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

As I have indicated, I had no time to attend 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 by way of 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. My experiences in Russia were of more interest.

In addition, I knew that I was receiving an insufficient portrait. My agents perceived Alois as weak, but I knew they lacked the requisite skills of insight required when dealing with the worries of men or women who possess strength. 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. Nuance is demanded, precisely what my agents were lacking.

Being of no great stature themselves in their former lives, they tended to pick up all that was 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, needless to say, their real 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, always of the whitest material. He must avoid dark coats or trousers, and since that is what he usually wears, is always concerned that he will forget to change before going out to the hive-boxes under the oak tree. Somber colors, he knows all too well, will irritate bees, knows that much 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 of inviting an attractive woman out with him one Friday afternoon in order to demonstrate his working competence with the hive. Naturally, he was in full dress uniform. How else to accompany so good-looking an acquaintance? That twilight 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 were obliged to remain unsatisfied on that Friday night, indeed, the lady was stung 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. Spurts of fear, bright as rockets, fire off in his stomach.

Nonetheless, Alois, in some part, is still a peasant. He has not forgotten that after a small or large disaster, one does well to be on the alert to whatever value might still be embedded in the misfortune. For example, his medical theses accompanied his pain on the following day—bee stings seemed to be good for his rheumatism. His knees, at least, felt better. When their meeting occurred, Der Alte, we may remember, was ready to agree, and even cited the honored Dr. Turc.

This confirmation may have been part of Alois' decision to accept Der Alte's opinion that imported Italian bees were superior to the Austrian variety. While Alois had his suspicion that Der Alte might be offering exactly what he needed to get rid of, still, the selling point (to Alois' present shame) was that Italian stock were easy to handle. They were gentle, Der Alte assured him. They were incontestably 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. 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, after all, have waited for the spring? 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 replete with some millions of sperm cells from the five, six, seven, or eight drones she had phallically defenestrated last June), would be in hibernation now, and not laying eggs, no, not for another four or five months. Her hive would be gathered in a cluster for warmth, waiting for the honey and the 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 the population was not dwindling). Yes, it would be some long months for these winter bees before they could go out to forage

again along with the new-born who would, he hoped, be teeming forth in the spring.

All through these months, therefore, he would have to keep records of the weight of his hive-boxes complete with bees, plus taking the temperature of the air within the hive. He had even been advised to start a diary for recording the daily and weekly 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 temptations) "you must not allow yourself to peer in, or extract any of the movable frames in order to study the combs. Why, the cold draft that could arise from opening the box might so lower the temperature that the bees would need hours to warm the interior again. Such a chill 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 tourist can do that. But to be the Skipper of your hive through the ice-cold air of all the winter months to come, that takes character, my friend." And then as if to enrich the assumption, he added, "My new friend."

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Alois was about ready to recognize the given. If he had stood before himself as judge, he would have found the defendant guilty. Could retirement prove so enfeebling to a strong man? He had bought the farm on impulse and now, these two colonies, also on impulse, these bee-hives in their Langstroth boxes. All right, they were the latest improvement with their removable vertical slides on which his bees were to build their combs to be filled (although not as yet!) with larva and honey. A wonderful advance! Yet, why so suddenly had he given his commitment to this business of apiculture in the winter? Had that also been done on too quick an impulse? Der Alte had had the consummate nerve to say to him, even as Alois was ready to guide his

loaded 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 all these future responsibilities. What with his two occupied boxes now properly under the oak tree (no, never beneath the walnut tree for its nuts would pelt the ground in late spring and summer, the shells hard as stone, and might damage a host of bees ready to fly out for forage), no, the boxes had to be under the oak tree, placed on a stout bench, with tarpaper underneath for warmth, and more tarpaper above, weighted down with stones. Each day he read the temperature of the heat within the box, and did his weighing once a week, keeping up that diary full of data and notes, but part of the real problem was that he did not have enough work, just enough to leave him with a slew of worries over 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 console himself with the thought that if the colonies looked 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 with his ten thumbs all there to be stung by what he didn't know about bees. Already, in November, Alois was lecturing Angela and Adi, even Klara, on the need for absolute immaculate hygiene when warm weather arrived. 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 could 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 putative weaknesses of a winter colony. So much depended on what he read about bee-keeping each night, negative or positive. One of his newly purchased 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 would 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 stock, but if it could boast of a good hard-working queen who could keep filling empty cells with larva, the investment could be saved. Of course, one should not look for too exceptional a queen. The low level of the added colonies could pollute her efforts. But how was he to evaluate the new queen in any case?

Had he gotten into all this merely to be occupied by some activity through the winter? He engaged in a flurry of work and built 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 Langstroths which he now proceeded to paint. Three colors were used, blue, yellow, and ultra-violet. His manuals told him to do as much. His bees, if they ever got to flying again, would be able to recognize (yes, each one of the tens of thousands of them) precisely 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 red flowers bees entered.

Still, he was enjoying working with his hands for the duration of the carpentry and the painting. At least, his worries eased for a week. His chest even puffed up again with an old truism, safe as a sound house. "Good German blood understands," said Alois to himself, "that blessings do not come from God, but from hard work." Still, it was an unfairly tilted remark. Why not say, "Good Austrian blood?" That did bother him.

Even this small concern stayed with him too long, like a minor sore that does not heal. He was attracted to the notion that blood possessed its own natural virtues and powers. Yet the thought might also be confusing. Why was he supposed to be proud of German blood? He was an Austrian, after all, proud of an Emperor who could live with the immense and sometimes idiotic problems of keeping the Czechs, Hungarians, Italians, Poles, Jews, Serbs, even the gypsies, living together under the Hapsburg empire. The Germans couldn't do that. Always fighting with each other. Without Bismarck, they would still be nothing. Petty principalities. *Litte duchys*. Always squabbling. Mad King Ludwig I, and then Mad King Ludwig II. Crazy Bavarians and the Prussians with a ramrod up their ass, speak of good German blood? Yet, he said to himself, "All the same, I know what it

means," and pondered what it might signify to say to himself that he knew something when he didn't, not quite, except in some way he did.

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For Baring,
364-383 triple space

Without Bismarck, they would still be nothing. Petty principalities. ^{Little} ~~late~~

duchys. Always squabbling. Mad King Ludwig I, and then Mad King

Ludwig II. Crazy Bavarians and ^{there?} ~~the~~ Prussians with a ramrod up their ass.

speak of good German blood? Yet, he said to himself, "All the same, I

know what it means," and ^{he} pondered what it might signify to say to himself

that he knew something when, ^{in fact} he didn't, not quite, except in some way he

~~did~~ certainly did.

this, he decided, was a question to be taken up in the bar at Fischelham. Was one's true loyalty to one's culture (which, ultimately, Alois decided, might be equal to one's language, or was it to one's nation? Could it be as simple as saying that to be

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FROM : J1WORDCRAFT

FAX NO. : 17186243782

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~~Case~~
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means," and pondered what it might signify to say to himself that he knew something when he didn't, not quite, except in some way he did.

This was a question, he decided, to be taken up in the year at Fribourg. A philosopher of ~~linguistics~~ ^{linguistics} was one's loyalty to one's culture one's language, or was it to one's nation? What was German? ~~What was it?~~ ^{What was it?} Come down to it, or ~~was it~~ ^{was it} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~simply~~ ^{simply} ~~saying~~ ^{saying} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~it was~~ ^{it was} ~~German to be~~ ^{German to be} ~~German~~ ^{German} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~to have~~ ^{to have} ~~German~~ ^{German} ~~blood?~~ ^{blood?}

He didn't bring it up at the tavern,
after all. They were ~~not~~ ⁱⁿ debt. He
resorted to the home he spent there. By
November, he had even found himself
going over ~~there~~ ^{to his house} in the afternoon, ~~and~~
a proof ^{of his need} that there was not enough
work to do ^{for him} that he had to go away for
a week. ^{could} I have all the carpentry and
the painting, even built a frame work on
which to hang netting around ^{near} the looms
so that the birds could be kept away.
He even thought of going to visit Del
Atte, but recollections of the smell in
the hut kept him away. The odor of

urine was nothing to put up with (366)
especially since ^{Alain} ~~he~~ felt all too close
to sprinkling his own pants now and
again.

Before long he was back in the tavern,
~~the~~ just about every day. There was one
pleasure he could not ~~escape~~ ^{escape} the cloths,
full of their superiority (that they had
been stuck in one place for life!) were
coming none the less to see Alain as
an expert on apiculture. Maybe he still
had a lot to learn but he did not show
that to them. Recalling every bit of the
advice ~~the~~ ^{the} Alte had ~~given~~ ^{offered}, plus
whatever he had picked up of late in his
reading, he ^{now presented} ~~came to present~~ his own
wisdom. Honesty and modesty were
excellent virtues but ~~personal~~ ^{best}
were best employed when dealing
with superiors and experts. A farmer's
mind wanted nothing more than to
~~the impression of~~ ^{feel} they were with wise
men when they were drinking. ~~Alain~~ ^{Being}
~~Alain~~ ^{more} available to the local ~~but~~
than the Alte, ^{Alain} ~~had~~ ^{was} for practical purposes
had become the local bee expert. One farmer
even walked over one Sunday afternoon
for advice on how to get started. Alain

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overwhelmed him with the subtleties and difficulties of feeding a bear through the winter. (36)

"You cannot open the lid ^(of the canister) he said. How dare you get the mixture to them? Every other day you must feed them, and this mixture is precise, the honey is diluted one part honey to one part water, but that must be honey from your own bees - that means you must be able to trust the man who gives you the honey for counter-feeding. ^{the} honey purchase was, I think, essential."

Even as they were both nodding their heads with something of the same reverence with which Clara would genuflect before a cross, Alois was washing himself if he could really trust the honey he had received from Der Alte, what a laugh for ~~Der Alte~~ that grandiose doctor and peer-less man if all of Alois' bees were dead of disease by spring time. But Alois ~~could do so~~ ^{disposed} (of such anxiety by assigning ^{rule-of-thumb} ratios to them. (He would expect that Der Alte was ~~at least~~ ^{quite} trustworthy. After all, it would hurt him, too, if Alois' bees were ~~dead~~ ^{went kaput}.)

"But how dare you feed them," asked the visitor, "if you can't open the lid?"
"Ah," said Alois, "there is a technique. You open a very small plug on the top

of the box and you lay the feeder over
to try that. It is a special feeder, a
five-liter jar with a cover of the finest mesh
over the mouth. In fact, you have placed mesh
that has been heated that not hold, and
you have the sugar until it completely
dissolved."

"I am confused," said his sister. "You
were speaking of honey and water, and now
of sugar and water."

"Why a polyp?" said Alain, "I am
telling you that for a keogram keogram like
yourself, you may be ~~with~~ better, ~~store~~
you do not have to treat the source. In fact,
simpler. A different ratio, however. They
part of sugar to two of water."

~~It occurred to Alain~~

Alain was feeling somewhat of himself
again, yes, the fine fellow he had been
before his retirement. "The trick," he said
"is to master the technique of the 'preceptor'
feeder. Because you not only put in
the liquid nourishment, and cover the
mouth of the jar with the mesh, but you
must back a small pump built into the
jar to create a vacuum. Since you will
be holding the jar upside down over the
young hole and you the bread waiting to be
fed, you have to have the jar keep the
sugar-water from pouring out, but the
kees can absorb the liquid through the
tiny spaces in the cloth mesh. I feed over
and later of sugar water or honey water
to them once a day, and of the feeding
I wash the jar in boiled water. Cleanliness

expensive, but easier

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is an absolute demand in that matter. ~~that~~

All the while he was expounding that matter, and offering procedures for calculating the amount of sugar or honey ~~is~~ needed for each box over the course of a month, ~~he was being~~ ~~communal~~ ~~by his own~~ ~~experience~~. He was sensing the ~~commencement~~ ^{anxiety} of commencement of new ~~business~~ ^{business}, ~~was~~ this to be a direct penalty for such bluffing? Alois did not feel himself. The position of being a great expert was nothing but a bluff. By the time, his visitor had left, Alois was out in the cold again, staring at his two ~~hives~~ ^{two} double hives (honey-boxes about broad box) and wondering if his camp would strike these colonies before winter was finished.

He spent the night reading his books and had dreams of living ~~in a box~~ ^{in one of his hives}, he could ~~it~~ ^{he} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~into~~ ^{into} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~matter~~ ^{matter} of clustering together in deep and dark but obscure?

How could they ~~guide~~ ^{guide} themselves in that ~~stagnant~~ ^{stagnant} ~~world~~ ^{world} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~light~~ ^{light}? Were their antennae of aid? How many facets were there to a bee's eyes. What had he ~~read~~ ^{read}?

A demand? Even the experts seemed to disagree. He decided that if humans could speak of a sixth sense, perhaps these bees had a kind of seventh sense that could penetrate into the covers,

with their thousand facets in every

(369)

and catacombs of darkness and
labyrinths of darkness.

By the end of the dream, ~~Alvin~~ ^{Alvin} 370
a nightmare. His bees ~~appeared~~ ^{multiplied} in the darkness of
the hive and then they became so
many that they could ~~not~~ ^{no longer} ~~find~~ ^{lose} their
confines. They fled from the box and
blew away, ~~for many~~ ^{so fast} ~~away~~ ^{that} ~~they~~
they could not be found and then they
all clustered ~~at~~ within a hole in
the trunk of a tree - back to their old
habits, yes.

When ~~you~~ ^{if you} come, ~~it~~ ^{might} ~~could~~ that
happen? Could he lose a good half
of his hive in June? ~~He~~ ^{He} felt for Klara in the dark, and
his hand came across her, ~~help~~ ^{help}. They
knew so ~~leg~~ ^{leg} now, and ~~the~~ ^{the} new
one ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ the January, ~~would~~
~~be~~ ^{be} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ a ~~great~~ ^{great} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~make~~ ^{make}
~~than~~ ^{than} ~~there~~ ^{there} ~~could~~ ^{could} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~six~~ ^{six} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the}
house, seven when Junior returned.

She came awake with his hand on
her, and would have ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~let~~ ^{let} ~~the~~ ^{the}
embrace of his arm, but he felt a
desire to talk in the middle of their ~~dark~~
darkness. Before he had said more
than a few words, she was wide awake
and unhappy, embarrassed you could
say and agitated.

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"I hope," Alois said, "that you haven't
spoken to Herr Rostenmaier again." (34)
She knew immediately whom he was
next suggesting. Herr Rostenmaier
owned the country store in Fischlham,
where once a week, on Saturday, she and
Alois would buy a few necessities. They
did not raise in their garden and ~~fruit~~
no livestock as yet for them at Rofels,
not with Alois's smallness up in his
bees. It was when Mr. Rostenmaier, and
had ventured to talk to him about the
future sale of their honey. Alois had told
him not to touch any deal, yet since there
was always the possibility, slight, of
course, that he would do business with
Dorthe. She had taken pleasure in the
~~thought~~ thought that it would probably
be Rostenmaier, and she would be the
interlocutor, even literally bring a little money
back to the house and hand it over
to Alois. Her fingers tingled as to him
she had thought of such a transaction, she
hardly knew why.

Now Alois would go to Dorthe. She
knew that "I thought," she said in the
darkness, while he patted the ground - to be
in his belly, "that you didn't like him
at all, you, remember, you said you
wouldn't have to smell him."

"We will be good to consult when
I need him," the nightman of the bees swarming.

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"Yes, yes, yes," said Klara "but you told me you don't trust Dr. Altk, Yes?" She was ~~just a bit suspicious~~ ^{at} ~~being~~ ^{of an} ~~agreed~~ ^{agreeable} ~~person~~ ^{sleep} - not so common for her. "Yes, you say you don't trust him and yet you choose this Dr. ~~Altk~~ Altk over an honest man like Herr Portenauer." A nice man."

"You feel embarrassed by your commitment to him," ^{he said} ~~you~~ ^{trusting} ~~you~~ ^{you} ~~trust~~ ^{quite} ~~old~~ ^{men} a real commitment. You and him without speaking to me first?"

"No," she said, "not at all." It is done. I am not embarrassed. But then I will say, I must say, I will never understand the thinking that goes on in a person like you. She had been ~~some~~ ^{so} ~~that~~ ^{tempted} to remark, "a man like you," but knew better. He would leave ridiculous her for such a stupid ~~remark~~ ^{attitude}.

~~was~~ full of uneasy excitement, as if a
 wood ~~large as a loaf of bread~~ had settled
 in his ~~thoughts~~ ^{thoughts} ~~for his chest~~ ^{for his chest} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~all of that~~ ^{all of that} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~but~~ ^{but} ~~still~~ ^{still} ~~alive~~ ^{alive}, it
 was ~~stomping~~ ^{stomping} with excitement, or so
 he thought, since his heart on their cold
 morning was ~~but~~ ^{but} full of vapor. He ~~was~~ ^{was}
 knew he would not tell his father that he
 planned to visit Dr. Alt on his ~~even~~ ^{even}
 Already he ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~waiting~~ ^{waiting}
~~for him~~ ^{for him} that might be waiting
 for him.

"Yes," he kept saying to himself, "in
 daytime, I will not be afraid to walk
 by myself. For the night, ^{yes} there are
 too many spirits in the woods,
 and in the dark, they are mean,
 they get much meaner because of the
 cold." This was as clear to him as
~~and~~ ^{and} the categorical imperative
 to ~~Immanuel Kant~~ ^{Immanuel Kant} was once of
 inestimable clarity to Immanuel Kant.
 Adi was now thinking of all the bees
 in his father's two live beehives. He
 had not seen one of them yet, but
 he had heard so often of his father's
 bees when summer came. "You
 must now have a ~~beehive~~ ^{beehive} in the open
 sun. If a branch falls off the

shade tree and the hive is exposed to (BTB)
the sun, you must get me to remove it, to
move it to the shade. Otherwise, the
interior will overheat, the bees will
become agitated, yes, up to the point
of insanity. They will feel trapped
and in the course of such a disturbance,
buzzing around inside the box
with no room to fly they will use up
all the air inside, yes, they will
consume too much oxygen, and then
the temperature in the hive will proceed
to rise. If it gets even twenty degrees
above the heat on the hottest day of
summer, even the wax of the cells
in the combs will melt. The cells
will collapse. The colony will perish."

We had heard all this on the
drive home from Dr. Alto's house
after the first meeting. It was dark
by then in the woods and the boy
listened to his father with an
unhappy sense of all the creatures
in the wood whom he could not
see, but they would hear, and he
knew that when summer came, he
would never allow a live-boy
to sit in the sun, no, he wouldn't, but

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Alain, Junior, would be back by then and he would not be ~~good~~ ^{happy}, it would leave a box in the ~~stomach~~ ^{stomach}. (376)

Der Alte, alerted to their visit, was ready with the Aphorbul of honey, ~~the was also honey~~ and the taste left the boy with such a glow that what with the weight in his stomach and the excitement in his heart, he was almost ill.

All that quieted, however, for Der Alte and his father had a long conversation about the marketing of honey, and then ~~was~~ ^{was} a dispute on the price which Adli could hardly follow nor did he ~~hardly~~ ^{hardly} say to. He was disappointed that Der Alte, once he had offered the honey did not seem to be interested in him.

Adli was mistaken. After business was done the old man could not stop talking to ~~about~~ ^{about} Alain and to Adli as well about the mysteries of bees — one had to contemplate it — the further and

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further mysteries to be faced (577)
 in contemplating the excitement
 of trusting creatures with their honey
 and their near to immortal sting.

Yes, Dr A/H was off on a conversational
 discourse, rich, most interesting, and
 fascinating, despite himself, to
 Alvin, who would retain a number of
 the metaphor to support an it begins
 tomorrow night in Fischelhaus, South
 Grandine to offer the dolls! Adi,
~~Edmund~~ in his turn, was - no other
 word is accurate - Adi was
 spellbound. ~~that~~ he could not
 understand altogether was of less
 importance than those he could, and
 besides the sound of words he did
 not know was more than rich in
 some kind of meaning. He felt as if
 his mother, in the good old days before
 Edmund ^{had gone} ~~was~~, was rubbing out
 into his back even as his pain seemed
 to leave his flesh by way of ~~the~~
 her palms and fingertips. How he
 listened!

"Can we," asked Dr A/H, ever pay
 enough attention to a work of

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(578)

* the very realization - if you will
 permit me the word - of God's
 secret life, His inner life in
 wonder and awe.

creation so full of genius in
 association with wise measure
 and wisdom and the everlasting
 quintessential power to surprise
 us, then little devils come to us
 from the Good Lord's presence, yes,
 His divine and curious as the ^{so} ^{enigmatic}
 Our bees are conversation of ^{so} ^{supernatural}
 nature's wisdom in the most
 bizarre and unexpected form, ^{Der Alte}
^{he} (went on and on. How he
 could go on! His endless references
 to God's ballet, God's gymnastics,
 yes! God's gymnastics, God's intuition
 of the paradoxes of Creation, He
 was like many of the devils I had
 known. They were always ready
 to praise God aloud, but I did
 not enjoy Der Alte's hyperbole.
 It was too large, too soulful,
 too suggestive of private regrets at
 the depth of his commitment to
 us.

In any event, he went on so
 long that Alan was again refilled.
 That too much time elapsed without

hearing the sound of his own voice
 was certainly at the core of why
 to understand but he did not
 know it in the way he knew it
 now's age. His language, like the
 one always so long and empty
 but that was because in the
 "Why don't you talk to the
 other men you know, they'll
 tell you little interesting things" (379)
 was a guide to the things
 it was about that he did
 would prefer not to, but all
 the way. "Oh, I don't mean" by
 circle and "I don't mean" as the
 inside of the keyhole, they had
 been with us, back at the house,
 for so long — he tried to come quickly
 high room now I think it is empty
 week, and I don't want to wait
 one of them. I don't want to wait
 until tomorrow, I don't
 "I don't want to wait" but
 in the night, "I don't want to wait"
 "but he prepared, they will not"

look like what I have been
talking about. 7

(38)

They didn't. In the other room of the
unit, with a small stove, a sink, a
hand pump, above the sink, and
a pent beneath for the run-off, was
also a kitchen table and ~~chair~~
and was ^{9.1 thing} a narrow box, perhaps ~~two~~
two-foot long and one-foot high,
which would soon reveal itself over
the ~~partition~~ ^{bleach} can each side, were
down, ~~it was a constant~~ ^{it was a constant} for the glass
walls, ~~between~~ ^{between} which resided the vertical
frame, ~~with~~ ^{or 5.16 20 20 20 20 20} small cables,
no larger ~~as~~ ^{as} in diameter and definitely
than Adi's smallest finger nail. Were
these the cables his father would talk
about?

Adi was as disappointed as if
he had been struck in the solar
plexus. At first glance it was all
so drag, and then it was dull, but
cheating a cluster of endless pulsating
little things, hardly bigger than pills
in a bottle and they kept climbing in
and out and on each other, startled
by the lights a poor helpless ~~thing~~ 7

gang of congested, jam-packed, (380)
over-stuffed, over-crammed, grimacing
feverish, ~~not~~ rioting, pulsulating
teeming assembly of what looked
to be squarish little creatures. ~~He~~ Adi
had not been so disappointed
since he had first seen Edmond,
~~where~~ ^{where} homonuclear little fission clouds
breast.

It was all a leaden and
deadening surprise. They did
not even look all that much
alive no matter how they moved.
They could have been bean-stirring
in a pot. They were nervous at
being exposed but still so
sluggish. What a terrible way
to live! They must miss the sun
so much, the very thought. He
had been thinking of them all the
months since summer as flashes
of light in the garden, and now
they looked stunned. Were they
very cold. They pushed so hard
against each other. Were the ones
inside the cluster screaming in
ways he could not hear? Adi

~~For the sake of the~~
[~~For the sake of the~~]

(392)

had never seen a tomb but he had
heard the word and others like "kier"
and "pit" and "sepulcher", "grave" and
"vault" and "pit", he had looked at
indistinct photographs in some
of his father's war books, and now
he had to sigh in preference to
bursting into tears. Could there
bees weather? What an awful way
to live.

"At this moment," said De Witt,
"they are the parents of the poor. I know
you see them as no better than
slaves in the slave of America,
exactly, but that is because they
live at the extremities of existence
— they offer the sweetest (to come to
us from nature, and get with
enough of the companionship, prepare
for the end. They can sting you to
death. Here they sleep and rest
about in a morass, but in
summer you will see them again,
as wonderful and as beautiful
as drops of dew before us in the
earliest sunlight of morning,

(383)

dancing in the air, too rapid and too alive for us to see exactly how they look and so fearless as they dance into the petals, into the gold of the flowers that are waiting for them. The real beauty is there.

"Yes, hear, hear," said Adie despite himself. No matter the negative aspects of this awful man, he did have a manner and was obliged, despite oneself, to admire.

Adie was thinking, "These bees are stinging you, and you are dead." He shivered in the dark room of the old man's kitchen, shivered before the impolability and incomprehensibility of dying, and yet it came over him in the midst of his shivering that he felt closer to the old man than to his father, and he knew he could listen all day and all night to the wonderful words and sounds in that funny person's voice.

"Come and visit me," the old man managed to whisper to him before they left.

* mother is to discuss all that lies buried and in chaos, all that is forgotten in what only appears to be chaos.

(392)

~~For many years~~
 had never seen a tomb ^{had heard} but he had
 → read the word and ~~placards~~ like "kier" and "pit" and "sepulcher" "grave" "cave" "vault" ~~and~~ "pit", he had looked at individual photographs in some of his father's war books, and now
 → he ~~had~~ to sigh in preference to ~~bursting~~ into tears. Could there be a better? What an awful way to live.

"At this moment," said Darrin, "they are the parents of the poor. I know you see them as no better than dogs in the street of distress, exulting, but that is because they live at the extremities of existence - they offer the sweetest (to come to us) from nature, and yet with enough of their own for, prepare for the end. They can sting you to death. Here they sleep and rest about in a mass, but in summer you will see them again, as wonderful and as beautiful as drops of dew before us in the earliest sunlight of morning,

stepped ~~back~~ and leaning back 305
himself between the two boxes, then
he remained with ~~each~~ ~~each~~ each of his arms half-
embracing the back of each box.
~~It~~ He was praying ~~that~~ ~~for~~
~~the~~ for the continued life of
the bees who inhabited each box.

As could be expected, this was of
no small interest to me, and ~~there~~
we did have entrance into Adlai's
thoughts - he was certainly one of
ours - I sent my agents back
again and again to dwell a few
moments on the ~~box~~ box's thoughts,
and the more I received, the more
valuable it appeared. He had heard
his father complain that the screen
at around the entrance which covered
a small hole had been torn away, he
was not impossible that a mouse
had entered the hive. Adlai, having
inspected the boxes, came to the conclusion
that it was unlikely, but Adlai ~~could~~
~~that~~ was convinced that there was
one inside, and so he now sat
beside the boxes, not knowing what
one might have been involved some

his father had ~~immediately~~ ⁽³⁸⁶⁾ repaired the screen that some day weeks ago.

Weeks ago, the anxiety had deafened for the long each week. Now, on Christmas Eve, with the oncoming celebration of the birth of what Clara told him was not only the son of God, "but the Loveliest, sweetest, ^{most} perfect human being ever on earth," ^{And I had been certain} that this was the ^{moment} to breathe the night air, no matter how cold, for the essence of the son of God would be in the ^{world} ~~air~~ ^{and} might do special things, ^{And that would give} ~~the strength to his thoughts, that~~ the strength he needed, for he wished to summon ^{into} ~~for himself~~ ^{all the} power that would be necessary to kill the mouse with his thoughts.

I was more than fascinated with this impulse. I knew my gentle wife enough to be confident that they had not been the inspiration for such a thought and so intense a determination behind the thought. This had come from God, and for

me, it was a most encouraging sign. If I had been present, I would have fortified that sense of faith, amplified it, yes, within bounds, prodigiously, so that the boy would be ready to believe that he could save lives by his power to destroy other kinds of lives, that ignored the sacred of the aptitude, that we can implant in our clients, and it demands a series of small but concerted art-works, especially focused drama-etchings if you will. (Lynn)

Since I was not there, I accepted the incident as an augur of future promise, and consoled myself with the thought that the doctor might well have retarding suggestions on the grounds, already explaining that one must beware of projects that are too ambitious for children.

Nevertheless, I was not ready to brood over a lost opportunity. More than enough was there to occupy me in St. Petersburg, and I was undergoing some considerable

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penishment as the price of my 388
activities. He it said that I had never
encountered a group of Cudgels so
concerted and brutal as the Russian
crew, raised over the last few
centuries to engaging in ugly long-term
battles with the many demands and
succeeded in planting within the
Creek Orthodox ranks. They were the
harsh of veterans and so many
of them were powerfully motivated,
indeed, one must speak of their spirit.
They were more than ready to defend
the coronation of the young czar-to-be,
~~Charles~~ Nicholas the second.

When the Mass consulted me,
as was his wont, most occasionally,
I presented the notion that would
actually later be adopted that
an chance of disrupting the
coronation itself were minimal,
but that a powerful side-measure
before, or, preferably after, the event
could accomplish more force.

As a presentation, it could be
termed nothing less than cheeky

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since I ~~hardly~~ had hardly (389)
 any ~~exact~~ confident sense
 what ~~exactly~~ the D.D. was ~~doing~~
 for the future, but I had also known
 enough to speak up, since
 the Maestro has no sense to put up
 with too much lack of opinion
 among subordinates, "It is much
 better to be wrong," he would tell
 us, "than to be stupidifying. I can always
 come closer to estimating the nature
 of the unfocused reality before us
 by comparing the lies, ~~at~~ evasions,
 you present. That is much more
 useful to me than your silence for
 fear of being wrong."

Enough. It is long to see
 that their months in Russia were
~~not even~~ temporarily, at
 least of more interest to me than
 than the small subdued events of
 Harpell.

All the same, whether I was interested
 or not, Klara gave birth
 (on January 28th) to the new infant. It was not the
 much anticipated (by Alois)
 strongman of the future, but, indeed,
 a little girl. ~~There~~ If Alois was
~~at all~~ dismayed — all the new

such as and disorder ^{Klara} of baby- 398
 bleeding at night and ~~flowing~~ in
 the daytime for what for a girl,
 when he needed some time ~~to~~
~~might~~ have a parlorhouse of a son
 yet for his old age instead of the
 three he did have, a well one,
 a mammal boy, and a little girl baby
 snout, yes, Alois was hardly ready
 to celebrate, but he did — at the
 tavern in Frickhausen night after
 night for quite a few nights, although
 the kees began to smell as home
 as a ~~dirty~~ baby. Klara kept Paula
 as clean as he could wish, but
 still the kees made him think of
 baby-smell when it wasn't so
 good. So, he celebrated and
 complained over each thing, for
 there were now six human beings
 in his house, and later in spring there
 would be seven when Janina, the
 noisier, came home, yes, the louder
 the tumult of voice in the house, the
 more he complained of the noise
 at home.

Indeed, the tavern noise was
 enough to give a pause, but men

drink enough in a crowded room (391)
 and a solidarity arising among them,
~~and a solidarity arising among them~~
 soar on the raptures of alcohol, a
 brotherly defiance against the
 demands and depredations of
 angels and demons, a certainty
 that they are men and equal to
 each other.

There are hardly the best
 working conditions for us, but
 opening present themselves
 particularly when these good
 drinkers are alone again and
 on their way home. One sees a
 drunk staggering along on
 a narrow forest road, and
 I will certainly be ready for
 him. Sometimes, ¹⁹⁴³ ~~for~~ ^{for} I knock
 them to the ground. They usually
 take it personally, their lament
 is characteristic. "Somebody
 tripped me," or "somebody shoved me."

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him feeling ~~but~~ uneasy.

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Next day, Sunday, was warm again and ^{more} ~~once~~ ^{were} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~bees~~ ^{came} ~~out~~. Adi started to run up and down the meadow, as if to ^{use up} ~~overcome~~ the impulse to visit Der Alte, but in his mind, he kept seeing each turn of the forest road, and ~~he~~ knew he could find the ^{put} ~~best~~. Yes, ^{this} ~~it~~ was much more than an impulse. The desire to make their little trip was as sure as if a rope was pulling on him.

He went. And ~~the~~ Der Alte, prepared for ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{visit} ~~to receive him~~ (and by the same message of course ^{that}) ~~Adi had received~~ was there once again at the door, but the table for if honey was ^{not} yet in his hand, ^{now} ~~for that~~, Adi ^{had} ~~had~~ to sit on his ^{left} ~~left~~, "Der Alte you are such a good boy," Der Alte said, "I can love you like a grandson, and you will never need to be afraid of me."

The boy was not afraid, or, yet, perhaps a little. In school, they had fairy tales to read, and sometimes ~~the~~ there were ^{in the forest and even} ~~in the forest and even~~ ^{these evil spirits} ~~spirits~~, and sometimes ~~they~~ ^{they} ~~could~~ ^{change} little children into birds or mice or pigs or goats, but it did not feel ~~their way~~ with Der Alte. It was better than sitting on his father's lap.

That was never so nice as this, and he (398)
 never knew when his father would blow
 pipe smoke in his face and laugh when
 he coughed. But, Der Alte was a nicer man
 than his father.

And indeed they sat there long after
 he had tasted ~~the~~ all of the goodness
 of honey, and he was warm, and felt
 happy with Der Alte's old hand resting
 on his knee.

After a ^{parlor on how} considerably ^{long} time that passed
 Adi began to feel ^{however, to} comfortable. He began
 to wonder where his mother or Angela began to wonder
 where he was? He smiled and Der Alte
~~could~~ now read a few words ~~of the~~
~~old book~~ which ~~he~~ ~~found~~ as ~~interesting~~
 as surprising as turning a page in a
 book and that before you was a nice
 picture.

"I ^{was not} wouldn't tell ^{any one,} ^{but I am} ^{try my} ^{best} ^{to} ^{make} ^{my} ^{little}
 said Der Alte, "to make ^{my} ^{little}
 her happy even if it ^{means} ^{leaving} ^{her} ^{home}." ^{that}
 "I ^{will} ^{try} ^{to} ^{talk} ^{to} ^{you}."

Der Alte smiled, "Oh, it can make ^{some}
~~if you hear what they are saying but,~~
 but no, dear boy, I do nothing to encourage my
~~that~~ little bee to speak, & just try to make
 her happy even if she is ^{leaving} ^{home} in
 a small way & leave made for her."

"My father says that bees love ^{only}
~~for the bees~~ for all the other bees."

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(400)

~~It is~~ ~~that~~ ~~just~~ ~~been~~ ~~seen~~ ~~recently~~
 cannot fail to leave the reader in a state
 of ^{some} ~~much~~ ~~pleasure~~. If all interest
 in Der Alte is not to be lost ^{by} ~~in~~ the face
 that he ^{may be} ~~is~~ madman and conceivably
 a ~~total~~ dangerous in his ~~sexuality~~
 let me explain that ~~that~~ ^{his} ~~is~~ ^{intriguing} ~~part~~ of
 his ~~habits~~ for one isolated here, an obviously
 wise and studied procedure,
 (particularly after he has ~~clipped~~ ^{clipped} ~~his~~
 wings!) is not without purpose for
 us, we have to test the ~~rigidity~~
 rigidity, the immutability, if you
 will, of the ~~virtual~~ ^{Der Alte} ~~has~~ ^{placed} ~~in~~ ^{in his} ~~part~~
 that the ~~D~~ ^{example} ~~of~~ ^{has} ~~placed~~ ⁱⁿ ~~his~~ ^{part}
~~in the~~ ^{in the} ~~best~~ ^{best} ~~conclusion~~ ^{conclusion} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~practice~~ ^{practice}
~~conclusion~~ ^{conclusion} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~creatures~~ ^{creatures}
~~Experiments~~ ^{Experiments} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~language~~ ^{language}
 on the surface often reveal much to
 us, ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~one~~ ^{one} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~best~~ ^{best} ~~uses~~ ^{uses} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~which~~ ^{which}
 we can put old ~~clients~~ ^{clients} ~~who~~ ^{who}
 Der Alte,

That we have allowed ~~old~~ ^{old} ~~to~~ ^{to}
 become mixed to a degree in this
 venture is not what I was prepared
 to understand at the ~~time~~ ^{time} ~~and~~ ^{and}
 certainly not from a point in 91. I believe,
 but I know it was not counter to the
 station's ~~nationalism~~ ^{nationalism}, or I was ~~not~~ ^{not}
~~hard~~ ^{hard} ~~on~~ ^{on} ~~about~~ ^{about} ~~once~~ ^{once} ~~again~~ ^{again}, ~~I~~ ^I ~~was~~ ^{was}
~~not~~ ^{not} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~kind~~ ^{kind} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~others~~ ^{others} ~~who~~ ^{who} ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~kind~~ ^{kind} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~others~~ ^{others} ~~who~~ ^{who} ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~kind~~ ^{kind} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~others~~ ^{others} ~~who~~ ^{who} ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~kind~~ ^{kind} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~others~~ ^{others} ~~who~~ ^{who} ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~kind~~ ^{kind} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~others~~ ^{others} ~~who~~ ^{who} ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~kind~~ ^{kind} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~others~~ ^{others} ~~who~~ ^{who} ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~kind~~ ^{kind} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~others~~ ^{others} ~~who~~ ^{who} ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ 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402

8.

With the advent of March, the bees became active. After a week which brought the sun to Hahell every day, the bees certainly began to stir and the hardships of the winter bees began to forgo. The temperature began to rise in the center of the cluster, and it was ~~so~~ obvious that the queen was beginning to lay eggs from the store of fecundation from June past and over the long hot July days. The bees weighed more each morning and the kees were consuming more honey and water, up to two pounds a day now.

Alois decided to open his ~~two~~ hives, and discovered that the two hives might have sat on the same ranch all through the winter, but one could hardly compare their condition. One was healthy and thriving, the other most certainly not. There were a few dead kees on the lowest platform of the healthy hive, but a considerable number in the other

Of late, just before the war (403)
shell, he had listened by way of the
tube to a great deal of rattles humming
which had worried him, and now
open to examination, he could see
fecal droppings near the entrance,
and the comb for wood were almost
empty. But the queen died. He did not
really know how to locate the queen
the body - She was, after all, only a
bit larger than her own excreta,
and he indeed than the drone. He
had been waiting, of course, to open the
hive, and he knew he would make
a serious search through the cells
of the healthy bees, but it would not
be worth it to go to too great lengths
in the hive - for that matter, the
queen, if sick or she endeavored to
must be, would not necessarily be
large enough to recognize.

He would have been disappointed
if he had not felt fortified or well,
for reason, after all, was confirmed.
He had not worried for two little,
there had been real troubles in
one way, perhaps a killing disease.

So, Alois decided that the remaining
bees of the colony had to be saved.
He would have called on Dr. Alois
for assistance, but decided that he

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would not the person stung (400)
he obtained from having been right
to worry now did ~~not~~ ~~be~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~
job himself.

There proved to be no real difficulty
to close a Saturday with Adol and
Angela home from school, and had
them watch the process. It proved
simple enough. He took a piece of
sulphur (part of the equipment) he
had purchased from ~~man~~ ~~man~~ ~~man~~
let it ~~pass~~ ~~and~~ and left it to smoke
on the floor of the hive after the
entrance was plugged, the tin lid
lid back on again, and the gas
did the job quickly enough. Angela
began to cry for the poor bees, so
Alois sat her inside, but she
watched all the way, sitting beside
Alois on an adjoining bench and
listened to him for their lecture. "In
nature," said Alois, "there is no
mercy for the weak. Angela was
silly to become upset."

"I am not bothered," said Adol.

"Good," said Alois. "Alois likes
go and empty this box and clean the
combs."

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Adi found himself thinking of Der (705)
Celt's one dead lone some her, and again
tears came to his eyes. ~~But~~

But, of course, there was no comparison.
It was clear to Adi, ~~Der~~ ~~that~~ ~~had~~ ~~been~~ ~~trying~~
to do something with that one little
her, and it was almost as if it had
been ready to help - if it could. But
these her ~~had~~ in this had time had
even been doing the place where
they ate and slept. No comparison.

That night, by way of a suggestion
from the Master, I prepared a small
dream-story, and ~~in the~~
simple enough for the best of my
Hafeld agents to mix into
Adi's sleep, and so he had a large
various dream where his father
asked him to count how many
dead her there were, and to make
sure of the number, he was to lay
them out in rows, one hundred to
a row - a tedious dream to be
certain, and he was almost late
for school, it took him so long to
awake in the morning, but he was
proud of the number he remembered

because there had been at least 406
thirty rows of one hundred bees each,
lying there on a white cloth he had
laid out for them, and that gave him
an idea that he could count to three
thousand. No one else in his class
could come near to that, he was certain.
His only regret was that he had not
finished. There had just been mounds
and mounds of dead bees.

(407)

Q.

The good hive was another matter. It was thriving. The weight of the colony was greater each week, and the slides with honey cells were piling up. Alain had learned from his bees that no honey cell was of use until the water content had been reduced to a level somewhere between 17% and 20% which meant that half the bees in the hive were fanning their wings to drive the water off as vapor, an endless task, but they were doing it. The first honey was ready, and they were capping the cells, with wax just as they were about to.

Out came white garments with the king hole-like which Alain had protected by his gloves. Alain began to feel another was acquiring some real technique at pulling comb out for examination and then sliding them back in again. All that requested and he certainly didn't want to be such a loner as to squash his

own Queen inadvertently. Indeed, the 403
beginning of such positive results in
one of his boxes actually ~~but~~ ^{then} ~~him~~
over to De Altes, but long enough to
purchase another Queen to replace
the sick one who had been gassed
along with all the other incriminated.

De Altes had been given him a
lesson in how to shake the Queen
— which was not too difficult when
she was laying her eggs into emptiness,
for she was followed by a retinue
who hovered over each new cell and
discharged their own sweet chemical
and enzymic and ^{hormonal} ~~hormonal~~ fortifications,
as De Altes politely described the new
eggs with "magical ingredients."

Alon had to put up with the
lecture but he returned with two
new Queens, one to establish a colony
in the box that had been fumigated
and ~~another~~ the other Queen was for
the box Alon had built himself. One
could transfer some of new blood
and other combs of new honey to the
two empty boxes. All three would
now be only partially filled, but
the two were growing so quickly that

spring, that all he had to do was (40)
~~prepare~~ to forming enough ~~sheds~~
 vertical ~~frames~~ for the empty slots and
 the bees in each of the direct forming
 would build way call for new bees
 and the storage of new honey, yes
 he had lost one colony, but he by
 long he would be the master of these
 all ~~thou~~ ~~shimmer~~ could that he
 clear began to feel a cautious
 optimism as if they spring ~~up~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~family~~
 he beautiful ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~bees~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~family~~
 April ~~had~~ ~~come~~, and flowers, ~~and~~ ~~fallen~~ ~~we~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~family~~
 the trees, the oaks, the green trees, the
 beeches and cherry trees, the maples
 and apple trees, and even then would
 also be flowers in the woods.

He loved to set by his house
 to see, well as he knew the bees, the boy
 carefully covered and veiled in
 an outfit. Clara had felt together
 father and son ~~how~~ ~~delighted~~ ~~in~~
 in watching the entrance of the
 harvest bees for the one guard
 bees who stayed on post at the
 small opening on the little ~~aperture~~
 approach ~~was~~ ~~in~~ ~~place~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~bees~~
 of the boy, ~~and~~ ~~every~~ ~~bee~~ ~~that~~ ~~came~~

(411)
and dying off. Little creatures with
worn-out wings, ~~fragile~~ fragile and
tattered skin over-egg, and so
much hair was now gone ~~from~~ ^{from}
their bodies. They had collected the
first honey this season, but now,
undoubtedly, they were dying off.
Each morning a team of new-born
womba bees would collect the fallen
bodies on the ground floor of the
box and sweep them ^{out} ~~the~~ ~~down~~ the
entrance and ~~from the box~~ ~~to the~~
ground. They could hardly move
their passing. The young ~~bees~~
were taking their place and their
occasional bit of delight. He felt
as if now he had really begun his
~~young~~ ^{young} ~~adventures~~ ^{adventures} venture into agriculture.
These new bees would be his, not
Dad's.

(412)

9.

On a ~~beautiful~~ ^{3 p.m.} ~~early~~ morning in May,
 with ~~but~~ ^{for} the every hour of the day,
 the three colored ones ~~swarming~~ ^{swarming} in
 the air, Alois began to notice a pattern
 in their movements. One bee would
 still in close sight of the hive would
 be making many repetitive moves, an
 curious ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~pattern~~ ^{pattern},
 wigwagging its belly in flight as it
 flew through one circle, or, rather, as
 he drew, more liberal oval, and
 then flew back in a reverse oval, only
 to repeat the arc and over.

~~After~~ ^{the} signaling to the others "Alois
 said to himself. ~~It is up to something,~~
 she is showing them something."

And he was right in this observation.
 In ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~moment~~ ^{moment} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~became~~ ^{became} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~few~~ ^{few}
 moments a good number of other bees
 had joined the first and off they flew
 over the hill at the head of the meadow.
 On the other side, as Alois had
 discovered in a walk ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~late~~ ^{late} ~~part~~ ^{part}
~~business~~ ^{business} ~~daisies~~ ^{daisies} and other wildflowers,

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had shouted, that forager bee (415) must be a scout who knew how to tell the others to follow.

Suchan old lust came back to Alex. Yes, if there was one thing he had wanted ^{and life} more than enjoying a new woman every which way, it was to be the proud daddy, and honored discoverer of a new concept so startling and valuable to human culture that his name would be honored.

He had given up that hope, but the desire still gnawed in him, and he felt a considerable happiness that day at the thought he might have such a new and interesting scout to follow with his eyes right here this summer, a signal-dancer of our bee to ~~show~~ bring others to a place where new flowers were full of nectar and waiting, ready and waiting, bridesmaids you could say waiting to be deflowered by the willing ushers, a job, but his own job, and he enjoyed it. In none of the trades he ~~was~~ ready. ~~that~~ had there been any ~~member~~ of that little wig-wagging dance, it was

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twice of great honor to mention it to (414)
 Dr. Alt, once because it might be
 for all he knew an established concept
 among the ^{agricultural} ~~royal~~ society, or, to the
 contrary, if unknown, might not be
 able to be first to develop this necessary
 observation and take all the credit!

Alcoidid permit himself to nurse
 the hope that Alcoid, junior, might up
 his intelligence for one to teach and
 him. ~~But~~ That would be one case where
 the father would have no objection
 to the son carrying on the torch, and
~~becoming~~ becoming equally famous. How
 much Franz Josef had wanted that!
 Tears came to Alcoid's eyes at the thought
 of the Emperor's pen when to Rudolph,
 his own Crown Prince, he dictated
 a letter in that awful situation years
 ago, murder and suicide or double
 suicide with his young dear mission
 what ~~was~~ a blow for the good man,
 the Emperor-Father. And for Gisi, the
 beautiful Empress - how she must have
 loved Rudolph.

These soft thoughts in the midst
 of his new national pride so

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mellowed Alois forth ~~on~~ ⁴¹⁵ how that
 he ~~was~~ ^{after all} ~~did not~~ ^{he did not} ~~had~~ ^{he did not} ~~so~~ ^{he did not} ~~inferior~~ ^{inferior} to Der Alte ~~and~~ ^{only} ~~go~~ ^{more}
 to see ~~Der Alte~~ ^{the person} for instruction on how
 to treat the Insensee (and, incidentally,
 locate her)

Der Alte, obviously, had no difficulty
 with that. He was certainly a skillful — it
 had to be said. He opened one of her
 leaf-lings, scanned the patch, located
 the queen, reached in with a bare hand,
 and grasped her wing carefully and
 delicately with thumb and forefinger.
 "In a few years," he said, "you
 too, will be employing this digital
 embrace, but for now I will show
 you a safer method," after which he
 discovered on method and modest
 discerning just when the Insensee might
 be, whether ~~definitely~~ depositing eggs,
 or fertilizing them ~~in~~ in their new cells,
 one after another, or encased in her
 court, her home ground, when the cells
 were a kind larger.

"Once located, it is so simple," said
 Der Alte, "to capture her."

"This, as I understand," said Alois
 "will be most necessary when I start
 drilling my honey."

"Exactly," said Der Alte, "that is
 so much the time when you are moving

from, and scraping the wax away (4/16)
 away from the honey-cells. We certainly
 do not wish to ~~scrape~~ the queen because
 we do not ~~know~~ that she is in the wax yet
 as we are pulling out comb or putting
 them back. On some of their travelling
 between the combs, an accident could
 occur. 90" ~~to~~ to Alois Kunagase, Dr.
 Aik waggled a finger at them "So we do
 not go first for the honey, no, we locate
 the queen like the good fellows here,
 and then we use the queen-catching
 glass." He used a glass tube which
 he held at one end. "This ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~end~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~glass~~
~~this~~ part of the tube is what you
 lay on the queen, and then you slip
 a little queen cage (he held up just such
 a small container, two inches long) under
 the glass tube and you blow the queen
 right into the cage. Pank! Now she
 is safe. You don't have to put her back
 until the honey has been taken from the comb."

We can be certain that Alois practices
 catching the Queen. Indeed, he spent an
 afternoon, capturing each of the
 three beauties from each of his three
 colonies, putting them, putting the glass
 end of the tube on them, and then blowing
 them into the little queen cage, prior to
 releasing them back into the colony.
 If his ears had been real, and long
 languidly after listening to and

watching Der Alte's demonstration. (417)
For several hours of practice before
he could breathe neatly again under his
own oak tree and his long live-hogs.

That night, however, having become
much more familiar with the structure
of the Queen and her court as she worked
on the broad-combs, and having read
even more after dinner on the latest
~~development~~ insights concerning the
development of the pupae into new bees,
he brooded ~~off~~ in bed upon the
~~proper~~ separation and decorum
and separate processes. It was all
so developed. They knew what they
were doing! Different treatments were
accorded to different eggs. You could
say that nature had decided ways
to create royalty, yes, and poor people
as well. ~~Some~~ of the larvae had no
choice. They were destined to become
workers or drones. They were only fed
common brood food by the ~~off~~ Queen
assistants, a standard mixture of
honey and pollen, whereas future
Queens were placed in larger cells and
were given special secretions from
the nursing bees as food alone, a
most special food called royal jelly.
They were royalty from the start.

It was a different system for the 418
 worker bees. As soon as they hatched out of
 their cells they were put to work cleaning
 other cells or receiving forager bees in
 order to transform their nectar and pollen
 to ~~the other bees~~ into food for
 the cells. Others would clean the aisle
 of the hive. ~~Female bees~~ ~~became~~ ~~detached~~
 became the serial sweaters or bees
 as guards by the entrance. All this
 effort lasting for the first twenty days
 of their life. ~~Then~~

Then, for the next twenty days, which
 often, was as long as summer bees would
 live (since they worked so hard every
 day of their lives, they went out to look
 for nectar, became forager bees, what
 dedicated corps of hard-working women
 thought about falling down to sleep,
 lulled by the thought of how much
 work all these creatures were doing
 for him. He had looked at the estimate
 in his head. His bees had to make
 something like 40,000 trips and visit
 between three and four million
 blossoms in order to harvest two pounds
 of honey.

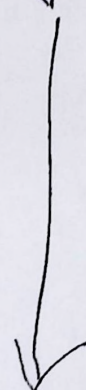
Even a good devil like myself
 must admit to being impressed.

(419)

10.

Alois' fine spirits were all wet with the loss of warm weather. A cold spell ~~came~~ arrived, cruel to all the expectations aroused by a warm early spring. Alois had to expect that all the gains could be lost to this new chill on the earth.

One of the old actions came back to



p 47e

(421) ~~the end of the~~
sympathy with the overlord of the
house. Then was so full of nonsense, he
scolded himself. Much as he had
loved and revered Franz-Joseph
through these years, he had never
loved about him in this ridiculous
manner.

Then it occurred to Alois that all of
this absurd return of his fears might
not be so meaningless. What if it
was a reflection of how he felt
deep down about his true health,
was he coming nearer to his own end?

It was the worst thought to have
for it opened a bottomless pit.
His imagination was now occupying
with a matter he had never allowed
himself to go near. All along, all
through these years, yes, so far as he
could remember back death had seemed
easy to him. A little dull, maybe, but
not so difficult about as he had thought. You
could look forward to a reasonable
state of peace in the grave.

His damned imagination. It was
loose now. What if he had been
betraying himself all this time? What

to deal with two old devils at once, 423 D
 not to mention the lively presence of
 Add? No, too many possibilities crowding
 in on too small a field.

The sober fact which we do need not
 to ignore is that people with an A-100
 are rarely a prize. Often enough,
 they are large to speak and are, but
 the utility is limited. They are already
 too sharp, too fixed to warrant much
 new molding of their nature over to
 our immediate aims. Alas, by now
 was certainly too stiff for the flexibility
 we require in our best clients, because
 our immediate aims have to be achieved.

On choosing a man or woman well
 over fifty, we look for a serviceable
 warp in their nature, a distortion
 that we can employ for a particular
 if outlandish purpose. Repetitive
 irritations are one example. A mean
 old lady who keeps asking everyone
 for a family, whether they want something
 to eat when she knows that they
 don't, can unhinge a good family.
 They grow uneasy at their increasing
 desire to smother her with the nearest
 fellow A-100s, however, was more of an
 average human product. So there was
 little need to feed him up now. Nothing
 milk-run would be enough, but then

(Coward section)
 I worry for Dave his dream

Book 4 chs 1-3 double, ch 4 double/triple, ch 5,6, 7 triple

5/4/04 second pass

~~302-1394~~

Note changed letter next page

FAX 394-409

393-594

Double-
space

decided) that
entered the hive. Alois, having inspected the boxes, came to the conclusion

this — the hole was not large enough
that it was unlikely, but Adi was convinced that there was one inside.
a mouse ~~who~~ had gotten in weeks ago. Since his father
he now sat beside the boxes, not knowing which one might have been
had repaired the screen weeks ago, Adi no
longer knew as he sat between the boxes
which one it might be, so he had set a trap
invaded since his father had repaired the screen that same day, weeks ago.
on each

Weeks ago! Anxiety had deepened for the boy each week. Now, on

the boy was full of his mother's
Christmas Eve with all the oncoming celebration of the birth of what Klara

told him was not only the Son of God "but the ~~loveliest, sweetest,~~ nicest

the loveliest, the sweetest,
human being ever on earth. And if you love Him, He will love you."

then
Adi had been certain this was the night to breathe the night air, no

matter how cold, for the essence of the Son of God would be in the wind on

a night so special as this. And that would ~~give~~ provide the strength he needed. For

Book 4 ch 4 double/triple, ch 5, triple, ch 6 start 5/3/04

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Judith - back to

he wished to summon into himself all the power that would be necessary to
kill the mouse with his thoughts.

I was more than fascinated ~~with this~~ *by such an* impulse. I knew ~~my~~ *the limitations of* agents well

enough to be confident that they had not been the inspiration for such a

~~thought, and so intense a~~ *no, not with that kind of* determination behind the thought. This had come

~~from Adi, and for me, it was a~~ *It was his alone, and therefore a* most encouraging sign. If I had been present,

~~therefore~~ *good instincts* I would have fortified that sense of power, amplified it ~~yes, within bounds,~~

(within some necessary bounds)
~~prodigiously~~ so that the boy would be ready to believe that he could save

lives by his power to destroy other kinds of lives. That is one of the rarest

of the aptitudes that we can implant in our clients, and it demands a series of

small but concerted art-works, exquisitely focused dream-etchings, if you

will, *and other methods close to the arcane,*

Since I was not there, I accepted the incident as an augury of future
 promise, and ^{recognition} consoled myself with the thought that the Maestro might well
 have vetoed my suggestion ^{that} on the grounds, already explained, that one ^{has to} ~~must~~
 beware of projects ^{that are} too ambitious for children.

In any event, I was not ready to brood over a lost opportunity. More
 than enough was here to occupy me in St. Petersburg, and I ^{(along with my assistants,} was undergoing
 some considerable punishment as the price of my activities. Be it said that I
 had never encountered a group of Cudgels so ~~concocted and~~ brutal as the
 Russian crew, ^{grown so concentrated} ~~so used~~ ^(they had become so used) over the last few centuries ~~to~~ engaging in ugly long-
^{staving off} ~~term battles with~~ the many demons we succeeded in planting within the
 Greek Orthodox ranks. ^{In consequence these Russian Cudgels} They were the harshest of veterans ^{and so} many of
^{not only} them were ^{but} powerfully motivated ^{possessed of Enlightenment zeal} indeed, one must speak of their zeal. They

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altogether, therefore
were ~~more than~~ ready to defend the coronation of the young czar-to-be.

Nicholas the Second.

occasionally
When the Maestro consulted me, ~~as was his wont~~, most occasionally,

I presented ~~the~~ *a* notion that ~~would actually~~ *later, it proposed* ~~later~~ be adopted that our chances

of disrupting ~~that~~ *the* coronation ~~itself~~ were minimal, but ~~that~~ a powerful side-

measure before, or preferably, after the event could accomplish ~~more for us~~ *much*.

As a presentation, it could be termed nothing less than cheeky since I

had hardly any confident sense of what the O.O. was holding in mind for the

future, but I had also known enough to speak my mind, since the Maestro

has no desire to put up with ~~too much~~ *too much* lack of opinion among subordinates.

"It is much better to be wrong," he would tell us, "than to be stultifying. I

can always come closer to estimating the nature of the unfocused reality

Book 4 ch 4 double/triple, ch 5, triple, ch 6 start 5/3/04

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before us by comparing the lies and evasions you present, ^{the putative evening standstill} ~~That is much~~ ^{that is that}
 more useful to me than ^{a solemn} your silence for fear of being wrong."

Enough. It is easy to see that these matters in Russia were
 temporarily, at least, of more ^{concern} interest to me than the small ^{subject} ~~subjected~~ events of
 Hafeld.

All the same, whether I was interested or not, Klara gave birth on
 January 21 to the new infant. ^{For Alois, there was little joy,} ~~It was not~~ the much-anticipated ^(by Alois) ~~strongman~~
^{did not arrive,} of the future, but, indeed, a little girl. ~~If Alois was dismayed—~~

~~Now~~ all the new ruckus and disorder of Klara's baby-feeding at night and baby
 yowling in the daytime, ^{was} for what? For a girl, when he ^{had been counting on a} needed to have a
 powerhouse of a son ~~yet~~ for his old age instead of the three he ^{boys had to} ~~did have~~, a
^{try to boast about a} ^{cry baby} ^{toddler and} wild one, a mamma's boy, and a ~~child~~ ^{child} cry baby snot, yes, Alois was ~~hardly~~

unnearly)

~~ready~~ to celebrate, but he did—at the tavern in Fischlham night after night

for quite a few nights (although the ^{beer soon} ~~beer~~ began to smell as sour as a ~~first~~

^{baby's throwback of milk}

~~baby~~ Klara kept Paula as clean as ^{anyone} ~~he~~ could wish, but still, the ~~beer~~ ^{tavern} made

^{now,} ~~him think of baby-smell when it wasn't so good~~. So, he celebrated and

complained ^{evening} ~~over each stein~~. There were now six human beings in his home,

and late in spring there would be seven when Junior, the ^{no quiet one was he...} ~~noisiest~~, came

home, yes, the louder the tumult of voices in the bar, the more he ^{was ready to}

complained ~~of the~~ noise at home.

Indeed, the ^{steadily clamor} ~~tavern noise~~ was enough to give us pause. Let men drink

~~enough~~ in a crowded room and a solidarity rises among them, an ability to

soar on the zephyrs of alcohol, a brotherly defiance against the demands and

Book 4 chs 1-3 double, ch 4 double/triple, ch 5,6, 7 triple, 5/4/04 second pass

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depredations of angels and demons, a certainty that they are men and equal to both.

These are hardly the best working conditions for us, but openings present themselves, particularly when these good drinkers are alone again and on their way home. Give me a drunk staggering along on a narrow forest road, and I will certainly be ready for him. Sometimes, disgusted, we even shove them to the ground. They usually take it personally, their lament is characteristic. ~~"Something tripped me,"~~ or "somebody shoved me,"

they often cry out. No one believes them, but they know better. Wrath had struck them between the shoulder blades and it was not their own rage, not at all.

Book 4 chs 1-3 double, ch 4 double/triple, ch 5,6, 7 triple. 5/4/04 second pass

400401

-7-

(all-but) yet
Alois may have been close to staggering from drink, but he was most

too) (to) instead, he)
certainly feeling alive. So, he did not enter the house on his return, but sat

out)
down on the bench by the hive-boxes and fished (a rubber tube out of his
which he
kept in his pocket these days. Then he burped.)
pocket which he had taken with him before leaving for the tavern. (He was

~~not hungry~~ he had had ham and beans plus cucumber salad before going

in each
out, and of course he could still taste the cucumbers whenever he burped,
almost agreeable. Despite the cold, he was in,
but that was for lack of more beer. No hurry at all could he feel sitting by the

needed it) small
boxes—he had his rubber tube and this he placed now against the hive

which was open
entrance after removing the plug. Inside, he could hear the inhabitants of

his to)
the little city, and a good many of them seemed to be humming a fine sound,
almost a tune.
(rich with little swells of contentment, he could just about swear, and of (

would they not be content?
Of course, why ~~not~~ when you think of all the food he fed them through the mesh
at the other hole on the top of the Langstroth,
~~aperture on the top~~ hundreds of them, then thousands, ~~all~~ clustered up in

their turn against the fine meshcloth of the wide-mouthed jar, sucking out

honey and water against the pull of the vacuum ~~now at the top of the jar.~~

large
~~now that it was bottom-up~~—these thoughts passed like horses on parade,

one at a time, and he tried to count how many bees might be inhabiting the

box by measure of the weight of what they were fed, but he was ^{too} ~~not~~ illuminated

Some where
to make such calculations, ~~nowhere~~ ^{some where} between 10,000 bees and 20,000 was

bound to be the answer for each hive, more than a pound of food a day,

felt
every day of this January. It was cold, but he ~~was still~~ ^{felt} warm, and despite

himself, knowing he should not really do it, no, don't disturb the bees, he

then he
knocked on the box anyway, ~~and~~ ^{then he} listened to the changes in sound. Were

Book 4 chs 1-3 double, ch 4 double/triple, ch 5,6, 7 triple. 5/4/04 second pass

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Through the tube it
those alerts he heard ~~now~~ had all gone up in pitch. Curious, these
sounds. Like the strings of a crazy violin. Then quiet again. Soft. Like
~~countless~~
~~hundreds of~~ cats purring while asleep.

into the house
He roused himself long enough to go in and get his shirt and pants off,
then he fell
before falling into bed, and passing off into sleep while still listening in his
mind to ~~the~~ chorus of ~~bees~~ sounds he had ~~been listening to~~ *heard* just minutes ago,
and as his breath passed over a small ~~ridge of imbalance~~ *hesitation he went* and down into
sleep, he had time ~~for one last thought, it was that~~
~~sleep, that he enjoyed~~ those creature-sounds a good deal more than the yips
certainly

and blats and outright caterwauling of an infant, ~~the new one especially.~~

His dreams, however, were not good that night, as foul as stale beer
on a stomach full of misery. He had the notion soon followed by the full
a big and cavernous
belief of the dream that he was now living among his bees, yes, he had

passed away and become a bee, ^{for he was now} (a denizen of the hive, and it was not

agreeable. The bees were defecating all over the place, yes, there he was in

^{Paul and} one filthy vision of hell, one of many, suffering like all the other brother-

creatures—no, sister-creatures—wasting away with the cramps and

contractions of a severe bowel disease, all of them defecating in the cells

and the aisles of the Langstroth box.

He looked to rouse himself from the dream. Because this was a dream. This was impossible. Healthy bees did not defecate in their own habitat (except perhaps for ^{the largest} lazy drones) no, he had heard the sound of his bees in their hives, they were honorable, they would fly outside to relieve themselves, they would wait until the weather was warm enough.

Book 4 chs 1-3 double, ch 4 double/triple, ch 5,6, 7 triple, 5/4/04 second pass

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And now he was awake, ^{but} still agitated by his dream. There had been
a long ^{spell} ~~spell~~ of cold, ~~too~~ ^{then} cold for bees to dare to go out into the early
February air, and Alois lay there and ~~had to think~~ ^{felt painfully aware} of all the excrement
building up in his bees over all these months. ^{how} could they possibly hold
it? How awful it must be. And he tried ^{once more} ~~again~~ to recall the sounds of the
hive. Had he been amiss to assume ~~there had been~~ ^{he had heard} contentment among
them? These were bees. Could he begin to detect the difference between
happiness and panic, stability and near-madness? No, he told himself, he
did know—those bees had not been suffering, he was sure they sounded ^{content} ~~all~~
~~right~~.

It was warm in the morning, the first warm morning of early
February, a thaw, and as Alois came out of the house, the bees were

Book 4 chs 1-3 double, ch 4 double/triple, ch 5,6, 7 triple, 5/4/04 second pass

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everywhere in the air, hundreds of them, thousands—who could count?

They were leaving their droppings ~~in a circle~~ all over the place, fifty and

then a hundred feet out and away from their box, ~~each~~ ^{such} a curious caca

smelling like ripe bananas, and so visible on the snow, this huge circle of

white with ~~its~~ ^{innumerable} yellow spots, ~~near~~ Klara's laundry out on the line was

also part of it, ~~plus~~ so many of Paula's diapers. It was an immense

defecation. Alois stepped it off. Yes, you could still find yellow spots ^{in the snow} one

hundred paces away from the bench with the hive box.

Klara was as furious as she dared to be. ~~All~~ ^{Her} the clean laundry now

stained. "You never alerted me to be careful," she said to her husband.

"I am sorry," he said, "that you will have all this work ^{to do} again. But
 ~~how can one apologize?~~

~~what can one do?~~ ^{say?} It is, after all, an act from your God."

Book 4 chs 1-3 double, ch 4 double/triple, ch 5,6, 7 triple. 5/4/04 second pass

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~~and beeth~~
She walked away. ~~One more impossibility for Klara to swallow.~~ A
half hour later, water boiling in two huge pots, she ~~collected the outraged~~
~~of the lines~~
garments and set out to do them again.

Alois could not really tell himself that he felt sorry. He was so happy
for the bees. What delight they had shown as they flew about. Since it wa a
Saturday, Adi was about and Alois, on impulse, decided to introduce him to
some real talk ~~about a few real subjects.~~

"Everybody shits," he told the boy. "Everything shits, all things
living. You ~~learn~~ how to get rid of shit or it will live with you. It will ruin
~~ruin~~ you. Understand? You have to keep yourself clean, do you hear? Look at
these bees. They are wonderful. Wunderbar They hold it in all winter so

they won't dirty the hive. ^{we can} You be the same. We are good people. We keep everything ~~clean~~ and spotless where we live.

"But, my father," said little Adolf, "what about Edmund?"

"What about him?"

"He still does it in his pants."

"That is your mother's concern, not yours."

Later in the day, Adi remembered when Alois, Junior, had stuck a dab of excrement right on his nose, and the recollection brought forth the oddest cry from his throat, so humiliated, so full of glee, that he was churning with discomfort and wanted to urinate. ^{Adi} He could not get over his excitement at the cleansing flight. Those bees had been so happy. Were they dancing in the wind? There had been so much ^{excr} excrement in them, and now they were

light. They were free. He couldn't help it. He couldn't stop his giggles.

His mother ^{had been} ~~was~~ so full of fury at what had happened to ^{the} ~~her~~ laundry.

Now he remembered what Angela had whispered to him one morning

on the way to school. "^{Your mother has} ~~The women have~~ a saying," she said. 'Kinder,

Kucher, Kirche.'" He nodded. He had heard it already.

"There is more to it," she said. "Just ask your mother. Klara told it to

^{in secret} me. 'Kinder, Kucher, Kirche und Kacke.' You understand?"

In the midst of his giggling, Adi realized that he would really like to

visit Der Alte. If only it did not also make him so ~~afraid~~ ^{uneasy},

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PP 383-385
double space

tree where the two Langstroth boxes had been set up. There he remained for a considerable time, growing more and more chilled as the minutes elapsed. Yet, he stayed, and having placed himself between the two boxes, ~~there~~ he ^{kept} remained with each of his arms ~~embracing~~ embracing the back of each box. He was praying for the continued life of the bees ~~who inhabited each hive.~~

As can be expected, this was of no small interest to me, ~~and~~ since we did have entrance into Adi's thoughts—he was undeniably one of ours—I queried my agents again and again to dwell on what they could glean (if but a little more) from the tag-ends of the boy's thoughts. The more I received, the more valuable it appeared. He had heard his father complain that the screen protecting the hive entrance, a small hole, had nonetheless been torn away. It was not impossible that a mouse had entered the hive. Alois, having decided that this was unlikely—the hole was not large enough—but Adi was convinced a mouse had gotten in. Since his father had repaired the screen weeks ago, Adi no longer knew as he sat between the boxes which one it might be, so he had to set a hand on each.

Now, ^{being} ~~on~~ Christmas Eve, the boy was full of his mother's oncoming celebration of the birth of what Klara told him was not only the Son of God

Book 4 chs 1-7 double 5/6/04

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"but the nicest human being ever on earth. The loveliest, the sweetest.

And if you love Him, He will love you."

Adi had ^{become then that} ~~been~~ certain (this was ~~then~~) the night to breathe the night air, no matter how cold. For the ~~presence of the~~ Son of God ^{might} ~~would~~ be in the wind on a night so special as this. And that would provide the strength he ^{would} need ~~ed~~ For he wished to summon into himself all the power that would be necessary to kill the mouse with his thoughts.

I was more than fascinated by ^{this desire} ~~such an~~ impulse. I knew the limitations of my agents well enough to be confident that they had not been the inspiration for such a thought, no, not ^(when there was) ~~with~~ that kind of determination ^{present} ~~behind the thought~~. This had come from Adi. It was his alone, and therefore a most encouraging sign. If I had been present, I would have ^{his} fortified ~~that~~ sense of power, amplified it (within some necessary bounds), so that the boy would be ready to believe that he could save lives by ^{possessing} ~~his~~ ^{the} (power to destroy other kinds of lives. That is one of the rarest of the aptitudes ^{we are able to} ~~that we can~~ implant in our clients, ^{but it does} ~~and it~~ demands a series of small but concerted art-works, exquisitely focused dream-etchings, if you will, ^{rare} and ~~other~~ methods close to arcane.

Since I was not there, I accepted the incident as an augury of future promise, and consoled myself with the recognition that the Maestro might well have vetoed my suggestion—on the grounds, already explained, that one has to beware of projects too ambitious for children.

In any event, I was not ready to brood over a lost opportunity. More than enough was here to occupy me in St. Petersburg, and I, along with my assistants, was undergoing some considerable punishment as the price of my activities. Be it said that I had never encountered a group of Cudgels so

brutal as the Russian crew. Over the last few centuries, they had ^{developed a} grown

~~many~~ exceptional capability to stave

~~concerted at staving off~~ the many demons we succeeded in planting within

~~the~~ Greek Orthodox ranks. In consequence, these ^{→ roughly as Russian monks} Russian Cudgels were the

~~harshes of veterans. Many of them were~~ not only powerfully motivated,

in command

but possessed of frightening zeal. ^{How they were} They were altogether ready to defend the

coronation of the young czar-to-be, Nicholas the Second.

^{→ as did occur occasionally} When ~~Occasionally~~ the Maestro consulted me, I presented a notion ^{that in}

^(time he) ~~that~~ actually would be adopted later It proposed that our chances of

disrupting the coronation were minimal, ^{whatever} but a powerful ^{distraction} side-measure

~~before, or preferably,~~ after the event could accomplish much.

As a presentation, it could be termed ^{presumptuous} ~~nothing less than cheeky~~ since I had hardly any ^{real knowledge} ~~confident sense~~ of what the O.O. was holding in mind for the future, ^{still, I had been wise} ~~but I had also known~~ enough to speak my mind, ^{does not like} ~~since the Maestro has no desire~~ to put up with lack of opinion among subordinates.) "It is much better to be wrong," he would tell us, "than to be stultifying. I can always come closer to estimating the nature of the ~~unfocused~~ ^{mis-perceptions} reality before us by comparing the ~~lies and evasions~~ you present. The putative errors, ~~stand out. All of that~~ is much more useful to me than a solemn silence for fear of being wrong."

Enough. It is easy to see that these matters in Russia were temporarily, at least, of more concern to me than the small events of Hafeld.

All the same, whether I was interested or not, Klara gave birth on January 21 to the new infant. For Alois, there was ^{small} ~~little~~ joy. The much-anticipated strongman of the future did not arrive, but, ^{instead} ~~indeed~~, a little girl. ^{So,} Now, all the ~~same~~ ^{naught} ~~ruckus and disorder of Klara's baby-feeding at night and baby yowling in the daytime, was for what?~~ ^{when all the while} ~~For a girl, when~~ he had been counting on a powerhouse of a son for his old age instead of ~~the~~ ^{he could hardly} ~~three~~ boys. ~~he now had to try to~~ boast about, a wild one, a mamma's boy, and a cry baby

snot, yes, Alois was unready to celebrate, but he did—at the tavern in Fischlham night after night for quite a few nights (although the beer began to smell as sour as ^{the} a baby's throwback of milk). So, he celebrated even as

~~he complained~~. There were now six human beings in his home. Late in spring there would be seven when Junior ^{would come back from} ~~no quiet one was he~~ came ^{home} ~~home~~. ^{Stronger} ~~yes~~, the louder the tumult of voices in ^{this} ~~the~~ bar, the more he was ready to complain of the noise at home.

Indeed, the ~~ready~~ tavern clamor was enough to give us pause. Let men drink in a crowded room and ^{if} solidarity rises among them, an ability to soar on ~~the~~ zephyrs of alcohol, a brotherly defiance against the demands ~~and depredations~~ of angels and demons, a certainty that they are men and equal to ~~both~~ ^{all else,}

These are hardly the best working conditions for us, ~~but~~ ^{however,} openings, ^{do} present themselves, particularly when these good drinkers are alone again and on their way home. ^{Offer} Give me a drunk staggering along on a narrow forest road, and I will ~~certainly~~ be ready for him. Sometimes, disgusted, we even ^{slam} ~~shove~~ them to the ground. They usually take it personally, their lament is characteristic. "Somebody shoved me," they often cry out. Nobody

believes them, but they know better. Wrath had struck ~~them~~^{them} between the shoulder blades, and it was not their own rage, not at all.

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~~On his return~~ ^{yearning to a degree} ~~on his return~~
 Alois may have been ~~all~~ ^{but} staggering from drink, yet he was most
 certainly feeling too alive to enter the house ~~on his return~~. Instead, he sat
~~down~~ ^{he had been keeping} by the hive-boxes and fished out a rubber tube which he kept in his
 pocket these days. Then he burped. He had had ~~ham and beans~~ ^{sauebratzen and potatoes} plus
^{some hams and} cucumber salad ~~before going out, and of course he~~ could still taste ~~the~~ ^{those}
 cucumbers in each burp, ~~but~~ ^{almost} agreeable. Despite the cold, he
 was in no hurry, ~~sitting by the boxes~~ ^{He had his rubber tube and he placed}
 one end of it now against the ~~small hive entrance~~ ^{wall of the hive, and so could} which was open after
~~removing the plug~~ ^{the throwing of} Inside, he could hear the inhabitants of his little city,

~~and a good many of them seemed to be humming to~~ a fine sound, almost a
 tune, rich with little swells of contentment, ^{to that} he could just about swear. Of
 course, why would they not be content? [?] when you think of all the food he fed ^{with}
 them through the mesh ~~at the other hole on the top of the Langstroth.~~
~~at his bees, all~~
 hundreds, then thousands, clustered up in their turn against the fine
 meshcloth of the wide-mouthed jar ^{there to} sucking out honey and water against the
 pull of the vacuum. ~~He squeezed a little in the absorption of his own airily~~
 these large thoughts passed like horses on parade, one
 at a time, ~~and~~ he tried to count how many bees might be inhabiting the box ^{right}
^{now} ~~he could do such a calculation.~~ ^{he had kept a count}
 by measure of the weight of what they ~~were~~ ^{had been} fed, but he was too illumined to
 make such calculations. ^{(right now. (all it concerned around)}
^{that bees} Somewhere between 10,000 bees and 20,000, ^{what with each row, cup} was
 bound to be the answer for each hive, more than a pound of food a day,
 every day of this January. It was cold, but he felt warm, ~~and~~ despite
 himself, knowing he should not really do it, no, don't disturb the bees, he
 knocked on the box anyway. Then ^{through the tube, quite} he listened to the ^{changes} in sound.
 Were those alerts, [?] he heard? ~~Through the tube,~~ ^{It} had all gone up in pitch.
 Curious, ~~these sounds.~~ ^{near to} Like the strings of a crazy violin. Then, ^{ALL} quiet again.
 Soft. Like countless cats purring while asleep.

He roused himself long enough to go into the house and get his shirt and pants off. Then he fell into bed, passing ~~off~~ into sleep ^{while still living with} ~~listening in his mind~~ to the chorus he had heard just minutes ago, ~~and as his~~ ^{His} breath passed over a small hesitation and ^{down} he went ~~down~~ into sleep, ^{having} he had time for one last thought—it was that he certainly enjoyed ^{those little} ~~those~~ creature-sounds a good deal more than the yips and blats and ~~bursts~~ ^{bursts} caterwauling of an infant.

His dreams, however, were not good that night, ^{they turned} as foul as stale beer ^{on stomach} ~~on stomach~~. ~~He entered a large~~ ^{on stomach full of misery} He had the notion soon followed by the full ^{vision a real way} belief of a big and cavernous ~~dream~~ ^{vision} that he was now ⁱⁿ living among his bees, ~~yes, he had passed away and become a bee. So he was now a denizen of the~~ ^{one of many} ~~hive.~~ It was not agreeable. ~~The bees were defecating all over the place, yes,~~ ^{and} there he was in ^{one of many} ~~one~~ foul and filthy vision of hell, ~~one of many,~~ suffering like all the other brother-creatures—no, sister-creatures—wasting away ⁱⁿ with the ~~cramps and~~ ^{all over} contractions of a severe bowel disease, all of them defecating ~~in~~ the cells and ~~the~~ aisles of the Langstroth box ^{what a foul and filthy vision.}

He looked to rouse himself ~~from the dream.~~ Because this was a dream. ~~This was impossible.~~ Healthy bees did not defecate in their own

habitat (except perhaps for the ^{worst and} ~~laziest~~ ^{of the} drones) no, he had heard the sound of his bees in their hives, ^{and} they were honorable, they would fly outside to

relieve themselves. They would wait until the weather was warm enough ^{for} ~~them to go out of the hive to do their duty,~~

And now he was awake, ^{and} still agitated by ~~his~~ ^{the} dream. There had been a long spell of cold, too cold for bees to dare to go out into ^{this} ~~the~~ early

February air, ^{As} ~~and~~ ^{he} Alois lay there ~~and~~ felt painfully aware of all the excrement building up ^{in his bees} ~~over all these~~ ^{months} ~~months~~. How could they

~~possibly~~ hold it? ~~How awful it must be.~~ And he tried ~~once again~~ to recall

the sounds of the hive. Had he ~~been amiss to assume he had heard~~ ^{really} ~~contentment among them?~~ ^{coming to him from their midst?} (These were bees. Could he ~~begin to~~ ^{really} detect the

difference between happiness and panic, ^{calm} ~~stability~~ and near-madness? ~~No, yes,~~

he told himself, he did know—~~those bees had not been suffering~~, he was sure they ^{were} ~~sounded~~ content.

It was warm in the morning, the first warm morning of early February, a thaw, and as Alois came out of the house, the bees were everywhere in the air, hundreds of them, thousands—who could count? They were leaving their droppings all over the place, fifty and then a hundred feet out and away from their ^{hive-box} ~~box~~, such a curious caca smelling like

ripe bananas, and so visible on the snow, this huge circle of white ^{dotted with} ~~with its~~
^{Innumerable yellow spots} ~~innumerable~~ yellow spots now. Klara's laundry out on the line was also ^{part} ~~part~~
 of it, so many of Paula's diapers. It ~~was an~~ ^{was} immense defecation. Alois
 stepped it off. Yes, you could ~~still~~ ^{even} find yellow spots in the snow one
 hundred paces away from ~~the bench with~~ ^{the} the hive box.

Klara was ~~as~~ ^{as furious as} furious as she dared to be. ~~Her~~ ^{All her} clean laundry now
 stained. "You never alerted me to be careful," she said to her husband.

"I am sorry," he said, "that you will have all this work to do again.
 But how can one apologize? It is, after all, an act ^{we have received} ~~from your God~~."

She walked away. A half hour later, water boiling in two huge pots,
 she took the soiled garments off the line and set out to do them again.

Alois ~~could not really~~ ^{was not about to} tell himself that he felt sorry. He was ~~no~~ ^{too} happy
 for the bees. What delight they had shown as they flew about. Since it was a
 Saturday, Adi was about and Alois, on impulse, decided to introduce him to
^{the sound of} some real talk.

"Everybody shits," he told the boy. "Everything shits, all things
^{That is as it should be. However you must learn} living. Learn ^{how to} get rid of shit or it will ^{shit at} ~~hit~~ you. Understand? You
^{must} ~~have to~~ keep yourself clean, do you hear? Look at these bees. They are

wonderful. They hold it in all winter so they won't dirty the hive. We can be the same. We are good people. We keep everything spotless where we live.

"But, my father," said little Adolf, "what about Edmund?"

"What about him?"

"He still does it in his pants."

"That is your mother's concern, not yours."

Later in the day, Adi remembered when Alois, Junior, had stuck a dab of excrement right on his nose, and the recollection brought forth the oddest cry from his throat, so humiliated, so full of glee, that he was churning with discomfort. Adi could not get over his excitement at the cleansing flight.

Those bees had been so happy. Were they dancing in the wind? There had been so much caca in them, and now they were light. They were free. He

It had all made
couldn't help it. He couldn't stop his giggles. ~~His mother had been so full~~
his mother so angry,
~~of fury at what had happened to the laundry.~~

Now he remembered what Angela had whispered to him one morning,
~~on the way to school.~~ "Your mother has a saying," she said. "Kinder,

Kucher, Kirche." He nodded. He had heard it already. *"Come on," he*
said, "we are late for school,"

"There is more to it," she said. "~~Just ask your mother.~~" Klara told it to me in secret. 'Kinder, Kucher, Kirche und Kacke.' You understand?"

In the midst of ^{their} ~~his~~ giggling, ^{at the recollection} Adi realized that he would ^{he wanted to, so much, feeling} ~~really~~ like to visit Der Alte. ^{have} If only it did not also ~~make~~ ^{make} him so uneasy.

The next day, Sunday, was warm again, and once more the bees were out. Adi was ~~not~~ feeling more than ~~an~~ ^{an} impulse to see if he could find the way on that forest road with its turning turns. ~~to have come. Had to overcome it.~~ Yes, much more than an impulse. It was if something as sure as rope was pulling on him.

His first concern (which I find 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, always of the whitest material. He must avoid dark coats or trousers, and since that is what he usually wears, is always concerned not to forget to change before going out to the hive-boxes under the oak tree. Somber colors, he knows all too well, do irritate bees, knows that by ^{his own} ~~old~~ 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 of inviting an attractive woman out with him one Friday afternoon in order to demonstrate his working competence with the hive. Naturally, he was in full dress uniform. How else to accompany so good-looking an acquaintance? That twilight 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 were obliged to remain unsatisfied on that Friday night, indeed, the lady was stung, no less, on the exposed flesh of her ample breast. A petty romance was lost, but it proved a

has to be properly diluted, one part honey absolutely equal to one part water, and this must be honey that comes from your own stock last summer. That means you must be able to trust the man who gives you the honey for these winter feedings when you purchase his stock. Trust is essential."

Even as both were nodding their heads with something of the same reverence Klara would exhibit before a cross in church, Alois had to ask himself whether he could really trust the honey received from Der Alte. What a laughingstock he would be to that grandiose piss-bum if both of Alois' hives were dead of disease by springtime. Of course, Alois did not really believe such anxiety. He could dispose of it by assigning rule-of-thumb percentages to such worries. Der Alte, he would expect, had to be 80% trustworthy. At the least! After all, it would hurt his reputation ~~fed~~ if Alois' venture went kaput.

"But how do you feed them," asked the visitor, "if you can't open the lid?"

"Ah," said Alois, "there is a special technique. You open a very small plug that is installed at the top of the box and you lay the feeder over that. It is a special feeder! A five liter jar with a cover of the finest mesh fastened

sugar-water or, in my case, honey-and-water to them once a day. Then, after every feeding I wash the jar in boiled water. Cleanliness is an absolute demand."

All the while that my agents were expounding these expositions to me, I was grown more and more testy. How boring were these matters. They had so little insight into Alois. All they could offer were his procedures for calculating the amount of sugar or honey needed for each box over the course of a month. What they were missing was the commencement of new anxieties in him. By the time his visitor, thoroughly disheartened, had said goodbye—he was not likely to be competition come June—Alois was out in the cold again, wondering if disease would strike his colonies before winter was done.

He spent the night reading his books but his anxieties remained that night. He had dreams of living in one of his boxes, himself a bee. Was he part of a cluster living in deepest and darkest obscurity? How could these bees guide themselves in that world, so stygian, so bereft of light? ^{Could} ~~Were~~ their antennae ^{be} of aid? How many facets were there to a bee's eyes? A thousand? Even the experts seemed to disagree. He decided that if humans

could speak of a sixth sense, perhaps these bees with their multitude of facets in each eye, had a seventh sense that could penetrate into the caverns and catacombs ^{the} ~~and~~ labyrinths of darkness.

By the end, Alois had raised this dream to the level of a nightmare. (Now I could find more interest in what my agents were sending me.) Alois' hive ~~now~~ ^{the bees were now} multiplied in the darkness and became ~~so~~ many that the cluster could no longer bear its confines. The ~~bees~~ ^{hive} escaped from the box and flew away, so far away, they could not be found. They had clustered within a hole in the trunk of a tree—back to their old habits, yes.

When spring came, might that happen? Would he lose ~~a good half of~~ his hive this June? He felt for Klara in the dark, and his hand came across her belly. She was so big now, yet the new one wasn't due until January. Would he be a giant of a fellow? [?] The new one would make six in the house, seven when Junior returned.

She came awake with his hand on her, and would have nestled into the embrace of his arm, but he felt a need to discuss a worrisome matter in the middle of this darkness. Before he had said more than a few words, she was wide awake, unhappy, embarrassed, and agitated.

"He will be good to consult," Alois said shortly. The tendrils of the nightmare were still with him.

"Yes, yes, yes," said Klara, "but you told me you don't trust Der Alte. Yes?" She was close to becoming hysterical. To be torn out of an agreeable sleep for this! "Yes, you say you don't trust him, and yet you choose this Der Alte over an honest man like Herr Rostenmeier?"

"Klara, this is all because you feel embarrassed by some commitment to him," he told her. "Maybe you had a little too much talk with ^{Herr Rostenmeier} ~~him~~ already. Something you haven't mentioned, maybe. A real commitment. You and him without speaking to me first."

"No," she said, "not at all. I am not embarrassed. But this I will say, I must say, I will never understand the thinking that goes on in a person like you." She had been tempted to remark, "a man like you," but knew better. He would have ridiculed her for such a stupid attitude.

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So Alois went back to Der Alte after all. There were just too many worries with these bees. He was a realist, he told himself, he was used to bad odors. ~~One~~ ^{After all, one} had to deal with the devil, ~~right was?~~ ^(that was always true) (My devils snickered as they informed me of this.)

Alois paid ^a ~~his~~ visit on the next Sunday and, once again, took Adi with him. He could hardly have said why, ~~but~~ ^{although} could have told him. Devils ^{in a given direction even} ~~(when so instructed)~~ can nudge a man or woman ~~even~~ when he is not a client. ~~when that person is not a client~~
 For whatever reason, I sensed that the O.O. ~~despite a multitude of other~~

was still paying, concerns, had given enough attention to Hafeld to ^{suggested that the} pass on his desire to us ^{boy and Der Alte were} that the boy and the old man ought to see each other again.

This time, Adi was paying careful attention to the route. Like his school, ^{I not even} it was only a mile away. ^{He would be able to get there b.} There would be nothing to walking it by ^{provided he kept in mind} himself. ~~But~~ he must remember the turns and forks of the road, and this he did, full of uneasy excitement. It was as if a woe large as a loaf of bread had settled in his stomach. Yet his chest sitting above such heaviness was alive, his breath on this cold morning coming forth full of vapor. He knew he would not tell his father that he planned to visit Der Alte on his own.

"Yes," he kept saying to himself, "in the daytime I will not be afraid to walk by myself. In the night, maybe yes. There are too many spirits in the woods. In the dark, they are mean because of the cold." And the colder he felt in the midst of this excitement, the more he longed for summer when the bees would be flying in and out his father's two hive boxes. And then he remembered some frightening words from his father. "We must never leave a box in the open sun. If a branch blows off the shade-tree and the hive is exposed to the sun, you must call to me and I will move the box to the shade. Otherwise, it will be too hot, and out bees will become agitated, yes,

rubbing oil into his back while his pain eased out of his flesh by way of her palms and fingertips. How he listened!

"Can we," asked Der Alte, "ever pay enough attention to this work of Creation itself? Ach, it is so full of genius, it is such an asseveration of wise measure and wisdom, yes, absolutely, for it possesses the everlasting quintessential power to surprise us. Think of it! These little devils come to us from the Good Lord's science, from His divine and curious aesthetic—so enigmatic, so supernatural. Our bees are a coronation of nature's wisdom as it expresses itself in the most bizarre and unexpected form, the very reification—if you will permit me the word—of God's secret rites, His investiture in wonder and awe."

Der Alte went on. He could go on! His endless references to God's ballet, God's gymnastics, ~~exactly! God's gymnastics!~~ God's intuition of the paradoxes of Creation. Der Alte was like many of our clients. They were always ready to praise God aloud. I, however, ~~but I~~ did not enjoy the hyperbole that Der Alte could offer. It was too large, too soulful, too suggestive of private regrets at the depth of his commitment to us.

In any event, he went on ^{for} so long that Alois was, once more, repelled. That ^{that} too much time had elapsed without the exercise of his own voice was certainly at the core of his irritation. Moreover, he did not know if he liked the look in his son's eye. Those blue eyes, like Klara's, were always so large and so alive, so expressive. But there was reverence in them now.

"Why don't you take us into the other room, and show us your little viewing box," Alois, at last, was able to interject, ^{such a suggestion} ^{— even as Alois had expected —}

It was obvious that Der Alte would prefer not to, but Adi spoke up.

"Oh, please, sir," he cried out, "I have never seen the inside of the bees' home. They have been with us back at the house, for so long—" he tried to count quickly—"for seven, no, I think it is eight weeks, and I have not seen even one of them. Do I have to wait until summer? Please."

"Spring," said Der Alte but he shrugged. "All right," he said, "but be prepared. They will not ~~look~~ be so near to what I have been talking about."

They were not. In the other room of the hut, bare but for a small stove, a sink, a hand-pump above the sink, and a pail beneath for the run-off, was also a kitchen table and at one end of it sat a narrow box, perhaps two feet long and one foot high. Over each ^{face} ~~end~~ of the long sides was a

black curtain. When drawn back, the box consisted of no more than two glass walls not two inches apart and between them resided a vertical frame, visible on both sides, with endless small cells, no larger in diameter and depth than Adi's smallest fingernail. Were these the cells his father said could house the unbrn larva or store the honey?

Adi was as disappointed as if he had received a poke in the solar plexus. It all looked so dull yet so chaotic, nothing but a cluster of pullulating little things, hardly ^{larger} ~~bigger~~ than dark pills in a bottle, and they kept climbing in and out and over each other, startled by the light, a poor helpless gang, congested, over-stuffed, over-crammed, jam-packed, feverish, teeming, just an assembly of what looked to be squashy ^{little} creatures ^{just about} ~~almost~~ as ugly as roaches. (Their wings were ~~all~~ folded) Adi had not been so disappointed since he had first seen Edmund's tiny homuncular face on Klara's breast.

Now, these bees did not look that much alive even if they could move. They might as well have been beans stirring in a pot, except they were more alive than that. They looked nervous at being exposed yet still so sluggish. What a terrible way to live! They must miss the sun, the boy

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thought. He had been thinking of them all these months since summer, recalling them as flashes of light in the garden, but now they were stupefied, and just pushed against each other. Were the ones inside the cluster crying out in ways he could not hear, asking not to be squeezed so hard? Adi had never seen a tomb but he had read that word and knew others like "bier" and "pit" and "sepulcher," "grave" and "vault" and "pit." He had looked at indistinct photographs in some of his father's war books, and those words were there to read under those pictures. Tombs. He chose to sigh in preference to bursting into tears. Could these bees breathe? What an awful way to live.

"At this moment," said Der Alte, "they are the poorest of the poor. I know you see them as no better than slugs in the slime of their own exudate, but that is because their lives span the extremities of existence—they offer the sweetest substance to come to us from nature, ^{but if} and yet have enough of them ^{sting} upon you in an attack, ^{you're too much} and you can prepare for the end. They are able ^{of their venom can bring} to sting you to death. Now, ^{they are not} here, they do no more than root about in a ^{more than a} morass, yet in summer, you will see them dance in the air, as wonderful, and as beautiful, as drops of dew in the earliest sunlight of morning, pirouetting

buzzes in the air, *How they strut as* (and so fearless, *as they* enter into the golden petals of the flowers--- *is: beam* *that are* waiting for them. The real beauty in these matters is to extricate all that is potential from what appears to be meaningless. One has to *search for* find the value that *is* ~~lies~~ buried in chaos."

"Hear, hear," said Alois *It was uttered* despite himself. No matter the *dream* ~~awful~~ aspects of this awful man, Der Alte did have a manner one was obliged, despite one's revulsion, to admire *him. He was like* ^{him} like a great, smelly old actor. He had never met an old man so eloquent as Der Alte.

Adi was thinking, "these bees can sting you and you are dead." He shivered in the dank room of the old man's kitchen, shivered before the improbability and incomprehensibility of dying, and yet it came over him in the midst of this chill that he did feel closer to the old man than to his father, and knew he could listen all day and all night to the wonderful words of that so-odd person. Yes, the sounds that came out of his voice were ready to wash through the inside of yourself.

"Come and visit me," the old man succeeded in whispering to him before Alois gave the signal to leave.

tree where the two Langstroth boxes had been set up. There he remained for a considerable time, growing more and more chilled as the minutes elapsed. Yet, he stayed, and having placed himself between the two boxes, he kept each of his arms embracing the back of each box. He was praying for the continued life of the bees.

As can be expected, this was of no small interest to me. Since we did have entrance into Adi's thoughts—he was undeniably one of ours—I queried my agents again and again to dwell on what they could glean (if but a little more) from the tag-ends of the boy's thoughts. The more I received, the more valuable it appeared. He had heard his father complain that the screen protecting the hive entrance, a small hole, had nonetheless been torn away. It was not impossible that a mouse had ^{gotten in} ~~entered~~ the hive. Alois, having decided that this was unlikely—the hole was not large enough—but Adi was convinced a mouse had ^{entered the sanctum,} ~~gotten in~~. Since his father had repaired the screen weeks ago, ~~Since~~ ^{Ergo, he} Adi no longer knew as he sat between the boxes which one it might be, ~~so he had to~~ set a hand on each.

^{Since it was} Now, ~~being~~ Christmas Eve, the boy was full of his mother's oncoming celebration of the birth of what Klara told him was not only the Son of God

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"but the nicest human being ever on earth. The loveliest, the sweetest. And if you love Him, He will love you."

Adi had become certain then that this was the night to breathe the night air, no matter how cold. For the Son of God must be in the wind on a night so special as this. And that would provide the strength he would need. For he wished to summon into himself all the power that would be ~~necessary~~ ^{needed} to kill the mouse with his thoughts.

I was more than fascinated by this desire. I knew the limitations of my agents well enough to be confident that they had not been the inspiration for such a thought, no, not when there was ~~that kind of~~ ^{this species} determination present. This had come from Adi. It was his alone, and therefore a most encouraging sign. If I had been present, I would have fortified his sense of power, amplified it (within some necessary bounds), so that the boy would be ready to believe that he could save ^{certain} lives by possessing the power to ^{he able to} destroy other kinds of lives. That is one of the rarest of the aptitudes ~~that~~ ^{such a rare} we are able to implant in our clients, but it does ^{call for} ~~demand~~ a series of small but concerted art-works, exquisitely focused dream-etchings, if you will, and ^{special} ~~rare~~ methods close to arcane.

Since I was not ^{present} there, I accepted the incident as an augury of future promise, and consoled myself with the recognition that the Maestro might well have vetoed my suggestion—on the grounds, already explained, that one has to beware of projects too ambitious for children.

In any event, I was not ready ^{in such straits as} to brood over a lost opportunity. More than enough was here to occupy me in St. Petersburg, and I, along with my assistants, was undergoing some considerable punishment as the price of my activities. Be it said that I had never encountered a group of Cudgels ^{as} ~~so~~ brutal as the Russian crew. Over the last few centuries, they had developed an exceptional capability to stave off the many demons we succeeded in planting within Greek Orthodox ranks. In consequence, these Cudgels—rough as Russian monks—were not only powerfully motivated, but in command of frightening zeal. How ready they were to defend the coronation of the young czar-to-be, Nicholas the Second.

When the Maestro consulted me—as ^{would} ~~did~~ occur occasionally—I presented a notion that ^{in time he would} ~~in time he would~~ actually ^{adopted} ~~adopt~~ later. It proposed that our chances of disrupting the coronation were minimal, whereas a powerful distraction after the event could accomplish ^{more} ~~much~~.

As a presentation, it could be termed nothing less than presumptuous since I had hardly any real knowledge of what the O.O. was ^{looking up to be my} ~~holding in mind~~ ^{off here} ~~for the future~~. Still, I had been wise enough to speak my mind. (The Maestro does not like to put up with ^{a poverty} ~~lack~~ ^{his} of opinion among subordinates.) "It is much better to be wrong," he would tell us, "than to be stultifying. I can always come closer to estimating the nature of the reality before us by comparing the misperceptions you present. All ^{of} that is ^{much} ~~more~~ useful to me than a solemn silence ^{out of the} ~~for fear of being wrong.~~"

Enough. It is easy to see that these matters in Russia were temporarily, at least, of more concern to me than the small events of Hafeld.

All the same, whether I was interested or not, Klara gave birth on January 21 to the new infant. For Alois, there was small joy. The much-anticipated strongman of the future did not arrive. ^{but} ~~Instead~~, a little girl. So, all the ruckus ~~and disorder~~ of baby-feeding at night and baby yowling in the daytime, was ^{now} ~~for naught~~ ^{when all the while} ~~he~~ had been counting on a powerhouse of a son for his old age instead of three boys he could hardly boast about, a wild one, a mamma's boy, and a crybaby snot, yes, Alois was unready to celebrate, but he did—at the tavern in Fischlham night after

night for quite a few nights (although the beer began to smell as sour as ^{any} ~~the~~
^{in Pant's}
baby's (throwback of milk). There were now six human beings in his home.

Late in spring there would be seven when Junior would come back from
^{Spinal}
Strones, yes, the louder the tumult of voices in the bar, the more he was
ready to complain of the noise at home.

Indeed, the tavern clamor was enough to give us pause. Let men
drink in a crowded room and solidarity rises among them, an ability to soar
on zephyrs of alcohol, a brotherly defiance against the ^{inroads} ~~demands~~ (of angels
and demons, a certainty that they are men and equal to all else.

These are hardly the best working conditions for us. Openings,
however, do present themselves, particularly when ^{the} ~~these~~ good drinkers are
alone again and on their way home. Offer me a drunk staggering along on a
narrow forest road, and I will be ready for him. Sometimes, disgusted, we
even slam them to the ground. They usually take it personally, their lament
^{most}
~~is~~ characteristic. "Somebody shoved me," they often cry out. Nobody
believes them, but they know better. Wrath had struck between the shoulder
blades, and it was not their own rage, not at all.

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Alois may have been weaving to a degree ~~from drink~~, yet, on his return, he was most certainly feeling too alive to enter the house. Instead, he sat by the hive-boxes and fished out a rubber tube he had been keeping in his pocket these days. Then, he burped. He had had sauerbraten and ~~boiled~~ potatoes plus cucumber salad some hours ago, and could still taste those cucumbers in each burp. But that was agreeable. Despite the cold, he was in no hurry. He had his rubber tube and he placed one end of it ~~now~~ against the wall of the hive, and so could hear the thrumming of the inhabitants of his little city, a fine sound, almost a tune, rich with little swells of

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contentment. He could just about swear to that. Of course, why would they not be content? Hundreds, then thousands of his bees, all clustered up in their turn against the fine meshcloth of the wide-mouthed jar, there to suck out honey-and-water against the pull of the vacuum. He swayed a little in the absorption of his ^{while} curiosity and large thoughts passed like horses on parade, one at a time. He tried to count how many bees might be inhabiting the box right now. He could do such a calculation. He had kept a record of the weight of what they had been fed, but he was too illumined to make such ^{gross} calculations right now. Call it somewhere around 20,000. That was bound to be the answer for each hive, more than a pound of food a day, every day of this January. It was cold, but he felt warm. Despite himself, knowing he should not really do it, no, don't disturb the bees, he knocked on the box anyway. Then, through the tube, he listened to the shift in sound. ^{they sounding} Were those alerts? It had all gone up in pitch. Like the strings of a crazy violin. Then near to quiet again. Soft. Like countless cats. All purring while asleep.

He roused himself long enough to go into the house and get his shirt and pants off. Then he fell into bed, ~~and passed~~ ^{leaving a} ~~passing into sleep~~ still living with the

~~a strange sound. Then they~~
chorus he had heard just minutes ago. His breath passed over a small
hesitation and down he went into sleep, ^{with} having time for one last thought—it
was that he certainly enjoyed these little creature-sounds ^{- by means} a good deal more
than the ~~rips and~~ caterwauling of an infant.

His dreams, however, were not good that night, ^{and soon} they turned as foul
as stale beer on stomach-misery. He entered a large and cavernous interior
^{where he} and ^{the} was living among his bees. It was not agreeable. Bees were defecating
all over the place, and there he was, one of many, suffering like all the other
brother-creatures—no, sister-creatures—wasting away in contractions of a
severe bowel disease, all of them defecating all over the ^{dark and} cells and aisles of
the Langstroth box—what a foul and filthy vision.

He looked to rouse himself. Because this was a dream. Healthy bees
did not defecate in their own habitat (except perhaps for the worst and
laziest of the drones) no, he had heard ^{the sound of} his bees in their hives,
^{their sound was} and they were honorable. ⁷ They would fly outside to relieve themselves.
They would wait until the weather was warm enough for them to go out of
the hive and do their duty.

Now he was awake, and still agitated by the dream. There had been a long spell of cold, too cold for bees to dare to go out into this early February air. As Alois lay there he felt painfully aware of all the excrement building up over all these months in his ^{colony,} ~~bees~~. How could they hold it ^{in?} And ~~he~~ once again ^{he} tried to recall the sounds of the hive. Had he really heard contentment coming ~~to him~~ from their midst? These were bees. Could he really detect the difference between happiness and panic, calm and near-madness? Yes, he told himself, he did know—he was sure they were content.

It was warm in the morning, the first warm morning of early February, a thaw, and as Alois came out of the house, the bees were everywhere in the air, hundreds of them, thousands—who could count? They were leaving their droppings all over the place, fifty and then a hundred feet out and away from ^{the two} ~~the~~ ^{boxes,} ~~hive-box~~, such a curious caca smelling like ripe bananas, and so visible on the snow, this ^{field} ~~huge circle~~ of white dotted with ~~is~~ yellow spots now. ^{A huge circle} Innumerable yellow spots. Klara's laundry out on the line was also part of it ^{as were} ~~so~~ many of Paula's diapers. An immense defecation. Alois stepped it off. Yes, you could even find yellow spots in the snow one hundred paces away from the hive boxes,

Klara was furious, as furious as she dared to be. All her clean laundry now stained. "You never ^{told} alerted me to be careful," she said to her husband.

"I am sorry," he said, "that you will have all this work to do again. But how can one apologize? It is, after all, an act we have received from your God."

She walked away. A half hour later, water boiling in two huge pots, she took the soiled garments off the line and set out to do them again.

Alois was not about to tell himself that he felt sorry. He was too happy for the bees. What delight they had shown as they flew about. Since it was a Saturday, Adi was about and Alois, on impulse, decided to introduce him to the sound of some real talk.

"Everybody shits," he told the boy. "Everything shits, all things living. That is as it should be. However, you must learn how to get rid of shit or it will ^{begin to} shit on you. Understand? You must keep yourself clean, do you hear? Look at these bees. They are wonderful. They hold it in all winter so they won't dirty the hive. We can be the same. We are good people. We keep everything spotless where we live.

"But, my father," said little Adolf, "what about Edmund?"

"What about him?"

"He still does it in his pants."

"That is your mother's concern, not yours."

Later in the day, Adi remembered when Alois, Junior, had stuck a dab of excrement right on his nose, and the recollection brought forth the oddest cry from his throat, so humiliated, so full of glee, that he was churning with discomfort. Adi could not get over his excitement at the cleansing flight. Those bees had been so happy. Were they dancing in the wind? There had been so much caca in them, and now they were light. They were free. He couldn't help it. He couldn't stop his giggles. It had all made his mother so angry.

Now he remembered what Angela had whispered to him one morning.

"Your mother has a saying," she said. "Kinder, Kucher, Kirche." He ^{511 p 395} *He turned in bed and,* ~~But~~ ^{He turned in bed and,} nodded. He had heard it already. "Come on," he said, "we are late for school." ~~school."~~ ^{511 p 395}

~~"There is more to it," she said. "Klara told it to me in secret. 'Kinder, Kucher, Kirche und Kacke.' You understand?"~~