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Book IV

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I must now inform the reader of an unexpected summons from the

Maestro ^(that not only removed) which would remove me from Alois Hitler and his family for ^{close} ~~near~~

to eight months, ^{but ~~not~~ ~~take~~ me out of Austria altogether,} I can add that this alert arrived on the evening early in

October of 1895 when Alois completed his apicultural negotiations. Two

Langstroth boxes with a colony of bees installed in each, were purchased

from Der Alte, as well as all the necessary supplies, plus a variety of tools,

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and enough pollen and honey to feed these newly-acquired inhabitant through the winter.

Once purchased, the goods were transported ^{on the same evening} by Alois and his dray from Der Alte's premises to the Hitler home ~~on the same evening~~. It was to prove an exceptionally exciting trip for Adi who sat beside his father all the way and could not sleep that night in anticipation of morning when the hive-boxes would be set up on a bench under the shade of an oak tree some twenty paces from the house.

If there is some curiosity concerning Alois' outlay, I have no very dependable way to carry a calculation from the kronen and gulder of Alois' era to the hegemony of the present American dollar---there are too many ^{anomalies and} discrepancies in the rate of inflation. ^{today} Today, ^{one} certain products are priced one hundred times higher than a century ago; other increases are relatively modest. I will offer ^{one} the rough estimate: Alois' pension in 1895 may have been the equivalent of sixty or seventy thousand dollars a year ^{the present} in this era, and so I can say that he found the new expenditures dear. Der Alte sold him a sufficiency of items (necessary and some not-quite-necessary) that today might come to the equivalent of a thousand dollars. Alois, fully

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anticipating that he would pay too much, was weary, nonetheless, of dealing with the old man and so did not press beyond the small satisfaction of acquiring a few extra tools at no extra cost, one of the few times in his life when he was not ready to bargain with his characteristic determination (and ferocity) if he thought he was being cheated.

However, it was at just this point that I was ordered to leave Ad and the other members of the family (as well as the ^{numerous} ~~whole of my~~ other clients in that area of Austria.) Three of my agents were deputized to remain and I embarked for St. Petersburg where I was quickly brought to focus on the needs and dimensions of a massive project. We were going to attend the Coronation of Tsar Nicholas the Second, scheduled for May of 1896 in Moscow, seven months into the future.

Off I went, then, to St. Petersburg, and on that very night. How I made the voyage is, at this point, too advanced a matter to discuss. While devils are able to travel in the guise of human beings, that is, we can certainly insinuate ourselves for a reasonable period into many a man or woman (even as forty-two years later, I would be occupying the mind and body of an intelligence officer ^{named Dieter} in Himmler's Special Section IV-2a) still, we

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prefer to employ more rapid means. (But, of that, I will wait to speak.) For now, leave it that I was instructed to move by ^{own} ~~the~~ quick track and commence my orientation into the late Nineteenth Century Russian soul, ^{at once} ~~all of it~~ belly, ties, beliefs, harmonies and inner disharmonies. ^{by morning of the next day} ~~by morning of the next day~~

Once in that Slavic realm, so much nearer to God and to the Devil than any other land above the equator, I stayed for all of a winter in St. Petersburg prior to coming down to Moscow on a cold April morning before the Coronation in May.

During that period, I did receive news of Alois, Adi, Klara, and Angela. Even reported were day-to-day variations in the temperament of the dog, Luther, and the horses, Ulan and Graubart, but that was by summary for the most part. In any event, none of ^{it} ~~that~~ was comparable in interest to the oncoming venture. If a devil is ready to afford a few personal desires (other than the over-arching demand to satisfy the Maestro) then I had, I confess, become a little too full of the Hitler family's intimacies. While they were the focus of my interest in that region, I had hoped to receive more of a major assignment. Now, I had it. Our O.C. was in the first stages of bringing off a mighty mischief. All of us who were

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working for him knew as much. Even at the time, I expected that this new engagement would come to more than any of our recent efforts to disrupt the morale and purposes of the ^{*(Pick, his Cuddles and his whistles.)*} other side. ~~It is true. I swear it.~~ I could feel a metamorphosis forming in the intentions of our leader.

Now, I will make one apology, although I will do my best not to repeat it. (Good readers do not purchase novels ^{*after all,*} so put up with apologies.) I have to say, however, that having read the best and worst of novels for many years (which is, to remind you, part of a good devil's education) ~~I~~

(Stay loyal to) I should know by now (and do!) that not even the best of readers will ~~put up~~

~~put up~~ with an author who is ^{*will*} ready to leave his narrative ^{*for*} long enough to

~~jump into~~ what must seem ^{*at first*} an unrelated subject. Until now I have indeed spared the reader reference to my other cases, particularly the month I spent in London back in May of '95 when I attended the trial of Oscar Wilde and was in the courtroom on the day of his conviction for "sodomy and gross indecency"—a matter in which I played a hand with the jury's deliberations. (My instructions were to do my best to get him convicted. It is likely that the E.O. was looking to stimulate a rabid sense of martyrdom among many of Wilde's closer associates, particularly those who were of

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very good family. But to this I cannot attest. Only on rare occasions will the Maestro explain his strategies to us—we are there to satisfy his aims rather than our curiosity.)

Nonetheless, I was now harboring a conviction that our Maestro had ~~managed to~~ put the D.K. into a state of some disturbance ^{concerning} ~~over~~ (the success or failure of the oncoming Coronation.

For that, I must offer my own set of explanations. While I ~~can~~ ^{cannot} ~~hardly~~ guarantee that they are wholly dependable, I will say I have long suspected that our mighty opponent, the D.K., has become critically dissatisfied with those formal religions who claimed to be serving in His name (This, of course, must exclude reference to Buddhism, Confucianism, Taoism, and any other sects or faiths based on human leaders rather than texts dictated —so goes the claim— by God.)

No, it is the unhappy strictures and structures of the Catholics, the Protestants, the Orthodox Jews, the Reformed Jews, the Sunnis and the Shi'ites for which He must be held responsible. Yes—that is the word—responsible. He proved unable to alter ^{control the development of these} ~~these developed forms of worship~~ ^{forms of worship} ~~more to His taste.~~ (Humans—many of the worst sort—were now the

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overlords. Given the tenacity of the priests, reverends, rabbis and imams who had attached themselves to such concentrations of power in order precisely to control human motivation, these religious officers of God had so installed themselves in the mind of humankind that they were now all but ineradicable. They had ^{also} succeeded in ^(a Keckan) excluding God from His human ^(at a great remove).

In my attempt to understand why the Maestro had brought ^{called in} so many of ^{us} ~~us in to be present~~ at the Coronation, I had ^{to} ~~conclude~~ conclude that the D.K. had generated some special hopes for the occasion. In response, our Maestro must consider them of significance to be thwarted. ^{these hopes} ~~that~~ ^{is in his mind if he was prepared} ~~to go to great lengths to thwart them~~. It also seemed to me that the characteristic stance of our leader had also shifted. I can certainly make the assertion ~~that~~ ^{that} for many centuries our O.O. has been an incisive and often most effective critic of the D.K. whose errors ^{accumulated} might ^{by now} be considerably longer ^{more complicated} (and greater in weight) than the bulk and body of His successes. So, with confidence, I would add that God, the Creator, having worked His way through the locks, hazards, and blind alleys of evolution, had, ^(also) ~~by the end~~ trapped Himself into any number of grievous misjudgments about the potentialities of humankind. In contrast, the O.O. had kept us sensitive enough to the D.K.'s endeavors to be able to add

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^{we put into} momentum to every misdirection of His human beings, ^{we had enlarged} expedite, indeed, the

^{the} sum of emotional dissatisfaction in men and women everywhere, ~~poor-~~

~~back~~ Thereby—so went our working assumption—we might come a little closer to ^{conquering} possessing what I may as well term the ^{elan} spirit of the species. Over the last two thousand years, one of our more effective methods ^{used} has been to ^{their most intense and humorless} encourage religiosity. If we have come up short now and again—usually by

encounters with luminous individuals (saints), we did succeed in warping the intelligence of a good many humans. You can find fine folk everywhere who are locked into a mosque, a synagogue, or a church, all clinging to the same oxymoron. Despite every other difference, they are ~~so~~ attached to the obtuse belief that God is ^{not only but} All-Good and All-Powerful. This premise—given its mind-boggling contradiction to every evidence of ^{vast past} the perversities of

existence—proves incapable of serving as a tool for the mind. ^{is a concept to} ~~As a~~ concept, All-Good and All-Powerful ^{development} chafes ceaselessly at the contradictions embedded in human ~~experience~~. So, by promoting exactly that concept, we have succeeded in tormenting the best minds of mankind for century after century. All-Good and All-Powerful. Indeed! Yes, we had looked to encourage every fundamentalist we could find, Islamist, Born-Again, ^{or}

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unyielding nun - we

~~Human~~ didn't give a damn. "Come to us," became our creed,

"come, all of you who are in need of rock-hard faith and anchored
 certainty! ^{into total mental security} Be born again yes!" How ready they were to believe they

were serving God even as they began to work for us in ways they could
 never ^{imagine} perceive.

Now, the advantage we have obtained here is, I would warrant, a

product of the D.K.'s inability to anticipate ^{which} the direction His creatures ^{will take} would
~~take once He had developed them.~~ ^{new that He has created them and taken to} His strength (as the O.O. will be the first

to acknowledge) is that out of His artistic funds He can produce a plethora

of forms throughout the natural world. ^{Some are dazzling, some are useful} (Some are relatively successful) (the

honey-bee might be one example) ^{some are most improperly designed.}

(The dinosaur, the squid, the leech, the horse-fly, and the mosquito come immediately to mind.)

By the time He raised primates to the level of humans, He had

become much too proud of ^(his, his latest) ~~his last~~ creative accomplishment (which He saw it

as His best). He chose to provide men and women with enough reason ^{and}

^{memory and passion to be able to} exercise free will. He was prepared to permit this power to ^{choose} ~~decide~~ to be

free, on most occasions, of Him. Just so confident was His ~~enthusiasm~~ ^{His}

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I am All-Good!

belief in His powers of Creation. He did not fear that people would burst

the limits He ^{had set for} expected from them. ^{He was a study in security}

^{His} Such miscalculation was calamitous. It was equal to raising a round ^{pair in} who turns on its master. God's finest creation, man and woman, one

endowed with free will, proved unmanageable—they gave every indication

that they would, left to themselves, ^{they would} depose Him. (Say it plainly—depose

him.) ^{they were ready to depose him} He had to resort to a drastic measure. ^{So, he} He gave up the near felt

notion of engaging in a profound partnership with this highest form of His

Creation. ^{Now, he} Instead, He now looked to terrify men into some form of

obedience. He could not recover from the blow to His ^{Anticipation} Comprehension

^{yes, this ~~Anticipation~~ Anticipation of the end was} occasioned by the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. He now felt obliged to go

^{an earlier presentation of Himself as:} back to His old early and premature judgments as Jehovah. So, He ^{proceeded} proceeded

^{phases and} through His new development of religion to terrify human

ever again. "Obey Me and fear Me. I am All-Good and All-Powerful." The

message that He had wished to transmit through His Son—"Love each other

and you will share in My love" ^(by St. Paul and a host of his disciples) was now converted to "Fear Me. Respect

Me, and I may ^{on occasion} answer your prayers."

Shocking

the first 5 cycles
are there in
the

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Alois paid a visit on the next Sunday and, once again, took Adl with him. He would hardly have been able to say why, although ~~Adl~~ ^{As I have already indicated above} told him. Devils are able to nudge a person ~~in a given direction~~ ^{he or she} when that man or woman is not a client. ~~For whatever reason~~ I sensed that the ~~boy~~ ^{Adl} was still paying enough attention to Hafeld to suggest to my agents that the boy and Der Alte were to be brought together again.

This time, ~~Adl~~ ^{the boy} paid careful attention to the route. It was not ~~far~~ ^{far} a mile away. He knew he would be able to go ~~there alone~~ ^{find the hut} provided he kept in mind the turns and forks ⁱⁿ of the road. So this he did, and full of ~~excitement~~ ^{with uneasiness} it was as if a woe large as a loaf of bread had settled in his stomach. Yet, in his chest, sitting above such heaviness, he felt most alive, his breath on this cold morning ~~steaming~~ ^{steamed} forth in vapor. He knew he would not tell his father that he planned to visit Der Alte another day as well and very much on his own.

"Yes," he kept saying to himself, "I will not be afraid to walk the ~~woods~~ ^{than, there} in the night, maybe yes. There are too many spirits in the woods ~~for~~ ^{for} and they are mean." And the colder he felt in the midst of this excitement the more he longed for summer when the bees would be flying in and out of the

FROM : rM

FAX NO. : 5084872136

Set 1 1 P33

FROM : JMMORDCRAFT

FAX NO. : 17186243782

Set 1 1 P1

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His miscalculation was calamitous. It was equal to raising a bound who turns on its master. God's finest pair in creation, man and woman, or endowed with free will, proved unmanageable—they gave every indication that, left to themselves, they would depose Him. (The first signs are there, ^{by now} Adam and Eve! Say it plainly—^{openly} they were ready to disobey Him.) So He gave up the heartfelt notion of engaging in a profound partnership with this highest form of His Creation. Now, He looked to terrify men ^{and women} into some form of obedience. He could not recover from the blow to His Anticipation occasioned by the shocking crucifixion of Jesus Christ. He ~~now~~ ^{therefore} felt obliged, ~~therefore~~ to go back to an earlier presentation of Himself as Jehovah. ^{then} So He proceeded to terrify humans all over again. "Obey Me and fear Me. I am All-Good and All-Powerful." The message that He had wished to transmit through His Son—"Love each other and you will share in My love" was now converted by St. Paul and a horde of his acolytes to "Fear Me. Respect Me, and I may on occasion answer your prayers."

This return back to the primitive understanding that that the Creator was an oppressor opened vast territories to the Maestro. I will put it simply. Our cause, as I comprehend it, is to reduce the potentiality of humankind

FROM : nM

FAK NO. : 5084872136

SECRET 11 FEB

FROM : JMWORDCRAF *

FAX NO. : 17186243782

Sch. 1. 1978: 2. PZ

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We want to lower the vitality of what is, admittedly, the greatest creature developed by the D.K.. Naturally, we look to encourage any religious that is mindless. *Warp or deaden* the brains of men and women, and human emotions will proceed to corrupt themselves further. (For imbalance is the beginning of rot.) Accomplish our job well enough, pick up what is left, and we may be able to alter His Creation over into Our System. (To which, the E.O. only gives us a hint now and then.)

Through many an age, I believe that this has been the Maestro's working intention. Be assured that our present activities have not been restricted to churchgoers. We look to independent ^{people} men, as well as atheists, athletes, movie stars, and any number of ^{others} angels whom we can detect are turning bitter at the edges. My point is that even back then as we approached the 20th Century, our O.O. was contemplating a dramatic advance in his procedures. I now believed ~~that~~ that he was looking to develop a new fair designed expressly by him! Did this mean that our Maestro was actually prepared to take the leap from his powerful position as an adversary into an opposite and more unforeseeable condition? Was he ready to move from Critic to Creator, from rebel to leader?

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Macstro was actually prepared to take the leap from his powerful position as ~~an~~ ^{a divine} adversary into an opposite and more unforeseeable condition. Was he ready to move from ^{High Prime} Critic to Creator, from rebel to leader?

I could not conceive of what form such a new set of beliefs might require ^{or had been} from us—I ^{Austrian} was much too mired in my duties. I will say the possibility did ^{some} arouse uneasiness. For who could know more about the pestilence and slovenliness of human nature than those of us who ^{have} had worked through the centuries to inflame all that ^{is} was misbegotten in the ^{was} ~~mis~~ calculations of ^{all the} ~~all the~~ ^{was} ~~D.K.'s~~ calculations. ^{I need not even speak of His miscalculations—} ~~all the~~ residue left in His human beings of unfocused animal rage, all the continuing excess in men and women of free-floating ill-will. It was one more sum of blunders fashioned by the D.K. in the ^{course} ~~process~~ of developing His most advanced Creation! Given ^{His Desire to Rule} ~~an objective need to protect~~ a high but delicate level of life that would nonetheless be able to survive through grievous and often incalculable conditions of heat, cold, flame, ^{or even} ~~and even~~ recover from catastrophic disasters, the D.K. had to endow man (and woman, most certainly!) with a sense of self-importance crucial to their survival. But, once again—was it due in part to our efforts?—His sense of

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creative balance was awry. Human self-righteousness, so necessary ^{meet the} ~~the demands of~~ (survival, soon produced envy as its first product. The self-righteous, unless immensely successful, do not look with equanimity upon good fortune for others—particularly not close friends and acquaintances. Envy worked as dependably in our favor as compound interest serves ^{a long-term} ~~an~~ investment. The D.K.'s powers to fashion new varieties of Creation were once ~~so~~ must again be admitted—immense, but His skills as a cosmic engineer were ^{full of faults} ~~wanting~~. His problems, even in the absence of our presence, would not have been trivial. Over the eons of evolution, His endless ^{re fashioning} ~~reworking~~ (of His own works by way of trial and error, even His readiness to live with His mistakes until such time as He could correct them (and most certainly His outsize rages as a younger god!—His 'frenzies as Jehovah') had compounded a multitude of ^{mishaps} ~~errors~~ in every avenue ^{and by way} of human history. Now, I had to wonder how the O.O. could look to refashion such a boggled Creation after we had finished corrupting, corroding, and demoralizing it further? I was worried. Yes.

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I will yet delineate the determining effect we were to have on the Coronation of Tsar Nicholas the Second, but I would prefer at this point to return to the small events and minor adventures of the Hitler family in Hafeld during the period when I was away. Only after this is accomplished will I attempt to outline the more exceptional activities we undertook in St. Petersburg and Moscow—all to culminate in May of 1896. ^{the near to} ~~These~~ eight months which date from my departure in October of 1895 until my return to

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~~is turned out to be~~
 Austria in June of 1896 ~~may be, I expect,~~ of greater future importance for
 Adolf Hitler than his quiet boyhood, but since I ~~had no idea at the~~ can hardly be certain that
~~at time that this would be so,~~
 this is so, it may be wise not to ignore the events in Hafele at this stage: no
 matter how modest they ~~were.~~ ^{seemed to me then}

^{All knowledge during my}
 Let me point, however, to a serious difficulty. My ~~knowledge of the~~
~~absence of the~~ ^{was passed on to}
 various experiences of Alois, Klara, and the children ~~were communicated to~~
 me ^(me) during my ~~absence~~ ^{three} by all three of the ~~agents~~ ^{to take care} I left behind. (Naturally,
 of my portion of the Province of Upper Austria,
 given the ~~apparently greater~~ import of our mission to Russia, I had brought
 my best assistants along.) ^(with a) That left me problem. Lesser devils are, ~~in many~~
~~a regard,~~ comparable to lesser humans. This is particularly true of their
 insensitivity to significant detail.

^{keep}
 While I can ~~retain~~ a reasonably close notion of what is transpiring
 among my clients and their near associates even when relying on the reports
 of mediocre agents, the work ^{loses} ~~does lose~~ tone. During my absence, I could
 not allocate my best resources to thinking about Alois & Co. So, the
 account of these missing months ~~October '95 to June '96~~ may prove a
 sketchy. ^{however,} ^{account} What will ~~save the value of the narrative~~ received, ~~however~~ is that
 there were a few ~~notable and~~ determining events in Adi's development, and

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these matters I ~~most certainly~~ ^(if) did study from a distance. Otherwise nothing of great moment did occur until the return of Junior, Alois Hitler, Junior. But that was not until June, by which time I, too, had returned.

On the other hand, my narrative ^{does not have to} will not suffer critically. Mediocre agents, like mediocre human beings, ^{are waiting (too)} may be ~~humdrum~~ in their powers of

summary but I ^{of my ~~ended up~~} will warrant that I had brought even the least unpromising up to a reasonable level of performance. If I am not ready to explain our

systems of recruitment in obtaining new agents, that is because such exposition would bring us immediately into a far more sacrosanct question:

How are devils created in the first place? Is the Evil One personally on the alert for superior humans who might be ready to serve us, or, as is more

usually the case, do they come to us as lower varieties of humans, a brood of rejected spawn? These last are often individuals who were so ~~disheartened,~~

~~infuriated,~~ demoralized, or altogether outraged by what they perceived ^{down-graded (hopes)} in the hour of their death as a shocking demotion of their prospects for a good

reincarnation—a new life they might deem worthy of their merits—^{true} that they

opted out, simple as that, ~~they~~ declared their desire to be liberated from the wheel of human reincarnation in order to serve another power, us! (How

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this arrangement was ever negotiated ^{between} by the D.K. and the E.O. ~~is also, either~~

beyond my knowledge.) While I cannot declare why or when it happened, I

am familiar with the results. ~~Apparently, the D.K. was willing or~~

~~on, indeed, even willing~~
necessarily obliged, ^{in humbo,} (to trade off a fraction of His stock of recently deceased
souls clamoring for reincarnation. Was this in order to obtain a less

disruptive and dissatisfied ^{worshiping} environment for Himself? ~~in His ruling realm?~~

~~(I spent of)~~ ~~(the Hereafter)~~ I suspect this may have been the case. I would also assume

that our O.O., looking to make his way up onto a nearer plane of equality to

the D.K., was, of necessity, ready to accept this exudate of ^{God's / all these} ~~spoiled~~ human

~~possibilities,~~

possibility. Over the centuries, over—it well may be—the millennia, the

~~Maestro had ~~the~~ to ~~the~~ ^{give out} a large share~~

Maestro was obliged ~~then~~ to assign a very large part of his resources to

shaping and training the low-grade and highly disturbed material we did

receive. It is analogous in difficulty to developing a symphony orchestra

from applicants who have yet to learn to play an instrument. I will not

pursue these difficulties further. Not at this point. I will only say that the

agents I had left in Hafeld, the lees, so to speak, of my small squad, did their

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

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always have a close enough sense of his difficulties, certainly not enough to satisfy my understanding.

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

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^{late}
In October, if I had permitted it, my agents would have overwhelmed me ^{with} in detail ^{about} concerning Alois' obsessions concerning ^{his} this new ^{purchase,} occupation.

As I have indicated, I had no time to attend to this, and was irked.

Short of forcing a direct entrance into Alois' waking thoughts which, it may be remembered, is rarely done with men and women who are not directly our clients, the agents had to ~~do most of their~~ ^{these} work by way of (milk runs). In what our O.O. chooses to call "the markets of sleep," most dreams of men and women are reasonably available, open to demons and Cudgels alike.

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would do well to
 obvious that we ascertain Klara and Alois' real strengths and needs to say, their significant weaknesses.

Very well. Here then is my ~~secondhand~~ *at one remove* somewhat uninspired account of Alois' woes now that he has insisted on becoming a beekeeper.

His first concern (which I find comic—since he has spent his life in uniform) is that he has to remind himself constantly to put on light-colored gloves and a bee-keeper's large trapezoidal hat and veil, always of the whitest material. Since he must avoid dark coats or trousers, when that is what he usually wears, he is always concerned in these first days not to forget to change his garments before going out to the hive-boxes under the *Deep and* oak tree. *particular* ~~So~~ *So* mber colors, he knows all too well, do irritate bees. knows that by experience. On the *particular* evening some years ago when he had been gravely stung while working with the little colony he then kept ~~at the edge of a~~ *near Breunau* small town ~~just on the Austrian side of Passau~~, he had made the mistake of inviting an attractive woman out with him one Friday afternoon in order to demonstrate his working competence with the hive. Naturally, he was in full dress uniform. How else to accompany so good-looking an acquaintance? *By* ~~That~~ twilight, he was stung so fiercely that *the we collect from* his fear still rises

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in one quick spurt ^{from} at the pit of his stomach, ~~from no more than the~~
~~the~~ recollection. Alois' hopes of fornication were obliged to remain unsatisfied
 at that Friday night, indeed, the lady was stung, no less, on the exposed
 flesh of her ample breast. ^(Culpa passiva) ~~A~~ romance was lost, but it proved ~~a~~
 a blow to his best opinion of himself, and, as we see, he continues to pay the
 price. Shoots of fear, bright as rockets, fire off in his stomach.

Nonetheless, Alois, in some part, remains a good peasant. He has not
 forgotten that after a small or large disaster, one ^{must} ~~does well to~~ stay on the
 alert for whatever value might still be ^(punched front) ~~embedded in~~ the misfortune itself.
 For example, ^{Der examples} his interesting medical theses were stimulated by the
 alleviation of ^{his [acute] rheumatism} ~~pain in his knees~~ on the following day—bee stings ^{didn't} ~~seemed~~ to
 be good for his ^{knees, knees} ~~rheumatism~~. When their meeting occurred, Der Alte, we
 may remember, was ready to agree, and even cited the honored Dr. Fierz

This confirmation may have been part of Alois' decision to accept Der
 Alte's opinion that imported Italian bees were superior to the Austria
 variety. While Alois had his suspicion that Der Alte might be selling
 exactly the stock that he needed, for whatever reason, to get rid of ~~still~~, the
 telling point (to Alois' present shame) was that Italian stock was ^{easier} ~~more easy~~

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to handle. They were ^{gentler,} Der Alte assured him. And they were ^{And what} incontestably more beautiful, ^{what with their marvelous} glowing red yellow tan, not unlike the mellow hue of the best shoe leather. Alois had to admit that he did admire the three golden segments of their bodies, each fold set off by the sharpest edging in black. ^{So elegant!} Whereas the Austrian honey-bee was hairy, ^{and} it was gray, and ~~it~~ did not gleam like these all-but-gilded Italians ^{he had purchased.} Yet, all the same, Alois felt as if he had been disloyal to Austria, ^{unfaithful even.} He should have taken the "Franz Josefs," the gray-beards.

What added to his unease is that he kept wondering whether he ^{shouldn't} ~~had~~ ~~made a basic mistake.~~ Shouldn't he, after all, have waited for the spring? Now, ^{well-fed enough and} ~~marking time until next year,~~ he would have to keep his colony warm enough ^{and well-fed enough} not to perish in the cold. He had bought winter bees, after all, ^{and the} who had been born last summer. The queen he had purchased (presumably still stuffed with some millions of sperm cells from the five, six, ~~seven,~~ or eight drones she had dephallicized last June) ^{would} be in virtual hibernation now. She would not be laying eggs, ^{no notion} for another four or five months. Her ~~remaining and inactive~~ hive would be

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~~aggressive~~
 gathered in a cluster for warmth, waiting for the honey Alois would
 obliged to feed them. To keep close watch on their condition he would
 have to weigh the ~~hives~~ ^{hive-boxes} once a week (to make certain the population was
 not dwindling). Yes, it would be some long months for these winter bees
 before they could go out to forage again along with the new-born who
 would, he hoped, be teeming forth in the spring.

All through these months, therefore, he would have to keep records of
~~the weight of his hives~~ ^{occupied} ~~boxes complete with bees, plus taking the~~ ^{of the document}
 temperature of the air within the hive. He had even been advised to start a
 diary for recording the daily and weekly data. Yet, he must not open any
 hive. "No matter your curiosity," Der Alte had confided (as if in full
 command of the new apiculturalist's temptations) "you must not allow
 yourself to peer in, or extract any of the movable frames in order to study
 the combs. Why, the cold draft that could arise from raising the large lid of
 the box might so lower the temperature that your bees would need hours to
 warm the interior again. Such a chill could decimate ^{your} the population. Take
~~no chances, Herr Hitler.~~ ^{se} ~~Keep them warm. That is your new duty. And, of~~
~~course, keep them well fed.~~ Up until now, from what you have told me, I

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~~that in the past~~ ^{bees}
expect you have only lived with ~~the bees~~ in June and July. Any one can
do that. But to be the Skipper of your little people through the ice-cold air
of all the winter months to come, that takes character, my friend. And then
as if to enrich the assumption, he added, "My new friend."

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~~Alois was about ready to recognize the given.~~ ^{Alois,} If he had stood in the dock before himself as judge, he would have found the defendant guilty. How could retirement prove so enfeebling to a strong man? He had bought the farm on impulse and now, to double ^{such a bet} the ~~wager~~, had purchased these two colonies, also on impulse, these bee-hives in their Langstroth boxes, ~~right, what with their removable vertical slides onto which his bees were to~~ ^{start up} ~~build their combs yet to be filled (although not so soon!) with larva and~~ ~~hence,~~ he had certainly ~~commenced~~ ^{started up} with the latest improvements. ~~A wonderful advance over the old straw skep!~~ Yet, why so suddenly had he committed himself to apiculture ^{over} in the winter? Hadn't that also been done

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on too quick an impulse? Der Alte had had the consummate sense to say to him, even as Alois left, "You will soon see how much work I have saved you."

~~He~~ ^{Indeed!} (What Alois saved in work, he now spent in worry. He was still under sixty, damn it, not yet sixty by a year and more, but ^{he} felt such a

sense of inner weariness before these ^{new} responsibilities. His two populated

boxes ^{were} now set properly under the oak tree (no, never beneath the walnut tree

~~whose~~ forays would pelt the ground in late spring and summer) with shells hard

as stone, and ~~might~~ ^{no longer} panic a few bees (ready to fly out for forage), no, the

boxes had to be under the oak tree, placed on a stout bench, with tarpaper

underneath for warmth, and more tarpaper above, ^(all kept in place) weighted down with

stones. Two ^{populating} ~~occupied cities~~ housed in two boxes. Each day he read the

temperature of the heat within each box, and did his weighing once a week.

~~He~~ ^{kept} keeping up that diary full of data and notes. Part of the real problem,

~~however,~~ was that he did not have enough work, just enough to leave him

~~with a slew of~~ worries. All through the dark months while feeding his

winter bees (a most tricky technique in the beginning), he would console

himself with the thought that if the colonies looked to be weak when spring

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came, he might combine two boxes into one, and, if necessary buy more bees at that time, undertake more expense, more of Der Alte, ^(who would be) farling in his pants, no doubt, ^{Der Alte Snow} he would be laughing so hard at the great esteemed High Customs Officer Herr Hitler with his ten thumbs all ^{ready} ~~there~~ to be stung by what he didn't know about bees. Already, in November, Alois was lecturing Angela and Adi, even Klara, on the need in apiculture for immaculate hygiene once warm weather arrived. No matter how warm the day, they must certainly not leave the hives open. Above all, they must never spill honey outdoors. If they did, they must mop it up instantly for the bees could be drawn to it and might begin to fight for free honey, easy honey, as it lay in a pool on the ground. If the puddle were deep enough, they could drown en masse.

Such were his fears, enough to harangue his family ~~this winter~~ on what might or might not occur in summer. And then he would go back to worrying about the putative weaknesses of a winter colony. So much depended on what he read each night, negative or positive, on the subject of keeping a winter hive. ~~One of his newly purchased books (ordered from Vienna) stated with a confidence that came to him off the page as directly as~~

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~~an unexpected ^{strange} odor, that if two colonies proved to be weak, it was ad- i- ble~~
~~to combine them. Just kill the queen ^(in one) (probably a poor sort anyway) and~~
~~look to add these two inferior hives to a third colony (if you had one). That~~
~~last ^{of course} might also be mediocre stock, but if ^{he} it could boast of a good hard-~~
~~working queen who could keep filling empty cells with larva, the~~
~~investment ^{might} could be saved. Of course, one should not look for too~~
~~exceptional a queen. The low level of the added colonies could pollute her~~
~~efforts. But how was he to evaluate the new queen in any case? The article~~
~~presented him with ^{so many} more questions than answers.~~

~~Had he gotten into all this merely to stay occupied with some activity~~
~~through the winter? ^{if} He engaged in a flurry of work and built ^{one} new hive box~~
~~boxes (which he certainly did not need immediately, but was proud of the~~

~~skill it demanded—yes, he could have been a decent cabinetmaker's) but also~~
~~had to admit ^{it was} they were not the equal of his Langstroths, whose exteriors he~~
~~now proceeded to paint. ^{then he proceeded} Three colors were used, blue, yellow, and ultra~~
~~violet. His manuals told him ^{see three boxes, Three colors.} to do as much. ^{what he knew already} His bees, if they ever got to~~
~~flying again, would be able to recognize—yes, each one of the tens of~~
~~thousands of these bees would know by the color—precisely which hive~~

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box they belonged to. ~~By the color, of course. Not red, not orange, these colors were unrecognizable by bees, how strange, he remarked to Kira, considering the number of red flowers they entered every summer day.~~

Still, he enjoyed working with his hands ~~for the duration of the~~
Doing the carpentry. His worries eased. For a week, ~~his~~ chest even puffed up again with an old truism. "Good German blood understands," said Alois to *his wife* himself, "that blessings do not come from God, but from hard work. That idea is as safe as a sound house." Still, it was ~~an unfair~~ *not such a fair* remark. Why not say, "Good Austrian blood?"

This concern stayed on, like a minor sore that does not heal. He was obsessed with a question. Did ~~blood possess~~ *certain special* natural virtues and powers? Why should ~~he~~ *the* saying speak of German blood? ~~Is that what he had?~~ *He* ~~was an~~ *Why not?* Austrian, after all. He had an Emperor who could live with the huge, idiotic problems of keeping the Czechs, Hungarians, Italians, Poles, Jews, Serbs, even the gypsies, living together under the Hapsburg empire. Germans couldn't do that. Always fighting with each other. Without Bismarck, they would still be nothing. Petty principalities. Always squabbling. Mad King Ludwig I, then comes Mad King Ludwig II. both

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And those all had
 crazy Bavarians. Those Prussians ~~with~~ a ramrod up their ass. Who speak of
 good German blood? Yet, he said to himself, "All the same. I know what it
 means." But what did it signify to ~~say to himself~~ ^{declare} that he knew something
 when—get to the fact—he didn't, not quite. Except in some way he most
 certainly did. Was he now thinking like a philosopher? Not so bad for a
 boy who was once a peasant. He was tempted to ~~take the question~~ ^{to raise up the}
~~debated whether to take~~ ^{the} ~~he might take up the question in the bar at Fischham~~ ^{questi}
 Where was ~~one's true loyalty?~~ ^{at the} Was it to culture? Or was it allegiance to one's nation? ^{to very}
 Could it be as simple as saying that ~~to speak German from birth was equal~~ ^{Fischham}
~~to making German blood in oneself?~~ ^{but-} ^{didn't}

He didn't bring it up at the tavern, after all. They were dolts. He
 resented the time he spent with them. By November, he had even found
 himself drinking there in the afternoons, a proof, if he needed it, that there
 was not enough work to do. For that reason, he had chosen to stay away
 for a week, and do all the carpentry, paint the exterior of the hive boxes,
 even build a framework on which to hang some netting near the hives so
 that the birds would stay away in the spring. He even debated whether to
 visit Der Alte, but recollections of the ^{small} ~~odor~~ in the hut kept him away. The

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~~smell of urine was nothing to put up with. For that matter, Alois~~ ^{sometimes}

~~on occasion felt all too close to leaking in his own pants.~~

Before long, he was back in the tavern. Just about every day. ^{There was up}

pleasure he ~~did~~ find there, ^{that} he could not relinquish. The dolts had come

to see Alois as an expert on apiculture. Maybe he had a lot to learn, but he

was not ready to ^{let give that away!} ~~show~~ that to them. Every bit of advice Der Alte had

offered, plus whatever he had picked up of late in his reading, was now

presented as his own ^{well-recognized love} wisdom. Alois would be the first to say that honesty

and modesty were excellent virtues, ^{and should be} but ~~were~~ best employed when dealing

with superiors. An inferior mind, however, wanted ^{especially when drinking} to feel it was in the

company of a wise man ^{when drinking}. Since he was more available to the

locals than Der Alte, he ^{stood in as} ~~could~~ see how, for practical purposes, he had

become the local expert on ~~the~~ cultivation of bees. A farmer even walked

over one Sunday afternoon to seek his advice on how to get started. Alois

proceeded to overwhelm him with the details of feeding a hive through the

winter.

"Given the cold weather, you must not open the lid of the

Langstroth," he said, "so how do you get the ^{food} ~~mixture~~ down to them? Every

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other day, you must ~~feed~~ ^{nourish} your ~~bees~~ ^{Seed} ~~and this mixture is precise~~ ^{Chas to be} the honey has to be properly diluted, one part honey absolutely equal to one part water, and this must be honey that comes from your own stock ^{from} last summer. That means you must be able to trust the man who gives you the honey for these winter feedings when you purchase his stock. Trust is essential."

Even as both were nodding their heads with something of the same reverence Klara would exhibit before a cross in church, Alois had to ask himself whether he could really trust the honey received from Der Alte.

~~What a laughingstock he would be to that grandiose piss-bum if both of his hives were dead of disease by springtime.~~ Of course, Alois did not

~~Really, he was a coward. He could dispose of it by assigning rule-of-thumb percentages to such worries.~~ ^{by rule-of-thumb} ~~Der Alte~~ ^{such dark possibilities} ~~he would expect~~ ^{do} had to be 80% trustworthy. At the least! After all, it would ~~hurt~~ ^{no good?} his reputation if

~~if~~ Alois' venture went kaput.

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

"Ah," said Alois, "there is a special technique. You open a very small plug that is installed at the top of the box and you lay the feeder over that. It

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X 3.69

is a special feeder! A five liter jar with a cover of the finest mesh fastened over the mouth. Expensive mesh! Into the jar, you have placed water that has been heated but not boiled, and then you stir in the sugar until ^{it} is completely dissolved, *and cover the mouth of the jar with your mesh.*

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

"My apologies," said Alois. "I was thinking that for a beginner like yourself, sugar could be better. Easier. ~~You do not have to trust the source.~~ Perfectly simple. Use a different ratio, however. Three parts of sugar to two of water."

Alois was beginning to feel like the fine fellow he had once been, yes, before his retirement. "The trick," he said, "is to master the technique of this special feeder. Because you not only put in the liquid nourishment and *as I just told you,* cover the mouth of the jar with the fine mesh, but you must have a small *bottle as well!* pump built into the jar to create a vacuum since you will next be holding the vessel upside-down over the bung hole above the brood that is waiting to be fed. Do you follow?" Alois could see that he didn't. "The vacuum in the jar keeps the sugar-water from pouring out, but the bees are able to absorb

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~~(weave of the)~~
the liquid through the ~~tiny~~ spaces in the cloth mesh. I feed over one liter of
sugar-water or, in my case, honey-and-water to them once a day. The
after every feeding I wash the jar in boiled water. Cleanliness is an absolute
demand."

giving these conversations to
All the while that my agents were expounding these exposition to
Such exposition were keeping up,
me, I was growing more and more testy. How boring these matters! They

They gave little new insight into Alois. All they could offer were his procedures
for calculating the amount of sugar or honey needed for each box over the
course of a month. What they were missing was the depth of his
anxieties in him. By the time ~~this Sunday~~ his visitor, thoroughly disheartened, had said
goodbye—he was not likely to be competition come June—Alois was out in
the cold again, wondering ~~whether~~ ^{might} the disease would strike his colonies before winter
was done.

an evening)
He spent the night reading his books but his anxieties remained that
night. He had dreams of living in one of his boxes, himself a bee, ^{no more} ~~was he~~

than part of a cluster living in deepest and darkest obscurity. How could these
bees guide themselves in that world, so stygian, so bereft of light? Could
their antennae be of aid? How many facets were there to a bee's eyes? A

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thousand? Even the experts seemed to disagree. He decided that if humans could speak of a sixth sense, perhaps these bees with their multitude of facets in each eye, had a seventh sense that could penetrate into the caverns and catacombs, the labyrinths of darkness.

By the end, Alois had raised this dream to the level of a nightmare.

(Now I could ^{feel} find more interest in what my agents were ^{transmitting to me!} sending me.)

Alois' hive multiplied in the darkness and the bees were so many that the cluster could no longer bear its confines. The hive escaped from the box and flew away, far away. Now, they could not be found. They had clustered within a hole in the trunk of a tree — back to their old habits, yes.

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

She came awake with his hand on her, and would have nestled into the embrace of his arm, but he felt a need to discuss a worrisome matter in

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the middle of this darkness. Before he had said more than a few words she was wide awake ^{and} ~~unhappy, embarrassed, and agitated~~

"I hope," Alois said, "that you haven't spoken to Herr Rostenmeier."

She knew immediately what he would next suggest. Herr

Rostenmeier was the owner of the country store in Fischlham where once a

week, on Saturday, she and Angela would buy a few foodstuffs they did not

raise in their garden ~~plus a roast of meat~~ ^{Even though Angela} ~~and~~ livestock but the milk-cow as

~~long they still had the~~ yet for them at Hafeld, not with Alois swallowed up in his bees. (Besides,

~~they were not about to butcher the cow~~) Klara liked Mr. Rostenmeier, and

had begun to talk to him about the future sale of their honey. Alois had told

her not to make any deals, not yet. There was always the possibility, slight,

of course, that he would do business with Der Alte. She had taken pleasure

in the thought that it would probably be Herr Rostenmeier and she would

be the in-between, and bring a little money back to the house and hand it

over to Alois. Her fingers tingled each time she thought of such a direct

transaction.

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But now Alois would go to Der Alte. She knew it. "I thought, she said in the darkness, even as he patted her belly, "that you didn't like that man at all, yes, I remember you said you would have to smell him

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

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

"Klara, this is all because you feel embarrassed," he told her. "Maybe you had a little too much talk with Herr Rostenmeier already. Something you haven't mentioned, maybe. A real commitment. Without speaking to me first."

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

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

FROM : nm

FAX NO. : 5084872135

DATE : 09/13/04

FROM : JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. : 17186243782

DATE : 09/13/04

Book 4 Sept 04-1 9/13/04

☆ 374

-5-

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

Start Alois paid a visit on the next Sunday and, once again, took Adi with him. He would hardly have been able to say why, although I could have told him. As I have already indicated, devils are able to nudge a person even when he or she is not a client. I sensed that the E.O. was still paying enough attention to Hafeld to suggest to my agents that Adi and Der Alte were to be brought together again.

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This time, the boy paid careful attention to the route. It was but a mile away and so he knew he would be able to find the hut provided he remembered the forks in the road. This he did, filled all the while with uneasy excitement. ^{as} It was as if a woe large as a loaf of bread had settled ^{Yes} his stomach. All the same, perched above such heaviness, his chest felt most alive, his breath on this cold morning steamed forth in vapor. He knew he would not tell his father that he planned to visit Der Alte another day as well and very much on his own.

"Yes," he kept saying to himself, "I will not be afraid to walk the night, maybe yes. Then, there are too many spirits in the woods and they are mean." The colder he felt in the midst of this excitement, the more he longed for summer when the bees would be flying in and out of the two hive boxes. And then he remembered some frightening words from his father. "You must never leave a box open to the sun. Always in shade. If a branch blows off the oak tree and the hive is exposed, you must call to me and I will move the box. Otherwise, it will get too hot, and our bees will become agitated, yes, even to the point where they go crazy. ^{that's} ~~that's~~ is when they feel trapped, you see. Do you realize? In the course of such a disturbance, they

FROM : nm

FAX NO. : 5884872136

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FROM : JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. : 17186243782

SEP 11 2PM F3

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can use up all the air ^{available to them} inside. That will raise the temperature of the hive.

Should it go higher than the heat of the day on a very hot day, the wax will melt. The combs will collapse. The larvae will perish.

Adi had heard all this on the first drive home from Der Alte's house. It had been dark by then in the woods and the boy had listened to his father with an unhappy sense that there were creatures in the wood whom he could not see. Yet they would hear what was said. Adi vowed that when summer came, he would not ever be the one to allow a hive-box to sit in the sun; no, not he, but Alois, Junior would be back by then and Alois, Junior was not so good. He was the kind to leave a box in the sun.

~~Der Alte, roddied by us for their visit, was there with his spoonful of honey, and the taste left the boy with a glow. Given the weight in his stomach and the excitement in his heart, he was nearly ill.~~

~~All this could calm itself, however, for Der Alte and his father had a long conversation about the marketing of honey, and there was even a discussion of the price that Adi could hardly follow, nor did he care to. He was disappointed. Der Alte, having offered the tablespoon of honey, no longer showed interest in him.~~

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~~My father had been~~ ~~Der Alte~~ ~~was~~ ~~ready~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~door~~
~~Der Alte~~, ~~readied~~ ~~by~~ ~~us~~ ~~for~~ ~~their~~ ~~visit~~, ~~was~~ ~~there~~ ~~with~~ ~~his~~ ~~spoon~~ ~~full~~ ~~of~~
~~honey~~, ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~taste~~ ~~left~~ ~~the~~ ~~boy~~ ~~with~~ ~~a~~ ~~glow~~. ~~Given~~ ~~the~~ ~~weight~~ ~~in~~ ~~his~~
~~stomach~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~excitement~~ ~~in~~ ~~his~~ ~~heart~~, ~~he~~ ~~was~~ ~~nearly~~ ~~ill~~.
~~After~~ ~~the~~ ~~meal~~, ~~however~~,
~~All~~ ~~this~~ ~~could~~ ~~calm~~ ~~itself~~, ~~however~~, ~~for~~ ~~Der~~ ~~Alte~~ ~~and~~ ~~his~~ ~~father~~ ~~had~~ ~~a~~
~~long~~ ~~conversation~~ ~~about~~ ~~the~~ ~~marketing~~ ~~of~~ ~~honey~~, ~~and~~ ~~there~~ ~~was~~ ~~even~~ ~~a~~
~~discussion~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~price~~ ~~that~~ ~~Adi~~ ~~could~~ ~~hardly~~ ~~follow~~, ~~nor~~ ~~did~~ ~~he~~ ~~care~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~
~~was~~ ~~disappointed~~. ~~Der~~ ~~Alte~~, ~~having~~ ~~offered~~ ~~the~~ ~~tablespoon~~ ~~of~~ ~~honey~~, ~~now~~
~~now~~ ~~seemed~~ ~~to~~ ~~show~~ ~~no~~ ~~more~~
~~longer~~ ~~showed~~ ~~interest~~ ~~in~~ ~~him~~.

We can be certain that Adi was mistaken. Once business was done,
 the old man could not stop talking to both of them about the ^{curious} further
 mysteries of bees and the subtleties of their keeping. "Yes," said Der Alte
 in a most resonant voice, "I never weary of contemplating the existence of
 these tiny creatures with their immortal honey and their near to immortal
 stinging."

Yes, Der Alte was off on a conversational discourse. As before, it
 was rich, ^{a discourse} not interruptable, and even fascinating to Alois. (For he would
 retain enough of such speech to ^{use some} expound on much of it tomorrow night at
 Fischlham. Yes, ^{a gift to the dolls!} he would have something grandiose to offer the dolls. ~~But~~

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by way of the piss-bum! Adi, in his turn, was ^{his fear of} no other word's worth. ~~any words~~
~~accurate spellbound.~~ Words he could not quite understand took flight. ^{lived?}
 nonetheless ⁱⁿ into his mind because of their sounds and ~~soon~~ ^{father's} ~~in~~ ^{with}
 in meaning, as if his mother, in the good old days before Edmund had been,
 born, was still rubbing oil into his back while pain eased out of his flesh by
 way of her palms and fingertips. ~~How he listened!~~

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

Der Alte went on. He could go on! References to God's ballet
 God's gymnastics, God's intuition of the paradoxes of Creation, were
 endless. Der Alte was like many of our clients. We encouraged them to be

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always ready to praise God in the highest. I, however, did not always enjoy the hyperbole that Der Alte could offer. It was ~~too large~~ too soulful, and finally too suggestive of private regrets at the depth of his commitment to us.

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

¶ Alois now manages to interject a word.
¶ "Why don't you take us into the other room, and show the boy your little viewing box?" Alois, at last, was able to interject this suggestion.

It was obvious that Der Alte would prefer not to—even as Alois had expected—but Adi spoke up. "Oh, please, sir," he cried out. "I have never seen the inside of the bees' home. They have been with us back at the house for so long—" he tried to count quickly—"for seven, no, I think it is eight weeks, and I have not seen even one of them. Do I have to wait until summer? Please."

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disappointed since he had first seen Edmund's ~~small~~ ^{little} homuncular face ~~it~~
squeezed up on Klara's breast.

Now, these bees ~~would~~ ^{could just as well} have been beans stirring in a pot, except, of

they were more alive than that. They looked ~~so~~ nervous at being exposed, ~~still if they were~~
yet still so sluggish. What an awful way to live! They ~~must~~ miss the sun,

the boy thought. Since last summer, he had been thinking of them as flashes
of light in the garden. Now they were just ~~pushed~~ ^{shoved up} against each other. Were
the ones inside the cluster crying out in ways he could not hear, asking not
to be squeezed so hard? Adi had never seen a tomb but he had read that
word and knew such others as "bier" and "pit" and "grave" and "vault." He
had looked at indistinct photographs in some of his father's war books, and
those words were there to read under some of the pictures. Tombs. He
sighed in preference to bursting into tears. Could these bees breathe?

"At this moment," said Der Alte, "they are the poorest of the poor ~~and~~
~~know you see them~~ no better than slugs in a slime of their own exudate,
but that is because their lives ~~are obliged to~~ ^{are there to} span the extremities of
existence—they ~~offer~~ the sweetest substance to come to us from nature, ~~yet~~
if enough of them were to sting you at once, you could prepare for your end.

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☆ 38-2

~~Too much of their venom and you are with us no more~~ Now, they do ~~nothing~~
~~more than a morass, yet~~ ^{but} (in summer, you will see them dance in the air as
 wonderful, ~~as beautiful~~, as drops of dew in ~~the~~ early morning light. ~~only~~
 pirouetting in the breeze, ~~and~~ ^{will} so fearless. How they strut as they enter ~~into~~
 the golden petals of the flower-blooms that are waiting for them. ~~The real~~
~~beauty in these matters is to extricate all that is potential from what appears~~
~~to be meaningless. One has to search for every value that is buried in~~
 chaos."

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

~~Alte.~~

^{And Alois}
~~Alte~~ (was thinking, "these bees can sting you and ^{than} you are dead." He
 shivered in the ~~dark room of the~~ old man's kitchen. ~~Shivered~~ before the
 improbability and incomprehensibility of dying, and yet it came over him in
 the midst of this chill that he ^{felt as close} ~~did feel closer~~ (to the old man ^{as} ~~than~~
 and knew he could listen all day and all night to the wonderful words ^{that came} ~~of this~~

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From this
(so-odd person. Yes, ~~the sounds that came out of that voice were read~~ ~~to~~
~~wash through the inside of himself.~~

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

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I do not know ~~for certain~~ how powerful an influence this ~~exceptional~~ speech by Der Alte ~~(so full of verbal felicities and outright redemptive)~~ could have had on Adi—at no moment up to this point had I so regretted ~~not~~ ^{being} being present and thereby obliged to rely on my Hafeld agents—but I must ^{say that} ~~say it had its effect on the boy. That I knew because~~ many weeks later (on Christmas Eve, no less!) he ~~had~~, once the rest of the house was asleep, ^{Adi} bundled himself into his warmest clothing, and ^{went} ~~had gone~~ out to sit on the bench under the oak tree where the two Langstroth boxes were set up. There he remained for a considerable time, growing more and more chilled as the minutes elapsed. Yet, he stayed, and having placed himself between

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the two boxes, he kept embracing the back of each. He was praying for the continued life of the bees.

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

Since it was Christmas Eve, the boy was full of his mother's
 oncoming celebration of the birth of what Klara told him was not only the
 Son of God "but the nicest human being *to walk* ~~ever~~ on earth. The loveliest, the
 sweetest. And if you love Him, He will love you."

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* 386

of his thoughts

So Adi was now certain. This was the night to breathe the night air,
 no matter how cold. For the Son of God must be present on a night so
 special as this. ~~And that would provide strength to summon into the world~~
~~the power needed to kill the mouse with his thoughts.~~
 Would He offer the
 by thinking of it?

~~(Adi was prepared to kill the mouse by his thoughts)~~
 I was fascinated by such a desire. I knew the limitations of my agents
 well enough to be confident that they could not have been the inspiration for
 such a ~~thought~~ ^{notion}. This had come from Adi. It was his alone, and therefore an

encouraging sign. If I had been present, I would have ~~looked to get~~
~~power, amplified it (within some necessary bounds), so that the boy would~~
~~be ready to believe that he could save certain lives by exercising the power~~

to destroy other ~~kinds of~~ ^{lives}. That is one of the rarest of the aptitudes we
 can implant in our clients, but it does call for a series of small but concerted
 art-works, exquisitely focused dream-etchings, if you will, and ~~special~~ ^{other}
 methods close to ~~arcane~~ ^{the}.

Since I was not present, I ~~accepted the incident as an augury of future~~
~~promise, and~~ did my best not to brood over a lost opportunity. There was
 more than enough to occupy me in St. Petersburg, and I, along with my
 assistants, was undergoing some considerable punishment in the course of

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exercising my activities. Be it said that I had never encountered a group of Cudgels as brutal as this Russian crew. Over the last few centuries, they had developed an exceptional capability to ^{resist} ~~stave off~~ the many demons we ~~had~~ succeeded in planting within Russian Orthodox ranks. In consequence, these Cudgels—fully as rough as Russian monks—were not only powerfully motivated, but in command of considerable zeal ^{they were wholly ready} to defend the Coronation of the young Tsar-to-be, Nicholas the Second.

When the Maestro consulted me ^{in Russia,} ~~as would occur now and again~~ ^{I was bold enough to state} I presented a notion that he would ~~adopt later~~ ^{It proposed} (that our chances of disrupting the Coronation were minimal, ^{but} ~~whereas~~ a powerful ^{disorder} ~~distraction~~ ^{in the first place) ~~might~~} after the event could accomplish ~~more~~ ^{much}.

My suggestion could be termed nothing less than presumption—since—

① Since I had hardly any real knowledge of what the O.O. was looking to bring off, ^{my} ~~suggestion could have been seen as presumptuous, still~~ ^{SKB} I dared to speak my mind. (The Maestro does not like to put up with a poverty of opinion among his subordinates.) "It is much better to be wrong," he would tell us, "than to be stultifying. I can ^{best} ~~often~~ estimate the difficulties ^{missing upon} ~~of the reality~~ before us by ~~contemplating~~ the contortions and

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~~that some of you will offer~~
distortions of ~~the~~ perception you ~~present~~. That is more useful to me than a
~~solemn silence~~ ^{from} ~~out of~~ the fear of being wrong."

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

All the same, whether I was interested or not, Klara gave birth on
January 21 to the new infant. For Alois, there was ^{minimal} ~~small~~ joy. The much-
anticipated strongman of the future ^{had} ~~did~~ not arrive. Instead, a little girl was
in the maternal bed. ~~So, all~~ the ruckus of baby-feeding at night and baby
yowling in the daytime, would now be for naught. He had been counting on
a powerhouse of a son for his old age instead of ^{the} ~~three~~ boys he could not, at
present, boast about, a wild one, a mamma's boy, and a crybaby snot, yes,
Alois was unready to celebrate, but he did—at the tavern in Fischtham night
after night for quite a few nights (although the beer began to smell as sour
as any infant's throwback). There were now six human beings in his home.
Late in spring there would be seven when Junior ^{returned} ~~came back~~ from Spital,
yes, the louder the tumult of voices in the bar, the more he was ready to
complain of the noise at home.

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Indeed, the clamor in Fischlham was enough to give us pause. The men drink in a crowded room and solidarity rises among them, an ability to soar on ~~(the)~~ ^{grain spirits} zephyrs of alcohol, a brotherly defiance against the inroads of angels and demons, a certainty that ~~they are men~~ ^{as (they are)} and equal to all else ~~to do our work~~.

These are hardly the best ~~working~~ conditions for us. Openings.

however, do present themselves, particularly when the drinkers are alone ~~(steering on them)~~ ^{steering} again and ~~on their way home~~ ^{at the house lost}. We are so ready for them. Sometimes, disgusted, we even slam them to the ground. They usually take it

personally, their lament most characteristic. "Somebody shoved me," they

often cry out. Nobody believes them, but they know better. Wrath had

struck between the shoulder blades, and it was not their own rage, not at all.

~~And of course, they were convinced to be
lost alone to the job. Our patience had
been finally a great loss.~~

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~~That night)~~
~~On his return,~~ ^{also} ~~but he was~~
 (Alois may have been weaving to a degree, yet, on his return, he was
~~most certainly~~ ^{was} 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, ~~and?~~
 Then, he burped. He had had sauerbraten and boiled potatoes with
 cucumber salad some hours ago, and could still taste those cucumbers. But
 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~~ ^{longer teeth,}
~~and~~ ^{in order,} began to listen to the thrumming of the tenement dwellers of his little city.
 A fine sound was there to hear, almost a tune, rich with little swells of
 contentment. He could just about swear to that. Of course, why ~~would~~ ^{should} they
 not be content? Come morning, hundreds, then thousands of his bees.

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~~would all be clustered up~~ ^{be? cluster} in a ~~mob~~ ^{for their} awaiting their turn to suck on the
 meshcloth of the wide-mouthed jar, ~~working to suck his honey and water~~
~~against the pull of the vacuum~~. So, in this dark and nicely drunken no
 large thoughts passed through Alois like horses on ~~parade~~ ^{filin' (siles)}, 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 to make~~
~~such gross calculations.~~ ^{intelligent guess, 20,000} 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, he really should not~~ ^{hives} disturb the bees, he knocked
 on the box anyway. Because then, through the tube, he could listen to the
 shift in sound. Were they issuing alerts? It had all gone up in pitch like
 the strings of a crazy violin. Then it dropped down to quiet again. So it
 like cats who sheathe their claws. ~~At~~ [≡] purring while asleep.

He roused himself long enough to go into the house and get his shirt
 off and his pants. Then he fell into bed, but he was still hearing the chorus.
 Strange sounds. His breath lifted over a small hesitation and down he went

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would all be ^{be? cluster} clustered up in a mob ^{for their} awaiting their turn to suck on the meshcloth of the wide-mouthed jar, ^{working to suck} his honey-and-water, against the pull of the vacuum. So, in this dark and nicely drunken hot

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(slumber) into sleep. He had one final thought as immanent as one more beautiful ^{splendid} 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 ^{had} entered a large and cavernous interior where, to his lack of surprise, he found himself ^{among} ~~in the midst of~~ 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, a lot of them defecating ^{into} all over the narrow aisles of the Langstroth box—what a ^{filthy} ~~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 listened to 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. ^(Concerning the other bees, he was not so sure of the sound was good.)

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

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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. *One hive box anyway.*

It was warm ^{next} ~~in the~~ morning, the first warm morning of ^a ~~early~~ February. ~~The~~ thaw, and as Alois came out of the house, his horde was everywhere above, hundreds of them, thousands—who could count? They were leaving their droppings all over the place, fifty and then ^{more than} 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. *like battercups in the snow.* *Polka-dotted,* Hanging on a clothesline, Klara's laundry had also become part of it.

Paula's diapers all spotted ~~again~~. An immense defecation. Alois stepped it off. Yes, you could even find yellow spots in the snow one hundred ^{feet} away from the hive boxes.

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Klara was as furious as she dared to be. "You never told me to be careful," she said to her husband.

"It is too bad," he said, "that you will have this work to do again. But how can one apologize? It is, after all, an act we have received from 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 was happy for the bees. What delight they had shown while they flew about. Since it was a Saturday, Adi was nearby in the meadows and Alois, on impulse, decided to call him over. Let him hear 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 you learn how to get rid of shit or it will shit on you. Understand? You keep yourself clean, do you hear? Look at these bees. They are wonderful. They hold it in all winter. They are determined not to dirty the hive. We can do the same. We are good people. Where we live is where we keep everything spotless."

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"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 of excrement right on him, right onto his nose, and even the recollection of it now brought forth the oddest cry from Adi's throat, so humiliated, so full of glee. *Now could Adi* ~~Adi could not~~ get over his excitement at the cleansing flight. Those bees had been so happy. They were dancing in the wind. *That was because there* ~~There~~ had been so much caca in them, and now they were light. They were free. He couldn't help it. He couldn't stop his giggles. It had all made his mother so angry.

Now he remembered what Angela had whispered to him one morning. "Your mother has a saying," she said. "Kinder, Kucher, Kirche." He nodded. He had heard it already. He yawned in her face.

"Oh, you think you know it all already," Angela said, "but you don't. There is a secret word as well. I was told the word."

"By who? By my mother?"

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

"Who told you?"

She could see he was ready to burst into a tantrum. "All right. I will let you know," she said. "I heard it, yes, 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 told me in secret that the real saying is, Kunder, 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.

Now, Adi realized that he would like to visit Der Alte, yes, he wanted to, so much.

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~~ ^{fork in} of the forest road.

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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 ~~had begun to pull~~ ^{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 ^{even} as he fed Adi the honey.

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 could change little children into birds or mice, or pigs or goats. However, it did not feel ^{all so risky} ~~this way~~ sitting on the legs of Der Alte. It was better than his father's lap. That was ^{not} ~~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.

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

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

"Do not tell this to anyone," said Der Alte, "but I am trying to make one of my little bees ^{in a special way} 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 ^{our language}. That is certainly too much to ask. I just try to make her happy. Which is not so easy now, ^{because} ~~now that I have selected her,~~ ^{just} she must live alone in a small queen box I have ^{keep} just for her even if she is not a queen."

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"My father says that bees can live only for other bees. They are - "

he searched to remember the expression—"they are ^{bound to} servants of the community."

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

"Even if the one you choose is fed good things?"

"You are the smartest boy I know. You are full of understanding. I ^{want} am looking to see what will happen if I ^{select and keep her} keep my one bee warm and moist

well-fed, and think about ^{her} all the time with all the good feeling that is in my heart. ^{So, whenever I go into} Of course, should I happen to pay a visit to the other room, I

^{her} always take care to speak to ^{her} That is twenty times a day. ^{she} I cannot

comprehend what I am saying. But I want ^{her} to know that I am ^{thinking} there. ^{of her. Sometimes I even take her out of the} Sometimes I take it out of the box."

^{she} "Doesn't it fly away?"

"Oh, no, I ~~have~~ looked ~~at~~ to prevent such a possibility." He touched the boy's head tenderly. "When I ^{remove it from} take it out of its little box, it jumps around, it ^{it knows it must not try to fly.} is so merry, but now it stays on the table."

"Does it have no wings?"

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

Adi knew. No need to ask. ~~He felt~~ ^{good} such a mix of feelings. ^{and bad} Th

happiest ones were trying to lift themselves above the bad ones. 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 so, as Der Alte had said, the bee was frisky and it jumped about in a good deal 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 ^{APK all} brighten the feelings of this little creature, ^{she} who before my intervention ^{was} altogether insignificant. Can I lift ^{her} ~~it~~ now to a level ^{her sister's} other bees cannot attain? I feel for her. She is so lonely. She misses ^{the} ~~that~~ ^{her} ~~horde of sisters~~ ^{she} she has lived among through the winter. She is loneliness itself. But I am ready to try to bring to her ^{a certain} ~~that~~ ^{that} unique sweetness of relief ^{that can come only when terrible loneliness is,} when loneliness is replaced by well-being. Yes," he said, nodding his head most profoundly, "das gute Wohl."

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

"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 ^{understand,} ~~see~~. You love this one more than the others "

"Maybe a little," said Der Alte, "Maybe more than a little." He sighed. "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 ^{many a} the reader uneasy. If, for some, interest in Der Alte might now be ^{affected} ~~hobbled~~ by the suspicion that he is ^{just a touch} ~~a bit~~ uncontrollable in his senility. let me explain that this outlandish pursuit of das Wohl ^(of well-being) ~~(well-being)~~ for one isolated bee, an obviously miserable and stupid procedure (particularly after he has chosen ^{cut off} ~~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 Durmkkopf 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~~

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put some of our old clients like Der Alte onto a bit of new work in their old age.

That we 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 -- (certainly not from a post in St. Petersburg) but I knew it conformed to the Maestro's inclinations. Once again, I was there to serve rather than to comprehend. ^{It} I will say that one outcome ^{was} did become clear to me. This

wingless little embodiment of loneliness died before Adi ^{saw her again} was to pay his next visit, but we did learn a few things about the readiness of well-fed Italian bees to survive without constant consanguinity. It seemed that they did not have to dwell in their crowded tenement cities in order to keep existing, it was just that they did not live as long. ^{Some of}

^{is} What ^{is} was also to the point ^{had} ~~is that~~ Der Alte and Adi ~~did have~~ tears in their eyes on the boy's next visit and were closer than ever. That was certainly to the Maestro's fancy.

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Early in March,

~~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

out of a well-kept store of ^{her} ~~sperm~~ ^{rough-air} of fornications that dated back from June ^{to} last

^{summer} ~~past~~ into the long hot days of July last summer. Now, one of the hives

^{and those} weighed more each morning. The bees were 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. ^{whereupon} ~~so~~

he discovered exactly what he had been fearing beneath every hope and

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confusion. The two colonies might have sat on the same bench through the winter, but that was the only ^{condition} ~~quality~~ they shared. One was thriving, the other ~~most certainly~~ could not be termed healthy. There were ~~only~~ a few dead bees ^{lay} on the lowest platform of the good box, but ~~what~~ ^{were} a tumble of miniscule carcasses in the other!

Of late, just before the warm spell, he had ^{heard} ~~listened~~ by way of the tube ~~to~~ a great deal of restless humming in the second colony ^{It} ~~and that~~ had worried him. Now, open to examination, he ~~could see~~ ^{were visible} fecal droppings near the hive entrance, ~~and the combs for brood~~ ^{along} ~~were empty~~ and too many of the brood combs, 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 ~~soon~~ make a ~~serious~~ ^{in the healthy} search through the good box for "The Mysterious Lady," (which was what he now called her)—an examination ~~to be done~~ ^{not for the bad hive, since there} by vertical tray, but it would not be worth it to go to such great lengths in the ~~bad hive~~ ^{bad hive} for that matter, that queen, undoubtedly ~~she~~ would not necessarily be prominent enough to recognize. Undoubtedly, ^{she} ~~was~~ ill.

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★ 405

He would have been dispirited, ^{but his acumen had} if he had not also felt fortified ^{also been} by the fact that the bees, after all, ^{was} confirmed. He had not worried for too little. There had been real troubles in ^{that second} one box, perhaps ^{his heart reacted with a pang} but ^{It looked like} one or another killer disease.

So Alois decided that the remaining bees of ^{this} that colony had to be gassed. He ^{was ready to} would have called on Der Alte for assistance ^{until he} but decided that he would not. ^{worries had engendered their own kind of strength} The strength he derived from the accuracy of his winter-long ^{which} 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} He chose a Saturday. Adi and Angela, home from school, were his assistants, and the process proved simple enough. He took a small cake 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 plugged, the hive lid at the top was laid 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 in response to his father's

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★ 406

lecture. "In 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 ^{that died bring} dead, and ~~once again~~, ^{tears came} tears came to his eyes.

But, of course, there was no comparison. He blinked back ^{those} ~~the~~ tears.

It was clear to Adi: Der Alte had loved ~~that~~ one little bee, which had ^{there} ~~no~~ wings and kept jumping about on the table, but the sick ones in this bad hive even dirtied the place where they ate, where they slept. No comparison.

That night, by way of a suggestion from the Maestro, I prepared a small dream-etching, simple enough to be ^{installed into Adi's sleep} ~~delivered~~ by the best of my local Hafeld agents. ^{It was a} So, it was installed into Adi's sleep. He had a long ^{in which} ~~each and every one of~~ worrisome dream where his father asked him to count ^{told} ~~all~~ the dead bees. To make sure of the number, Adi was ^{to} ~~to~~ lay them out in rows, one hundred to ^{each} ~~each~~ row—a tedious dream to be certain, and he was almost late ^{in leaving} ~~for school~~, for it ^{since it} ~~took~~ many minutes to awake in the morning. All the same, he was proud of

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although just as often is an expression (which I will yet take pains to delineate) of the person's embattled ego so desperate to remain free of God and the devil both. Yes, they make the dreams, and on occasion, we turn them:

delete page

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The good hive was another matter. It was thriving. The weight of the colony increased each week, and the vertical slides ~~that were~~ lined with

honey comb ^{began to} ~~were~~ filling up. ^{From this book} (Alois had learned ~~from his book~~ that each of

these miniscule cells of honey was kept open and not capped with ~~with~~

layer of wax until the water content in the syrup had been reduced ^{by the bees'} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~less~~

less than 20%. ^{To achieve that} That meant half ~~the~~ bees in the hive had to be occupied ^{all day} ~~turn~~

~~time~~ fanning their wings in order to blow ~~the~~ surface water off as vapor, ~~an~~

^{Indeed, it was an} ~~endless task, indeed~~ ^{that they were doing it.} Alois even felt intoxicated by

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★ 4410

the dedication of his newborn creatures to ^{such} those never-ceasing chores ~~the~~
~~Sweden his words, (also)~~
 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 ^{at least one more} another Queen. The new lady would
^{lady who}
 to replace the ~~old one~~ ~~she~~ had been gassed along with all the other
 incontinent.

Der Alte had even given him a lesson in how to spot ^{the new} a Queen ~~which~~
^{would not be}
 was not too difficult an observation so long as she was laying her eggs into
^{to make soon}
 empty cells. ^{for she would be} At such times, she was followed by a retinue who hovered in turn
^{egg long enough to discharge}
 over each new cell and discharged their own chemicals and enzymes and
^{magical} "mysterious fortifiers," as Der Alte was quick to put it, ^{to enrich the larva} to enrich the new ~~larva~~
~~magical ingredients~~

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impregnated
 (both ~~just~~ *impregnated* in the past year) *one would*

(submit to the predicate) *(not one but two)*
 Alois had to put up with the lecture but he returned with *(two new queens)*
~~queens, one to establish a colony in the box that had been fumigated, and~~

was the other for the box Alois had built himself last Fall. *One could transfer*
 Combs of new brood together with combs of new honey *would now be transferred*

boxes. All three would *only* be partially filled, and that was good. *to the*
Healthy good hives' population was augmenting so rapidly this spring, that he had to

keep furnishing new vertical frames for the empty slots. Then, the bees in

each of his new three colonies would build wax cells *the* for new brood *as well*

as storage other cells 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? *Of course, he had had*
to lay out good money to be able to speak of such

of all the same Alois began to feel a cautious optimism. This spring might yet prove

to be beautiful. *Beautiful* for him, *and* 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

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son now delighted in keeping watch on the entrance of the busiest hive
 where guard bees stayed on post ~~at the entrance hole at the top of the~~
~~of the small opening by the head of the~~

~~of the approach ramp that had been set in place~~ at the foot of the box. Now every
 bee who came ~~back~~ ^{was} ^{over} 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 away, especially if it carried no
 honey, ^{u look, rather, "he would say, "it doesn't}
 and didn't smell right.
 3 small right?

Yet, with all these incoming riches, Alois still kept serving food to
 the colonies. "We feed them honey," Alois told the boy, "so they make even
 more honey." He was now putting together three pounds of honey-mix for
 the mesh jar, ^{each day,} How the brood nest was populating! ^{Five} 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 of summer past. So much
 activity now! ^{Each evening Alois would} Alois was only able to check the weight of the hives ^{now that}
 evening after his colonies were done with flying their missions from

morning until dark. So many numberless trips! Each forager would be back

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with its load in a few minutes, then out again. He had read that it took fifty 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 winter in the good box. They were easy to notice. They looked ^{were} so old now, battered and dying off, ~~impassable~~ creatures with worn-out wings, frayed from over-use. The hair was gone from their bodies. They had ^{been} 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 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. ~~By all means~~ He did not dwell on the fact that all three of his queens had been fertilized a year ago, and so, in that sense, they were Der Alte's children. Such thoughts put a chill on one's honor.

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★ 414

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

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

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* LK5

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~~ the head of the meadow. On the other side of the rise as Alois soon discovered on a walk, wildflowers had sprouted overnight. The bee he had observed must be a scout who knew how to tell others to follow.

An old lust came back then to Alois. 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.

~~If he~~ He had given up such a hope, ~~but~~ the desire still resided in the pride ~~and it gave him~~ ~~and wrath~~ of his belly, ~~Therefore, he felt~~ a considerable happiness ~~that he~~ might have discovered a new ~~and interesting~~ concept right here this spring, ~~and~~ ~~by~~ ~~with~~ his eyes alone, ~~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 huffy~~ ~~foragers,~~ ~~he~~ ~~called~~ bridesmaids? A joke, but his own joke, and he enjoyed it.

~~bridesmaids~~ ~~But these~~ ~~huffy~~ ~~foragers,~~ ~~he~~ ~~called~~ bridesmaids? A joke, but his own joke, and he enjoyed it.

making love to flower-guilies

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★ 416

In none of the books he had read so ^{far} closely had he seen any mention of this little ~~wig-wagging~~ ^{this wig-wag in the ship} dance. He was twice afraid to mention it to Der Alte, ^{because} ~~for all he knew—because~~ it might be an established concept among apicultural cognescenti, or, to the contrary, if ^{hand-ness} ~~unknown~~, might not Der Alte know better than himself just where to publish the observations ^{and so take} ~~all the credit?~~

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 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—whatever it had been!—with his young mistress. What a blow for the good man, the Emperor-father. And tragedy for Sisi, the beautiful Empress. How she must have loved Rudolph!

Feeling these sad thoughts in the midst of his new vocational pride allowed Alois to have an hour mellow enough to surrender his vanity--after

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all, he did not feel inferior to Der Alte any more ^{Go, he} and he decided on the spur of this invigorating impulse, to visit the piss-bum and ingest a little instruction on how to treat the Queen bees ^(and them.) ~~(that is, incidentally, locate her.)~~

Der Alte experienced 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 grasped her wings carefully and most delicately between thumb and forefinger. "In a few years," he said, "you, too, will be employing this approach to capture, but for now, I will show you a safer method." Of course, he proceeded then to discourse on ^{all the} 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 occasionally in her court, her home ground, where her cell was a hint larger.

"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

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^{move} worker can ^{crush} squash the queen ^{when} 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 ^{this Queen-catcher} the queen-catching glass." He ^{took up} ~~waved~~ a glass tube which offered a larger opening at one end. "The ^{here} ^{over} This blunt part is what you lay ^{flat} 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, 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 ^{on the trail and apprehending of} capturing each of his three beauties, from each of his colonies, finding them, putting the bulging end of the tube ^{most carefully} over them, and then blowing them ^{right} into the little queen-cage prior to releasing them back to the colony. ^{Afterward, he enjoyed} ~~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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Alois' fine spirits waned with the loss of warm weather. A cold spell arrived, cruel to the expectation aroused by early spring. Alois now prepared himself to expect that all his gains could be lost to this new chill on the earth.

One of the old axioms ~~from Spital and Strones~~ now returned to him. Johann Nepomuk used to say, "~~Weather is treacherous, but~~ ^{now} Spring is the season that will betray you most!"

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So there were days when he came close to exhausting himself by the to-and-fro, ~~the~~ back and forth, of removing tar-paper from the top of each hive, only to put it back again ^{if} ~~when~~ ^{high noon might go} the light at ~~midday~~ went suddenly out of the sky, so abrupt was the movement of the clouds. Then, in turn, he had to run back to strip the tarpaper away once the sun was out again and the day gone back 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.

During one near-freezing cold spell, he caught a cold ^{that} ~~after which he~~ ^{produced a} could not rid himself of collateral worry. ~~Perhaps a Queens might die.~~ Was it impossible that ~~not even~~ ^{his Queens} one of ~~them~~ might catch a cold [?] in sympathy with the overlord of the hive? He scolded himself. This was ~~so full of~~ ^{Such} nonsense. [!] ~~Much as he had loved and revered Franz Josef all through these~~ years, he had never worried about him in this ridiculous manner. ~~Not had~~ Franz-Josef even known his name!

Then it occurred to Alois that this return of his fears might not be so absurd. 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

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end? It was the worst thought to have. ~~It opened a bottomless pit~~ H;

imagination ^{entered} ~~was~~ now occupied with a matter he had never allowed himself

^{approach} to ~~go near~~ All through the years, ~~yes~~, so far as he could remember, death

had seemed ~~easy~~ ^{not that hard} to him. A little dull, maybe, but no drivel about ^{life} ~~concerning~~ punishment. ~~Nothing to do with hell~~

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

ground, wet at times, but so what?

~~to shiver any more~~

Now,

^{question kept} ~~sa~~ ^{blowing} ~~another~~ ^{another}

What if he had been betraying himself all this time? What if

death was not ~~all~~ as he had assumed? He had always ^{assumed} taken it for granted.

~~that~~ religion was there for a very good practical reason. ^{It was to keep} ~~It kept~~ the weak

and the unruly in order, ^{It can't be simpler - keep the weak} ~~it told them not to cut too many corners.~~ But a

^A strong man (such as himself) ^{could do exactly as he chose to do} ~~for a perfect example~~ could do as he chose.

No guilt.

Now, he ^{was feeling a panic of a new} ~~was feeling a panic of a new~~

sort. What if there was ^{such a condition as guilt} ~~such a thing as~~ real guilt? ~~What if there was~~

His heart took a fearful leap at the thought.

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

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

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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. *It was easy enough for the*

would soon be ours—as bound to us as Der Alte. *Even the best of*

my three agents to bring it off.

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

clients
~~complications of trying to deal with two older devils at once, especially~~

~~when they did not like each other. Plus the lively presence of Ad?~~ 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* *their* but utility

is limited. They are already too shaped *and* ~~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. *our aims shift*

flexibility. So often, ~~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 ~~fairly~~ 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

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★ #215

don't, can unhinge a good family. They grow uneasy at their increasing desire to smother her with the nearest pillow.

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

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X 1994

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Early in May, the weather turned warm again, and many of Alce's 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 ^{oil it and} put it back together ^{again.} ~~immaculately oiled and dusted just before he will go off to dirty it in~~ ~~combat.~~

So, my Hafeld agents, having ~~acquired~~ ^{now} 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

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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 ^{about} ~~that~~ the brood temperature within the hives ^{was that it had turned warm} ~~might turn too warm~~ on this second wave of sun and undulant air, ~~rather,~~ she was ready to loosen all the knots and ^(winter) ~~bunches of winter~~ ^{which had} ~~that had once seemed so fixed and coagulated~~ ^{through the year} 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

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prevailed, wholly without sound, ^{rather it was} a silence that took in the lightest caress of air, and she could even hear the 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 ^{contain the} sensations were there to ~~enlose the depth of the~~ ^{of} 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 nearest flowers} 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 ^a stirring in these wildflowers. She knelt in the grass, ^{in front} 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

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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 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~~ ^{deserved so much} she ~~could have~~ ^{trans} prayed to Him, but did not know quite how since she did not ~~wish to ask for anything at this moment,~~ ^{merely} ~~but~~ to praise Him for being so good. Only that was better done in church, ~~there where everyone else~~ ^{that} ~~was~~ ^{would} be doing the same so it could be understood as humble, ~~whereas here she was~~ ^{not vain} 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

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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

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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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To reach into the thoughts of a woman like Klara is not routine for us.

Dealing with men and women ^{who are well - best of the} protected by the ~~Cudgels~~ ^{Guardian Angels}, we take care not to ~~Cudgels - Guardian Angels - we take care not to~~ approach should their Guardian Angel be on alert. ^{Rather,} Generally, we wait for openings. Some are provided, for example, by emotional crisis. Hysteria ^Q can offer an open door. (That is because it is bewildering to the Cudgels—their calming arts have, temporarily, failed.) For the most part, however, we leave protected people alone even as the Cudgels usually avoid contact with our committed clients. Prudence prevails on both sides. Forced occasions of entrance are rarely attempted ~~if the desired outcome seems improbable.~~

When, however, an incursion is needed, we wait for the Guardian Angel to be absent. (Even Cudgels need their rest.) At such times, a small

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raid is feasible. Of course, we can also call on more artful methods. Mar y t
devil can transform himself for a short period into an angelic presence.
Since we are hardly bona-fide, we do not gain direct entrance into a
protected person's mind, but, there are tangible gains. Often, for example,
we take on the persona of the gentlest of angels. That will usually inspire
such a mood of beneficence in the targeted subject that he or she will feel
balmy enough to prate and prattle. True vulnerabilities of the heart are
~~sometimes~~ offered up in ~~such~~ a flood of good feeling, happy words, and
laughter.

Moreover, Klara did not present any special difficulty. She was
hardly strange to us. She had once been catapulted, after all, into a high
state of concupiscence on the night that Adolf was conceived. ^{Ever} Who would
~~Since, Klara, on occasion, has ~~been~~ had her~~
~~assert no devil entered her then? Indeed, I keep to the firm supposition that~~
~~the Maestro attended those festivities. In any case, Klara is not without~~
carnal depths. A part of herself (usually concealed from herself) is still
ready to engage in that fundamental rite of stinks and grunts and glories
which does take place whenever God and the devil choose to sweat together
in the swamp and paradise of sex. This may be why people who are notably

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ethical (and clean-smelling) usually do not offer any striking physical appeal. There is not enough of us is to be found in them.

~~In any event, we knew Klara well enough to be kin to many of her~~
~~thoughts.~~

Enough. I do not know whether this is of significance, but the beauty of the spring day when Klara felt so happy while holding Paula and talking to the flowers, happened to coincide (even to the hour) with the Coronation of Nicholas the Second and Alexandra. Indeed, the warm spell remained incomparable ^{in Moscow as well} for a number of following days, and I even recall that when I came back to Hafeld in early June, this ^{fine} period continued. Normally, my well-being is not affected by the weather, but ^{these} ~~the~~ long sunny days of June ~~did prove pleasing.~~ They enhanced my recollection of our activities at the

Coronation which, after much effort, were crowned with dramatic success, ^{for us.} (That proved a special delight. Devils of relatively high rank ^{like myself} ~~like myself~~ are keen to search into the higher logic of our activities. Our morale, in consequence, is vulnerable to failure, ^{but} ~~highly~~ stimulated by success. We react to favorable results more than lesser devils who, for the most part, know it is wise to follow orders blindly. In contrast, I prefer to know how

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~~For then, for a little, we are~~ 6.3.9
 our projects turn out. ~~We are hardly free of the fear of failure, or less~~
~~vulnerable to bad turns of mood. On the contrary. Since our acts can be~~
~~drenched in foreboding, we pay a good price for the power we do possess.~~
 If we know how to inspire dread in human beings, it is because we live with ~~it~~
~~and~~ so much of ~~the time.~~ ^{it ourselves}

All the more reason then to be pleased with my own display of insight
 in the days after the Coronation.

As already indicated, I had been one of the first to give warning to the
 Maestro that a direct attack on the crowning event would not be likely to
 succeed. We had, of course, developed a number of ^{possible attacks} ~~possibilities. Nowhere~~
^{strikes. Nowhere} ~~else in Europe could we boast of as many agents and clients as in Russia.~~
^{A number} ~~Many~~ were of high rank. We possessed more than one Grand Duke and
 Duchess among the several branches of the Romanov family and we ~~had~~
 certainly infested the secret police. (When it ^{came} ~~came~~ to the Okhrana, we
 outnumbered the Cudgels.) We had Ministers of State who were as abjectly
 loyal to us as hounds slavering over a bowl of kibble. We were well-
 installed in all the royal families of Europe, not to mention the nobility.

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and/or the generals—so often the same! Nouveau riches lay before us like
^{where?}
 an open ~~field~~. Tycoons were among our most valued and protected clients.

When it came, therefore, to calling upon potential actors, we knew
^{we were ready to accept the costs}
 that if we ~~ignored the cost to ourselves~~, we could bring off some major
 disruptions on Coronation Day. Even one of the two Metropolitans who
^{was coming,}
 would preside over the theological ceremonies ~~belonged to us~~ and indeed ^{we}
^{subject}
 no priesthood on the continent was as ~~close to our influence~~. We had many
 a cohort of half-mad monks in Russian Orthodox churches and monasteries.
 Many of them would be coming to Moscow on this high occasion. In
 addition, we had no small share of anarchists, nihilists, and terrorists. The
 more militant among them would be ready to attempt an assassination
 before or during the Coronation. ~~We had only to offer our assistance.~~

Nonetheless, I was opposed to such ventures. After my long period
 of concentration upon relatively minor activities in so many small cities and
 towns of Austria, I was hardly prepared to take in the air of Russia so
 quickly. It was ^{too} intense! Not only could we muster hordes of devils to stir
 the hearts of half the people (half—at the least!), but Moscow and St.
 Petersburg were occupied by a greater assembly of angels than I had

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encountered before. And these worthies were doing their utmost. Neither had I felt the presence of the D.K. more directly. If He ^{had} often seemed distant, ^{a touch disoriented} even ~~stupefied~~ by the uncountable number of successes and failures taking place every day in His Creation, nonetheless, He was everywhere now everywhere we turned.

For the longest time, I had been accustomed to ^{thinking of} perceiving Him as ~~more than~~ an Abstract Presence, a force who could be ugly on occasion (by way of His Cudgels) but ^{was} removed enough to enable us to work in relative freedom. ^{of} His Nearness ^{In Russia, however, His Nearness} was not a factor. In Russia, it was ^{God} wanted this Coronation to succeed! He had chosen ^{the} His battleground and was determined not to lose. There was such intensity of dedication among the Cudgels that I ^{knew} ~~was certain~~ we would ^{have to} pay too heavily for ~~any~~ success we ~~obtained~~. This lay upon my judgment with all the weight of a hard fact—a stone too heavy to lift.

Presence

had become a factor

At first, I did not try to speak ^{at meetings of} in the high council ~~to which I was~~ ^{where I had been placed} assigned. I had to discover for myself whether I dared to present my ^{Were they} forebodings as [?] in any way worthy of consideration by the Maestro. All the

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same, I was obsessed with a question: What was the motive for such unparalleled commitment by God? *to the success of ~~the~~ ^{the} construction?*

Until this event, the Dummkopf had invested His Substance in a variety of people and ~~places~~ ^{causes}. 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 their overlords. 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 with events ~~as if they are facets of~~ ^{as if they are facets of} evolution. He keeps going by the crudest rule of thumb! It is not difficult to hear the workings of His Mind. 'I may make My mistakes,' He says, 'but I do pay attention to who wins. That way I can see what works.' Why, after all," added the Maestro, "did He give free will to homo sapiens?" Obviously, the poor Dummkopf wanted to come a little closer to obtaining some notion of what He had created."

The Maestro was enjoying his own play of irony, but I was ready to assume this hypothesis could be valid. For if it was, I now had to conclude

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that the Dummkopf was leaning—no, put it more accurately—the D.K. had come over, for the moment at least, to the conviction that the well-being of the world might now rest ^{to some degree} on the need for a successful hegemony of the Tsar and the Russian Orthodox Church. He would install Nicholas the Second with an unforgettable ceremony, fortify the Church even further, and let this association of Crown and Cross rule with authority over the ~~vast~~ ^{but vast} energies of the Russian people.

If so, it was more than an amazing decision, it was a staggering choice ^(To depend on) Russia—so invested with corruption! ^{So} Teeming with injustice! It was what we ~~always~~ ^{for} looked to ~~find~~. We counted on injustice. It was ^{the} ~~a~~ yeast to inspire hatred, envy, and the loss of love. If we had a rule of thumb, it was to encourage injustice wherever we could. For rare was the man or woman who did not possess an intense sense of the injustice done to them each day. It was our taproot to every adult. It was a fury in every child!

As I looked then for an explanation into the motives of the D.K., it seemed evident that part of the answer might be found in the young man who would receive the Coronation. While we prided ourselves on having a keener appreciation than the Dummkopf of the flaws and potentialities of

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the men and women He had created, nonetheless, the D.K. like many another creative artist had His own vanities in this respect and would have argued, doubtless, ^Tif debate between the Maestro and Himself were possible ^Tthat the history of human nature had been ~~altered and~~ improved ~~by~~ ^{most profoundly} by the advent of Jesus Christ into the daily life of the masses, *in so much of the world,*

We were ready to disagree. We saw Christ's efforts ending in failure even if the Maestro had to respect the brilliance exercised by the D.K. in the aftermath. It was incontestable that He recovered quickly enough to claim credit for the very crucifixion He had certainly wanted to avoid. "God," our Maestro was always ready to inform us, "was cheating on ^{His own} ~~the~~ rules of the game. Free will for humankind ^{becomes} ~~is~~ meaningless once there is divine intervention. But leave it to the Old Goat! He wanted ^{secretly} ~~secretly~~ ^{blinded} ~~I suspect~~ ^{even to the darker elements in} ~~He even blindsided~~ His own motive quite away from Himself ^{he was determined to establish} ~~to establish~~ His Kingdom on earth. I mean this ⁱⁿ the most literal sense! He wanted a Kingdom with His Son on the throne as the living monarch. He most certainly was not anticipating the disaster that befell my poor kid brother

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Jesus." And the Maestro laughed. (He had a rich, self-pleasuring laugh whenever he made a remark that ^{could leave a scar on} was bound to score the Scriptures.)

All the same ^{such} ~~all such~~ caustic merriment to the side ~~it~~ was becoming evident to me that the D.K. had to be placing ^{his} great hopes in the character of the young man who would soon be crowned as Tsar Nicholas the Second. You may be certain that I made a request to the Maestro: Could I devote my efforts to learning as much about ^{Nicholas} ~~him~~ as was possible under ^{these} ~~our~~ constrained circumstances? "Yes. Learn what you can," said the Maestro. ^{could prove most interesting} "That will be an appropriate assignment for you."

I did not know whether I was being promoted or abandoned, but I learned soon enough that it would not be routine to get near to this Nicky (That is how everyone in his large family referred to him). Nicky had two ^{younger} brothers, two sisters, a beautiful Danish mother (the widow of his recently dead father, Tsar Alexander the Third), four Grand Dukes for uncles, one beautiful Grand Duchess as one of his aunts, and a host of cousins and in laws who, for the most part, so far as one could discern, were surprisingly fond of him. Indeed! That, in itself, told much.

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But I could not, as I say, come near. I had never encountered a

human being more guarded by squadrons ^{— in all literal truth —} literally, squadrons ^{— there to keep} of angels from ^{— 9 squadrons of angels from} you may be certain. His highest ranks, I was told as much in advance ^{observers like myself at a distance} by the first of our monitors to receive me, and my reconnaissance to test, ^{that was a loss for me} such conclusions came to nothing. I can tell a great deal about a man or

woman ^{once} when I ^{then} ~~can~~ approach ~~them~~. Our senses, on occasion, are acute

Taking in the scent of a human being from the other end of a room. I can

detect as much as an animal with a ^{keen} ~~sure~~ olfactory passage. My eyes can

perceive defects in the corner of a nostril or the subtle turns along the ridges

of an ear ^{the — enough to} that reveal concealed twists of character to me. Yet, these are not

fine ^{look} senses which I wish to retain ^{for all occasions} constantly. They are available when needed, ^{could enlighten us} but our satanic existence would become a ~~horror~~ ^{planned} ~~horror~~ ^{all too}

^{much too} frequently into hell if our sight and taste and smell, our sense of touch and

hearing, were always at ^{a level} such a level of exquisite readiness — no, we call

upon such faculties ^(when needed) only when urgently needed, to learn a

^{great} ~~deal~~ about a ^{man or woman} potential client in a few moments. Here, however, as I

must repeat, one was not able to approach. There were far too many

Cudgels. Once again, I had to rely on the secondary materials that smaller

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devils had extracted from the numerous clients who dwell in the lower and middle ~~halls~~ reaches ~~and chambers~~ of the palaces of St. Petersburg and the churches of the Kremlin.

This, then, is what I learned from these more or less academic resources. Needless to say, I am hardly speaking of texts or of libraries.

There was ^{however} a fund of copied material that had been collected by royal valets, chambermaids, and house servants who had become our clients ~~in a~~ ~~fall~~

^{this epoch} ~~fall~~ ~~epoch~~ flow, indeed, of the most useful gossip and insights. It seemed as if ~~during~~ everyone in every royal family of Europe was writing letters to their parents,

children, aunts and uncles, cousins, and intimates. In addition, they all kept diaries. The Tsarevitch, ^{soon to be} Nicholas the Second, had made an entry every day from boyhood on, and by the time of the Coronation he was so close to Alix

(his Tsarina Alexandra) that she seemed always by his side ^{even} ~~most~~ literally,

~~and~~ His diary was not only open to her perusal, but ^{wholly available} to her written comments as well. Her own written thoughts were ^{inserted} ~~there~~ on many a page. What thoughts! A plethora of superlatives teeming with piety and love

I was fascinated. This nearness to royalty was stimulating. If an element of snobbery was present, I have to add that the Maestro was a heroic

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about the drawbacks. "You may yet come to recognize that snobbery
~~every last finding,~~
 distorts ~~ones findings.~~

Nonetheless, I enjoyed my new work. Such royal families were a
Rather, it was a *An extraordinary*
 cornucopia of the highest monarchical connections. Such a gilded family

tree! Alix, the beloved of Nicky, was only a princess from Hesse but her
 mother, Alice, had been one of Queen Victoria's three daughters. Alice died
 when Alix was only six years old, ^{but} and afterward, Queen Victoria ^{paid} brought
 much attention to ~~Alix~~ ^{on} ~~to~~ ^{England.} ~~then Alix~~
~~set up.~~ She was beloved by Queen Victoria. ~~Off on the flock, Kaiser~~
~~then there was Kaiser~~
 (Wilhelm the Second of Germany, who would yet become the famous a

infamous Kaiser of World War I) ^(I. He) was married to Victoria's oldest daughter.
~~So he was Alix' uncle. She called him Uncle Willy.~~
~~He was then an uncle to Alix.~~ The English prince who would become King

George the Fifth of England was the nephew of Nicky's mother, Empress
 Marie, and ~~in~~ turn, George's oldest son became Edward the Eighth who
 would later abdicate the throne in order to marry Wallis Simpson. If the
 events still decades away, it is only to emphasize that half the royalty of
 Europe was closely related to Alix and Nicky. The attention aroused by
^{both to}
~~therefore~~
 their nuptials was mighty.

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In addition—no small addition—

Moreover, *(desperate)* Alix and Nicky were desperately in love. If such love was obliged to be, in some part, false, as love almost always is. Alix and Nicky *were* *with much respect for their role, so,* had to be excellent actors. *For* everyone believed it was indeed a most

intense love born of an adolescent infatuation when he was sixteen and she was twelve, *(which had managed to persevere)* but *had* persevered through years of separation followed by

Indeed, their closeness intense courtship, and their dearness to one another would later be further

fortified by the birth of five children. I will not pursue it further at this

point other than to say that they died (were murdered) *that is, liquidated,*

~~on the same day~~ on the same day, a year and a few months short of what would have been their Twenty-Fifth Anniversary.

Yes, by all the evidence, they were very much in love—at least until the finer measures of discernment available to the Maestro *could* ~~can~~ be employed

~~established~~. In the weeks before the Coronation, I knew enough, how ever, *suggest* ~~was up to me~~ *this might be a* not to propose that ~~we might be contending with a~~ true case of intense and

enduring affection. That would not be to his taste. *When the Evil One* The Evil One ~~was~~

~~the more formal name~~ has funds of derision for such a concept. When the

~~Evil~~ spoke to us in Russia, he said, "Be prepared for the greatest swindle of them all. The Dummkopf presents Himself as the Almighty Creator of love,

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^{and} love, love. He is full of love, and those who love Him are full of love and love itself will solve all human problems. With this noxious pomade, He not only gulls a good three-quarters, at least, of His walking-and-talking creation, but He fools Himself. No one believes in love so much as the Dummkopf."

^{indeed I saw it as the heart}
 I was ready to accept this premise as the fundamental reason ^{for why} of the Dummkopf's intense concern ^{that the} the D.K. was concerned to such a degree over the successful completion of ^{the} Coronation ^{be a great success. Had he gone back?} the Coronation, He had obviously come to the conclusion that His interest in ^{a assumption,} monarchs had attached itself by now to the unbelievably romantic ^{that a} high revival of respect ^{might} supposition that a return to monarchy offer the best possibility for inspiring ^{renewal to inspire} Did he suppose that ^{if a handsome} (a fine society) ^{young king and queen} located who were profoundly in love with each other, wholly devoted to ^{the} their faith, and first of all loyalties ^{devotedly} believed in His Power and His Goodness with ^{then these} absolute certainty. Satisfy ^{three} three such ^{rare} rare conditions ^{satisfied?} and He ^{exploring into} could have the pleasure of studying whether ^{this particular experiment} this particular experiment, ^{Would it} ^{might} might turn out more happily than the others?

I was relieved. I now had a premise. Long ago I had learned that the study of new material was lifeless whenever one was lacking an hypothesis.

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Possessed of one, however, every new piece of knowledge ^{was there to} contribute
 to the premise or deny it, ^{Now, one's studies,} countermand it. Study, having ceased to be pertinent,

^{could come} came alive. In consequence, one's acumen was always engaged, ^{by every} ~~every new bit of knowledge~~ addition to one's
~~being fortified or reduced.~~ ^{knowledge}

^{attention} The center of my ^{then} question had come to this: Was the D K. in full

possession of His Faculties? Or was He growing senile? While this could

be no more than a query, ^{toward} my hypothesis turned in that direction. ^{question}

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-14-

Nonetheless, ^{the boldness of such an} ~~this~~ assumption had the power to torment me. When, ^{on occasion, I find} ~~on occasion, I find~~ ^{becomes} ~~found myself on occasion~~ near the sea, it ~~became~~ ^{becomes} difficult to believe the

God ^{is} ~~was~~ suffering any loss of His powers. As much could also be said for a

fine field, a storm, or the ^{vest of} ~~retort from~~ the heavens when lightning is followed ^{by} ~~by~~ ^{equally, whenever one encounters any memorable} ~~thunder, or one encounters the majesty of a sunset.~~ (One could even ^{security} ~~security~~ speak of such exquisite minor notes as the dew on the ground in early ^{those} ~~those~~ morning, the ^{dazzlements of light on wet grass} ~~dazzlements of light on wet grass~~.)

Of course, all this could have been fashioned ^{by him} ~~untold ages ago, yet~~ ^{when} ~~he was at the peak of his creative powers,~~ ~~conscious of the fact that his powers were waning,~~ ~~and that his powers were waning,~~ ~~and that his powers were waning,~~

The sky, after all, was not choked ^{then with smog,} ~~(with smog)~~ nor the rivers with ~~unbearable~~ ~~when Gaea was about to die and when,~~

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poisons put into them by

Did he read

Most of the rivers were fresh. It was only His humans, who seemed unable
~~to conceive of the least~~ broad on the possibility that?
 to develop the perfection of some of His animals. There were more fine

dogs, cats, and horses to be seen than splendid people.

Given the sum of His achievements, how, then, could He waver so

over His initial decision to give humankind free will? It had not worked to

put people at liberty. His Highest Creation was His least successful.

~~When He looked to be confronted with a choice, could this be~~
~~When we encounter a profound decision or dealing with~~
 profound decision, or was it the mere despairing dithering of a divinity whose

powers were old and askew? This Nicky and Alix—they were so young,

they seemed so unfitted for the vast project they would encounter. If I had

not been able to enter their living presence, I had certainly absorbed the tone

of their love, their philosophy (such as it was!) and, over and over, their

piety, their innocence. They actually believed that Nicky's diary and their

letters to each other were well protected from scrutiny when, in fact, a copy

of the key to his diary—courtesy of his valet—had been in our possession

for years. Ditto for the box that kept her letters, and, now that she had

joined him, all of his old letters to her. Indeed, they even numbered them,

back and forth—Letter 96, Letter 109, et cetera. It never occurred to them

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that it took no exceptional skill to make a wax impression of a key or lock, any more than we often needed high competence to find the maid or body-servant who was ready to betray a trust.

So, I knew how they spoke to each other. ^{had} I read hundreds of ^{their} letters and looked over several thousands of pages in his diaries for each year since 1880.

Madam;

We in Provincetown

Bid you a fond good-
bye. To That point,

Certain members of The
Staff Can be found-in an
hour's Time-at a time.

Establishment for Gentlemen Known
as The Little Bar. (But Do
Note That That is Private information.)

. KX

D.

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15.

Needless to remark, I saw all the letters my agents could submit to me from the period right after their wedding, but a close study raised as many questions as were answered. Just a few days after the wedding, late on the 12th of November, Nicholas wrote "I am unbelievably in love with Alex, it's only a pity that my work takes up so much of the time I would like to spend exclusively with her!" To which on November 14th, he adds "Had tea at home and read together, we simply don't have the strength to leave each other." On the same day, in a letter to his ~~brother~~ brother George - I must say Nicholas and George were diminutive to quote on me! - Nicholas adds "a completely new life has started for me, I cannot thank God enough for the treasure He has sent me in my wife"

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I am immeasurably happy with my
darling Alix and feel that we may
remain as happy together until the
end of our lives. In

On the 26th of December of 1944
themselves in Tachikawa, Japan, by
remark, "(20) has become such a
dear place for us both; for the first
time a marriage wedding was here. I
able to live alone and live truly
soul-to-soul," immediately to be
followed by Alix' written offer
reading "in words of love": "I have
did I believe that could be such
with happiness in this world, such
a feeling of unity, love, two worlds
beings. I love you - those three words
have my life in them." On the next day
she wrote, "At last, united forever
for life, and when this life is ended
we meet again in the other world
remain together for all eternity."

I was overcome with her absolute
ignorance, her momentary confidence
that they lived with a good peace
to the hereafter. Yet, on December 24,
more than two weeks later, in words: →

4
 "Today it is one month since we
 married - strange to say, I am only
 just beginning to get used to the idea!
 My love for Alex keeps growing!
 I had to ask myself what vertiginous
 degrees of self-intoxication were
 being brewed by them. Up to now I
 had ~~thought~~ had very little experience,
 and nothing hands-on, so to speak
 with monarchs, no, not for centuries.
 (If I can be forgiven this impolite
 reminder of how long I have been
 working for the Maddest.) Even with
 the wealthiest of monarchs - rulers,
 however, and only occasionally
 with harder working people, had I
 encountered nobly - well, also were
 equally clithyramides, and then they
 were so much younger that they could
 not distinguish ~~the~~ between the
 wild honey of fertility and the
 nectar of true love. I, baby was,
 actually, twenty-six years old, with
 no neoplatonism, Alexia twenty-two
 and very much a virgin with a heart
 of brass, family tragedies, religious
 encumbrances, social timidity, &

(455)

found it difficult to come to some 49%
decent agreement on the basis of
that letter as to how sincere they were
and how much they were fully
over-ventilated with the absolute
necessity to be profoundly in love.

Yet, I could not be certain. He was
the ~~to~~ Emperor of a vast land across
deepest spirits, ~~the~~ another ~~and~~ more
untenable barbarism. Yet he could
not ride in a carriage ~~without~~
~~and~~ pass by a lovely copse of
to forest without thinking to himself
that it was his land, his land. He
was next to the Son of God if you got
down to it. And all the while he
felt so small, so unworthy so
unready. How, then, could he (He?)
ignore Love (Love?) He was like a
booge-hound who will go mad if
he cannot find a drink. And Love
was a mountain which our man
always he climbing up and

If I had been capable of real
compassion instead of possessing
a keen ability to simulate it for my

Chen, I could have felt sorry
for the situation second
yet that I could write no from
conclusion, not from my feelings
their letter in 1994. But what
and the domestic situation
What was the Duma left up to?
It was not impossible to see in the
wonderful to make their marriage
met to remarkably efficient in the
breakdown, but they were making
them obviously with the most intricate
and their play is a reflection, then
could I know? I had only their
after their arguments from their
letters and the hypothesis that it
could be going to become true if
would be needed to offer the world
and strength against it, of course, we
had no hope of it, of course
and our situation

~~to the situation in the world~~
~~to the situation in the world~~

Info from

16.

Needing way of coming all the way
 and refused to come to Tian, He was
 in Canton had a mother
 Confucius. According to the text
 as a private person but he
 would not go at least once
 General. Some measures of the
 Confucius is present in these
 General from (K. 1500) and
 when it (K. 1500) and
 advice from (K. 1500) and
 after death, (K. 1500) and
 that this in (K. 1500) and
 mentioned the (K. 1500) and
 that another thing (K. 1500) and
 The above (K. 1500) and
 mine. It is not only (K. 1500) and
 with all the (K. 1500) and
 however heart (K. 1500) and
 after the (K. 1500) and
 him and in (K. 1500) and
 then was to go (K. 1500) and
 mountain to the (K. 1500) and

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~~space~~ space pp 453 454

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15.

Needless to remark, I knew all the
 letters my agents could submit to
 me ⁱⁿ the period ~~of~~ ^{after} their
 wedding, but a close study showed
~~so many questions, as was usual~~
 just a few days ~~after the wedding~~
 late on the 17th of November, when
 wrote "I am unbelievably happy
 with Alex, it's only a pity that my
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 I would like to spend exclusively
 with her!" to which on November 17th
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 read together. We simply don't lose
 the strength to leave ~~each other~~
 On the same day, in a letter to his
~~brother~~ brother George - I must say
 Nicky and George were dominating
 to quote on me! - Nicky adds, "a
 completely new life has started for
 me, I cannot thank God enough for
 the treasure He has set me in my wife."

(45)

I am immeasurably happy with my darling Alip and feel that we will remain as happy together until the end of our lives."

On the 26th of November, off by plane? themselves in Tinsukia, Assam, remarks, "(20) has become such a dear place for us both; for the first time since our wedding we have been able to live alone and live truly soul-to-soul," immediately to be followed by Alip's intention after reading his work of love: "When did I believe there could be such utter happiness in this world, and a feeling of unity between two mortal beings. I love you — those three words have my life in them." On the next day she writes, "At last united forever for life, and when this life is ended we meet again in the other world to remain together for all eternity."

I was overcome with his assurance, his ignorance, his monumental confidence that they lived with a joint purpose to the hereafter. Yet, on December 14, more than two weeks later, he writes:

"Today it is one month since we
arrived - strange to say, I am not
just beginning to get used to it -
My son for a few weeks growing!"

[illegible]

found it difficult to come to some 492
decent agreement on the basis of
that hollow as to how sincere they were
and how much they were really
over-ventilated with the absolute
necessity to be profoundly in love.

Yet, I could not be certain. He was
the ~~the~~ Emperor of a vast land with the
deepest spirit, ~~the~~ and the ~~most~~ most
venturable barbarians. Yet he could
not ride in a carriage ~~without~~
~~and~~ pass by a lovely copse of
forest without thinking to himself
that it was his land. His land, he
was next to the Son of God if you got
down to it. And ~~and~~ other while he
felt so small, so unworthy, so
unreal. How, then, could he (He?)
ignore Love (Love?) He was like a
goose-hound who will go mad if
he cannot find a drink. And Love
was a mountain on which one must
always be climbing upward.

If I had been capable of real
compassion instead of possessing
a keen ability to simulate it for my

~~Top Secret~~

(423)

16. Double spar

Nicky was, of course, all but totally unprepared to leave the Trar. He and his father had shared a mutual confidence. Alexander the Great was ^{an} ~~an~~ ^{assumed by all that the} ~~powerful~~ ^{would have put at least another} ~~but~~ ^{generation}. Some measure of the unpreparedness is present in these few lines from K.R.'s diary: "I asked whether he ^{had} ~~had~~ received any advice from his father ^{before} ~~before~~ the latter's death. Nicky replied that ~~that~~ his father ^{had} ~~had~~ ^{never} ~~never~~ mentioned the responsibilities that awaited him, ~~that~~ ^(which)."

~~But above from there are~~
~~more~~ K.R. not only loved Nicky with all the intensity of his homosexual heart but was always ready to do for him and his father. Yes, to the Trar was to go halfway up the mountain to the Coalhead.

Nicky, Diary 17 January 1895 St. Petersburg

An exhausting day. Went with Alix to the Winter Palace. I was in a terrible state about having to go to the Nikolayevsky Hall and deliver a speech to the representatives of the nobility, the *zemstovs* [local councils] and the town committees.

p. 124

From Nicky's speech to the representatives of all estates 17 January 1895

St. Petersburg

I am aware that recently in some *zemstovs* there have arisen the voices of people carried away by senseless dreams of taking part in the business of government.

Let everyone know that I will retain the principles of autocracy as firmly and unbendingly as my unforgettable late father.

p. 124

Nicky's Diary 9 April 1895 St. Petersburg

Unfortunately, dear Alix's headache continued all day. She did not go upstairs at all—neither to church nor to luncheon. I managed to read a lot of the papers that had accumulated. Had tea with my darling. Dined at 8 o'clock with Mama, Misha, and Andrei. We went to bed early.

Nicky's Diary 10 April 1895 St. Petersburg

Dear Alix still has an unbearable pain in the temples and she was obliged to remain in bed, on my advice.

Nicky to Sergei 10 April 1895 St. Petersburg

Dear Uncle Sergei,

Sometimes, I confess, tears well up in my eyes at the thought of how carefree and lovely life could have been for me for many years to come, had it not been for October 20. [note: The day of his father's death] But these tears reveal human weakness; these are tears of self-pity and I try to dry them as soon as possible and humbly fulfill my heavy and responsible duty to Russia.

Nicky to Queen Victoria May ? 1895 St. Petersburg

. . . In answer to your second letter mentioning the articles about England in the Russian papers, I must say I cannot prevent people from putting their opinion openly in the newspapers. How often have I not been worried to read in English gazettes rather unjust statements in connexion [sic] with my country! Even books are being constantly sent to me from London, misinterpreting our actions in Asia, on interior politics, etc. I am sure there is as little hostility intended in these writings as there is in the above mentioned ones.

Nicky

p. 126

Nicky, Diary 14 May 1895 St. Petersburg

[in Alix's hand] A half year now that we are married, how immensely happy
you have made your Wify you cannot think. God bless you, my own, true,
beloved husband—daily purer, stronger, deeper.

p. 126

D.T. Alix is pregnant.

Nicky Diary 10 June 1895 Peterhof

[in Alix's hand] My sweet old darling manykins, Wify loves you so deeply and strongly, you are my one and my angels, what intense happiness. . .ours. . .our very own. . .what happiness could be greater; only Wify must try and be as good and kind as possible lest another little person suffer for it. A big kiss.

pp. 126-7

D.T. If she had been married to an Englishman [fax cut off 2? Lines]

write these lines [cannot get]

This is June—her inner rages in the migraines.

Kaiser Wilhelm II to Nicky 14 September 1895 Jagdhaus
Romingen

Dearest Nicky,

God knows that I have done all in my power to preserve the European Peace, but if France goes on openly or secretly encouraged like this to violate all rules of international courtesy and Peace in peacetime, one fine day, my dearest Nicky, you will find yourself nolens-volens suddenly embroiled in the most horrible of wars Europe ever saw. Which will be by the masses and by history perhaps be fixed on you as the cause of it. Pray don't be angry, if I perhaps hurt you quite unintentionally, but I think it my duty to our two countries and to you as my friend to write openly. As the seclusion and retirement the deep mourning has imposed on you debars you from seeing people and following in detail what is happening—behind the scenes. Think of the awful responsibility for the shaking bloodshed.

Now goodbye, dearest Nicky, best love to dear Alix, and believe me ever your fond devoted and faithful friend and cousin,

Willy

p. 128

Kaiser Wilhelm II to Nicky 13 October 1895 Neues Palais, Potsdam

Dearest Nicky,

That it is not the fact of a "Rapport" or friendship between Russia and France that make me uneasy—every sovereign is sole master of his country's interests and he shapes his policy accordingly—but the danger which is brought to our Principle of Monarchism through the lifting up of the Republic on a pedestal by the form under which the friendship is shown. The constant appearance of Princes, Gdanddukes, statesmen, generals in "full fig" at reviews, burials, dinners, races—with the head of the Republic or in his entourage makes Republicans—as such—believe that they are quite honest, excellent people with whom Princes can concoct and feel at home. Now what is the consequence at home in our different countries? The Republicans are Revolutionists de nature and treated—rightly so—as people who must be shot or hung, they tell to our other loyal subjects, "Oh, we are no dangered bad men, look at France! There you see the Royalties hobnobbing with the Revolutionaires! Why should it not be the same with us?" The R[epublic] F[rancaise] is from the [line obscured] Don't forget that Faure—not his personal fault—sits on the throne of the King and Queen of France by the

K.W. to Nicky p. 2

grace of God whose heads Frenchman Republicans cut off. The blood of their Majesties is still on that country!

Look at it, has it since then ever been happy or quiet again? Has it not staggered from bloodshed to bloodshed? And in its great moments did it not go from war to war? Till it bathed all Europe and Russia in streams of blood. Till at last it had the Commune over again? Nicky, take my word on it, the Curse of God has stricken that People forever! We Christian Kings and Emperors have one holy duty imposed on us by Heaven, that is to uphold the Principle "von Gottes Gnaden." [by the grace of God.]

Your most devoted and affectionate friend and cousin,
Willy

p. 129

Nicky's Diary 3 November 1895 Tsarskoe Selo

A day I will remember forever during which [cannot get] a very great deal.

At about 2 o'clock Mama arrived from St. Petersburg and she and I were with Alix the whole time. At exactly 9 o'clock P.M. a baby was delivered and we all breathed a sigh of relief. With a prayer we named the daughter from Almighty God "Olga!" When all the anxieties were over and the terrors had ceased, there was left simply a blessed feeling at what had come to pass. Thank God Alix came through childbirth well and felt quite alert in the evening. I ate late at night and then when I went to bed, I fell asleep at once.

p. 130

Nicky Diary

4 November 1895

Tsarskoe Selo

She is a big baby weighing 10 pounds and measuring nearly 53 centimeters. I can hardly believe it's really our child! God, what is happening? At 1 o'clock, the whole family arrived for a service of thanksgiving. I lunched alone with Mama. Alix spent the whole day lying in the mauve room for a change. She ate well, so did the little darling. There was a mountain of telegrams.

p. 130

Xenia, Diary 5 November 1895 Tsarskoe Selo

Alix started feeding herself. During dinner, the wet-nurse brought her son to take her breast and we all took turns to go in and watch the spectacle.

Through it, Nicky stood next to her, looking very satisfied.

Alix looks very well and she is once more in good spirits [cannot get]
She is delighted that everything has turned out well. The little angel has a full head of black hair!

p. 130

Nicky, Diary 5 November 1895 Tsarskoe Selo

The first attempt at breastfeeding took place and ended up with Alix successfully feeding the son of the wet-nurse while the latter gave milk to Olga.

6 November 1895

Thank God, all is well, but the baby does not want to take her breast so we had to call the wet-nurse again.

p. 130

A serious flaw, indeed! we (64A)
 understood the nature of such
 headaches, ~~in those~~ when intense
 enough to be characterized as
 migraine, they spoke ~~to us~~ of the
 clear desire to commit murder,
 and its total impossibility. I
 did not believe ^{also} ~~she~~ had such
 sentiments toward her husband, but
 it was doubtless another matter
 with her mother-in-law, the Empress
 Marie. That beautiful little ~~woman~~
 Grandmother had adored her poor dead
 husband for the best of reasons,
 and one of them was that she was
 always an Empress. Now, still an
 Empress, indefinitely, she was less.
 Already, ~~being so~~ ~~in the~~
~~the~~ ~~the~~ the two women were
 developing sentiments they must
 keep under lock and key.

Poor Richelieu! He is overwhelmed by
~~Alix's~~ Alix's unhappy repugnance, harassed
 by the empty boredom, that is to say
 the horror of endless official meetings,
 plus the fear of contending with her

Nicholas diary & others 1891 to 1896 6/11/04

four huge Grand Dukes, his overbearing
uncles, of whom Uncle Sergei, was bound
to Aunt Ekaterina, in the most formidable ally
cannot protect himself in writing to his about
Nicky to Sergei 10 April 1895 St. Petersburg

Dear Uncle Sergei,

the death of
his father 3 or
4 months ago.

Sometimes, I confess, tears well up in my eyes at the thought of how
carefree and lovely life could have been for me for many years to come, had it
not been for October 20. ~~(And on the day of the death of his father)~~ ~~[note: The day of his father's death]~~ But these
tears reveal human weakness; these are tears of self-pity and I try to dry them
as soon as possible and humbly fulfill my heavy and responsible duty to
Russia.

^{so} He is afraid of Uncle Sergei, and for good
reasons of his brother, the way that protected
to love him.

came. He had always since
how jealous was Sergei of his brother
Alexander, yet Sergei had always
pretended to love him when he did
not. Nicky could always sense a
much. ~~And from that relationship~~

they were far more happy.
writing to Queen Victoria, he had
charmed years ago when he visited
London. He and his son George looked

to him, and George
was in love with
H. - 2 in 1891

Nicholas diary & others 1891 to 1896 6/11/04

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Nicky to Queen Victoria May 7 1895 St. Petersburg

... In answer to your second letter mentioning the articles about England in the Russian papers, I must say I cannot prevent people from putting their opinion openly in the newspapers. How often have I not been worried to read in English gazettes rather unjust statements in connexion ~~with~~ with my country! Even books are being constantly sent to me from London, misinterpreting our actions in Asia, on interior politics, etc. I am sure there is as little hostility intended in these writings as there is in the above mentioned ones.

Nicky

~~225~~ ¶ I must say this satisfied many of my curiosity as to how monarchs might address each other.

¶ By the middle of May, Alex was free of the migraines, and could enjoy the weather again.

FROM :nm

FAX NO. :5084872136

DATE : 1998 11 14 P15

FROM :JMWORCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243782

DATE : 1998 12 11 P16

Nicholas diary & others 1891 to 1896 6/11/04

Nicky, Diary 14 May 1895 St. Petersburg

[in Alix's hand] A half year now that we are married, how immensely happy
you have made your Wify you cannot think. God bless you, my own, true,
beloved husband—daily purer, stronger, deeper.

She is also pregnant and in
p. 126 ~~Alix is pregnant~~
another entry into Nicholas diary or journal;
she adds: → p 69

FROM : nm

FAX NO. : 5084872136

Oct 20 11 10 AM F L

FROM : JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. : 17186243782

Oct 20 11 10 AM BFM

Nicholas diary & others 1891 to 1896 6/11/04

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~~Nicky Diary 10 June 1895 Peterhof~~

~~(in Alix's hand)~~ My sweet old darling manykins, Wify loves you so deeply
and strongly, you are my one and my angels, what intense happiness yours . .
our very own. . . what happiness could be greater; only Wify must try and be
as good and kind as possible lest another little person suffer for it. A big kiss.

~~pp 126-7~~