

FROM :nm

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Apr. 23 2004 02:44PM P6

FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243782

Apr. 12 2004 04:41PM P1

Book 4 double space 4/12/04

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Book IV

1.

With some uneasiness I now inform the reader of a summons from the
~~I would add that this alert arrived~~
Maestro that would take me away from Alois Hitler and his family on just the
evening that ^{Alois} ~~he~~ completed his apicultural purchases from Der Alte. Two
complete Langstroth boxes (with supplies) were bought ^{with} ~~and~~ a variety of tools,
^{and} ~~plus~~ supplies of pollen and honey to feed his two ^{newly-acquired} ~~just-acquired~~ colonies
through the winter, ^{the} ~~and these~~ purchases ^{were} ~~were~~ transported by Alois' dray and
^{newer?} work-horse from Der Alte's bee-house to the Hitler home in Hafeld.

It was an exceptionally exciting trip for Adi who sat beside his father all the way and could not sleep that night in anticipation of Sunday morning when the hives would be set up under an oak tree some twenty paces from the house.

If there is some curiosity as to how much it all cost, I have no real way to reply. To go from the ~~guilder and kronen~~ ^{and guilder} of Alois' era to the ^{era} time of the present American dollar distorts any comfortable study of comparative costs. Alois' pension in that year ~~may have been~~ the rough equivalent of sixty or seventy thousand dollars a year, and Der Alte overcharged him to the extent of asking him for ~~some~~ ^{the rough} equivalent of a thousand dollars. Alois, fully anticipating that he might have to pay too much, was weary, however, of dealing with the old man and so ~~hardly proceeded to bargain~~ ^{did not push} beyond his small success ^{of} in acquiring a few extra tools for ~~the same price~~ ^{no extra cost}.

It is at just this point that I was ordered to assign Adi and the others to two of my assistants. I embarked that night for St. Petersburg where I would enter a course in orientation concerning a new and massive project which would revolve around the coronation of Tsar Nicholas the Second, scheduled for May of 1896 in Moscow, seven months into the future.

Let me say that I was as stimulated by this new order as a devil can permit himself to be. (We do our very best to emulate the icy calm of the Maestro whose pride, I often suspect, is that no creature, animal, human, nor cosmic, is likely to be as superbly collected as himself.)

Off I went, then, to St. Petersburg. and on that very night. How I *made the voyage* traveled is too complex a matter to try to discuss at this point. We are able to *travel* move as humanly (that is, we can insinuate ourselves completely into *many a man or woman* ~~particular men and women~~ *for a period* ~~and often will for a period~~ *forty years later, in 1938, I would be able to work as* working forty years later in the skin, so to speak, of an intelligence officer in Himmler's Special Section IV-2a) but for ~~purpose of quick travel~~ *for rapid* ~~we use other means, (But of~~ *we use other means, (But of* ~~obviously much slower than voyaging in the other manner. (But~~ *obviously much slower than voyaging in the other manner. (But* of that I will wait to speak.) I was instructed to take the quick route and began my studies of the late Nineteenth Century Russian soul, belly, vices, beliefs, recent history, harmonies and inner disharmonies, by morning of the next day. And in that Slavic land, *realms* ~~land~~ *land* nearer to God and the devil than any other country above the equator, I stayed for all of a winter in St. Petersburg before coming down to Moscow ~~in the spring~~ on a cold April day for the last preparations before the coronation itself in May.

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FROM : JMWORDCRAFT

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Book 4 double space 4/12/04

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In that period of some months, I did receive news of Alois, Adi, Klara, and Angela. Even the day-to-day temperament of the dog, Luther, and the stallion, Ulan, were reported, but it was in summary and not comparable in interest to the new venture, not at all. If a devil can afford a few personal desires other than the over-arching demand (and personal ambition) to satisfy the Maestro, then I had, I confess, become a little too full of the Hitler family. I had wanted more of a major assignment. Now, I had it. I knew that ~~the~~ ^{our} O.O. was up to a mighty mischief. We all knew that, every one of us, major and minor devils all. Even at the time, I sensed that this could even come to more than any other of our ~~present~~ full-dress efforts to disrupt the immediate, and long-term purposes of the other side. It is true. I swear it. I sensed ~~an~~ ^a ~~oncoming~~ ^{forming} metamorphosis in the larger aims of our leader.

Now, I will make one apology, then not repeat it. Having read the best and worst of novels for many years ^(which is, I repeat) ~~(as part of a good devil's duties!)~~ I should know by now (and do!) ^{not} that even the best of readers ^{put up for long} ~~do not take well to a~~ ^{with the} novelist who will leave his story to jump into ^{what must seem} ~~another subject that will seem~~, at first, ^{as an} ~~(altogether unrelated)~~ ^{subject} Until now, I have indeed spared the reader any mention of my other cases, particularly the month I spent in London in May

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of '95 when I attended the trial of Oscar Wilde and ^{key of his} ~~witnessed his conviction~~ ^{was in the courtroom on the}

^{conviction} for "sodomy and gross indecency"—a matter in which I did play ~~something of~~ ^{do my best}

a hand with the jury since my instructions were to ~~see what I could do to get~~

him convicted. (I believe the E.O. was looking to stimulate a sense of

martyrdom among some of Wilde's associates, particularly those who were of

very good family, but to this I ^{cannot} ~~can't~~ attest. On ~~only the rare~~ ^{only the rare} occasions will

the Maestro explain his strategies to us—we are there to satisfy his aims ^{rather than our curiosity.}

Nonetheless, I was feeling an incontrovertible conviction that ^{our Maestro} ~~the D.K.~~

^{had put the D.K. into} ~~was in a state of some disturbance and much of this had to do with the~~

success or failure (from His point of view) of the oncoming coronation.

For that I ^{can} ~~must~~ offer ^{my own} ~~some ongoing~~ set of explanations. I had come to

~~the belief on my own (and nothing had been indicated by the Maestro to~~

^{a conclusion} ~~contradict this)~~ ^{was by now} that the D.K. ~~had become~~ ^{was by now} (considerably dissatisfied with the

variety of formal organized religions ~~now~~ ^{new} serving in His name. Was He ^{then}

^{now} searching ^{perhaps} for a new intensification of religion that might nourish His

~~human projects~~ ^{His human beings} His proudest creation, somewhat more satisfactorily than the

best efforts at present of the Catholics and ^{the} Protestants, the Greek Orthodox,

the Orthodox Jews, the Reformed Jews, the Sunnis and the Shi'ites, the

plethora of sects in Buddhism, in Confucianism, in Taoism, or, (all but lost by now) was He conceivably looking to revive the rich paganism of the ~~Egyptians~~ ^{and other Africans?} I doubt this last altogether. In such a direction He rarely looks by now. Technology and paganism are not compatible.

By 1895, a change had also occurred, however, in the viewpoint of our Maestro. Or, so I suspected. Through the centuries, the O.O. had functioned as a most incisive critic of the follies, disproportions, errors, miscalculations, and sheer blunders of the D.K., yes, ^{God} the Creator, having commenced with evolution, had by now burgeoned into His ^{various} grievous misjudgments concerning the potentialities of humankind. In contrast, the O.O. had maintained a critical spirit and had contented himself with acting only in response to the D.K.'s efforts. We intensified where we could the misdirection of His human beings. We looked to increase the sum of emotional dissatisfaction among ~~good and bad~~ ^{good or bad.} men and women everywhere. ^{a little} Thereby, we came closer to ^{the mind of the species} possessing ~~their minds~~. ^{has} One of our more effective methods over the last two thousand years ^{came} had ^{have succeeded} certainly been to encourage intense religiosity of the most organized sort. If we ^{came} up short now and again—usually with the most luminous individuals (saints), we ~~did succeed~~ ^{have succeeded} in warping the intelligence of so

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a good many good humans. You ^{can} find fine folk everywhere, locked into a ~~mosque, a synagogue, or a church~~ *(near a dojo)* all clinging to the same philosophical oxymoron. Yes. No matter the differences, they ~~were~~ *are attached* all welded to the obtuse belief that God ^{is} was All-Good and All-Powerful. Such a premise, ~~given its vast inner built-in contradiction is~~ *is* intrinsically incapable of serving as a tool of the mind, was, of course, wholly ~~unready to find any answers in the contradictions of human existence. So, we have succeeded in tormenting~~ *for it can find no (to)* the best minds of mankind ~~were~~ *tormented* century after century. All-Good and All-Powerful. Indeed! Yes, we had looked to encourage every *Islamist or Bihernidun we didn't give a damn,* fundamentalist we could find, "Come to us," became our creed, come, all of you who are ~~possessed~~ *in need* of rock-hard faiths and ~~unshifting~~ *anchored* certainties! How ready they were to believe they were serving God ~~when~~ *and* all the while they were working for us.

I will put it simply. Our cause, as I comprehend it, is to diminish the potentiality of humankind, ~~yes~~ *we* want to reduce the vitality of the greatest creature developed by the D.K.. Naturally, we are gung-ho then for intense religiosity (the more intense, the more mindless.) Distort the brains of humankind and their emotions will be corrupted. (For imbalance is the

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beginning of rot.) Accomplish our job well enough, pick up what remains,
we may be able to
 and we alter it into our Creation.

Through many an age, this had been the working premise of our ~~leader~~. *Maestro,*
Be assured our activities are not restricted
 For certain, we do not restrict our activities to churchgoers. So many
of human type are
 varieties have been (suitable, atheists, athletes, actors, angels who *are beginning* might be

to turning bitter at the edges—I will not *pursue this* continue through the alphabet. But as in this
time, approaching
 we approached the end of the 19th Century, I began to sense that the O.O.
was contemplating
 might be preparing a revolutionary change in our procedures. Was he looking
species of
 to develop a new religion designed expressly by him? *What he* Would he actually
prepared to
 make the vertiginous leap from Criticism to Creation? *such a*

I could not conceive of what form ~~the new~~ faith might take, but the
had to
 possibility ~~did~~ cause ~~me~~ uneasiness. For who could know more about the
 pestilence and slovenliness of human nature than those of us who had worked ~~at it~~
 through the centuries ~~to make it so~~? How long we had labored with our skills
I need not
 to irritate all that was soft and misbegotten in the D.K.'s calculations, ~~not even~~
even
 to speak of His miscalculations—the animal residue in His humanity of *beings of*
now-developed
 unfocused rage, the tropism in men and women toward free-floating ill-will,
such a
 the sum of ~~all the~~ blunders by the D.K. in the course of developing His most

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advanced Creation. Given the objective need for a new higher level of animal life, able to survive through grievous and often incalculable conditions of heat, cold, flame, and death, the D.K. had to endow man (and woman, most certainly!) with a sense of self-importance crucial to their survival. Once

(as He tried to establish it)
again, the balance *(as He set it)* was askew. The sense of ~~certainty and of~~ self-righteousness necessary to survival also produced envy (for the self-

righteous, unless immensely successful, cannot look with equanimity upon better fortune for others—particularly not *(close)* ~~their~~ friends and acquaintances).

Envy worked as dependably in our favor as compound interest serves an investment. The D.K.'s powers in aesthetics and in many varieties of creation were once—it must be admitted—immense, but His skills as a cosmic

engineer were *less* ~~waning~~. ~~As I will emphasize once again,~~ His problems, even if spared our presence, would not have been trivial. His method, His endless

reworking through trial and error, even His readiness to live with His

mistakes until such time as He could correct them (and most certainly, His

outsized rages as a younger god!—His frenzies as Jehovah!) had compounded

a multitude of errors in every avenue and byway of human history. Now, *I had*

for no other
how could the O.O. look to refashion such a boggled creation after we had

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finished corrupting, corroding, and demoralizing it further? I was worried.

Yes.

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Book IV

1.

Start

~~It is with~~ ~~that~~ ~~I must now~~ ~~(an unexpected)~~
 With some uneasiness I now inform the reader of a summons from the

Maestro ~~that would take me away from Alois Hitler and his family~~ ~~I would~~

~~(early in October of 1895 + that)~~ ~~Alas!~~
 I can add that this alert arrived on just the evening ~~that he~~ completed his apicultural
 negotiations with ~~Chas already installed)~~
 purchases from Der Alte. Two complete Langstroth boxes, ~~(with supplies)~~
~~in company~~ ~~enough~~ ~~these best were~~
 were bought with a variety of tools, and supplies of pollen and honey to feed

~~for feeding~~ ~~these~~ ~~and occupied~~
 his two newly-acquired colonies through the winter, the purchases being

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transported by Alois' dray and ^{the Graubart} work-horse from Der Alte's ^{premises} ~~bee house~~ to the Hitler home in Hafeld.

It was ^{proved an} ~~an~~ exceptionally exciting trip for Adi who sat beside his father all the way and could not sleep that night in anticipation of Sunday morning when the hives ^{hive-boxes} would be set up under ^{the shade of} an oak tree some twenty paces from the house.

If there is some curiosity as to how much it ^{came to} ~~at~~ cost, I have no real way ^{wholly dependent} to make the estimate. ^{Proceeding} ~~To go~~ from the ^{modern presence} ~~and~~ kronen and gulder of Alois' era to the era of the ^{value} ~~present~~ American dollar distorts any comfortable study of comparative costs.

Alois' pension in that year may have been the rough equivalent of sixty or ^{now} seventy thousand dollars a year, and Der Alte ^{sold him a sufficiency} ~~overcharged him to the extent~~ of necessary and ^{of necessary and not-gate-necessary items} ~~not-gate-necessary items~~ of asking him for the rough equivalent of a thousand dollars. Alois, fully ^{was going} ~~might have~~ anticipating that he might have to pay too much, was weary, however, of

dealing with the old man and so did not push beyond the small success of

acquiring ^{at the end} a few extra tools for no extra cost, ^{one of the few times} ~~in his life when he was not ready to bargain with~~ ^{with the necessary to make turn} ~~the~~ ^{over requisition} ~~the~~

It is at just this point that I was ordered to assign Adi and the others to

^{three} ~~two~~ of my assistants. I embarked that night for St. Petersburg where I would ~~be~~ ^{was} ~~quickly installed~~ ^{into an} ~~into a~~ ^{quickly tuned} ~~enter a course in orientation concerning a new and massive project which~~

into the needs and dimensions ^{determination} of a new and massive project.

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~~We~~ ^{we} were going to attend ^{already} would revolve around the coronation of Tsar Nicholas the Second, scheduled for May of 1896 in Moscow, seven months into the future.

Let me say that I was as stimulated by this new order as a devil can permit himself to be. ^{considering how much we took} ~~(We do our very best)~~ to emulate the icy calm of the Maestro, ^{His} whose pride, I often suspect, ^{there is} is that no creature, animal, human, nor cosmic, ^{who} is likely to be as superbly collected as himself. ^{yes, not even the Lord Himself}

Off I went, then, to St. Petersburg. and on that very night. How I made the voyage ^{comes to} is too complex a matter ^{and discussion} to try to discuss ^{while doing} at this point. We are able to travel in the manner of human beings, that is, we can ^{for a period} insinuate ourselves completely ^{later, I} for a period into many a man or woman (even as forty-two years ^{would be occupying the mind and body of} later, I would be able to work as an intelligence officer in Himmler's Special Section IV-2a) ^{still} but ^{for rapid travel} for rapid travel we use other means. ^(But) of that I will wait to speak. ^{For now, leave it that} I was instructed to take the quick route and ^{commence} began my studies ^{enter my orientation into} of the late Nineteenth Century Russian soul, ^{belly} vices, beliefs, recent history, harmonies and inner disharmonies, by morning of the next day. And in that Slavic realm, ^{so much} nearer to God and the devil than any other land above the equator, I stayed for all of a winter in St. Petersburg before coming down to

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to embark on
Moscow on a cold April day for the last preparations before the coronation
~~was to be presented~~
itself in May.

During
In that period of some months, I did receive news of Alois, Adi, Klara,
and Angela. Even the day-to-day temperament of the dog, Luther, and the ^{horses}
~~the dog and Grunbert~~ ^{put} ~~stallion, Ulan~~ ^{On the west part} were reported, but it was in summary and not comparable in

interest to the new venture, not at all. If a devil can afford a few personal
desires other than the over-arching demand (and personal ambition) to satisfy
the Maestro, then I had, I confess, become a little too full of the Hitler family's

^(intimacies.)
I had wanted more of a major assignment. Now, I had it. I knew that our
^{in the first stages of bringing off}
O.O. was up to a mighty mischief. We all knew that, every one of us, major
and minor devils all. Even at the time, I sensed that this could come to more
than any ^{recent} other of our ^{larger} full-dress efforts to disrupt the purposes of the other
^(intentions)
side. It is true. I swear it. I sensed a metamorphosis forming in the aims of
our leader.

^{but well}
Now, I will make one apology, ~~then~~ not repeat it. Having read the best
and worst of novels for many years (which is, I repeat, part of a good devil's
^{duties and education}
^{duties}!) I should know by now (and do!) that not even the best of readers ^{will}
up for long with a novelist who ^{can} ^{narrative long enough} will leave his story to jump into what must

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seem, at first, ~~as~~ an altogether unrelated subject. Until now, I have indeed spared the reader mention of my other cases, particularly the month I spent in London ^(back) in May of '95 when I attended the trial of Oscar Wilde and was in the courtroom on the day of his conviction for "sodomy and gross indecency"—a matter in which I ~~did play~~ ^{played} a hand with the ~~jury~~ ^{jury's deliberations} since my instructions were to do my best to get him convicted. (I believe the E.O. was looking to stimulate ^{vivid} a sense of martyrdom among some of Wilde's associates, particularly those who were of very good family, but to this I cannot attest. Only on rare occasions will the Maestro explain his strategies to us—we are there to satisfy his aims rather than our curiosity.)

Nonetheless, I was feeling an ~~incontrovertible~~ ^{a close to incontrovertible} conviction that our Maestro had ^{produced} put the D.K. into a state of some disturbance ~~and much of this~~ had to do with ^{over} the success or failure ~~(from His point of view)~~ of the oncoming coronation.

For that I can ^{only} offer my own set of explanations. I had come ^{to} a conclusion that the D.K. was by now ^{more than a little} considerably dissatisfied with the ~~variety of formal organized religions serving in His name~~ ^{although as I will explain he was responsible for them}. Was He then now ~~searching for a new intensification of religion that might nourish His proudest~~ ^{At this point, however, we had to search to}

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Journal

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dissatisfied with the variety of organized religions serving in His Name — as though, as I will explain, He was responsible for ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~creation~~ ^{creation} of His human beings, somewhat more satisfactorily than the best

efforts at present of the Catholics and the Protestants, the Greek Orthodox,

the Orthodox Jews, the Reformed Jews, the Sunnis and the Shi'ites, ^{even} the

~~picture~~ ^{of} of sects in Buddhism, in Confucianism, in Taoism, ^{or} or, (all but lost by

now) was He conceivably looking to revive the rich paganism of the

Egyptians and other Africans? I doubt this last altogether. In such a, ^{(Century,} ~~direction He rarely looks by now.~~ ^{did not look toward the end of the nineteenth} Technology and paganism are not ^(was) ~~compatible,~~ ^{rationally} and advancements in technology ~~were very much on the way,~~

By 1895, a change had also occurred, however, in the viewpoint of our

Maestro. Or, so I suspected. Through the ^{successful} ~~centuries,~~ the O.O. had ~~functioned~~

^(in being) as a most incisive critic of the follies, disproportions, errors, miscalculations,

and sheer blunders of the D.K., yes, God, the Creator, having commenced

^{through the lochs of His} ~~with~~ ^{worked His way} ~~evolution,~~ ^{more or less (trapped himself)} had by now burgeoned into His various grievous

^(trapped himself) misjudgments concerning the potentialities of humankind. In contrast, the

O.O. had ^{been satisfied in the main to act} ~~maintained~~ ^{in his main body} a critical spirit and had contented himself with acting

^{reaction} ~~only~~ ^{endeavouring in tensing} in response to the D.K.'s efforts. We intensified where we could the

^(were out) misdirection of His human beings. We looked to increase the sum of

emotional dissatisfaction among men and women everywhere, good or bad.

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~~—or so went our working assumption— we might come~~
 Thereby, ~~we came~~ ^{we} a little closer to possessing the ^{mind} ~~mind~~ of the species. One
 of our more effective methods over the last two thousand years ^{has} ~~has~~ certainly
 been to encourage intense religiosity of the most organized sort. If we ^{came} ~~come~~
 up short now and again—usually with the ^{more} ~~most~~ luminous individuals (saints),
 we ^{did} ~~have succeeded~~ in warping the intelligence of a good many good humans.

You can find fine folk everywhere, locked into a mosque, a synagogue, ~~a~~ ^{or a}

church, ~~or a dojo~~, all clinging to the same ~~philosophical~~ ^{oxymoron}. Yes. No
^{Despite every other}
 matter the differences, they are all attached to the obtuse belief that God is

All-Good and All-Powerful. ^{This} ~~Such a~~ premise—given its vast inner ~~built-in~~
^{vast and built-in}
 contradiction—is intrinsically incapable of serving as a tool ^{for} ~~of~~ the mind ^{since it}
^{embedded everywhere it}
 can find no answers to the contradictions of human existence. So, ~~we have~~
^{By that means, we have}
 succeeded in tormenting the best minds of mankind century after century.

All-Good and All-Powerful. Indeed! Yes, we had looked to encourage every
 fundamentalist we could find, Islamist or Hibernian—we didn't give a damn.

"Come to us," became our creed, "come, all of you who are in need of rock-
 hard faiths and anchored certainties!" How ready they were to believe they

were serving God all the while they were working for us ^{in ways}
 they never perceived.

Mr. Sam All-Good and all
message we have wished to transmit
out all this

Now all this I would warrant, is ultimately a product of the D.K.'s inability to anticipate the discrediting of his creatures, with take. His strength (as the D.K. will be the first to acknowledge) is that he can create a plenitude of forms throughout the natural world, some (successful ^{relatively} ~~more~~) (the honey-bee is one example) and some improperly designed (the dinosaur, the squid and the leech, ^{and the mosquito} ~~some~~ come immediately to mind!)

By the time he raised primates to the level of humans, he became ~~too~~ proud ~~too~~ much ~~too~~ soon of this last creative accomplishment. He chose to give men and women enough reason to know their limits enough to exercise free will — a will free, on occasion, of him. Just so confident had been his enthusiasm and his belief in their latest creation.

The mis calculation may have proved ^{powerful} calculations for him. It was like racing a log in a family home and the day turned out the father ~~in this~~ ^{in this} ~~creation~~ ^{creation} and, and finest creation, men and women, proved unmanageable with their ^{free will} ~~free will~~. They gave every indication ~~that~~ they would left to themselves, depose Him. He was reduced to taking most drastic measure. He gave up the notion of unassisted ^{in a profound} companionship with his ^{infected} ~~infected~~ ^{form} ~~form~~ ^{first} ~~first~~.

* Creation! and looked
obedience. It could instead to
confusion. It could instead to
looking to ease the rest of us.
He was honest. He was honest.
Honesty is honesty. He was honest.
human line." "Every man has
left red

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that he had decided to transmit through his son
 "I have each other and each will share in my love, &
 was converted into 'Fear Me, Respect Me, and I may
 answer your praying.'"
that he tried and that oppression opened vast territories
 to the Maestro. I will put it simply. Our cause, as I comprehend it, is to diminish the

potentiality of humankind. We want to reduce the vitality of the greatest

(no lesser word will do - to encourage)
 creature developed by the D.K.. Naturally, we are gung-ho then for intense
religiosity that is even more intense and than the was present
 religiosity (the more intense, the more mindless.) Distort the brains of
even further, the O.O. decided
 humankind and their emotions will be corrupted. (For imbalance is the
in the D.K.'s regarding of his son's message
 beginning of rot.) Accomplish our job well enough, pick up what remains,

and we may be able to alter it into our Creation.

Through many an age, *I believe that* this had been the working premise of our
And be Maestro. Be assured our activities *have not been* are not restricted to churchgoers. So

many varieties of human type are suitable, atheists, athletes, actors, *and amor* (angels *certainly*
might be turning) who are beginning to turn bitter at the edges—I will not pursue this through

the alphabet. But, in this time, approaching the end of the 19th Century, I

began to sense that the O.O. was contemplating a revolutionary change in our

procedures. Was he looking to develop a new species of religion designed
rather than the Dummkopf?
 expressly by him? Was he actually prepared to make *his* the vertiginous leap
our Maestro

from criticism to Creation?

set of beliefs
 I could not conceive of what form such a new faith might take, but the
did (me) some
 possibility had to cause uneasiness. For who could know more about the

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pestilence and slovenliness of human nature than those of us who had worked through the centuries to ^{swell and inflame} ~~imitate~~ all that was soft and misbegotten in the D.K.'s

calculations. I need not even ^{all} ~~to~~ speak of His ~~miscalculations~~—the animal

residue in His human beings of unfocused rage, ^{all continuing excess} ~~the now-developed tropism~~

in men and women toward free-floating ill-will, ^{It was one more fashionable} ~~such a~~ sum of blunders by the

D.K. in the course of developing His most advanced Creation. Given the

objective need for ^{of to protect and more delicate} ~~a~~ higher level of animal life ^{that would be} ~~able~~ to survive through

grievous and often incalculable conditions of heat, cold, flame, and death, the

D.K. had to endow man (and woman, most certainly!) with a sense of self-

importance crucial to their survival. ^(But once) ~~Once again~~, the balance ^{got away from him.} ~~(as He tried to~~

~~establish it)~~ was askew. The sense of self-righteousness necessary to survival

also produced envy ^{(for} ~~the~~ self-righteous, unless immensely successful,

cannot look with equanimity upon better fortune for others—particularly not

close friends and acquaintances). Envy worked as dependably in our favor as

compound interest serves an investment. The D.K.'s powers ^{to fashion} ~~in aesthetics and~~

^{at new} ~~in many~~ varieties of ^{again} ~~Creation~~ were once—it must be admitted—immense, but

His skills as a cosmic engineer were ^{wanting} ~~less~~. His problems, even if spared our

presence, would not have been trivial. His method, His endless reworking

over the eons of evolution,
through trial and error, ~~even~~ His readiness to live with His mistakes until such
time as He could correct them (and most certainly, His outsize rages as a
younger god!—His frenzies as Jehovah!) had compounded a multitude of
errors in every avenue and byway of human history. Now, I had to wonder
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-2-

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^{Other than those separate occasions} ~~Otherwise~~

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but ^{that was} ~~too, was returned to them~~ ^{in June, by which time I was there as well.}

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^{may be} ~~human beings, are~~ ^{they are} ~~humdrum~~ in their powers of summary but not wholly

Book 4 double, then triple space 4/23/04

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^{often individuals} ~~under devils~~ who were so disheartened, infuriated, demoralized, or altogether

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^{a new life} they might deem worthy of their merits ^{that} that they opted out, simple as that,

^{wheel of human reincarnation} they declared their desire to be liberated from the ~~human fold~~ in order to

^{us!} serve another power. (How this arrangement was ever negotiated by the

Book 4 double, then triple space 4/23/04

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D.K. and the E.O. is altogether beyond my knowledge. ^{while)} I cannot declare why

or when it happened, ^{Apparently, the} but I am familiar with the results. The D.K. was

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^{Was that)} ^{(and dissipates (and) environment for himself? reincarnations)} ^{(in order to obtain less disruptive continuations in His scheme of reincarnation,}

^{a) a)} ^{situations)} ^{during the period} I suspect that was so. I would also assume that ^{and/or work} our ^{and} O.O., looking to fight ^{heaven} his way up onto a level of equality with the

^{spoiled)} D.K., had to be ready to accept this exudate of (human possibility.) Over the

centuries—over—it well may be ^{millennia—he may} the ~~millennia~~ have been obliged to use a

^{his} very large part of our resources into shaping and training the low-grade ^{and}

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their best to report on Alois' ongoing efforts at bee-keeping, but they did not

always have a close enough sense of his difficulties ^{*(certainly not enough)*} to satisfy his

my understanding.

Forewarned, forearmed. I will now present to the reader ^{*a small*} ~~my~~

improvement on the summary I received

(understanding) of what went on with the Hitlers and their bees from the end of

following summer
1895 until the ~~middle of the next year.~~

Book IV

1.

With some uneasiness I now inform the reader of a summons from the Maestro that would take me away from Alois Hitler and his family. I would add that this alert arrived on just the evening that he completed his apicultural purchases from Der Alte. Two complete Langstroth boxes (with supplies) were bought with a variety of tools, and supplies of pollen and honey to feed his two newly-acquired colonies through the winter, the purchases being

transported by Alois' dray and work-horse from Der Alte's bee-house to the Hitler home in Hafeld.

It was an exceptionally exciting trip for Adi who sat beside his father all the way and could not sleep that night in anticipation of Sunday morning when the hives would be set up under an oak tree some twenty paces from the house.

If there is some curiosity as to how much it all cost, I have no real way to reply. To go from the and kronen and gulder of Alois' era to the era of the present American dollar distorts any comfortable study of comparative costs. Alois' pension in that year may have been the rough equivalent of sixty or seventy thousand dollars a year, and Der Alte overcharged him to the extent of asking him for the rough equivalent of a thousand dollars. Alois, fully anticipating that he might have to pay too much, was weary, however, of dealing with the old man and so did not push beyond the small success of acquiring a few extra tools for no extra cost.

It is at just this point that I was ordered to assign Adi and the others to two of my assistants. I embarked that night for St. Petersburg where I would enter a course in orientation concerning a new and massive project which

would revolve around the coronation of Tsar Nicholas the Second, scheduled for May of 1896 in Moscow, seven months into the future.

Let me say that I was as stimulated by this new order as a devil can permit himself to be. (We do our very best to emulate the icy calm of the Maestro whose pride, I often suspect, is that no creature, animal, human, nor cosmic, is likely to be as superbly collected as himself.)

Off I went, then, to St. Petersburg. and on that very night. How I made the voyage is too complex a matter to try to discuss at this point. We are able to travel in the manner of human beings, that is, we can insinuate ourselves completely for a period into many a man or woman (even as forty-two years later, I would be able to work as an intelligence officer in Himmler's Special Section IV-2a) but for rapid travel we use other means. (But of that I will wait to speak.) I was instructed to take the quick route and began my studies of the late Nineteenth Century Russian soul, belly, vices, beliefs, recent history, harmonies and inner disharmonies, by morning of the next day. And in that Slavic realm, nearer to God and the devil than any other land above the equator, I stayed for all of a winter in St. Petersburg before coming down to

Moscow on a cold April day for the last preparations before the coronation itself in May.

In that period of some months, I did receive news of Alois, Adi, Klara, and Angela. Even the day-to-day temperament of the dog, Luther, and the stallion, Ulan, were reported, but it was in summary and not comparable in interest to the new venture, not at all. If a devil can afford a few personal desires other than the over-arching demand (and personal ambition) to satisfy the Maestro, then I had, I confess, become a little too full of the Hitler family. I had wanted more of a major assignment. Now, I had it. I knew that our O.O. was up to a mighty mischief. We all knew that, every one of us, major and minor devils all. Even at the time, I sensed that this could come to more than any other of our full-dress efforts to disrupt the purposes of the other side. It is true. I swear it. I sensed a metamorphosis forming in the aims of our leader.

Now, I will make one apology, then not repeat it. Having read the best and worst of novels for many years (which is, I repeat, part of a good devil's duties!) I should know by now (and do!) that not even the best of readers put up for long with a novelist who will leave his story to jump into what must

seem, at first, as an altogether unrelated subject. Until now, I have indeed spared the reader mention of my other cases, particularly the month I spent in London in May of '95 when I attended the trial of Oscar Wilde and was in the courtroom on the day of his conviction for "sodomy and gross indecency"—a matter in which I did play a hand with the jury since my instructions were to do my best to get him convicted. (I believe the E.O. was looking to stimulate a sense of martyrdom among some of Wilde's associates, particularly those who were of very good family, but to this I cannot attest. Only on rare occasions will the Maestro explain his strategies to us—we are there to satisfy his aims rather than our curiosity.)

Nonetheless, I was feeling an incontrovertible conviction that our Maestro had put the D.K. into a state of some disturbance and much of this had to do with the success or failure (from His point of view) of the oncoming coronation.

For that I can offer my own set of explanations. I had come a conclusion that the D.K. was by now considerably dissatisfied with the variety of formal organized religions serving in His name. Was He then now searching for a new intensification of religion that might nourish His proudest

creation, His human beings, somewhat more satisfactorily than the best efforts at present of the Catholics and the Protestants, the Greek Orthodox, the Orthodox Jews, the Reformed Jews, the Sunnis and the Shi'ites, the plethora of sects in Buddhism, in Confucianism, in Taoism, or, (all but lost by now) was He conceivably looking to revive the rich paganism of the Egyptians and other Africans? I doubt this last altogether. In such a direction He rarely looks by now. Technology and paganism are not compatible.

By 1895, a change had also occurred, however, in the viewpoint of our Maestro. Or, so I suspected. Through the centuries, the O.O. had functioned as a most incisive critic of the follies, disproportions, errors, miscalculations, and sheer blunders of the D.K., yes, God, the Creator, having commenced with evolution, had by now burgeoned into His various grievous misjudgments concerning the potentialities of humankind. In contrast, the O.O. had maintained a critical spirit and had contented himself with acting only in response to the D.K.'s efforts. We intensified where we could the misdirection of His human beings. We looked to increase the sum of emotional dissatisfaction among men and women everywhere, good or bad.

Thereby, we came a little closer to possessing the mind of the species. One of our more effective methods over the last two thousand years has certainly been to encourage intense religiosity of the most organized sort. If we come up short now and again—usually with the most luminous individuals (saints), we have succeeded in warping the intelligence of a good many good humans. You can find fine folk everywhere, locked into a mosque, a synagogue, a church, or a dojo, all clinging to the same philosophical oxymoron. Yes. No matter the differences, they are all attached to the obtuse belief that God is All-Good and All-Powerful. Such a premise—given its vast inner built-in contradiction—is intrinsically incapable of serving as a tool of the mind for it can find no answers to the contradictions of human existence. So, we have succeeded in tormenting the best minds of mankind century after century. All-Good and All-Powerful. Indeed! Yes, we had looked to encourage every fundamentalist we could find, Islamist or Hibernian—we didn't give a damn. "Come to us," became our creed, "come, all of you who are in need of rock-hard faiths and anchored certainties!" How ready they were to believe they were serving God all the while they were working for us.

I will put it simply. Our cause, as I comprehend it, is to diminish the potentiality of humankind. We want to reduce the vitality of the greatest creature developed by the D.K.. Naturally, we are gung-ho then for intense religiosity (the more intense, the more mindless.) Distort the brains of humankind and their emotions will be corrupted. (For imbalance is the beginning of rot.) Accomplish our job well enough, pick up what remains, and we may be able to alter it into our Creation.

Through many an age, this had been the working premise of our Maestro. Be assured our activities are not restricted to churchgoers. So many varieties of human type are suitable, atheists, athletes, actors, angels who are beginning to turn bitter at the edges—I will not pursue this through the alphabet. But, in this time, approaching the end of the 19th Century, I began to sense that the O.O. was contemplating a revolutionary change in our procedures. Was he looking to develop a new species of religion designed expressly by him? Was he actually prepared to make the vertiginous leap from criticism to creation?

I could not conceive of what form such a new faith might take, but the possibility had to cause uneasiness. For who could know more about the

pestilence and slovenliness of human nature than those of us who had worked through the centuries to irritate all that was soft and misbegotten in the D.K.'s calculations. I need not even to speak of His misccalculations—the animal residue in His human beings of unfocused rage, the now-developed tropism in men and women toward free-floating ill-will, such a sum of blunders by the D.K. in the course of developing His most advanced Creation. Given the objective need for a higher level of animal life, able to survive through grievous and often incalculable conditions of heat, cold, flame, and death, the D.K. had to endow man (and woman, most certainly!) with a sense of self-importance crucial to their survival. Once again, the balance (as He tried to establish it) was askew. The sense of self-righteousness necessary to survival also produced envy (for the self-righteous, unless immensely successful, cannot look with equanimity upon better fortune for others—particularly not close friends and acquaintances). Envy worked as dependably in our favor as compound interest serves an investment. The D.K.'s powers in aesthetics and in many varieties of creation were once—it must be admitted—immense, but His skills as a cosmic engineer were less. His problems, even if spared our presence, would not have been trivial. His method, His endless reworking

through trial and error, even His readiness to live with His mistakes until such time as He could correct them (and most certainly, His outsize rages as a younger god!—His frenzies as Jehovah!) had compounded a multitude of errors in every avenue and byway of human history. Now, I had to wonder how the O.O. could look to refashion such a boggled creation after we had finished corrupting, corroding, and demoralizing it further? I was worried. Yes.

-2-

There is no question that I will yet delineate in some detail the determining effect we were to have on the coronation of Tsar Nicholas the Second, but I would prefer at this point to return to the small events, incidents, and minor adventures of the Hitler family in Hafeld before embarking on any attempt to outline the more exceptional activities we undertook in St. Petersburg and Moscow during the coronation (and, most certainly, its immediate aftermath) in May of 1896. Those eight months from

my departure in October of 1895 until my return to Austria in June of 1896 will yet be of considerable interest, or so I would expect, but we have followed the activities involved in apiculture with so much close attention that I do not feel it proper to step away at this point.

I can point, however, to one difficulty. My knowledge of the various experiences of Alois, Klara, and the children were communicated to me, as I have already indicated, through intermediaries—which is to say, the agents I left behind. (Naturally, given the import of the new activities in Russia, I had taken my best assistant with me.) That presents a difficulty. Lesser devils are like lesser humans in many a regard, particularly in their insensitivity (or outright torpor in the worst of cases) at being able to detect the most significant details.

I can have a reasonable notion of what is transpiring among my clients and their near associates even if I am restricted to the reports of mediocre agents, but the work, that is, the time consumed, of preparing the next step often suffers. I could only allocate a fraction of the available energies to keeping up with Alois and Company, and so my account of those missing months—October '95 to June '96—is, of necessity, sketchier. All that saves the occasion of this narrative is that with a few notable and determining events in little Adolf Hitler's development (which events I most certainly did pursue) nothing else of great moment did occur until the return of Alois Hitler, Junior, in June, by which time I was there as well.

So the narrative will not suffer unduly. Mediocre agents, like mediocre human beings, are humdrum in their powers of summary but not wholly

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their best to report on Alois' ongoing efforts at bee-keeping, but they did not always have a close enough sense of his difficulties to satisfy his understanding.

Forewarned, forearmed. I will now present to the reader my understanding of what went on with the Hitlers and their bees from the end of 1895 until the middle of the next year.

FROM : RM

FAX NO. : 5084872136

Apr. 27 2004 12:25PM P38

FROM : JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. : 17186243782

Apr. 23 2004 04:53PM P11

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PRIORITY → Trible-Span

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3.

In October, my agents reminded me with one important caveat concerning little Adolf Hitler, and would have overabundance if I had permitted it with an overabundance of detail concerning Alois' worries and — I must use the word ~~discrepancy~~, shall repetitive discrepancies with his new occupation.

As I have indicated I had little time to give this much attention, but I was in the front of editorial entrance into Alois' working thoughts which it may be remembered, is rarely done with men and women who are not our ~~present~~ ^{stranded} clients, my agents did their work on the milk run. In the open markets of cheap dreams are reasonably available to all, demons and Euclyps, alike, not openly available but there to be pecked up superficially by passing through the night chamber.

We also learn a good deal (although

never in ~~depth~~ depth without close (568)
and careful interpretation) by listening
to a family's dialogue. I was satisfied
with a plethora of superficial information
— enough to speculate my sense of
how to go about these things, especially
~~since~~ when my experiences in Russia
were more interesting and intense.

What bothered me the most was that
I might be receiving a distorted
portrait of Alois. He seemed so much
weaker to my agents than to me,
and while I could not be certain,
nonetheless I suspected that they
lacked my skills of insight when
dealing with men or women whose
relationships were relatively strong. It is much easier
to comprehend those who are weak
than anticipate the moves and true
feelings of the strong. When one deals
with that good number of humans being
whose ~~able~~ — a "mixed bag" as the
Americans with their viscerally
vulgar common speech will say —
a sense of nuance is critical, precisely
what my agents were lacking.

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~~So~~ Being weaker than myself, they
picked up all that was ~~weak~~ ^{weak} in ~~myself~~ ^{myself} and I was left with the ~~burden~~ ^{burden} of
hard and insufficient material for
sound interpretation. If I now summarize
what I received, I would align the
reader to avoid passing judgement
too quickly. If we are to understand
the Adair better, we will emerge
from a childhood with the father and
mother, it is obvious that we have to
obtain a sound recognition of ~~them~~ ^{them}
Adair real strengths and weaknesses.

Very well. Here is the summary of
Adair's work.

-2-

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I can point, however, to one difficulty. As I have remarked, my knowledge of the various experiences of Alois, Klara, and the children were during my absence communicated to me by the agents I left behind. (Naturally, given the greater import of the activities in Russia, I had taken my two best assistants with me.) That presents a difficulty. Lesser devils are, in many a regard, like lesser humans, and this is particularly so in their characteristic insensitivity to significant detail.

While I can retain a reasonably close notion of what is transpiring among my clients and their near associates even when obliged to rely on the

reports of mediocre agents, the work does suffer. During this absence, I could only allocate a fraction of my available energies to thinking about Alois and Company. So, my account of these missing months—October '95 to June '96—is, of necessity, sketchy. What can still save the value of the narrative received is that there were a few notable and determining events in little Ad's development (and these matters I most certainly did pursue). Otherwise, nothing of great moment did occur until the return of Alois Hitler, Junior, but that was in June, by which time I too was returned to them.

So my narrative will not suffer critically. Mediocre agents, like mediocre human beings, may be humdrum in their powers of summary but they are not wholly incapable, and I will warrant that I had trained the least unpromising up to a necessary level of performance. If I am not ready to

explain our systems of recruitment of new agents, that is because such exposition would lead immediately into a far more sacrosanct question: How are devils are created in the first place? Is the E.O. personally on the alert for superior humans who might be ready to serve us, and so are put under contract by the E.O. himself, or, as is more usually the case, do they come to us as lower varieties of humans, a brood of rejected spawn? These last are often individuals who were so disheartened, infuriated, demoralized, or altogether outraged by what they perceived in the hour of their death as a shocking demotion of their prospects for a good reincarnation—a new life they might deem worthy of their merits—that they opted out, simple as that, they declared their desire to be liberated from the wheel of human reincarnation in order to serve another power, us! (How this arrangement

was ever negotiated by the D.K. and the E.O. is altogether beyond my knowledge. While I cannot declare why or when it happened, I am familiar with the results. Apparently, the D.K. was either willing or necessarily obliged to lop off a fraction of His stock of those souls clamoring for reincarnation. Was that in order to obtain a less disruptive and dissatisfied environment for Himself? I suspect that was so. I would also assume that our O.O., looking to fight and/or work his way up onto a nearer level of equality with the D.K., had to be ready to accept this exudate of spoiled human possibility.) Over the centuries—over—it well may be—the millennia, he may have been obliged to use a very large part of his resources into shaping and training the low-grade and highly disturbed material we did receive. It is analogous in difficulty to developing a symphony orchestra out

of soldiers cashiered from the Foreign Legion. I will not pursue these difficulties any further at this point. I will only say that the agents I had left in Hafeld, the lees, so to speak, of my small squad, did their best to report on Alois' ongoing efforts at bee-keeping, but they did not always have a close enough sense of his difficulties, certainly not enough satisfy my understanding.

Forewarned, forearmed. I will now present a small improvement on the summary I received of what went on with the Hitlers and Alois's bees from the end of 1895 until the following summer.

-3-

In October, my agents rewarded me with one important event concerning little Adolf Hitler and would have overwhelmed me if I had permitted it with an overabundance of detail concerning Adi's worries and—I must use the word—obsession, dull, repetitive obsession—with his new occupation.

As I have indicated, I had little time to give this much attention, but I was irked. Short of a direct entrance into Alois' working thoughts which, it

may be remembered, is rarely done with men and women who are not our studied clients, my agents did their work on the milk runs. In the open markets of sleep, dreams are reasonably available to all, demons and Cudgels alike, not openly available but there to be picked up superficially by passing through the night chamber.

We also learn a good deal (although never in depth without close and careful interpretation) by listening to a family's dialogues. So I was surfeited with a plethora of superficial information—enough to exacerbate my sense of how to go about these things, especially when my experiences in Russia were more interesting and intense.

What bothered me the most was that I might be receiving a distorted portrait of Alois. He seemed so much weaker to my agents than to me, and

while I could not be certain, nonetheless I suspected that they lacked my skills of insight when dealing with men or women who are relatively strong.

It is much easier to comprehend those who are weak than anticipate the moves and true feelings of the strong. When one deals with that good number of human beings who are both—a "mixed bag," as the Americans with their viscerally vulgar common speech will say—a sense of nuance is crucial, precisely what my agents were lacking.

Being weaker than myself, they picked up all that was weak in Alois, and I was left with the burden of insufficient materials for sound interpretation. If I now summarize what I received, I would abjure the reader to avoid passing judgment too quickly. If we are to understand the Adolf Hitler who will emerge from a childhood with this father and mother, it is

obvious that we have to obtain a sound recognition of Klara and Alois' real strengths and weaknesses.

Very well. Here is the summary of Alois' woes.

FROM : nm

FAX NO. : 5084872136

Apr. 27 2004 10:11PM P27

FROM : JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. : 17186243782

Apr. 23 2004 04:50PM P1

Book 4 double, then triple space 4/23/04

339a

339a

Book IV

1.

Start

~~It is with~~ ~~that~~ ~~I must now~~ (an unexpected)

With some uneasiness I now inform the reader of a summons from the

It

(for the next eight months)

Maestro that would take me away from Alois Hitler and his family. I would

(early in October of 1895, that Alois)

I can add that this alert arrived on just the evening that he completed his apicultural

negotiations with

Chas already installed)

purchases from Der Alte. Two complete Langstroth boxes (with supplies)

in company

enough

those that were

were bought with a variety of tools, and supplies of pollen and honey to feed

(to feed the two newly-acquired colonies through the winter, the purchases being

and occupied

these

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transported by Alois' dray and work-horse from Der Alte's ^{the Graubart premises} ~~house~~ to the Hitler home in Hafold.

It was ^{proved an} ~~an exceptionally~~ exciting trip for Adi who sat beside his father all the way and could not sleep that night in anticipation of Sunday morning when the ^{hive-boxes} ~~hives~~ would be set up under ^{the shade of} ~~an oak tree~~ some twenty paces from the house.

If there is some curiosity as to how much it ^{came to} ~~cost~~, I have no ^{very} ~~real~~ way to make the ^{estimates} ~~to make the estimates~~ ^{Proceeding} ~~to make the estimates~~ ^{modern prices} ~~to make the estimates~~ ^{sense} ~~to make the estimates~~ ^{values} ~~to make the estimates~~ ^{present} ~~present~~ American dollar distorts any comfortable study of comparative costs.

Alois' pension in that year may have been the rough equivalent of sixty or seventy thousand dollars a year, ^{now} ~~and~~ Der Alte ^{sold him a sufficiency} ~~overcharged him to the extent~~ of necessary and ^{not quite necessary items} ~~not quite necessary items~~ of asking him for the rough equivalent of a thousand dollars. Alois, fully ^{was going} ~~anticipating~~ that he ^{might have} ~~might have~~ to pay too much, was weary, however, of

dealing with the old man and so did not push beyond the small success of

^{at the end} ~~acquiring~~ a few extra tools ^{for no extra cost} ~~for no extra cost~~, ^{one of the few times} ~~one of the few times~~ in his life when he ^{was not ready to bargain} ~~was not ready to bargain~~ with ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{over} ~~over~~ ^{reparations} ~~reparations~~. It is at just this point that I was ordered to ^{assign} ~~assign~~ Adi and the others to ^{three} ~~three~~ of my assistants. I embarked that night for St. Petersburg where I would ^{be} ~~be~~ ^{quickly installed} ~~quickly installed~~ ^{I can put it this way} ~~I can put it this way~~ ^{quickly turned} ~~quickly turned~~ ^{determination} ~~determination~~ ^{into} ~~into~~ ^{a new and massive project} ~~a new and massive project~~ ^{of a new and massive project} ~~of a new and massive project~~.

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~~We were going to attend~~
~~would revolve around~~ the coronation of Tsar Nicholas the Second ~~already~~ (scheduled)
 for May of 1896 in Moscow, seven months into the future.

Let me say that I was as stimulated by this new order as a devil can
 permit himself to be. ~~(We do our very best)~~ ^{considering how much we ~~try~~ to} emulate the icy calm of the
 Maestro ^{His} whose pride, I often suspect, is that ^{there is} no creature, animal, human, nor
 cosmic ^{who} is likely to be as superbly collected as himself. ^{yes, not even}
~~the Lord Himself.~~

Off I went, then, to St. Petersburg. and on that very night. How I made
 the voyage ^(comes to) is too complex a matter ^{for discussion} to try to discuss at this point. ^{white dwarf} We are able
 to travel in the manner of human beings, that is, we can ^{for a period} insinuate ourselves
 completely for a period into many a man or woman (even as forty-two years ^(later, I)
 would be occupying the mind and body of ^{was working}
 later, I would be able to work as an intelligence officer in Himmler's Special,
 Section IV-2a) ^{still} but for rapid travel we use other means. ^{(for rapid travel, (Bat))} (But of that I will
 wait to speak.) ^{For now leave it that} I was instructed to take the quick route and began ^{my studies}
^{enter my orientation into} of the late Nineteenth Century Russian soul, belly, vices, beliefs, recent
 history, harmonies and inner disharmonies, by morning of the next day. And
 in that Slavic realm, ^{so much} nearer to God and the devil than any other land above the
 equator, I stayed for all of a winter in St. Petersburg before coming down to

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to embark on
Moscow on a cold April day for the last preparations before the coronation
~~was to be in the city~~
itself in May.

During
In that period of some months, I did receive news of Alois, Adi, Klara,
and Angela. Even the day-to-day temperament of the dog, Luther, and the ^{houses}
~~the dog and Granbark~~ ^{that} ~~stallion, Ulan,~~ ^{for the most part,} were reported, but it was in summary and not comparable in

interest to the new venture, not at all. If a devil can afford a few personal
desires other than the over-arching demand (and personal ambition) to satisfy
the Maestro, then I had, I confess, become a little too full of the Hitler family's

(intimacies.)
I had wanted more of a major assignment. Now, I had it. I knew that our
in the first stages of bringing out
O.O. was up to a mighty mischief. We all knew that, every one of us, major

and minor devils all. Even at the time, I sensed that this could come to more

than any other of our ^{recent} full-dress efforts to ^{larger} disrupt the purposes of the other
side. It is true. I swear it. I sensed a metamorphosis forming in the ^(intentions) aims of
our leader.

but well
Now, I will make one apology, ~~then~~ not repeat it. Having read the best

and worst of novels for many years (which is, I repeat, part of a good devil's

duties and education) ^{duties} I should know by now (and do!) that not even the best of readers ^{will} put
up for long with a novelist who ^{can} leave his ^{narrative long enough} story to jump into what must

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seem, at first, ~~is~~ an altogether unrelated subject. Until now, I have indeed spared the reader mention of my other cases, particularly the month I spent in ^(back) London in May of '95 when I attended the trial of Oscar Wilde and was in the courtroom on the day of his conviction for "sodomy and gross indecency"—a matter in which I ^(played) ~~did play~~ a hand with the ^(jury's deliberations) ~~jury~~ since my instructions were to do my best to get him convicted. (I believe the E.O. was looking to stimulate ^(rabid) a sense of martyrdom among some of Wilde's associates, particularly those who were of very good family, but to this I cannot attest. Only on rare occasions will the Maestro explain his strategies to us—we are there to satisfy his aims rather than our curiosity.)

Nonetheless, I was feeling an ^(a) ~~incontrovertible~~ conviction that our Maestro had ^(provided) ~~put~~ the D.K. into a state of some disturbance and much of this had to do with ^(over) the success or failure ^(from His point of view) of the oncoming coronation.

For that ^(only) I can offer my own set of explanations. I had come ^(to) a conclusion that the D.K. was by now ^(more than a little) ~~considerably~~ dissatisfied with the variety of formal organized religions serving in His name. ^(He then now) ~~Was He then now~~ ^(searching for a new intensification of religion that might nourish His proudest) ~~searching for a new intensification of religion that might nourish His proudest~~

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formal

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dissatisfied with the variety of organized religions serving in His Name — as though, as I will explain, he was responsible for ~~creating~~ ^{creating} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~creation~~ ^{creation} of His human beings, somewhat more satisfactorily than the best

efforts at present of the Catholics and the Protestants, the Greek Orthodox,

the Orthodox Jews, the Reformed Jews, the Sunnis and the Shi'ites, the

~~others~~ ^{of} of sects in Buddhism, in Confucianism, in Taoism, ^{and} or, (all but lost by

now) was He conceivably looking to revive the rich paganism of the

Egyptians and other Africans? (I doubt this last altogether) — In such a

direction He rarely looks by now. Technology and paganism are not

compatible, and advancements in technology

were very much on the way.

By 1895, a change had also occurred, however, in the viewpoint of our

Maestro. Or, so I suspected. Through the centuries, the O.O. had ^{succeeded} ~~functioned~~

^{in being} as a most incisive critic of the follies, disproportions, errors, miscalculations,

and sheer blunders of the D.K., yes, God, the Creator, having commenced

with evolution, had by now burgeoned into His various grievous

misjudgments concerning the potentialities of humankind. In contrast, the

O.O. had ^{been satisfied in the main to act} ~~maintained~~ a critical spirit and had contented himself with acting

^{reaction} only in response to the D.K.'s efforts. We intensified where we could the

misdirection of His human beings. We looked to increase the sum of

emotional dissatisfaction among men and women everywhere, good or bad.

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~~(— or so went our working assumption we might come)~~
 Thereby, ~~we came~~ a little closer to possessing the ^{Spirit} mind of the species. One
 of our more effective methods over the last two thousand years ^{had} ~~has~~ certainly
 been to encourage intense religiosity of the most organized sort. ^{formalized and} If we ^{came}
 up short now and again—usually with the ^{more} most luminous individuals (saints),
 we ^{did} ~~have~~ ^{succeeded} in warping the intelligence of a good many good humans.

You can find fine folk everywhere, locked into a mosque, a synagogue, ~~or a~~

church, ~~or a~~ ^{dojo}, all clinging to the same ^{philosophical} oxymoron. Yes. ~~No~~

^{Despite every other} ~~matter the~~ differences, they are all attached to the obtuse belief that God is

All-Good and All-Powerful. ^{This} ~~Such a~~ premise—given its ~~vast inner built-in~~

^{vast and built-in} contradiction ^{for} ~~is~~ ^{since it} intrinsically incapable of serving as a tool of the mind for it
^{can} find no answers to the contradictions ^{embedded everywhere in} of human existence. ~~So, we have~~

^{By that means, we have} ~~succeeded~~ in tormenting the best minds of mankind century after century.

All-Good and All-Powerful. Indeed! Yes, we had looked to encourage every
 fundamentalist we could find, Islamist or Hibernian—we didn't give a damn.

"Come to us," became our creed, "come, all of you who are in need of rock-
 hard faiths and anchored certainties!" How ready they were to believe they

were serving God all the while they were working for us ^{in ways}
^{they never perceived.}

Apr. 27 2004 12:23PM P34

to Mr. Sam All-Good and Rep. Powerfull. To whom we
message he have wished to transmit - [unclear]
but all this

2/10

3459

[illegible]

By this time he raised primates to the level of humans. He became ~~too~~ proud ~~too~~ much ~~too~~ soon of this last creation accomplished. He chose to give men and women enough reason to burn their limits enough to exercise free will - so well free, on occasion of him. Just so confident had been his enthusiasm and his belief in this latest creation.

His belief in the power of
The mis calculation ~~manhood~~ ^{powerful} process
salutaries for him. It was like racing
day in a family home, and the day turns
out the father ~~his creation~~ ^{and} ~~and~~
finest creation, men and women, proved
unmanageable with their free will. They
few gave any indication ~~that~~ they would
left to themselves, before Him. It was
reduced to taking a most drastic measure.
He gave up the notion of ~~unmanageable~~ ^{in a profound}
compensating with this ~~unmanageable~~ ^{form} first

FROM :nm

FAX NO. :5084872136

Apr. 27 2004 12:24PM P35

FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243792

Apr. 23 2004 04:52PM P8

Book 4 double, then triple space 4/23/04

that he had we'll have to transmit through his son
"How each other and you will share in my love, I
was converted into 'Fear Me, Respect Me, and I may
answer your prayering."
that he taught and that oppression opened vast territories
to the Master. I will put it simply. Our cause, as I comprehend it, is to diminish the

potentiality of humankind. We want to reduce the vitality of the greatest

creature developed by the D.K.. Naturally, we are gung-ho then for intense

religiosity that is even more intense and than the was present in the D.K.'s religious at his son's message
religiosity (the more intense, the more mindless) Distort the brains of
humankind and their emotions will be corrupted. (For imbalance is the
beginning of rot.) Accomplish our job well enough, pick up what remains,

and we may be able to alter it into our Creation.

Through many an age, *I believe that* this had been the working premise of our

Maestro. *And be* Be assured our activities *has not been* are not restricted to churchgoers. So

many varieties of human type are suitable, atheists, athletes, actors, *and angels* *might be turning* ~~angels~~

who are beginning to turn bitter at the edges—I will not pursue this through

the alphabet. But, in this time, approaching the end of the 19th Century, I

began to sense that the O.O. was contemplating a revolutionary change in our

procedures. Was he looking to develop a new species of religion designed

rather than the Dummkopf?
expressly by him? *Our Maestro* Was he actually prepared to make the vertiginous leap

from criticism to *Creation?*

set of beliefs
I could not conceive of what form such a new faith might take, but the

did (me)
possibility ~~had to cause~~ uneasiness. For who could know more about the

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pestilence and slovenliness of human nature than those of us who had worked through the centuries to ^{swell and inflame} ~~ignite~~ all that was soft and misbegotten in the D.K.'s

calculations. I need not even ^{all} ~~to~~ speak of His ~~mis~~calculations—^{all} the animal residue in His human beings of unfocused rage, ^{all} ~~the new-developed tropism~~ ^{continuing excess}

in men and women ^{of} ~~toward~~ free-floating ill-will, ^{It was one more} ~~such a~~ ^{fashioned} sum of blunders by the

D.K. in the course of developing His most advanced Creation. Given the ^{to protect} ~~of~~ ^{and more delicate} ~~objective~~ need for ^{that would be} ~~a higher~~ level of animal life, ~~able~~ to survive through

grievous and often incalculable conditions of heat, cold, flame, and death, the

D.K. had to endow man (and woman, most certainly!) with a sense of self-

importance crucial to their survival. ^(But once) ~~Once again~~, the balance ^{got away from him} ~~as He tried to~~

~~establish it~~ ^{was askew}. The sense of self-righteousness necessary to survival

also produced envy ^{for} ~~the~~ self-righteous, unless immensely successful,

cannot look with equanimity upon better fortune for others—particularly not

close friends and acquaintances). Envy worked as dependably in our favor as

compound interest serves an investment. The D.K.'s powers ^{to fashion} ~~in aesthetics and~~

^{new} ~~in many~~ varieties of ^{again} ~~Creation~~ were once—it must be admitted—immense, but

His skills as a cosmic engineer were ^{wanting} ~~less~~. His problems, even if spared our

presence, would not have been trivial. His method, His endless reworking

FROM :nm

FAX NO. :5084872136

APR. 27 2004 12:25PM P37

FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243782

APR. 23 2004 04:53PM 110

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over the eons of evolution,
through trial and error ~~even~~ His readiness to live with His mistakes until such
time as He could correct them (and most certainly, His outsize rages as a
younger god!—His frenzies as Jehovah!) had compounded a multitude of
errors in every avenue and byway of human history. Now, I had to wonder
how the O.O. could look to refashion such a boggled Creation after we had
finished corrupting, corroding, and demoralizing it further? I was worried.
Yes.

Book IV

1.

I must now inform the reader of an unexpected summons from the Maestro. It would take me away from Alois Hitler and his family for the next eight months. I can add that this alert arrived on just the evening early in October of 1895 that Alois completed his apicultural negotiations with Der Alte. Two complete Langstroth boxes (bees already installed) with supplies were bought in company with a variety of tools, and enough supplies of pollen and honey to feed these two newly-acquired colonies through the

winter, the purchases being transported by Alois' dray and the work-horse Graubart from Der Alte's premises to the Hitler home in Hafeld.

It proved an exceptionally exciting trip for Adi who sat beside his father all the way and could not sleep that night in anticipation of Sunday morning when the hive-boxes would be set up under the shade of an oak tree some twenty paces from the house.

If there is some curiosity as to how much it came to cost, I have no very dependable way to make the estimate. Proceeding from the kronen and gulder of Alois' era to the modern presence of the American dollar distorts any comfortable sense of comparative costs. Alois' pension in that year may have been the rough equivalent of sixty or seventy thousand dollars a year now, and Der Alte sold him a sufficiency of necessary and not-quite-necessary items for the rough equivalent of a thousand dollars. Alois, fully anticipating that he was going to pay too much, was weary, however, of dealing with the old man and so did not push beyond the small success of acquiring at the end a few extra tools at no extra cost, one of the few times in his life when he was not ready to bargain with the requisite determination.

Query:

on p. 338—when they bring the hives home, why is Adi waiting for SUNDAY morning when they'll be set up? Why wait an entire week to put the hives in their spot?

After all, it is already Sunday evening—you made a big deal about Alois (and Adi) skipping church on Sunday—father habitually, on one excuse or another, Adi on that one occasion—so they could visit Der Alte. So presumably they're bringing the bees home that evening and—wouldn't Adi be awake Sunday night waiting for Monday? (And in October, wouldn't he and the other kids be in school?)

It is at just this point that I was ordered to turn Adi and the others over to three of my assistants. I embarked that night for St. Petersburg where I—I can put it this way—quickly tuned into the needs and dimensions of a new and massive project. We were going to attend the coronation of Tsar Nicholas the Second, scheduled for May of 1896 in Moscow, seven months into the future.

Let me say that I was as stimulated by this new order as a devil can permit himself to be considering how much we look to emulate the icy calm of the Maestro. His pride, I often suspect, is that there is no creature, animal, human, nor cosmic, who is likely to be as superbly collected as himself, yes, not even the Lord Himself.

Off I went, then, to St. Petersburg. and on that very night. How I made the voyage comes to too complex a matter for discussion at this point. While devils are able to travel in the manner of human beings, that is, we can for a period insinuate ourselves into many a man or woman (even as forty-two years later, I would be occupying the mind and body of an intelligence officer in Himmler's Special Section IV-2a) still, we do use other means for rapid travel. (But, of that, I will wait to speak.) For now, leave it that I was

instructed to take the quick route and enter my orientation into the late Nineteenth Century Russian soul—belly vices, beliefs, recent history, harmonies and inner disharmonies—by morning of the next day. And in that Slavic realm, so much nearer to God and the devil than any other land above the equator, I stayed for all of a winter in St. Petersburg before coming down to Moscow on a cold April day to embark on the last preparations before the coronation in May.

During that period, I did receive news of Alois, Adi, Klara, and Angela. Even the day-to-day temperament of the dog, Luther, and the horses, Ulan and Graubart, were reported, but that was in summary for the most part, and not comparable in interest to the new venture, not at all. If a devil can afford a few personal desires other than the over-arching demand (and personal ambition) to satisfy the Maestro, then I had, I confess, become a little too full of the Hitler family's intimacies. I had wanted more of a major assignment. Now, I had it. I knew that our O.O. was in the first stages of bringing off a mighty mischief. We all knew that, every one of us, major and minor devils all. Even at the time, I sensed that this could come to more than any of our recent full-dress efforts to disrupt the larger purposes of the other

side. It is true. I swear it. I sensed a metamorphosis forming in the intentions of our leader.

Now, I will make one apology, but will not repeat it. Having read the best and worst of novels for many years (which is, I repeat, part of a good devil's duties and education) I should know by now (and do!) that not even the best of readers will put up for long with a novelist who can leave his narrative long enough to jump into what must seem, at first, an altogether unrelated subject. Until now, I have indeed spared the reader mention of my other cases, particularly the month I spent in London back in May of '95 when I attended the trial of Oscar Wilde and was in the courtroom on the day of his conviction for "sodomy and gross indecency"—a matter in which I played a hand with the jury's deliberations since my instructions were to do my best to get him convicted. (I believe the E.O. was looking to stimulate a rabid sense of martyrdom among some of Wilde's associates, particularly those who were of very good family, but to this I cannot attest. Only on rare occasions will the Maestro explain his strategies to us—we are there to satisfy his aims rather than our curiosity.)

Nonetheless, I was feeling an a conviction, close to incontrovertible, that our Maestro had prodded the D.K. into a state of some disturbance over the success or failure of the oncoming coronation.

For that I can only offer my own set of explanations. I had come a conclusion that the D.K. was by now more than a little dissatisfied with the variety of formal organized religions serving in His name—although, as I will explain, He was responsible for them, yes, all of the bad efforts of the Catholics and the Protestants, the Greek Orthodox, the Orthodox Jews, the Reformed Jews, the Sunnis and the Shi'ites, even sects of Buddhism, Confucianism, Taoism.

By 1895, a change had also occurred, however, in the viewpoint of our Maestro. Or, so I suspected. Through the centuries, the O.O. had succeeded in being a most incisive critic of the follies, disproportions, errors, miscalculations, and sheer blunders of the D.K., yes, God, the Creator, having worked His way through the locks of His evolution, had by now trapped Himself into His grievous misjudgments concerning the potentialities of humankind. In contrast, the O.O. had been satisfied in the main to act in reaction to the D.K.'s endeavors, intensifying where we could the

misdirection of His human beings. We were out to increase the sum of emotional dissatisfaction among men and women everywhere, good or bad. Thereby—so went our working assumption—we might come a little closer to possessing the spirit of the species. One of our more effective methods over the last two thousand years had certainly been to encourage intense religiosity of the most formalized and organized sort. If we came up short now and again—usually with more luminous individuals (saints), we did succeed in warping the intelligence of a good many good humans. You can find fine folk everywhere, locked into a mosque, a synagogue, or a church, all clinging to the same oxymoron. Yes. Despite every other difference, they are all attached to the obtuse belief that God is All-Good and All-Powerful. This premise—given its inner contradiction, vast and built-in—is intrinsically incapable of serving as a tool for the mind since it can find no answers to the contradictions embedded everywhere in human existence. By that means, we have succeeded in tormenting the best minds of mankind century after century. All-Good and All-Powerful. Indeed! Yes, we had looked to encourage every fundamentalist we could find, Islamist or Hibernian—we didn't give a damn. "Come to us," became our creed, "come, all of you who

are in need of rock-hard faiths and anchored certainties!" How ready they were to believe they were serving God all the while they were working for us in ways they never perceived.

Now all this, I would warrant, is ultimately a product of the D.K.'s inability to anticipate the direction His creatures will take. His strength (as the O.O. will be the first to acknowledge) is that He can create a plenitude of forms throughout the natural world, some relatively successful (the honey-bee as one example) and some improperly designed. (The dinosaur, the squid, the leech and the mosquito come immediately to mind.)

By the time He raised primates to the level of humans, He became proud much too soon of this last creative accomplishment. He chose to give men and women enough reason to burst their limits and exercise free will—a will free, on occasion, of Him. Just so confident had been His enthusiasm and His belief in this latest Creation.

This miscalculation was calamitous for Him. It was like raising a powerful dog in a family home, and the dog turns on the father. God's finest creation, men and women, proved unmanageable with their free will—they gave every indication they would, left to themselves, depose Him. He was

reduced to taking a most drastic measure. He gave up the notion of engaging in a profound companionship with this highest form of His Creation and instead looked to terrify men into obedience. He could not recover to the blow to His comprehension occasioned by the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. He was now obliged to go back to [cannot get] down as Jehovah, terrifying humankind! "Obey Me and fear Me. I am All-Good and All-Powerful." The message that He had wished to transmit through His Son—"Love each other and you will share in My love" was converted to "Fear Me, respect Me, and I may answer your prayers."

That retreat and that oppression opened vast territories to the Maestro. I will put it simply. Our cause, as I comprehend it, is to diminish the potentiality of humankind. We want to reduce the vitality of the greatest creature developed by the D.K.. Naturally, we are gung-ho—no lesser word will do—to encourage religiosity that is even more intense and more mindless. Distort the brains of humankind even further, the O.O. decided, and their emotions will be corrupted. (For imbalance is the beginning of rot.) Accomplish our job well enough, pick up what remains, and we may be able to alter it into our Creation.

Through many an age, I believe that this had been the working premise of our Maestro. And be assured our activities have not been restricted to churchgoers. So many varieties of human type are suitable, atheists, athletes, actors, and any angels who might be turning bitter at the edges—I will not pursue this through the alphabet. But, in this time, approaching the end of the 19th Century, I began to sense that the O.O. was contemplating a revolutionary change in our procedures. Was he looking to develop a species of faith designed expressly by him rather than by the Dummkopf? Was our Maestro actually prepared to make this vertiginous leap from criticism to Creation?

I could not conceive of what form such a new set of beliefs might take, but the possibility did cause me uneasiness. For who could know more about the pestilence and slovenliness of human nature than those of us who had worked through the centuries to swell and inflame all that was soft and misbegotten in the D.K.'s calculations. I need not even speak of His miscalculations—all the animal residue in His human beings of unfocused rage, all the continuing excess in men and women of free-floating ill-will. It was one more sum of blunders fashioned by the D.K. in the course of

developing His most advanced Creation. Given the objective need to protect a higher and more delicate level of animal life that would be able to survive through grievous and often incalculable conditions of heat, cold, flame, and death, the D.K. had to endow man (and woman, most certainly!) with a sense of self-importance crucial to their survival. But once again, the balance got away from Him. The sense of self-righteousness necessary to survival also produced envy. The self-righteous, unless immensely successful, cannot look with equanimity upon better fortune for others—particularly not close friends and acquaintances. Envy worked as dependably in our favor as compound interest serves an investment. The D.K.'s powers to fashion new varieties of Creation were once—it must again be admitted—immense, but His skills as a cosmic engineer were wanting. His problems, even if spared our presence, would not have been trivial. His method, His endless reworking through trial and error over the eons of evolution, even His readiness to live with His mistakes until such time as He could correct them (and most certainly, His outsize rages as a younger god!—His frenzies as Jehovah!) had compounded a multitude of errors in every avenue and byway of human history. Now, I had to wonder how the O.O. could look to refashion such a boggled Creation

after we had finished corrupting, corroding, and demoralizing it further? I was worried. Yes.

FROM : nm

FAX NO. : 5094872136

Apr. 28 2004 01:04P P1

FROM : JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. : 17186243782

Apr. 27 2004 03:07PM P1

Book 4 double, then triple space 4/27/04

337-358

Double spaced
337-358

Book IV

1.

I must now inform the reader of an unexpected summons from the Maestro. It would ^{remove} take me ~~away~~ from Alois Hitler and his family for the next eight months. I can add that this alert arrived on just the evening early in October of 1895 ^{when} that Alois completed his apicultural negotiations with Der Alte. Two ~~complete~~ Langstroth boxes ^(each with a colony of bees) ~~(bees already installed)~~ with supplies ^{and the necessary accompanying supplies} were bought in company with a variety of tools, and enough supplies of ^{plus} pollen and honey to feed these ^{newly acquired inhabitants} ~~two newly acquired colonies~~ through the

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winter, the purchases being transported by Alois' ^{pulled by} dray and the work-horse ~~and~~
 Graubart from Der Alte's premises to the Hitler home in ~~the field~~.

It proved an exceptionally exciting trip for Adi who sat beside his
 father all the way and could not sleep that night in anticipation of ^{morning} Sunday
 morning when the hive-boxes would be set up under the shade of an oak tree
 some twenty paces from the house.

If there is some curiosity ^{concerning Alois' outlay} as to how much it came to cost, I have no
 very dependable way to ^{make a calculation} ~~make the estimate~~. Proceeding from the kronen and
 gulder of Alois' era to ^(hegemony) the modern ^{present} presence of the American dollar, ^{The discrepancy} ~~distant~~
 (any comfortable sense of comparative costs. Alois' pension in that year may
 have been the ^{present} rough equivalent of sixty or seventy thousand dollars a year.
~~and it is likely that he used the cost of many~~
 now, and Der Alte sold him a sufficiency of necessary and not-quite-
 necessary items ^{that might come to} for the rough equivalent of a thousand dollars. Alois, fully
^{large enough} ^{since}

anticipating that he was going to pay too much, was weary, however, of
 dealing with the old man and so did not push beyond the small success of
 acquiring at the end a few extra tools at no extra cost, one of the few times in
 his life when he was not ready to bargain with ^{his usual} ~~the requisite~~ determination.

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However, it was
 It is at just this point that I was ordered to ^{leave} Adi and the ^{other members} ~~others~~ ^{of the family} ~~with~~
 to ~~three~~ of my assistants. I embarked that night for St. Petersburg where ~~I~~
~~I was ~~about~~ brought to focus on~~
~~can put it this way~~ quickly tuned into the needs and dimensions of a new
 and massive project. We were going to attend the coronation of Tsar
 Nicholas the Second, scheduled for May of 1896 in Moscow, seven months
 into the future.

high as they look
 Let me say that I was ~~not~~ stimulated by this new order ^{while most devils,} ~~as a devil~~ can
 permit himself to be considering how much we look to emulate the icy calm
~~it is because we~~
 of the Maestro. His pride, I often suspect, ~~is~~ that there is no creature, animal,
 human, nor cosmic, who is likely to be as superbly collected as himself, yes,
 not even the Lord ~~Russett~~

Off I went, then, to St. Petersburg. and on that very night. How I made
^{is}
 the voyage ~~comes~~ to too complex a matter for discussion at this point. While
^{as if they were}
 devils are able to travel in the manner of human beings, that is, we can for a
 period insinuate ourselves into many a man or woman (even as forty-two
 years later, I would be occupying the mind and body of an intelligence officer
 in Himmler's Special Section IV-2a) still, we ^{can} use ^{much more rapid} ~~other means~~ for rapid
^{means,}
 travel. (But, of that, I will wait to speak.) For now, leave it that I was

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instructed to ^{go by} take the quick ^{alternative} route and enter my orientation into the late Nineteenth Century Russian soul—belly vices, beliefs, recent history, harmonies and inner disharmonies—by morning of the next day. And in that Slavic realm, so much nearer to God and ^{to} the devil than any other land above the equator, I stayed for all of a winter in St. Petersburg ^{prior to} before coming down to Moscow on a cold April ^{morning} day to embark on the last preparations before the coronation in May.

During that period, I did receive news of Alois, Adi, Klara, and Angela. Even the day-to-day temperament of the dog, Luther, and the horses, Ulan and Graubart, were reported, but that was ^{by} in summary for the most part, and ^{cannot be} not comparable in interest to the new venture, not at all. If a devil ^{is ready} can to afford a few personal desires other than the over-arching demand ~~and~~ ^{personal ambition} to satisfy the Maestro, then I had, I confess, become a little too full of the Hitler family's intimacies. I had ^{hoped to receive} wanted more of a major assignment. Now, I had it. I ~~knew that~~ ^{was} our O.O. was in the first stages of bringing off a mighty mischief. We all knew that, every one of us, major and minor devils all. Even at the time, I sensed that this could come to more than any of our recent full-dress efforts to disrupt the larger purposes of the other

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side. It is true. I swear it. I sensed a metamorphosis forming in the intentions of our leader.

Now, I will make one apology, but will not repeat it. Having read the best and worst of novels for many years (which is, I repeat, part of a good devil's duties and education) I should know by now (and do!) that not even the best of readers will put up for long with a novelist who can leave his narrative long enough to jump into what must seem, at first, an altogether unrelated subject. Until now, I have indeed spared the reader ^{reference to} ~~mention~~ of (my other cases, particularly the month I spent in London back in May of '95 when I attended the trial of Oscar Wilde and was in the courtroom on the day of his conviction for "sodomy and gross indecency"—a matter in which I played a hand with the jury's deliberations ^{since} ~~since~~ my instructions were to do my best to get him convicted. ^{It is likely that} ~~I believe~~ the E.O. was looking to stimulate a rabid sense of martyrdom among some of Wilde's associates, particularly those who were of very good family, but to this I cannot attest. Only on rare occasions will the Maestro explain his strategies to us—we are there to satisfy his aims rather than our curiosity.)

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now
~~Nonetheless, I was feeling a conviction, close to incontrovertible,~~

that our Maestro had prodded the D.K. into a state of some disturbance over the success or failure of the oncoming coronation.

For that I can only offer my own set of explanations. *I move than suspects*
~~I had come a~~

now
~~conclusion that the D.K. was by now more than a little~~ dissatisfied with the

variety of formal organized religions serving in His name— although, as I will

eventually
~~explain, He was responsible for them, yes, all of the bad effects of the~~

unhappy structures of the
~~Catholics and the Protestants, the Greek Orthodox, the Orthodox Jews, the~~

perhaps the
~~Reformed Jews, the Sunnis and the Shi'ites, even, sects of Buddhism,~~

Confucianism, Taoism.

By 1895, a change had also occurred, however, in the viewpoint of our

was I ready to perceive.
 Maestro. Or, so ~~I suspected.~~ Through the centuries, the O.O. had succeeded

in being a most incisive critic of the follies, disproportions, errors,

indeed
 miscalculations, and sheer blunders of the D.K., ~~yes,~~ God, the Creator, having

worked His way through the locks of His evolution, had by now trapped

many
 Himself into His ~~grievous~~ misjudgments concerning the potentialities of

for the large part
 humankind. In contrast, the O.O. ~~had been~~ satisfied ~~in the main~~ to act in

reaction to the D.K.'s endeavors, intensifying where we could ~~the~~ *evening*

misdirection of His human beings. We were out to increase the sum of emotional dissatisfaction among men and women everywhere, good or bad.

Thereby—so went our working assumption—we might come a little closer to *eventually* (possessing the spirit of the species. One of our more effective methods over the last two thousand years had certainly been to encourage intense religiosity of the most formalized and organized sort. If we came up short now and again—usually with more luminous individuals (saints), we did succeed in warping the intelligence of a good many good humans. You can find fine folk everywhere, locked into a mosque, a synagogue, or a church, all clinging to the same oxymoron. Yes. Despite every other difference, they are all attached to the obtuse belief that God is All-Good and All-Powerful. This premise—given its inner contradiction, vast and built-in—is intrinsically incapable of serving as a tool for the mind since it can find no answers to the contradictions embedded everywhere in human existence. By that means, we have succeeded in tormenting the best minds of mankind century after century. All-Good and All-Powerful. Indeed! Yes, we had looked to encourage every fundamentalist we could find, Islamist or Hibernian—we didn't give a damn. "Come to us," became our creed, "come, all of you who

Book 4 double, then triple space 4/27/04

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are in need of rock-hard faiths and anchored certainties!" How ready they were to believe they were serving God all the while they were working for us in ways they never perceived.

Now all this, I would warrant, is ultimately a product of the D.K.'s inability to anticipate the direction His creatures ^{would take once He had developed them} will take. His strength (as the O.O. will be the first to acknowledge) is that He can create a plenitude of forms throughout the natural world, some relatively successful (the honey-bee ^{is} one example) and some ^{most} improperly designed. (The dinosaur, the squid, the leech and the mosquito come immediately to mind.)

By the time He raised primates to the level of humans, He became ^{much too} proud ^{much too soon} of this last creative accomplishment. He chose to ^{provide} give men and women ^{with} enough reason to burst their limits and exercise free will ^{He} ~~was~~ ^{was prepared to permit a power of} will free, on occasion, of Him. Just so confident ^{that would be} had been His enthusiasm, ^{was} and His belief in this latest Creation.

^{Such} This miscalculation was calamitous for Him. It was like ^{equal to} raising a powerful dog in a family home, ^{that} and the dog turns on the father. God's finest creation, men and women, ^{given free will} proved unmanageable with ^{that} their free will—they gave every indication they would, left to themselves, depose Him. He was

Book 4 double, then triple space 4/27/04

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reduced to ^{regarding to} taking a most drastic measure. He gave up the ^{heartfelt} notion of engaging in a profound companionship with this highest form of His Creation ^{Instead of} and ^{new} instead looked to terrify men into obedience. He could not recover ^{from} the

blow to His comprehension occasioned by the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. He was now obliged to go back to ^{the judgments of} [cannot get] down as Jehovah, terrifying ^{and so He} proceeded through ^{his new religious} his new religious to terrify ^{humankind} humankind. "Obey Me and fear Me. I am All-Good and All-Powerful." The message that He had wished to transmit through His Son—"Love each other and you will share in My love" ^{now} was converted to "Fear Me, Respect Me, and I may answer your prayers."

^{This} That retreat ^{this nature to} and ^{the} oppression opened vast territories to the Maestro.

I will put it simply. Our cause, as I comprehend it, is to diminish the

potentiality of humankind. We want to reduce the vitality of the greatest

creature developed by the D.K.. Naturally, we ^{look to} are going to ~~no~~ no lesser word

~~will do to~~ encourage religiosity that is ^{even} more intense and more mindless. Distort the brains of ^{human and woman} humankind ^{a bit} even further, ^{than the D.K. intended} the O.O. decided.

and ^{human} ~~their~~ emotions will be corrupted. (For imbalance is the beginning of rot.)

Accomplish our job well enough, pick up what remains, and we may be able

to alter it into our Creation.

Book 4 double, then triple space 4/27/04

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Through many an age, I believe that this had been the working premise of our Maestro. And be assured our activities have not been restricted to churchgoers. So many varieties of human type are suitable, atheists, athletes, actors, and any angels ^{we locate} who might be turning bitter at the edges—I will not pursue this through the alphabet. But, in this time, approaching the end of the 19th Century, I began to sense that the O.O. was contemplating a revolutionary change in our procedures. Was he looking to develop a species of faith designed expressly by him rather than by the Dummkopf? Was our Maestro actually prepared to make this vertiginous leap from criticism to Creation?

I could not conceive of what form such a new set of beliefs might take, ^{I will save that} but the possibility did cause me uneasiness. For who could know more about the pestilence and slovenliness of human nature than those of us who had worked through the centuries to swell and inflame all that was soft and misbegotten in the D.K.'s calculations. I need not even speak of His miscalculations—all the animal residue in His human beings of unfocused rage, all the continuing excess in men and women of free-floating ill-will. It was one more sum of blunders fashioned by the D.K. in the course of

Book 4 double, then triple space 4/27/04

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developing His ~~most~~ ^{a high but} advanced Creation. Given the objective need to protect ^{still} a higher and more delicate level of animal life that would be able to survive through grievous and often incalculable conditions of heat, cold, flame, and death, the D.K. had to endow man (and woman, most certainly!) with a sense of self-importance crucial to their survival. But once again, the balance ^{deliberately} got away from Him. The ~~sense~~ ^{drop} of self-righteousness ^{SP} necessary to survival ~~also~~ ^{also} produced envy. The self-righteous, unless immensely successful, cannot look with equanimity upon better fortune for others—particularly not close friends and acquaintances. Envy worked as dependably in our favor as compound interest serves an investment. The D.K.'s powers to fashion new varieties of Creation were once—it must again be admitted—immense, but His skills as a cosmic engineer were wanting. His problems, even if spared our presence, would not have been trivial. ~~His method~~, His endless reworking through trial and error over the eons of evolution, even His readiness to live with His mistakes until such time as He could correct them (and most certainly, His outsize rages as a younger god!—His frenzies as Jehovah!) had compounded a multitude of errors in every avenue and byway of human history. Now, I had to wonder how the O.O. could look to refashion such a boggled Creation

FROM :nm

FAX NO. :5084872136

Apr. 26 2004 01:07PM F12

FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243782

Apr. 27 2004 03:10PM P13

Book 4 double, then triple space 4/27/04

348

after we had finished corrupting, corroding, and demoralizing it further? I
was worried. Yes.

FROM :nm

FAX NO. :5084872136

Apr. 28 2004 01:06PM P13

FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243782

Apr. 27 2004 01:26PM P1

Book 4 double, then triple space 4/27/04

HT
348

-2-

There is no question that I will yet delineate in some detail the determining effect we were to have on the coronation of Tsar Nicholas the Second, but I would prefer at this point to return to the small events and minor adventures of the Hitler family in Hafeld before I attempt to outline the more exceptional activities we were to undertake in St. Petersburg and Moscow that would culminate in May of 1896. Those eight months from my departure in October of 1895 until my return to Austria in June of 1896 will, I

FROM :nm

FAX NO. :5084872136

Apr. 28 2004 01:08PM P14

FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243782

Apr. 27 2004 01:26PM P2

Book 4 double, then triple space 4/27/04

348
350

expect, be of interest, but ^{until now} we have followed the ^{intuitions} study of apiculture with so

much close attention that ^{I do not wish} it is not proper ^{it} to ignore the continuation at this

point.

^{have to} I can point, however, to ^{a revealing} one difficulty. As I have remarked, my

knowledge of the various experiences of Alois, Klara, and the children were

during my absence communicated to me by the agents I left behind.

(Naturally, given the greater import of the activities in Russia, I had taken my

two best assistants with me.) That ^{left a problem} presents a difficulty. (Lesser devils are, in

many a regard, ^{comparable to} like lesser humans, and this is particularly ^{true of} so in their

characteristic insensitivity to significant detail.

While I can retain a reasonably close notion of what is transpiring

among my clients and their near associates even when obliged to rely on the

FROM :nm

FAX NO. :5084872136

Apr. 28 2004 01:08PM P15

FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243782

Apr. 27 2004 01:26PM P3

Book 4 double, then triple space 4/27/04

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reports of mediocre agents, the work does ¹⁰⁹⁰suffer. During this absence, I

could only allocate a fraction of my available energies to thinking about

Alois and Company. So, ^{the I will give}my account (of these missing months—October '95

(to June '96—^{can't} ~~may~~ ^{will} ~~prove~~ ^{is} ~~in~~ of necessity, sketchy. What ~~can~~ ^{will} still save the value of the

^{however}narrative received (s that there were a few notable and determining events in

^{Adi's}~~little Adi's~~ development (and these matters I most certainly did pursue).

Otherwise, nothing of great moment did occur until the return of ^{Junior}Alois Hitler,

^{Of course that was not until}Junior, but that was in June, by which time I too ^{was} returned to them.

So my narrative will not suffer ^{too}(critically). Mediocre agents, like

mediocre human beings, may be humdrum in their powers of summary but ^{they} ~~they~~

are not wholly incapable, and I will warrant that I had ^{brought even} ~~trained~~ the least

unpromising up to a necessary level of performance. If I am not ready to

FROM :nm

FAX NO. :5084872136

Apr. 28 2004 01:08PM P16

FROM :JMWORCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243782

Apr. 27 2004 01:27PM P4

Book 4 double, then triple space 4/27/04

380
3452

explain our systems of recruitment of new agents, that is because such

exposition would ^{bring us} ~~lead~~ immediately into a far more sacrosanct question: How

are devils ~~and~~ created in the first place? Is the E.O. personally on the alert for

superior humans who might be ready to serve us, and ^{might be} ~~so are~~ put under

contract by the E.O. himself, or, as is more usually the case, do they come to

us as lower varieties of humans, a brood of rejected spawn? These last are

often individuals who were so disheartened, infuriated, demoralized, or

altogether outraged by what they perceived in the hour of their death as a

shocking demotion of their prospects for a good reincarnation—a new life

they might deem worthy of their merits—that they opted out, simple as that,

they declared their desire to be liberated from the wheel of human

reincarnation in order to serve another power, us! (I low this arrangement

FROM :nm

FAX NO. :5084872136

Apr. 28 2004 01:06PM P17

FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243782

Apr. 27 2004 01:27PM P5

Book 4 double, then triple space 4/27/04

351?
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was ever negotiated by the D.K. and the E.O. is altogether beyond my
knowledge. While I cannot declare why or when it happened, I am familiar
with the results. Apparently, the D.K. was ~~either~~ willing or necessarily
obliged to lop off a fraction of His stock of those souls clamoring for
reincarnation. Was ^{this} ~~that~~ in order to obtain a less disruptive and dissatisfied
environment for Himself ^{in the realm of the hereafter?} I suspect that was so. I would also assume that
our O.O., looking to ^{make} ~~fight and/or work~~ his way up onto a nearer level of
equality with the D.K., ^{was, of necessity,} ~~had to be~~ ready to accept this exudate of spoiled
human possibility.) Over the centuries ~~over~~—it well may be—the
millennia, he ^{was then} ~~may have been~~ obliged to use a very large part of his resources
into shaping and training the low-grade and highly disturbed material we did
receive. It is analogous in difficulty to developing a symphony orchestra out

FROM :nm

FAX NO. :5084872136

Apr. 28 2004 01:03PM F13

FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243782

Apr. 27 2004 01:27PM P6

Book 4 double, then triple space 4/27/04

352
354

of soldiers cashiered from the Foreign Legion. I will not pursue these difficulties ~~any~~ further at this point. I will only say that the agents I had left in Hafeld, the lees, so to speak, of my small squad, did their best to report on Alois' ongoing efforts at bee-keeping, but they did not always have a close enough sense of his difficulties, certainly not enough ^{to} satisfy my understanding.

Forewarned, forearmed. I will now present a small improvement on the summary I received of what went on ^{with Alois and his bees} ~~with the Hinters and Alois's bees~~ from the end of 1895 until the following summer.

Book IV

1.

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the purchases being transported by Alois' dray pulled by the work-horse Graubart from Der Alte's premises to the Hitler home.

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Off I went, then, to St. Petersburg. and on that very night. How I made the voyage is too complex a matter for discussion at this point. While devils are able to travel as if they were human beings, that is, we can for a period insinuate ourselves into many a man or woman (even as forty-two years later, I would be occupying the mind and body of an intelligence officer in Himmler's Special Section IV-2a) still, we can use much more rapid means. (But, of that, I will wait to speak.) For now, leave it that I was instructed to go by the quick alternative and enter my orientation into the late Nineteenth Century Russian soul—belly, vices, beliefs, recent history, harmonies and inner disharmonies—by morning of the next day. And in that Slavic realm, so much nearer to God and to the devil than any other land above the equator, I

stayed for all of a winter in St. Petersburg prior to coming down to Moscow on a cold April morning before the coronation in May.

During that period, I did receive news of Alois, Adi, Klara, and Angela. Even the day-to-day temperament of the dog, Luther, and the horses, Ulan and Graubart, were reported, but that was by summary for the most part, and cannot be comparable in interest to the new venture, not at all. If a devil is ready to afford a few personal desires other than the over-arching demand to satisfy the Maestro, then I had, I confess, become a little too full of the Hitler family's intimacies. I had hoped to receive more of a major assignment. Now, I had it. Our O.O. was in the first stages of bringing off a mighty mischief. We all knew that, every one of us, major and minor devils all. Even at the time, I sensed that this could come to more than any of our recent full-dress efforts to disrupt the larger purposes of the other side. It is true. I swear it. I sensed a metamorphosis forming in the intentions of our leader.

Now, I will make one apology, but will not repeat it. Having read the best and worst of novels for many years (which is, I repeat, part of a good devil's duties and education) I should know by now (and do!) that not even the best of readers will put up for long with a novelist who can leave his

narrative long enough to jump into what must seem, at first, an altogether unrelated subject. Until now, I have indeed spared the reader reference to my other cases, particularly the month I spent in London back in May of '95 when I attended the trial of Oscar Wilde and was in the courtroom on the day of his conviction for "sodomy and gross indecency"—a matter in which I played a hand with the jury's deliberations. (My instructions were to do my best to get him convicted. It is likely that the E.O. was looking to stimulate a rabid sense of martyrdom among some of Wilde's associates, particularly those who were of very good family, but to this I cannot attest. Only on rare occasions will the Maestro explain his strategies to us—we are there to satisfy his aims rather than our curiosity.)

Nonetheless, I was now harboring a conviction that our Maestro had prodded the D.K. into a state of some disturbance over the success or failure of the oncoming coronation.

For that I can only offer my own set of explanations. I more than suspected that the D.K. was now dissatisfied with the variety of formal organized religions serving in His name—although, as I will eventually explain, He was responsible for them. Yes, their faults were by His clumsy

doing, the unhappy structures of the Catholics and the Protestants, the Greek Orthodox, the Orthodox Jews, the Reformed Jews, the Sunnis and the Shi'ites, even perhaps the sects of Buddhism, Confucianism, Taoism.

By 1895, a change had also occurred, however, in the viewpoint of our Maestro. Or, so was I ready to perceive. Through the centuries, the O.O. had succeeded in being a most incisive critic of the follies, disproportions, errors, miscalculations, and sheer blunders of the D.K., indeed! God, the Creator, having worked His way through the locks of His evolution, had by now trapped Himself into many grievous misjudgments concerning the potentialities of humankind. In contrast, the O.O. had, for the large part, been satisfied to act in reaction to the D.K.'s endeavors, intensifying where we could every misdirection of His human beings. We were out to increase the sum of emotional dissatisfaction among men and women everywhere, good or bad. Thereby—so went our working assumption—we might come a little closer to eventually possessing the spirit of the species. One of our more effective methods over the last two thousand years had certainly been to encourage intense religiosity of the most formalized and organized sort. If we came up short now and again—usually with more luminous individuals

(saints), we did succeed in warping the intelligence of a good many good humans. You can find fine folk everywhere, locked into a mosque, a synagogue, or a church, all clinging to the same oxymoron. Yes. Despite every other difference, they are all attached to the obtuse belief that God is All-Good and All-Powerful. This premise—given its inner contradiction, vast and built-in—is intrinsically incapable of serving as a tool for the mind since it can find no answers to the contradictions embedded everywhere in human existence. By that means, we have succeeded in tormenting the best minds of mankind century after century. All-Good and All-Powerful. Indeed! Yes, we had looked to encourage every fundamentalist we could find, Islamist or Hibernian—we didn't give a damn. "Come to us," became our creed, "come, all of you who are in need of rock-hard faiths and anchored certainties!" How ready they were to believe they were serving God all the while they were working for us in ways they never perceived.

Now all this, I would warrant, is ultimately a product of the D.K.'s inability to anticipate the direction His creatures would take once He had developed them. His strength (as the O.O. will be the first to acknowledge) is that He can create a plenitude of forms throughout the natural world, some

relatively successful (the honey-bee is one example) and some most improperly designed. (The dinosaur, the squid, the leech and the mosquito come immediately to mind.)

By the time He raised primates to the level of humans, He became much too proud of this last creative accomplishment. He chose to provide men and women with enough reason to burst their limits and exercise free will. He was prepared to permit a power of will that would be free, on occasion, of Him. Just so confident was His enthusiasm, His belief in this latest Creation.

Such miscalculation was calamitous. It was equal to raising so powerful a dog that the dog turns on its master. God's finest creation, men and women, given free will, proved unmanageable with that free will—they gave every indication they would, left to themselves, depose Him. He was reduced to resorting to a most drastic measure. He gave up the heartfelt notion of engaging in a profound companionship with this highest form of His Creation. Instead, He now looked to terrify men into obedience. He could not recover from the blow to His comprehension occasioned by the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. He was now obliged to go back to the judgments

of Jehovah, and He proceeded through His new religions to terrify humans all over again. "Obey Me and fear Me. I am All-Good and All-Powerful." The message that He had wished to transmit through His Son—"Love each other and you will share in My love" was now converted to "Fear Me, Respect Me, and I may answer your prayers."

This retreat, this return to oppression, opened vast territories to the Maestro. I will put it simply. Our cause, as I comprehend it, is to diminish the potentiality of humankind. We want to reduce the vitality of the greatest creature developed by the D.K.. Naturally, we look to encourage religiosity that is ever more intense and more mindless. Distort the brains of men and women even further than the D.K. intends, and their human emotions will be corrupted. (For imbalance is the beginning of rot.) Accomplish our job well enough, pick up what remains, and we may be able to alter it into our Creation.

Through many an age, I believe that this had been the working premise of our Maestro. And be assured our activities have not been restricted to churchgoers. So many varieties of human type are suitable, atheists, athletes, actors, and any angels we locate who might be turning bitter at the edges—I

will not pursue this through the alphabet. But, in this time, approaching the end of the 19th Century, I began to sense that the O.O. was contemplating a revolutionary change in our procedures. Was he looking to develop a species of faith designed expressly by him rather than by the Dummkopf? Was our Maestro actually prepared to make this vertiginous leap from criticism to Creation?

I could not conceive of what form such a new set of beliefs might take, but I will say that the possibility did cause me uneasiness. For who could know more about the pestilence and slovenliness of human nature than those of us who had worked through the centuries to swell and inflame all that was soft and misbegotten in the D.K.'s calculations. I need not even speak of His miscalculations—all the animal residue in His human beings of unfocused rage, all the continuing excess in men and women of free-floating ill-will. It was one more sum of blunders fashioned by the D.K. in the course of developing His advanced Creation. Given the objective need to protect a high but delicate level of animal life that would still be able to survive through grievous and often incalculable conditions of heat, cold, flame, and death, the D.K. had to endow man (and woman, most certainly!) with a sense of self-

importance crucial to their survival. But, once again, the balance did get away from Him. The self-righteousness so necessary to survival also produced envy. The self-righteous, unless immensely successful, cannot look with equanimity upon better fortune for others—particularly not close friends and acquaintances. Envy worked as dependably in our favor as compound interest serves an investment. The D.K.'s powers to fashion new varieties of Creation were once—it must again be admitted—immense, but His skills as a cosmic engineer were wanting. His problems, even if spared our presence, would not have been trivial. His endless reworking through trial and error over the eons of evolution, even His readiness to live with His mistakes until such time as He could correct them (and most certainly, His outsize rages as a younger god!—His frenzies as Jehovah!) had compounded a multitude of errors in every avenue and byway of human history. Now, I had to wonder how the O.O. could look to refashion such a boggled Creation after we had finished corrupting, corroding, and demoralizing it further? I was worried. Yes.

-2-

There is no question that I will yet delineate in some detail the determining effect we were to have on the coronation of Tsar Nicholas the Second, but I would prefer at this point to return to the small events and minor adventures of the Hitler family in Hafeld before I attempt to outline the more exceptional activities we were to undertake in St. Petersburg and Moscow that would culminate in May of 1896. Those eight months from my departure in October of 1895 until my return to Austria in June of 1896 will, I expect, be of interest, but until now we have followed the intimacies of apiculture with so much close attention that I do not wish to ignore its continuation at this point.

I have to point, however, to a serious difficulty. As I have remarked, my knowledge of the various experiences of Alois, Klara, and the children were communicated to me during my absence by the agents I left behind. (Naturally, given the greater import of the activities in Russia, I had taken my two best assistants with me.) That left a problem. Lesser devils are, in many a regard, comparable to lesser humans. This is particularly true of their characteristic insensitivity to significant detail.

While I can retain a reasonably close notion of what is transpiring among my clients and their near associates even when obliged to rely on the reports of mediocre agents, the work does lose. During this absence, I could only allocate a fraction of my available energies to thinking about Alois and Company. So, the account of these missing months—October '95 to June '96—may prove sketchy. What will save the value of the narrative received, however, is that there were a few notable and determining events in Adi's development (and these matters I most certainly did pursue). Otherwise, nothing of great moment did occur until the return of Junior, Alois Hitler, Junior. Of course, that was not until June, by which time I too had returned to them.

So my narrative will not suffer too critically. Mediocre agents, like mediocre human beings, may be humdrum in their powers of summary but they are not wholly incapable, and I will warrant that I had brought even the least unpromising up to a necessary level of performance. If I am not ready to explain our systems of recruitment of new agents, that is because such exposition would bring us immediately into a far more sacrosanct question: How are devils created in the first place? Is the E.O. personally on the alert for superior humans who might be ready to serve us, and might be put under contract by the E.O. himself, or, as is more usually the case, do they come to us as lower varieties of humans, a brood of rejected spawn? These last are often individuals who were so disheartened, infuriated, demoralized, or altogether outraged by what they perceived in the hour of their death as a shocking demotion of their prospects for a good reincarnation—a new life they might deem worthy of their merits—that they opted out, simple as that, they declared their desire to be liberated from the wheel of human reincarnation in order to serve another power, us! (How this arrangement was ever negotiated by the D.K. and the E.O. is altogether beyond my knowledge. While I cannot declare why or when it happened, I am familiar

with the results. Apparently, the D.K. was willing (or necessarily obliged) to lop off a fraction of His stock of those souls clamoring for reincarnation. Was this in order to obtain a less disruptive and dissatisfied environment for Himself in the realms of the Hereafter? I suspect that was so. I would also assume that our O.O., looking to make his way up onto a nearer level of equality with the D.K., was, of necessity, ready to accept this exudate of spoiled human possibility.) Over the centuries, over—it well may be—the millennia, he was then obliged to use a very large part of his resources into shaping and training the low-grade and highly disturbed material we did receive. It is analogous in difficulty to developing a symphony orchestra out of soldiers cashiered from the Foreign Legion. I will not pursue these difficulties further at this point. I will only say that the agents I had left in Hafeld, the lees, so to speak, of my small squad, did their best to report on Alois' ongoing efforts at bee-keeping, but they did not always have a close enough sense of his difficulties, certainly not enough to satisfy my understanding.

Forewarned, forearmed. I will now present a small improvement on the summary I received of what went on with Alois and his bees from the end of 1895 until the following summer.

FROM :RM

FAX NO. :5084872136

Apr. 29 2004 12:41PM F1

FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243782

Apr. 28 2004 02:19PM P1

Book 4 double, then triple space 4/28/04

353- 355

-3-

check on first
few lines
Do they repeat?
Repeat?

get

~~In October, my agents did provide me with one important event~~
~~concerning little Adolf Hitler~~, if I had permitted it, ~~they~~ ^{my agents} would have
overwhelmed me with an overabundance of detail concerning Alois' worries
and dull, repetitive obsessions with his new occupation.

As I have indicated, I had little time to give much attention to this, but I
was irked. Short of a direct entrance into Alois' working thoughts which, it
may be remembered, is rarely done with men and women who are not ^{directly} our
~~steady~~ ^{the} clients, ^{through} my agents did most of their work on the milk runs. In the open
~~markets of sleep~~, ^{the} ~~dreams~~ ^{of most men and women} are reasonably available to ~~our~~ demons and Cudgels

Book 4 double, then triple space 4/28/04

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wholly without secondary ~~starts~~
 aliko, not ~~openly~~ available but there to be picked up *in superficial* to some degree by
 passing through the night chamber.

We also learn a good deal (although ~~never in depth~~) close and careful
 interpretation is lacking) by the simple expedient of listening to a family's
~~dialogues~~ *chatter*. So I was ~~suspected with~~ *came in map* a plethora of superficial information, *particularly since*
~~enough to annoy me, especially when my experiences in Russia were~~
~~more interesting and intense.~~ *intense.*

In addition, I was
 What bothered me was that I might be receiving a distorted portrait of *As*
 the agents perceived him, *Alois seemed*
~~much weaker to my agents than to me and while I~~
~~could not be wholly certain, I knew that they lacked the skills of insight when~~
 dealing with men or women who were relatively strong. It is ~~much~~ easier to

comprehend those who are weaker than ourselves than to anticipate the
~~moves and true feelings of the strong.~~ *those who are more powerful*
~~When one deals with them, one needs~~ *considerable*
A sense of nuance (and that is
 of human beings who are both ~~of nuance~~ is crucial precisely what

my agents were lacking.

former
 Being of no great stature *themselves in their lives* they tended to pick up all that was weak or

therefore
 second-rate in Alois, and I was left with the burden of analyzing insufficient
and weighted
 (materials). While I must now summarize what I received, I would abjure the

FROM :nm

FAX NO. :5084872136

Apr. 29 2004 12:42PM F3

FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243782

Apr. 28 2004 02:20PM P3

Book 4 double, then triple space 4/28/04

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reader to avoid passing judgment ~~too quickly~~ ^{this} If we are to understand the man
Adolf Hitler who will emerge from a childhood with this father and mother, it
~~is obvious that we have to obtain a sound recognition of Klara and Alois' real~~
~~strengths and (several) weaknesses.~~ ^{(need) to ascertain their real}

Very well. Here ^{then} is a summary of Alois' woes now that he has insisted

on becoming a beekeeper.

His first concern which I find somewhat comic (since he has spent his
life in uniform) is that he has to remind himself constantly to put on light-

colored gloves and a bee-keeper's big hat and veil, all of the whitest material,
~~not to mention an absolute absence of dark clothes.~~ ^{avoiding any kind of dark blouse + trousers.} He is always afraid he

will forget to change before going out to the boxes under the oak tree. He

knows all too well that ~~when~~ ^{when} ~~clothes in~~ ⁱⁿ somber colors can irritate bees as

directly as red cloth to a bull. And how does he know? Why, by ^{simple} ~~direct~~

Book 4 double, then triple space 4/28/04

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experience. On that evening years ago when he had been stung while

working with the little colony he then kept at the edge of a small town just on

the Austrian side of Passau, he had made the mistake ^{after work} (one Friday night after noon

^{bringing} ~~bringing~~ work of ^{demonstrate} ~~showing~~ taking a woman out with him so that he could ~~show off~~ his

competence at the hive. Naturally, he was in full dress uniform. How else to

accompany ^{so} a good-looking ^{an} female acquaintance? That was the night, of

course, when he ^{was stung so fiercely / one quick} ~~got so badly stung~~ that his fears still rose in a spurt at the pit

of his stomach ^{for} ~~at~~ no more than the recollection. ^{At his hopes of} ~~No~~ fornication occurred on

~~Consequently~~ remained unsatisfied ^{as well, and}

that Friday night, indeed, the lady was ~~also~~ stung on the exposed flesh of her

^{ample} breast, no less. ^{was lost for that evening,} ~~It was a petty romance for him~~ but a full ^{blow} ~~disaster~~ to his best

^{it proved}

opinion of himself, and, as we see, he was still paying the price.

Book 4 double, then triple space 4/28/04

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Nonetheless, Alois ^{still knew that} ~~was~~ ^(resided) in every disaster ~~was~~ ^{the peasant's} ~~a good peasant's~~ ^{might} ~~instruction~~ ^{are must remain} ~~knowledge that misfortunes are inevitable but a good man knows enough to~~ ~~could at least~~ ^{be alert to what of value} ~~look for whatever might be good that is buried in the soil. For his new~~ ~~could conceivably still be buried in the soil.~~ ^(theory arrived) ~~His~~ ^{medical ideas} on the following day, which he made ~~the mistake~~ ^{all these years}

later to Der Alte, bee stings might be good for rheumatism.

~~Since Der Alte had more than a year's~~ ^{opinion} ~~At the same time, he had accepted~~ ^{Der Alte's} ~~that imported Italian~~ ^{small surprise, he did have} bees (which, naturally, he had on hand) were superior to the Austrian variety,

while Alois had been full of suspicion that Der Alte might be ^{offering} ~~selling off~~ what

~~he needed to still, the selling point (to his present shame) was that the Italian~~ ^{him}

~~They were so easy to handle, Der Alte assured,~~ ^{They were also more beautiful,}

~~Possessed of a marvelous glowing rich yellow tan, not unlike (shoe leather, of~~ ^{the mellowest}

~~Alois had to admit that he~~ ^{the mellowest} ~~He did like the three yellow segments of their bodies,~~ ^{golden}

Alois
had
been
more the
ready
to

Book 4 double, then triple space 4/28/04

360

each fold set off by ^{the sharpest} edging in black. So elegant! The Austrian honey-bee

was hairy, it was gray, ^{not it!} it did not gleam like the ^{all-but-gilded} golden-yellow Italians he had

^{got} purchased, ~~but~~ all the same, Alois felt as if he had been disloyal to Austria,

^{even.} ~~even~~ unfaithful. He should have taken the "Franz Josefs," ^{the gray-heads,} ~~(or so he called them.)~~

What added to his unease is that ^{he kept wondering} ~~he could not decide~~ whether he had

made a ~~good~~ fundamental mistake. Should he have waited for the spring after

all? Now, ^{marking time} ~~all~~ through the fall and the turn of ^{next} ~~the~~ year, he would have to keep

^{his colony} ~~these bees~~ warm enough and well-fed enough not to perish in the cold. He

^{bought last summer,} had bought winter bees. ^{The queen he had purchased} ~~(presumably full of~~ ^{assump}

^{millions of remaining} ~~million~~ sperm cells from the five, six, or eight drones she had phallicly

^{decapitated last June,} ~~dispatched,~~ ^{no,} would not be laying eggs now, ^{four or five} ~~(not for another few~~ months, and

the bees would be all in a cluster for warmth, waiting for the honey and pollen

Book 4 double, then (triple space 4/28/04)

361

Alais To keep close watch on their condition
 he would be obliged to feed them. He only had to weigh the hives once a

Yes
 week (to make certain their numbers were not dwindling) but it would be a

some long four months for these winter bees before they could go out and begin to

again he hoped be pouring forth in
 forage along with the new-born who would be ready with the spring.

therefore
 All through these months he would have to keep records. The
 weight of his hive-boxes complete with occupants,
 plus taking the of the air to keep any
 temperature within the hive, even start a diary and the data was kept. He
~~accomplishing the task~~ and not that he must not
 could not even open the hive. ("No matter your curiosity," Der Alte had

anticipating
 confided (as if he was, and indeed he was, a master at the new apiculturalist's

psychology) "You must not allow yourself to peer in, nor to examine a slide nor to

seek cold from so lower the
 see the sight of the cluster. The draft of opening the box could decimate the
 temperature that it might take hours for
 the bees to warm the interior again. That could
 decimate the take no chances population. Warmth. Keep them warm. That is your new duty. Adapted.

Book 4 double, then triple space 4/28/04

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And keep them well-fed. ~~I~~

will explain an ~~answer~~ ^{you} since up until now, from what you have told me,

I expect)

you have only kept hives in June and July.

~~For~~ Anyone

can do that. But to be the

Shipper of your hive through the
ice-cold air of all the winter months,

that takes character, my friend."

And then as if to ~~add to the~~ ^{enough} ~~comment~~
to the assumption, he added, "my
new friend."

-3-

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secondary efforts, but there to be picked up in superficial degree by passing through the night chamber.

We also learn a good deal (although close and careful interpretation is lacking) by the simple expedient of listening to a family's chatter. So a plethora of superficial information came in, more than enough to annoy me, particularly since my experiences in Russia were more intense.

In addition, I was bothered that I might be receiving a distorted portrait. As the agents perceived him, Alois seemed weak, and while I could not be certain, I know they lacked requisite skills of insight when dealing with men or women who were relatively strong. It is easier to comprehend those who are weaker than ourselves than to anticipate the moves and true feelings of those who are more powerful. A sense of nuance is crucial, and that is precisely what my agents were lacking.

Being of no great stature themselves in their former lives, they tended to pick up all that was weak or second-rate in Alois. I was left, therefore, with the burden of analyzing insufficient and weighted materials. While I must now summarize what I received, I would abjure the reader to avoid passing judgment. If we are to understand the man Adolf Hitler who will

emerge from a childhood with this father and this mother, it is obvious that we need to ascertain Klara and Alois' real strengths and their real several weaknesses.

Very well. Here then is my summary of Alois' woes now that he has insisted on becoming a beekeeper.

His first concern which I find somewhat comic (since he has spent his life in uniform) is that he has to remind himself constantly to put on light-colored gloves and a bee-keeper's big hat and veil, all of the whitest material, not to mention avoiding any kind of dark blouse or trousers. He is always afraid he will forget to change before going out to the boxes under the oak tree. He knows all too well that somber colors can irritate bees as directly as red cloth to a bull. And how does he know? Why, by simple experience. On that evening years ago when he had been stung while working with the little

colony he then kept at the edge of a small town just on the Austrian side of Passau, he had made the mistake afterward one Friday afternoon of bringing a woman out with him so that he could show demonstrate his competence at the hive. Naturally, he was in full dress uniform. How else to accompany so good-looking an acquaintance? That was the night, of course, when he was stung so fiercely that his fears still rose in one quick spurt at the pit of his stomach for no more than the recollection. Alois' hopes of fornication remained unsatisfied on that Friday night, indeed, the lady was stung as well, on the exposed flesh of her ample breast, no less. A petty romance was lost for that evening, but it proved a full blow to his best opinion of himself, and, as we see, he was still paying the price.

Nonetheless, Alois still knew that in every disaster resided a good peasant's instinct that misfortunes might be inevitable but one must remain alert to what of value could conceivably still be buried in the bad. His medical thoughts arrived on the following day—bee stings might be good for rheumatism.

Since Der Alte had more than agreed, Alois had been more than ready to accept Der Alte's opinion that imported Italian bees (which, small surprise, he did have on hand) were superior to the Austrian variety. While Alois had been full of suspicion that Der Alte might be offering what he needed to get rid of, still, the selling point (to Alois' present shame) was that the Italian stock were gentle. They were so easy to handle, Der Alte assured him. They were also more beautiful. Possessed of a marvelous glowing rich yellow tan,

not unlike the mellowest shoe leather, Alois had to admit that he did like the three golden segments of their bodies, each fold set off by the sharpest edging in black. So elegant! The Austrian honey-bee was hairy, it was gray, nor did it gleam like the all-but-gilded Italians he had purchased, yet, all the same, Alois felt as if he had been disloyal to Austria, unfaithful even. He should have taken the "Franz Josefs," the gray-beards.

What added to his unease is that he kept wondering whether he had made a fundamental mistake. Should he have waited for the spring after all? Now, marking time through the fall and the turn of next year, he would have to keep his colony warm enough and well-fed enough not to perish in the cold. He had bought winter bees, born last summer. The queen he had purchased (presumably full of some millions of remaining sperm cells from

the five, six, or eight drones she had phallicly decapitated last June), would not be laying eggs now, no, not for another four or five months, and the bees would be all in a cluster for warmth, waiting for the honey and pollen Alois would be obliged to feed them. To keep close watch on their condition, he had to weigh the hives once a week (to make certain their numbers were not dwindling). Yes, it would be some long months for these winter bees before they could begin to forage again along with the new-born who would, he hoped, be pouring forth in the spring.

All through these months, therefore, he would have to keep records.

The weight of his hive-boxes complete with occupants, plus taking the temperature of the air within the hive, even start a diary to keep the data.

Yet, he must not open any hive. "No matter your curiosity," Der Alte had

confided (as if anticipating the new apiculturalist's psychology) "you must not allow yourself to peer in, nor to examine a slide, nor to seek the sight of the cluster. The cold draft from opening the box could so lower the temperature that it might take hours for the bees to warm the interior again. That could decimate the population. Take no chances. Keep them warm. That is your new duty. And keep them well-fed. Up until now, from what you have told me, I expect you have only kept hives in June and July. Anyone can do that. But to be the Skipper of your hive through the ice-cold air of all the winter months, that takes character, my friend." And then as if to enrich the assumption, he added, "My new friend."

363-368
triple space
H.

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Alois had to recognize the given.
If he had stood in court before
himself as judge, he would ~~have~~
have found the defendant to be
guilty. What then was the matter
with him. Could retirement prove so
lethal to a strong man? First
he had bought the farm on impulse
and many ~~that~~ these top (or) colonies,
these bee hives in their ^{hanging} ~~hanging~~
boxes with removable ^{vertical} ~~slides~~
on which tin kees could build their
combs to be filled (but not as yet!)
with larvae and honey. Had his
commitment to apiculture ^{in the country} also been
— when he got down to it — an unthinking
but impulse? And Dabette had had
the shameless nerve to say to him
even as he was ready to guide his
draw horse and drag onto the road,
"You will see how much I have
saved you."

Apr. 25 2004 02:17PM F2

If indeed! what he did not
 perform in work, he spent in worry.
 Not that old, demure, not yet quite
 not by age and more, but he had
 such a sense of fatigue he for
 his future responsibilities. And the
 worst of it was simply that, what
 with the bees properly placed under
 the oak tree ~~(the winter)~~ and the ~~bees~~
 feathered ~~the winter~~ that he had the general idea
 in ~~the winter~~ and summer, ~~the winter~~
 stones, might clear the bees, who
 were ready to go out for forage, not
 had to be under the oak tree on a bench,
 with a paper beneath for warmth
 and more paper above, to keep the
 down with the bees, and the temperature
 to take every day of the heat within the
 box, and the weighing once a week
 and keeping up the diary full of data
 and notes to himself. It was not
 enough work - just enough to keep
 him with a lot of worry about the
 future. All through the ~~winter~~ ^{daily morning} while
 feeding the winter bees with sugar
 and water, a most tricky ~~technique~~
 technique in the beginning, he would try

(36)

course himself with the thought
 that if the colonist proved to be weak
 when spring came, he might have
 combine two his part one, and if
 necessary, they were located at the
 more expense, more of that original
 battle, fighting in his own hands
 we would be fighting to ward off
 the great economic high, Caravan
 of the New Hitler case in ten
 number of them to be living with
 what the state is now about 2000
 after all, everything had already
 in the beginning, a good example
 look for, on the need for a break
 in the battle, they must
 come to some conclusion, they must
 must have any money or good condition,
 willing to be offered, they must
 certainly not leave the last offer
 no matter how terrible, they
 all they must meet, if it
 any money, not even the money
 they want, make it up in the
 or the money, they have, or if they
 with a poor on the ground

366
If he had some ^{less} fear — enough to
harrangue his family in winter for what
might or might not occur in summer,
and then he could go back to worrying
about the potential weakness of a
winter colony. So much depends
on what he read, negative or positive.
~~One book talking~~ One of his newly
purchased bee books (ordered from
Ling) stated with a confidence
that came at him right off the
page that if two colonies proved
to be weak, it could be valuable
to combine them. Just kill the queen
who is probably a poor sort anyway,
and look to add these two inferior
hives to a ^{third} mediocre colony (if you
had one) that could benefit at least
of a good queen who could keep
getting her cells with bees. Not
a very good queen, however, the low
level of the inherited ~~at~~ colonies
could pollute her efforts.

Had he gotten into all this
just in order to be occupied with
something all through the winter?
He engaged in a flurry of activity

(367)

building two new bird boxes (which he certainly did not need ~~immediately~~ immediately, but was proud of the skill it demanded - yes, he could have been a decent cabinet maker) ~~even if he had the tools~~ but also had to admit they were not the equal of his longtongued birds which he now proceeded to paint. These colors included blue, yellow and ultra-violet. His manuals had told him to do as much. His bees, if they ever got to fly up again, & would be able to recognize (each one of the tens of thousands of them) where ~~live~~ ^{live} ~~they~~ they belonged to. By the color, yellow, red not orange - those colors were not recognized by bees, how strange he remarked to Clara considering the number of flowers they entered red as could be.

Still, he loved working with his hands for the full stint of the Carpenters and the painters. His work ceased for a while. His chest even puffed up again with the old trainings, safe as a ~~small~~ ^{small} ~~house~~ ^{house}

* each other, when they fear
of good German blood? Let
be said to yourself, y^e know
what it means, and ponder
it with respect to your own
country.

German
"God bless understand," said (568)
to himself, "that blessing
do not come from God but from
hard work." ~~But at last~~ (an unfairly
titled remark, he also thought. Lety had
said "God bless true blood?" that
did bother him. He passed a rough
night, ~~governed about~~ ~~but~~
~~in vain~~ of his life by some enterprising
man ~~who could not forget~~ ~~Don~~
~~after warnings~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~of~~ ~~kind~~
~~of~~ ~~that~~ ~~small~~ ~~concern~~ ~~by~~ ~~building~~
~~a~~ ~~framework~~ ~~to~~ ~~hold~~ ~~kind~~ ~~net~~ ~~around~~
~~the~~ ~~hang~~ ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~down~~
~~with~~ ~~would~~ ~~not~~ ~~be~~ ~~able~~ ~~to~~ ~~attack~~

that small concern stayed with him too long, like a small ~~to~~ sore that does not heal. He was attracted to the notion of ~~that~~ ~~of~~ that I had possessed by own natural virtues and power. Yet the thought also confused him. It was too German. He was an Austrian, culturally, proud of an Emperor who could live with the problems, sometimes dictator, of keeping ~~the~~ Czecho, Hungarians, ~~Polish~~ Italians, Poles, Jews, Gypsies, even Gypsies living together under his empire. The Germans could not do that. Always fighting with ~~the~~ ~~the~~

-4-

Alois had to recognize the given. If he had stood in court before himself as judge, he would have found the defendant to be guilty. What was now the matter with him? Could retirement prove so lethal to a strong man? First, he had bought the farm on impulse and now, these two [CK] colonies, these bee-hives in their Langstroth boxes with removable vertical slides on which his bees could build their combs to be filled (but not as yet!) with larva and honey. Had his commitment to apiculture in the winter also been—when he got down to it—on nothing but impulse? And Der Alte had had the

shameless nerve to say to him, even as he was ready to guide his horse and dray onto the road, "You will see how much work I have saved you."

Indeed! What he did not perform in work, he spent in worry. Not that old, damn it, not yet sixty, not by a year and more, but he felt such a sense of fatigue before his future responsibilities. And the worst of it was simply this.

What with the boxes properly spaced under the oak tree (never the walnut tree for fear that the nuts that pelted the ground in late spring and summer, their shells hard as stone, might damage the bees who were ready to go out for forage, no, it had to be under the oak tree on a bench, with tarpaper underneath for warmth, and more tarpaper above, weighted down with stones, and the temperature to take every day of the heat within the box, and the weighing once a week, and keeping up the diary full of data and notes to

himself—it was not enough work—just enough to leave him with a slew of worries about the future. All through the dark months while feeding the winter bees with sugar and water, a most tricky technique in the beginning, he would try to console himself with the thought that if the colonies proved to be weak when spring came, he might have to combine two boxes into one, and, if necessary buy more bees at that time, more expense, more of that Der Alte, farting in his pants no doubt, he would be laughing so hard at the great esteemed High Customs Officer Herr Hitler and his ten thumbs all there to be stung with what he didn't know about bees, after all, everything said. Already he was lecturing Angela and Adi, even Klara, on the need for absolute immaculate hygiene when it would come to warm weather. They must never leave any honey or food outdoors, nothing to be exposed. They must

certainly not leave the hives open no matter how warm the day. Above all, they must never spill any honey. They must mop it up instantly, or the bees could be drawn to it, fighting for free honey, easy honey, as it lay in a pool on the ground.

Such were his fears, enough to harangue his family in winter for what might or might not occur in summer. And then he could go back to worrying about the potential weaknesses of a winter colony. So much depended on what he read, negative or positive. One of his newly purchased bee books (ordered from Linz) stated with a confidence that came to him right off the page, that if two colonies proved to be weak, it could be valuable to combine them. Just kill the queen who is probably a poor sort anyway, and look to add these two inferior hives to a third mediocre colony (if you had one) that

could boast at least a good queen who could keep filling her cells with larva.

Not a very good queen, however. The low level of the weak inherited colonies could pollute her efforts.

Had he gotten into all this just in order to be occupied with something all through the winter? He engaged in a flurry of activity building two new hive boxes (which he certainly did not need immediately, but was proud of the skill it demanded—yes, he could have been a decent cabinetmaker!) but also had to admit they were not the equal of his Langstroth boxes which he now proceeded to paint. Three colors were used, blue, yellow, and ultra-violet. His manuals had told him to do as much. His bees, if they ever got to flying again, would be able to recognize (each one of the tens of thousands of them) which hive-box they belonged to. By the color, of course. Not red, not

orange—those colors were not recognized by bees, how strange, he remarked to Klara, considering the number of flowers they entered, red as could be.

Still, he loved working with his hands for the full stint of the carpentry and the painting. His worries ceased for a week. His chest even puffed up again with the old truisms, safe as a sound house. "Good Germa blood understands," said Alois to himself, "that blessings do not come from God, but from hard work." (An unfairly tilted remark, he also thought. Why not say, "Good Austrian blood?" That did bother him.)

That small concern stayed with him too long, like a small sore that does not heal. He was attracted to this notion that blood possessed its own natural virtues and powers, but the thought also confused him. It was too German. He was an Austrian, after all, proud of an Emperor who could live

with the problems, sometimes idiotic, of keeping the Czechs, Hungarians, Italians, Poles, Jews, Serbs, even gypsies, living together under his empire.

The Germans couldn't do that. Always fighting with each other. Why, then, speak of good German blood? Yet, he said to himself, "I know what it means," and pondered what it might signify to know something when you didn't, not quite, but you did.

-3-

In October, my agents did provide me with one important event concerning little Adolf Hitler, if I had permitted it, they would have overwhelmed me with an overabundance of detail concerning Alois' worries and dull, repetitive obsession with his new occupation.

As I have indicated, I had little time to give much attention to this, but I was irked. Short of a direct entrance into Alois' working thoughts which, it may be remembered, is rarely done with men and women who are not our steady clients, my agents did most of their work on the milk runs. In the open markets of sleep, dreams are reasonably available to all, demons and Cudgels

alike, not openly available but there to be picked up to some degree by passing through the night chamber.

We also learn a good deal (although never in depth if close and careful interpretation is lacking) by the simple expedient of listening to a family's dialogues. So I was surfeited with a plethora of superficial information. It was enough to annoy me, especially when my experiences in Russia were more interesting and intense.

What bothered me was that I might be receiving a distorted portrait of Alois. He seemed so much weaker to my agents than to me, and while I could not be wholly certain, I know that they lacked my skills of insight when dealing with men or women who were relatively strong. It is much easier to comprehend those who are weaker than ourselves than to anticipate the moves and true feelings of the strong. When one deals with that good number of human beings who are both, a sense of nuance is crucial, precisely what my agents were lacking.

Being of no great stature, they tended to pick up all that was weak or second-rate in Alois, and I was left with the burden of analyzing insufficient materials. While I must now summarize what I received, I would abjure the

reader to avoid passing judgment too quickly. If we are to understand the Adolf Hitler who will emerge from a childhood with this father and mother, it is obvious that we have to obtain a sound recognition of Klara and Alois' real strengths and several weaknesses.

Very well. Here is a summary of Alois' woes now that he has insisted on becoming a beekeeper.

His first concern which I find somewhat comic (since he has spent his life in uniform) is that he has to remind himself constantly to put on light-colored gloves and a bee-keeper's big hat and veil, all of the whitest material, not to mention an absolute absence of dark clothes. He is always afraid he will forget to change before going out to the boxes under the oak tree. He knows all too well that woolen clothes in somber colors can irritate bees as directly as red cloth to a bull. And how does he know? Why, by direct

experience. On that evening years ago when he had been stung while working with the little colony he then kept at the edge of a small town just on the Austrian side of Passau, he had made the mistake one Friday night after work of taking a woman out with him so that he could show off his competence at the hive. Naturally, he was in full dress uniform. How else to accompany a good-looking female acquaintance? That was the night, of course, when he got so badly stung that his fears still rose in a spurt at the pit of his stomach at no more than the recollection. No fornication occurred on that Friday night, indeed, the lady was also stung, on the exposed flesh of her breast, no less. It was a petty romance for him, but a full disaster to his best opinion of himself, and, as we see, he was still paying the price.

Nonetheless, Alois was Alois. In every disaster was the peasant's knowledge that misfortunes are inevitable but a good man knows enough to look for whatever might be good that is buried in the bad. Ergo, his new medical ideas on the following day which he made the mistake all these years later to Der Alte—bee stings might be good for rheumatism.

All the same, he had accepted Der Alte's verdict that imported Italian bees (which, naturally, he had on hand) were superior to the Austrian variety, while Alois had been full of suspicion that Der Alte might be selling off what he needed to, still, the selling point (to his present shame) was that the Italian stock were gentle and easier to handle. They were also more beautiful, possessed of a marvelous glowing rich yellow tan, not unlike shoe leather of the mellowest sort. He did like the three yellow segments of their bodies,

each fold set off by edging in black. So elegant! The Austrian honey-bee was hairy, it was gray, it did not gleam like the golden yellow Italians he had purchased, but all the same, Alois felt as if he had been disloyal to Austria, unfaithful. He should have taken the "Franz Josefs." (Or so he called them.)

What added to his unease is that he could not decide whether he had made a more fundamental mistake. Should he have waited for the spring after all? Now, all through the fall and the turn of the year, he would have to keep these bees warm enough and well-fed enough not to perish in the cold. He had bought winter bees. The queen he had purchased, presumably full of a million sperm cells from the five, six, or eight drones she had phallicly dispatched, would not be laying eggs now, not for another few months, and the bees would be all in a cluster for warmth, waiting for the honey and pollen

he would be obliged to feed them. He only had to weigh the hives once a week (to make certain their numbers were not dwindling) but it would be a long few months for these winter bees before they could go out and begin to forage along with the new-born who would be ready with the spring.

All through these months he would have to keep records. Weight, temperature within the hive, even start a diary so all the data was kept. He could not even open the hive. "No matter your curiosity," Der Alte had confided (as if he was, and indeed he was, a master at the new apiculturalist's psychology) "You must not allow yourself to peer in, to examine a slide, or to see the sight of the cluster. The draft of opening the box could decimate the population. Warmth. Keep them warm. That is your new duty. And feed. I

will explain all that to you since up until now, from what you have told me,

you have only kept hives in June and July."

FROM :nm

FAX NO. :5084872136

Apr. 29 2004 07:36PM P1

FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243782

Apr. 29 2004 12:52PM P1

Book 4 ch 3 only, 4/29/04

353

Judith.
Do need to
have it read
before 4:30
on Friday

Pages 353-360
double-space

(361-367 triple-space
to be done first)

→ Figure 6 pages double-space
for 353-360.
90, 361-367 can start
on page 392.

-3-

In October, if I had permitted it, my agents would have overwhelmed me with an overabundance of detail concerning Alois' worries and dull, and repetitive obsessions with his new occupation.

As I have indicated, I had ^{no} ~~little~~ time to give ^{and} ~~much~~ attention to this, but I was irked. Short of a direct entrance into Alois' working thoughts which, it may be remembered, is rarely done with men and women who are not directly ^{had to do} our clients, the agents ~~did~~ ^{what I could} most of their work through milk runs. ^{In what our O. A. calls "the} ~~In the open~~ markets of sleep," the dreams of most men and women are reasonably ^{again} available to demons and Cudgels alike, ~~not wholly available without~~

and can (at least)
 secondary efforts, but there to be picked up in superficial degree by *no more*
than passing
 through the night chamber.

We also learn a good deal *(although close and careful interpretation is*
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and that was
 plethora of superficial information came in more than enough to annoy me,
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 particularly since my experiences in Russia were more intense.

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 In addition, I was bothered that I might be receiving a distorted

portrait. *My* *as*
 As the agents perceived him, Alois seemed weak, and while I could

not be certain, I know they lacked *the* (requisite skills of insight *that are required*

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 men or women who were relatively strong. It is easier to comprehend those

who are weaker than ourselves than to anticipate the moves and true feelings

of those who are more powerful. A sense of nuance *demanding*, and that is

precisely what my agents were lacking.

Being of no great stature themselves in their former lives, they tended
now to pick up all that was weak or second-rate in Alois. I was left, therefore,

with the burden of analyzing insufficient and weighted materials. While I

will *also*
 summarize what I received, I would *also* abjure the reader to avoid

passing judgment. *Since the man who became*
 If we are to understand the man Adolf Hitler *who will*

Book 4 ch 3 only, 4/29/04

355

emerge ^{from} from a childhood with this father and ~~this~~ mother, it is obvious that we need to ascertain Klara and Alois' real strengths and their ~~real~~ several weaknesses.

Very well. Here then is my summary of Alois' woes now that he has insisted on becoming a beekeeper.

His first concern (which I find somewhat comic ^{since} since he has spent his life in uniform) is that he has to remind himself constantly to put on light-

colored gloves and a bee-keeper's ^{large trapezoidal} ~~big~~ hat and veil, all of the whitest material,

^{he must also} not to mention ~~avoiding~~ any kind of dark blouse or trousers, ^{and so} He is always

^{concerned that} afraid he will forget to change before going out to the ^{hive-boxes} ~~boxes~~ under the oak

tree. He knows all too well that somber colors ^{will} can irritate bees ^{known by} as directly as

~~red cloth to a ball~~ And how does he know? Why, by simple experience. On

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Book 4 ch 3 only, 4/29/04

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colony he then kept at the edge of a small town just on the Austrian side of

Passau, he had made the mistake afterward one Friday afternoon of ^{inviting} bringing a

woman out with him ^{in order to} so that he could ^{before} show demonstrate his competence of the

hive. Naturally, he was in full dress uniform. How else to accompany so

good-looking an acquaintance? That was the ^{twilight} night, of course, when he was

stung so fiercely that his fears still ^{rise} rose in one quick spurt at the pit of his

stomach ^{from} for no more than the recollection. Alois' hopes of fornication

remained unsatisfied on that Friday night, indeed, the lady was stung as well,

on the exposed flesh of her ample breast, no less. A petty romance was lost,

~~for that evening~~ but it proved a full blow to his best opinion of himself, and,

as we see, he ^{continued to pay} was still paying the price.

(in some parts, still a peasant)
 Nonetheless, Alois ~~had not forgotten~~ ^{still knew} that in every disaster resided a good
 course of living with a small or large disaster,
 peasant's instinct that misfortunes might be inevitable but one must remain
 alert to what of value ~~could~~ ^{might be} conceivably still buried in the bad. (his fortune)
 the residue that could be embedded in the
 thoughts arrived on the following day—bee stings might be good for

rheumatism. When their meeting occurred, Der Alte,
 we may remember, had more than agreed.
 I think that ~~Der Alte~~ ^{he} became a good part
 of Alois' decision)

to accept Der Alte's opinion that imported Italian bees (which, small surprise,
 the old savior)
 he did have on hand) were superior to the Austrian variety. While Alois had

been full of suspicion that Der Alte might be offering ^{exactly} what he needed to get

rid of, still, ^{one other} the selling point (to Alois' present shame) was that the Italian

stock were gentle. They were ~~so~~ easy to handle, Der Alte assured him. They

were also more beautiful. Possessed of a marvelous glowing rich yellow tan,

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use of the best
not unlike the mellowest shoe leather, Alois had to admit that he did like the advice

three golden segments of their bodies, each fold set off by the sharpest edging

in black. ^{So elegant so} elegant! The Austrian honey-bee was hairy, it was gray, nor did

it gleam like ^{these} the all-but-gilded Italians he had purchased, yet, all the same,

Alois felt as if he had been disloyal to Austria, unfaithful even. He should

have taken the "Franz Josefs," the gray-beards.

What added to his unease is that he kept wondering whether he had

made a ^{basic} fundamental mistake. Should he have waited for the spring after all?

Now, marking time through the fall and the turn of next year, he would have

to keep his colony warm enough and well-fed enough not to perish in the

cold. He had bought winter bees ^{after all who had been} born last summer. The queen he had

^{still} purchased (presumably full of some millions of remaining sperm cells from

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the five, six, ^{seven} or eight drones she had ~~phallically~~ ^{so phallically} decapitated (last June), would be ^{in queenly hibernation now, and not} ~~not be~~ laying eggs ^{now, no, not for another four or five months, and the bees} ~~not~~ ^{Her hive}

would be all in a cluster for warmth, waiting for the honey and pollen Alois

would be obliged to feed them. To keep close watch on their condition, he

^{would have} had to weigh the hives once a week (to make certain their ^{population was} numbers were ~~not~~)

dwindling). Yes, it would be some long months for these winter bees before

they could begin to forage again along with the new-born who would, he

hoped, be pouring forth in the spring.

All through these months, therefore, he would have to keep records.

The weight of his hive-boxes complete with ^{their thousands of} occupants, plus taking the ^{he had even been advised to} temperature of the air within the hive, ^{even start a diary to keep the data.} ~~even~~ ^{for keeping}

Yet, he must not open any hive. "No matter your curiosity," Der Alte had

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Apr. 29 2004 07:37PM PB

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Apr. 29 2004 12:53PM PB

Book 4 ch 3 only, 4/29/04

360

in full command of
confided (as if ~~anticipating~~ *the new apiculturalist's psychology*) "you must not
or extract any of the manageable
allow yourself to peer in ~~in~~ *to examine a slide, nor to seek the sight of the*
frames so that you can study the combs,
why, then) (that would arise
cluster. The cold draft from opening the box could so lower the temperature

that it might take hours for the bees to warm the interior again. That could

(Hera Hitler.)
decimate the population. Take no chances. *(Keep them warm. That is your*

of course)
new duty. And *keep them well-fed.* Up until now, from what you have told

(lived with the) *(person)*
me, I expect you have only ~~kept~~ *hives* in June and July. *Anyone can do that.*

But to be the Skipper of your hive through the ice-cold air of all the winter

months, that takes character, my friend." And then as if to enrich the

assumption, he added, "My new friend."

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4

was almost ready
 Alois ~~had~~ ^{was almost ready} to recognize the given. If he had stood ~~in court~~ before

could
 himself as judge, he ~~would~~ ^{could} have found the defendant to be guilty. ~~What was~~
~~now the matter with him?~~ ^{on feeling} Could retirement prove so ~~lethal~~ ^{lethal} to a strong man?

First, he had bought the farm on impulse and now, these two ~~hives~~ colonies,

these bee-hives in their Langstroth boxes with removable vertical slides on

which his bees ~~could~~ ^{were to} build their combs to be filled (but not as yet!) with larva

and honey. Had his commitment to ~~apiculture~~ ^{this business of} in the winter also ~~been~~ ^{been} ~~when~~

~~been the unseemly product of an unthinking~~
 he got down to it — on nothing but impulse? And Der Alte had had the

letting

Book 4 ch 3 plus start ch 4, 4/29/04

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~~Could summarize~~
shameless ~~nerve~~ to say to him, even as ~~he~~ ^{Alas} was ready to guide his horse and

draw onto the road, "You will ^{soon} see how much work I have saved you."

Indeed! What ~~he~~ ^{Alas} did not perform in work, he ^{now} spent in worry. Not that ~~he~~ ^{he was}

old, damn it, not yet sixty, not by a year and more, but he felt such a sense of

~~fatigue~~ ^{an unwar weariness} before his future responsibilities. And the worst of it was simply this.

What with the boxes ^{now} properly spaced under the oak tree ^{beneath} (never ~~the~~ walnut

tree for fear that ~~the nuts~~ ^{its white pelting} ~~that pelted~~ the ground in late spring and summer,

~~the~~ ^{a host of} their shells hard as stone, might damage the bees who were ready to go out

for forage, no, it had to be under the oak tree ^{the boxes} ^{properly placed on a stand} on a bench, with tarpaper

underneath for warmth, and more tarpaper above, weighted down with

stones, ^{Each day he took} and the temperature ~~to take every day~~ of the heat within the box, and ~~did~~

^{he} ~~the~~ weighing once a week, and keeping up the diary full of data and notes to

(but part of the problem was that)
himself. It was not enough work, just enough to leave him with a slew of
worries about the future. All through the dark months while feeding ^{his} the
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weak when spring came, he might ~~have to~~ combine two boxes into one, and,
if necessary buy more bees at that time, more expense, more of ~~that~~ Der Alte,
farting in his pants no doubt, he would be laughing so hard at the great
esteemed High Customs Officer Herr Hitler and his ten thumbs all there to be
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he was lecturing Angela and Adi, even Klara, on the need for absolute
immaculate hygiene when it would come to warm weather. They must never
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~~Forced them~~
 certainly not leave the hives open no matter how warm the day. Above all,
If they did they
 they must never spill any honey. ~~They~~ must mop it up instantly, or the bees
and would begin to fight
 could be drawn to it, ~~fighting~~ for free honey, easy honey, as it lay in a pool on
 the ground. *If the puddle were deep enough they*
would drown en masse

Such were his fears, enough to harangue his family ^{this} in winter for what
 might or might not occur in summer. And then he ^{would} ~~could~~ go back to worrying
 about the ^{likely} ~~potential~~ weaknesses of a winter colony. So much depended on
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that last night also be mediocre but if it)
 could boast ~~at least~~ ^{at least} a good queen who could keep filling her cells with larva,
~~the investment could be saved. Of course, one~~
~~should not look for too good a queen.~~
 Not a very good queen, however. (The low level of the weak-inherited

~~could~~ colonies could pollute her efforts. *How was he to ~~judge~~*
evaluate the new queen anyway?

Had he gotten into all this ^{merely} just in order to be occupied with ^{an activity} something.

~~off~~ through the winter? He engaged in a flurry of ^{work and bustle} activity building two new

hive boxes (which he ~~certainly~~ did not need immediately, but was proud of

the skill it demanded—yes, he could have been a decent cabinetmaker!) but

also had to admit they were not the equal of his Langstroth boxes which he

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Book 4 ch 3 plus start ch 4, 4/29/04

366

orange—those colors were not ^{to be} recognized by bees, how strange, he remarked

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In October, if I had permitted it, my agents would have overwhelmed me with an overabundance of detail concerning Alois' dull and repetitive obsessions with his new occupation.

As I have indicated, I had no time to give attention to this, and I was irked. Short of a direct entrance into Alois' working thoughts which, it may be remembered, is rarely done with men and women who are not directly our clients, the agents had to do most of their work through milk runs. In what our O.O. calls "the markets of sleep," the dreams of most men and women are reasonably available, open to demons and Cudgels alike, and can be

picked up (at least in superficial degree) by no more than passing through the night chamber.

We also learn a good deal by the simple expedient of listening to a family's chatter. Indeed, a plethora of superficial information came in, and that was more than enough to annoy me since my experiences in Russia were of more interest.

In addition, I knew that I had to be receiving a distorted portrait. My agents perceived Alois as weak, and while I could not be certain, I know they lacked the requisite skills of insight that are required when dealing with the worries of men or women who are relatively strong. It is easier to comprehend those who are weaker than ourselves than to anticipate the moves and true feelings of those who are more powerful. A sense of nuance is demanded. That is precisely what my agents were lacking.

Being of no great stature themselves in their former lives, they tended now to pick up all that was weak or second-rate in Alois. I was left, therefore, with the burden of analyzing insufficient and weighted materials. While I will summarize what I received, I would also abjure the reader to avoid passing judgment. Since the man who became Adolf Hitler emerged

from a childhood with this father and mother, it is obvious that we need to ascertain Klara and Alois' real strengths and their several weaknesses.

Very well. Here then is my summary of Alois' woes now that he has insisted on becoming a beekeeper.

His first concern (which I find somewhat comic—since he has spent his life in uniform) is that he has to remind himself constantly to put on light-colored gloves and a bee-keeper's large trapezoidal hat and veil, all of the whitest material. He must also avoid any kind of dark blouse or trousers, and is always concerned that he will forget to change before going out to the hive-boxes under the oak tree. He knows all too well that somber colors will irritate bees, knows by simple experience. On the evening some years ago when he had been stung while working with the little colony he then kept at the edge of a small town just on the Austrian side of Passau, he had made the mistake afterward one Friday afternoon of inviting a woman out with him in order to demonstrate his competence before the hive. Naturally, he was in full dress uniform. How else to accompany so good-looking an acquaintance? That was the twilight, of course, when he was stung so fiercely that his fears still rise in one quick spurt at the pit of his stomach from

no more than the recollection. Alois' hopes of fornication remained unsatisfied on that Friday night, indeed, the lady was stung as well, on the exposed flesh of her ample breast, no less. A petty romance was lost, but it proved a full blow to his best opinion of himself, and, as we see, he continues to pay the price.

Nonetheless, Alois, in some part, still a peasant, had not forgotten that through the course of living with a small or large disaster, one must remain alert to the residue of value that could conceivably be embedded in the misfortune. His medical theses arrived in his mind on the following day—bee stings might be good for rheumatism. When their meeting occurred, Der Alte, we may remember, had more than agreed.

I think that became a good part of Alois' decision to accept Der Alte's opinion that imported Italian bees (which, small surprise, the old sorcerer did have on hand) were superior to the Austrian variety. While Alois had been full of suspicion that Der Alte might be offering exactly what he needed to get rid of, still, one other selling point (to Alois' present shame) was that the Italian stock were gentle. They were easy to handle, Der Alte assured him. They were also more beautiful. Possessed of a marvelous glowing rich yellow

tan, not unlike the mellow hue of the best shoe leather, Alois had to admit that he did admire the three golden segments of their bodies, each fold set off by the sharpest edging in black. Elegant, so elegant! The Austrian honey-bee was hairy, it was gray, nor did it gleam like these all-but-gilded Italians he had purchased, yet, all the same, Alois felt as if he had been disloyal to Austria, unfaithful even. He should have taken the "Franz Josefs," the gray-beards.

What added to his unease is that he kept wondering whether he had made a basic mistake. Should he have waited for the spring after all? Now, marking time through the fall and the turn of next year, he would have to keep his colony warm enough and well-fed enough not to perish in the cold. He had bought winter bees, after all, who had been born last summer. The queen he had purchased (presumably still full of some millions of sperm cells from the five, six, seven, or eight drones she had decapitated so phallically last June), would be in queenly hibernation now, and not laying eggs, no, not for another four or five months. Her hive would be all in a cluster for warmth, waiting for the honey and pollen Alois would be obliged to feed them. To keep close watch on their condition, he would have to weigh the hives once a

week (to make certain their population was not dwindling). Yes, it would be some long months for these winter bees before they could begin to forage again along with the new-born who would, he hoped, be pouring forth in the spring.

All through these months, therefore, he would have to keep records. The weight of his hive-boxes complete with their thousands of occupants, plus taking the temperature of the air within the hive. He had even been advised to start a diary for keeping the data. Yet, he must not open any hive. "No matter your curiosity," Der Alte had confided (as if in full command of the new apiculturalist's psychology) "you must not allow yourself to peer in, or extract any of the movable frames so that you can study the combs. Why, the cold draft that would arise from opening the box could so lower the temperature that it might take hours for the bees to warm the interior again. That could decimate the population. Take no chances, Herr Hitler. Keep them warm. That is your new duty. And, of course, keep them well-fed. Up until now, from what you have told me, I expect you have only lived with the hives in June and July. Any person can do that. But to be the Skipper of your hive through the ice-cold air of all the winter months, that takes

character, my friend." And then as if to enrich the assumption, he added,

"My new friend."

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Alois was almost ready to recognize the given. If he had stood before himself as judge, he could have found the defendant to be guilty. Could retirement prove so enfeebling to a strong man? First, he had bought the farm on impulse and now, these two colonies, these bee-hives in their Langstroth boxes with removable vertical slides on which his bees were to build their combs to be filled (but not as yet!) with larva and honey. Had his commitment to this business of apiculture in the winter also been the

unseemly product of unthinking impulse? Why, Der Alte had had the consummate nerve to say to him, even as Alois was ready to guide his dray onto the road, "You will soon see how much work I have saved you."

Indeed! What Alois did not perform in work, he now spent in worry.

Not that he was old, damn it, not yet sixty, not by a year and more, but he felt such a sense of inner weariness before his future responsibilities. What with the boxes now properly spaced under the oak tree (never beneath the walnut tree for fear that its nuts while pelting the ground in late spring and summer, shells hard as stone, might damage a host of bees ready to go out for forage), no, the boxes had to be under the oak tree, properly placed on a stout bench, with tarpaper underneath for warmth, and more tarpaper above, weighted down with stones. Each day he took the temperature of the heat within the

box, and did his weighing once a week, keeping up the diary full of data and notes to himself, but part of the problem was that it was not enough work, just enough to leave him with a slew of worries about the future. All through the dark months while feeding his winter bees with sugar and water, a most tricky technique in the beginning, he would try to console himself with the thought that if the colonies proved to be weak when spring came, he might combine two boxes into one, and, if necessary buy more bees at that time, more expense, more of Der Alte, farting in his pants no doubt, he would be laughing so hard at the great esteemed High Customs Officer Herr Hitler and his ten thumbs all there to be stung with what he didn't know about bees, after all, everything said. Already he was lecturing Angela and Adi, even Klara, on the need for absolute immaculate hygiene when it would come to warm

weather. They must never leave any honey or bee food outdoors, nothing to be exposed. They must certainly not leave the hives open no matter how warm the day. Above all, they must never spill any honey. If they did, they must mop it up instantly, or the bees could be drawn to it and would begin to fight for free honey, easy honey, as it lay in a pool on the ground. If the puddle were deep enough, they would drown en masse.

Such were his fears, enough to harangue his family this winter for what might or might not occur in summer. And then he would go back to worrying about the likely weaknesses of a winter colony. So much depended on what he read each night, negative or positive. One of his newly purchased bee books (ordered from Vienna) stated with a confidence that came to him off the page as directly as an unexpected odor, that if two colonies proved to be

weak, it could be advisable to combine them. Just kill the queen (probably a poor sort anyway) and look to add these two inferior hives to a third colony (if you had one). That last might also be mediocre but if it could boast of a good queen who could keep filling her cells with larva, the investment could be saved. Of course, one should not look for too good a queen. The low level of the added colonies could pollute her efforts. How was he to evaluate the new queen anyway?

Had he gotten into all this merely to be occupied with an activity through the winter? He engaged in a flurry of work and built building two new hive boxes (which he certainly did not need immediately, but was proud of the skill it demanded—yes, he could have been a decent cabinetmaker!) but also had to admit they were not the equal of his Langstroth boxes which

he now proceeded to paint. Three colors were used, blue, yellow, and ultra-violet. His manuals had told him to do as much. His bees, if they ever got to flying again, would be able to recognize (each one of the tens of thousands of them) which hive-box they belonged to. By the color, of course. Not red, not orange—those colors were not to be recognized by bees, how strange, he remarked to Klara, considering the number of flowers they entered, red as could be.

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