott, yes, there was Alois next to  
him, and so big, so high above him,  
striding beside him, quite an equal in emanative force to Jehovah (or Franz-



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Josef, for that matter, given the way that Alois <sup>in his turn</sup> pronounced the name of the

Emperor.) (At this moment, however, neither was greater to Adi.)

How he wanted to please Alois! At the <sup>commencement</sup> beginning of the walk, the

silence had been formidable and <sup>it</sup> remained so until Adi <sup>found a few worms</sup> pruned the pump.

"Have there always been bees?" he asked at last. It was a simple question but <sup>most fortuitous. It</sup>

it came just before they would have <sup>remained for</sup> turned mute over the rest of the walk.

<sup>Always bees.</sup> "Yes. <sup>"He answered, "have</sup> Probably as long as anything. Bees have been on our fine earth

<sup>very</sup> for a long time."

<sup>"So</sup> "Then they do go far back, Father?"

Alois gave him an encouraging pat on the back. The boy's <sup>obvious desire</sup> few words <sup>to keep the conversation in flow (and now)</sup>

had actually served to activate all of Alois' powers of exposition. "Yes, I

<sup>the answer is</sup> would say, way back. <sup>Maybe longer than us. And</sup> So, too, have we looked to get their honey. For a <sup>long</sup> ~~long~~ time has never been a day when we didn't look to steal their honey. <sup>I</sup> He laughed at the extent of the theft. "I have read

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long time. Some people think that already from the time of the Bronze Age,

*we all*  
~~people~~ were eating honey, ~~already~~ yes, and *I can say for certain that* ~~this I do know~~. ~~We have~~

*I have seen* ~~drawings and old poems even~~ *right there* ~~in the little Linz museum to tell us that~~ *that speak of how*

Middle Ages, beekeeping was already an industry."

*Given his touch of rheumatism, Alois was walking*  
~~very fast. At the rate they crossed~~ *seizing*

Given how fast Alois could still walk, ~~Adi's~~ *and* breath was ~~reaching~~ *seizing* his

*at the fact of the conversation itself*  
 lungs in a unique mixture of excitement and desperation. So many unknown

*unfamiliar words were coming into* ~~expressions were arriving in his mind at once.~~ *Over the* ~~On this~~ summer just passed he

*near their farmhouse*

had been standing under the walnut tree when a gale of wind came by like the

*swoosh* ~~stroke~~ *whip* of a sword whereupon three walnuts, hard as stone, pelted his head

~~and body~~ with such authority that he had not even been ready to cry—it was

as if the walnuts had their own voice and told him to be silent. Now, he was

buffeted by the Bronze Age, and next, the Middle Ages—maybe he had



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

knew it. No question of stopping to ask—he strode along as fast as he could keep up with the burning air of his lungs and he ~~and just~~ listened.

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

already, yes, but they had to go out hunting for where they could find <sup>some</sup> bees.

Where ~~else~~ <sup>than around here?</sup> do you find bees in nature? (Where else? In hollow trees. That

~~was a story.~~ Locate the tree, and then grab as much as you can of the honey, before they sting your head off. That ~~was~~ <sup>had been most bee done it then. And then they</sup> And the wax! This beeswax was so important. Get the beeswax and have <sup>(you can)</sup> ~~(so had to get the wax)~~

light in your hut every night. Candles! <sup>But oh they</sup> To pick up that wax and honey, they

<sup>So many bites,</sup> had to pay. With bites. Many bites they used to get. Then along would

<sup>their their</sup> come the duke or baron. If he heard you <sup>had a lot of</sup> found this honey, you had to <sup>pay up</sup> ~~give~~

to him. <sup>we can just imagine</sup> ~~up his~~ good share. And what would he give you back?—a nice strong cross-



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bow. Why? <sup>what a man was doing</sup> Because <sup>like us, also</sup> it was dangerous. The bears in the forest were <sup>also</sup>

looking for honey. Think how <sup>(must have had to get!)</sup> crazy those bees would get. (It is one thing to

sting a man, but <sup>how do you sting?</sup> a bear? A bear with his fur and <sup>such a</sup> thick skin. They had to go

for the bear's eyes and even so, the bear would come looking. Ja, <sup>a man</sup> you needed

a cross-bow—to kill the bear. Not so easy to <sup>go near</sup> get honey <sup>just then</sup> then if the bear came

first, but sometimes you had bear meat. Once in a while, <sup>you had</sup> bear meat and

honey."

Adi's breath was <sup>now wholly</sup> on fire, his eyes full of expectation. Their path was

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

"Sometimes," said Alois, <sup>u a man</sup> they would find a tree ready to fall, a dead

tree with a big hollow, <sup>in it, and a</sup> ~~hollow~~ <sup>big swarm of</sup> bees were in the hollow. <sup>(All clustered together)</sup> The good peasant <sup>would dare to take the tree down,</sup> would <sup>dare to take</sup> knock the tree over, but <sup>so carefully,</sup> ~~so carefully~~ He would try not to stir up too



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now pinching his breath past the point where he could ask <sup>even one</sup> ~~any more~~

questions.

Abruptly, ~~even surprised to notice~~ Adi's discomfort, Alois stopped. <sup>He had become aware at last of the little ones</sup> ~~discomfort~~

"Come," he said, "you sit down." He pointed to an available rock, then

~~actually~~ sat next to him on another rock. .

"You must understand," he ~~now~~ said, "these <sup>will not be</sup> ~~are not~~ fairy-tales we are

<sup>For us,</sup> ~~beginning~~. Honey is sweet, but bees <sup>(are not so sweet. They are very cruel.)</sup> can be cruel to each other. (Do you

know why?"

"No," said Adi. His eyes <sup>however</sup> ~~were~~ <sup>alight</sup>. "Please, you must tell me why,

Father."

"Because they obey one law. A single <sup>solitary</sup> law. This law takes care of

everything. <sup>so clear to them. It is</sup> It is ~~that~~ the colony must survive. Nobody can dare to be lazy



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inside the colony." He paused. <sup>no body, except</sup> "Except <sup>are there to</sup> for the drones. They <sup>serve their one</sup> good purpose <sup>But</sup> but then it's all over for them. They are gone. Goodbye."

"Are they killed?" He knew the answer.

"Yes, <sup>killed</sup> all of them. Once a year, right about now—just after summer

they are gotten rid of. Good riddance. No charity." He began to laugh <sup>again</sup> "In

the home of the bees, there are no good Christians. No charity. <sup>whatsoever</sup> Nothing of—

<sup>will not</sup> the son. You <sup>any</sup> cannot find one bee in a hive who is too weak to work. They <sup>know</sup> how to <sup>how to</sup> get rid of the cripples early."

As they rested, however, Alois' mind <sup>healed</sup> turned <sup>its</sup> back into silence. He was

full of fear. It was not <sup>an fear</sup> intense, yet everywhere within him, <sup>it seemed to live</sup> a complex and <sup>on this Sunday morning</sup> confusing fear, <sup>a complex and confusing</sup> a cloud <sup>holding</sup> with many shapes at once. He <sup>knows</sup> was directly afraid of

being cheated by Der Alte. Alois had understood what the neighboring

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peasants were trying not to say. They had praised Der Alte, they had ~~aff~~

echoed each other <sup>while</sup> in speaking of his vast knowledge on this subject, and yet Alois

~~he~~ could sense what was not in their voice. Alois <sup>he had heard</sup> could hear no great

allegiance to the man himself. One neighbor even whispered, "You can trust

him, yes, I think so," but Alois <sup>neither liked nor trusted</sup> did not like nor trust (this neighbor, <sup>and he knew</sup> that the neighbor felt the same way about him. <sup>this but one</sup> That was part of the fear. If the fine and attractive location of the farm

had been the best reason for <sup>its</sup> ~~his~~ purchase, the worst had been the quality of

the land. He did not wish to be cheated again. Indeed, given the trouble

with Alois, Jr., he had kept putting off his decision to go into beekeeping ~~until~~

<sup>Now</sup> all of August was gone. <sup>even Salvator too</sup> Now, it might be late to start the winter colony. He

<sup>all that familiar</sup> was not ~~altogether at home~~ with this aspect of apiculture, and <sup>he knew — he knew</sup> now that he had,

<sup>too and so</sup> delayed so long, <sup>this</sup> choices were restricted. He had to buy and buy soon.





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degree of his ignorance of the real stuff if he was so open to ambush <sup>in the</sup> ~~white~~

course of  
working with a hive.

could say he  
Now, he knew a good deal more. He had been reading at length on the

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sounder student than himself. He retained what he read. How many could

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But he knew. He could tell <sup>by</sup> the way he was preparing in advance to  
tell this way, Der A1+G  
tell the story of the many stings he had taken on his hand and then his knees

subsequently  
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over  
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the degree to which  
Alte with his knowledge of bee venom and low diseases in Egypt were

and out  
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*various*  
They too knew to make ointments from bee venom and bee honey.

*as well, he would speak of their*  
Charlemagne and Ivan the Terrible had had afflictions of the joints and they, *Charlemagne*

*too, like himself*, had had such pain eliminated, or so it was reputed, by bee

stings.

But was he really prepared to enter such *a* varieties of conversation with

Der Alte? Now, he regretted bringing Adolf with him. Alois even felt

trapped to the definite degree that he had spoken so much and so often, *to Klara* on the

*room for*  
subject that he had lost all choice. He had to start *bee-keeping* or she  
would become aware of the fear he had  
now developed in his heart. *that this*  
might not be, no, *not when you get down*  
to it, this might not be the next step  
to take.

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FAX on Thurs. Mar 11.  
Double-space.

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Once they began to talk, however, Alois <sup>proceeded to supply</sup> was soon supplying Adi's

head with so many new names, while <sup>continuing to walk</sup> walking at <sup>a</sup> so good a pace, that before

long the boy was twice breathless <sup>for he did not dare</sup> and not daring <sup>nor</sup> to lag behind by a step <sup>or a</sup>

word. In turn, Alois, <sup>so rarely</sup> not at all in the habit of spending time or thought on

this little Adolf, was a hint short of breath himself <sup>himself</sup>. Over the years,

he had packed enough rheumatism into his knees and enough constriction <sup>in</sup> upon

his lungs <sup>(via tobacco)</sup> <sup>(tobacco)</sup> as a rule <sup>much</sup> more <sup>measuredly</sup> slowly as a rule. But now, finding a

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~~and~~ <sup>to pursue with the</sup> vein of conversation ~~had~~ not only proved an unexpected obstacle, but a

stimulus to his legs. He was <sup>that</sup> so pleased ~~that~~ Adi had wished to go with

him. Indeed, he was almost <sup>able to approach</sup> ~~closer~~ to his own feelings. It was not <sup>Adi's</sup> his habit

to venture over <sup>such</sup> to sentiments about his younger children, indeed, he had

never considered fatherhood as a subject of personal interest ~~certainly not~~

until a child was old enough to work by his side. Now, most unexpectedly,

he felt <sup>a</sup> an uncommon <sup>very</sup> sense of mystery in the <sup>that was not</sup> presence of his boy. ~~It was~~

<sup>only uncommon but</sup> unprecedented. He actually wished to enlist the admiration of <sup>this</sup> the little

creature trotting along next to him.

<sup>His</sup> That desire was already fulfilled. <sup>Adi was so excited</sup> A good part of his sentiment was

~~caused by Adi's excitement.~~ Finally, he ~~could feel he~~ was at last in the

company of his father. The word which he had barely learned to spell stood



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before his eyes as FATHER. Just so large was his recognition of the size,

and—no other word <sup>will do — )</sup> the immanence of the big man striding along beside

him. Alois was larger at that moment <sup>be</sup> in the child's scale of measurement

than the awe <sup>which</sup> ~~that~~ filled the <sup>expression</sup> ~~tones~~ of his mother when she would speak of der

gute Gott, yes, there was Alois next to him, ~~and~~ so big, so high above him,

quite an equal in emanative force to Jehovah (or Franz-Josef, for that matter, <sup>equal</sup>

<sup>to Jehovah,</sup> given the way that Alois ~~in his turn~~ pronounced the name of the Emperor.)

<sup>the boy</sup> How ~~he~~ wanted to please Alois! At the commencement of the walk,

<sup>their neutral</sup> ~~the~~ silence had been formidable, ~~and~~ <sup>it</sup> remained so until Adi found a few

words. "Have there always been bees?" he asked at last. It was a simple

question but <sup>most</sup> ~~most~~ fortuitous. It came just before they would have remained

mute for the rest of the walk.

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"Yes. Always ~~bees. Probably as long as anything.~~ Bees," he

amended, "have been on our fine earth for a very long time."

"So they ~~do~~ <sup>so</sup> go far back, Father?"

Alois gave him an encouraging pat on the ~~back~~ <sup>nape of his neck.</sup> The boy's obvious

desire to keep the conversation in flow now served to activate Alois' ~~power~~ <sup>funds</sup>

of exposition. "Yes, I would say, the answer is ~~way back~~ <sup>there, way back!</sup>. Maybe longer

than us. And there has never been a day when we didn't look to steal their

honey." He laughed at the extent of ~~the theft.~~ <sup>his own insatiable</sup> "I have read that already,

from the time of the Bronze Age, we were all eating honey, yes, and I can

say for certain that I have seen drawings and ~~old poems~~ <sup>scenes in glass cases</sup> right there in ~~the~~ <sup>our</sup>

~~little~~ <sup>dusty little</sup> Linz museum, that speak of how ~~in~~ <sup>back</sup> the Middle Ages, beekeeping was

already ~~an industry~~ <sup>a serious activity</sup>. Although wild, very ~~wild~~ <sup>wild</sup> still."

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Given his touch of rheumatism, Alois was walking fast. Adi's breath

<sup>now</sup> was <sup>happy fervor</sup> seizing his lungs in a unique mixture of ~~excitement~~ at the fact of the

conversation itself, and desperation that he might not be able to keep ~~going~~ <sup>walking</sup>.

(half-running) at his father's pace.)

So many unfamiliar words were coming into his mind at once. <sup>On this</sup> ~~Over the~~

~~August already~~

~~summer just~~ passed he had been standing under the walnut tree near their

farmhouse when a gale of wind came by like the <sup>sound</sup> ~~swoosh~~ of a whip,

whereupon three walnuts, hard as stone, pelted his head with such authority

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

own voice and told him to be silent. Now, he was buffeted by the Bronze

Age, and next, the Middle Ages—maybe he had heard Middle Ages before,

~~and industry, a curious word~~ He felt as if he half-knew it. No question of



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stopping to ask—he strode along as fast as he could keep up with the

burning air in his lungs ~~and he just listened.~~

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

already, yes, but they had to go out hunting <sup>to</sup> ~~for~~ where they could find some

*gathered together. where?*  
bees, ~~Where do you find them around here?~~ Where else? In hollow trees.

*such a* Locate the *what* tree, and then grab ~~as much as~~ you can of the honey before they

stung your head off. That was how they must have done it ~~them~~. *then, only even that* And then

*was not enough.)*  
~~they~~ also had to get the wax. This beeswax was so important. *Once you have* ~~Get~~ beeswax

~~and~~ you can have light in your hut. Every night. Candles! But, oh, they

had to pay. So many bites. Then along would come their <sup>Duke</sup> ~~Duke~~ or their

<sup>Baron</sup> ~~Baron~~. If he heard you had ~~found a lot of~~ honey, you had to pay up ~~to him~~.

*What do you think?*  
A good share. ~~We can just imagine. And what would he give you back?~~—a *bee*

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nice strong cross-bow. Why? Because what ~~a man~~ <sup>the hunter was</sup> was doing was

dangerous. The bears in the forest were ~~like us~~ <sup>the in him in the log</sup> also looking for honey.

Think how crazy those bees must have had to get. <sup>got when a bear stuck his nose into</sup> It is one thing to sting a

man, but how do you ~~sting~~ <sup>stop</sup> a bear? A bear with his fur and ~~such~~ <sup>thick</sup> a thick

skin. They had to go for the eyes. <sup>It didn't matter, the</sup> Even so, the bear would come looking. <sup>still</sup>

Ja, a man needed a cross-bow—to kill the bear. Not so easy to go near

<sup>but you could have compensation.</sup> honey if the bear got there first) ~~but~~ sometimes you had bear meat. Once in

a while, you had bear meat and honey."

Adi's breath <sup>by way</sup> was now wholly on fire. Their path was wandering

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

<sup>you a cold day ~~bring~~ this time of year</sup> "Sometimes," said Alois, a man would find a tree ready to fall, a

dead tree with a big hollow in it, and a <sup>right there</sup> big swarm of bees in the hollow. All

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*to stay warm against the cold.*  
 clustered together. The good peasant would dare to take the tree down, ~~but~~ *he*

*would have to do it*  
 carefully, so carefully. ~~He would not~~ *he* not to stir up too much, and *he* did it in

the evening, only in the evening cause these little bees are more quiet then, *especially*  
*when it is cold and then*  
 and he and a big son *on a brother* maybe would carry the tree *back* near to their hut, so they

could begin to learn how to get more of the honey."

"What about the bears? Would they come?"

*kind of men*  
 "Yes. The ~~good fellow~~ *had to* we're talking about would be ready to kill the

first bear and hang him up near the bees. That kept *all* the other bears away.

*But now now*  
 Yes, that's how it ~~all~~ began. Now, what has it become? A profitable hobby!

*maybe*  
 A little risky, but sometimes profitable."

"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 hobby. Soon it would be a business, he had said. The boy was confused. <sup>*continued pace*</sup> The ~~speed~~ at which they were walking was now pinching his breath past the point where he could ask even one more question.

Abruptly, Alois stopped. He had become aware at last of <sup>*his son's*</sup> the little

~~one's~~ discomfort. "Come," he said, "you sit down." He pointed to an

available rock, then sat next to him on another rock. <sup>*Only then did he feel the pain in his own knees and legs.*</sup>  
<sup>*"this bee-keeping"*</sup> "You must understand," he ~~now~~ said, ~~"these"~~ will not be fairy-tales for

<sup>*Next*</sup> us. Honey is sweet, but bees are not <sup>*Sometimes they are*</sup> so sweet. ~~They can be~~ cruel to each

other. Very cruel. Do you know why?"

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"No," said Adi. His eyes were, however, alight. "Please, you must tell me why, Father."

"Because they obey one law. A single ~~solitary~~ <sup>It</sup> law. ~~This law~~ <sup>Their law says to them: They</sup> takes care of everything. It is so clear to them. ~~It is that the~~ colony must survive.

Nobody <sup>will</sup> ~~can~~ dare to be lazy inside <sup>there</sup> ~~the~~ colony." He paused. "Nobody, except for the drones. They are there to serve their one good purpose. But then it's all over for them. They are gone. Goodbye."

"Are they killed?" <sup>The boy</sup> ~~He~~ knew the answer.

"~~Yes,~~ <sup>Yes,</sup> killed. (All of them. Once a year, right about now—just after summer they are gotten rid of. ~~Good riddance.~~ No charity." He began to laugh again. "In the home of the bees, there are no good Christians. No

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charity whatsoever. You will not find one bee in any hive who is too weak

to work. They ~~know how to~~ get rid of the cripples early."

As they rested, however, Alois' ~~mind~~ <sup>thoughts</sup> wheeled back into ~~its~~ <sup>his early</sup> silence.

He was full of ~~fear~~ <sup>dread</sup>. It was not intense ~~fear~~ <sup>fear</sup>, yet it seemed to live everywhere

within him on this Sunday morning, a ~~complex and confusing~~ cloud holding

many shapes at once. ~~He could not even name them all, his fears.~~ <sup>He could not even name them all, his fears.</sup> (He knew he was directly afraid of being cheated by

Der Alte. Alois had understood what the neighboring peasants were ~~trying~~ <sup>not ready</sup>

~~for~~ to say. They had praised Der Alte, they had echoed each other ~~while~~

speaking of his vast knowledge on this subject <sup>of agriculture</sup>. Yet Alois could ~~sense what~~ <sup>hear</sup>

~~they tried to keep out of~~ <sup>they tried to keep out of</sup> was not in their voice. He had heard no great allegiance to the man himself.

One neighbor even whispered, "You can trust ~~him~~ <sup>Der Alte</sup>, yes, I think so," but



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Alois neither liked nor trusted this neighbor, <sup>And did not</sup> and he knew that the neighbor

<sup>Feel</sup> ~~for~~ the same way about him. <sup>?</sup>

This was but one <sup>hint at his</sup> ~~part of the fear~~. If the fine and attractive location of

the farm had been the <sup>only good</sup> ~~best~~ reason for its purchase, <sup>he could not say the</sup> ~~the worst had been the~~

<sup>same for the</sup> ~~(~~ quality of the land. He did not wish to be cheated again. Indeed, given the

trouble with Alois, Jr., he had kept putting off his decision to go into <sup>this</sup>

beekeeping. Now, all of August was <sup>lost</sup> ~~gone~~. It might even be <sup>most</sup> ~~almost~~ too late

to start the winter colony. He <sup>did not feel competent about</sup> ~~was not all that familiar with~~ this aspect of

apiculture, <sup>but</sup> ~~and~~ he knew—he had delayed too long, ~~and so~~ his choices were

restricted. He had to buy and buy soon. He might have to pay whatever

<sup>would now be</sup> ~~unnatural price was asked for the necessary~~ stock and materials, ~~where else~~

~~could he go this late in the season?~~ <sup>this late in the season?</sup> Yes, he would be held up, wherever he

He certainly had a distast at the thought (but) went. If that was a fear of the peasants laughing at him again, it was not his

prime uneasiness. He could not quite admit it to himself, <sup>Yet</sup> the last time he

had dabbled in this bee business, <sup>going at</sup> treating it ~~just~~ as a horse-on-a-stick, <sup>not in</sup> ~~one~~

<sup>he has kept in</sup> a little town ~~at~~ walking distance from Braunau, a place he could go to in the

evening to get a rest from the tavern and ~~at~~ his fellow officers, or be able to <sup>visit</sup>

<sup>in order</sup> take off on a Sunday ~~so as not~~ to have to watch everyone going to church—

a diversion, he had thought. But then he had had <sup>a</sup> ~~one~~ near disaster. On a

a diversion, he had thought. But then he had had <sup>a</sup> ~~one~~ near disaster. On a

given Sunday for no mistake he could point to, he had been stung so quickly

and repeatedly by so many infuriated bees that he decided afterward he must

have been poking about in the Queen Bee's quarters. Who could tell? He

realized the degree of his ignorance of the real stuff if he was so open to

ambush in the course of working with a hive.

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He certainly had a distasteful thought <sup>(but)</sup> went. If that was a fear of the peasants laughing at him again, it was not his prime uneasiness. He could not quite admit it to himself, <sup>(yet)</sup> but the last time he had dabbled in this bee business, <sup>(going at)</sup> treating it ~~just~~ as a horse-on-a-stick, ~~out in~~ <sup>one</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>he kept in</sup> a little town at walking distance from Braunau, a place he could go to in the evening to get a rest from the tavern and ~~at~~ his fellow officers, or be able to <sup>visit</sup> ~~take off~~ on a Sunday <sup>(in order)</sup> so as not to have to watch everyone going to church—a diversion, he had thought. But then he had had <sup>a</sup> ~~one~~ near disaster. On a given Sunday for no mistake he could point to, he had been stung so quickly and repeatedly by so many infuriated bees that he decided afterward he must have been poking about in the Queen Bee's quarters. Who could tell? He realized the degree of his ignorance of the real stuff if he was so open to ambush in the course of working with a hive.



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Now, he could say he knew a good deal more. He had been reading  
 at length on the subject. <sup>At length</sup> (Given his lack of education, no one could claim to

be a quicker ~~or sounder~~ student than himself. He retained what he read.

How many could say that? Where, then, was his fear?

But he knew. He could tell. By the way he was preparing in advance  
 to ~~tell~~ <sup>recount to</sup> this man, Der Alte, ~~of the many stings~~ <sup>that many stings</sup> he had taken on his hands and  
~~then~~ <sup>that that</sup> his knees and ~~how good that~~ <sup>beneficial to</sup> had subsequently proved for the stiffness  
<sup>that stiffness</sup> in his joints, yes, (acquired over the years of standing at Customs posts.

<sup>For certain, he felt</sup>  
~~Yes, he would be~~ ready to impress Der Alte with his knowledge of bee

venom and the degree to which diseases in ancient Egypt ~~were~~ <sup>had even been</sup> treated with—

<sup>in that manner,</sup>  
 in He would speak of Pliny and Galen. Great doctors. They, too, knew to

make various ointments from bee venom and bee honey, Charlemagne and

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Ivan the Terrible as well. He could speak of their afflictions of the joints and how they had had such pain eliminated, or so it was reputed, by bee stings.

But was he really prepared to enter ~~such a~~ <sup>that kind of</sup> conversation with Der

<sup>At this moment</sup>  
Alte? ~~Now,~~ he regretted bringing Adolf with him. Alois even felt trapped,

<sup>fair</sup>  
to the ~~definite~~ degree that he had spoken so much ~~and so often~~ to Klara on

the subject ~~that~~ <sup>his</sup> he had lost all room for choice. He had to start beekeeping, <sup>Or else?</sup>

<sup>Did he wish her to ever</sup>  
~~or she would~~ become aware of the fear he had now developed in his heart

that this might not be, no, not when you got down to it <sup>completely, that</sup> this might not be the

next step to take.

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Once they began to talk, however, Alois was soon supplying Adi's head with so many new names while walking at so good a pace that before long the boy was twice breathless and not daring to lag behind by a step or a word. In turn, Alois, not at all in the habit of spending time or thought on this little Adolf, was a hint short of breath himself himself. Over the years, he had packed enough rheumatism into his knees and enough constriction in his lungs via his pipe to move more slowly as a rule. But now, finding a vein of



conversation had not only proved an unexpected obstacle, but a stimulus to his legs. He was so pleased that Adi had wished to go with him. Indeed, he was almost closer to his own feelings. It was not his habit to venture over to sentiments about his younger children, indeed, he had never considered fatherhood as a subject of personal interest, certainly not until a child was old enough to work by his side. Now, most unexpectedly, he felt an uncommon sense of mystery in the presence of his boy. It was unprecedented. He actually wished to enlist the admiration of the little creature trotting along next to him.

That desire was already fulfilled. A good part of his sentiment was caused by Adi's excitement. Finally, he could feel he was at last in the company of his father. The word which he had barely learned to spell stood

before his eyes as FATHER. Just so large was his recognition of the size, and—no other word—the immanence of the big man striding along beside him. Alois was larger at that moment in the child's scale of measurement than the awe that filled the tones of his mother when she would speak of der gute Gott, yes, there was Alois next to him, and so big, so high above him, quite an equal in emanative force to Jehovah (or Franz-Josef, for that matter, given the way that Alois in his turn pronounced the name of the Emperor.)

How he wanted to please Alois! At the commencement of the walk, the silence had been formidable and it remained so until Adi found a few words. "Have there always been bees?" he asked at last. It was a simple question but most fortuitous. It came just before they would have remained mute for the rest of the walk.

"Yes. Always bees. Probably as long as anything. Bees," he amended, "have been on our fine earth for a very long time."

"So they do go far back, Father?"

Alois gave him an encouraging pat on the back. The boy's obvious desire to keep the conversation in flow now served to activate Alois' powers of exposition. "Yes, I would say, the answer is way back. Maybe longer than us. And there has never been a day when we didn't look to steal their honey." He laughed at the extent of the theft. "I have read that already, from the time of the Bronze Age, we were all eating honey, yes, and I can say for certain that I have seen drawings and old poems right there in the little Linz museum that speak of how in the Middle Ages, beekeeping was already an industry."



Given his touch of rheumatism, Alois was walking fast. Adi's breath was seizing his lungs in a unique mixture of excitement at the fact of the conversation itself, and desperation that he might not be able to keep going. So many unfamiliar words were coming into his mind at once. Over the summer just passed he had been standing under the walnut tree near their farmhouse when a gale of wind came by like the swoosh of a whip, whereupon three walnuts, hard as stone, pelted his head with such authority that he had not even been ready to cry—it was as if the walnuts had their own voice and told him to be silent. Now, he was buffeted by the Bronze Age, and next, the Middle Ages—maybe he had heard Middle Ages before, and industry, a curious word. He felt as if he half-knew it. No question of

stopping to ask—he strode along as fast as he could keep up with the burning air in his lungs and he just listened.

"They had," said Alois, "no hives in the Middle Ages. Beekeepers already, yes, but they had to go out hunting for where they could find some bees. Where do you find them around here? Where else? In hollow trees. Locate the tree, and then grab as much as you can of the honey before they stung your head off. That was how they must have done it then. And then they also had to get the wax. This beeswax was so important. Get beeswax and you can have light in your hut. Every night. Candles! But, oh, they had to pay. So many bites. Then along would come their duke or their baron. If he heard you had found a lot of honey, you had to pay up to him. A good share. We can just imagine. And what would he give you back?—a nice

strong cross-bow. Why? Because what a man was doing was dangerous.

The bears in the forest were like us, also looking for honey. Think how crazy those bees must have had to get. It is one thing to sting a man, but how do you sting a bear? A bear with his fur and such a thick skin. They had to go for the eyes. Even so, the bear would come looking. Ja, a man needed a cross-bow—to kill the bear. Not so easy to go near honey if the bear got there first, but sometimes you had bear meat. Once in a while, you had bear meat and honey."

Adi's breath was now wholly on fire. Their path was wandering through a small wood, and he was looking for a bear.

"Sometimes," said Alois, "a man would find a tree ready to fall, a dead tree with a big hollow in it, and a big swarm of bees in the hollow. All



clustered together. The good peasant would dare to take the tree down, but carefully, so carefully. He would try not to stir up too much, and did it in the evening, only in the evening cause these little bees are more quiet then, and he and a big son maybe would carry the tree near to their hut, so they could begin to learn how to get more of the honey."

"What about the bears? Would they come?"

"Yes. The good fellow we're talking about would be ready to kill the first bear and hang him up near the bees. That kept the other bears away.

Yes, that's how it all began. Now, what has it become? A profitable hobby.

A little risky, but sometimes profitable."

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

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

They walked in silence. Der Steckenpferd was how Alois had put it— a horse-on-a-stick, a plaything, a hobby. Soon it would be a business, he had said. The boy was confused. The speed at which they were walking was now pinching his breath past the point where he could ask even one more question.

Abruptly, Alois stopped. He had become aware at last of the little one's discomfort. "Come," he said, "you sit down." He pointed to an available rock, then sat next to him on another rock. .

"You must understand," he now said, "these will not be fairy-tales for us. Honey is sweet, but bees are not so sweet. They can be cruel to each other. Very cruel. Do you know why?"

"No," said Adi. His eyes were, however, alight. "Please, you must tell me why, Father."

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

"Are they killed?" He knew the answer.

"Yes, killed. All of them. Once a year, right about now—just after summer they are gotten rid of. Good riddance. No charity." He began to laugh again. "In the home of the bees, there are no good Christians. No



charity whatsoever. You will not find one bee in any hive who is too weak to work. They know how to get rid of the cripples early."

As they rested, however, Alois' mind wheeled back into its silence. He was full of fear. It was not intense fear, yet it seemed to live everywhere within him on this Sunday morning, a complex and confusing cloud holding many shapes at once. He knew he was directly afraid of being cheated by Der Alte. Alois had understood what the neighboring peasants were trying not to say. They had praised Der Alte, they had echoed each other while speaking of his vast knowledge on this subject. Yet Alois could sense what was not in their voice. He had heard no great allegiance to the man himself. One neighbor even whispered, "You can trust him, yes, I think so," but Alois

neither liked nor trusted this neighbor, and he knew that the neighbor felt the same way about him.

This was but one part of the fear. If the fine and attractive location of the farm had been the best reason for its purchase, the worst had been the quality of the land. He did not wish to be cheated again. Indeed, given the trouble with Alois, Jr., he had kept putting off his decision to go into beekeeping. Now, all of August was gone. It might even be almost too late to start the winter colony. He was not all that familiar with this aspect of apiculture, and he knew—he had delayed too long, and so his choices were restricted. He had to buy and buy soon. He might have to pay whatever unnatural price was asked for the necessary stock and materials—where else could he go this late in the season? Yes, he would be held up, wherever he

went. If that was a fear of the peasants laughing at him again, it was not his prime uneasiness. He could not quite admit it to himself but the last time he had dabbled in this bee business, treating it just as a horse-on-a-stick out in a little town at walking distance from Braunau, a place he could go to in the evening to get a rest from the tavern and all his fellow officers, or be able to take off on a Sunday so as not to have to watch everyone going to church—a diversion, he had thought. But then he had had one near disaster. On a given Sunday for no mistake he could point to, he had been stung so quickly and repeatedly by so many infuriated bees that he decided afterward he must have been poking about in the Queen Bee's quarters. Who could tell? He realized the degree of his ignorance of the real stuff if he was so open to ambush in the course of working with a hive.



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

But he knew. He could tell. By the way he was preparing in advance to tell this man, Der Alte, of the many stings he had taken on his hands and then his knees and how good that had subsequently proved for the stiffness in his joints, yes, acquired over the years of standing at Customs posts. Yes, he would be ready to impress Der Alte with his knowledge of bee venom and the degree to which diseases in ancient Egypt were treated with it. He would speak of Pliny and Galen. Great doctors. They too knew to make various ointments from bee venom and bee honey. Charlemagne and Ivan the

Terrible as well. He could speak of their afflictions of the joints and how they had had such pain eliminated, or so it was reputed, by bee stings.

But was he really prepared to enter such a conversation with Der Alte?

Now, he regretted bringing Adolf with him. Alois even felt trapped to the definite degree that he had spoken so much and so often to Klara on the subject that he had lost all room for choice. He had to start beekeeping or she would become aware of the fear he had now developed in his heart that this might not be, no, not when you got down to it, this might not be the next step to take.

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including 343a

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*As has been indicated already,*  
 Already, as I would remind the reader, Magnus Geruchelles, Der Alte

Zauberer, was one of ours. I have called him a pensioner and that is

accurate. In recent years, we have not used him often and any benefits he

has received from us have not been large. From time to time, we provide

~~him with~~ a bit of added intuition <sup>to</sup> for his perceptions, a species of gift-giving

practiced by angels and demons alike—we look to revive faded loyalties

with ~~such~~ a lagniappe, a Trinkgeld, so to speak. In turn, our pensioners will

~~do a little work~~ <sup>when we require it</sup> for us. The impulse to put a spoonful of exquisite honey on



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Adi's tongue even as he and Alois came through the door was entirely by

my suggestion. For certain, the old doctor ~~did it~~ <sup>carried it off</sup> just as I requested. The

old doctor. Even I ~~call him that~~ <sup>refer to in that manner. Nonetheless, it</sup> is one of his least attractive vanities.

(He will insist that he is an honored and learned university graduate.) I

have heard him ~~spea~~ <sup>refer</sup> on separate occasions ~~of~~ <sup>to</sup> his years at Heidelberg,

Leipzig, Gottingen, Vienna, Salzberg, and Berlin, none of whose ~~great~~ <sup>eminent</sup>

schools he attended. Indeed, only Heidelberg and Gottingen were ever

honored with a visit. Our old and learned doctor is a fraud, a half-Jewish

Pole, of no certified upper education who, nonetheless, much through his

own efforts, has acquired some of the verbal skills and superior manner of a

good German Doctor of Philosophy. If he has chosen in his old age to live

like a confirmed drunk, an odd choice (since in fact he does not drink) he is

attracted all the same to many of the slovenly habits of old sots. His clothes

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are filthy. Even his long woolen cap manages to be full of soup stains (for he wipes his mouth with the tail of it) and his white beard is stained with nicotine. Often he smells of these unhappy body odors we look to reduce in our clients. To put no pretty word on it, he is incontinent. Not only his clothes but his furnishings have the astringent authority of old urine.

Nonetheless, he is striking. That long stocking cap which he wears indoors and out does serve his devoted image of himself as some kind of reinstatement—a throwback, can it be, to a court jester?—for he sits in his hut, winter or summer, swathed in an old cape full of faded bright colors, a fool's motley. One could hardly expect him to be impressive in appearance, yet he is. Undeniably, he is. His eyes are extraordinary, as blue as the coldest skies of the north, yet full of merry lights that offer a clue to many a trick he has learned.

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Alois, who had encountered hundreds of people a day for forty years,  
was hardly to be surprised by ~~someone new~~ <sup>an unorthodox appearance</sup> For that matter, he had

developed the ability to capture the first moment, so to speak, in just about  
every passing exchange. Travellers were not prepared for the phenomenon  
of meeting a Customs official who possessed such a degree of authority.

Yet there he was at his post, or, later in career, at his desk, still exhibiting  
the strength of his peasant roots, yet offering his <sup>forceful</sup> ~~uncanny~~ likeness to Franz

Josef. The first moment, therefore, always belonged to Alois. Almost

always. Few were prepared for the intelligence that stood out in his

immediate glance. "Try to fool me—you will fail!" was the unmistakable

message.

~~This had to be part of my specific direction~~  
~~That may have been one reason I gave the order to Der Alte to meet~~  
~~that he must meet~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~the father and son at the door with~~ <sup>and proceed to</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>insert it</sup> spoonful of honey, then



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without leave or hesitation into the boy's small mouth. Whatever Alois had been preparing himself for, hardly could it have been this. So rude. So gracious! All at once! And nothing offered to Alois but a superior smile from Der Alte as if his ~~small~~ hut, this piss-soaked den, worse than an abode of fifteen cats and their leavings, was nonetheless Der Alte's <sup>realm</sup> place (and he was happy in it, and, I may as well add, diabolically unembarrassed.

Moreover, Der Alte ~~had~~ <sup>on the instant</sup> won the boy over. It had taken no more than that one <sup>move</sup> stroke. (Plus <sup>all my strokes in Adi's</sup> etching in a dream ~~on~~ the night before!) Alois now perceived a look of admiration in Adi's eyes for this extraordinary old man.

Indeed, <sup>now</sup> the boy's eyes were alive with the same intensity of admiration that

Alois had <sup>(been receiving for)</sup> received during all the length of their walk together. <sup>this reaction</sup> It even felt

<sup>seemed</sup> ridiculous to him, but he <sup>felt</sup> reacted as if Der Alte had stolen the boy.

Now, they sat down. The old man fussed a little (although most skillfully) at preparing tea. To Alois' further discomfort, the procedure was courtly. A very old gentleman, or even a very old lady, might have been <sup>the</sup> ~~his~~ *adult visitor* showing ~~him~~ how little he knew—after all these years!—of the putative elegance of a tea ceremony, particularly between absolute strangers. ~~(I will say that this old sorcerer could be ~~at his most~~ intimidating when I was in the office.)~~

*All the same,*  
~~Which, I can suggest, is one of the several reasons~~ I do not like him.

For all his gifts, ~~real and counterfeit~~ he has never accomplished as much for us as I had anticipated. For a time I had expected he would become one of my prize clients. He certainly did not have to end as a bizarre, impossibly smelly hermit with an immense reputation for dealing with hordes of bees in a pretty little corner of Austria, a country filled already with ~~as~~ pretty little

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corners. I had lost <sup>a little</sup> ~~valuable~~ standing vis-a-vis the Maestro by remarking on too soon an occasion, decades ago, that I saw extraordinary promise in this young half-Polish, half-Jewish Magnus, a real pagan with the ladies in his early days, yes, this client had settled for much too little as far as I was concerned.

Once they had taken their tea, Der Alte in little sips, and Alois in three scalding gulps which enabled his host to quickly pour him another cup as a most subtle form of reproof, they began at last to talk about the reason for the visit.

Alois, <sup>much habituated by now</sup> ~~used~~ to dominating the onset of a conversation with any man or woman newly met, had developed an unhappy habit out of this very confidence. He would, by now, even take the first step in a verbal



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encounter when, on rare occasions such as this, he knew that he was

*In effect, he was buckled to*  
overmatched. ~~He was sequestered into~~ his habit.

So he began by citing Pliny and Galen, Charlemagne, and Ivan the

Terrible, just as he had planned. He spoke, he believed, most movingly of

the afflictions of ~~those~~ *the* two great monarchs and the dedication of ~~these~~ *the* two

medical geniuses who had looked to deal with ailments so grievous that

others could find no cure. It was not, he would vouchsafe, that he,

personally, had suffered inhumanly from gout or rheumatism, merely, you

could say, that he had felt the hint of future miseries, and, in recompense,

had also learned a great deal ~~from a~~ *on one* particular occasion. He had been—"and

would freely admit, respected Doctor Magnus"—had been prey to an

unprecedented attack, "just one time, *but with* many bites to the knees which I could

recognize subsequently provided considerable *protection against* relief to what might have

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~~been~~ the commencement of my rheumatism. *I admit that* ~~At that point,~~ I would have

given much to be a medical scientist for I would have begun research on just this subject. I am even sufficiently confident of myself to believe I would probably have made significant discoveries."

"Just so," said Der Alte, "you might, you might very well have done just that. Because indeed, dear sir, what you then believed was there to be discovered had indeed been detected by no less a figure than Dr. Likomsky back in 1864, thirty-two years ago when you were still a young man, and I might also mention Doctor Terc who put the crowning cap on what could have been your thesis. Yes! Herr Terc came forth with serious chemical studies on the nature of bee venom and its as-yet-undeveloped potential for precisely these valuable cures. Rheumatism and gout might both be seen by now as ailments of the past if not for the innumerable obstacles which

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present themselves in the way of administering treatment. We are still looking for more precise positioning of the bee sting onto the affected body.

It is rumored that the Chinese"---now with a melting look (designed most shamelessly to add to the mutual delight that existed already between him and the boy) he added, "the Chinese who live on the other side of the earth from us. Have you heard?" *he asked of the boy.*

Adi nodded solemnly. He had heard of the Chinese, heard of them in his one-room school house during the hour when Fraulein Werner instructed the geography class (two grades above) on the far-off placement of India and China.

"Yes, in that far-off near-mythical land, esteemed Finance-Watch Chief Officer Herr Hitler, it is said that these Chinese employ the stings of needles to alleviate gout, an excellent solution I would think, since the least



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attractive aspect of my beloved bees is their eagerness to sting, yes, we love

them for their honey, but not necessarily for their so-often-martyred

condition when they seek to defend themselves, *and succeed with their stinging even as they surrender their lives.*

Alois sensed that he would do well to leave this topic. The tea had

left a most penetrating aroma in his nostrils which, to his surprise, was

curiously compatible with the urine. Needless to say, he would have

preferred a good swallow of beer to pump a few of his prepared remarks

into more forceful <sup>*delivering,*</sup> ~~statements~~, but as of now, this conversation did belong to

Der Alte. At what length he went on!

"I cannot," he remarked, "begin to call you my good friend as yet.

For I do not know you. Except, of course, by your fine reputation. Word of

your former most respected position preceeds our meeting. Your father," he

now said to Adi, "is well-regarded by all, but"—and he was now back again

with Alois—"I am still ready to call you my friend because I feel in myself an imperative to counsel you, for, oh, I must say, there is, dear sir, so much to learn about these bees and their good keeping." He sighed with a sound of woe as physically intimidating in its resonance as any of a number of less poetic bodily sounds.

"Let me declare that I would not wish in any manner to impose on your pride." He stopped. Now, he would not proceed without a laisser-passer.

"No, tell me, good Doctor, you must tell me what you think," said Alois, his voice most normal (to the degree he could command it) but his nostrils were near to quivering. He hardly knew if he was at the onset of an intolerable sense of woe or whether a true burden was about to be lifted. What could be this imposition on his pride?

"Given your gracious permission, I would say that I must caution you about this honorable and honest desire you contain at present to enter the endless vagaries of apiculture. It is, you see, a vocation." He nodded. He turned again to Adi as if the boy was one more equal, yes, all three sitting there as equals. "You, little fellow," Der Alte said, "you, who looks so smart, are you smart enough to know what a vocation might be?"

"No," said Adi, "but maybe I do. Yes. Almost."

"You do. You know it even before you are aware that you know it. That is the first sign of a truly intelligent person, not so?" The sound of "nicht war?" vibrated into the tender pit of Adi's stomach.

"A vocation," said Der Alte, "is not something you do because others said that that is what you must do. Not at all. When you have a vocation,



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there is no choice. You give all that you have to doing what has become so important to you that, yes, you must do it."

"I would not wish to dispute your learned words," said Alois,  
although by now he ~~was "so far out of his skin"~~ <sup>had no choice but</sup> (as they used to say in  
~~Spain~~ <sup>Spain</sup>) that he had to get out of his chair and start pacing the room, "no, I  
do not wish to ~~dispute~~ <sup>commence a</sup>, but surely one can keep a hive without building a  
monastery to enshrine it. Absolutely, ~~not~~ <sup>can</sup> foresee a serious but modest  
investment for a good retired man like myself."

"Dear sir, it cannot and will not ever be that way," said Der Alte.

"That much I can promise a strong person like yourself. Heartbreak or happiness. Nothing between!" He nodded with all the profundity of the decades he had accumulated of presenting himself as a great and learned doctor. "Herr Hitler, I cannot allow you to consider such a project until you

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<sup>are</sup>  
~~can be~~ made fully aware of the risks that await you, the diseases and mortal

enemies that surround our delicate sweet-seeking bees. <sup>After all,</sup> ~~They know~~ in

<sup>in the world of nature,</sup>  
~~nature~~, the honey they make is the equivalent of gold. It is as if all the

creatures of nature, large and small, are jealous of the life of those

<sup>little creatures,</sup> remarkable ~~bees~~ who are not only able to make honey but <sup>to dwell</sup> ~~to live~~ constantly

<sup>How much they can be hated and pursued,</sup>  
in its presence. I can inform you of one genus of spider who is evil, nothing

less. Die Krehbe-Spinner, it is called. So soon as it finds a promising flower,

<sup>cavern, the small</sup>  
it ensconces itself in the perfumed cavern itself. There the crab-spider

waits, fully at home, ~~in the corolla~~. It activates the scent of this flower by

<sup>about</sup> stirring within those flowered walls <sup>of the corolla</sup> until its own odor is overcome by the

elixir of the petals. What then? It waits. When the forager-bee, this sweet

hard-working female with its undeveloped ovaries—only the Queen is, <sup>as we know</sup>

<sup>mysterious</sup> complete in that compartment <sup>of female existence</sup>—ach, these other females are there to work

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for the length of their short lives, to clean house, to serve the Queen's court,

or to forage. So here, contemplate <sup>our (the) our honey-bee</sup> ~~this~~ poor forager, ~~It~~ smells the inimitable

redolence of the flower's cavern, it enters to pick up its lustful store of

nectar and pollen and ~~is~~, at once, <sup>it is</sup> done in by the spider. Cruelly, <sup>most sadistically,</sup> ~~no~~ cruelly.

For, at first, the poor bee is only half-gone. It has been paralyzed by ~~the~~

<sup>from the</sup> sting of ~~this~~ <sup>so the bee</sup> crab-spider. ~~It~~ lies there, numb, incapable of saving itself,

while the <sup>spider,</sup> ~~other~~, altogether evil, proceeds to sip away on the vital liquids and

subtle constituents of the bee's internal elements. When nothing is left but

the dry whisper of an empty hull, a husk, this crab spider goes to the actual

labor of ejecting the remains from the flower, after which, I must suppose,

it ensconces itself in all the bliss of <sup>sleep, yes,</sup> a successful destroyer's sleep. It

slumbers, all sated, in the corolla."



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Adi would dream for weeks to come of the bee, the flower, and the spider. So would Alois if in wholly different fashion. But there was more ~~unhappy~~ detail to come. Der Alte now found it requisite to talk about the bee-wolf, a veritable brute of a wasp who would strike at the honeybee ~~in~~ <sup>just as</sup> ~~the moment~~ it was alighting on a flower. The bee-wolf, "most appropriately named," would always go for the throat. "Always! The honeybee has a soft throat. So once again, our forager is paralyzed. The wasp is now in complete command of what it knows how to do. It proceeds to squash the belly of the honeybee in order to disgorge all the nectar that hard-working bee has already taken into herself. This honey squeezed up from the belly overflows out of her mouth into the maw of the bee-wolf. Is that enough? No. Our vile predator now undertakes the labor flying away with his stricken little victim. He brings her to a nest specially prepared and lays her

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down next to as many six or eight still-living but wholly-paralyzed other  
honey-bees, then proceeds to deposit one egg in <sup>the stone</sup> ~~that~~ crypt with its live but

unmoving victims. <sup>And when this</sup> ~~So soon as this~~ solitary egg becomes a larva, it is ready

to eat its way up the scale of life into becoming another wasp, another bee-

wolf. <sup>But</sup> ~~So~~ it begins by consuming every last one of the suspended but living

bodies arranged for its <sup>overlaid</sup> ~~its~~ growth. <sup>In their miserie, the</sup> ~~The~~ victims cannot even die. They

must wait to be eaten. <sup>can be</sup> ~~How~~ is that accomplished? <sup>How are they preserved?</sup> ~~What~~ can preserve them?

It is simple. Our good system of nature has all the cunning of a maniac. It

is the venom in the wasp's sting that preserves the bees' flesh <sup>yes!</sup> ~~over~~ all the

days that this ~~progeny~~ <sup>we are speaking of</sup> ~~no more than~~ one hungry <sup>little</sup>

maggot <sup>needs</sup> ~~enjoys~~ for its growth.

"I have offered these two exceptional cases as lively examples of the  
perils in the life of any colony you may hope to protect. There are so many

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enemies. Skunks will fret their claws on the front wall of a hive until the

guardian bees within <sup>must</sup> come forth to repel him. They are heroic, but futile.

They are swallowed en masse. Toads wait beneath to pick up the droppings

Another variety of spider will wrap artful webs about each bee they net.

Ants are capable of invading your hive. I have seen a number of colonies.

never my own, where the bees must tolerate the ants, and will even

surrender a portion of their territory, provided the ants do not attack the

brood. With mice, it is worse. They loot the combs for the honey stored in

them. In winter, they <sup>move into</sup> inhabit the hive for warmth and construct a nest <sup>all over</sup> ~~the~~

<sup>on another corner,</sup>

~~themselves~~ Even when the most valiant of our home guard decide to attack

the intruder, and <sup>can</sup> actually succeed by sheer numbers in stinging <sup>to death</sup> that

invading monster, <sup>to them, it</sup> ~~to death~~ what can they do with the dead mouse? <sup>is</sup>

larger than Leviathan ~~to them~~. It will rot, and make the hive intolerable. So



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they choose to cover the corpse with disinfectant which they know how to  
manufacture out of pollen and a few <sup>chosen</sup>~~chosen~~ green buds. Have you heard of this  
propolis they can make?"

"Certainly," said Alois. "They also <sup>known to</sup> use it as cement to mend cracks in  
their walls." He <sup>had succeeded in looking</sup>~~looked~~ not at all disconcerted by all he had ~~just~~ been told.

"I see," said Der Alte, "that I may have failed to discourage you."

"I live by the law of averages," said Alois. "I prefer to think of the  
ongoing possibility of profit rather than of the <sup>occasional</sup> perils."

"Does the bee-wasp frighten you?" asked the old man of the boy.

Adi nodded, but then was quick to say, "If my father is ready, then so  
must I be."

"You have a splendid son," said Der Alte.

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Alois was ready to agree for the first time that this might be a viable possibility. How nice it was to learn that his little Adolf was more than a bed-wetter and might even be, conceivably, the equal of Alois Junior one of these days.

But thoughts of Alois Junior invariably ~~always~~ reminded him of all that might not be in place. So now Alois wondered why Der Alte had been seeking to discourage him. It made no sense. Given the state of his hut, the old man obviously could use the money. Why scorn a potential customer's desire to invest?

For the first time, he felt as if he had a grasp on Der Alte. The hermit understood him better than others, decided Alois. "He knows that I am a man who looks to keep his pride intact. I do not give way to the first warning. So Der Alte must know that the more he discourages me, the

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more I will be ready, at all costs, to begin my colony. He will have his money after all!"

Alois now gave Der Alte what he considered his largest smile. "I respect your cautions," he said, "but we must move now to the other side of the question. Can we speak of what you will do for me, and what I can do for you?"

"Not quite yet, said Der Alte. "If you wish to remain a man with a modest little hobby, I will, of course, be available for the necessary materials. But I see in you, Sir, if I may speak on a more personal level, a true vocation. So, I would propose another consideration, a better approach. I, for example, to learn my metier, put in an apprenticeship that lasted for three years and provided me with an advanced license. What I would propose to you is a more collegial relationship—may I put it so?—I



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am prepared over the next few years, for the most modest fees of

instruction, to have you study with me as I work on my colonies. It could

*delightfully*  
prove a ~~most~~ agreeable arrangement. You will learn much, and I will have

the pleasure of an intelligent man's company. It is sad to say, but in all these

verdant fields that surround us at Hafeld here, we are the only two men of

interesting intelligence to be found on any of these nearby hills."

Alois kept the smile on his face but his nostrils were paying their *own*

price. "Work for three years with you, you foul-smelling old goat?" was *the speedy*

~~what~~ he did not utter. The compliment to his intelligence prevented the

insult as completely as his need to come to an arrangement with the old

mountebank for starting materials.

In turn, I was horrified. No professional has a greater desire to

maintain his own competence ~~(and rank)~~ than a devil. I had been

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incompetent here. Der Alte might be a pensioner, but I might have neglected him too much. The loneliness revealed in these last remarks were like the chill in an old stone house that has not been occupied for too many winters. I was not worried that Alois would take up his offer, but now I more than understood how intense was the old man's yearning to see more and more of Adi. No bold move is ever free of uncharted consequences.

My notion to expedite the etching with a spoonful of honey could <sup>yet turn</sup> have been

<sup>into</sup> a serious mistake. The Maestro would not be tolerant of any mischief that <sup>now</sup>

developed between Adi and our Alte. Calculated mischief was our

province, but must not belong to a client, not if we could prevent it. We

look to direct <sup>the</sup> romantic habits <sup>of our ~~most~~ family</sup>, rather than be obliged to correct them! Any

episode that might occur between the old man and the boy would not be to

the Maestro's inclination. Not so early! Too many indeterminables! ~~But in~~

the etching of the dream composed for Adi, had it been my notion to use a spoonful of honey, or was that by way of the O.O.? The line of demarcation is never clear among us unless the O.O. chooses to make it so.

At this point, Alois said, "I am honored by your personal interest in me, but I must explain. In my family, we are blockheads. All of us, blockheads. The worst to be said is that we are proud of that. So, I must work alone. That is how I am. I look forward, therefore, to enjoying a mutually agreeable commercial relationship."

Der Alte nodded. He, too, had his pride. No matter the need, he would not repeat his suggestion.

"Yes," he said, "we will make arrangements. I will establish a couple of colonies for you and supply those tools and materials you do not have in



hand already." He turned to Adi. "Soon your father will be very busy. Are you able to count to one thousand?"

"Yes," said Adi. "They do that in the upper class, and so I know."

"Good. Because this spring your father will be master of many, many thousands of bees. Will you be afraid of them?"

"I am afraid," said Adolf, "but you know, I am also curious."

"A wonderful boy," said Der Alte, and his expression was full of love.

Tears came into Adi's eyes. His mother would soon have another baby, and

it would be <sup>just</sup> like before. <sup>she would be far</sup> ~~far~~ away again. <sup>would not ~~be~~</sup> ~~He had not seen~~ the love he ~~adored~~

<sup>wanted</sup> to find in her eyes when she <sup>was looking</sup> ~~looked~~ at him. Not for a while.

FROM :nm

FAX NO. :5084872136

Apr. 28 2004 01:09PM P19

FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243762

Apr. 27 2004 01:20PM

Book 4 double, then triple space 4/27/04

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In October, my agents <sup>did provide</sup> ~~rewarded me with~~ (one important event

concerning little Adolf Hitler and ~~would have overwhelmed me~~ if I had

<sup>they would have overwhelmed me</sup>  
permitted it, <sup>(with an overabundance of detail concerning Alois' worries and</sup> ~~at~~  
<sub>Alois'</sub>

~~just use the word -obsession-~~ dull, repetitive ~~obsession~~ <sup>to this</sup> with his new

occupation.

As I have indicated, I had little time to give ~~this~~ <sup>to this</sup> much attention, but I

was irked. Short of a direct entrance into Alois' working thoughts which, it

FROM : nm

FAX NO. : 5084872136

Apr. 28 2004 01:09P1 P20

FROM : JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. : 17186243782

Apr. 27 2004 01:27P11 P8

Book 4 double, then triple space 4/27/04

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may be remembered, is rarely done with men and women who are not our

<sup>steadily</sup> <sup>most of</sup>  
~~studied~~ clients, my agents did their work on the milk runs. In the open

markets of sleep, dreams are reasonably available to all, demons and Cudgels

alike, not openly available but there to be picked up <sup>to some degree</sup> ~~superficially~~ by passing

through the night chamber.

We also learn a good deal (although never in depth <sup>if</sup> without close and

<sup>is lacking</sup> <sup>by the simple expedient of</sup>  
careful interpretation) ~~by~~ listening to a family's dialogues. So I was surfeited

with a plethora of superficial information. <sup>It was</sup> <sup>a narrow</sup> enough to ~~exacerbate~~ <sup>my</sup> my sense of

~~how to go about these things~~ especially when my experiences in Russia were

more interesting and intense.

What bothered me ~~the most~~ was that I might be receiving a distorted

portrait of Alois. He seemed so much weaker to my agents than to me, and



FROM : nm

FAX NO. : 5084872136

Apr. 28 2004 01:14PM P1

FROM : JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. : 17186243782

Apr. 27 2004 01:28PM P2

Book 4 double, then triple space 4/27/04

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while I could not be <sup>wholly</sup> certain, ~~nonetheless~~ <sup>I know</sup> I suspected that they lacked my

skills of insight when dealing with men or women who <sup>were</sup> ~~are~~ relatively strong.

It is much easier to comprehend those who are <sup>weaker than ourselves</sup> ~~weak~~ than <sup>to</sup> anticipate the

moves and true feelings of the strong. When one deals with that good number

of human beings who are both ~~a~~ "mixed bag," as the Americans with their

~~viscerally vulgar common speech will say~~ a sense of nuance is crucial,

precisely what my agents were lacking.

Being <sup>of no great stature</sup> ~~weaker than myself~~ <sup>tended to</sup> they picked up all that was weak in Alois, <sup>or second-rate</sup>

and I was left with the burden of <sup>analyzing</sup> ~~insufficient materials~~ ~~for sound~~

<sup>which I now must</sup> ~~interpretation~~. If I now summarize what I received, I would abjure the reader

~~to~~ <sup>since I wish</sup> to avoid passing judgment too quickly. If we are to understand the Adolf

Hitler who will emerge from a childhood with this father and mother, it is

judith -  
nm asked  
that these  
new revisions  
be added  
to this  
pg.  
D.

FROM :nm

FAX NO. :5084872136

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Book 4 double, then triple space 4/27/04

335  
357

while I could not be <sup>wholly</sup> certain, ~~nonetheless I suspected~~ <sup>I knew</sup> that they lacked my

skills of insight when dealing with men or women who <sup>were</sup> ~~are~~ relatively strong.

It is much easier to comprehend those who are weak than <sup>to</sup> anticipate the

moves and true feelings of the strong. When one deals with that good number

of human beings who are both ~~a "mixed bag," as the Americans with their~~

~~viscerally vulgar common speech will say~~ <sup>to</sup> a sense of nuance is crucial,

precisely what my agents were lacking.

Being weaker than myself, they <sup>tended to</sup> ~~picked up~~ all that was weak in Alois,

and I was left with the burden of <sup>analyzing</sup> ~~insufficient materials for sound~~

~~interpretation~~. If I now summarize what I received, I would abjure the reader

to avoid passing judgment too quickly. If we are to understand the Adolf

Hitler who will emerge from a childhood with this father and mother, it is

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186  
568

obvious that we have to obtain a sound recognition of Klara and Alois' real  
strengths and weaknesses.

Very well. Here is <sup>a</sup> ~~the~~ summary of Alois' woes <sup>now that</sup>  
~~he has~~ insisted on becoming a bee-keeper.



358-363 (Tuba span)

(358)

obvious that we have to obtain a sense of recognition of Klaus and Alois' real strengths and ~~weaknesses~~ <sup>several</sup>.

Very well. Here is a summary of Alois' ~~is~~ <sup>was</sup> now that he has insisted on becoming a bee-keeper.

His first concern which I find somewhat comic (since he has spent his life in uniform) is that he has to remind himself constantly to put on light-colored gloves and a bee-keeper's big hat and veil, all of the white material, not to mention an absolute absence of dark clothes. He is always afraid he will forget to change before going out to his boxes under the ash tree. He knows all too well that wooden clothes ~~best~~ in ~~dark~~ <sup>dark</sup> somber colors ~~can~~ irritate the bees as directly as a red cotton ball. And how does he know? Well, by direct experience. On that evening years ago when he had been stung while working with

the little colony he then kept in (399)  
~~a small~~ to sit the edge of a  
small town just on the Austrian  
side of Danube. He had made the  
mistake one <sup>Friday</sup> night <sup>after work</sup> of taking a woman  
out with him so that he could show  
off his competence at the time.  
Naturally, he was in full dress  
uniform. How else to accompany  
a good-looking new female acquaintance  
~~How probably~~ That was the night  
of course when he got so badly  
stung that his fears still ~~rose~~ <sup>rose</sup>  
in a spurt at the pit of his stomach,  
at no more than the recollection.  
No fornication occurred on that  
Friday night, indeed the ~~lady~~  
lady was also stung, on the exposed  
flesh of her breast, no less. It  
was a pretty romance for him but  
a full disaster to his best opinion  
of himself, and as we see he was  
still paying the price.

Nonetheless, Alain was Alain. In  
every disaster was the pleasant  
knowledge that misfortune was



inevitable but a good man (360)  
 knows enough to look for  
 whatever might be good that is  
 buried in the bad. Enzo has new  
 medical ideas ~~on this~~ ~~every~~ day  
 which he made the mistake of  
 passing on all those years later to  
 Dr. Alté - he ~~is~~ ~~was~~ might be good  
 for rheumatism. ~~But~~

All the same, he had accepted  
 Dr. Alté's verdict that Italian  
 imported Italian seeds (which  
 naturally he had ~~on hand~~) were  
 superior to <sup>the</sup> Austrian ~~ones~~ <sup>varieties</sup> while  
 Alois had been full of suspicion  
 that Dr. Alté might be selling  
 off what he needed to, still the  
 selling point (to his present shame)  
 was that the Italian stock were  
 gentle and easier to handle. They  
 were also more beautiful, possession  
 of a marvelous ~~golden brown~~ glowing  
 rich yellow tan, not unlike a  
 shoe-leather of the mellower sort.  
 He did like the three yellow segments



of their bodies, each fold set  
off by edging in black, so elegant! (361)  
The Austrian honeybee was ~~honey~~  
hairy, it was gray, it did not gleam  
like the golden-yellow Italian he  
had purchased, but all the same  
Alain felt as if he had ~~been~~ been  
disloyal to Austria, unfaithful.  
He should have taken the "Fring Jiffs"  
(Or so he called them.)

What added to his unease is that  
he could not decide whether he had  
made a more fundamental mistake.  
Should he have waited for spring  
after all. Now, all through the fall  
and ~~over~~ the term of the year, he  
would have to keep these bees  
warm enough and well-fed enough  
not to perish in the cold. He had  
bought winter bees. The queen he  
had purchased presumably full  
of millions of sperm cells from the  
five, six, or eight drones she had  
shakily decapitated would not  
~~be~~ laying eggs now, not



for another few months, and the (362)  
bees would be all in a cluster for  
warmth, waiting for the honey crop  
pollen he would be obliged to feed  
them. He only had to weigh the  
~~the~~ <sup>his</sup> finger once a week (to make  
certain their numbers were not  
dwindling) but it would be a long  
few months for these winter bees  
before they could go out and begin to  
forage along with the new-born who  
would be ready in the spring.

all through these months he  
would have to keep records. weight,  
temperature, whether the hive ever starved,  
a diary so all the data was kept.  
He could not even open the hive.  
"No matter your curiosity," Dr.  
Atte had confided (as if he was,  
and indeed he was, a master at  
the new apiculturalist's psychology)  
"You must not allow yourself  
to peer in to examine a slide  
or to see the sign of the cluster."  
The draft of opening the hive could  
decimate the population, warmth

Keep them warm, that is your <sup>363</sup>  
new duty. And fed. I will explain  
all that to you later ~~as~~ until  
now, from what you have told me,  
you have only kept birds in  
June and July