

314-323
Tulsa, Okla

26.

As I have indicated already, Morgan
Gervacheles, Der Alte Tanager, was
one of them. I have called him, because
and that is accurate, in recent years,
we have made use of him and the language
in his recent poems. I have been much
and not only that, we provide him from
time to time with a number of
newspapers and other materials to let
him participate, a common error
abundant practice of any kind of literary
criticism - we look to recognize that
language with a gift from time to time.
I believe, things are a little worse now. The
rate of repetitive honey on cell's
tongue as he can about come through the
door was by way of a direct response
from me. I believe in old people now
of his least attractive to me, however,
it is, however, in the past
himself in an honest and more honest
university graduate, I believe, I believe
on a scale of 1 to 10, I believe, I believe
him at the end, I believe, I believe, I believe
Venus and Mars, I believe, I believe, I believe
attended, indeed, only the beginning.

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all of that, he could hardly be
impressive in appearance ³¹⁶ but in
his eyes an extraordinary ~~quality~~ ^{blue}
as the coldest steel of their north, ~~but~~ ^{yet}
full of merry laughter as if he adored living
truth he had ~~and~~ ^{learned} and he had
learned many.

Also, who had ~~not~~ encountered hundreds
of people a day for forty years, was hardly
to be surprised by anyone, but ~~the~~ ^{his} ~~presence~~
~~surprised~~ and that ~~was~~ ^{was} virtually
developed a wholly superior lack of
winning the first moment of ^{meeting} ~~meeting~~ passing
human encounter since people were not
wholly prepared for the phenomenon of
meeting this customer official with all
his authority, his still recognizably peasant
origins, and his unassuming likeness to
Franz Josef. Yet the first moment almost
always, belonged to Elsie. Few were
prepared for the intelligence that stood out
in his eyes, "Try to fool me - you will
fail!" was their unmistakable message.

That may have been one reason I gave
the order to Mr. A to meet them at the
door as they approached but with
that splash of honey for little Ed. ^{off}
Whatever Elsie had been prepared for,
I could hardly have been this. So rude,
and so quick and all at once! I do offer to
myself only a superior smile from Mr.

Alte, and the most comfortable
recognition that their hands were
enlarged and press-soaked but worse than
an ankle of 150 lb. city and their leaving
was something they would not place and let
leave to pay in it and, you might say,
disobolately remembered.

Moreover, he had been the ~~long~~ ^{most} successful
a student. ~~Plac~~ ^{placed} ~~in~~ the same ~~rank~~ ^{rank} of admir-
ation for his ~~work~~ ^{work} as for the ~~old~~ ^{old} man that he
as the ~~best~~ ^{best} of all ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~young~~ ^{young} men in the
felt, & that he recognized it for a ridiculous
statement that Dr. A. H. had a ~~large~~ ^{large}
stolen something from him

[illegible]

Which I can support; it once the
reason I do not let him for all his gifts,
neal and counsel be it he has never
accomplished an end for me ~~for~~

(319)

~~Just~~ was lashed to the wall
So, he started by speaking of
Plum and Galen, Charlemagne's counsel
was the terrible even as had planned
in advance, ~~and~~ he spoke he
believed most movingly of those great
monarchs and modest geniuses, who
looked to deal with great ailments for
which others could find no cure. It
was not he would vouchsafe, that
he suffered grievously from joint of
~~the~~ rheumatism, merely, you agreed
say the kind of future began beginning,
but he had learned a great deal from
the one occasion when he had suffered
"and ~~he~~ would freely admit, respect
Doctor Magnus" — from an unprecedented
attack, just one time, with many hits to
the knee and "relief thereafter of the
commencement of my rheumatism. I
wished at that point to have seen a
medical scientist for I would have
entered research on the subject. I am
even so sufficiently confident of myself
to believe I would have made discoveries."

"Quite so," said Dr. Altz, "you might
you might say well have become involved
Dear Sir what you believe that to be
discovery has indeed been made
by no one less than ^{Dr. Rom'sky} Wilhelmy Backin 1864,
thirty-two years ago when you were still

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a young man, not to mention Herr
Terc who put the crowning cap on this
thesis 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 this
matter is, of ~~of~~ course, the innumerable
obstacles to the administration of the
cure. When still looking for money
and way to direct the bee to the most
efficient on the affected body, it
is rumored that the Chinese ~~are~~ now
with a melting look (to refrain ~~from~~ the
mutual 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
~~heard~~ heard of the Chinese in his one-room
schoolhouse when ~~the~~ Franklin Werner
introduced the geographically class book
him on the distant placement of Asia and
India and China.

"Yes, in that far off near-my-throat land
of China, esteemed Finance-~~Value~~ Office
Herr Hitler, it is said that they use their
clenched, the stings of needles to allocate
gold, an excellent solution I would think
since the least attraction aspect of
my beloved bees is their eagerness to
sting when improperly approached yes

they are then to love for their honey rather than their more or less martyrdom ability (321) to defend themselves.

Alvin sensed that he would be called to slink away from this topic of discussion before he was overwhelmed. The tea had a most ~~pleasant~~ penetrating aroma in his nostrils, which was already commonplace with the wine. I addressed to him he seemed have preferred some beer to pump a few of his preferred remarks into the forced social statement, but Dr. A.H. gave him no such opportunity.

"Look," he remarked, "I cannot tell you my friends yet, for I do not know you except by your few reputation, being of your honorable work and respectable position has preceded our meeting, your father," he now said to Alvin, "is, most well regarded by all, but" — and he was now back again with Alvin. "I am still tempted to tell you my friend because I feel in myself the inferiority to work you and to counsel you. I have great respect for you, dear Sir, before there is so much to learn about that kees and then good keepings" and he segued with a sudden look of, somewhat and physically intimidating as one of a number of less polite solid conversation.

"Let me know if you most kindly if do not see that too much of an

to you together to start. As you have
a social class when they're no more
but to give all you have got to doing
what's important for you today?
"Well, I would not want to do that
yourself and say, 'I'm a hard laborer,
but surely one can be a hard laborer
without ~~giving~~ ^{giving} a man a money bag
~~and a man~~ ^{and a man} without ^{giving} him a
social class?"

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As I have indicated directly, Magnus Gerucheles, Der Alte Zauberer, was one of ours. I 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 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 Adi's tongue as he and Alois came through the door was by way of a direct suggestion from me. I alerted the old doctor—one of his least attractive vanities, or, is 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, Gottingen, Vienna, and Berlin, none of which he attended. Indeed, only Heidelberg and Gottingen were even honored with a visit. 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 who has in his old age chosen to live more like an old drunk than a doctor of

philosophy, an odd choice since in fact he does not drink, but is attracted to many of the slovenly, even debased, habits of old sots. His clothes are filthy, as is his white beard stained deeply with nicotine and he has one of those unhappy body odors we 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 his clothes and his furnishings have all the astringent authority of old urine.

Nonetheless, he is striking. His long stocking cap, his sense of himself as some throwback to a country jester for he sits in his own hut, winter or summer, swathed in an old cape with all the patches of color in a fool's motley. With all of that, he could hardly be impressive in appearance, yet he is. His eyes are extraordinary, blue as the coldest skies of the north, yet full

of merry lights as if he adored every trick he had ever learned and he had learned many.

Alois, who had encountered hundreds of people a day for forty years, was hardly to be surprised by anyone, and had virtually developed a wholly superior habit of winning the first moment of nearly every passing human encounter since people were not wholly prepared for the phenomenon of meeting a Customs official with all his authority, his still recognizable peasant origins, and his uncanny likeness to Franz Josef. Yes, the first moment almost always belonged to Alois. Few were prepared for the intelligence that stood out in his eyes. "Try to fool me—you will fail!" was their unmistakable message.

That may have been one reason I gave the order to Der Alte to meet them at the door as they approached his hut with the spoonful of honey for 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 hit, worse than an abode of fifteen cats and their leavings, was nonetheless Der Alte's place and he was happy in it, and, you might say, diabolically unembarrassed.

Moreover, he had won the boy over with a stroke. Alois perceived the same look of admiration in Adi's eyes for this old man that he, as the father, had enjoyed all during their walk. He felt, even as he recognize it for a ridiculous sentiment, that Der Alte had already stolen something from him.

Now they sat down. The old man most skillfully at making some tea.

To Alois' annoyance, he was now courtly. It could have been a very old gentleman, or even a very old lady, who was showing him how little he knew—after all these years!—of how to commence a visit and offer a small tea ceremony between absolute strangers, but then this old sorcerer was always at his best and worst intimidating when he sensed I was in the offing.

Which, I can suggest, is one of the 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. 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 pretty little corners. I had lost

valuable standing with the Maestro speaking to him too soon, indeed, decades 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 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 pour him another cup in a most subtle form of reproof, they began at last to talk about the purpose of the visit.

Alois, invariably confident of dominating the onset of a conversation with nine out of ten 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 locked to the habit.

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

"Just so," said Der Alte, "you might, you might very well have, because indeed, dear sir, what you believe is there to be discovered has indeed been discovered by no one less than Likomsky back in 1864, thirty-two years ago when you were still young man, not to mention Herr Tere who put the crowning cap on this thesis when he came forth with the most serious chemical studies on bee veno and its potential for such necessary cures. Th only remaining difficulty in this matter is, of course, the innumerable obstacles of the adiministration of the cure. We are still looking for modes 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 (to refresh the mutual delight that existed already between him and the boy) he added, "who live on the other side of the earth from us, have you heard?"

Adi nodded solemnly. He had indeed heard of the Chinese in his one-room school house when Fraulein Werner instructed the geography class above him on the distant placement of Asia and India and China.

"Yes, in that far-off near-mythical land of China, esteemed Finance-Watch Officer Herr Hitler, it is said that they use, these Chinese, the stongs 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, they are there to love for their honey, rather than their more or less martyred ability to defend themselves."

Alois sensed that he would do well to slink away from this topic of discussion before he was overburdened. The tea had a most penetrating aroma in his nostrils which was obviously compatible with the urine.

Needless to say, he would have preferred some beer to pump a few of his prepared remarks into forceful statement, but Der Alte 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. Word of your 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 tempted to call you my friend because I feel in myself the imperative to warn you and to counsel you. I have great respect for you, dear sir, but, oh, there is so much to learn about these bees and their good keeping," and he sighed with a sound of woe as resonant and physically intimidating as any of a number of less poetic bodily sounds.

"Let me understand you most directly if you do not see that as too much of an imposition on your pride."

"No, tell me, esteemed Doctor, what you think," said Alois, his voice tones normal but his nostrils near to quivering in the close air of the hut.

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

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.

"Then I would say that I must caution you about this honorable and honest desire you have now to enter the endless permutations and vagaries of apiculture. It is a vocation." He nodded. He turned again to Adi as if the boy was another equal, that they were all three equals. "You, little fellow,"

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

"No," said Adi, "but I think I do, yes, almost."

"You do. You know it 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 because it 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 got to doing what is so important for you to do."

"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 around
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 as that I can
promise you. Heartbreak or happiness. Nothing between!"

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As I have ^{a broader} 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, ^{from} 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 personalities} they do a little work for us.
 The impulse to put a spoonful of ^{It is} ~~us~~ ^{even} The taste of exquisite honey on Adi's tongue as he and Alois came through

~~doomed~~ 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 ^{like with} ~~he~~ insist that he is
 doctor one of his least attractive vanities, or, is it, hypocrisy, is that he

~~present 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 ^{who has}

Is he has chosen

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

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~~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 ^{had} ~~had~~

learned many.

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

was hardly to be surprised by anyone, ^{4k for that matter,} and had, ^{virtually} developed a wholly

superior habit of ^{capturing} winning the first moment of ^{in just about} nearly every passing human
^(new commercial travellers)
^{Tourists and} 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 stigmata of his peasant
 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 eyes.} ^{was 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

them at the door ^{that} ~~as they approached his hut~~ with ^{then} ~~the~~ spoonful of honey for ^{insert it without leave on hesitation into the boy's small mouth} ~~little Adelf.~~ ^{preparing himself} Whatever Alois had been prepared for, it could hardly have been

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

^{See how} ~~ridiculous sentiment, that~~ ^{he reacted as if} 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' further discomfort, the procedure was~~
~~so that he~~
 To Alois' ~~annoyance~~, he was ~~now~~ courtly. It could have been ^{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} 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 ^{knows} ~~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~~
^{expected} he would become one of my prize clients
 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 remarking} 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 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 locked ⁱⁿ to the habit.

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began by citing
 So he ~~started by speaking of~~ Pliny and Galen, Charlemagne, and Ivan

the Terrible, even as he had planned in advance, ~~as~~ ^{he} spoke, he believed,

most movingly of those great monarchs and medieval geniuses who ~~liked~~ ^{looked} to

deal with grievous ailments for which others could find no cure. It was not, he

would vouchsafe, that he ~~suffered grievously~~ ^{personally had} from gout or rheumatism,

merely, you could say, ~~the hint of future beginnings~~ ^{he had felt} ^{miseries} ^{also} but he had learned a

great deal from ~~the occasion when he had suffered~~ ^{one particular} ^{been prey to} "and" will freely admit,

respected Doctor Magnus" ^{pray to} ~~from~~ an unprecedented attack, "just one time,

many bites to the knees and ~~relief thereafter~~ ^{which I could recognize subsequently if provided} of the commencement of my

rheumatism. I wish ~~at that point to have been~~ ^{I would have given much to be} a medical scientist for I would

^{begin} have entered research on the subject. I am even ~~so~~ sufficiently confident of

myself to believe I would ^{probably} ^{significant} 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 believe ^{then believed was} is ^{used} (there to be discovered) has (indeed been

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

when you were still ^a young man, ^{and I might also} not to mention Herr Terc ^{Herr 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} and its potential for such ^{valuable} necessary cures. The

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

^{in the way of administrative treatment} obstacles ^{of the administration of the cure} (We are still looking for ^{proper} 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 ^{employ the stings} they 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-martyred} their ~~more or less~~ martyred ability to defend themselves."

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

discussion before he was ^{actually} ~~overburdened~~ with ^{his} ~~a~~ lack of counter-response

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

Indicate where a Cash out the manuscript for their, then call back to talk.

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Needless to say, he would have preferred ^{a good glass 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 work} ~~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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declare that I would not wish for my manner
~~"Let me understand you most directly. If you do not see that as too~~
~~much~~
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."

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

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 ~~has 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
~~with any more~~
 boy was ~~as the~~ equal, that they were all three equals. "You, little fellow,"

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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 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."

"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. Why can it not be a serious but modest investment for a retired man in a very small business?"

"It will never be that way," said Der Alte. "That much I can promise you. Heartbreak or happiness. Nothing between!" He nodded with all the profundity of a great and learned doctor. You must be made aware of the risks that await you, the diseases and mortal enemies that surround our delicate bees. It is as if all the creatures of nature, large and small, are jealous of their life living in honey. I can tell you of one spider who is evil, nothing less. It finds a promising flower and ensconces itself in the perfumed cavern itself. There it waits ready to strike. It activates the scent of the flower by stirring

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—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, and here is this poor forager. It smells the inimitable redolence of the flower's cavern, it enters to pick up its fill of nectar and pollen and is assassinated by the spider. But so cruelly. First it is paralyzed by the sting, then as it lies there numb and incapable of saving itself, the spider proceeds to sip and to guzzle on the vital liquids and subtle constituents of the bee's form. When nothing is left by the dry whisper of a hull, a husk, the spider goes to the actual labor of

ejecting the remains from the flower, after which, I 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. But there was more to come. Der Alte had a good deal to say about the bee-wolf, a brute of a wasp who would catch the honeybee at the moment of alighting on a flower, and the beewolf, "so appropriately named," would always go for the throat. "The honeybee has a soft throat. Once again, our forager is paralyzed. The wasp in complete command of what it knows very well how to do, then proceeds to squeeze the honeybee in the belly to disgorge all the nectar the bee has taken into herself in sweet little sips. It all pours out of her mouth into the bee-wolf's. Is that enough? No. This predator then brings the stricken little victim to his nest,

lays her down like a devoted vampire next to as many six or eight still living but wholly paralyzed other bees, and proceeds—I wish to initiate you into the horrors you must expect if you love honeybees as I do—proceeds to lay an egg in one of the victims. I can vouchsafe that when the egg becomes a larva and begins to eat its way up into becoming another wasp, another bee-wolf, why, it manages to consume every last one of the suspended but living 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 over the days and weeks that the progeny—that one hungry maggot—enjoys for its growth.

"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 come forth to repel him—and are swallowed en masse. Toads wait beneath to pick up the droppings. Spiders wrap individual webs around each bee they net. Ants and mice are each capable separately of invading your hives. I have seen some hives, never my own, where the bees must tolerate the ants, surrender a part of their space, provided the ants do not attack the brood. It is even worse with the mice. They loot the combs and the honey stored in them, they inhabit the hive and construct a big nest for themselves. Even when the best of our home guard decide to attack the

mouse, that living monster, and succeeds as sometimes they do in stinging him to death, what can they do with that huge corpse? Before it can rot, they cover it over with their own bees' cement, propolis—have you heard of that?"

"Certainly," said Alois.

"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 boy.

He nodded, but then he replied, "But 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 real possibility. How nice it was to learn on this Sunday that his little Adolf was

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, reminded him 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, no fool, knew people well. He could understand Alois better than others, decided Alois. "He knows that I am a man who prides himself on his unassailable pride. I do not give way to bad news. He knows that the more he discourages me, the more I will be determined to buy the beginnings of my hive and persevere."

Alois now gave Der Alte what he considered his largest, warmest smile. "I respect your cautions," 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. "Forewarned, forearmed, yes! Maybe the boy would like to look into one of my hives."

"I would like that," said Adolf.

"You 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 boy," said Der Alte.

-26-

As I have already 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 rarely used him and benefits he has received from us have been small. We provide him from time to time with some added sensitivity to his local perceptions, a common, even standard, practice for angels and demons alike—we look to rejuvenate faded loyalties with such a gift from

time to time. 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 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, and Berlin, none of whose great schools he attended. Indeed, only Heidelberg and Gottingen were 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 an advanced university graduate. If he has chosen in his old age to live

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 cap manages to be full of soup stains and his white beard is stained with nicotine. He has, moreover, one of those unhappy body odors we work so 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 indoors and out, 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 patches of bright color, a fool's motley.) One could hardly expect him to be

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 if he adored every trick he had ever learned and he has learned many.

Alois, who had encountered hundreds of people a day for forty years, was hardly to be surprised by anyone. He had, for that matter, virtually developed a wholly superior habit of capturing the first moment in just about every passing human encounter. Tourists and newcomers alike, travellers were not prepared for the phenomenon of meeting a Customs official who possessed so much authority. Yet there he was, at his post, or, later, at his desk, still bearing the strength of his peasant roots, yet offering all the while his uncanny likeness to Franz Josef. The first moment, therefore, almost always belonged to Alois. 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 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 himself for, it could not 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, 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 say, diabolically unembarrassed.

Moreover, he had won the boy over. It had taken no more than one stroke. Alois now perceived a look of admiration in Adi's eyes for this old man, the same intensity of admiration indeed that Alois had enjoyed receiving all during their walk together. Even as he could recognize that he was feeling a ridiculous sentiment, he reacted as if Der Alte had stolen something from him.

Now they sat down. The old man fussed 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!—of the elegance of a tea ceremony between absolute strangers. (Of course, this old sorcerer was always at his best and most intimidating when he knew 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, 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 too soon, indeed, 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, 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 in a

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

Alois, invariably confident of dominating the onset of a conversation with ny nine out of ten men or women 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 locked in the habit.

So he began by citing Pliny and Galen, Charlemagne, and Ivan the Terrible, even as he had planned in advance. He spoke, he believed, most movingly of those great monarchs and medieval geniuses who looked to deal with grievous ailments for which 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, he had felt the hint of future miseries, but he had also learned a great deal from one particular occasion. He had been prey 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 relief 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 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, because indeed, dear sir, what you then believed was there to be discovered had indeed been detected by no less a figure than Likomsky back in 1864, thirty-

two years ago when you were still a young man, and I might also mention Herr Terc who put the crowning cap on this thesis—which you in your privacy saw as your very own—when Herr Terc came forth with the most serious chemical studies on bee venom and its as-yet-undeveloped potential for such valuable cures. The only remaining difficulty in this matter is, of course, the innumerable obstacles in the way of administering treatment. We are still 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, "who live on the other side of the earth from us, have you heard?"

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 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, much more than 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

most penetrating aroma in his nostrils which was curiously compatible with the urine. Needless to say, he would have preferred a good swallow of beer should it come to pumping a few prepared remarks into forceful statement, but Der Alte was giving him no such opportunity. All of this talk still belonged to him.

"I cannot," he remarked, "begin to call you my friend as yet, for I do not know you only by your fine reputation. Word of your former most 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

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.

"Given your gracious permission, I would say that I must caution you about this honorable and honest desire you have at present to enter the endless vagaries of apiculture. It is so full of permutations. 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 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, "maybe 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.

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

"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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Judith-da 327-332 final.

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 ~~of 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 nodded
 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
~~poor creatures!~~ It is as if ^{all} the ~~little creatures~~
~~within~~ creatures of ~~various~~ nature, large
 and small are jealous of them like living
 in honey, I can tell you of one ~~species~~
 of ~~particular~~ green ~~color~~ species of
 spider also is evil, nothing less, it finds
 a promising flower and ~~itself~~ - ensconces
 itself in the perfume cavern itself, then
 it waits ready to strike, it activates the
 scent of flower by ~~the~~ stirring within
 so that its own odor is ~~an~~ overcome by
 the elixir of the petals, what then? It

waits. When the poor forager-⁽³²⁸⁾ bee, this sweet
hard-working female with undeveloped
ovaries - only the queen is complete in
that compactness - these other females
are there to work for the day they live, to clean
hives, to clean hives, to serve the queen,
to court or to forage, and here is this poor
forager. It is small, the inimitable mid-lane
of the flower is common, it enters a ~~pink~~
pink white full of nectar and pollen and
is assassinated by the spider. But so
cruelly. 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 constructions of the bee's form.
When nothing is left but the dry
whisper of a husk, a husk, the spider goes
to the actual labor of ejecting the remains
from the flower, after which, I suppose,
it can go to sleep 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 Alon. But there was more to come.
In Alte had a good deal to say about
the bee-wolf, a ~~very~~ brute of a creature 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 wolf in complete command

of what it knows very well how to (329)
 rather proceed ~~to~~ ^{the honey-bee in} to squeeze ^(the really) the body
 of our honey-bee hard enough to force it
 to disgorging all the nectar ^{the bee has taken}
 into himself ^{in a sweet little spot}. It
 all pour out of her mouth into the bee-wolf's
 throat. Is that enough? No, this predator
 thinks ^{using} the stronger little victim to
 her neck, lay her down like a devoted
 vampire next as many as ^{or} ^{sign} ^{see} ^{spit}
 still living but slowly paralyzed other
 bees, and proceeds ^{to} ^{initiate}
 you into the horror you may expect of
 your bee honey-bees as I do. proceed
 to lay an egg in one of the victim. I can
 vouch for that when the egg becomes
 large and begins to eat its way up into
 becoming another wasp, another bee-wolf.
~~while~~ it manages to consume every
 last one of the suspended but living
 corpses arranged for its tickle growth.
 The victim does not die. They want to
 be eaten. How? What can I have seen,
 it is simple. Our good system of nature has
 all the cunning of a maniac. It is
 the woman in the ^{un} ^{pro} st ^{ing} that preserves
 the bees over the day and under that the
 prey - that one hungry maggot enjoys
 for its growth.

"I have offered these two excellent
 examples, or, lively examples, of the
 perils in the life of every colony you
 may hope to protect, but that I can see

old man of the bog.

He worked, then he replied "But (331) if my father is ready, then so must I be. Can I have a splendor?" said Der A.H.

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 A.H. 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, desperate to invest.

Alois had a good moment then. He felt he had a grasp for the first time on Der A.H. The old hermit refused, knew people well. He could understand Alois better than a thousand other Alois. "He ~~he~~ knows that I am a man who pride himself on his unassailable pride. I do not give way to bad men. He knows ~~that that~~ that the more he discourages me, the more I will be determined to keep the beginning of my line and person!"

(332)

Also now you Dr. Alt. what he considered his largest warmest smile, "I repeat 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."

Dr. Alt. nodded in turn. "Forewarned, yes! Maybe the key would like to look into one of my knives."

"I would like that," said Adolf,

"but 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 key," said Dr. Alt.

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To be ~~used on Monday~~, March 15.~~Double space~~
Triple space

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Already, as I have now thanAs 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 any} used him ~~and~~ benefits he has received from us have ^{not}^{large} been small. ~~We provide him~~ ^{we provide him} from time to time with some added sensitivity to^{intuition to} his ~~local~~ perceptions, ^{a common to} ~~a common, even standard~~ practice for angels and^{revive} demons alike—we look to ~~rejuvenate~~ faded loyalties with such a gift ~~from~~

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~~time to time~~ ^{will} 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} 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 ^{Salzburg} 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 confound
~~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

~~overdubbed~~, 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 these
~~He has, moreover, one of those unhappy~~ 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, his devoted image of himself as *kind of* some throwback to a court

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

patches
~~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 ^{that} ~~as~~

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

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

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

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

every passing ^{exchange} human 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~~

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~~ so gracious! All at

And nothing offered to Alois,

once! ~~No offer to himself,~~ only a superior smile from Der Alte ~~and the most~~ *as if his*

~~comfortable recognition that this small house,~~ *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 ~~will say~~ *may as well add* 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 old ^{extraordinary} 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 fussed ^{a little bit} most skillfully at ^{preparing} 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!—of ^{putative} 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, ^{an} ^{occasion,} indeed, ^{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, invariably ^{used to} confident of dominating the onset of a conversation

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

habit ^{because} ~~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

^{the afflictions of two} ~~the~~ movingly of those great monarchs and ^{the dedication of those two} ~~medieval~~ geniuses who looked to deal

with ^{sagacious} ~~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~~ to—"and ^{would} 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 thereafter to this)~~ ^(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} ~~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~~
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

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

08/09/2013 23:48 FAX

FROM : JMWDRDCRAFT

FAX NO. : 17186243782

Mar. 12 2004 06:19PM PB

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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~~ ^{but not necessarily} approached, yes, we love them for their honey, ~~much more than~~ ^{so 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~~ ^{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. ~~It is so full of permutations.~~ ^{that} ~~It is a vocation.~~ ^{you see,}

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, ^{"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 ^{tender,} the pit of Adi's stomach.

"A vocation," said Der Alte, "is not something you ~~must~~ ^{just} do ~~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 is ^{has become} so important ^{to} for you, ^{that, yes, you must do it.} to do."

→ p327a

~~"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 indifferent~~ "so far out of us ~~as they used to say in 5 pital~~ that he had to stand up and start pacing the room." "no, I do not wish a dispute, but."

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

Here Hitler, I cannot allow you to consider such a project until
 profundity of a great and learned doctor. (You can fail!) You must be made aware of the
the decades of presenting himself as
diseases

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. For all who are dear to bees. It is as if all the creatures of nature, large and small, are jealous of their

the life of those bees who live (The crab spider is deadly, genus of)

life living in honey. I can tell you of one spider who is evil, nothing less.

Go soon as it)

(finds a promising flower and ensconces itself in the perfumed cavern itself.

There it waits, ~~ready to strike~~ ^{It is} 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! *(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, *for* and here,

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

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

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

(spider's)
while this evil
 numb and incapable of saving itself, the spider proceeds to sip and to puzzle-

(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 crab* the spider goes to the actual labor of

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ejecting the remains from the flower, after which, ^{in not} I 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 totally 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} eat the

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

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

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

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

^{of the} honeybee in the ^{order} belly to disgorge all the nectar the bee has taken into herself.
^{It overflows out}
^{At that} in sweet little sips. It all pours out ^{from the} of her mouth into the bee-wolf's ^{maw}. Is that

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

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lays her down ~~has 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 to the~~

in that crypt with its ~~offspring~~ ^{with falling love} ~~much~~ ^{such moving} ~~live but~~ ^{victims}

horrors you must expect if you love honeybees as I do ~~proceeds to lay an~~

~~to lay one egg in each~~ ^{you must not 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 ^{we are speaking} ~~that one~~

^{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, eventually 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 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,} It is even worse with the mice. They loot the combs ^{from the} and to honey stored in them, ^{In winter for warmth,} they inhabit the hive and construct a big nest for themselves. Even when the ^{most valiant} best of our home guard decide to attack the

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

~~that invading monster~~ the It is ~~hard for 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 blasted carcass with a ~~disgusting~~ ^{disgusting} they know how
to manufacture out of pollen and certain woods. "Have you

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

"I see," said Der Alte, "that I have failed ^{at}
propolis?"

"So I have not discouraged you properly?"

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

~~he needed. It was if his heart was a pump~~
~~within him~~ ^{was quick to see} "If
He nodded, but then he replied, "But if my father is ready, then so ~~must~~

^{must}
The."

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

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

well in place. ^{so he was wondering what} ~~with the moment~~ ^{had been seeking} Why was Der Alte doing so much (to discourage him? It

^{quick} ~~made no sense~~ ^{Given the state of his hunt, the old man} He obviously needed the money. ~~He certainly knew enough~~

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

^{perception, however} 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~~

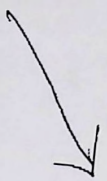
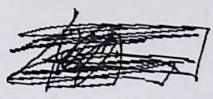
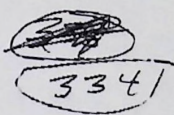
^{himself understood him a little} understand Alois better than others, decided Alois. "He knows that I am a man who is determined to keep to his

^{unshakeable} ^{of} man who prides himself on his unassailable pride. I do not give way to ~~bad~~ ^{the}

^{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 campaign} determined to buy the ~~beginning~~ ^{and persevere}.




 If Alois now gave Der Alte what he considered his largest smile. "I respect your caution," 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, ~~am~~ to learn my métier first 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

agreeable commercial relationship. (337)

Dr. A.H. Hobbie, M.D., had his pride.
No matter the pain, no matter the need,
He would not repeat his suggestion.
"Yes, sir," he said.

"Yes," he said, "we will make arrangements to
I will establish a couple of colonies, for
you, and supply them tools and materials
you do not have in hand already." He
turned to Edie. "Soon, your father will

be ~~very~~ busy, with ~~the~~ ~~business~~ of
 Ansonville to send to one ~~the~~ ~~business~~?

"Yes," said Edie, "they do that in the other class, and so."

~~"And you know what the law is"~~

~~11 - 11/11/11~~

~~Wish they~~
"Cool. Because their spring will
your father will be master of many
many thousands of bees. More than
you can count. * Will you be afraid
~~of~~ of them? 4

"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. He had not even seen its equal in Klara's eggs for, oh, so long a time.

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Already, as I have more than indicated, Magnus Geruchelles, Der Alte Zauberer, was one of ours. I have called him a pensioner and that is accurate. In recent years, we have not used him often and any benefits he has received from us have not been large. From time to time, we provide him with 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

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

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.

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.

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

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.

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

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 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 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?"

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 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

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

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 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 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 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 those bees who live in honey. I can tell you of one genus of spider who is evil, nothing less. The crab spider, it is called. So soon as it finds a promising flower, it ensconces itself in the perfumed cavern itself. There it waits. 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 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, it is only half-gone. It has been paralyzed by the spider's sting. It lies there, numb, incapable of saving itself, while this evil spider 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 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."

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 honeybee in the moment it was

alighting on a flower. The bee-wolf, "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 in complete command of what it knows how to do. It proceeds to squeeze the belly of the honeybee in order to disgorge all the nectar the bee has taken into herself. It overflows out of her mouth into the maw of the bee-wolf. Is that enough? No. This predator then brings the stricken little victim to his nest, lays her down next to as many six or eight still living but wholly paralyzed other bees, and proceeds to lay one egg in that crypt with its live but unmoving victims. When this solitary egg becomes a larva, it is ready to eat its way up the ladder into becoming another wasp, another bee-wolf, by consuming every last one of the suspended but living bodies 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 that the progeny—we are speaking of no more than one hungry maggot—enjoys for its growth.

"I have offered these two exceptional 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

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intolerable as a domain. So they choose to cover the bloated carcass with disinfectant they know how to manufacture out of pollen and certain buds.

Have you heard of this propolis?"

"Certainly," said Alois, "and they also use it as a cement for cracks in their walls."

"I see," said Der Alte, "that I have failed to discourage you."

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

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

He nodded, but then he 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 it 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 the equal of Alois Junior one of these days.

But thoughts of Alois, Junior, always reminded him of what might not be well in place. So 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 needed the money. Why scorn a potential customer's desire to invest?

For the first time, he felt as if he had a grasp on Der Alte. The old hermit understood him a little better than others, decided Alois. "He knows that I am a man who is determined to keep to his unassailable pride. I do not

give way to the first warning. He must know that the more he discourages me, the more I will be ready, at all costs, determined to buy the necessities to begin my colony."

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 little hobby, I will, of course, satisfy, 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, to learn my metier, 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 have the pleasure of an

intelligent man's company. It is sad to say, but in all these verdant fields so

far as one can see, we are the only two men of interesting intelligence to be

found."

Alois 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 foul-smelling goat?" 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 a devil who has earned his rank. I had been incompetent here. Der Alte might be a pensioner, but I might have neglected him too much. The loneliness revealed in his last remarks were like the chill in an old stone house that has not been occupied for 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. The spoonful of honey could have been a catastrophic mistake. The Maestro would not be tolerant of any mischief that developed between Adi and our Alte. Calculated

mischievous was our province, and did not belong to a client if we could prevent it. We look to direct romantic habits, not be obliged to explain them! Any episode that might occur between the old man and the boy could not be, I thought, to the Maestro's inclination. Not so early! In the etching of the dream that I had composed for Adi, had it been my notion to use the spoonful of honey, or had 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 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."

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.

Adi had not even seen its equal in Klara's eyes for, oh, so long a time.

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Already, as I ^{would remind the readers,} have more than indicated Magnus Geruchelles, Der Alte

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

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

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

him with ^{a bit of} ~~some~~ added intuition ^{for} ~~a~~ 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 lagnappe, 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

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through the door was entirely by my suggestion. For certain, the old doctor did it just as I requested. The old doctor. ^{I?} ~~He~~ 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 ^{Leipzig} ~~from Lvov~~ of no certified upper education who, ~~has~~ nonetheless, ^{has} ~~and~~ much through his own efforts, ^{has some of} acquired the verbal skills and superior manner of ^{good German} a 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 ~~reinstatement of a throwback~~ ^{as a throwback as it be} ~~(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 merry lights that ^{offer a clue to many a trick he has} ~~speaks 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 ^{sachse} 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

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without leave or hesitation into the boy's small mouth. Whatever Alois had

been preparing himself for, hardly ^{So} 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. (^{etching in} 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 that Alois had

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

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

Now, they sat down. The old man fussed a little ~~but~~^{although} most skillfully at
preparing ~~some~~⁵ 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~~^{could be} 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,

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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.

^{vis-a-vis}
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.

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

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^{but}
because of this very confidence. He would, by now, ^{even} take the first step in
^a
~~any new~~ verbal encounter ~~even~~ when, on rare occasions such as this, he
knew that he was overmatched. He was ^{segu a estavel} 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 ^{had} looked to deal with ailments so grievous
^{that}
others could find no cure. It was not, he would vouchsafe, that he,
personally, had suffered inhumanly from gout or rheumatism, merely, you
could say, that he had felt the hint of future miseries, and, in recompense,
had also learned a great deal from a 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

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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} ~~not~~ 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} ~~any~~

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

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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 recast 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

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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~~ ^{you, 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 ^{he had accumulated} ~~decades 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} those bees who live in honey. I can ^{are not only able to make honey but to live constantly in its presence} I can in fear tell you of one genus of spider who is evil, nothing less. Die Krebbe-Spinne it,

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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

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internal elements. When nothing is left but the dry whisper of ^{an empty} 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 satiated in} the corolla.

Adi would dream for weeks to come of the bee, the flower, and the

^{if} spider. So would Alois 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

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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 ^{then squash} ~~squeeze~~ the belly of the honeybee

in order to disgorge all the nectar ^{that hard-working bee has already} ~~the bee has~~ taken into herself. ^{This} ~~her~~ honey squeezed up from the belly

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

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

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

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

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

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

growth. The victims ^{cannot even} ~~do not~~ die. They ^{must} ~~wait to be eaten~~. How? ^{is that a complex?} 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 ^{this} 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 are here is, but futile
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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 *by sheer numbers* sometimes

beast
in stinging that invading ~~monster~~ *dead mouse?* to death, what can they do with the ~~corpse~~

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

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intolerable ~~as a domain~~. So they choose to cover the ~~bleated carcasses~~ ^{Cowpse} with

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

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

"Certainly," said Alois, ⁴ "and they also use it as a cement ^{to mend} for cracks in

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

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

"I live by the law of averages," said Alois. "I prefer to think of the

ongoing ^{possibility of profit} 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 ^{that's} ~~it~~ ^{was} ~~might be~~ ^{able} 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, ^{inevitably} ~~always~~ ^{all that} reminded him of what might not

be ~~well~~ ^{Alois} in place. So ~~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?

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

hermit understood him ~~a little~~ ^{much} 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~~ ~~unavailable~~ ^{pride}. I do not

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So Der Alte
give way to the first warning. He must know that the more he discourages

me, the more I will be ready, at all costs, ~~determined to pay the necessities to~~
to begin my colony. *He will have his money after all!*

~~and I will be ready to pay the necessities~~
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 *speaking* 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

modest
with a little hobby, I will, of course, ~~satisfy~~ be available for the necessary

I see
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

a better
consideration, ~~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 seal} ~~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 ~~for~~ ² 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} ~~are~~
^{surrounding at Hatfield here,}
~~far as one can see,~~ we are the only two men of interesting intelligence ^{it} ~~to be~~
^{on} ~~to be found~~ ^{any of these nearby hills,}
found."

Alois kept the smile on his face but his nostrils were paying ^{their} ~~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 the materials *starting*
 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* ~~has earned his rank~~. I had
 been incompetent here. Der Alte might be a pensioner, but I might have
 neglected him too much. The loneliness revealed in *those* his last remarks were like
 the chill in an old stone house that has not been occupied for *long* 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 expel 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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^{but must}
mischief was our province, ~~and did~~ ^{not} belong to a client if we could prevent

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

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

^(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 by way of} ~~had 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,

^{All about blockheads,}
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. I

look forward, therefore, to enjoying a mutually agreeable commercial

relationship."

Message:
Fax pp 314-330
+ the S108 form
to Jewell

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Already, as I would remind the reader, Magnus Geruchelles, Der Alte Zauberer, was one of ours. I have called him a pensioner and that is accurate. In recent years, we have not used him often and any benefits he has received from us have not been large. From time to time, we provide him with a bit of added intuition 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

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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 ~~restatement~~ ^{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

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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} ~~still~~ exhibiting the strength of his peasant roots, ^{while} ~~yet~~ offering his uncanny ^{physical resemblance?} ~~likeness~~ (to Franz Josef. The first moment, therefore, ^{invariably} ~~always~~ belonged to Alois. ^{Almost} ~~Almost~~

^{Always?} ~~Always~~ Few were prepared for the intelligence that stood out in his immediate glance. "Try to fool me---you will fail!" was the unmistakable message.

^{This} ~~That~~ may have been ^{why} ~~one reason~~ I gave the order to Der Alte to meet the father and son at the door with ^a ~~that~~ 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

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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

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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 ^{generally} knew (that he was *Indeed, he had all but christened himself with said* 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,

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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~~
~~would freely admit, respected Doctor Magnus~~ ^{had been} prey to an
unprecedented attack, "just ^{then} 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 that. Because indeed, dear sir, what you then believed was there to be
discovered had indeed been detected by no less a figure than Dr. Likomsky
back in 1864, thirty-two years ago when you were still a young man, and I
might also mention Doctor Terc who put the crowning cap on what could
have been your thesis. Yes! Herr ^{Doctor} 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

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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."

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"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,}

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

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

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

^{in Spinnas} ~~less.~~ ^{die} ~~Die~~ ^{crab} ~~Krabbe-Spinner~~

it is called. So soon as it finds a promising flower,

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

^{intoxicating of the} waits, fully at home in 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} knows how to do. ^{she} 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

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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} honey-bees, ^(in that nest) then proceeds to deposit one egg in that ^{she will later feed on those} 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 every~~ last one of the suspended but living

bodies ^{has been put there} arranged for its tidy growth. The victims cannot even die. They

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

It's 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 painfully red 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 ^{to} 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 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.

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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 culture~~ 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~~ 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 the ^{this catastrophic dead presence} corpse with disinfectant which they know how to

manufacture ^{from} out of pollen and a few green buds. Have you heard of ^{that} this

^{their} 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 scorn a potential customer's}
^{then}
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 verdant ^{hills and} fields that surround ~~us at~~ 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~~ ^{the 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, ^(serve the obligation) rather than ~~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.

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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 ^{so much} ~~adored~~ to find in her eyes ~~when she looked at him.~~ Not for a while.

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"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 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."

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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 those bees who live in honey. I can tell you of one genus of spider who is evil, nothing less. The crab spider, it is called. So soon as it finds a promising flower, it ensconces itself in the perfumed cavern itself. There it waits. 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 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

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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, it is only half-gone. It has been paralyzed by the spider's sting. It lies there, numb, incapable of saving itself, while this evil spider 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 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."

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 honeybee in the moment it was

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alighting on a flower. The bee-wolf, "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 in complete command of what it knows how to do. It proceeds to squeeze the belly of the honeybee in order to disgorge all the nectar the bee has taken into herself. It overflows out of her mouth into the maw of the bee-wolf. Is that enough? No. This predator then brings the stricken little victim to his nest, lays her down next to as many six or eight still living but wholly paralyzed other bees, and proceeds to lay one egg in that crypt with its live but unmoving victims. When this solitary egg becomes a larva, it is ready to eat its way up the ladder into becoming another wasp, another bee-wolf, by consuming every last one of the suspended but living bodies 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 that the progeny— we are speaking of no more than one hungry maggot—enjoys for its growth.

"I have offered these two exceptional 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

to be FAXED. pp 314-352

all in double-space
including 343a

Dwayne Faxed
4/22/04
Noon

-26-

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

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

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

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

~~him with~~ ^{to} 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~~ ^{when we require it} 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~~ ^{carried it off} just as I requested. The

old doctor. Even I ~~call him that~~ ^{refer to in that manner. Nonetheless, it} is one of his least attractive vanities.

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

have heard him ~~say~~ ^{refer} on separate occasions ~~of~~ ^{to} his years at Heidelberg,

Leipzig, Gottingen, Vienna, Salzberg, and Berlin, none of whose ~~great~~ ^{eminent}

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

Alois, who had encountered hundreds of people a day for forty years,
 was hardly to be surprised by ~~someone new~~ ^{an unorthodox appearance}. For that matter, he had

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

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

Josef. The first moment, therefore, always belonged to Alois. Almost
 always. Few were prepared for the intelligence that stood out in his
 immediate glance. "Try to fool me—you will fail!" was the unmistakable
 message.

This had to be part of my specific direction
 That may have been one reason I gave the order (to Der Alte to meet
 that he must meet a and proceed to
 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 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 ^{realm} place (and he

was happy in it, and, I may as well add, diabolically unembarrassed.

Moreover, Der Alte ~~had~~ ^{on the instant} won the boy over. It had taken no more than
^{move all my strokes in Adi's}
 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, ^{now} the boy's eyes were alive with the same intensity of admiration that

^(been receiving for) Alois had received during all the length of their walk together. ^{this reaction} It even felt

^{seemed} ridiculous to him, but he ^{felt} reacted as if Der Alte had stolen the boy.

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

All the same,

which, I can suggest, is one of the several reasons I do not like him.

For all his gifts, ~~real and counterfeit~~ he has never accomplished as much for us as I had anticipated. For a time I had expected he would become one of my prize clients. He certainly did not have to end as a bizarre, 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 ^{a little} ~~valuable~~ standing vis-a-vis the Maestro by remarking on too soon an occasion, decades ago, that I saw extraordinary promise in this young half-Polish, half-Jewish Magnus, a real pagan with the ladies in his early days, yes, this client had settled for much too little as far as I was concerned.

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

Alois, ^{much habituated by now} ~~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 that he was

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

present themselves in the way of administering treatment. We are still looking for more precise positioning of the bee sting onto the affected body. It is rumored that the Chinese"—now with a melting look (designed most shamelessly to add to the mutual delight that existed already between him and the boy) he added, "the Chinese who live on the other side of the earth from us. Have you heard?" *he asked of the boy.*

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

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

attractive aspect of my beloved bees is their eagerness to sting, yes, we love them for their honey, but not necessarily for their so-often-martyred

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

Alois sensed that he would do well to leave this topic. The tea had left a most penetrating aroma in his nostrils which, to his surprise, was curiously compatible with the urine. Needless to say, he would have preferred a good swallow of beer to pump a few of his prepared remarks into more forceful ^{delivery,} ~~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 ^{had no choice but} 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 ^{commence a} dispute, but surely one can keep a hive without building a monastery to enshrine it. Absolutely, ~~not~~. ^{can} 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

^{are}
~~can be~~ made fully aware of the risks that await you, the diseases and mortal

enemies that surround our delicate sweet-seeking bees. ^{After all,} ~~They know.~~ In

^{in the world of nature,}
~~nature,~~ the honey they make is the equivalent of gold. It is as if all the

creatures of nature, large and small, are jealous of the life of those

^{little creatures,} remarkable ~~bees~~ who are not only able to make honey but ^{dwell} ~~to~~ live constantly

^(How much they can be hated and pursued.)
in its presence. I can inform you of one genus of spider who is evil, nothing

less. Die Krebbe-Spinner, it is called. So soon as it finds a promising flower,

^{cavern, the small}
it ensconces itself in the ~~perfumed~~ cavern itself. There the crab-spider

waits, fully at home, ~~in the corolla.~~ It activates the scent of this flower by

^{about} stirring within those flowered walls ^{of the corolla} 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, ^{as we know}

^{mysterious} complete in that ^(of female existence) 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 ^{an (little) our honey-bee} ~~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~~, ^{it is} at once, done in by the spider. Cruelly, ^{Most sadistically,} ~~so cruelly.~~

For, at first, the poor bee is only half-gone. It has been paralyzed by ^a ~~the~~

^{from the} sting of ~~this~~ crab-spider. ^{So the bee} ~~It~~ lies there, numb, incapable of saving itself,

while the ^{spider,} ~~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 ^{sleep, yes,} 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 brute of a wasp who would strike at the honeybee ~~in~~ ^{just as} ~~the moment~~ it was alighting on a flower. The bee-wolf, "most appropriately named," would always go for the throat. "Always! The honeybee has a soft throat. So once again, our forager is paralyzed. The wasp is now in complete command of what it knows how to do. It proceeds to squash the belly of the honeybee in order to disgorge all the nectar that hard-working bee has already taken into herself. This honey squeezed up from the belly overflows out of her mouth into the maw of the bee-wolf. Is that enough? No. Our vile predator now undertakes the labor flying away with his stricken little victim. He brings her to a nest specially prepared and lays her

down next to as many six or eight still-living but wholly-paralyzed other

honey-bees, then proceeds to deposit one egg in ^{the same} ~~that~~ crypt with its live but

unmoving victims. ^{And when this} ~~So soon as this~~ solitary egg becomes a larva, it is ready

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

wolf. ^{But} ~~So~~ it begins by consuming every last one of the suspended but living

bodies arranged for its ^{orderly} ~~tidy~~ growth. ^{In their misery, the} The victims cannot even die. They

must wait to be eaten. ^{can be} How is that accomplished? ^{How are they preserved?} 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' ^{yes!} ~~flesh~~ over all the

days that this ~~progeny~~ ^{we are speaking of no more than} one hungry ^{little}

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

"I have offered these two exceptional cases as lively examples of the
perils in the life of any colony you may hope to protect. There are so many

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

guardian bees within ^{must} come forth to repel him. They are heroic, but futile.

They are swallowed en masse. Toads wait beneath to pick up the droppings.

Another variety of spider will wrap artful webs about each bee they net.

Ants are capable of invading your hive. I have seen a number of colonies,

never my own, where the bees must tolerate the ants, and will even

surrender a portion of their territory, provided the ants do not attack the

brood. With mice, it is worse. They loot the combs for the honey stored in

them. In winter, they ^{move into} inhabit the hive for warmth and construct a nest ^{in one} ~~for~~

^{on another corner,}

~~themselves~~ Even when the most valiant of our home guard decide to attack

the intruder, and ^{can} actually succeed by sheer numbers in stinging that ^{to death}

invading monster, ^{to them, it} ~~to death~~ what can they do with the dead mouse? ~~It is~~

larger than Leviathan ~~to them~~. It will rot, and make the hive intolerable. So

they choose to cover the corpse with disinfectant which they know how to
manufacture out of pollen and a few ^{chosen} ~~chosen~~ green buds. Have you heard of this
propolis they can make?"

"Certainly," said Alois. "They also ^{known to} use it as cement to mend cracks in
their walls." He ^{had succeeded in looking} ~~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 ^{occasional} ~~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 could use the money. Why scorn a potential customer's desire to invest?

For the first time, he felt as if he had a grasp on Der Alte. The hermit understood him better than others, decided Alois. "He knows that I am a man who looks to keep his pride intact. I do not give way to the first warning. So Der Alte must know that the more he discourages me, the

more I will be ready, at all costs, to begin my colony. He will have his money after all!"

Alois now gave Der Alte what he considered his largest smile. "I respect your cautions," he said, "but we must move now to the other side of the question. Can we speak of what you will do for me, and what I can do for you?"

"Not quite yet, said Der Alte. "If you wish to remain a man with a modest little hobby, I will, of course, be available for the necessary materials. But I see in you, Sir, if I may speak on a more personal level, a true vocation. So, I would propose another consideration, a better approach. I, for example, to learn my metier, put in an apprenticeship that lasted for three years and provided me with an advanced license. What I would propose to you is a more collegial relationship—may I put it so?—I

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~~ ^{delightfully} agreeable arrangement. You will learn much, and I will have the pleasure of an intelligent man's company. It is sad to say, but in all these verdant fields that surround us at Hafeld here, we are the only two men of interesting intelligence to be found on any of these nearby hills."

Alois kept the smile on his face but his nostrils were paying their ~~own~~ price. "Work for three years with you, you foul-smelling old goat?" was ~~the~~ ^{the speedy} ~~what~~ he did not utter. The compliment to his intelligence prevented the insult as completely as his need to come to an arrangement with the old mountebank for starting materials.

In turn, I was horrified. No professional has a greater desire to maintain his own competence ~~(and rank)~~ than a devil. I had been

incompetent here. Der Alte might be a pensioner, but I might have neglected him too much. The loneliness revealed in these last remarks were like the chill in an old stone house that has not been occupied for too many winters. I was not worried that Alois would take up his offer, but now I more than understood how intense was the old man's yearning to see more and more of Adi. No bold move is ever free of uncharted consequences.

My notion to expedite the etching with a spoonful of honey could ^{yet turn} have been-

^{into} a serious mistake. The Maestro would not be tolerant of any mischief that ^{now}

developed between Adi and our Alte. Calculated mischief was our

province, but must not belong to a client, not if we could prevent it. We

look to direct ^{the} romantic habits ^{of our ~~man~~ solely} rather than be obliged to correct them! Any

episode that might occur between the old man and the boy would not be to

the Maestro's inclination. Not so early! Too many indeterminables! ~~But in~~

the etching of the dream composed for Adi, had it been my notion to use a spoonful of honey, or was that by way of the O.O.? The line of demarcation is never clear among us unless the O.O. chooses to make it so.

At this point, Alois said, "I am honored by your personal interest in me, but I must explain. In my family, we are blockheads. All of us, blockheads. The worst to be said is that we are proud of that. So, I must work alone. That is how I am. I look forward, therefore, to enjoying a mutually agreeable commercial relationship."

Der Alte nodded. He, too, had his pride. No matter the need, he would not repeat his suggestion.

"Yes," he said, "we will make arrangements. I will establish a couple of colonies for you and supply those tools and materials you do not have in

hand already." He turned to Adi. "Soon your father will be very busy. Are you able to count to one thousand?"

"Yes," said Adi. "They do that in the upper class, and so I know."

"Good. Because this spring your father will be master of many, many thousands of bees. Will you be afraid of them?"

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

"A wonderful boy," said Der Alte, and his expression was full of love.

Tears came into Adi's eyes. His mother would soon have another baby, and

just it would be like before. *she would be far* Far away again. *would not find* He ~~had not seen~~ ^{see} the love he ~~adored~~

wanted to find in her eyes when she *was looking* ~~looked~~ at him. Not for a while.