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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes."

"How do these bees not get mixed up?"

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

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

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

"You have never smelled it yourself?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FAR on Thurs. Mar 11.
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3/11/04

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Once they began to talk, however, Alois ^{proceeded to supply} was soon supplying Adi's head with so many new names, while ^{continuing to walk} walking at so good a pace, that before long the boy was twice breathless ^{for he did not dare} and not daring to lag behind by a step ^{non} or a word. In turn, Alois, ^{so rarely} 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 upon his lungs ^(via tobacco) ^(tobacco) as a rule ^{much} more ^{measuredly} slowly as a rule. (But now, finding a

~~not~~ ^{to pursue with the boy} vein of conversation ~~had~~ not only proved an unexpected obstacle, but a
 stimulus to his legs. He was ^{that} so pleased ~~that~~ ^{he} ~~that~~ Adi had wished to go with
 him. Indeed, he was almost ^{able to approach} ~~closer to~~ his own feelings. It was not ^{Alors'} his habit
^{full} 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 ^a ~~an uncommon~~ sense of mystery in the ^{very} presence of his boy. ^{that was not} ~~it was~~
^{only uncommon but} unprecedented. He actually wished to enlist the admiration of ^{this} ~~the~~ little
 creature trotting along next to him.

^{His} ~~That~~ desire was already fulfilled. ^{Adi was so excited} 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 ^{will do —)} (the immanence of the big man striding along beside

him. Alois was larger at that moment ^{be)} ~~in~~ the child's scale of measurement

than the awe ^{which} ~~that~~ filled the ^{expression} ~~tones~~ of his mother when she would speak of der

gute Gott, yes, there was Alois next to him, ~~and~~ ⁷ so big, so high above him,

quite an equal in emanative force to Jehovah ⁷ (or Franz-Josef, for that matter, ² equal

^{to Jehovah,})
(given the way that Alois in his turn pronounced the name of the Emperor.)

^{the bar}
How ~~he~~ wanted to please Alois! At the commencement of the walk,

^{their neutral}
~~the~~ silence had been formidable, ~~and~~ ⁷ 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} ~~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~~ ^{so} go far back, Father?"

Alois gave him an encouraging pat on the ~~back~~ ^{nape of his neck.} The boy's obvious

desire to keep the conversation in flow now served to activate Alois' ~~powers~~ ^{funds}

of exposition. "Yes, I would say, the answer is ~~way~~ ^{there, way back!} 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~~ ^{his own insight.} "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~~ ^{some in glass cases} right there in ~~the~~ ^{our}

~~little~~ ^{dusty little} Linz museum, that speak of how ~~in~~ ^{back} the Middle Ages, beekeeping was

already ~~an industry~~ ^{a serious activity}. Although wild, very ~~wild~~ ^{wild} still."

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

was ^{now} seizing his lungs in a unique mixture of ^{happy fervor} excitement at the fact of the

conversation itself, and desperation that he might not be able to keep ^{walking} going.

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

So many unfamiliar words were coming into his mind at once. ^{On this} 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 ^{sound} 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} ~~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~~ free, and then grab ^{what} ~~as much as~~ you can of the honey before they

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

^{was not enough.)}

^{Once you have} 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} ~~Duke~~ or their

^{Baron} ~~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 ~~bag~~

the hunter man,
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.

the in hive in the log.
got when a bear stuck his nose into
Think how crazy those bees must have had to get. It is one thing to sting a

stop
man, but how do you sting a bear? A bear with his fur and ~~such~~ that thick
skin. They had to go for the eyes. ~~Even so, the bear would come looking.~~
It didn't matter. The
st. vt

Ja, a man needed a cross-bow—to kill the bear. Not so easy to go near
but you could have compensation.
honey if the bear got there first, ~~but~~ sometimes you had bear meat. Once in
a while, you had bear meat and honey."

by was
Adi's breath was now wholly on fire. Their path was wandering

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

on a cold day ~~some~~ this time of year
"Sometimes," said Alois, "a man would find a tree ready to fall, a

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

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 try 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 ^{or a brother} 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?"

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

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

Yes, that's how it ^{But now now} 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."

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 ^{*continued pace*} 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 ^{*his son's*} 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. *Only then did he feel the pain in his own knees and legs.* "You must understand," he ^{*"this bee-keeping"*} now said, ~~these~~ "these will not be fairy-tales for us. Honey is sweet, but bees are not so sweet. ^{*Next)*} ~~They can be~~ ^{*Sometimes they are*} 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 ^{it} solitary law. ~~This law~~ takes care of everything. It is so clear to them. ^{Their law says to them: The} ~~It is that the~~ colony must survive.

Nobody ^{will} ~~can~~ dare to be lazy inside ^{there} ~~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?" ^{The boy} ~~He~~ knew the answer.

"^{Yes.} ~~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~~ ^{thoughts} wheeled back into ~~its~~ ^{his early} silence.

He was full of ~~fear~~ ^{dread}. It was not intense ~~fear~~ ^{fear}, yet it seemed to live everywhere

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

~~many shapes at once.~~ ^{It could not even name them all, his fears.} He knew he was directly afraid of being cheated by

Der Alte. Alois had understood what the neighboring peasants were ~~trying~~ ^{not ready}

~~not~~ to say. They had praised Der Alte, they had echoed each other ~~while~~

speaking of his vast knowledge on this subject, ^{of api culture.} Yet Alois could sense ~~what~~ ^{had}

~~there was to keep out of~~ ^{was not in} their voice. He had heard no great allegiance to the man himself.

One neighbor even whispered, "You can trust ~~him~~ ^{Der Alte}, yes, I think so," but

Alois neither liked nor trusted this neighbor, ^{And did not} and he knew that the neighbor

^{Feel} felt the same way about him. [?]

This was but one ^{hint of his} part of the fear. If the fine and attractive location of

the farm had been the ^{only good} best reason for its purchase, ^{he could not say the} the worst had been the

^{same for 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 ^{this}

beekeeping. Now, all of August was ^{lost} gone. It might even be ^{almost} too late

to start the winter colony. He ^{did not feel competent about} was not all that familiar with this aspect of

apiculture, ^{but} 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

^{would now be} unnatural price was asked for the necessary stock and materials, where else

^{could he go this late in the season?} ^{this late in the season?} 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, ^{Yet} but the last time he

had dabbled in this bee business, ^{going at} treating it ~~just~~ as a horse-on-a-stick, ~~out~~ ⁱⁿ ~~one~~

^{have kept 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 ~~at~~ his fellow officers, or be able to ^{visit}

~~take off~~ on a Sunday ^{in order} so as not to have to watch everyone going to church—

a diversion, he had thought. But then he had had ^a ~~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~~ ^{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~~ ^{recount to} (this man, Der Alte, ~~of the many stings~~ ^{that many stings} he had taken ~~on his hands and~~

~~then~~ ^{that that} his knees and ~~how good that~~ ^{beneficial to} had subsequently proved ~~for~~ the stiffness

in his joints, yes, ^{that stiffness} (acquired over the years of standing at Customs posts.

^{for certain, he felt}
~~Yes, he would be~~ ready to impress Der Alte with his knowledge of bee

venom and the degree to which diseases in ancient Egypt ^{had even been} ~~were~~ treated with—

^{in that manner,}
~~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 ^{that kind of} ~~such a~~ conversation with Der

^{At this moment} Alte? ~~Now,~~ he regretted bringing Adolf with him. Alois even felt trapped,

^{to} ~~to the definite~~ ^{fact} degree that he had spoken so much ~~and so often~~ ^{and so often} to Klara on

the subject ^{that} ~~that~~ he had lost ^{his} ~~all~~ room for choice. He had to start beekeeping, ^{Or else?}

^{Did he wish her to ever} ~~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, ^{completely, that} ~~this~~ might not be the

next step to take.

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To be faxed on Monday, March 15.

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Faxed by
 Sawyer
 3/15/04

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Already, as I have more than

As I have already indicated, Magnus Geruchles, Der Alte Zauberer,

was one of ours. I have called him a pensioner and that is accurate. In recent

years, we have ^{not} ~~rarely~~ ^{often and away} used him ~~and~~ benefits he has received from us have ^{not}

^{large} ~~been small~~ We provide him from time to time ^{we provide} ~~with~~ some added ~~sensitivity to~~

^{intuition to} his ~~local~~ ^{a common to} perceptions, ~~a common, even standard~~ practice for angels and

demons alike—we look to ^{renew} ~~rejuvenate~~ faded loyalties with such a gift ~~from~~

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~~time to time~~ ^{will}. In turn, our pensioners ^{do} a little work for us. The impulse to put a spoonful of exquisite honey on Adi's tongue even as he and Alois came through the door ^{was entirely} ^{For certain} by my suggestion. ~~And~~ the old doctor did it just as I requested. The old doctor. I even call him that. It is one of his least attractive vanities. (He will insist that he is an honored and learned university graduate.) I have heard him ^{on separate occasions} ^{speak} of his years at Heidelberg, Leipzig, Gottingen, Vienna, ^{Salzburg} and Berlin, none of whose great schools he attended. Indeed, only Heidelberg and Gottingen were ^{ever} ~~even~~ honored with a visit. Our old and learned doctor is a fraud, a half-Jewish Pole from Lvov, of no certified upper education who has, nonetheless, and much through his own efforts, acquired the verbal skills and superior manner ^{of a Doctor of Philosophy} ~~of an advanced university graduate~~. If he has chosen in his old age to live

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a confirmed
~~more like an old drunk than a doctor of philosophy~~, an odd choice since in

fact he does not drink, he is attracted all the same to many of the slovenly

~~even~~ debased, habits of old sots. His clothes are filthy. Even his long woolen

(for he wipes his mouth with the tail of it)
cap manages to be full of soup stains and his white beard is stained with

often he smells of those
~~He has, moreover, one of those unhappy body~~ odors we work so

carefully)
often to suppress in our clients. Moreover, 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

does serve indoors and out, *kind of* his devoted image of himself as some throwback to a court

jester (for he sits in his hut, winter or summer, swathed in an old cape full of

Sadly
~~patches of bright colors~~ a fool's motley.) One could hardly expect him to be

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impressive in appearance, yet he is. Undeniably, he is. His eyes are

extraordinary, blue as the coldest skies of the north, yet full of merry lights ~~as~~ ^{that}

^{speaking of} if he ~~adored~~ every trick he ~~had ever~~ learned and ~~he has learned many~~ ^{they are many}.

Alois, who had encountered hundreds of people a day for forty years,

was hardly to be surprised ^{by new} ~~by~~ anyone. ~~He had~~, for that matter, ^{he had} virtually

developed ^{the ability to capture} a wholly superior habit of capturing ^{so to speak} the first moment in just about

every passing human ^{exchange} ~~encounter~~. Tourists and newcomers alike, Travellers

were not prepared for the phenomenon of meeting a Customs official who

^{that degree of} possessed ~~so much~~ authority. Yet there he was, ^{in careers} at his post, or, later, at his

^{exhibiting} desk, still bearing the strength of his peasant roots, yet offering ~~all the while~~ ^{all the while}

his uncanny likeness to Franz Josef. The first moment, therefore, almost

^{Almost always,} always belonged to Alois. ~~Few~~ were prepared for the intelligence that stood

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

That may have been one reason I gave the order to Der Alte to meet *the father and son* ~~them~~ at the door with that spoonful of honey, then insert it without leave or hesitation into the boy's small mouth. Whatever Alois had been preparing *hardly could it* himself for, ~~it could not~~ ^{have been this.} So rude, ~~and~~ ^{and} so gracious! All at *And nothing offered to Alois,* once! ~~No offer to himself,~~ ^{as if his} only a superior smile from Der Alte and the most *small house* comfortable recognition that this ~~small house~~, this enlarged and piss-soaked hut, worse than an abode of fifteen cats and their leavings, was nonetheless Der Alte's place and he was happy in it, and, *may as well add,* I ~~will say,~~ diabolically unembarrassed.

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Moreover, ^{Der Alte} ~~he~~ had won the boy over. It had taken no more than ^{that} one stroke. ^(Plus a dream on the night before.) Alois now perceived a look of admiration in Adi's eyes for this ^{extraordinary} old man. ^{Indeed, the boy's eyes were alive with} the same intensity of admiration ~~indeed~~ that Alois had enjoyed receiving ~~received all along the length of~~ ^{all during their walk together. Even as he could recognize that} ~~he~~ was feeling a ridiculous sentiment, ^{but} he reacted as if Der Alte had stolen something from him.

Now they sat down. The old man ^{a little bit} fussed ^{preparing} most skillfully at making some tea. To Alois' further discomfort, the procedure was courtly. A very old gentleman, or even a very old lady, might have been showing him how little he knew—after all these years!—^{putative} of the elegance of a tea ceremony, ^{particularly} between absolute strangers. ^(I will say that) ~~Of course,~~ this old sorcerer was always at his ~~best and~~ most intimidating when ~~he knew~~ I was in the offing.)

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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, and for a time I had expected he would become one of my prize clients. He certainly did not have to end as a bizarre, impossible, smelly hermit with an immense reputation for dealing with hordes of bees in a pretty little corner of Austria, so filled already with its pretty little corners. I had lost valuable standing with the Maestro by remarking to him ^{any} too soon ^{any} ~~that~~ ^{on} ~~indeed~~ ^{occasions} /decades ago, that I saw extraordinary promise ~~for us~~ in this young half-Polish, half-Jewish Magnus, a real pagan with the ladies in his early days, yes, ^{this client} ~~he~~ (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} ~~in~~ a

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most subtle form of reproof, they began at last to talk about the reason for the visit.

Alois, ^{used to} invariably confident of dominating the onset of a conversation with ^{any} ~~my~~ nine out of ten men or women newly met, had developed an unhappy ^{because} habit ~~out~~ of this very confidence. He would, by now, take the first step in any ^{new} such verbal encounter even when, on rare occasions such as this, he knew

that he was overmatched. He was locked ^{into his} ~~in the~~ habit.

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

Terrible, ^{just} ~~even~~ as he had planned in advance. He spoke, he believed, most movingly of those ^{the afflictions of two} great monarchs and ^{the dedication of those two} ~~medieval~~ ^{medical} geniuses who looked to deal with ^{so grievous} ~~grievous~~ ailments for which others could find no cure. It was not, he

would vouchsafe, that he, personally, had suffered inhumanly from gout or

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rheumatism, merely, you could say, ^{that} he had felt the hint of future miseries, ^{and,} but ^{in recompense,} he had also learned a great deal from ^a one particular occasion. He had been ~~prey~~ ^{would} to—"and will freely admit, respected Doctor Magnus"—prey to an unprecedented attack, "just one time, many bites to the knees which I could recognize subsequently provided ^{considerable} relief ^(what might have been the) thereafter to this commencement of my rheumatism. At that point, I would have given much to be a medical scientist for I would have begun research on ^{just this} the 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 ^{yes} indeed, dear sir, what you then believed was there to be discovered had indeed been detected by no less a figure ^{Dr.} than ⁽ Likomsky back in 1864, thirty-

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two years ago when you were still a young man, and I might also mention

Herr Terc who put the crowning cap on ^(what could have been your) ~~this thesis, which you in your privacy~~

^{yes!} ~~saw as your very own~~ [→] ~~when Herr Terc came forth with the most serious~~

^{the nature of} chemical studies on ^{precisely} ~~bee venom and its as-yet-undeveloped potential for such~~

^{these} ~~Rheumatism and gout~~ ^{could} ~~both be seen by~~ ^{valuable cures.} The only remaining difficulty in this matter is, of course, the ~~now as ailments of the past if not for the~~ ^{which present themselves} innumerable obstacles in the way of administering treatment. We are still

^{more precise positioning of the bee sting onto} looking for proper modes toward directing the bee to efficacious areas on the

affected body. It is rumored that the Chinese"—now with a melting look

(designed ~~by him~~ 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?"

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Adi nodded solemnly. He had ~~indeed~~ 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 ~~him~~) on the far-off placement of India and China ~~in Asia~~.

"Yes, in that far-off near-mythical land ~~of China~~, 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 attractive aspect of my beloved bees is their eagerness to sting when ~~improperly approached~~, yes, we love them for their honey, ^{but not necessarily} ~~much more than~~ ^{go often martyred condition when they seek} for their ~~quickly martyred~~ ability to defend themselves."

Alois sensed that he would do well to leave this topic ~~before he was~~
~~wholly overburdened with his lack of counter-response~~. The tea had left a

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most penetrating aroma in his nostrils ^{to his surprise} which ~~was~~ curiously compatible with

the urine. Needless to say, he would have preferred a good swallow of beer,

~~that might serve to pump a few of his~~

~~should it come to pumping a few~~ prepared remarks into forceful statement,

~~but as of now, this conversation certainly belonged~~
~~but Der Alte was giving him no such opportunity. All of this talk still~~

~~to Der Alte.~~
~~belonged to him.~~

"I cannot," he remarked, "begin to call you my ^{good} friend as yet, for I do

~~except, of course,~~
not know you ~~only~~ by your fine reputation. Word of your former most

^{precedes}
respected position ~~has preceded~~ 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 warn you and to counsel you. I have great respect for you, yes, dear sir,

but, oh, there is much to learn about these bees and their good keeping." He

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sighed with a sound of woe as physically intimidating 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."

"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 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 was going to 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} have at present to enter the endless vagaries of apiculture. ^{that} ~~It is so full of permutations.~~ ^{you see} It is a vocation."

He nodded. He turned again to Adi as if the boy was one more equal, yes, all

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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, ^{"hat"} "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 ~~must do~~ ^{just} ~~just~~ ^{said that is what you must do} ~~Not at all, when you~~ because others have told you to do it. No, you have a vocation when there is no choice ^{You that} but to give all you have to doing what ^{has become} is ~~now~~ so important for you, ^{that, yes, you must do it.} ~~to do.~~"

→ p322a

~~"Well, I would not wish to dispute your learned words," said Alois,~~

~~"but surely one can keep a hive without building a monastery to enshrine it."~~

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"Well, I would not wish to dispute your learned words," said Alois, although ~~by now he was sufficiently~~ "so far out of us ~~as they used to say in spirit~~" that he had to stand ^{up and} ~~but~~ surely one can keep a hive without building a monastery to enshrine it.

Absolutely not. I foresee

Why can it not be a serious but modest investment for a retired man in a very

~~small business~~ like myself?

"Dear Sir, it cannot and will not ever

"It will never be that way," said Der Alte. "That much I can promise a strong person like yourself."

~~you~~ Heartbreak or happiness. Nothing between!" He nodded with all the

Herr Hitler, I cannot allow you to consider such a project until

profundity of a great and learned doctor. ^(you can fully) You must be made aware of the

the decades of presenting himself as

risks that await you, the ^{diseases} ~~diseases~~ and mortal enemies that surround our delicate

sweet-seeking bees. They know. In nature, the honey ^{the honey} ~~the honey~~ maker is the equivalent of god. For all who are dear to them, bees. It is as if all the creatures of nature, large and small, are jealous of their

the life of those bees who live ^{years of} ~~the life~~ in honey. I can tell you of one spider who is evil, nothing less, ^(The crab spider is called) ~~it~~

So soon as it

finds a promising flower, ^{it} ~~and~~ ensconces itself in the perfumed cavern itself.

There it waits ^{it is} ~~ready to strike~~. It activates the scent of the flower by stirring

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flowered
~~those petals~~ *(walls until)*
 within ~~so that~~ (its own odor is overcome by the elixir of the petals. What

then? It waits. When the ~~poor~~ forager-bee, this sweet hard-working female

with undeveloped ovaries—only the Queen is complete in that

compartment *(i aches)* ~~these other females are~~ there to work for the length of their

short lives, to clean house, to serve the Queen's court, or to forage ^{9g} ~~and here,~~

(contemplate)
~~is~~ (this poor forager. It smells the inimitable redolence of the flower's cavern,

it enters to pick up its *(lustful store)* ~~fill~~ of nectar and pollen and is *(at once done in)* ~~assassinated~~ (by the

(cruelly) ~~But~~ *For, at first, it is only half-gone. It has been*
 spider. ~~so cruelly~~. First it is paralyzed by the sting, then as it lies there,

(spider's)
~~numb and incapable of saving itself,~~ *(while this evil)* the spider proceeds to sip and to guzzle—

(internal elements)
 on the vital liquids and subtle constituents of the bee's form. ~~(When nothing is~~

(but)
 left by the dry whisper of a hull, a husk, *(this crumb)* ~~the spider~~ goes to the actual labor of

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ejecting the remains from the flower, after which, I ^{must} suppose it ensconces
itself in all the bliss of a successful destroyer's sleep."

Adi would dream for weeks to come of the bee, the flower, and the
spider. So would Alois ^{in wholly different fashion}. But there was more to come. Der Alte ^{now} had a good

deal to say about the bee-wolf, a ^{veritable} brute of a wasp who would ^{strike at the} catch the

honeybee ⁱⁿ at the moment of ^{it was} alighting on a flower, and the bee-wolf, "so

appropriately named," would ^{"Always"} always go for the throat. "The honeybee has a

^{so, once} soft throat. ^{is} Once again, our forager is paralyzed. The wasp in complete

command of what it knows ^{very well} how to do, ^{It} then proceeds to squeeze the ^{belly}

^{of the} honeybee in the ^{order} belly to disgorge all the nectar the bee has taken into herself.

^{It overflows out}

^{Att the} in sweet little sips. It all pours out of her mouth into the ^{man of the} bee-wolf's. Is that

enough? No. This predator then brings the stricken little victim to his nest,

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lays her down ~~like a devoted vampire~~ next to as many six or eight still living

but wholly paralyzed other bees, and proceeds ^{to lay one egg} ~~I wish to initiate you into the~~
in that crypt with its ~~horror~~ ^{with fall in love with} ~~horror~~ ^{such moving} ~~horror~~ ^{victims.}
~~horrors you must expect if you love honeybees as I do~~ proceeds to lay an
~~to lay one of its eggs in each~~ ^{you must!} ~~now think~~
~~egg in one of the victims.~~ ^{this solitary} ~~I can vouchsafe that when the egg becomes a larva~~

^{it is ready} ^{the ladder}
and begins to eat its way up ^{into becoming another wasp, another bee-wolf,}

^{by consuming}
~~why, it manages to consume every last one of the suspended but living~~

^{bodies}
~~corpses arranged for its tidy growth.~~ The victims do not die. They wait to be

eaten. How? 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} ~~over the days and weeks~~ that the progeny ^{speaking} ~~that one~~ ^{we are speaking}

^{of no more than one}
^{hungry maggot—enjoys for its growth.}

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"I have offered these two exceptional examples as lively examples of the perils in the life of any colony you may hope to protect, but there are so many enemies. The more mundane, the more extensive is the damage that

they do. Skunks will fret their claws on the front wall of a hive until the guardian bees ^{within heroically they} come forth to repel him ~~and~~ are swallowed en masse. Toads wait beneath to pick up the droppings. ^{other varieties of spider} Spiders wrap individual webs around

each bee they net. Ants and mice are each capable separately of invading

your hives. ^{colonies} I have seen some hives, never my own, where the bees must

^{and will even} tolerate the ants, surrender a part of their space, provided the ants do not

^{with mice it is worse.} attack the brood. ~~It is even worse with the mice.~~ ^{for the} They loot the combs and to

^{In winter for warmth} honey stored in them, they inhabit the hive and construct a big nest for

^{most valiant} themselves. Even when the best of our home guard decide to attack the

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mouse, that living monster, and ^{actually} succeeds ~~as~~ sometimes they do in stinging

~~that invading monster~~ the It is huge ~~to them~~ larger
him to death, what can they do with that huge corpse? Before it can rot, they
than an elephant to them. It will rot, and leave the
hive intolerable as a domain. So they choose to cover
cover it over with their own bees' cement, propolis, have you heard of that?"
the bloated carcass with a ~~disinfectant~~ ^{disinfectant} they know how
to manufacture out of pollen and certain buds. Have you

"Certainly," said Alois. "and they also see ^{heard}
it as a cement saw cracks in their walls."

"I see," said Der Alte, "that I have failed ^{of}
to discourage you properly?"

^{propolis?"}
to discourage you"

"Not yet. I live by the law of averages," said Alois. "I prefer
to think of the average percentages rather than
the perils."

"Does it frighten you?" asked the old man of the boy.

"Does the bee-wasp?"

~~It was if his fear was a spumboard~~
~~was quick to see,~~ "If
He nodded, but then he replied, "But if my father is ready, then so must

^{must}
(I be."

"You have a splendid son," said Der Alte.

Alois was ready to agree for the first time that ^{it} this might be a ~~real~~

possibility. How nice it was to learn on this Sunday that his little Adolf was

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more than a bed-wetter and a runny nose and might even be the equal of Alois

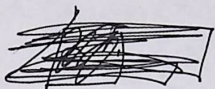
Junior one of these days.

But thoughts of Alois, Junior ^{always} (reminded him of what might be wrong ^{not be asked} well in place. ^{so he now wondered what} ~~with the moment~~ Why was Der Alte ^{had been seeking} doing so much (to discourage him? It ^{quick} ~~was~~ Given the state of his hut, the old man made no sense. He obviously needed the money. He certainly knew enough

~~to take his profit~~ Why ^{scorn} knock down a potential customer's desire to invest?

~~Alois had a good moment then. He felt he had a grasp for the first time he~~
~~felt as if he had a grasp~~
 on Der Alte. The old hermit ~~no fool, knew people well. He could~~
~~understand him a little~~
 understand Alois better than others, decided Alois. "He knows that I am a
 man who is determined to keep to his ^{wishes}
 man who prides himself on his ^{of} unassailable pride. I do not give way to ^{top} ~~bad~~
 first warning. He must

~~news. He knows that the more he discourages me, the more I will be~~ ^{ready}
~~at all costs~~ ^{necessaries to begin my colony}
 determined to buy the ~~beginning of my hive and posterity.~~



~~334~~
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↙
"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 talk of what you will do for me, and what I can do for you."

"Not yet. Not quite yet," said Der Alte, "If you wish to remain a man with a hobby, I will, of course, gladly be available for the necessary materials. But, in you, sir, if I may speak on a more personal level, I feel that a true vocation is ready to serve within, and so I would propose another consideration, another approach. I, for example, ~~as~~ to learning métier put in an apprenticeship that lasted for three years and provided me with a license. What I would propose to you is a more collegial relationship - can I put it so? - I am ready over the next few years, for the most modest fees of instruction, to have you work with me on my colonies in a most agreeable arrangement for

you will learn much, and I will (335)
have the pleasure of an intelligent man's
company. It is sad to say but in all
their vast fields, so far as one can see,
we are the only two men of ~~at all intelligent~~
interesting intelligence to be found.

Adis kept the smile on his face, but
his nostrils were paying a price not to
betray his sentiment, "Work for three
years with ^{you, you} that foul-smelling goat?" ~~or~~
was what he did not say. The compliment
to his intelligence prevented that as completely
as his need to come to an arrangement for
the materials with the old mountebank.

In turn, I was horrified. No professional
has a greater desire to maintain his own
competence ~~than~~ than a devil who has
earned his rank. I had been uncomfortable
here. For A.H. might be a pensioner, but
I might have neglected him too much.
The loneliness revealed in his last ~~few~~
remarks were like the shell in an old
stone house that has not been occupied
for many winters. I was not worried
that Adis would take up his offer, but now
I more than understand how utterly
the old man's yearning to see more and
more ~~than~~ by Adis. He had more of
free of unburdened conversation. The

spoonful of honey could have been (336)
a catastrophic mistake, the Mac ^{highly} ~~to~~
would not be the result of any ^{mischievous} ~~mischievous~~
that developed between Rudi and our A/H.
Calculated mischief was our province,
and did not belong to ~~our character~~ ^{us}.
we could prevent it. All too often we
have ~~promising~~ ^{promising} ~~beginning~~. We look to
direct ~~the~~ ^{their} romantic volition, ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~be~~
obliged to ^{to} repair them, and ~~have~~ ^{such} ~~been~~ ^{been} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~our~~ ^{our} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~might~~ ^{might} ~~occur~~ ^{occur} ~~between~~ ^{between} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~dear~~ ^{dear} ~~old~~ ^{old} ~~man~~ ^{man} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~boy~~ ^{boy} ~~could~~ ^{could} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~if~~ ^{if} ~~thought~~ ^{thought} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~Mac~~ ^{Mac} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ⁱⁿ ~~middle~~ ^{middle} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{of} ~~business~~ ^{business}. I might even have felt
~~a large panic~~ ^{in the dream} ~~in the dream~~ ^{of the dream} ~~that I~~ ^{that I} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~confused~~ ^{confused} ~~by~~ ^{by} ~~Rudi~~ ^{Rudi}, had it been my notion to use the
spoonful of honey of word that been
initiated by the O. O. The line of
demarcation is never clear among us
unless the O. O. chooses to make it so
~~with a pen~~ ^{with a pen} ~~or a~~ ^{or a} ~~pen~~ ^{pen}.

At this point, Alois said, "I am honoured
by your personal interest in me, but I
must explain in my family we are
all blockheads and the worst to
be said is that we are proud of that.
So I must work alone. That is how
I am. ~~Don't~~ ^{Don't} ~~forget~~ ^{forget} I look forward
therefore, to enjoying a mutually

Fanned
by
3/12/04
Put down
the time

(328)

waits. When the poor forager-see, this sweet
hard-working female with undeveloped
ovaries - only the queen is complete in
that compartment - these other females
are there to work for the king, they clean & land
liver, to clean house, to serve the queen,
court, or to forage, and here is their poor
forager. It smells, the inimitable redolence
of the flower is cloying, it enters the ~~mouth~~
pick which is full of nectar and pollen and
is assassinated by the spider. But so
smellier. First it is paralyzed by the
sting, then as it lies there numb, incapable
of saving itself, the spider proceeds to
rip and to quibble on all the vital liquids
and subtle constituents of the bee's form.
When nothing is left but the dry
wrinkles of a husk, a husk, the spider goes
to the act of labor of ejecting the remains
from the flower, after which, I suppose,
it succumbs itself in all the bliss
of a successful destroyer's sleep.

Adi would dream for weeks to ~~any~~
of the bee, the flower and the spider. So
would Alon's. But there was more to come.
Der Alte had a good deal to say about
the bee-wolf, a ~~big~~ brute of a wasp who
would catch the honey-bee at the moment
of alighting on the flower, and the bee-wolf
"so appropriately named" would always
go for the throat. The honey-bee has a
soft throat. Once again our forager is
paralyzed, the wasp in complete command

so many enemies, ~~and~~ the more numerous (33)
the more extensive is the damage that they
do - Skunks ~~and~~ will
but their claws on the front wall of a hive
until guards bees come forth to repel
them and are swallowed in mass, today
wait ~~like~~ ~~waiting~~ ~~bees~~ ~~to~~ pick up
the droppings. Spiders wrap individuals
under arms each bee they not. Ants and
mice on each side separately of
invading your hives. I have seen some
hives, never more, where the bees must
tolerate the ants, surrender a part
part of their space, provided the ants
~~can~~ do not attack the bees. It is
even worse with the mice. They eat the
comb ~~and~~ the honey stored in
them, they invade the hive and construct
a big nest for themselves. Even when
the head of our home guard ~~can~~ decide
to attack that mouse that living monster,
and succeed or sometimes they do in
striking him to death, what can they do
with that huge corpse? Before it can rot
they tear it apart with their can be's and
propolis, - have you heard of that?

"Centimeter" and also,

"So I have not discouraged you
properly?"

"Not yet. I live by the law of
averages."

"Does it frighten you?" asked the

old man of the bay.

He nodded, then he replied. "But ⁽³³¹⁾ if my father is ready, then so must I be."

"You have a splendid son," said Der Alte,

Alois was ~~ready~~ ready for the first time to agree that this might indeed be a real possibility. How will it ever be known on their Sunday that his little Adolf was more than a bad-wetter and a running nose and might even be the equal of Alois Junior one of these days.

But thoughts of Alois, Junior, reminded him always of what might be wrong with the moment. Why was Der Alte doing so much to discourage him? It made no sense. He obviously needed the money. He certainly knew enough to take his profit. Why knock down a potential customer's desire to invest?

Alois had a good moment then. He felt he had a grasp for the first time on Der Alte, the old hermit, who had known people well. He could understand Alois better than a thousand Alois. "He knows that I am a man who pride himself on his unassailable pride. I do not give way to bad news. He knows ~~that~~ that the more he discourages me, the more I will be determined to buy the beginning of my line and pursue it."

(332)

Also, now give Der Alte what he considered his largest warmest smile, "I respect your caution," he said, "but now let us go to the other side of the question, let us talk of what you can do for me, and I for you."

Der Alte nodded in turn, "Forearmed, yes! Maybe the boy would like to look into one of my lines."

"I would like that," said Adolf,

"but we are not, after all I have said, not the least bit afraid."

"I am afraid," said Adolf, "but you know, I am feeling so curious."

"A wonderful keep," said Der Alte,

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

Fixed by DWYANE
3/10/04

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however, was good ^{supplying} ~~fitting~~ so many
Once they began to talk, Alois proceeded to fill Adi's head with new

~~Adi's~~ ^{before long} and
names while walking at so good a pace that the boy was twice breathless, not ^{having}

^{lag}
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 ^{himself}
Over the years he had picked enough rheumatism
into his bones and enough constriction in his lungs
(via his pipes) to move more slowly as a rule. But now, finding
himself. Finding a vein of conversation had proved an unexpected obstacle,

but a stimulus to his legs. ^(not only) 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 ^{over} close to sentiments about his
aware how much that meant to him. He had never considered fatherhood as
younger children, indeed, he

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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 ^(an uncommon) a sense of mystery

in the presence of ^{his} the boy. ^{It} This was unprecedented. He actually wished to enlist the admiration of ^(two thing about) impress the little creature next to him.

that desire was already fulfilled. A One good part of this sentiment was ^{known by} ~~the~~ certainly to Adi's excitement.

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

^{striding along beside} immanence of the big man next to him. Alois was larger at that moment in

the child's scale of measurement than the ^{awe} nerve that filled the ^{awe-struck} 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 ^{in his turn,} pronounced the name of the

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

How he wanted to please Alois! At the ^{commencement} beginning of the walk, the
silence had been formidable and ^{it} remained so until Adi ^{found a few words} pruned the pump.

"Have there always been bees?" he asked at last. It was a simple question but
^{most fortuitous. It}

it came just before they would have ^{remained for} turned mute over the rest of the walk.

^{Always bees,} "Yes. ^{"I be sure they have} Probably as long as anything. Bees have been on our fine earth

^{very} for a long time."

^{"So} "Then they do go far back, Father?"

Alois gave him an encouraging pat on the back. The boy's ^{obvious desire} few words
to keep the conversation in flow (that now)
had actually served to activate all of Alois' powers of exposition. "Yes, I

^{the answer is} would say, way back. ^{Maybe longer than us. And} So, too, have we looked to get their honey. For a
~~long~~ there has never been a day when
we didn't look to steal their honey. I ^{like}
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~~ ^{I can say for certain that} yes, and this I do know: ~~We have~~

^{I have seen} ^{right there} ^{that speak of how}
 (drawings and old poems even in the little Linz museum to tell us that in the

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 breath was reaching his

^{and}
 at the fact of the conversation itself, ^{that he might not be able to keep going.}
 lungs in a unique mixture of excitement and desperation. So many unknown

^{unfamiliar words were coming into} ^(One the)
 expressions were arriving in his mind at once. 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 whip}
 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

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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 ^{some} bees.

^{than around here?}
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, before they sting your head off. That ~~was~~ ^{has been most} ~~has been most~~ ^{have done it then.} And then they ~~And the wax!~~ This beeswax was so important. Get the beeswax and have ^{also had to get the wax.} ^{you can}

light in your hut ^{For} every night. Candles! To ~~pick up that wax and honey,~~ ^{But, oh they} they

^{So many bites.}
had to pay. With bites. Many bites they used to get. Then along would

^{their? their} come the duke or baron. If he heard you ^{had a lot of} found this honey, you had to ^{pay up} give

to him. ^{we can just imagine.}
^{up his good share.} And what would he give you back?—a nice strong cross-

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bow. Why? Because ^{what a man was doing} it was dangerous. The bears in the forest were ^{like us, also} also

looking for honey. Think how crazy those bees ^(must have had to get!) would 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 bear's eyes and even so, the bear would come looking. Ja, ^{a man} you needed

a cross-bow—to kill the bear. Not so easy to ^{go near} get honey ^{got them} then if the bear came

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, his eyes full of expectation. Their path was

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

"Sometimes," said Alois, ^{u a man} "they would find a tree ready to fall, a dead

tree with a big hollow, ^{in it, and a ~~big~~ big swarm of} So many bees were in the hollow, ^{All clus-tered together} The good peasant ^{would dare to take the tree down!} would ^{dare to take} ~~knock the tree over~~, ^{so carefully,} but so carefully, He would try not to stir up too

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^{did it}
much, and then in the evening, only in the evening cause these little bees are

(and he could a big son maybe)
more quiet then, they would carry the tree near to their hut, so they could start ^{begin to}
learn how to get more of the honey, ~~get all the honey~~
~~to look after those bees and learn a little."~~

"What about the bears?" ^{would they come?}

⁴ Yes. The good folks we're talking a bear would ^{be ready to kill the first bear}
~~that kept the~~
"They would kill one and hang him up near the bees. That was the
other bears away. Yes, that's how it all began
around here. Now, what has it become? A profitable
beginning. Now, it is all a profitable if risky hobby." ^{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 game~~, a hobby. But soon it would be a

^{he had said.}
business, (The boy was confused. The speed at which they were walking was

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now pinching his breath past the point where he could ask ^{even one} any more

questions.

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

He had ~~become~~ become aware at last of the little ones' 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 ^{will not be} are not fairy-tales we are

for us, (are not so sweet. They're very cruel.)
beginning. Honey is sweet, but bees can be cruel to each other. (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

so clear to them. It is
everything. It is that the colony must survive. Nobody can dare to be lazy

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inside the colony." He paused. ^{4/ Nobody, except} ^{are there to} "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, ^{kill all} ^{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} ~~Nothing of~~

^{will not} ^{any} the sort. You cannot find one bee in a hive who is too weak to work. They ^{know} ^{how to} get rid of the cripples early."

As they rested, however, Alois' mind ^{cheated} ^{it's} turned back into silence. He was

full of fear. It was not ^{a few fears} ^(it seemed to live) intense, yet everywhere within him, a complex and

^{on this Sunday morning} a complex and confusing ^{confusing fear} ^{holding} a cloud with many shapes at once. He ^{knows} 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 ^{whisper} in speaking of his vast knowledge on this subject, and yet Alois

~~he~~ could sense what was not in their voice. ^{he had heard} Alois could hear 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} did not like nor trust this neighbor, ^{and he knew} that the neighbor felt the same way about him. ^{this but one} That was part of the fear. If the fine and attractive location of the farm

had been the best reason ^{its} 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

^{near} all of August was gone. ^{even almost too} Now, it might be late to start the winter colony. He

^{all that familiar} was not ^{he knew — he knew} altogether at home with this aspect of apiculture, and now that he had,

^{too and so} delayed so long, his choices were restricted. He had to buy and buy soon.

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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} without being ~~old~~

^{It had been} held up, wherever he went. ^{That was, for sure,} a fear of the peasants laughing at

him again, ^{it} 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 ^{this} the 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} or also on a

Sellow officers, or be able to take off on

^{a diversion} Sunday so as not to have to watch everyone going to church, he had one near

^{he had thought} But then he had had one near disaster. ^{On a very Sunday} For no mistake he could point to, no happy disaster, and was stung so quickly and repeatedly by so many infuriated bees

that he decided afterward he must have been poking about ⁱⁿ inadvertently in

^{or} what might be the Queen Bee's quarters. Who could tell? He realized the

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degree of his ignorance of the real stuff if he was so open to ambush ^{in the} ~~while~~

^{course of}
(working with a hive.

^{could say he}
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 o

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

say that? So, ^{then} ~~where~~ (was his fear?

But he knew. He could tell ^{by} the way he was preparing in advance to
^{tell this man, Der AitG}

~~tell the story~~ of the many stings he had taken on his hand, and then his knees

and how good that had ^{subsequently} ~~proved later~~ for the stiffness in his joints, ^{yes} acquired ~~per~~

^{over} the years of standing at Customs posts. Yes, he ^{would be} ~~was~~ ready to impress Der

Alte with his knowledge of bee venom and ^{the degree to which} ~~how~~ diseases in Egypt were

treated with it. He would also speak of Pliny and Galen. Great doctors.

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

as well, he would speak of their (how)
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 *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.

*order of knowledge
he used to in 19th century
reference*

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As I have ^{a reader} indicated, directly, Magnus Geruchles, Der Alte Zauberer,
was one of ours. I ^{have} had called him a pensioner and that is accurate. In ~~recent~~
years, we have rarely used him and ~~the~~ benefits he has received from us have
been ~~small and not untypical~~. We provide him from time to time with ~~a~~
~~modest but nonetheless~~ ^{some} added sensitivity to his ^{local} ~~own~~ perceptions, a common,
even standard, ^{Ben} practice of angels and demons alike—we look to rejuvenate

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faded loyalties with ^{such} a gift from time to time. In turn, ^{our penance} they do a little work for us.

The impulse to put a spoonful of

~~us. The taste of~~ ^{even} exquisite honey on Adi's tongue as he and Alois came through

~~by my suggestion. And the old doctor~~
 the door was by way of a direct suggestion from me. I alerted the old ~~doctor~~
~~doctor to do~~ did it just as I requested. ~~the old doctor.~~
 I ~~even call him that. It is~~ ^{He will} insist that he is
~~doctor~~ one of his least attractive vanities, or, is it, hypocrisies, is that he

~~presents himself~~ an honored and most learned university graduate. I have

heard him on separate occasions speak of his years at Heidelberg, Leipzig,

Gottingen, Vienna, and Berlin, none of ^{whose great schools} which he attended. Indeed, only

Heidelberg and Gottingen were even honored with a visit. ^{Our} The old and

learned doctor is a fraud, a half-Jewish Pole from Lvov, of no certified upper

education who has, nonetheless, and much through his own efforts, acquired the

verbal skills and superior manner of an advanced university graduate ^{JP} who has

It he has chosen

(in his old age chosen to live more like an old drunk than a doctor of

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philosophy, an odd choice since in fact he does not drink, ^{he} but is attracted ^{all the game} to

to many of the slovenly, even debased, habits of old sots. His clothes are filthy. ~~Even~~

Even his long wooden cap manages to be full of soup stains and ^{as is his white beard stained deeply with nicotine and he has one of those}

unhappy body odors we ^{work so often} do our best (usually with lack of success) to suppress

in our clients. Moreover, to put no pretty word on it, he is incontinent, and so

~~Not only~~ but his clothes and his furnishings have ^{that} the astringent authority of old urine.

Nonetheless, he is striking. ^{that which he wears indoors and out} His long stocking cap, his sense of himself

his devoted image of himself as some throwback to a ^{country} jester for he sits in his own hut, winter or

summer, swathed in an old cape ^{full of bright} with all the patches of color in a fool's

motley. ^{One could hardly expect him to} With all of that, he could hardly be impressive in appearance, yet he is.

Underneath he is,

is. His eyes are extraordinary, blue as the coldest skies of the north, yet full

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of merry lights as if he adored every trick he had ever learned and he ^{has} ~~had~~

learned many.

Alois, who had encountered hundreds of people a day for forty years,
was hardly to be surprised by anyone, ^{He for that matter,} and had, ^{virtually} developed a wholly

superior habit of winning ^{capturing} (the first moment of nearly every passing human
^{in just about}
^(new commercial travellers)
^(Tourists and) border-crossers)
encounter since people ^{were not} wholly prepared for the phenomenon of

meeting a Customs official ^{who possessed so much} with all his authority, his still recognizable peasant
Yet there ^{he was}, at his post, or, later,
at his desk, still bearing the sturdiness of his peasant
features, ^(retaining all the while)
origins, and his uncanny likeness to Franz Josef. Yes, the first moment, therefore,

almost always belonged to Alois. Few were prepared for the intelligence that

stood out in ^{his immediate glance,} ~~his eyes~~. "Try to fool me—you will fail!" was ^{the} ~~their~~ unmistakable

message.

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That may have been one reason I gave the order to Der Alte to meet

them at the door ^{that} ~~as they approached his hut~~ with the spoonful of honey ^{then} ~~for~~
~~insert it without leave or hesitation into~~
~~the boy's small mouth~~ ^{preparing himself} ~~not~~
little Adolf. Whatever Alois had been prepared for, it could hardly have been

this. So rude, and so gracious all at once! No offer to himself, only a

superior smile from Der Alte and the most comfortable recognition that this

small house, this enlarged and piss-soaked ^{hut} ~~it~~, worse than an abode of fifteen

cats and their leavings, was nonetheless Der Alte's place and he was happy in

it, and, ^{I will} ~~you might~~ say, diabolically unembarrassed.

^{It had taken no more than this one stroke,}
Moreover, he had won the boy over with a stroke. Alois perceived the

^{now}
~~same~~ ^{the same intensity} look of admiration in Adi's eyes for this old man ~~that he, as the father,~~
~~of admiration, indeed that Alois had enjoyed receiving~~
^{together,} ~~had enjoyed all during their walk.~~ ^{could} ~~He felt even as he recognize it for a~~ ^{that he was}

^{Seeing} ~~that~~ ^{he reacted as if}
ridiculous sentiment, ~~that~~ Der Alte had ~~already~~ stolen something from him.

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Now they sat down. The old man ^{fussed} most skillfully at making some tea.
To Alois' ^{to} further ^{further} discomfort, the procedure was ^{further} ~~the~~
To Alois' annoyance, he was now courtly. It could have been ^{it} a very old

gentleman, or even a very old lady, ^{might have been} who was showing him how little he
knew—after all these years!—^{the elegance of a} of how to commence a visit and offer a small

tea ceremony between absolute strangers, ^(Of course) but then this old sorcerer was

always at his best and ^{most} ~~worst~~ intimidating when he ^{know} ~~sensed~~ I was in the offing.

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 ~~in~~

~~this case, for me, since he was once one of my prize clients—~~ As I had
anticipated and for a time I had ~~expected~~ ^{he would} become one of my prize clients,
^{certainly} anticipated. He did not have to end as a bizarre, impossible, smelly hermit

with an immense reputation for dealing with hordes of bees in a pretty little

corner of Austria, so filled already with ^{its} pretty little corners. I had lost

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valuable standing with the Maestro ^{by remarks} speaking to him too soon, indeed, ^{decades} decades

^{that I saw} ago, ^{of the} extraordinary promise ^{I saw} for us in this young half-Polish, half-

Jewish Magnus, a real pagan with the ladies in his early days, yes, he had

settled for much too little, ^{as far as} 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 in a most

subtle form of reproof, they began at last to talk about the ^{reason for} purpose of the visit.

Alois, invariably confident of dominating the onset of a conversation

with ^{any} nine out of ten ^{men or women} who were newly met, had developed an unhappy habit

out of this very confidence. He would, by now, take the first step in any such

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

was overmatched. He was ⁱⁿ locked to the habit.

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began by citing
So he started by speaking of Pliny and Galen, Charlemagne, and Ivan
the 2
the Terrible, even as he had planned in advance, as he spoke, he believed,
most movingly of those great monarchs and medieval geniuses who *looked* liked to
deal with grievous ailments for which others could find no cure. It was not, he
would vouchsafe, that he *personally had* *(inhumanly)* suffered grievously from gout or rheumatism,
merely, you could say, *he had felt* the hint of future *miseries, also* beginnings, but he had learned a
great deal from the *one particular* occasion when he had suffered — "and" *been prey to — "and"* will freely admit,
prey to
respected Doctor Magnus" — *prey to* from an unprecedented attack, "just one time,
which I could recognize subsequently (provided)
many bites to the knees and relief thereafter *(to fly)* of the commencement of my
I would have given much to be
rheumatism. I wish *at* that point to have been a medical scientist for I would
begin
have entered research on the subject. I am even as sufficiently confident of
probably *(significant)*
myself to believe I would have made discoveries."

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"Just so," said Der Alte, "you might, you might very well have, because

indeed, dear sir, what you ^{then believed was} believe is ^{used} (there to be discovered) has (indeed been

^{detected} discovered by no ^{a figure} one less (than Likomsky back in 1864, thirty-two years ago

when you were still ^{as} young man, ^{and I might also} not to mention Herr ^{Herrc} Terc who put the

^{which you in your privacy saw as your very own} crowning cap on this thesis ^{when he came forth with the most serious} (Herr Terc

chemical studies on bee ^{venom} ^{as yet undeveloped} ^{valuable} and its potential for such necessary cures. The

only remaining difficulty in this matter is, of course, the innumerable

^{in the way of administrative treatment} obstacles ^{proper} of the administration of the cure. We are still looking for modes

^{toward directing} and ways to direct the bee to the most efficacious areas on the affected body.

It is rumored that the Chinese" — now with a melting look ^{(designed} (to refresh the

^{by him most shamelessly to add to the} mutual delight that existed already between him and the boy) he added, "who

^{live} ~~live~~ on the other side of the earth from us, have you heard?"

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Adi nodded solemnly. He had indeed 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 him on the ^{far-off} distant placement of ~~Asia and~~ India and China, ^{on Asia}

"Yes, in that far-off near-mythical land of China, esteemed Finance-

Watch Officer Herr Hitler, it is said that they ^{employ the stings} use these Chinese, the stings of

needles to alleviate gout, an excellent solution I would think, since the least

attractive aspect of my beloved bees is their eagerness to sting when

improperly approached, yes, ^{we love them} they are there to love for their honey, ^{much more} rather than

^{than for quickly-martured} their ~~more or less~~ martyred ability to defend themselves."

Alois sensed that he would do well to ^{leave} ~~slink away~~ from this topic of ~~before~~

discussion before he was ^{wholly} overburdened. The tea had a most penetrating

^{curiously} aroma in his nostrils which was ^(left) obviously compatible with the urine.

Sudith takes a look at the manuscript after this, then calls back talk.

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324

Needless to say, he would have preferred ^{a good swallow of beer} ~~some beer to pump a few of his~~

~~should it come to pumping a few~~

prepared remarks into forceful statement, but Der Alte ^{was giving} ~~gave~~ him no such

opportunity. All of this talk still belonged to him.

"I cannot," ^{"begin to}

~~Look,~~ he remarked, ~~"I cannot~~ call you my friend as yet, for I do not

know you ^{only} ~~except~~ by your fine reputation. Word of your ^{former most} ~~honorable work and~~

respected position has preceded our meeting. Your father," he now said to

Adi, "is ~~most~~ well-regarded by all, but"—and he was now back again with

Alois—"I am still ^{ready} ~~tempted~~ to call you my friend because I feel in myself the ^{an}

imperative to warn you and to counsel you. I have great respect for you, ^{yes,} ~~dear~~

sir, but, oh, there is so much to learn about these bees and their good

keeping," and ^{resonance} ~~he~~ sighed with a sound of woe as ~~resonant~~ and physically

intimidating as any of a number of less poetic bodily sounds.

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325

declare that I would not wish for any manner
~~"Let me understand you most directly if you do not see that as too~~
~~much of an imposition on your pride."~~
in any manner to impose
~~much of an imposition on your pride."~~

you must *and* *you must tell me*
 "No, tell me, esteemed Doctor, what you think," said Alois, his voice
most normal (to the degree he could command it)
~~tones normal but his nostrils near to quivering in the close air of the hut.~~

"I would be obliged to say... You permit."

if *and*
 Alois nodded. He hardly knew whether he was at the commencement

of an intolerable sense of woe or whether a true burden was about to be lifted,

from him.

"Given your gracious permission,"

"Then I would say that I must caution you about this honorable and

have at present
 honest desire you ~~have now~~ to enter the endless permutations and vagaries of

It is so full of permutations,
 apiculture. *It is a vocation.*" He nodded. He turned again to Adi as if the *boy was*
one more equal, yes, all three sitting there as
~~boy was another equal, that they were all three equals.~~ "You, little fellow,"

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326

Der Alte "you, who"
he said, "who looks so smart, are you smart enough to know what a vocation
might be?"
can mean?"

"No," said Adi, "but ^{maybe} I think I do, yes, almost."

"You do. You know it ^{even} before you know it. That is the first sign of a
truly intelligent person, not so?" The sound of "nicht war?" vibrated into the
pit of Adi's stomach. ~~He felt more than comfortable with the curious odors~~
~~that lay so near to his nose.~~

"A vocation," said Der Alte, "is not something you must do ^{just} because ~~it~~
^{others have told}
~~is told to you by others~~ to do it. No, you have a vocation when there is no
choice but to give all you have ^{now} get to doing what is so important for you to
do."

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327

Judith - da 327-332 first.
 then Al - da 314-321 (trifle span)
 "Well, I would not wish to dispute your learned words," said Alois,

"but surely one can keep a hive ~~or two~~ without building a monastery ^{to} around-
 enshrining it. Why can it not be

what I see as a serious but modest investment for a retired man in a very

small business."

"It will never be that way," said Der Alte. "So much ^{much} as that I can

promise you. Heartbreak or happiness. Nothing between!" He added
 with all the profundity of a great
 and honored doctor. "You must be
 made aware of the riches that await
 you, the diseases and mortal enemies
 that surround our delicate bees, the
~~persecution~~! It is as if ^{all} the ~~little creatures~~,
~~without~~ creature of ~~nature~~ nature, large
 and small are jealous of their like living
 in honey, I can tell you of one ~~species~~
 of a ~~particular~~ genus, who species of
 spider, also is real, nothing less, it finds
 a promising flower and ~~does not~~ ensconces
 itself in the perfumed cavern itself; then
 it waits ready to strike, it activates the
 scent of flower by ~~the~~ stirring within
 so that its ~~own~~ ~~own~~ is ~~an~~ odorous by
 the elixir of the petals, what then? It

Fixed by
NKM 3/12/04

314

26.

As I have indicated directly, Magnus Gerucheles, Der Alte Zauberer, was one of ours. I had called him a perceiver and that is accurate. In recent years we have rarely used him and the benefit we have received from us have been small and not untypical. We provide him from time to time with a modest but nonetheless added sensitivity to his own perceptions, a common even standard practice of angels and demons alike. We look to rejuvenate faded loyalties with a gift from time to time. In turn, they do a little work for us. The taste of exquisite honey on Cedi's tongue as he and Alois come through the door was by way of a direct suggestion from me. I admit the old doctor - one of his least attractive ~~or~~ vanities, or, as it, hypocrisies is that he presents himself as an honored and most learned university graduate. I have heard him on separate occasions speak of his years at Heidelberg, Leipzig, Göttingen, Vienna and Berlin, none of which he attended. Indeed, only Heidelberg

314-323
Tiller's pen

365
Göttingen were even honored with a
visit. The old and learned doctor is
a fraud, a half Jewish Pole from Lwow of
no certified higher education who has
nonetheless and much through his own
effort acquired the verbal skills and
superior manner of an advanced university
graduate who has in his old age chosen
to live ~~more~~ more like an old drunk than
a doctor of philosophy, an old choice
since in fact he does not drink, but is
attracted to many of the slovenly even
debased habits of old sets. His clothes
are filthy, as is his white beard stained
deeply with nicotine and he has one of
those unhappy vulgarities ~~characteristic of~~
~~the~~ we soon best (usually with
lack of success) to suppress in our
clients. Moreover, to put no pretty words
on it, he is incontinent, and so his clothes
and his furnishings have all the
astigmatic authority of old wine.

Nonetheless, he is a tinker. His
lamp looking cap, his sense of himself as
some threat to a ~~country~~ doctor for he
sits in his own hut, painted or summer
bracketed in an old cap with all the
patches of color in a foot's mottled. With

all of that, he could hardly be
impressive in appearance ^{either} in (316)
His eyes are extraordinary, ~~and his~~ ^{and his} blue
as the coldest skies of the north, ~~but~~ ^{yet}
full of merry light as if he adored every
trick he had ~~and~~ ^{learned} and he had
learned many.

Alon, who had ~~had~~ encountered hundreds
of people a day for forty years, was hardly
to be surprised by anyone, but ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~success~~
~~suceeded~~ and that ~~was~~ ^{was} virtually
developed a wholly superior talent of
winning the first ~~moment~~ ^{moment} of ^{nearly} every passing
human encounter, since people were not
wholly prepared for the phenomenon of
meeting this custom official with all
his authority, his still recognizably peasant
origin, and his unending willingness to
frank Josef. Yet the ~~fact~~ ^{fact} ~~moment~~ ^{moment} ~~was~~ ^{was}
always, ~~belonged~~ ^{belonged} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~those~~ ^{those}. Few were
prepared for the intelligence that ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~eyes~~ ^{eyes}, "Try to fool me - you will
fail!" was their unmistakable message.

That may have been one reason I gave
the order to Der Aite to meet them at the
door as they approached, but with
that ~~amount~~ ^{amount} of honey for little Ed off.
Whatever Alon had been prepared for,
it could hardly have been this. So rude,
and so graceful all at once! He offered
himself only a superior smile from Der

- in this case for me since he was ^{once} one of my ~~clients~~ ^{present} clients - as I had anticipated, he did not have to end as a bizarre, impossible smelling hermit with an immense reputation for dealing with hordes of bees in a pretty little corner of Austria, as filled already with pretty little corners. I had lost valuable ~~time~~ ^{standing} with the Maestro speaking to him too soon, indeed decades ago, of the extraordinary promise I saw for in this young half-Polish half-Jewish Magyar, a real pagan with the ladies in his early days, yet he had settled for much too little in his later days as far as I was concerned.

Once they had taken their tea ~~derable~~ in ~~the~~ little cups and Alois in this stalling guile which enabled his host to ~~get~~ ~~up, then to leave to the host~~ pour him another cup in a more subtle form of reproach, they began at last to talk about the purpose of the visit.

Alois, ^{invariably} ~~personally~~ confident of dominating the ~~course~~ ^{onset} of a ~~long~~ conversation with ~~him~~ ^{himself} ~~often~~ who were new & met had developed an unhappy habit out of their very confidence. He would, like the first step in any ~~case~~ such verbal encounter even ~~when~~ ^{on} rare such occasions as this, ~~know~~ ^{be} that he was overmatched. He



was landed to the water
the water in the

So, he started his

Plum and Golden Plover

Don't say Martenayde (as of
Don't be Toulou 2-1

in reference to the

delivered was ~~not~~ he should be

and most morning of those are
merry - 22

the wet and moist of glaucous &

worked to deal with pressure and anxiety

where others could find us. As

has not been well understood that

is a good & necessary from me. \$07

~~Mr. J. H. Edwards~~ City. 1000 B. 18 Apr 1900

~~minima~~ minima were observed
at 10-20°C.

very like cents, but they ~~beats~~ ^{beat} them

with the least amount of time as possible

the quest for a new level of self-awareness

and ~~the~~ ^{was} Marshall pretty calm, in fact

at the Wagner" - from an unprecedented

10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044

the 24th of October

the inner ear, sensory neuropathy, & distal

instrument of the Administration, &

¹ I have been a
member of the
club for 10 years.

of 1000 - 1500 lbs. - 1 month later

at least 49 miles from

of the service in the past & a

is insufficiently confident if we rely

where I would have made the connection

11 "I will do it" said the little boy "you will"

your car! 4 1
I would have been with you

1. Control - Pass to Co

Mr. A. N. what you expect me to do

second, we checked open records
of Liriois Ky, 2-1-14

more less than whiskey back in 1864,

ity - the process of teaching very well

○ ○ ○ ○ ○

320
a young man, not to mention Herr
Tsch. I have put the arming of my thesis
therein when he came forth with the most
serious clinical studies on bee venom
and its potential for such necessary cures.

The only remaining difficulty in their
matter is, of ~~the~~ course, the immovable
obstacles to the administration of the
cure. I have ~~still~~ looking for modern
endeavors to direct the bee to the most
effective in the affected body, so
it removed that the "cure" is now
with a melting look (to refuse ~~the~~ the
nature's delight that existed already
between him and the bee) he added "who
lives on the other side of the earth from us,
have you heard?"

He nodded solemnly. He had indeed
~~traced~~ heard of the Chinese in his own-very
school house when ~~that~~ Franklin became
introduced the geography class as Boy
him on that distant placement of Asia and
India and China.

"Yes, in that far off near-my-throat land
of China, esteemed Finance-Walder Officer
Herr Killy, it is said that they use their
Chinese, the string of needles, to allocate
just an excellent solution I would think
since the least attraction of school
my beloved bees in their eagerness to
string when improperly applied to the eyes

they are there to love for their honey rather
than their merciless martyred ability (321)
to defend themselves.

Alain sensed that he would do well
to slink away from their topic of discussion
before he was overwhelmed. The tea had a
most ~~fine~~ penetrating aroma in his
nostrils which was abnormally compatible
with the wine. Needless to say he would
have preferred some beer to pump a few
of his preferred remarks into a forceful
statement, but Der Aik gave him no such
opportunity.

"Look," he remarked, "I cannot call you
my friend as yet, for I do not know you
except by your fine reputation, & by
of your honourable work and respectable
position has preceded our meeting. Your
father," he now said to Adi, "is most
well regarded by all, & but" — and he
was now back again with Alain, "I am
still tempted to call you my friend because
I feel in myself the inclination to warn
you and to counsel you. I have great
respect for you, dear Sir, but oh there is
so much to learn about this kees and
their good keeping," and he segued with
a sound of wood as resonant and physically
intimidating as one of a number of less
potent baldy sounds.

"Let me understand you most directly
if do not see that as too much of an

imposition on purple.^u
"I tell you that"

"No, tell me ~~Estimate~~ ^{Doyle} ~~Doyle~~, what you think," said Alon, his voice ^{personal} ~~personal~~ ^{with} ~~the sense of the removal~~ but his nostrils near to quivering in the close air of the hall.

"I would be obliged to say... Your
pennit."

Alain walked. He hardly knew whether
he was at the commencement of an intellectual
sense of war or whether a true garden was
about to be lifted from him.

"Then I would say that I must caution you about this honorable and honest desire you have now to enter the endless permutations and progress of a profession, it is a vocation." He nodded. He turned again to Adia as if the two were another equal, that they were all three equals. "You, little fellow," he said, "who looks so smart, are you smart enough to know what this word vocation can mean? It does, yes, almost."

"No," said Adi, "but I think I ~~should~~ ^{can} take it."

"Yando, You know it before you know it
that interfecats seem a truly intelligent
person, not so?" the sound of "night and"

"nicht war?" vibrated into the pit of
Edi's stomach. He felt more than comfortable
with the curious alarm that ~~gelled~~ lay so
near to his nose.

near to his nose
"A vocalizer," said ~~the~~ Dr. Alt "is not
something you must do because it is bad

to you together to do it. And, you have 323
a vocational when there is no choice
but to give all you have got to doing
what is so important for you to do."

"Well, I would not wish to dispute
your learned word; ~~But~~ said Alois,
but surely one can keep a hive or two
without ~~guttering~~ gutting a monastery
~~around the table~~ around what I see
as a serious but modest investment
for a retired man in a very small
business."

"It will never be that easy," said
De Althe. "So much so that, I can promise
you. Heartache or half pines. Nothing
between!"

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Superseded
by E-mail
to Doni
by Judith

-26-

Already, as I have more than indicated, Magnus Gerucheles, 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 some
added intuition to his perceptions, a practice common to angels and demons
alike—we look to revive faded loyalties with such a gift. In turn, our

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pensioners will do a little work for us. The impulse to put a spoonful of exquisite honey on Adi's tongue even as he and Alois came through the door was entirely by my suggestion. For certain, the old doctor did it just as I requested. The old doctor. I even call him that. It is one of his least attractive vanities. (He will insist that he is an honored and learned university graduate.) I have heard him speak on separate occasions of his years at Heidelberg, Leipzig, Gottingen, Vienna, Salzberg, and Berlin, none of whose great 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 from Lvov, of no certified upper education who has, nonetheless, and much through his own efforts, acquired the verbal skills and superior manner of a Doctor of Philosophy. If he has chosen in his old age to live like a

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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 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 work so carefully to suppress 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 throwback 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.

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His eyes are extraordinary, blue as the coldest skies of the north, yet full of merry lights that speak of every trick he has ever learned and they are many.

Alois, who had encountered hundreds of people a day for forty years, was hardly to be surprised by anyone new. 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 that 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 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.

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That may have been one reason I gave the order to Der Alte to meet the father and son at the door with that spoonful of honey, then insert it without leave or hesitation into the boy's small mouth. Whatever Alois had been preparing himself for, hardlyt could it have been this. So rude. So gracious! All at once! And nothing offered to Alois, only a superior smile from Der Alte as if his small house, this enlarged and piss-soaked hut, worse than an abode of fifteen cats and their leavings, was nonetheless Der Alte's place and he was happy in it, and, I may as well add, diabolically unembarrassed.

Moreover, Der Alte had won the boy over. It had taken no more than that one stroke. (Plus a dream on the night before.) Alois now perceived a look of admiration in Adi's eyes for this extraordinary old man. Indeed, the

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boy's eyes were alive with the same intensity of admiration that Alois had received all along the length of their walk together. He was feeling a ridiculous sentiment, but he reacted as if Der Alte had stolen something from him.

Now, they sat down. The old man fussed a little but most skillfully at preparing some tea. To Alois' further discomfort, the procedure was courtly. A very old gentleman, or even a very old lady, might have been 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 was always at his most intimidating when I was in the offing.)

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, impossible, smelly hermit with an immense reputation for dealing with hordes of bees in a pretty little corner of Austria, so filled already with its pretty little corners. I had lost valuable standing with the Maestro by remarking to him 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.

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Alois, used to dominating the onset of a conversation with any nine out of ten men or women newly met, had developed an unhappy habit because of this very confidence. He would, by now, take the first step in any new verbal encounter even when, on rare occasions such as this, he knew that he was overmatched. He was locked into his habit.

So he began by citing Pliny and Galen, Charlemagne, and Ivan the Terrible, just as he had planned in advance. He spoke, he believed, most movingly of the afflictions of those two great monarchs and the dedication of those two medical geniuses who looked to deal with ailments so grievous 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

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great deal from a particular occasion. He had been—"and would freely admit, respected Doctor Magnus"—prey to an unprecedented attack, "just one time, many bites to the knees which I could recognize subsequently provided considerable relief to what might have been the commencement of my rheumatism. 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 jst 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

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might also mention Herr 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 could both be seen by now as ailments of the past if not for the innumerable obstacles which 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?"

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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 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."

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

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compatible with the urine. Needless to say, he would have preferred a good swallow of beer. That might serve to pump a few of his prepared remarks into forceful statement, but as of now, this conversation certainly belonged to Der Alte.

"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 warn you and to counsel you. I have great respect for you, yes, dear sir, but, oh, there is much to learn about these bees and their good

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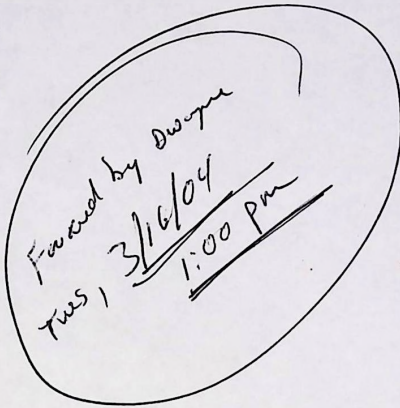
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keeping." He sighed with a sound of woe as physically intimidating as any of a number of less poetic bodily sounds.

"Let me declare that I would not wish in any manner to impose on your pride."

"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 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 was going to be the 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



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Already, as I ^{would remind the readers,} have more than indicated (Magnus Geruchles, 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 some ^{a bit of} added intuition ^{for} his perceptions, a ^{species of gift-giving} ~~practice common to~~

^{practised by} angels and demons alike—we look to revive faded loyalties with ^{these} such a gift.

^{a lagniappe, a Trinkgeld, so to speak,}

In turn, our pensioners will do a little work for us. The impulse to put a

spoonful of exquisite honey on Adi's tongue even as he and Alois came

through the door was entirely by my suggestion. For certain, the old doctor did it just as I requested. The old doctor. ~~He~~ ^I even call him that. It is one of his least attractive vanities. (He will insist that he is an honored and learned university graduate.) I have heard him speak on separate occasions of his years at Heidelberg, Leipzig, Gottingen, Vienna, Salzberg, and Berlin, none of whose great 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 ~~from~~ ^{born} ~~Lwow~~ of no certified upper education who, ~~has~~, nonetheless, ~~and~~ ^{has} much through his own efforts, ^{some of} acquired 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 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} ~~work so carefully to suppress~~ 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 ^{a throated can it be} ~~reinstatement of a~~ ~~throwback 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 ^{offer a clue to many a trick he has} ~~mercy lights that speak of every trick he has ever learned and they are many~~

Alois, who had encountered hundreds of people a day for forty years, was hardly to be surprised by ^{someone} ~~anyone~~ (new). 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 ^{sachse} ~~that~~ 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 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.

That may have been one reason I gave the order to Der Alte to meet the father and son at the door with that spoonful of honey, then insert it

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} only a superior smile

from Der Alte as if his small ^{hut}house, this enlarged and piss-soaked ~~hut~~, ^{den}

worse than an abode of fifteen cats and their leavings, was nonetheless Der

Alte's place and he was happy in it, and, I may as well add, diabolically

unembarrassed.

Moreover, Der Alte had won the boy over. It had taken no more than

that one stroke. (Plus ^{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, the

boy's eyes were alive with the same intensity of admiration that Alois had

received ^{during all} along the length of their walk together. ^{It even felt} He was feeling a

ridiculous ^{to him,} ~~sentiment~~, but he reacted as if Der Alte had stolen ^{the key,} ~~something~~
~~from him.~~

Now, they sat down. The old man fussed a little ^{although} ~~but~~ most skillfully at
preparing ~~some~~ tea. To Alois' further discomfort, the procedure was
courtly. A very old gentleman, or even a very old lady, might have been
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} ~~was always~~ at his most intimidating when I was in
the offing.)

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, impossible,

smelly hermit with an immense reputation for dealing with hordes of bees in

a pretty little corner of Austria, ^{a country} so filled already with its pretty little corners.

I had lost valuable standing ^{VIS-a-VIS} with the Maestro by remarking to him ~~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, used to dominating the onset of a conversation with any ^{man} ~~one~~ out of ten men or women newly met, had developed an unhappy habit

^{but}
~~because~~ of this very confidence. He would, by now, ^{even} take the first step in
~~any new~~ ^a verbal encounter ~~even~~ when, on rare occasions such as this, he
 knew that he was overmatched. He was ^{sequestered} ~~locked~~ into his habit.

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 had also learned a great deal from a particular occasion. He had been—"and
 would freely admit, respected Doctor Magnus"—^{had been} prey to an unprecedented
 attack, "just one time, many bites to the knees which I could recognize

subsequently provided considerable relief to what might have been the commencement of my rheumatism. 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} ~~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} ~~Herr~~ Terc who put the crowning cap on what could ^{have} ~~are~~

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} ~~could~~ both be seen by

now as ailments of the past if not for the innumerable obstacles which 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?"

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 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."

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 ~~(That might serve)~~ to pump a few of his prepared remarks into ^{more} forceful statement, but as of now, this conversation ^{did} certainly 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 ~~warn you and to~~ ^{say, oh, I must say} counsel you, ~~I have great respect for you,~~

~~yes, dear sir, but,~~ ^{dear sir, so} oh, there is 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~~ laissez-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

^{were} nostrils ~~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.

^{could this}
What ~~was going to be the~~ 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, 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" (as they used to say in Spital) that he had to ^{get out of his chair} ~~stand up~~ and start pacing the room, "no, I do not wish to dispute, but surely one can keep a hive without building a monastery to enshrine it. Absolutely not. I 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 can be made fully

aware of the risks that await you, the diseases and mortal enemies that

surround our delicate sweet-seeking bees. They know. In 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 ^{these remarkable} ~~these~~ bees who ~~live in honey~~. I can ^{are not only able to make honey but to} ~~live constantly~~ in its presence. I can in fact ^{you} ~~you~~ tell you of one genus of spider who is evil, nothing less. The crab spider, ^{it} ~~it~~ Die Krabbe-Spinne it,

is called. So soon as it finds a promising flower, it ensconces itself in the

^{the crab-spider} ~~it~~ ^{fully at home in the cavity} perfumed cavern itself. There ~~it~~ ^{it} waits, ~~it~~ ^{it} activates the scent of this flower

by stirring within those flowered walls 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

complete in that compartment!—ach, these other females are there to work

for the length of their short lives, to clean house, to serve the Queen's court,

or to forage. So here, contemplate 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, done in by the spider. Cruelly, ~~but~~ so

cruelly. For, at first, ^{the poor bee,} it is only half-gone. It has been paralyzed by the

^{of this crab-spider.} spider's sting. It lies there, numb, incapable of saving itself, while ^{the other,} this evil

^{altogether evil,} spider, ^{away,} proceeds to sip (on the vital liquids and subtle constituents of the bee's

internal elements. When nothing is left but the dry whisper of ^(an empty) a 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

a successful destroyer's sleep. ^{It slumbers, all safe, in the corolla.}

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 to ^(unhappy detail)

come. Der Alte now ^{found it requisite to talk} had a good deal to say about the bee-wolf, a veritable

brute of a wasp who would strike at the honeybee in the moment it was

alighting on a flower. The bee-wolf, "^{most} ~~so~~ 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 ~~squeeze~~ ^{then squashes} the belly of the honeybee

in order to disgorge all the nectar ~~the bee has~~ ^{that hard-working bee has a (nearly)} taken into herself. ~~It~~ ^{this} ~~honey~~ ^{honey} squeezed up from the belly

overflows out of her mouth into the maw of the bee-wolf. Is that enough?

^{Our wife} ~~This~~ ^{now undertakes the labor of flying away} predator then brings the stricken little victim to his nest, lays her ^{with his stricken little victim he brings her to} ~~with his stricken little victim~~ ^{a nest specially prepared and lays her} down next to as many six or eight still-living but wholly-paralyzed other ^{honey-bees}

~~wasps~~ ^{then} ~~and~~ ^{deposit} ~~proceeds to lay~~ one egg in that crypt with its live but unmoving

So soon as ^{so soon as} victims. ~~When~~ ^{When} this solitary egg becomes a larva, it is ready to eat its way up

the ladder ^{scale of life} into becoming another wasp, another bee-wolf, ^{so it begins} by consuming

^{by consuming} every last one of the suspended but living bodies arranged for its tidy

growth. The victims do ~~not~~ ^{cannot even} die. They ^{must} wait to be eaten. How? ^{is that accomplished?} 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 over ^{all} the days that ^{the} progeny—we are speaking of no more than one hungry maggot—enjoys for its growth.

"I have offered these two exceptional ^{cases} examples as lively examples of the perils in the life of any colony you may hope to protect. There are so many enemies. Skunks will fret their claws on the front wall of a hive until the guardian bees within come forth heroically to repel him. They are swallowed en masse. Toads wait beneath to pick up the droppings. Other variety of spider wrap individual webs around each bee they net. Ants are capable of invading your hive. I have seen some colonies, never my own, where the bees must tolerate the ants, and will even surrender a part of their space, provided the ants do not attack the brood. With mice, it is worse.

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~~they do.~~ Skunks will fret their claws on the front wall of a hive until the

guardian bees within come forth ^(They are heroic, but futile) heroically to repel him. They are swallowed

^(Another) en masse. Toads wait beneath to pick up the droppings. Other variety of

^{will} spider wrap individual webs ^{about} around each bee they net. Ants are capable of

invading your hive. I have seen ^{a number of} some colonies, never my own, where the

bees must tolerate the ants, and will even surrender a ^{portion} part of their space,

^(terribly) 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 inhabit the hive for

warmth and construct a nest for themselves. Even when the most valiant of

our home guard decide to attack the ^{intruder,} mouse, and actually succeed sometimes ^{by sheer numbers}

in stinging that invading ^{beast} monster to death, what can they do with the ^{dead mouse?} corpse?

It is ^{any Leviathan} huge, larger than an elephant to them. It will rot, and ^{make} leave the hive

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intolerable as a ~~domain~~. So they choose to cover the ^{corpse} bloated carcass with

^{which} disinfectant ^{a few green} they know how to manufacture out of pollen and ~~certain~~ buds.

Have you heard of this propolis? ^{can they make?}

"Certainly," said Alois, "and they also use it as a ^{to mend} cement ~~for~~ cracks in

their walls." ^{He looked not at all discouraged by}
^{all he had just been told,}

"I see," said Der Alte, "that I ^{was} have failed to discourage you."

"I live by the law of averages," said Alois. "I prefer to think of the
^{possibility of profit}
ongoing percentages ^{of} rather than the perils."

"Does the bee-wasp frighten you?" asked the old man of the boy.

^{Adi}
~~He~~ nodded, but then ~~he~~ was quick to say, "If my father is ready, then

so must I be."

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"You have a splendid son," said Der Alte.

Alois was ready to agree for the first time that ^{this} ~~it~~ ^{was} ~~might be~~ a possibility.

How nice it was to learn ~~on this Sunday~~ 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 what ^{all that} ~~might~~ not be ~~well~~ in place. So ^{Alois} ~~he~~ now wondered why Der Alte had been seeking to

discourage him? It made no ~~quick~~ sense. Given the state of his hut, the old man obviously ^{could use} ~~needed~~ the money. Why scorn a potential customer's desire to invest?

~~At last~~
For the first time, ~~he~~ felt as if he had a grasp on Der Alte. The ~~old~~ ^{old?}

hermit understood him ~~a little~~ better than others, decided Alois. "He knows

that I am a man who ^{looks to keep his pride intact} ~~is determined to keep to his~~ ~~unassailable~~ pride. I do not

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give way to the first warning. ^{So Der Alte} He must know that the more he discourages
me, the more I will be ready, at all costs, ~~determined to buy the necessities to~~
to begin my colony. ^{he will have his money after all!}

~~and a great many~~
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} talk of what you will do for me, and what I can do for
you?"

"~~Not yet.~~ Not quite yet," said Der Alte. "If you wish to remain a man
with a ^{modest} little hobby, I will, of course, ~~satisfy~~ be available for the necessary
materials. But ^{I see} in you, Sir, if I may speak on a more personal level, ~~I feel that~~
a true vocation is ~~ready to serve within~~ ^{ready} and so I would propose another
consideration, ^{a better} ~~another~~ approach. I, for example, to learn my metier, put in an

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apprenticeship that lasted for three years and provided me with ^{an advanced} ~~a~~ license.

What I would propose to you is a more collegial relationship ^{may} ~~can~~ I put it

so?—I am ^{prepared} ~~ready~~ over the next few years, for the most modest fees of

instruction, to have you ^{study as I work} ~~work~~ with me on my colonies ^{It could prove} in a most agreeable

arrangement ^{is} ~~for~~ 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} ~~so~~
~~surrounding at Hatfield here,~~
~~far as one can see,~~ we are the only two men of interesting intelligence ^{it} ~~to be~~
to be ^{on} ~~found~~ any of these nearby hills,
found."

Alois kept the smile on his face but his nostrils were paying ^{them} ~~a price~~ not

~~to betray his sentiment.~~ "Work for three years with you, you foul-smelling ^{old}

goat?" was what he did not ^{utter} ~~say~~. The compliment to his intelligence prevented

utter.

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the insect)
~~that~~ as completely as his need to come to an arrangement for *starting* the materials
with the old mountebank

In turn, I was horrified. No professional has a greater desire to
maintain his own competence *(and rank)* ~~than a devil who has earned his rank~~ *like myself*. I had
been incompetent here. Der Alte might be a pensioner, but I might have
neglected him too much. The loneliness revealed in *these* his last remarks were like
the chill in an old stone house that has not been occupied for *to* 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 meeting* *with* ~~The~~ spoonful of
honey could have been a *serious* ~~catastrophic~~ mistake. The Maestro would not be
tolerant of any mischief that developed between Adi and our Alte. Calculated

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mischievous was our province, ^{but must} and ~~did~~ ^{not} belong to a client if we could prevent

it. We look to direct romantic habits, ^{rather than} ~~not~~ ^{correct} be obliged to explain them! Any

episode that might occur between the old man and the boy ^{would not be} could not be, ~~it~~

^(Too many indeterminables!) ^(But in) ~~thought~~ to the Maestro's inclination. Not so early! In the etching of the

dream ~~that I had~~ ^a composed for Adi, had it been my notion to use the spoonful

of honey, or ^{was} ~~had~~ ^{by way of} that been initiated by 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 ^{All of us, blockheads,} ~~all~~ blockheads, ^{and} 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."

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Der Alte nodded. He, too, had his pride. No matter the pain, 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 other 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 eyes were full of love. expression was
Tears came into Adi's eyes. ~~And that his mother~~
~~would be soon back again. She had promised~~
~~to be here again. But that seemed, that was~~
Adi had not even seen its equal in Klara's eyes for, ~~at~~ so long a time.
~~the equal of such love~~

It would seem have another baby, and it would be like before, far away again. He had not seen the book he accused to find her eyes when she looked at him. ⁱⁿ a while, (most of chapter).

Faded by
DWT
3/30/04

Deane.

Fair pp 314-330

+ the SIOE form
to Judith

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Already, as I would remind the reader, Magnus Gerucheles, 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 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 for us. The impulse to put a spoonful of exquisite honey on Adi's tongue even as he and Alois came through the door was entirely by my suggestion. For certain, the old doctor did it just as I requested. The old doctor. Even I call him that. It is one of his least attractive vanities. (He will insist that he is an honored and learned university graduate.) I

have heard him speak on separate occasions of his years at Heidelberg, Leipzig, Gottingen, Vienna, Salzberg, and Berlin, none of whose great 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 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 ^{even} wears in summer ~~and~~ indoors ~~and out~~ does serve his devoted image of himself as some kind of ~~reinstatement~~ ^{statement}—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.

Alois, who had encountered hundreds of people a day for forty years, was hardly to be surprised by someone new. 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~~ ^{Yet there} he was at his post, or, later in career, at his desk, ~~still~~ ^{while} exhibiting the strength of his peasant roots, ~~yet~~ ^{physical resemblance} offering his uncanny likeness (to Franz Josef. The first moment, therefore, ~~always~~ ^{invariably} 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.

~~That~~ ^{This} may have been ~~one reason~~ ^{why} I gave the order to Der Alte to meet the father and son at the door with ~~that~~ ^a spoonful of honey, then insert it without leave or hesitation into the boy's ~~small~~ ^{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 place and he was happy in it, and, I may as well add, diabolically unembarrassed.

Moreover, Der Alte had won the boy over. It had taken no more than that one stroke. (^{our work at} Plus 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, the boy's eyes were alive with the same intensity of admiration that Alois had received during all the length of their walk together. It ~~even~~ felt ridiculous to him, but he reacted as if Der Alte had stolen the boy.

Now, they sat down. The old man fussed a little ^{albeit} ~~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 showing ^{our Alois} ~~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 ^{also} ~~be~~ ^{at his most} intimidating when I ^{am} ~~was~~ in the offing.)

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, impossible, smelly hermit with an immense reputation for dealing with hordes of bees in

a pretty little corner of Austria, a country filled already with its pretty little corners. I had lost 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 *almost instantly* (as a most subtle form of reproof) they began at last to talk about the reason for the visit.

Alois, 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 encounter when, ~~on rare occasions such as this~~, he knew ^{general} (that he was *Indeed, he had all but cloistered himself into a* 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 two great monarchs and the dedication of those 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~~ ^{received his intimations} of future miseries, and, in recompense, had also learned a great deal from ^{one} a particular occasion. He had been ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~would freely admit, respected Doctor Magnus~~ ^{had been} prey to an unprecedented attack, "just ^{that} one time, many bites to the knees which I ~~could~~ ^{could} recognize subsequently provided considerable relief to what might have been the commencement of my rheumatism. 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! ^{Doctor} 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 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?"

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 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."

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^{up} a few of his prepared remarks

into more forceful statement, 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, 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" (as they used to say in Spital) that he had to get out of his chair and start pacing the room, "no, I do not wish to dispute, but surely one can keep a hive without building a monastery to enshrine it. Absolutely not. I 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 can be made fully aware of the risks that await you, the diseases and mortal

enemies that surround our delicate sweet-seeking bees. They know. ^{From the} In

^{point of view of nature itself} ~~nature~~, (the honey they make is the equivalent of gold. It is as if ^{so many of} all the

^{these} ~~the~~ creatures of nature, large and small, are jealous of the life of ~~those~~

remarkable bees who are not only able to make honey but to live constantly

^{in such a golden and intoxicating presence} in its presence. I can inform you of one genus of spider who is evil, nothing

less. ^{Krabbe-Spinner} ~~Die Krabbe-Spinner~~, it is called. So soon as it finds a promising flower,

it ensconces itself ⁱⁿ the perfumed cavern ^{itself}. There ^{this} the crab-spider

waits, fully at home in the ^{intoxications of the} corolla. It activates the scent of ^{these} this flower by

stirring within ~~these~~ flowered walls until its own odor is overcome by the

elixir of the petals. What then? It waits. When the forager-bee, ^{our} this sweet

hard-working female with its undeveloped ovaries—only the Queen is

complete in that compartment!—ach, these other females are there to work

for the length of their short lives, to clean house, to serve the Queen's court,

or to forage. So here, contemplate ^{our} 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, done in ~~by the spider~~. Cruelly, so cruelly. For, at first, the poor bee is only half-gone. It has been paralyzed by the sting of this crab-spider. It lies there, numb, incapable of saving itself, while the 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 a successful destroyer's sleep. It slumbers, all sated, in the corolla."

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 ^{Female} ~~brute~~ of a wasp who would strike at the honeybee in 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 ^{she} ~~it~~ knows how to do. ^{she} ~~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 ^{of} (flying away with ^{her} ~~his~~

stricken little victim. ^{she} ~~He~~ brings her to a nest specially prepared and lays her

down next to as many ^{as} (six or eight still-living but wholly-paralyzed other ^{and} in that crypt) who will later feed on those honey-bees, then proceeds to deposit one egg in that crypt with its live but

unmoving victims. So soon as this solitary egg becomes a larva, it is ready

to eat its way up the scale of life into ^{the form of} becoming another wasp, another bee-

wolf. So it begins by consuming ^{has been put there} every last one of the suspended but living

bodies arranged for its tidy growth. The victims cannot even die. They

must wait to be eaten. ^{And what can it be that} How is that accomplished? What can preserve them? ^{until they}

^{are engorged} 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 ^{of these paralyzed bees} bees' flesh over all the

days that this progeny — we are speaking of no more than one hungry

^{needs} maggot ~~enjoys~~ for its growth.

"I have offered these two exceptional cases as lively examples of the

perils ^{to} in the life of any colony you may hope to protect. There are so many

enemies. Skunks will fret their claws on the front wall of a hive until the

guardian bees within 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, ^{in order that} provided, the ants do not attack the ~~combs that contain the future~~ brood. With mice, it is worse. They loot the combs for the honey stored in

them. In winter, they inhabit the hive for warmth and construct a nest for themselves. ~~Even~~ ² when the most valiant of our home guard ~~decide~~ ³ to attack the intruder, and actually succeed by sheer numbers in stinging that

invading monster to death, what can they do with the dead mouse? ^{to them, it} It is larger than Leviathan ^{The carcass} to them. It will rot, and make the hive intolerable. So

they choose to cover ^{this catastrophic dead presence} the corpse with disinfectant which they know how to manufacture ^{from} out of pollen and a few green buds. ^{that} Have you heard of this

^{it?} ~~this~~ propolis they can make?

"Certainly," said Alois. "They also use ^{propolis} it as cement ^{for mending} to mend cracks in their walls." He 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 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.

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~~ ^{Doubtless!} could use the money. ~~Why~~ ^{then} 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 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 ^{and most confident} 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, ^{the} ~~a~~ ^{possibility of 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 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 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 ^{hills and} verdant fields that surround ~~us at~~ ^{the} Hafeld here, we are the only two ^{individuals} ~~men~~ of interesting intelligence, ^{to be found on any of these nearby hills."}

Alois kept the smile on his face but his nostrils were ^{still} ~~paying~~ ^{the} ~~price~~. "Work for three years with you, you foul-smelling old goat?" was 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

incompetent here. Der Alte might be a pensioner, but I might have neglected him ^{for long} 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 have been a serious mistake. The Maestro would not be tolerant of any mischief that developed between Adi and ~~our~~ ^{Der} Alte. Calculated mischief was our province, but must not belong to a client, not if we could prevent it. We look to direct romantic habits, rather than ^(serve the obligation) be obliged to correct them! Any ^{future} 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 ^{products} ~~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 ^{just} like before, ^{with Edmund,} Far away again. He ^{would not see} ~~had not seen~~ the love he ^{searched} ~~adored~~ to find in her eyes ~~when she looked at him~~. Not for a while.