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double-space

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Alois may have been weaving to a degree, 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~~ ^{the burp} was agreeable. Despite the cold, he was in no hurry.

He had his rubber tube and he placed one end of it against the wall of the hive, and ~~so could hear~~ ^{he began to listen to} the thrumming of the ~~inhabitants~~ ^{tenement dwellers} of his little city. ~~It~~ ^{was there to hear} fine sound, almost a tune, rich with little swells of contentment. He could ~~just about swear to that~~ ^{on just about} Of course, why would they not be content?

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Hundreds, then thousands of his bees, all clustered up ^{a mob to wait} in their turn against the ~~fine~~ meshcloth of the wide-mouthed jar, there to suck out honey-and-^{through Alois} water against the pull of the vacuum, while large thoughts ^{thought} passed like horses on parade, one ^{thought} 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 ^{at this moment} he was too illumined ^{Gross estimates only} 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. ^{Because they could} Then, through the tube, he ^{could} listened to the shift in sound. Were they ^{issuing} sounding alerts? It had all gone up in pitch. ^{it came back} 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 ^{off} and ^{his} pants off. Then he fell into bed, still hearing a chorus, ^{of} strange sounds. His breath ^{passed} over a small hesitation and down he went into

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It had final as intimatest as one more beast on parade
 sleep with ~~(one last thought)~~—it was that he certainly enjoyed these little
of the bees
 creature hymns ~~(a good deal more than the caterwauling of an infant.~~

His dreams, however, were not good that night, ~~and soon~~ ^{then} turned as
 foul as stale beer on stomach-misery. He entered a large and cavernous
to his lack of surprise, there he was,
 interior where ~~he was~~ living among his bees. It was not agreeable. They
all
~~bees~~ were defecating all over ~~the place~~ ^{there}, and there he was, one of many,
these
 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 narrow 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 his bees in their hives, and their
 sound was honorable. They would wait until the weather was warm enough
only then would they
 for them to go out of the hive and ~~do~~ their duty.

Now he was awake, ^{but} and still agitated by the dream. There had been a
that had been
 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
in his colony
 up ~~over~~ all these months, *these little creatures* in his colony. How could ~~they~~ hold it in? And

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once again he tried to recall the sounds of the hive. Had he really heard contentment coming 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 hive-boxes, such a curious caca!

It smelled ~~smelling~~ like ripe bananas, and ~~so~~ ^{was} visible on the snow, ~~this~~ ^a field of white

~~now~~ dotted with yellow spots, ~~now~~ ^{there in a big circle around the hive bench,} A huge circle. Innumerable yellow spots, ^{out}

^{Hanging on a clothesline} 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 ~~furios~~ ^{All that} as furious as she dared to be. ~~All her~~ clean laundry

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

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*"It is too bad,"**"I am sorry,"* he said, "that you will have ~~to~~ this work to do again.

But how can one apologize? It is, after all, an act we have received from

your God." That good God you are so sure is yours."

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. *Rather, he* ~~He was too~~happy for the bees. What delight they had shown *while* as they flew about. Since*nearly in the meadow,* it was a Saturday, Adi was about and Alois, on impulse, decided to *call* ~~him over. Let him hear~~ 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. *what you keep in mind is that* ~~However, you must~~ learn how to get rid ofshit or it will ~~begin to~~ *rain* shit on you. Understand? You must keep yourself

clean, do you hear? Look at these bees. They are wonderful. They hold it

they are determined not to in all winter, ~~so they won't~~ *dirty* the hive. We can ~~be~~ *do* the same. We are goodpeople. ~~We keep everything spotless~~ *Where we live, is where we*

"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 ^{the time} when Alois, Junior, ~~had~~ stuck a dab ^{him, right on his nose,} of excrement right on ~~his nose~~, and the recollection brought forth the oddest cry from ^{Adi's} ~~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. ^{They seemed to be} ~~Were they~~ dancing in the wind. There had been so much caca in them, ^{back} ~~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 nodded. He had heard it already. He yawned in boredom.

"Oh, you think you know it all already," Angela said, "but you don't.

There is a secret word as well that I was told."

"By who? By my mother?"

"I can't say. I have to keep the secret. It is a secret word."

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"Who told you?"

She could see he was ready to enter into a tantrum. "All right. I will let you know," she said. "I heard it from your mother, your dear mother who loves me even if I am not hers."

"Tell me or I will yell and she will hear."

"That is you, that is just as mean as you," she held him by the ear. "Remember," she said, "she"

~~"Remember, she told me in secret. It is not just 'Kinder, Kucher,~~

that the)

~~Kircke.~~ No, the real saying is, 'Kinder, Kucher, Kirche und. . .' she

started to giggle. "und Kacke!"

Now, he was giggling as well. Oh, those bees, worse than babies. He had a crazy picture of every bee with a diaper, the tiniest diaper. He was laughing so hard that he felt like urinating, and that made him think of Der Alte who came into his thoughts so often, especially when he had to urinate.

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Now, Adi realized that he would like to visit Der Alte, yes, he wanted to, so much. ~~if only this thought did not leave him feeling uneasy~~

Next day, Sunday, was warm again, and once more the bees were out.

Adi started to run up and down the meadow, as if to use up the impulse to

~~visit Der Alte~~ ^{the old man} (but in his mind he kept seeing each turn of the forest road,

^{so he} and ^{so} knew he could find the hut. Yes, ^{so} this was much more than an impulse.

The desire to make ^{such a} ^(by himself) this little trip was as sure as if a rope was pulling on

him.

He went. And Der Alte, prepared for the visit ~~(and)~~ ^(and) by the same

^{for} ~~the~~ ^{certain} message, ~~of course~~ (that Adi had received) was there once again at the door,

but the tablespoon of honey was not yet in his hand, no, for that, Adi now

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had to sit on his lap. "Yes, 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 there were ogres in the forest and evil spirits, and sometimes these evil spirits ^{could} ~~would~~ change little children into birds or mice, or pigs or goats, ^{However,} ~~but~~ it did not feel this way ^{sitting on the legs of} with Der Alte. It was better than ~~sitting on~~ ^{that} his father's lap. ~~That~~ ^{That} was never so nice as this.

~~and~~ ^{then, when} he never knew when his father would blow pipe smoke into his face ~~and~~ ^{his father would laugh} ~~laugh when he coughed,~~ No, Der Alte was a nicer man ~~than his father.~~

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

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After a considerable part of an hour has passed, Adi began, however, to feel less comfortable. Would his mother, ~~or Angela~~ ^{But when he} begin to wonder where he was? ~~He~~ ^{He} stirred, ~~and~~ ^{and} Der Alte ~~now~~ ^{now} said a few words which felt as surprising as turning a page in a book, ~~and~~ ^{because} there before you was a nice picture.

"Do not tell this to anyone," said Der Alte, "but I am trying to make ^{For that, I have asked it to} one of my little bees happy, ~~even if it must be living by itself~~ ^{live by itself, near to me}"

"Does it try to talk ^{to} you?"

"It can make sounds, For certain!" Der Alte

Der Alte smiled. "Oh, it can make sounds, ^{but} no, dear boy, I do not ^{this} try to encourage my little bee to speak. ^{That might be too much to ask.} I just try to make her happy, ~~even if~~ ^{which is not so easy since now she must live} ~~she is living~~ alone in a small box I have made just for her."

"My father says that bees live ^{not only} for ~~all~~ other bees. They are" — he searched to remember the expression — "they are servants of the community."

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"Your father is absolutely correct. Bees who live in a hive do not

seek
~~wish~~ to live alone, ~~not ever.~~

read things?
"Even if you feed it ~~all the time?~~

"You are the smartest little boy I ~~have ever~~ know^d. Yes, I am seeing

what will happen if I keep my one bee warm and ^{*most*} (well-fed) ^{*I*} and think about it

all the time with all the good feeling that is in my heart, ~~and~~, of course, ^{*I should*} ~~I~~
happen to pay a visit to the other room, I always
speak to it, ~~whenever I pay a visit to the other room, and~~ That is twenty times

^{*comprehend*}
a day. It cannot ~~know, of course,~~ what I am saying. But I want it to know

that I am there. Sometimes I take it out of the box."

"Doesn't it fly away?"

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"Oh, no, I have prevented such a possibility." He touched the boy's

head tenderly. "When I take it out of its little box, it ~~only~~ jumps around ~~on~~

but stays on
(the table."

"Does it have no wings?"

There was a pause.

"No longer." *does it have wings?"*
~~There had been a pause until Der Alte said this much.~~

trying to lift out of
~~with the~~ *and bad ones.* *So, before he left, he asked to*
Adi knew ~~why~~. No need to ask. He felt such a mix of good feelings ~~before~~

~~"Yes, dear boy," said Der Alte, "the reason it is so difficult to make~~

~~this one little bee happy by itself is that you have to be near it all the time to~~

~~love it."~~

~~Before he left that day, Adi did go into the other room of the hut to~~ *Conf*

?
he look at the bee in the little box.

Of course, it had no wings. ^{that he had} He ~~known~~ ^{yet} that it would be so, ~~but~~ the bee

was certainly frisky and it jumped about in a flurry of excitement when Der

Alte let it out of the box ^{Indeed, it hopped onto the tip} and it then ~~put~~ ^{It} ~~that must have been~~ its mouth onto

~~the tip~~ of the old man's finger which had ^{been dipped into honey} a drop of honey ready to fall.

"I do not know if it will happen," said Der Alte. "What I am doing is

difficult, ~~and~~ I see so little chance for success. But how wonderful if I

brighten the feelings of this ^{hitherto} insignificant little creature. Can I ^{lift} ~~raise~~ it to a

level ^{do not} that other bees ~~cannot~~ attain? I feel ~~so much~~ for her. She is so lonely.

She misses ^{that words of sisters} all the ~~bees~~ she has lived among through the winter, ~~she~~ is

loneliness itself. But I am ready to try to bring ^{to her} ~~amelioration~~ ^{do you}

understand such a word? ^{yes} the sweetness of relief when loneliness is

replaced by well-being, ^{yes, das gute wort!} ~~filled~~

"Oh," said Adi, "I hope you are able to do that. It is so sad to be
~~lonely. Sometimes, I am lonely, I know. You make me~~
~~lonely. Are you afraid that ^{the bee} it will die?"~~

~~must. It will die.~~
 "Sooner or later, it ~~will die.~~ But I want to see if I can make it happy

for a little while."

"Yes," said Adi, "I ~~can~~ see. You love this one ~~bee~~ more than ~~all~~ the
 others."

~~"Yes, maybe a little,"~~ said Der Alte, ~~"or maybe a lot. Next time you~~
~~visit, we will see if I have made progress."~~

~~It is impossible. I must~~
~~Now, I have to be the first to~~ recognize that what has just been
~~Let us~~
~~is bound to~~

recounted cannot fail to leave the reader in a state of some uneasiness. ~~if~~

~~If, for some~~ ~~hobbled~~ ~~might be rejected~~ ~~by the suspicion that he is~~
 interest in Der Alte is not to be lost by the fact that he may be a madman and

~~this outlandish~~
 conceivably dangerous in his senility, let me explain that ~~his outrageous~~

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pursuit of ^{des Wohl} happiness for one isolated bee, an obviously miserable and stupid

procedure (particularly after he has crippled its wings!) is not without

^{Purpose for}
^{to us, that is}
purpose, ~~for us~~ (We have to test the ~~Fidelity~~ ^{are} the immutability, if you will, of

the instincts that the Dummkopf has placed in his vast consortium of

~~Only~~ ^{The oddest} creatures. ^{are} Experiments that ~~appear garish on the surface~~ ^{can} often reveal much

Moreover, it ~~always~~ ^{can} makes for good economy to us. It is also one of the best uses to which we can put old clients like Der ~~to put some of our old clients (and it lets!)~~
^{new}
like Der Alte, to a bit of ~~work~~ ^{new} in their ~~old~~ ^{new} age.

^{also} That we have allowed Adi to become ^{involved to a} ~~mixed to~~ degree in ~~these~~ ^{these} this

^{bizarre} ventures is not a matter I was prepared to understand at the time ~~and~~

(certainly not from a post in St. Petersburg) but I knew it ^{can form to} ~~was not counter to~~

^{whatever they were}
the Maestro's inclinations, ~~or I would have heard about it~~. Once again, I was

there to serve rather than to comprehend. I will say that one outcome did

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little embodiment of loneliness
 be come clear to me. The wingless bee ~~had~~ died before Adi was to pay his next

few things visit, but we did learn a ~~little~~ *Italian* about the readiness of well-fed bees to ~~do~~

survive without constant consanguinity. *It seemed that* they did not have to dwell in their
existing
keep (survive) crowded tenement cities in order to ~~survive~~ it was just that they did not live
 as long.

What was also to the point is that Der Alte and Adi did have tears in

their eyes on the boy's next visit and were closer than ever. *That* ~~which~~ was

certainly to the Maestro's fancy.

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a week arrived

~~there was one week~~

With the advent of March, the hives became active. ~~After a week~~

that

~~which~~ brought the sun to Hafeld every day, ~~the~~ ^{*hives*} hives certainly began to stir,

and the

~~and the~~ ^{*came out*} hardest of the winter bees ~~began~~ to forage. The temperature began

~~to rise in the center of the cluster, and it~~ ^{*likely*} was obvious that the queen was

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a week arrived~~there was one week~~With the advent of March, the hives became active. ~~After a week~~*that*~~which~~ brought the sun to Hafeld every day, ~~the~~ ^{*and the*} hives certainly began to stir, ^{*came out*}*and the*~~and the~~ hardest of the winter bees ~~began~~ ^{*began*} to forage. The temperature began~~to rise in the center of the cluster, and it~~ ^{*likely*} was obvious that the queen was

^(laying)
~~now~~ ^{out of her)}
 beginning to lay (eggs from that store of fornications from June past and ~~the~~
^{Now, one)}
~~into~~ ^{days of)} ~~over the long hot July days.~~ ^{One for the Livery}
 The best hive weighed more each morning and
^{(was}
~~an increasing amount of Alois' honey and)~~
 the bees were consuming more honey and water up to two pounds a day.
^{Soon, it was}

~~now~~

^{Langstroth}
^{he} the top lid of each box and look in to
~~Alois decided to open his hives and discovered that the two boxes~~
^{So he discovered exactly what he had been}
^{leaving beneath every hope and}
^{the two colonies} might have sat on the same bench all through the winter, but one could
 that was the only equality they shared
^{could not be)}
^{box}
 hardly compared their condition. One was healthy and thriving, the other could
^{most certainly not be termed healthy,}
^{was not healthy}
 most certainly not. ^{only} There were a few dead bees on the lowest platform of
^{good} the healthy box, but a ^{what a} considerable number in the other!

Of late, just before the warm spell, he had listened by way of the tube
^{in the second colony and that}
^{these}
 to a great deal of restless humming which had worried him, and now open
 to examination, he could see fecal droppings near the hive entrance, and the

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combs for brood were ~~about~~ empty. Had the queen died? He did not really

know how to locate the lady—she was, after all, only a bit larger than her

own worker-bees, smaller, indeed, than the drones. He had been waiting, of

course, to open the hives, and he knew he would make a serious search ^{through the good box} ~~for~~
^{the mysterious lady} ~~which was what he was~~ ^{which was what he was} ~~call of~~
^{her} ~~an examination~~ ^{by} ~~vertical~~ ^{tray}
~~through the cell walls of the healthy box~~, but it would not be worth it to go to

^{such} ~~to too~~ great lengths in the bad hive—for that matter, ^{that} ~~the~~ queen, if sick as she

undoubtedly ^{sick} ~~must be~~, would not necessarily be large enough to recognize.

He would have been dispirited if he had not ^{also} ~~felt~~ fortified ~~as well~~. His

acumen, after all, was confirmed. He had not worried for too little. There

had been real troubles in one box, perhaps a killer disease.

So Alois decided that the remaining bees of that colony had to be

gassed. He would have called on Der Alte for assistance but decided that he

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would not. The ~~precise~~ ^{derivation} strength he ~~obtained~~ ^{the accuracy of} from ~~having been right to~~
~~his winter-long worries now encouraged~~
~~worry now drove~~ him to do the job himself.

There proved to be no real difficulty. He chose a Saturday with Adi
and Angela home from school, ~~and had them watch the process. It proved~~ ^{to be his as his father's.}
~~The process proved~~
(simple enough. He took a piece of sulphur (part of the equipment he had

purchased five months ago), lit it, and left it to smoke on the floor of the
hive ~~after~~ ^{than} the entrance was plugged, the hive lid ^{was} laid back on again, and the
gas did the job ^{and} quickly enough. ^{When} Angela began to cry for the poor bees, ~~so~~

Alois sent her inside, but Adi watched ~~all the way~~ ^{his eyes glowing in response}, sitting beside Alois on an
adjoining bench ~~and listened~~ to his father's lecture. "In nature," said Alois,

"there is no mercy for the weak. ^{Your big sister} ~~Angela~~ ^{so} was silly to become upset."

"I am not bothered," said Adi.

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"Good," said Alois. "Now, let us go and empty this box and clean the combs."

Adi found himself thinking of Der Alte's ^{one} ~~own~~ ^{now dead} ~~dead~~ lonesome bee, and

once again, tears came to his eyes.

But, of course, there was no comparison. It was clear to Adi: Der Alte had ^{loved} ~~been trying to do something with~~ that one little bee, ^{which kept} ~~and it was~~ ^{thing without} ~~the wings that kept jumping on the table, back~~ almost as if it had been ready to help. ^{the} But these bees in this bad hive had ^{dirty} ~~been dirtying~~ the place where they ate and slept. No comparison.

That night, by way of a suggestion from the Maestro, I prepared a small dream-etching, simple enough for the best of my ^{local} ~~Hafeld~~ agents to install into Adi's sleep, ^{and so} ~~and so~~ he had a long worrisome dream where his father asked him to count ^{all the} ~~how many~~ dead bees there were, ~~and to~~ ^{to} make sure

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of the number, ^{Adi} 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, ^{for} it took him so,

^{many minutes} long to awake in the morning, but he was proud of the number, ^{he} that he

remembered ^{because} there had been at least ^{thirty} rows of one hundred bees
and each one

~~and each of them was~~ each lying there on a white cloth he had laid out for them, ^{his pride} and that gave

^{him} the pride that he could count to ^{four} three thousand. No one else in his class

^{of} could come near to that, he was certain. His only regret was that he had not

^{even more} finished. There had just been ~~mounds~~ ^{mounds} of dead bees.

Here, I would warn the reader
not to make too much of the
gassing and the body-count. It is
~~certainly not to~~ ^{a sole} cause of
~~that~~ ^{to be seen as the} cause of
all that came later. Rather, ~~it is~~
~~a small~~ such a dream leaves only
a small mark, a footprint, so to speak,
upon the psyche, an installation of what
will of the first possibility of what
can develop decades later, even as in
~~then~~ It would be a gross mistake, ~~however~~ then.

* to assume that this dream etching determined all that was to follow. As a device I can assure you we would be the first to applaud if matters were ~~not~~ ^{that simple}

more convincing. One can feel the calculations than completed buildings.

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The good hive was another matter. It was thriving. The weight of the colony ^{increased} ~~was greater~~ each week, and the slides ^{lined} with honey cells were filling up. Alois had learned from his books that ~~no~~ honey cells ^{were not capped} ~~would be covered~~ with ^a ~~thin~~ thin layer of wax until the water content ^{in the syrup} ~~had been reduced to a level~~ a little less than ~~somewhere down between 17% and~~ 20% which meant that half the bees in the hive were fanning their wings to ^{blow surface} ~~drive~~ the water off as vapor, an endless

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(Alois even felt intoxicated by the dedication of honey bees to these never-ending chores.)
 task, but they were doing it. ^{At last the} The first honey was ready, and ^{his bees} they were

capping the cells with ~~the~~ wax just as they were supposed to.

Out in his white garments with the big box-like white ^{veil} vest over his

head, protected by his gloves, Alois began to feel as if he was acquiring

a bit of ^{the not so simple art of} some real technique at pulling combs out for examination and then sliding

them back in again. ^{It} ~~All~~ that required care, ^{he} he certainly didn't want to be

such a lummock as to squash his own Queen inadvertently. Indeed, the

^{confidence he was gaining from these} ~~beginning of such~~ positive results in one of his boxes actually took him over

to Der Alte's hut long enough to purchase another Queen ^{The new lady would} to replace the sick

one ^{she} who had been gassed along with all the other incontinentals.

Der Alte had even given him a lesson in how to spot ^a the queen—

^{an observation so long as} which was not too difficult ~~when~~ she was laying her eggs into empty cells

Indulgent, lady having
 distinction. Or what the
 the Queen & honey bees always
 we care for it, etc.

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~~then~~
for she was followed by a retinue who hovered over each new cell and

discharged their own ~~sweet~~ chemicals and enzymes and "mysterious

~~was quick to~~ (and thereby)
fortifiers," as Der Alte put it, to enrich the new ~~eggs~~ ^{larvae} with "magical

ingredients."

Alois 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

the other ~~queen was~~ (last fall,)
for the box Alois had built himself. One could transfer

~~combs of new brood and other~~ (together with)
combs of new honey to the two empty boxes.

~~only~~ (and that was good)
All three would now be partially filled, ~~but~~ the hives were growing so

quickly this spring, that all he had to do was to furnish enough ^{new} vertical

~~frames~~ (frames)
for the empty slots, and the bees in each of the three colonies would

build wax cells for ~~their~~ ^{son} new brood and the storage of new honey—yes, he

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had lost one colony to gassing, but before long, he ^(would be able to) ~~could~~ ^(consider himself) be the master of
three, all flourishing—could that be?

Alois began to feel a cautious optimism, as if ^{prove to} this spring might ~~prove~~ be
beautiful. Beautiful for him, beautiful for the family. April had come and
flowers were sprouting, the trees, the oaks, the plum trees, the beeches and
cherry trees, the maples and apple trees. Soon there would ~~also~~ be flowers
in the meadows.

^{liked}
He ~~looked~~ to sit by his hive boxes with Adi beside him, the boy
carefully covered and veiled in an outfit Klara had put together. Father and
son now delighted in watching the entrance of the busiest hive for ~~there~~
~~were~~ guard bees who stayed on post at the small opening on the ~~little~~
approach ^{ramp} ~~box~~ set ~~on~~ ⁱⁿ place at the foot of the box. Now, every bee that came

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in with ~~a load of~~ ^{had to be} pollen and honey ~~was~~ sniffed by one of the guard bees

before she could enter, ~~and~~ ^{the} on occasion, Adi would begin to hoot because ~~a~~

guard would drive a visitor away ^{and act} (as if the creature didn't smell right.

It had also become a big month for ^{servicing} giving nutrition to the colonies.

"We ^(Alois told the bees "So") feed them honey ^{so they could} make even more honey. Alois was now ^{4 the}

mixing three pounds of food for the mesh jar, ^{How} and the brood nest was

populating. Four combs were now filled in each of the three hives. And

three queens were working in three separate hive boxes to deposit their eggs

in cells. Yes, endless numbers of eggs to be fertilized by ^{long-contained} the gathered sperm

from the dead drones ^{of} from those monumental fornications ^{out in} of the long-gone time

^{past} at summer. ~~There was so~~ much activity now ^{that} Alois was only able to check

the weight of the hives in the evening after his colonies were done with

their numberless)
flying from morning until dark on countless trips. Each forager would be

back with its load in a few minutes, and then out again. He had heard
that it took forty thousand such voyages to-and-fro to make two pounds of honey.

Sometimes he would look at the old bees who had lived through the

the good box, [notice they looked so old -
winter in one of his boxes. They were easy to spy. Indeed, they did look

minuscule)
old. They were battered and dying off, little creatures with worn-out wings,

frayed and tattered from over-use, and so much hair was now gone from

gone out to forage soon
their bodies. They had collected the first honey this season, but now.

undeniably, they were dying. Each morning a team of new-born worker

their
bees would collect the fallen bodies on the ground floor of the box and

all the hive-ramp
sweep them out the entrance and down to the ground. Alois could hardly

mourn their passing. The young stock were taking their place and these

finally
occasioned his delight. He felt as if now he had really begun his long-

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real *This was now given the*
awaited ~~serious~~ venture into apiculture. These ~~new~~ bees would be his, not

Der Alte's.

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On a splendid morning in May, with every host of forager bees from the three colonies ~~new~~ seemingly in the air, Alois began to notice a pattern ^{to} in their movements. One bee, still in close sight of the hive, would be making many repetitive moves, a curious pattern, wigwagging its belly in flight as it flew through one circle, or rather, as he observed, more like an oval, and then flew back in a reverse oval, only to repeat this over and over.

"She is signaling to the others," Alois said to himself. "She is up to something, she is showing them something."

And he was right in this observation, he knew it, because in another few minutes, 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 on a walk late yesterday, daisies and other wildflowers had sprouted. That forager bee must be a scout who knew how to tell the others to follow.

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

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He had given up ^{such a} ~~that~~ hope, but the desire still resided in him, ^{therefore, he} ~~and he~~

felt a considerable happiness that he might have ^{discovered} ~~such~~ a new and interesting

^{that he could confirm} ~~concept to follow~~ with his eyes right here this summer, ^{this} ~~a~~ signal-dance of

one bee to bring others to a place where new flowers ~~were~~ full of nectar ~~and~~

^{were} ~~(waiting, ready and waiting)~~ bridesmaids, you could say, ^{all lined up} ~~waiting to be~~
~~(Or, should ~~the~~ call these he pto~~
~~foragers he called~~
~~bridesmaids)~~
 deflowered by the wedding ushers. A joke, but his own joke, and he

^{so closely} ~~had~~ there been any mention of

^{this} ~~that~~ little wig-wagging dance. He was twice afraid to mention it to Der

Alte, once ~~because it might be~~ ^{because it might be} for all he knew, an established concept

among ~~the~~ apicultural cognescenti, or, to the contrary, if unknown, might

^{know better than himself whoe to publish the} ~~not~~ Der Alte be the first to develop ~~the necessary~~ observations and take all

the credit?

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Alois did permit himself to ^{entertain} mention the hope that Alois, Junior ~~might~~
^{might, just for once, put} use his intelligence ^{for his father's} for once to work with him. (This would be ~~one~~ case

where the father would have ^{next} ~~no~~ objections to the son carrying on the work, ^{yes}
^{let the son become} and becoming equally famous. How much Franz Josef had wanted that.

^{Gonna come to} Fears came to Alois's eyes at the thought of the Emperor's pain ^{in the hour} when
^{when he learned that} Rudolph, his own Crown Prince, had died at Mayerling in that awful

situation ^{so many} years ago, murder and ^{suicide} suicide, or double suicide ^(or whatever it had been) with his young

~~dear~~ mistress, what a blow for the good man, the Emperor-father. And for

Sisi, the beautiful Empress, how she must have loved Rudolph!

These sad thoughts in the midst of his new vocational pride so

mellowed Alois ^{that} for an hour ^{he squandered} that he squandered his vanity—after all, he did

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not feel inferior to Der Alte any more—and did go to ^{see} ~~the~~ the piss-bum for instruction on how to treat the Queen bee (and, incidentally, locate her.)

Der Alte, obviously, had ^{few} ~~no~~ difficulties with that. He was certainly skillful—it had to be said. He opened one of his leaf-hives, scanned the racks, located the queen, reached in with a bare hand, and ⁵ ~~grasped~~ her wings carefully and delicately ^{between} ~~with~~ thumb and forefinger. "In a few years," he said, "you, too, will be employing this digital ^(form of capture) ~~embrace~~, but for now, I will show you a safer method," after which he discoursed on methods and modes of discerning just where the Queen might be, whether depositing eggs, or fertilizing them in their new cells ^{one after another} ~~or encoined~~ in her court, her home ground, when the cells were a hint larger.

"Once located, it is so simple," said Der Alte, "to capture ^{our Lady. Y} ~~her~~ her."

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

"Exactly," said Der Alte. "That is ~~so much~~^a the time when you are moving ^{many} frames, and scraping the wax covers away from the honey cells. A careless worker can then in the course of We certainly do not wish to squash the queen because we do not see that she

~~is in the way even as we are~~ pulling out combs or putting them back. Or worse. ~~If she is travelling between the combs, an accident could occur,~~

So,"—to Alois' annoyance, Der Alte wagged a finger at him—"so we do not go first for the honey, no, we locate the Queen like the good fellows we are.

and then we use the queen-catching glass." He waved a glass tube which ^{to offer a larger opening,} bulged at one end. "This blunt 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

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container, two inches long—"under the glass tube, ^{after which you} ~~and you can~~ blow the queen right into the cage, punk! 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 practiced catching the queen. Indeed, he spent an afternoon capturing each of his three beauties from each of his colonies, finding them, putting the blunt end of the tube ^{over} ~~on~~ them, and then blowing them into the little Queen-cage prior to releasing them back to the colony. If his ears ^{turned} ~~had been~~ red and his tongue dry after ^{watching a real} ~~(listening to and~~ ^{to} ~~watching~~ Der Alte's demonstration, it ^{did demand} ~~took these~~ several hours of practice before he could breathe nicely again under his own oak tree and his three hive-boxes.

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That night, however, having become much more familiar with the activities of the Queen and her court ~~as she worked on the brood-combs, and~~ and having read even more after dinner on the latest insights concerning the

developmnt of ~~the~~ pupae into new bees, he brooded in bed upon the

~~separation and decorum and separate processes.~~ ^{of these} It was all so developed.

^{These bees}

They knew what they were doing! Different treatments were accorded to

^{was it nature itself that} different eggs. ~~You could say that nature~~ had devised ways to create

^{create} royalty, yes, and poor people as well. Most of the larvae had no choice.

^{to be} They were destined to become workers or drones. They were ~~only~~ fed

^{any of} common brood food by the Queen's assistants, a standard mixture of honey

^{and that was all. Whereas} and pollen, ~~whereas~~ future Queens were placed in larger cells and were

given special secretions from the nursing bees' own food glands, ~~a mixture~~

a special food called royal jelly. They were ^{intended to become} royalty from the start.

It was a different ^{business} system for the worker bees. As soon as they

hatched out of their cells, they were put to work, ^{First they had to clean,} cleaning other cells or

be ready to receive the ^{worker} forager bees ^(to be worked) in order to transform the nectar and pollen into brood

food for the ^{ordinary} cells. Others would clean the aisles of the hive, ^{or be} become the

burial sweepers, or serve as guards by the entrance—all ^{of these new-born worker bees} ~~this apprenticeship~~

^{served an apprenticeship} for the first twenty days of their lives.

Then, for the next twenty days, ^{which often was as long as summer} ~~which often was as long as summer~~

^{the life of summer} ~~the life of summer~~ bees would live, (since they worked so hard every day of their lives), they were

they were sent ^{they} went out to look for nectar, became forager bees. What a devoted corps of

hard-working women, thought Alois, falling closer to sleep, lulled by the

* After which, they often ^{die of life, that was all} ~~die of life, that was all~~ (they had had to work so hard every day.)

thought of how much work all those creatures ^{had been} were doing for him. He had

looked at the estimates in his books. His bees had to make something like
40,000 trips and visit between three and four million blossoms in order to
make 100 pounds of honey.

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

Judith the manuscript.

I think it is 2 pounds, not one hundred.
The term used originally was
"a kilogram of honey."

ster box.
Let's discuss.

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Alois' fine spirits waned with the loss of warm weather. A cold spell

arrived, cruel to ~~the~~ ^{an and} the expectation aroused by a ~~warm~~ early spring. Alois
~~was~~ ^{now prepared him self}
 had to expect that all the gains ^{might} ~~could~~ be lost to this new chill on the earth.

^[from Spital and Strones]
 One of the old axioms came back. Johann Nepomuk used to say, "All

^{is the season that will}
 "weather is treacherous, but spring ~~may be the worst~~ because it is so shy."
^{"betray you most!"}
~~"That is when the other things betray you the most."~~

^{exhausting}
 So there were days when he came close to wearing himself ~~out~~ by ~~no~~

^{Carrying out no}
 more than the back and forth of removing ~~the~~ tar-paper from the top of ^{each} ~~each~~

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hive, only to put it back again when the light went out of the sky at midday,

so abrupt was the movement of the clouds. And then, in turn, ^{was out} he ~~had~~ to strip

^{away} ^{once} ~~the~~ sun was back and the day ~~had~~ returned to warmth. Back

and forth, anxiety driving his heart. ^{Taupeper might be useful}
^{insulation but he felt as if it was never}
^{wrapped around his breath}

During one ~~old~~ spell, he caught a cold and could not rid himself of

^{collateral)} ^{near-freezing} worry. Perhaps ^{a Queen might die} ^{might} ~~any~~ one of the three Queens ~~could also die~~. Was it

impossible that ^{not even} ~~one of them~~ ^{could} catch a cold in sympathy with the

overlord of the hive? This was so full of nonsense. He scolded himself.

Much as he had loved and revered Franz-Josef all through these years, he

had never worried 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~~

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(in secret even from himself) about the condition of
down about his true health? Was he coming nearer to his ~~own~~ end? It was

the worst thought to have ~~for~~ ^a it opened a bottomless pit. His imagination was

now occupied with a matter he had never allowed himself to go near. All

~~along~~ ^{all} through the years, yes, so far as he could remember ~~back~~ ^{back}, death

had seemed easy to him. A little dull, maybe, but no drivel about

punishment. You could look forward to a reasonable state of peace in the

grave.
grave.

But what a damn question it became once
you lost such certainty.
His damned question. ~~It was loose now.~~ What if he had been

betraying himself all this time? What if death was not ^{at all} like that? He had

always assumed ~~that~~ ^{very} religion was there for a good practical reason. It kept

the weak and the unruly in order. It told them not to cut too many corners.

But a strong man ^(such as) ~~like~~ himself, for a perfect example) could do ^{as he} ~~what he~~:

~~chose~~
~~wanted~~. No guilt.

Now, he had to recognize ^{that he} ~~it~~. He ^{and of} ~~was~~ in a kind of panic, yes, panic of

a new sort. What if there was such a thing as ^{yes, what} ~~guilt~~? ~~What~~ if guilt was real?

Poor Alois. I could see that he was now there for the taking. No

Cudgel would be ^{at his shoulder} ~~lingering about~~ to protect him. I could have the tried-and-

true pleasure of appearing to him in a dream with my own ^{most} ~~adept~~—I will

make such a claim—^(my own most adept) ~~impersonation~~ of a guardian angel. He would ^{soon} ~~be~~

ours—as bound to us as Der Alte.

But to what end? Would it be worth the maintenance? And the

~~conceivable~~ complications of trying to deal with two older devils at once,
especially since they did not like each other.

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^{Plus}
~~not to mention~~ the lively presence of Adi? ~~No,~~ too many possibilities ~~were~~
 crowding in on too small a field.

The sober fact, which we do well not to ignore, is that people as old as
 Alois are rarely a prize. ~~Often enough,~~ ^{they make} they are easy to pick up and use, but

~~the~~ utility is limited. They are already ^{too} shaped, too fixed, to warrant much

~~new~~ molding of their nature over to our immediate aims. Alois, by now,

was certainly too stiff for ~~the~~ flexibility ^{and that is exactly what} we require in our best clients. ~~should~~

^{So often these}
~~our~~ immediate aims have to be redirected.

^{On these special occasions when we do choose}
~~On choosing~~ a man or woman well over fifty, we look for a

^{truly} (serviceable warp in their nature, a ^{particular} distortion that we can employ for a

^(usually outlandish.)
 particular ~~outlandish~~ purpose. Repetitive irritations are one example. A

mean old lady who keeps asking everyone whether they want something to

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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 pillow.

Alois, however, was ~~more of an~~ ^{too} average ^a human product. So there was little need to pick him up now. Milk runs would be enough. Let them hover just above his dreams.

Strange sounds. His breath lifted over a small hesitation and down he went into sleep. He had one final thought as immanent as one more beautiful horse on parade—it was that he certainly enjoyed these hymns of the bees a good deal more than the caterwauling of an infant.

His dreams, however, were not good. Not that night. Soon, they turned as foul as stale beer on stomach-misery. He entered a large and cavernous interior where, to his lack of surprise, he found himself living among his bees. It was not agreeable. They were defecating, and there he was, one of many, suffering just like his other brother-creatures—no, sister-creatures—wasting away in contractions of a severe bowel disease, all of them defecating all over the narrow 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) ^{listened to} no, he had heard the bees in one hive, and their sound was honorable. They would wait until the weather was warm enough for them to go outdoors and only then would they do their duty.

Now he was awake, yet still agitated by the dream. It had certainly been too cold for bees to dare to go out yet into this early February air. As Alois lay there he felt painfully aware of all the excrement that had been building up in his colonies over all these months. How could these little creatures hold it in? And once again he tried to recall the sounds of the hive. Had he really heard contentment rising 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, ^{his hands} ~~the damn creatures~~ ^{was} ^{above} ~~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 away from the two hive-boxes, such a curious caca! It smelled like ripe bananas, and was so visible on the snow, a field of white dotted with yellow spots. Innumerable yellow spots out there in a big circle around the hive bench. Hanging on a clothesline, Klara's laundry had also become part of it. Paula's diapers all spotted again. An immense

Next day, Sunday, was warm again, and once more the bees were out. Adi started to run up and down the meadow, as if to use up the impulse to visit the old man, but in his mind he kept seeing each turn of the forest road, and so he knew he could find the hut. This was so much more than an impulse. The desire to make such a trip by himself was as sure as if a rope was pulling on him.

He went. And Der Alte, prepared for the visit (by the same message, for certain, that Adi had received) was there once again at the door, but the tablespoon of honey was not yet in his hand, no, for that, Adi now had to sit on his lap. "Yes, 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." *Yes, you are so nice and strong. Der Alte laid a hand upon the boy's thigh, but with only the lightest touch, as he felt Adi. the*
The boy was not afraid, or, yet, perhaps a little. In school, they had *Cherry*

fairly tales to read, and sometimes there were ogres in the forest and evil spirits could change little children into birds or mice, or pigs or goats.

However, it did not feel this way sitting on the legs of Der Alte. It was better than his father's lap. That was never so nice as this. He never knew when his father would blow pipe smoke into his face. Then, when he coughed, his father would laugh. No, Der Alte was a nicer man.

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

After a considerable part of an hour has passed, ^{he} ~~Adi~~ began, however, to feel less comfortable. Would his mother begin to wonder where he was? ^{Yet} ~~But~~ when he stirred, Der Alte said a few words which ^{aroused} ~~caused~~ the same sense of surprise as turning a page in a book when there before you ^{is} ~~was~~ a nice picture.

"Do not tell this to anyone," said Der Alte, "but I am trying to make one of my little bees happy. For that, I have asked it to live by itself, near to me."

"Does it try to talk?"

"It can make sounds. For certain!" Der Alte smiled. "But no, dear boy, I do not try to encourage this little bee to speak. That is certainly too much to ask. I just try to make her happy. Which is not so easy now that she must live alone in a small Queen box I have just for her even if she is not a Queen."

"My father says that bees can live only for other bees. They are---"
 he searched to remember the expression—"they are servants of the
 community."

He would be familiar with such a thought
 "Your father is absolutely correct. Bees who live in a hive do not
 seek to live alone."

the one you choose is fed
 "Even if you ~~had~~ *had* one of them good things?"

You are full of understanding.
 "You are the smartest boy I know. *Yes* I am looking to see what will
 happen if I keep my one bee warm and most well-fed, and think about it all
 the time with all the good feeling that is in my heart. Of course, should I
 happen to pay a visit to the other room, I always take care to speak to it.
 That is twenty times a day. It cannot comprehend what I am saying. But I
 want it to know that I am there. Sometimes I take it out of the box."

"Doesn't it fly away?"

looked to
 "Oh, no, I have ~~prevented~~ *looked to* such a possibility." He touched the boy's

but now it
 head tenderly. "When I take it out of its little box, it jumps around, *it is so merry*
(stays on the table.)"

"Does it have no wings?"

There was a pause. "No longer does it have wings."

Adi knew. No need to ask. He felt such a mix of ~~good~~ feelings. *The happiest ones were trying to lift themselves a 'good' fly.*
~~trying to lift out of~~ bad ones. So, before he left, he asked to go into the

other room of the hut. Could he look at the bee in the little box?

Of course, it had no wings. That he known would be so. *Yet, even as Der Alte had said,*
~~Yet,~~ the bee
good deal
 was frisky and it jumped about in a ~~flurry~~ of excitement when Der Alte let it
 out of the box. Indeed, it hopped onto the tip of the old man's finger which
 had been dipped into honey.

"I do not know if much will happen," said Der Alte. "What I am
 doing is difficult. I see little chance for success. But how wonderful if I
What, before my intervention, was altogether insignificant
 brighten the feelings of this ~~hitherto insignificant~~ little creature. Can I lift it *it out*
now *cannot*
 to a level other bees ~~do not~~ attain? I feel for her. She is so lonely. She
 misses that horde of sisters she has lived among through the winter. She is
 loneliness itself. But I am ready to try to bring to her *that unique?* the sweetness of relief
"Yes," he said, nodding his head.
 when loneliness is replaced by well-being. *most* *pleasantly*
yes "das gute Wohl."

"Oh," said Adi, "I hope you are able to do that. It is so sad to be
 lonely. Sometimes *too* am lonely. So, I know. You make me afraid that this
 bee will die."

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"Sooner or later, it must. It will die. But I want to see if I can make it happy for a little while."

"Yes," said Adi, "I see. You love this one more than the others."

(maybe more than a little. He agreed.)

"Maybe a little," said Der Alte. "Next time you visit, we will see if I have made progress."

Let us recognize that what has just been recounted is likely to leave the reader uneasy. If, for some, interest in Der Alte might now be hobbled by the suspicion that he is ~~a madman and dangerous~~ *a bit uncontrollable*, conceivably, in his senility, let me explain that this outlandish pursuit of das Wohl (well-being) for one isolated bee, an obviously miserable and stupid procedure (particularly after he has chosen to cripple its wings!) is not without purpose. Purpose for us, that is. We have to test the immutability, if you will, of the instincts that the Dummkopf has placed in his vast consortium of creatures. The oddest experiments can and do reveal much to us. Moreover, it always makes for good economy to put some of our old clients ~~and I~~ *devils!* like Der Alte onto a bit of new work in their old age.

That we ~~have~~ *had* also allowed Adi to become involved to a degree in this bizarre venture is not a matter I was prepared to understand at the time

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With the advent of March, a week arrived that brought the sun to
Hafeld every day. The hives began to stir, and the hardiest of the winter
bees came out to forage. It was likely that the queen was now laying eggs

a well-kept that dated back
out of her ~~store of fornications~~ *of sperm* (from June past into the long hot days of July/
last summer.)

Now, one of the hives weighed more each morning. The bees were

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consuming an increasing amount of Alois' honey-and-water. Soon, it was up to two pounds a day.

He decided to open the top of each Langstroth box and look in. So, he discovered exactly what he had been fearing beneath every hope and confusion, The two colonies might have sat on the same bench through the winter, but that was the only quality they shared. One was thriving, the other could most certainly ^{could} not be termed healthy. There were only a few ^{carcasses} ~~tumbled miscellaneous~~ dead bees on the lowest platform of the good box, but what a ~~number~~ in the other!

Of late, just before the warm spell, he had listened by way of the tube to a great deal of restless humming in the second colony and that had worried him. Now, open to examination, he could see fecal droppings near

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the hive entrance, and the combs for brood were empty. Had the queen died? He did not really know how to locate the lady—she was, after all, only a bit larger than her own worker-bees, smaller, indeed, than the drones. He had been waiting, of course, to open the hives, and he knew he would make a serious search through the good box for "The Mysterious Lady " which was what he now called her—an examination ^{to be done} tray by vertical tray—but it would not be worth it to go to such great lengths in the bad hive—for that matter, that queen, undoubtedly sick, would not necessarily be ^{prominent} large enough to recognize.

He would have been dispirited if he had not also felt fortified. His acumen, after all, was confirmed. He had not worried for too little. There had been real troubles in one box, perhaps ^{his heart reacted with a pang} a killer disease.

one or another

So Alois decided that the remaining bees of that colony had to be gassed. He would have called on Der Alte for assistance but decided that he would not. The strength he derived from the accuracy of his winter-long worries now encouraged him to do the job himself. *He knew all about the strength that derives from continuity.*

There proved to be no real difficulty. He chose a Saturday, with Adi and Angela, home from school, *were* *and the* ~~to be~~ his assistants. The process proved simple enough. *(small cake)* He took a ~~piece~~ of sulphur (part of the equipment he had purchased five months ago), lit it, and left it to smoke on the floor of the ~~bad~~ hive. The entrance was ~~then~~ *at the top* plugged, the hive lid ~~was laid back~~ on again, and the gas did the job, and quickly enough. When Angela began to cry for the poor bees, Alois sent her inside, but Adi watched, sitting beside Alois on an adjoining bench, his eyes *most alive* ~~glowing~~ in response to his father's lecture. "In

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nature," said Alois, "there is no mercy for the weak. Your big sister was silly ^{to} become so upset."

"I am not bothered," said Adi.

"Good," said Alois. "Now, let us go and empty this box and clean the combs."

Adi found himself thinking of Der Alte's one lonesome bee, now

dead, and once again, tears came to his eyes ^{which he succeeded}
~~in concealing from his father~~
^{He is like her back the tears.}
 But, of course, there was no comparison. It was clear to Adi: Der

Alte had loved that one little ^{bee} ~~thing~~ which had no wings and kept jumping ^{about} on

the table, but the ^{sick ones} ~~bees~~ in this bad hive even dirtied the place where they ate,

^{where they} and slept. No comparison.

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That night, by way of a suggestion from the Maestro, I prepared a
small dream-etching, simple enough ^{to be delivered by} for the best of my local Hafeld agents,

^{So, it was installed}
~~to install~~ into Adi's sleep. So, ^{he} had a long worrisome dream where his

father asked him to count all the dead bees. To make sure of the number,

Adi 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, for it took ~~him~~ many minutes

to awake in the morning, ^{All the same} but he was proud of the ^{high} number ^{he had counted}. That he

^{well,}
remembered. There had been at least forty rows of one hundred bees, and

each one of them was lying there on the white cloth he had laid out for

them. His pride was great that he could count to four thousand. No one

else in his class could come near. Of that, he was certain. His only regret

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was that he had not finished. There had been even more mounds of dead bees.

Here, I would warn the reader not to make too much of the gassing

~~and~~ ^{nor of} the body count. It is certainly not to be seen as ^{(in any way) the true} a sole cause of all that ^{For one dream, no matter how potent,} came later. Rather, such a dream ^(receptions) leaves only a small mark, a footprint, so to ^{said of the} speak, upon the psyche, an installation, if you will, ^{that lays in} of the first possibility of ^{actions that way} what can ^{such dreams} develop decades later, ^{but they have only footprints} even as in poor countries one can see ^{more often} ~~the~~ abandoned foundation ^{more often} is than completed buildings.

It would be a gross mistake, then, to assume that this dream-etching

determined all that was to follow. ~~As a devil~~ I can assure you we would be

the first to applaud if matters were that simple, ~~So~~ ^{after all,} ~~Dream etchings~~ are, in our province even as the ^{night visages often belong} ~~material of dreams~~ ^{belong} at times to the Dik, ^{although} and just as often is an expression (which I will not be prone to delude) of the persons' embattled ego so desperate to remain free of ~~the~~ ^{the} devil. Yes, they make the dreams, and

from them, we may say, but

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The good hive was another matter. It was thriving. The weight of the colony increased each week, and the ^{vertical) (that were} slides lined with honey ^{comb} cells were filling up. Alois had learned from his books that ^{each of these miniscule ~~front~~ cells} honey cells were not ^{of honey were kept open and not} capped with a thin layer of wax until the water content in the syrup had been

reduced to a little less than 20%, ^{that} which meant ~~that~~ half the bees in the hive ^{had to be occupied full-time} were fanning their wings to blow the surface water off as vapor, an endless ^(in center) task ^{indeeds} but they were doing it. Alois even felt intoxicated by the dedication of ^(new born) his ^{creatures} bees to these never-ceasing chores. At last, the first honey was ready, and ^{now} his bees were capping the cells with wax—just as they were supposed to!

Out in his white garments with the big box-like white veil over his head, protected by his gloves, Alois began to feel as if he was acquiring a bit of real technique at the not so simple art of pulling combs out for examination, then sliding them back in again. It required care. He certainly didn't want to be such a lummoX as to squash his own Queen. Indeed, the confidence he was gaining from these positive results took him over to Der

Alte's hut long enough to purchase another Queen. The new lady would replace the sick one. She had been gassed along with all the other incontinents.

Der Alte had even given him a lesson in how to spot a queen— which was not too difficult an observation so long as she was laying her eggs into empty cells. *At such times,* ~~for then~~ she was followed by a retinue who hovered over each new cell and discharged their own chemicals and enzymes and "mysterious fortifiers," as Der Alte was quick to put it, to enrich the new larva with "magical ingredients."

Alois 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 the other for the box Alois had built himself last Fall. One could transfer

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combs of new brood together with combs of new honey to the two empty

boxes. All three would now be partially filled, and that was good. The ^{roof} ~~hives~~ population was augmenting so rapidly ~~hives were~~ growing so quickly this spring, that ~~all~~ he had to ~~do was~~ ^(keep) turn ~~shing~~

^{Then} enough new vertical frames for the empty slots, ^{his} and the bees in each of ~~the~~

^{other cells}
~~now~~ three colonies would build wax cells for new brood and for the storage of

new honey—yes, he had lost one colony to gassing, but before long, he

would be able to consider himself the master of ^{these} three, all flourishing—could

that be?

Alois began to feel a cautious optimism. This spring might yet prove to be beautiful. Beautiful for him, beautiful for the family. April had come and flowers were sprouting, the trees, the oaks, the plum trees, the beeches

and cherry trees, the maples and apple trees. Soon there would be flowers
in the meadow.

He liked to sit by his hive boxes with Adi beside him, the boy
carefully covered and veiled in an outfit Klara had put together. Father and

son now delighted in ^{keeping watch on} watching ^{where} the entrance of the busiest hive for guard

bees stayed on post at the small opening ^{by the head of} on ^{that had been} the approach ramp set in place

at the foot of the box. Now, every bee ^{who beck} that came in with pollen and honey

had to be sniffed by one of the guard bees before she could enter. On

occasion, Adi would begin to hoot because the guard would drive a visitor

^{especially if it carried no honey and}
away and act as if the creature didn't smell right.

^{Yet, with all these incoming riches, Alois still kept}
It had also become a big month for serving ^{food} to the colonies.

"We feed them honey," Alois told the boy, "so they make even more

honey." He was now ^{putting together} ~~mixing~~ three pounds of ^{honey-mix} ~~food~~ for the mesh jar. How
the brood nest was populating! Four combs were now filled in each of the
three hives. And three queens were working in three separate hive boxes to
deposit their eggs in cells. Yes, endless numbers of eggs to be fertilized by
long-contained sperm from the dead drones of those monumental
fornications out in the long-gone ^{sky} ~~time~~ of summer past. So much activity
now! Alois was only able to check the weight of the hives in the evening
after his colonies were done with flying ^{their missions} from morning until dark ^{so many} ~~on their~~
numberless trips! Each forager would be back with its load in a few
minutes, ~~and~~ then out again. He had read that it took forty thousand such
voyages to-and-fro to make two pounds of honey.

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Sometimes he would look at the old bees who had lived through the winter in the good box. They were easy to notice. They looked so old, *now,* battered and dying off, miniscule creatures with worn-out wings, frayed from over-use. The hair was gone from their bodies. They had gone out to forage for the first honey this season, but now, undeniably, they were dying. Each morning a team of new-born worker bees would collect their fallen bodies on the ground floor of the box and sweep them out the entrance off the hive-ramp and down to the ground. Alois could hardly mourn their passing. Young stock was taking their place and this occasioned his delight. He felt as if ~~now~~ *now* he had finally begun his long-awaited real venture into apiculture. This was now serious. The new bees would be his, not Der Alte's.

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On a splendid morning in May, with every host ~~of forager bees~~ from the three colonies seemingly in the air, Alois began to notice a pattern ~~as~~ *in the movements of a few* ~~their movements~~. One bee, still in close sight of the hive, would be making many repetitive ^{turns,} ~~moves~~, a curious pattern, wigwagging its belly in flight as it flew through one ^{a circle,} ~~circle~~, or rather, as he observed ~~more like an oval~~, and then flew back in a reverse oval, only to repeat this over and over.

"She is signaling to the others," Alois said to himself. "She is up to something, she is showing them something."

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And he was right in this observation, he knew it, because in another few minutes, a good number of other bees had joined the first. and ~~and~~ they flew over the hill at the head of the meadow. On the other side ^{of the rise,} ~~as Alois had~~ ^{very} discovered on a walk, ~~late yesterday, daisies and other~~ wildflowers had ~~overcome~~ ^{overnight} sprouted. ^{the} ~~That forager~~ ^{she had a good} bee must be a scout who knew how to tell ~~the~~ others to follow.

~~Such~~ ^{then} an old lust came back to Alois. ~~Yes,~~ ^{Yes,} if there was one thing he had wanted out of life even more than enjoying a new woman, it was to be the proud, happy, and honored discoverer of a new concept ^{yes, something} so startling and so valuable to human culture that his name would be honored ^{across time.}

He had given up such a hope, but the desire still resided in ^{the pride} ~~him~~ ^{and wrath of his belly.}

Therefore, he felt a considerable happiness that he might have discovered a

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new and interesting concept ~~that he could confirm with his eyes~~ right here *there*
spring with his eyes alone
~~this summer~~ (this signal-dance of one bee to bring others to a place where

new flowers full of nectar were waiting, bridesmaids, you could say, all

lined up to be deflowered by the wedding ushers. Or, should these hefty

foragers be called bridesmaids? A joke, but his own joke, and he enjoyed it.

In none of the books he had read so closely had ~~there been~~ *he seen* any mention of

this little wig-wagging dance. He was twice afraid to mention it to Der

Alte, once—for all he knew—because it might be an established concept

among apicultural cognescenti, or, to the contrary, if unknown, might not

Der Alte know better than himself *just* where to publish the observations and so

take all the credit?

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Alois did permit himself to entertain the hope that Alois, Junior, might, just for once, put his intelligence to work for his father. This would be a case where the father would not object to the son carrying on the work. Yes, ^{let} ~~let~~ the son become equally famous. How much Franz Josef had wanted that. Sorrow came to Alois at the thought of the Emperor's pain in the hour when he learned that Rudolph, his own Crown Prince, had died at Mayerling in that awful situation so many years ago, ^{that} murder and suicide, or double suicide, ^{— with} whatever it had been, ^{with} his young mistress, ^{what} a blow for the good man, the Emperor-father. And for Sisi, the beautiful Empress, ^{tragedy} how she must have loved Rudolph!

^{Feeling these}
These sad thoughts in the midst of his new vocational pride ^{at a house} ~~at a house~~
Alois to have an hour mellow enough to
mellowed that Alois for an hour he surrendered his vanity—after all, he did

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^{the queen bee}
^{he decided on this}
 not feel inferior to Der Alte any more—and did go to see the piss-burn for
 impulse to visit the piss-burn and ingest a
 (that is,
 little instruction on how to treat the Queen bee (and, incidentally, locate her)

^{experienced no}
 Der Alte, obviously, had few difficulties with that. He was certainly

skillful—it had to be said. He opened one of his leaf-hives, scanned the

racks, located the queen, reached in with a bare hand, and grasped her wings

^{most}
 carefully and ^{delicately} between thumb and forefinger. "In a few years," he

^{approach to}
^{approach}
 said, "you, too, will be employing this digital form of capture. but for now, I

^{Of course he proceeded then to}
 will show you a safer method," after which he ^{discoursed} on methods and

modes of discerning just where the Queen might be, whether depositing

eggs, ^{or fertilizing them} one after another in their new cells, or resting

^{where her cell was}
 occasionally in her court, her home ground, ^{when the cells were} a him

larger.

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

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

"Exactly," said Der Alte. "That is a time when you are moving many frames, and scraping the wax covers away from the honey cells. A careless worker can squash the queen then in the course of pulling out combs or putting them back. So,"—to Alois' annoyance, Der Alte wagged a finger at him—*"so," he repeated, "we* do not go first for the honey, no, we locate the Queen like the good fellows we are, and then we use the queen-catching glass." He waved

a glass tube which bulged *offered* at one end *at one end?* to offer a larger opening. "This blunt part 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,

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after which you blow the queen right into the cage, punk! 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 practiced catching the queen. Indeed, he spent an afternoon capturing each of his three beauties from each of his colonies, finding them, putting the ^{bulging} ~~blunt~~ end of the tube over them, and then blowing them into the little queen-cage prior to releasing them back to the colony. If his ears turned red and his tongue dry after watching and listening to Der Alte's demonstration, it did demand several hours of practice before he could breathe nicely again under his own oak tree and his three hive-boxes.

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~~Now that he had become considerably~~
 That night, however, ~~having become much~~ more familiar with the
~~he proceeded~~
~~than after dinner to read~~
 activities of the Queen and her court, and ~~having read even more of~~

~~a journal that arrived~~
~~dinner on~~ the latest insights concerning the development of pupae into new
~~bees, then, in bed, he brooded~~
~~bees, he brooded in bed upon the decorum of these separate processes. It~~

~~such as flowers~~
 was all so developed! These bees knew what they were doing! Different

treatments were accorded to different eggs. Was it nature itself that had

~~a slew of~~
 devised ways to create royalty, yes, and create poor people as well? Most of

the larvae had no choice. They were destined to become workers or to be

drones. They were fed common brood food by any of the Queen's

~~the usual~~
 assistants, ~~a standard~~ mixture of honey and pollen, and ~~that was all~~

Whereas future queens were placed in larger cells and were given special

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secretions from the nursing bees' own food glands, a special food called royal jelly. They were intended to become royalty from the start.

It was a different business for the worker bees. As soon as they hatched out of their cells, they were put to work. First, they had to clean other cells or be ready to receive forager bees with their load of nectar and pollen ^{which they then had to work hard to process} into brood food for the ordinary cells. Others would ^{sweep out the dead,} clean the aisles of the hive, or be ^{burial} sweepers, or serve as guards by the entrance—all of these newborn worker-bees ^{had to} served an apprenticeship for the first twenty days of their lives.

Then, for the next twenty days, they were sent out to look for nectar. ^{They had no idea!} ^{They had become} they became forager bees. After which they often died ^{Poor bees born in spring!} Forty days of life, that was all. (They had had to work so hard every day.) What a devoted

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corps of hard-working women, thought Alois, falling closer to sleep, lulled by the thought of how much work all those creatures had been doing for him. He had looked at the estimates in his books. His bees had to make something like 40,000 trips and visit between three and four million blossoms in order to make two pounds of honey.

Even a good devil like myself must admit to being impressed

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Alois' fine spirits waned with the loss of warm weather. A cold spell arrived, cruel to the expectation aroused by ~~an~~ early spring. Alois now prepared himself to expect that all ^{his} ~~the~~ gains ^{could} ~~might~~ be lost to this new chill on the earth.

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One of the old axioms ~~came back~~ ^{now returned to him} from Spital and Strong, Johann

Nepomuk used to say, "Weather is treacherous, but spring is the season that will betray you most!"

So there were days when he came close to exhausting himself by

~~the to-and-fro,~~
~~carrying out no more than~~ the back and forth of removing tar-paper from the

top of each hive, only to put it back again when the light ^{at midday went suddenly} ~~went~~ out of the sky,

at midday, so abrupt was the movement of the clouds. And then, in turn, he ~~had~~

~~to run back to strip the tar paper~~ ^(out again)
~~was out to strip it away once more~~ ^{once} the sun was ~~back~~ and the day ~~gone back~~

~~returned~~ to warmth. Back and forth, anxiety driving his heart. Tarpaper

might be useful insulation but he felt as if ^{it} was now wrapped around his

breath.

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During one near-freezing cold spell, he caught a cold ^{after which he} ~~and~~ could not

rid himself of collateral worry. Perhaps a Queens might die. Was it

impossible that not even one of them ^{might} ~~would~~ catch a cold in sympathy with

the overlord of the hive? He scolded himself. This was so full of nonsense.

Much as he had loved and revered Franz-Josef all through these years, he

had never worried about him in this ridiculous manner. ^{Now heard?}
~~Franz-Josef even knew his name!~~

Then it occurred to Alois that ~~all of this about~~ return of his fears

^{so absurd}
might not be ~~meaningless~~. What if it was a reflection of how he felt (in

secret even from himself) about the condition of his true health? Was he

coming nearer to his end? It was the worst thought to have. It opened a

bottomless pit. His imagination was now occupied with a matter he had

never allowed himself to go near. All through the years, yes, so far as he

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could remember, death had seemed easy to him. A little dull, maybe, but no
 drivel about punishment. You could look forward to a reasonable state of
 peace in the ground, *at least at times but so what?*

Now,
~~But what a damn question it became~~ once you lost such certainty,
death became one damn question after another.

What if he had been betraying himself all this time? What if death was not

as he had assumed. He had always taken it for granted,
 at all like that? ~~He had always assumed~~ *that* religion was there for a very good

practical reason. It kept the weak and the unruly in order. It told them not
 to cut too many corners. But a strong man (such as himself, for a perfect
 example) could do as he chose. No guilt.

Now, he had to recognize that he was in a kind of panic, and of a new
 sort. What if there was such a thing as real guilt? ~~Yes,~~ *What if guilt was*

real? His heart took a fearful leap
at the thought.

Poor Alois. I could see that he was now there for the taking. No Cudgel would be at his shoulder to protect him. I could have the tried-and-true pleasure of appearing to him in a dream with my own—I will make such a claim—my own most adept impersonation of a guardian angel. He would soon be ours—as bound to us as Der Alte.

But to what end? Would it be worth the maintenance? And the complications of trying to deal with two older devils at once, especially ^{when} since they did not like each other. Plus the lively presence of Adi? Too many possibilities were crowding in on too small a field.

The sober fact, which we do well not to ignore, is that people as old as Alois are rarely a prize. They may be easy to pick up and use, but utility is limited. They are already too shaped, too fixed, to warrant much molding

of their nature over to our immediate aims. Alois, by now, was certainly too stiff for flexibility, and that is exactly what we require in our best clients—

flexibility.

So often, ~~these~~ immediate aims have to be redirected.

On those special occasions when we do choose a man or woman well over fifty, we look for a truly serviceable warp in their nature, a particular distortion that we can employ for a particular purpose (usually outlandish). Repetitive irritations are one example. A mean old lady who keeps asking everyone 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 pillow.

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Alois, however, was too average a human product. So there was little need to pick him up now. Milk runs would be enough. Let them hover just above his dreams.

FROM : nm

FAX NO. : 5084872136

Jun. 01 2004 03:2 PM P1

FROM : JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. : 17186243782

Jun. 01 2004 01:33 PM P1

Book 4 chs 1-7 double, chs 8-13 triple 6/1/04 second pass

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Double space
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Early in May, the weather turned warm again, and a good many of

Alois' woes ^{*could be*} were eased once more. In part he ^{*had already gained*} recovered his good spirits by

cleaning and oiling the tools he had bought in the fall from Der Alte, and this

chore he performed

in much the manner of a good soldier who takes his rifle apart in order to put

FROM : nm

FAX NO. : 5084872135

Jun. 01 2004 01:21PM P2

FROM : JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. : 17186243782

Jun. 01 2004 01:33PM P2

Book 4 chs 1-7 double, chs 8-13 triple 6/1/04 second pass

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it back together immaculately oiled and dusted just before he will go off to

dirty it in combat.

So, my Hafeld agents, ^{having acquired} ~~with~~ too little to report, filled their latest

communications with lists of his tools and ^{this they did} so assiduously that I grew irked at

^{several} their enumerations of pollen feeders, hatching cages, bee-smokers, a water

sprayer and a mating box ~~(whatever that was)~~ ^{made by} a hive-tool, even a

honey-stirrer which ^{made by} Alois ~~made~~ himself out of beech-wood, carving it

carefully ^{to} be certain it had three sides ^(whittling knife) ~~to it~~ rather than ^(coming out of the) serving as a flat

paddle. And then there was a spur-wheel embedder for preparing the

foundation of the insertible frames, as well as a capping fork, a slew of details

which provided no interest and left me ~~almost~~ ready to wish I had taken him

FROM :nm

FAX NO. :5084872136

Jun. 01 2004 03:21 PM P3

FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243782

Jun. 01 2004 01:34 PM P3

Book 4 chs 1-7 double, chs 8-13 triple 6/1/04 second pass

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after all
as a client *of* a hands-on approach to his thinking might have been more
determinately
stimulating than all *this* second-rate trivia.

Klara, in contrast, knew how to make much better use of *spring* in
Hafeld. She was not always counting how many of the brood nests were
already filled with new pupae, nor was she worrying that the brood
temperature within the hives might turn too warm on this second wave of sun
and undulant air, rather, she was ready to loosen all the *knotty and bunches* ~~concerns~~ of winter
that had once seemed *so fixed and* coagulated in her limbs. "God, too, is taking His rest,"

she said to herself even as she drew in a breath of air through the open
window of her kitchen, and then, on impulse, with much left to do in the
house, she picked up Paula, four months old, and went out into the meadow.

The loveliest of silences prevailed, wholly without sound, no, a silence that

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took in the lightest caress of air, and she could ^{even} hear the faintest rustling of the

grass in the field, and all but hear the tender swaying of the flowers. It was as

if the sum of these tender

if these slightest of sensations were there to enclose the ~~real~~ depth of the

silence in these hills. "Listen to how quiet it is," she said to Paula, "listen,

little angel, and you will hear the whisper of the flowers." And, indeed, it

seemed to her as if they had heard what she said, for indeed they began to

sway, the most cheerful little daisies she had ever seen, ^{if} and it was all for her,

she felt, since the breeze had stirred but not enough to ^{cause such} move more than so.

a stirring in these wild flowers,

She knelt in the grass, the baby in her arms, and spoke to the daisies. "You

are beautiful, all of you," she said, and, yes, there was no mistaking ~~it~~ these

flowers were dancing for her, the tiniest movements, yet with more of a move

than the all-but-silent turn of the air. "Yes, Paula," she said, "these flowers

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love you and ^{love} me because we care for them. Is this not so, you little dears?"

and ^{this} she was ready to swear to it (although to whom?—certainly not Alois).

to vouch that they had heard her ^{and indeed} ~~nonetheless~~ for they bowed as delicately as if

she was waiting on them. "Yes, they are like little princesses," she said to

Paula, and had to laugh at herself for feeling ^{— was this} ~~so near~~ pure madness itself?

^{for feeling that the daisies were not only dear to her, but}
that ~~she was~~ ^{so} dear to the daisies. "Oh, I am one big silly," she said aloud, but she could

not help herself, she still believed that these white petals were listening to ~~her~~.

The balm of the air was like love ^{to her}, yes, so much and exactly like the

love she felt for the four-month-old in her arms. Klara's body was returning

to her, or so it felt, the old poked-out and wounded, bruised and stupid body

of all the winter months since Paula was born, yes, now her body felt sweet

and in a true beginning of repair, yes, it was spring and nature itself was

Book 4 chs 1-7 double, chs 8-13 triple 6/1/04 second pass

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enjoying a party. Each breath was so full of balm. How could it be

otherwise? God was near ^{He was} and in the air, her Good God, yes, full of radiance,
and yet ^(so at peace) It was as if
but so easy was the air, ^{it was} so Klara could say now to herself, it was as if

the Good God was resting on His laurels, yes, for so He deserved, and she

could have prayed to Him, but did not know quite how since she did not wish

^{anything at this moment / Only}
to ask for more, but to praise Him for being so good, and that was better done

^{There where we} in church, with everyone else ^{understand as} doing the same so it could be ^{humble enough}

whereas here she was all alone with Paula and the flowers, and full of such

^{She was} happiness, enraptured, yes, for she was thinking of all the young boys and

girls of her childhood and of those rare occasions when they would romp and

play just like these sweet crazy bees ^{who were} flying around the house ^{now} and so happy to

be out in the sun after living in ^a ~~the~~ dungeon all through winter, yes, crazy

FROM :nm

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Jun. 01 2004 03:38PM P7

FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

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Jun. 01 2004 01:34PM P7

Book 4 chs 1-7 double, chs 8-13 triple 6/1/04 second pass

438

now with the joy that they could ~~fly and~~ turn somersaults in the air, free of
all *free of*
their duties and their tasks for a little while, oh, yes, like Paula they were new
to ~~all this~~ sunshine.

And Klara thought of the years to come when Paula would be ready to
that left her
play, and ~~felt~~ full of love for little Edmund who was so kind to the baby, the
only one of the children who was. Angela couldn't really care (although she
didn't feel
was ~~quite~~ *enough* *to her*) and Adi was a worry—once she had seen him pinch
Paula's cheek hard enough to make her cry, and Klara had spanked him for
that, one sharp slap across his little seat, but she wouldn't do it again in any
kind of hurry ² for he had glared back at her—the prince of princes, you would
think!—so strong a look that she had had to take all the strength of her eyes
to stare him down. *And he was only six years old!*

FROM : nM

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Jun. 01 2004 01:24PM F8

FROM : JMWORDCRAFT

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Jun. 01 2004 01:35PM F8

Book 4 chs 1-7 double, chs 8-13 triple 6/1/04 second pass

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138A
It was too beautiful a day to think of that moment of misery, ~~but she~~ *so intense*

it had been no she

would rather thank God for having given her so sweet a baby, a daughter who

would yet grow up, so she knew, to be her own good sweet best friend. And

she even said as much aloud to Paula. "May the angels hear me," she

whispered to her child before she turned back to the house and her duties.

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Jun. 01 2004 02:55PM P1

FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

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Jun. 01 2004 11:49AM P1

Book 4 chs 1-6 double, ch 7, double, chs 8-11 triple, no 12, now ch 13 6/1/04

432

6/1/04

139

triple space

-13-

It is by now you are ready to question

If some, by now, ~~some~~ ~~may~~ be questioning the means by which we are able

enter into

to approach the thoughts of a person so fine as Klara, it is worth remarking ~~that~~ ^{(we} ^{think when)}

~~(to necessary of the)~~ ~~idea of~~ ^{men or women}
we are rarely without ~~means~~. When we have to deal with good people who

are ^{most} ~~invariably~~ well-protected by the Cudgels, we search for some ^{do} ^{extension of our} medium of

normal acts

~~art~~ our satanic arts, if you insist. We ^{take care not to} ~~never~~ approach when the Cudgels are

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Book 4 chs 1-6 double, ch 7, double, chs 8-11 triple, no 12, new ch 13 6/1/04

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on guard, not unless there is an emergency and we are ordered ^{make an} ~~attack~~ For
entrance. ^{Given no special opportunity} ~~such as an~~
^{emotional} ~~the most part, we just leave~~ good people alone even as the Cudgels ~~will~~

^(most committed)
usually avoid contact with our ~~best~~ clients. The available disbursements for
^{occasions of entrance}
these divine and satznic ~~economics~~ are not often spent on improbable
outcomes.

When an incursion is necessary, we wait until the Cudgels are absent

or asleep. To use a crude analogy, ^(are rarely employed) why employ three shifts daily for an
ordinary enterprise? ^(there have) So small raids that leave no ugly traces are feasible on ^{many}
^{occasions,}
~~casual~~
~~incursions~~

^{however,} Let me not pretend, ^{so completely,} moreover, that we function ~~that much~~ by rote.

Even ~~one of our~~ lower-tier devils can usually transform himself for a short

^(let me turn it so)
period into an angelic mode. ^{the purpose} It is, of course, ~~easy~~. Since we are hardly

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Jun. 01 2004 1:15:00AM P3

Book 4 chs 1-6 double, ch 7, double, chs 8-11 triple, no 12, new ch 13 6/1/04

434

bona-fide, we cannot enter a blessed person's mind, but, still!—we have ~~any~~ ^{other}

means. We can pretend to be the gentlest of angels, we can inspire a mood of

much beneficence, false beneficence, but it can feel as balmy as Spring, ^{lovely} and

^{enough to} ~~so~~ inspire the good object of our attention to ~~talk and~~ prate and prattle. So

often the vulnerabilities of their hearts are offered up ^{in a flood of}

^{good feeling}

Moreover, Klara was ^{not} ~~hardly~~ a case of ^{artifice} ~~classic~~ difficulty. She was

brought, we can remember, to a high state of concupiscence on the night that

Adolf was conceived, and who would ^{assert} ~~pretend~~ that no devil entered her then?

Indeed, I do have the suspicion, no, rather, I will actually say that I live with

the firm supposition that the Maestro himself attended those festivities. So

Klara is not without her carnal depths ^(and workings) which is to say that

^{a good} ~~if usually concealed~~

^{part of her} ~~can usually~~ appreciate that carnival of stinks and grunts and glories

^{herself}

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Jun. 01 2004 01:57PM P4

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Jun. 01 2004 11:50AM P4

Book 4 chs 1-6 double, ch 7, double, chs 8-11 triple, no 12, new ch 13 6/1/04

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(442)

that does take place whenever ^{together} God and the devil swear in the swamp and
paradise of sex—which may be why people who are ^{significantly} very very ethical do not
offer ^{any striking} much physical appeal to the mass of other humans.

In any event, if Klara was hardly one of ours, still, she was nonetheless
approachable to the degree I have described. Moreover, we were familiar
with her moods. Live with a family long enough and subtle, even unique,
means of approach will present themselves. I can say that we knew her well
enough from without to be kin to many of her thoughts.

Enough. The glory of the spring day I have just described was a herald
to much more than the modest beauties of Hafeld. The coronation of young
Czar Nicholas the Second and his young Czarina, Alexandra, was taking
place on the same day. ~~I think our does give dates Western style~~

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Book 4 chs 1-6 double, ch 7, double, chs 8-11 triple, no 12, new ch 13 6/1/04

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~~OK-TR~~] The weather was incredible throughout Europe for much of that

period. Good days continued, and when I came back to Hafeld in early June,

the five days continued
~~there were more fine days~~, and this good weather was pleasing to me for our

activities at the Coronation had been crowned with some success, *special* ~~a~~ delight

for devils of relatively high rank like myself who are elevated enough to

perceive the logic of our activities *(much of the time)*. Our morale, in

consequence, is ~~very~~ *highly* vulnerable to failure and ~~more~~ *more* stimulated by success

more so
(than lesser devils who, at their best, are wise ~~enough~~ to follow orders blindly.

In contrast to them, I need to know when our plans and projects do *result in a* ~~have an~~

positive
overt and ~~successful~~ conclusion. It is a mistake to assume that devils are *more* ~~free~~ *than*

humans
(of the fear of failure, or that we are less vulnerable to *bad turns of* ~~good or bad mood than~~

~~men and women~~. To the contrary. Since our pleasures are less sensual and

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Book 4 chs 1-6 double, ch 7, double, chs 8-11 triple, no 12, new ch 13 6/1/04

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444

our pains more full of foreboding—we pay a good price for the power we do possess.

All the more reason then to be pleased not only with the acumen of the Maestro, but with my own.

As already indicated, I had been one of the first to give warning that a

direct attack on the coronation itself was ^{not} ~~less~~ likely to succeed. We had, of

course, ^{developed} (a number of promising approaches ^{that were now} very much in place, and they had

~~been available in some degree for years~~ ^{else} Nowhere in Europe ^{could we} did we have as ~~best of as many agents and clients. Often there were~~ ^{of high rank} ~~many agents in high places~~ ^{possessed many a Count and Lord} ~~We virtually had cadres of devils among the~~

~~Several~~ ^{and} many branches of the Romanov family, we infested the secret police—I ^{would say} think

~~that we actually outnumbered~~ ^{would} the Cudgels ^{if} when it came to inhabiting ^{a roll call of} supposedly

loyal officers ⁱⁿ of the Oichrana. There were many Ministers of State who were

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Jun. 01 2004 1:58AM ET

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as abjectly loyal to us as hounds slaving over ^a ~~their~~ bowl of kibble. I could

go on. We were well-installed in all the royal families of Europe as well as

not to mention the divers

among the nobility ^{plus} ~~and~~ the generals—often the same. The nouveau riches

lay before us like an open field, ^{and} ~~a~~ majority of the economic magnates were

among our most valued clients.

It could be said that when it came to ^{calling upon potential} ~~possessing enough in the way of~~

we were confident that we could bring off
participants, we could ~~call upon~~, we were prepared to offer some major

disruptions to the day of coronation. As I had every reason to suspect, one of

the two Metropolitans who would preside over the event belonged to us, and

indeed, no priesthood on the continent was more ^{infused with} ~~allied to~~ our influence than

the full horde of half-mad monks in Russian Orthodox ranks. In addition, we

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had our share of the most militant anarchists, nihilists, and terrorists—some

fine concentrate of them were ready to attempt an assassination of the future czar before or during his coronation.

Yet, I was still ^{found myself} opposed to such ventures. ^{Arriving in} Coming to Russia ^{arriving} ~~after so long a period of concentration upon~~
~~with a mind more than occupied with such activities in many a city and town~~
~~after so long a period of concentration upon~~
~~relatively minor activities in many a small city and~~
 town of Austria, I was ^{not} hardly prepared for the air of Russia. It was ~~much more~~

intense! Not only were there more devils present to stir the hearts of ^{half the} the people (at the least!) ^{Moscow and St. Petersburg were very} people, but a greater horde of angels than I had encountered before were ^{occupied by} present and all were doing their utmost from shift to shift. Moreover, I had ^{directly} never felt the presence of the D.K. so ^{the} intensely. If the D.K. often seemed ^{the and daily} stupefied by an uncountable number of successes and failures in His Creation, nonetheless, the Old Artificer—one more word for the Dummkopf—was

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exceptionally near, or so it seemed, wherever we turned in St. Petersburg or

~~Moscow~~

For the longest time, I had ^{genuinely being aware of} ~~become~~ used to feeling (Him as no more than

an Abstract Presence, testy, ugly on occasion (by way of His Cudgels), but far

enough away to enable us to work in relative freedom. His Nearness was not

a factor. Here, it was. God wanted this coronation to succeed! I felt it in

every one of my senses. He had chosen a battleground where He was

determined not to lose, and I had never before encountered such ~~speed and~~

intensity of dedication among the Cudgels. I was certain we would pay

heavily for every success we obtained. To put it simply, this lay upon my

judgment with all the weight of a hard fact—a stone too heavy to lift.

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I did not speak at first in the council to which I was admitted. I had to discover for myself whether I dared to present myself as a figure of responsibility in any way ^{worthy of consideration by} comparable to the Maestro ^(which was certainly an unapproved expedition into unknown places.) All the same, I was obsessed ^{with a} by the question: what ^{could be} was the reason for such unparalleled commitment of divine interest?

Obviously, ^{no} it was ^{could help me} not routine to find ^{as a workable thesis.} one's way. Until this event, the

Dummkopf had invested His Substance in all sorts of people and places. He paid attention to Monarchists and Republicans, to the most established aristocrats and to the revolutionaries ^(were ready to die for the honor of) who would overthrow them. He had ^{ing} also encouraged many a human to offer public service to democracies. He hardly ignored the Pope and the Vatican (but then, neither did we!) He was open to

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~~(the injunctions of)~~
the calls of liberty and ~~of~~ autocracy. As the Maestro once remarked, "He ~~is~~

~~plays at~~
playing this social game as if it is ~~one more~~ ^{another} facet of evolution. ~~Make your~~
~~it goes by the crudest rule-of-thumb!~~ ^{His approach to} "Make your
~~mistakes, but do pay attention to who wins and to what works well.~~ ^{He says, "but} He did,
^{Conallan: See}

^{cleaver notion}
after all, give free will to homo sapiens in order to obtain some ~~idea~~ ^{idea} of what

^{had}
He created."

While I could hardly pretend to ~~certainly~~ ^{to} whether the Maestro was

^{or was not}
~~serious or~~ playing with his sense of irony, ~~but~~ ^{any}, I had to assume this was a

^{diagram for us} ^(the roots)
~~useful picture~~ to retain of history and social events. ^{Yet, if} ^{now} Assuming it was, I had to

conclude ~~next~~ that the Dummkopf was ~~now~~ leaning—no, put it more

^{the}
accurately—the D.K. had come over completely, for ~~this~~ ^{the} time at least, to the

conviction that the best way for His world to work was through a successful

FROM :nm

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Book 4 chs 1-6 double, ch 7, double, chs 8-11 triple, no 12, new ch 13 6/1/04

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install them peacefully and let them rule
hegemony of the Czar and the Russian Orthodox Church over the ~~uninformed~~
if unclear
~~last~~ vast strengths of the ~~common~~ Russian people.

Should that be true, it was an amazing decision! Russia—that land so

invested with corruption and overriding injustice! We *always* counted on injustice.

It was the lead, the focus, the Open Sesame of our endeavors.
It was the yeast that inspires hatred, envy, and the poisoning of love. If we

had a rule *of* thumb, it was to encourage injustice wherever and whenever we

could. So often that was our *basic* *humanity's* ~~easiest~~ approach to ~~man~~. For rare was the man

or woman who *show* ~~from childhood on~~ *did not have* an intense sense of the

(warmth and charity)
injustice done to them each day in contrast to the ~~fairness~~ they offered to

others.

As I pondered this question, it seemed likely *specific* ~~to me~~ that the root of the

answer was to be found in the young man who would become the next Czar.

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while we

~~We~~prided ourselves on having a keener appreciation than the Duummkopf of

the flaws and potentialities of men and women, Nonetheless, the D.K. (like

many another monarch) ~~to come after Him~~ had His vanities in this respect and

would have argued, doubtless, (if debate between the Maestro and Himself

were possible) that the history of human nature had been altered most

profoundly by the advent of Jesus Christ into the unwashed daily life of the

masses.

We were prepared to disagree. We saw Christ's efforts ending in

failure (with all due respect to the brilliance of the aftermath exercised by the

D.K. in claiming credit for a crucifixion He had certainly hoped to avoid.)

"God," our Maestro was always ready to inform us, "was cheating on the

rules of the game. Free will for humankind is meaningless if there is divine

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intervention, but leave it to the ~~divine~~ Old Goat! He wanted secretly—I

he even kept this secret
suspect ~~even secret~~ from Himself—to establish His Kingdom on earth ^{in a} ~~most~~

most literal sense, a Kingdom
~~literally~~ with His Son as the living monarch. He most certainly was not

anticipating the disaster ^{hid} that befell my poor brother, Jesus.")

ever more
It was becoming evident to me that the D.K. was placing some new

and very great hopes in the character of the young man who would soon be

^{as}
crowned ~~A~~ Czar Nicholas the Second, ~~and~~ you may be certain that I

proceeded to learn as much about him as ^{was possible} ~~possible~~ under the constrained

circumstances.

^a
For example, I could not find ~~way~~ to get near enough to Nicky (yes,

indeed, that is how everyone in his large family referred to him). Nicky had

two brothers, two sisters, a beautiful Danish mother (the widow of his

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recently dead father, Czar Alexander the Third) four Grand Dukes as uncles,
one Grand Duchess as an aunt and a host of cousins and in-laws who, for the
most part so far as one could discern, ~~from a distance~~, were surprisingly fond
of Nicky.

I could, as I say, not come near. I had never met a human being more
guarded by squadrons ^{yes} literally, squadrons!—of angels from, you may be
certain, the highest ranks of Divine Security. I was told as much in advance
from the first ^{of our} monitor to receive me, and my one venture into solo
reconnaissance to test such observations more than confirmed their

adjurations. It was a loss. I can tell a great deal about any man or woman

if I can get into the same room with them. ~~Our~~
~~with whom I can share a modest room. Our senses, when needed are~~
~~Plagues—our, on occasion, ~~deliberate~~ most diabolical~~
(~~causes are~~) acute ~~(I can tell as much from~~ sniffing a human being from the other ~~side of~~ ^{end of a}

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I can detect as much
~~that modest room~~ (as any animal with a sure olfactory ~~sense~~ *passage*). My eyes can

perceive defects in the corner of a nostril or the subtly distorted curve ~~of an~~ *in the*

unbeaten ridges of an *(I can afford to)* *But they*
 ear. These are not senses with which *I* live constantly. They are available

when needed ~~when required, so to speak~~. Our continued existence would be ~~comp~~

~~too much of~~ *all too frequently* a heaven alternating with hell if our sight and taste and smell, not

to mention our sense of touch and hearing, were always at such an exquisite

level of readiness *such faculties only* ~~no, we call upon them when urgently needed and learn a~~

yet we can learn a
 great deal about a potential client in just a few moments, ~~but here, as I keep~~ *however*

repeating, one could not get near. Once again, I had to rely on the secondary

that materials *smaller devils* had extracted from the numerous *clients* ~~agents~~ who dwelt in

the lower reaches of the Palace of St. Petersburg and the churches of the

Kremlin.

FROM :nm

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Jun. 01 2004 01:00PM F17

FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243782

Jun. 01 2004 11:02AM P16

Book 4 chs 1-6 double, ch 7, double, chs 8-11 triple, no 12, new ch 13 6/1/04

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This, then, is what I learned.

-12-

Early in May, the weather turned warm again, and many of Alois' woes could be eased once more. In part he had already recovered some of his good spirits by cleaning and oiling the tools he had bought in the fall from Der Alte, and this chore he performed in much the manner of a good soldier who takes his rifle apart in order to put it back together immaculately oiled and dusted just before he will go off to dirty it in combat.

So, my Hafeld agents, having acquired little to report, filled their latest communications with lists of his tools and this they did so assiduously that I grew irked at their several enumerations of pollen feeders, hatching cages, bee-smokers, a water sprayer and a mating box (whatever that was!) a hive-

tool, even a honey-stirrer made by Alois himself out of beech-wood, carving it carefully to be certain it had three sides, rather than coming out of the wittling knife as a flat paddle. And then there was a spur-wheel embedder for preparing the foundation of the insertible frames, as well as a capping fork, a slew of details which provided no interest and left me ready to wish I had taken him as a client, after all—a hands-on approach to his thinking might have been more stimulating than all this determinedly second-rate trivia.

Klara, in contrast, knew how to make much better use of Spring in Hafeld. She was not always counting how many of the brood nests were already filled with new pupae, nor was she worrying that the brood temperature within the hives might turn too warm on this second wave of sun and undulant air, rather, she was ready to loosen all the knots and bunches of winter that had once seemed so fixed and coagulated in her limbs. "God, too, is taking His rest," she said to herself even as she drew in a breath of air through the open window of her kitchen, and then, on impulse, with much left to do in the house, she picked up Paula, four months old, and went out into the meadow. The loveliest of silences prevailed, wholly without sound, no, a silence that took in the lightest caress of air, and she could even hear the

silly," she said aloud. But she could not help herself. She still believed that these white petals were listening. The balm of the air was like love, yes, exactly like the love she felt for the four-month-old in her arms. Klara's body was returning to her, or so it felt, the old poked-out, wounded, bruised and stupid body of all the winter months since Paula was born, yes, now her body felt sweet and in a true beginning of repair, yes, it was Spring, and nature itself was enjoying a party. Each breath was so full of balm. How could it be otherwise? God was near and He was in the air, her Good God, yes, full of radiance, and yet the air was so at peace. It was as if the Good God was resting on His laurels, yes, for so He deserved, and she could have prayed to Him, but did not know quite how since she did not wish to ask for anything at this moment, but to praise Him for being so good. Only that was better done in church, there where everyone else was doing the same so it could be understood as humble, whereas here she was all alone with Paula and the flowers, and full of such happiness. She was enraptured, yes. For she was thinking of all the young boys and girls of her childhood and of those rare occasions when they would romp and play just like these sweet crazy bees who were flying around the house now and so happy to be out in the sun after

living in a dungeon all through winter, yes, crazy now with the joy that they could turn somersaults in the air, free of all duties, free of their tasks for a little while, oh, yes, like Paula they were new to sunshine.

And Klara thought of the years to come when Paula would be ready to play, and that left her full of love for little Edmund who was so kind to the baby, the only one of the children who was. Angela couldn't really care (although she was dutiful enough) and Adi was a worry—once she had seen him pinch Paula's cheek hard enough to make her cry. Klara had spanked him for that, one sharp slap across his little seat, but she wouldn't do it again in any kind of hurry. For he had glared back at her—the prince of princes, you would think!—so strong a look that she had had to take all the strength of her eyes to stare him down. And he was only six years old!

It was too beautiful a day to think of that moment of misery—so intense it had been—no, she would rather thank God for having given her so sweet a baby, a daughter who would yet grow up, so she knew, to be her own good sweet best friend. And she even said as much aloud to Paula. "May the angels hear me," she whispered to her child before she turned back to the house and her duties.

-13-

If, by now, you are ready to question the means by which we enter into the thoughts of a person so fine as Klara, it is worth remarking that when deal with men and women who are most well protected by the Cudgels, we so

rustling of the grass in the field, and all but hear the swaying of the flowers. It was as if the sum of these tender sensations were there to enclose the depth of the silence in these hills. "Listen to how quiet it is," she said to Paula, "listen, little angel, and you will hear the whisper of the flowers." And, indeed, it seemed to her as if they had heard what she said, for indeed they began to sway, the most cheerful little daisies she had ever seen.

It was all for her, she felt. The breeze had stirred but not enough to cause such aa stirring in these wildflowers. She knelt in the grass, the baby in her arms, and spoke to the daisies, "You are beautiful, all of you," she said, and, yes, there was no mistaking, these flowers were dancing for her, the tiniest movements, yet with more of a move than the all-but-silent turn of the air. "Yes, Paula," she said, "these flowers love you and love me because we care for them. Is this not so, you little dears?" She was ready to swear to this (although to whom?—certainly not Alois), to vouch that they had heard her, and indeed, for they bowed as delicately as if she was waiting on them. "Yes, they are little princesses," she said to Paula, and had to laugh at herself for feeling—was this pure madness itself?—for feeling that the daisies were not only dear to her, but that she was dear to the daisies. "Oh, I am one big

search for some extension of our normal arts—our satanic arts, if you insist.

We take care not to approach when the Cudgels are on guard, not unless there is an emergency and we are ordered to make an entrance. Given no special opportunity (such as an emotional crisis) we do look to leave good people alone even as the Cudgels usually avoid contact with our most committed clients. The available disbursements for these divine and satanic occasions of entrance are not often spent on improbable outcomes.

When an incursion is necessary, we wait until the Cudgels are absent or asleep. To use a crude analogy, three shifts are rarely employed daily for an ordinary enterprise. Small raids that leave no ugly traces are feasible, therefore, on many occasions.

Let me not pretend, however, that we function so completely by rote.

Even a lower-tier devil can usually transform himself for a short period into—

let me term it so—an angelic mode. Since we are hardly bona-fide, we

cannot enter a blessed person's mind, but, still!—we have other means. We

can pretend to be the gentlest of angels, we can inspire a mood of much

beneficence, false beneficence, but it can feel as balmy as Spring, lovely

enough to inspire the good object of our attention to prate and prattle. So

often the vulnerabilities of their hearts are offered up in a flood of good

feeling.

Moreover, Klara was not a case of outsize difficulty. She was brought,

we can remember, to a high state of concupiscence on the night that Adolf

was conceived, and who would assert that no devil entered her then? Indeed,

I do have the suspicion, no, rather, I will actually say that I live with the firm supposition that the Maestro himself attended those festivities. So Klara is not without her carnal depths which is to say that a good if usually concealed part of herself can appreciate that carnival of stinks and grunts and glories that does take place whenever God and the devil sweat together in the swamp and paradise of sex—which may be why people who are significantly ethical do not offer any striking physical appeal to the mass of other humans.

In any event, if Klara was hardly one of ours, still, she was nonetheless approachable to the degree I have described. Moreover, we were familiar with her moods. Live with a family long enough and subtle, even unique, means of approach will present themselves. I can say that we knew her well enough from without to be kin to many of her thoughts.

Enough. The glory of the spring day I have just described was a herald to much more than the modest beauties of Hafeld. The coronation of young Czar Nicholas the Second and his young Czarina, Alexandra, was taking place on the same day. The weather was incredible throughout Europe for much of that period. Good days continued, and when I came back to Hafeld in early June, the fine days continued, and this good weather was pleasing to me for our activities at the Coronation had been crowned with some success, a special delight for devils of relatively high rank like myself who are elevated enough to perceive the logic of our activities (much of the time). Our morale, in consequence, is vulnerable to failure and highly stimulated by success, more so than lesser devils who, at their best, are wise to follow orders blindly. In contrast to them, I need to know when our plans and

projects do result in an overt and positive conclusion. It is a mistake to assume that devils are more free than humans of the fear of failure, or that we are less vulnerable to bad turns of mood. To the contrary. Since our pleasures are less sensual and our pains more full of foreboding—we pay a good price for the power we do possess.

All the more reason then to be pleased not only with the acumen of the Maestro, but with my own.

As already indicated, I had been one of the first to give warning that a direct attack on the coronation itself was not likely to succeed. We had, of course, developed a number of promising approaches that were now in place. Nowhere else in Europe could we boast of as many agents and clients. Often they were of high rank. We possessed many a Count and Lady among the

several branches of the Romanov family and we infested the secret police—I would say that we would outnumber the Cudgels if it came to a roll call of supposedly loyal officers in the Okhrana. There were many Ministers of State who were as abjectly loyal to us as hounds slaving over a bowl of kibble. I could go on. We were well-installed in all the royal families of Europe as well, not to mention the divers nobility plus the generals—often the same. The nouveau riches lay before us like an open field. A majority of the magnates were among our most valued clients.

So, when it came to calling upon potential participants, we were confident that we could bring off some major disruptions to the day of coronation. As I had every reason to suspect, one of the two Metropolitans who would preside over the event belonged to us, and indeed, no priesthood

on the continent was more infused with our influence than the full horde of half-mad monks in Russian Orthodox ranks. In addition, we had our share of the most militant anarchists, nihilists, and terrorists—some fine concentrate of them were ready to attempt an assassination of the future czar before or during his coronation.

I found myself opposed to such ventures. Arriving in Russia after so long a period of concentration upon relatively minor activities in many a small city and town of Austria, I was not prepared for the air of Russia. It was intense! Not only were there more devils present to stir the hearts of half the people (at the least!), but Mosow and St. Petersburg were occupied by a greater horde of angels than I had encountered before. And all were doing their utmost from shift to shift! Moreover, I had never felt the presence of the

D.K. so directly. If He often seemed stupefied by the uncountable and daily number of successes and failures in His Creation, nonetheless, the Old Artificer—one more word for the Dummkopf—was exceptionally near, or so it seemed, wherever we turned.

For the longest time, I had grown used to being aware of Him as no more than an Abstract Presence, testy, ugly on occasion (by way of His Cudgels), but far enough away to enable us to work in relative freedom. His Nearness was not a factor. Here, it was. God wanted this coronation to succeed! I felt it in every one of my senses. He had chosen a battleground where He was determined not to lose, and I had never before encountered such intensity of dedication among the Cudgels. I was certain we would pay

heavily for every success we obtained. To put it simply, this lay upon my judgment with all the weight of a hard fact—a stone too heavy to lift.

I did not speak at first in the council to which I was admitted. I had to discover for myself whether I dared to present myself as a figure of responsibility in any way worthy of consideration by the Maestro (for that was certainly an expedition into unknown places.) All the same, I was obsessed with a question: what could be the reason for such unparalleled commitment of divine interest?

Obviously, no routine could help me to find a workable thesis. Until this event, the Dummkopf had invested His Substance in all sorts of people and places. He paid attention to Monarchists and Republicans, to the most established aristocrats and to the revolutionaries who were ready to die for

the honor of overthrowing them. He had also encouraged many a human to offer public service to democracies. He hardly ignored the Pope and the Vatican (but then, neither did we!) He was open to the calls of liberty and to the injunctions of autocracy. As the Maestro once remarked, "He plays at this social game as if it is another facet of His approach to evolution. He goes by the crudest rule of thumb! 'Make your mistakes,' He says, 'but do pay attention to who wins. Corollary: see what works well.' He did, after all, give free will to homo sapiens in order to obtain some clearer notion of what He had created."

Whether the Maestro was or was not playing with his sense of irony, I had to assume this was a diagram for us to retain of the roots of history. Yet, if it was, I now had to conclude that the Dummkopf was leaning—no, put it

more accurately—the D.K. had come over completely, for the time at least, to the conviction that the best way for His world to work was through a successful hegemony of the Czar and the Russian Orthodox Church. Install them powerfully, and let them rule over the vast if inchoate strengths of the Russian people.

Should that be true, it was an amazing decision! Russia—that land so invested with corruption and overriding injustice! We always counted on injustice. It was the lead, the focus, the Open Sesame of our endeavors. It was the yeast that inspires hatred, envy, and the poisoning of love. If we had a rule of thumb, it was to encourage injustice wherever and whenever we could. So often that was our basic approach to humankind. For rare was the man or woman who did not show from childhood on an intense sense of the

injustice done to them each day in contrast to the warmth and clarity they offered to others.

As I pondered this question, it seemed likely that the specific answer was to be found in the young man who would become the next Czar. While we prided ourselves on having a keener appreciation than the Dummkopf of the flaws and potentialities of men and women, nonetheless, the D.K. (like many another monarch) had His vanities in this respect and would have argued, doubtless, (if debate between the Maestro and Himself were possible) that the history of human nature had been altered most profoundly by the advent of Jesus Christ into the unwashed daily life of the masses.

We were prepared to disagree. We saw Christ's efforts ending in failure (with all due respect to the brilliance of the aftermath exercised by the

D.K. in claiming credit for a crucifixion He had certainly hoped to avoid.)

"God," our Maestro was always ready to inform us, "was cheating on the rules of the game. Free will for humankind is meaningless if there is divine intervention, but leave it to the Old Goat! He wanted secretly—I suspect He even kept this secret from Himself—to establish His Kingdom on earth in a most literal sense, a Kingdom with His Son as the living monarch. He most certainly was not anticipating the disaster that befell my poor kid brother, Jesus."

It was becoming ever more evident to me that the D.K. was placing some new and very great hopes in the character of the young man who would soon be crowned as Czar Nicholas the Second. You may be certain that I

proceeded to learn as much about him as was possible under the constrained circumstances.

For example, I could not find a way to get near to Nicky (yes, indeed, that is how everyone in his large family referred to him). Nicky had two brothers, two sisters, a beautiful Danish mother (the widow of his recently dead father, Czar Alexander the Third), four Grand Dukes as uncles, one Grand Duchess as an aunt, and a host of cousins and in-laws who, for the most part,so far as one could discern, were surprisingly fond of Nicky.

I could, as I say, not come near. I had never met a human being more guarded by squadrons—yes, literally, squadrons!—of angels from, you may be certain, the highest ranks of Divine Security. I was told as much in advance from the first of our monitors to receive me, and my one venture into

solo reconnaissance to test such observations more than confirmed their adjurations. It was a loss. I can tell a great deal about any man or woman if I can get into the same room with them. Our senses—our, on occasion, most diabolical senses are acute—sniffing a human being from the other end of a room, I can detect as much as any animal with a sure olfactory passage. My eyes can perceive defects in the corner of a nostril or the subtly distorted curve in the whorled ridges of an ear. These are not senses with which I can afford to live constantly. But they are available when needed. Our continued existence would become a heaven all too frequently alternating with hell if our sight and taste and smell, not to mention our sense of touch and hearing, were always at such an exquisite level of readiness—no, we call upon such faculties only when needed, yet we can learn a great deal about a potential

client in just a few moments. Here, however, as I keep repeating, one could not get near. Once again, I had to rely on the secondary materials that smaller devils had extracted from the numerous clients who dwelt in the lower reaches of the Palace of St. Petersburg and the churches of the Kremlin.

This, then, is what I learned.

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Indifference - why the least
on capitalizing on Spring?

H Klara, in contrast, knew how to make much better use of ^{the} ~~the~~ ³ ~~the~~ ^{spring} in Haffell. She was naturally concerned how many of the broad nests were already filled with new pups, ~~not~~ ^{that} nor was she worrying about the ~~temperature~~ ^{that} in the ~~time~~ ^{time} ~~and~~ ^{by} local temperature ^{within} ~~in~~ ^{the} ~~area~~ ^{might turn} too warm ~~and then~~ ^{on their} second wave of sun and ~~be~~ ^{unpleasant} rather she was ready to loosen all the concerns of winter that had once seemed ~~avalanche~~ ^{avalanche} in her limbs. "Good, too, is taking this nest," she said to herself, even as she ~~took~~ ^{dived} beneath it or through the open windows of her kitchen, and then, on impulse, with much left to do in the house, she picked up Paula, four months old, ~~and~~ ^{and} went out into the ~~sun~~ ^{sun}. The context of silences prevailed, ~~nothing took in~~ ^{a silence took in} wholly without sound, ~~no, it was~~ ^{no, it was} the lightest caress of ~~the wind~~ ^{the wind} ~~and~~ ^{and} she could hear speak of a bird ~~and~~ ^{and} the faintest rustling of the grass in the field, and ~~Paula~~ ^{Paula} all but hear the tender ~~opening~~ ^{opening} of the flowers, ~~but it was as if~~ ^{but it was as if} these ~~unimportant~~ ^{unimportant} of sensations were then to enclose the true depth of the silence in these hills. "Listen to how quiet it is," she said to Paula, "listen, little angel, and you will hear the whisper of the flowers," and indeed it seemed to her as if the ~~flowers~~ ^{they} ~~leaf~~

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had
 heard what she said, for indeed ~~the~~ (436)
 they began to say, the most cheerful little
 daisies she had ever seen, and it was ~~for~~
 all for her, she felt, since the breeze had a time,
 but not enough to move them so, they
 must kneel in the grass, the baby in
 her arms, and ~~she~~ spoke to the ~~other~~ daisies,
 "You are so beautiful, all of you," she said,
 and yes, there was no ~~counting~~ ^{counting} but taking it
 these flowers were dancing for her, the
~~continuous~~ movements yet with more of
 a more than the all-but-silent turn of
 the air "Yes, Paula," she said, "these flowers
 love you and me because we ^{care for} ~~love~~ them, is
 this not so, ~~you dear~~ you little daisies,"
 and she was ready to swear to it
 (although, to whom? - certainly not ^{to} ~~the~~ daisies)
 rough ^{that} ~~soon~~ they had heard her words, as if she was waiting
 on them, ~~and they all knew how to~~
~~how~~ "Yes, they are like little prisoners,"
 she said to Paula, and had to laugh at
 herself for feeling so near ^{and} ~~pleased to~~
 these daisies, "Oh, I am ^{one big} ~~so~~ happy," she
 said aloud, but she could not ^{hear} ~~hear~~
 herself, she still believed that ^{these white petals} ~~they~~ ^{were} ~~ready~~
 were listening ^{to} her. The beating of the air was like love
 to her, yes, so much exactly like love that
 how she felt for ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{four} ~~four~~ ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{old}
 in her arms, ~~but~~ ^{her} ~~body~~ ^{body} was returning to
 her, or so it felt, the old poked-out, wounded

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who was so kind to the ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~Bar~~ ^{Bar} ~~who~~ ^{who} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~only~~ ^{only} ~~one~~ ^{one} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~children~~ ^{children} ~~who~~ ^{who} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~there~~ ^{there} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~Angela~~ ^{Angela} ~~couldn't~~ ^{couldn't} ~~really~~ ^{really} ~~see~~ ^{see},
 (although she was polite enough
 to try) and Adie was a young nurse
 she had seen him ^{prince} ~~prince~~ ^{Paula's} ~~prince~~ ^{prince} ~~hard~~ ^{hard} ~~enough~~ ^{enough} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~make~~ ^{make} ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~cry~~ ^{cry}, and Klara
~~had~~ ^{she} ~~spanked~~ ^{spanked} ~~him~~ ^{him} ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~one~~ ^{one} ~~sharp~~ ^{sharp} ~~clap~~ ^{clap} ~~across~~ ^{across} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~little~~ ^{little} ~~seat~~ ^{seat},
 but she wouldn't do it again in any kind
 of a hurry for he had glared back at
 her so - the prince of princes, you
 learned that! - ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~she~~ ^{she} ~~tried~~ ^{tried} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~take~~ ^{take} ~~all~~ ^{all} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~strength~~ ^{strength} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~eyes~~ ^{eyes} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~stare~~ ^{stare} ~~him~~ ^{him} ~~down~~ ^{down}.

It was ~~too~~ ^{moment of misery} ~~beautiful~~ ^{beautiful} ~~a~~ ^a ~~day~~ ^{day} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~think~~ ^{think} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~moment~~ ^{moment}, nor she would not like
 thank God for having given her so
 sweet a baby, a daughter ^{who} ~~who~~ ^{was} ~~was ^{just} ~~just ^{what} ~~what~~ ^{she} ~~she~~ ^{needed} ~~needed~~ ^{to} ~~to ^{have} ~~have~~ ^{her} ~~her~~ ^{own} ~~own~~ ^{good} ~~good~~ ^{sweet} ~~sweet ^{her} ~~her~~ ^{own} ~~own~~ ^{child} ~~child ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{she} ~~she~~ ^{even} ~~even ^{said} ~~said~~ ^{as} ~~as ^{much} ~~much ^{as} ~~as ^{she} ~~she~~ ^{could} ~~could~~ ^{say} ~~say~~ ^{about} ~~about~~ ^{it} ~~it~~ ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{Paula} ~~Paula~~ ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{she} ~~she~~ ^{turned} ~~turned ^{back} ~~back~~ ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{the} ~~the ^{house} ~~house~~ ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{her} ~~her~~ ^{station} ~~station~~.~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

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horde of angry ~~people~~ than I had ~~seen~~ 444
 encounters before we parted and I was
 doing then without from shift to shift.
 Moreover, I had never felt the presence
 of the D.K. so intensely. If ~~the D.K. was~~ ^{seemingly} ~~there~~
 and often startled by the encounterable
 number of successes and failures in her
 creating, notwithstanding the Old ~~Hand~~ Art Piece
 — one more word for the D.K. kept ~~was~~
 exceptionally new, or so it seemed, whenever
 one turned in St. Petersburg or Moscow.

For the longest time, I had become used
 to feeling him as no more than an abstract
 presence, testy, ugly on occasion ~~for~~ ^{to}
 of his ~~being~~ ^{being} but far enough away ~~to~~
 that one could work in relative freedom,
 his nearer was a factor. Here, it
 was, God wanted this coronation to
 succeed. I felt it in every ~~one~~ ^{corner} of my
~~presence~~ ^{presence}, he had to ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~there~~ ^{there}
 where he was determined not to ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~red~~
 I had never ^{before} encountered such a ~~presence~~
~~intensity~~ and intensity of dedication
 among the ~~people~~ ^{people}, I was certain we would
 have ~~been~~ ^{been} for ~~our~~ ^{our} success or ~~failure~~
 To put it simply, ~~the~~ ^{this} lay upon my
 judgment with all the weight of a
 hard fact — a stone too heavy to lift.
 I did not speak at first in the
 council, to ~~decide~~ ^{decide} I was ~~admitted~~ ^{admitted}. I
 had to discover for myself ~~whether~~ ^{whether} ~~it~~ ^{it} 444,

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disaster that befell my poor brother, (44)

It was becoming more evident to me that the D.K. was placing some real and legitimate hopes in the character of the young men who would soon be ~~at~~ ⁱⁿ contact as ~~Robert~~ ^{John} Cyril Nicholas the second, and you may be certain that I proceeded to learn as much about him as I could under the ~~these~~ ^{these} constrained circumstances.

For example, I could not find a way to get near enough to ~~find~~ ^{find} Nicky (yes, indeed, this is ~~not~~ ^{not} everyone in his ~~family~~ ^{family} (a large family referred to him.) Nicky has two brothers, two sisters, a beautiful ^{daughter} (the widow of his recently dead father Cyril Alexander the third) four Grand Daughters, one Grand Daughter as an aunt, and a host of cousins and in-laws who for the most part so far as one could discern from a distance, were ~~not~~ ^{not} unlike Grandpa Nicky.

I could, as I say, not come near. I had never met a human being more guarded by squadrons — literally, I guess — of angels. ^{from} you may be certain, ~~the~~ ^{the} the highest ranks of Divine Security, I was told as usual, I advised from the first monitors to ~~regulate~~ ^{regulate} me, and my ~~own~~ ^{own} venture into ~~peculiar~~ ^{peculiar} to test ^{each} ~~their~~ observations more than confirmed their ~~advisations~~ ^{advisations}. It was a loss, I can tell a great deal about any man or woman with whom I can share a ~~modest~~ ^{modest} reason, for sense, when needed, are ~~not~~ ^{not} I can tell enough from sniffing a human

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being from the other side of that modest room as any animal with ~~an~~ a sure olfactory sense. My eyes can perceive objects in the corner of a nostril or the subtle distorted curve of an ear. There are not senses with which I live constantly. They are available when needed, when required to speak. Our continued existence would be too much of a heaven alternating with hell if our sight and taste and smell, not to mention sense of sound and hearing were always at such an opposite level of readiness. No, we call upon them when urgently needed, and learn a great deal about a potential client in just a few moments, but here, as I keep repeating, one could not get near, once again I had to rely on the secondary materials, smaller details, had extracted from the numerous reports who dwelt in the lower reaches of the palace of Petersburg and the churches of the Kremlin.

Thus, then, is what I learned.

-12-

Early in May, the weather turned warm again, and a good many of
Alois' woes were eased once more. In part he recovered his good spirits by
cleaning and oiling the tools he had bought in the fall from Der Alte, and this
in much the manner of a good soldier who takes his rifle apart in order to put

it back together immaculately oiled and dusted just before he will go off to dirty it in combat.

So, my Hafeld agents, with too little to report, filled their latest communications with lists of his tools and so assiduously that I grew irked at their enumerations of pollen feeders, hatching cages, bee-smokers, a water sprayer and a mating box (—whatever that was!—) a hive-tool, even a honey-stirrer which Alois made himself out of beech-wood, carving it carefully to be certain it had three sides to it rather than serving as a flat paddle. And then there was a spur-wheel embedder for preparing the foundation of the insertible frames, as well as a capping fork, a slew of details which provided no interest and left me almost ready to wish I had taken him

as a client—a hands-on approach to his thinking might have been more stimulating than all this second-rate trivia.

Klara, in contrast, knew how to make much better use of spring in Hafeld. She was not always counting how many of the brood nests were already filled with new pupae, nor was she worrying that the brood temperature within the hives might turn too warm on this second wave of sun and undulant air, rather, she was ready to loosen all the concerns of winter that had once seemed coagulated in her limbs. "God, too, is taking His rest," she said to herself even as she drew in a breath of air through the open window of her kitchen, and then, on impulse, with much left to do in the house, she picked up Paula, four months old, and went out into the meadow. The loveliest of silences prevailed, wholly without sound, no, a silence that

took in the lightest caress of air, and she could hear the faintest rustling of the grass in the field, and all but hear the tender swaying of the flowers. It was as if these slightest of sensations were there to enclose the true depth of the silence in these hills. "Listen to how quiet it is," she said to Paula, "listen, little angel, and you will hear the whisper of the flowers." And, indeed, it seemed to her as if they had heard what she said, for indeed they began to sway, the most cheerful little daisies she had ever seen, and it was all for her, she felt, since the breeze had stirred but not enough to move more than so. She knelt in the grass, the baby in her arms, and spoke to the daisies, "You are beautiful, all of you," she said, and, yes, there was no mistaking it, these flowers were dancing for her, the tiniest movements, yet with more of a move than the all-but-silent turn of the air. "Yes, Paula," she said, "these flowers

love you and me because we care for them, is this not so, you little dears?"

and she was ready to swear to it (although to whom?—certainly not Alois),

vouch that they had heard her nonetheless, for they bowed as delicately as if

she was waiting on them. "Yes, they are like little princesses," she said to

Paula, and had to laugh at herself for feeling so near—pure madness itself—

so dear to the daisies. "Oh, I am one big silly," she said aloud, but she could

not help herself, she still believed that these white petals were listening to her.

The balm of the air was like love to her, yes, so much and exactly like the

love she felt for the four-month-old in her arms. Klara's body was returning

to her, or so it felt, the old poked-out and wounded, bruised and stupid body

of all the winter months since Paula was born, yes, now her body felt sweet

and in a true beginning of repair, yes, it was spring and nature itself was

enjoying a party. Each breath was so full of balm. How could it be otherwise? God was near and in the air, her Good God, yes, full of radiance, but so easy was the air it was, so Klara could say now to herself, it was as if the Good God was resting on His laurels, yes, for so He deserved, and she could have prayed to Him, but did not know quite how since she did not wish to ask for more, but to praise Him for being so good, and that was better done in church with everyone else doing the same so it could be humble enough, whereas here she was all alone with Paula and the flowers, and full of such happiness, enraptured, yes, for she was thinking of all the young boys and girls of her childhood and of those rare occasions when they would romp and play just like these sweet crazy bees flying around the house and so happy to be out in the sun after living in their dungeon all through winter, yes, crazy

now with the joy that they could fly and turn somersaults in the air, free of their duties and their tasks for a little while, oh, yes, like Paula they were new to all this sunshine.

And Klara thought of the years to come when Paula would be ready to play, and felt full of love for little Edmund who was so kind to the baby, the only one of the children who was. Angela couldn't really care (although she was polite enough to her) and Adi was a worry—once she had seen him pinch Paula's cheek hard enough to make her cry, and Klara had spanked him for that, one sharp slap across his little seat, but she wouldn't do it again in any kind of hurry for he had glared back at her—the prince of princes, you would think!—so strong a look that she had had to take all the strength of her eyes to stare him down.

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It was too beautiful a day to think of that moment of misery, no, she would rather thank God for having given her so sweet a baby, a daughter who would yet grow up, so she knew, to be her own good sweet best friend. And she even said as much aloud to Paula. "May the angels hear me," she whispered to her child before she turned back to the house and her duties.

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439-449
triples.

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13

If some, ^{by now,} may be wondering ^{questioning} the means
how and by what means they are able
^{approach} the thoughts of a person so different
to ~~fall~~ ^{reach} them. It is rarely
hardly limited to our language, we often have
have to deal with ^{four people} people like this.

[illegible]

before an incursion is necessary, we would
 until the changes are about completed, we are
 a crude analogy, it is not ~~possible~~ ^{wise} to enable
 three shifts of ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~factory~~ ^{factory} for an industrial
 enterprise, and the small scale that ~~is~~ ^{is}
 roughly that is feasible ~~for an industrial~~ ^{in an industry}

strubs and grasses are
place wherever God and the deer are
in the ~~Forest~~ Swamp and paradise of
sex - which may be why people who
are very busy do not often stop to
to the most of other humans.
In my country if there was hardly one of

[illegible]

12 days old flowers
in the Calaveras
May 14 to May 26 in
Harvard

