

Fax got Hungry! Sorry...

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She laughed. He was tempted to let her off. Let her defray the cost of the fine by smuggling him into her thighs. He hadn't allowed himself, however. A few rules he would not disregard.

All the same, ^{this} ~~his~~ recollection kept him brooding ~~now~~ ^{a ride on} about the nature of subterfuge. Back in the days when he could still enjoy riding a horse, there had usually been one or another steed who could rob some of his confidence ^{as a horseman}, something in their gait—as if, should they choose, you would find what felt like five legs under you, not four. You wouldn't know a damned thing about how to control that spirited an animal.

Yes, that was Alois, Junior. One could not feel confidence in the boy.

On the other hand! To be a father who made ^{so severe a} ~~his~~ judgment on a son, and was proved wrong? To Alois, that was a ~~real~~ ^{real} sin. The immediate truth, and Klara kept talking about it all the time as if she did not know whether to believe her words or not, was that Junior did not seem to be the same boy who had gone away to work for Johann Poelzl. Her parents must have been good for him. His manners were nicer. He did not seem to be judging you all the time. Before, that was the worst thing about him, Klara said. He was like a friend who was warm to your face but would say something ugly

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~~longer stifling~~ ^{It was as} ~~not~~ like the ~~few~~ minutes before a thunderstorm. ~~But now~~
 if the bolt had ^{been} struck. Finally! Except that it was Der Alte who had been hit,
^{That had been true for a few days, but}
 not himself. Relief now replaced confusion. ~~On this Sunday, however, he~~
^{back}
 he felt as if he was ready to fall into ~~new~~ confusion. None on this

Yes, it was going to come back. The dread! ~~And he~~ he knew why. It
 was Alois, Junior. He, the father, had not felt right since the son had
 returned. Something was in the air, ~~something still wrong~~. He could not be
 such a fool, he told himself, as to have been afraid of his bees because he
 was feeling uneasy with his son, ^{yes} but that might even be the truth. Human
 beings were full of subterfuge. He knew. He had certainly learned as much
 at his Customs posts. The tricks that some had tried! He remembered a
 woman who ~~had~~ wrapped her gems—of some value—in the folds of her
 black lingerie. A good looking woman. When caught by Alois, she was
 brassy enough to smile, and say, "It always worked before. The other ^{officers} ~~men~~
⁴
 were afraid to touch my private things. ~~Too black for them.~~"

"That," he told her, "is because most of my associates go to church.
 You did not have good luck this morning."

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of course, he *(of such a progression)*
had fortified the whole by the promotions of his career. (Not to mention his fornications!) But now? Where was the confidence? He had not gone to church on this Sunday, no more than any other. Of course not, not if he could help it. But now he did not know how long he could keep away. On this particular Sunday, he had even thought of going, yes, with Klara. First time since they had moved to Hafeld, yes.

The thought was anathema. To sit in a pew through the drive! Such an act could wipe out his sense of himself as a man who refuses to live in fear of disaster—a man who does not shiver as others do. But these bees had scared the hell out of him all year. Had they taken away the keystone of his pride? No one else he knew had ever been as ready to thumb his nose at bad omens. Certainly not anyone born like himself as a peasant.

Yet, just a week ago, his hands had begun to shake. Involuntarily. He could not hold his newspaper. That was because he had read a story in it about the death of a beekeeper. The man had not recovered from a crazy outbreak in his own hive.

Then, Der Alte suffered his own crazy episode. Yet ^{this} ~~the second~~ accident relieved Alois' fear ~~of the first~~. The air around the farm was no

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All through May, as the weather turned warm, Alois' recurring fear ^(it distastefully familiar)
^{was} had been of losing his colonies. His dreams kept returning a vivid picture ^{to him} of
^{of} himself ^{thrust high} high up in a tree. There he was, much too high, trying to ~~coerce~~,
 charm ~~or trick~~ a maddened swarm of bees back to the ground and into their
 hive. The sad fact was that, having eaten well through the winter, he was
 now ~~much too~~ ^{Indeed he felt as} overweight. He felt as wholly over-stuffed as a man who has
 crammed ³⁵⁰ ~~300~~ pounds into a 200-pound body. Where was his balance? It
 was as if he was being asked to walk a tight-rope, ~~and~~ ⁼ the fall could come at
 any moment.

Yes, this Sunday, he needed to be alone. He required time to unbend
 in such a way that his lips could go slack, his stomach rumble, his sphincter
^{a little} break wind. There had been too many weeks through the winter and now
 even into the spring when he became convinced—not for the first time in
 his life, but these days, so vividly—that he was going to fail ^(in a serious activity) and this failure
^{part of him} would wipe out some important activity ~~that he had chosen~~. Such an end
 had once seemed impossible to him. His vanity forbade it, that so-useful
 vanity which he had constructed from boyhood, put together piece by piece,
^{episode by good episode each} successful small episode attached to the previous good memory, and then

So I found myself growing more ready each day to go back to these simpler themes. Already I could witness a few small changes in Alois' spirit, and they ^{did!} engaged me.

For one thing, Klara—no surprise!—was mistaken. Alois was not softening, not exactly. The moment he was alone on this particular Sunday with Edmund and Paula, he put the sleeping infant, not half a year old, in her trundle bed, and told Edmund to stay with her and make certain she did not wake up. Alois had the ability to transfix a three-year-old boy into obedience by ^{one quick} ~~a look or a word~~. Yes, his son was now ready to do the impossible. Edmund would will the infant not to awaken. Be it said, that is also a function of the will, and it can ^{even} ~~work well~~ with some infants once they are left in the care of polarized three-year-olds. Will! (It is almost as great a mystery as Time!)

So Alois did not mind staying alone at the farm with Edmund and Paula on this Sunday. Truth, he was looking forward to being ~~entirely~~ alone. He wanted to meditate on Der Alte's little mishap. It had left him feeling cozy. A dire expectation for himself seemed to have vanished.

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(half-Russian by now, or, at least, half-Muscovite) who worked for the Governor-General. They were well-positioned in Sergei Alexandrovitch's hierarchy of police officers, and were a great help to us at Khodynka. They had what was for them an unshakable (and most German) view of the Russian peasants who had bivouacked during Coronation week at the railroad stations. "They are animals," I was told, "the most suspicious people in the world, and the greediest. Or, that is, they would be the greediest, except they have nothing. So their greed is like fire. It leaves nothing behind. Any one of these fellows, if he is big enough and strong enough, has a secret belief. He thinks that should it come to it, he could kill a bear with his bare hands. He would certainly try."

Yes, existence was easier on my return to these modest duties in the Linz region of Austria. Nor did I feel that the work would be without interest. Hafeld could offer its own small revelations ^{and they might} ~~which could~~ yet prove fascinating (even as a minor key can suggest a rare resonance.) Moreover, it was to my taste to feel an increase in understanding by way of the subtlety of the task. On most occasions, that can prove more agreeable than ^{anything} ~~reaching~~ ^{by way of} ~~for~~ one's new knowledge through the toil and spew of a rough contest.

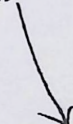
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run, but I decided to wait. Such a request would end up on one's record—everything did—and could be seen as dilatory, particularly if the results were inconclusive. Given a church-goer like Johann Poelzl, there might even be a resident Cudgel to face.

Besides, I could learn as much about Alois, Junior, as I needed, now that I was back in Hafeld. The task would be comfortable. If I had lost the more accomplished devils I had taken with me to Russia, and hardly knew how long the Maestro might need to keep them while extracting ^{from them} his returns from Khodynka, still, I had compensation. The devils left here had, to my surprise, improved on their own. The greater responsibility accorded to them in my absence had worked out well. They were able to pick up better details on their milk-runs. One of them was even ready to be introduced to the techniques of dream etching.

I will not, however, go into further detail about ^{this little cohort} ~~my devils~~. A century ^{Now, in the time of this writing, a century} and more has passed and as I have already related, we are not encouraged to store unnecessary details in our memory. Our working mental space is ^{capacity is} ~~reserved for those prodigies of immediate short-term memory that have~~ ^{has to be ready always for extreme exertions &} ~~should that prove necessary to fulfill our~~



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handwriting. Many an unhealthy recess of the soul is to be found in the pinched turn of a curved letter. More directly, falsities stand out with all the clarity of acne.

As I have already indicated, these were lesser devils left behind in Hafeld, and so ~~were~~ ^{then sent} able to lift Johann's letter from Klara's sewing basket long enough to copy it, but were hardly skillful enough to forge a facsimile we might leave in its stead.

Bereft of the calligraphy, I had to content myself with the words.

Esteemed daughter,

This I give to the boy. He will give it to you. Your mother says he is good boy. She will cry for missing him when he goes. That is what she says.

Tell your esteemed husband I can agree. Alois Junior is good. Very hard worker. Very good.

**Your father,
Johann Poelzl**

I was not ready to act upon my doubts. I could have put in a request for one of our nocturnals in Spital to pass through Johann's mind on a milk-

were not used to being waited on ^{individually} personally by three servants in red coats with gold trim, certainly enjoyed the repast, ^{superbly so} ~~superbly so~~. The menus were lavishly illustrated, the Imperial Band played throughout ~~the course of~~ dinner, and the Palace of Facets sparkled. It was the culmination of the Feast of Lights ~~that had given such splendor to the city.~~

In that era, journalists were not encouraged to speak ill of the great and mighty, certainly not on formal occasions. So they all declared that this banquet in the Palace of Facets would never be forgotten by posterity. The Palace of Facets was, after all, ^{renowned} famous ^{the rarity of it} for its rare celebrations. Only the most important events in Russian history could open ^{such} ~~its~~ doors. Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great had had their Coronation banquets here. One of the reporters from America, bewitched by the honor of attending (although I never learned whether she was in the front room or the back) concluded her piece by adding:

So ended the greatest day of our lives, the one to be remembered for years. We all felt that we had seen the grandest sight that could possibly be imagined and we were pretty lucky mortals, everything had gone so beautifully.

Grand Master of Ceremonies—those were granted such a privilege. The others, ~~ah, yes~~ the B-list, ^{had been} were sent to the Hall of Saint Vladimir.

Nonetheless, a blunting of one's ambition is the last emotion even the most naive of monarchs can wish to arouse among his dinner guests, and so Nicholas made a point of visiting every table in company with Alexandra, followed by the Dowager Empress Marie, the Queen and Prince of Naples, the Duchess of Edinburgh, the Crown Prince of Sweden, Duchess Elisabeth and Grand Duke Alexei, yes, table by table all the way through the Hall of Saint Vladimir, and were in turn greeted with an ovation that could come only from the parched throats of people who had been ready to assume that after all they had gone through to obtain a high invitation, they were to be forgotten after all. What relief, what applause!

I will not describe the meal. Since I do not need to eat except when present in presumably human form, it would give me small pleasure to describe the gold plates, the French dishes, the several species of caviar, the wines (French and Crimean), the vodka, the champagne. All banquets, no matter how fancy, succeed finally in generating the same gastric acids in those who have been blessed by an invitation. (Be it added that those who

still cannot begin to command answers to every question that bedevils humankind. I, too, can be unmanned by the extent of all I do not know.

In any event, busy with my own preparations for the Peasants' Festival, I missed the banquet that evening in the Palace of Facets. It was the event of the season not only for Moscow but all of Russia—one of those social occasions which can offer great profit for the future if you happen to be invited—an orgy, so to speak, for the richest of the nouveau riche. There had not been another event in the previous ten years so important to attend.

Of course, there was also a large souring of spirit among many of the most ambitious souls. They were not always happy with where they had been ^{placed} ~~seated~~. If this was long before any notion of the A-list versus the B-list was introduced to present American society, the category may even have begun on this occasion. One certainly knew on taking one's seat and studying the rest of the room exactly how high or not so high was one's status ^{the world—at least as Moscow saw it.} ~~here in Moscow~~. Indeed, only the most elevated of the guests were fortunate enough to be placed in the same room as the Tsar and Tsarina. The cream of the diplomatic corps was there, the high clergy, the Holy Synod, the very highest of the court ladies, the Grand Marshall and the

could not begin to say. ^{How} ~~Never more, however, would~~ I have liked to have been in their room ^{as they lay down}. At the least, I would have learned how much the corrupt sanctity—I use precisely those two words—the corrupt sanctity of ^{these} ~~those~~ holy and possibly captured Metropolitans had to do with Nicky and Alix's raptures, nor how powerful had been ^{our} ~~the~~ emanations from the relics ~~themselves~~. No matter the extent of my desire, I could not learn on this occasion how much the ceremonies performed by those most accomplished priests, had been able to serve some sweet, ever-soaring bubble of concupiscence between Nicky and Alix. I would not know, and so suffered all the pains of a devil. For we are very little without our knowledge.

If it seems strange that I am always hungry to learn more, if this seems at odds with the more common notion that Gods ^{and} ~~and~~ devils have all ^{the knowledge they need} the power (already, I would suggest that the handiest rule of thumb for comprehending my powers, is to assume that I am just as much brighter and more knowledgeable than ^{any} ~~the most~~ accomplished intellectual ^{will be cleverer} ~~is more clever~~ than a clod in a poorly-endowed school. Yet, this distance established, I

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On it went, the Tsar and his retinue moved from Assumption Cathedral to Archangel Cathedral where, with a few variations, the service was repeated, and then on to the Annunciation Cathedral. As much again.

I was told that after all this, the Tsar and Tsarina were in need of rest, but were facing a ceremonial meal in the Hall of Facets. In his diary, he would write that night, "All that happened in the Assumption Cathedral, though it seems but a dream, is not to be forgotten for life." To that he added, "We went to bed early." Whether this was from fatigue, or a resurgence of lust from the good and happy sense that it was done, and they would never have to do it again, for indeed, it was a day like no other, I

captured many in the congregation who had had less interest at the beginning. It was as if one never knew for certain when a heart was there to be captured by the D.K. or, by our Evil One. So I will not enumerate all the steps taken by the Tsar and the Tsarina after the descent from the dais. A measured three paces here, and three there, the Trinity to be commemorated again and again. For even those who believed in the Father and in the Son could never be certain about the Holy Ghost. Or such was our assumption! For the Maestro often hinted to us that we had our own purchase on this last element, that the Holy Ghost was not simply nor exclusively the reciprocal love of the Father for the Son, and the Son for the Father, but that we were ^{in the embrace} there as well. I know the Maestro always spoke well of the Trinity as if he knew something that others did not. I have seen the best man at a wedding who, unknown to all but the bride, has had carnal knowledge of the lady, and there is a subtlety in the posture of such a fellow that I do not find dissimilar to the nuance of appreciation our Maestro is always offering to the Holy Ghost.

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I was not to see the Coronation itself. Soon enough, I will be able to speak of the preparations put together for the episode ~~I proposed, which~~ ^{which was} would occur ~~(in fact)~~ on the 18th of May, four days later, but concerning the Coronation itself, I ^{am} ~~will not be~~ able to offer much which is my own. ^{Of course} ~~Many~~ ^{many} of our agents were on hand, ~~however~~, and from them I received ^{some} ~~a few~~ insights on what might be passing through the mind of Nicholas II. Still, ^{most direct} ~~the only real view~~ came from his diaries. On the 29th of April, a fortnight before the Coronation, but already steeped in unhappy anticipation, Nicky had written to his mother,

On August 16, 1981, the children's bedroom
reflected the same theme of the other part
of the room, the red, ~~the~~ pinkish
they were wearing, some were
too much, so far from the house, they
were not a few in the house. Of course
you could not say, for that day
was, I had made a good, the last to
want through the house to make
certain no longer were necessary.
The work was used as a work
thing (was to be used) the last day, they
soon used to work with all the work
of a manager, the parent the very copy
from the top of the house, all work
in reference to the, but some of the
could not on their own, a separate, a
reference to work to separate of the
work of the house, from the
cell, you were there, were there
the thousand cells, on each from
in the front, the last day, 1981, and
cells in all for one category, and
were added in the little program
on a child's thing, it was not
to work, but could afford to work
reference by itself, the things
were given a work, building by
at least the reference built to last
part, at once of the last copy
of any, the last day, were out
at long as he could make them, 1981, from

then and ~~basically~~ long at once (601)
 then on to the next switch, stopping
 to wipe off the separate ends of the
 each skin graft had been bridged
 off, or so he saw the way - as an
 instant skin closure, he, the surgeon, had
 to remove it, no mean shift requires
 to lift the capping wax off, & lay
 without damaging the heagonal skin
 cells, hence. He was beginning to
 take real pleasure in the job. He would
 have made a very good surgeon he
 decided, and lost the corner of
 his eye he was looking to see if
 Alain, Junior, was admiring him.
 The ~~big~~ little fantasy that he
 was a surgeon warmed his loins.
 A woman had once told him that
 he and a surgeon she knew were
 the two best doctors she had ever
 had. Now he liked that. Of course
 he had no fear of the flesh, and
 neither did a surgeon, certainly not!
 But the such thoughts, even
 distracting him, he heard the de-capping
 tool to Alain Jr, who proceeded after
 a mangled sample or two to hear
 good at the job or ~~at~~ his father
 which occasions most mixed
 feelings of pride and ~~disappointment~~
 in his offspring and disappointment

(603)

that there was no great difference
in their skills. To make it worse
Alain, Jr. now said, "There is a, ~~edge~~
at scraping the icing off a cake."
"Watch out for the cells," said
Alain, Senior. "Don't damage them with
your big mouth."

Adi had been allowed into the
room to watch over Edmund and
Paula were talking, and Alain, Jr.
extended the de-capping tool toward
his brother, as if to say, "Do you
want some?"

Klara reproved him on the instant.
"Why are you offering your little
brother a mouthful of wax? It
could slide on it's

"No, no," said Alain, Junior, "it's
a legitimate offer. It's wax that
has honey attached to it. There's
well be sweet to the taste." It
modded. "I don't think that Adi
would be so stupid or so silly
as to swallow wax."

When Klara glanced at him
Junior took a piece of wax off
the tool, and proceeded to chew
it vigorously. Then, he stuck it back
his mouth, at which point Klara
looked away.

the last years more of people
when they had to stay at the way out
of the other side of the street
the reason had been that the
into the tier box and to have them
of cells on each side. To remove the
around layer too long and not
a little more money was left. Some
leaked from the basement, and
some from the ground floor had
been under the ceiling and
a piece of cable that was seen on
top and bottom, (I hope it was)
I was told to stay out, it was
inconceivable. She was more of a
in her jumps and more of a
of behavior when I came to looking
try to see the area that made
didn't look too pretty.
it was several hours to
all the way, but they don't have the
security of public area.
with the doctor and nurse
most work, turning the crank
the electric fan, with the
the electric fan, but in fact
unknown. Yes, you would have
on your hand, just as you do
don't want to be in the way

is beginning to come out of the comb. "Yes, keep it slow. Don't speed up yet. That's crank. Slowly, slowly." (He could have been driving a drag and pulling to the house.)

Yes, it was a strain the slow plow with the large it would take for centrifugal force to fling the honey out the sides of the ^{rotor} ~~rotor~~ basket from where it could dribble down the cylinder to a funnel at the bottom. But if she sped up, the centrifugal force could be too much and the wax of each little cell, yet the wax would fly off with the honey.

Profound long, Colin, Junior had to take over and had sensed how to maintain the most useful balanced speed of the extractor. He had crank handle reduced the time for this part of the job, and by the end, the wax and glass let it turn the crank a few times.

Now, there was silence in the kitchen as if they were all hesitant to clear plates, and the all-but-much sound of the honey dripping down the walls of the extractor basket and

collecting on the bottom.

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Alvin Senior was ready to
gather it all through a peacock
in at the bottom of the collection
cone, and Klara was preparing
with her cheesecloth, a
coarse sieve and a fine one.
Then she held everyone back
while she and Angy spent
another hour - to the satisfaction
of the man, the youth and the
boy, filling the products
then took through the cheese cloth.
But Klara was determined to
save all the tops. Poorway
had real value when you fed
it. ~~She~~ But Mr. Hartman
told her at the Fishermen's show,
Alvin agreed. He knew that he really
he said, and proceeded to remove
the commercial use of the tops.

Adi was the most impatient.
He wanted to go on the honey,
but his cousin's mother would
not let him. "Be patient," she
said, "the honey has to settle."
"Why? It's there," he cried. "I
want to taste it."
"No," she said. "It is all

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"Just for a bubble,"
"I don't care"

"You must be a bubble maker"

never understood

that was meant to be a joke

but he knew going to that site

back in 1990s, 1990s

"I don't make honey anymore"

"I don't know"

"You're a bubble maker"

the honey is not what he is

you think she does not know

know of her was not what he

was, she was a bubble maker

secretly with her honey. He

was a bubble maker. He was

was a bubble maker. He was

was a bubble maker. He was

was a bubble maker. He was

was a bubble maker. He was

was a bubble maker. He was

was a bubble maker. He was

was a bubble maker. He was

(1008)

to Ad. "It has gone through so much, such a great deal. They it was living in one place, partly and now so much has happened to it we have all been looking it over & scraping it. Then we have been finding it now, it does not ~~know~~ know where it is. We must let it rest. We must wait. Tomorrow, we will have a party."

6.

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It is with some ~~distaste~~ that I now proceed to describe the carnal meeting between Olad, Jr. and Da Alta. As a devil, I can without moral judgment, on sex. We look to ~~use it~~ ^{use it} in all its forms, pure, impure, dedicated or casual, sexual, or — as the Americans say — missionary position. We are interested in any aspect that has not fallen into a routine, or ~~any way~~ ^{any way} become an established habit. These latter practices are, for our purposes, (and for that matter, the Catholics doubtless could say the same) pure ~~scatological~~ ^{scatological} invited to new purposes whereas first sexual encounters — which we speak of as primer — can be invigorating for us. As I can already indicate, the states tend to be high because few couplings, ~~especially~~ ^{especially} oral or cloacal take place without the implicit presence of the ~~state~~ ^{devil} and the D.K. — that is, the ~~world~~ ^{devil} (universally known).

On one budget or another. ~~Each~~ (617)
 trucking — to employ ~~that~~ that
 most useful and ~~near-carnal~~ ^{meats} ~~factories~~
 word, so close to the ~~meats~~ ^{meats} ~~factories~~
 up and fats of ~~that~~ the carnal
 occasion — is of real interest to ~~both~~
 our side and theirs. So much can happen
 so quickly. Habits, whose presence
 in ~~the~~ the people are analogous to
 practices in times-warfare, can
 be altered, a matter of direct importance
 to the budget and ourselves, depending
 on whose ox is yoked — depend
 on that!

As I say, therefore, ~~we are without~~
 our pride as deems it to be free of
 moral judgement, and altogether
~~the~~ ^{the} ~~coldest~~ ^{coldest} for partial judgement.
 With this act weaken our position
 or enhance it?

I was rebuffed, therefore, by what
 took place. Dr. Alt, after a few
 courteous and social commonplaces,
 to shield his excessive pleasure,
 surprise, and instant panic on seeing
 Alain, he abhor unexpectedly at
 his door — what if it all turned out
 a disaster? — soon came to recognize

[illegible]

on the other hand, his immensely (620)
 practical nature kept him from being
 long enough not to insult her like
 so directly that it could affect
 a return visit. I don't know if he
 didn't succeed in the next few days,
 with our particular forgoing he
 had in mind for more of the same,
 then back he would come to that
 old pier-pot. He was the true stuff
 out of which devils are made - ~~he~~
 at the age of fourteen he already
 understood sex in a manner that
 was ideal for us. He was interested in
 pleasure, and would in the future
 be adept at acquiring power by way
 of his gifts. He had potency. That is,
 one full tank of gasoline that we
 know how to use. So many of
 our male clients have weak dicks.
 It sets up endless problems for
~~us and for our clients as well as for~~
 as too complex to enter as yet. ~~It~~
~~is~~ Since the manipulation of
 pentat impulses is also a
 most useful tool for us - also
 how to suffer & relinquish from
 that, we will yet see as we follow
 him through all these very, and

his early political manhood
how many variations & how
confused on that theme.

Alain, junior, was attracted by the opposite sex. His ~~natural~~ natural interest was in women. Their power was attractive to him provided he could break it down. He would have spent all his time with women except for what he considered their built-in snare for men. They were ~~too~~ attracted to responsibility, family responsibility. Boys and men, to the contrary, were first and foremost for washing out the over-~~un~~unwashed pleasures of the body and group of the collected ~~innocence~~ ^{lovely} innocence.

He would have been perfect
as a client. We could have enhanced
his power and he could have served
our purposes in a manifold manner.
My instructions, however, were to
leave him alone. The President's
eyes were for Adolph and I am sure
it can be difficult to have two
clients in our family especially

if they are most different in (622)
nature. If one device tries to lead to
~~both~~, both, needs, can collide.
And two separate devices rarely
make a good union in one home.
The better we get, the more difficult
we can become. In that sense, as
the Maestro is known to remain, it
we can be more troublesome than
opera stars.

So, I stayed away from a long
junior even though I ~~was a regular~~
~~member of the club~~ ~~as a~~ ~~member~~
~~member of the club~~ to me as an
old well-used nautical chart is
to a new - captain. For that matter
Der Alte became the chart, and
Alain Junior was the sea captain
for their occasional outboard
relations, a wholly secondary
moving station, however. Alain,
Junior did succeed in getting Greta
Marie Schmidt, a stubborn farm
girl to whom he gave rides on
wheelbarrows to begin to do with him.
What his mother, Fanni, had gotten
into with him, the Alain Junior
while she was still a virgin. To

use our more American vulgarity. ⁶⁷³
 (I confess to taking some pleasure
 from them) Junior got to know
 Greta-Maria from "anywhere-to-
 anywhere." The land was chosen to
 take her virginity - that was
 man-band and people he did not
 really like her. She was a tongue,
 too crude, too honest-smelling, and
 for his developing nature. So he
 would go back to Dr. Alto from
 time to time. ~~was~~ that could be
 exciting and entertaining since Dr.
 Alto was full of tricky slides,
 languorous slides and ~~was~~ inspired
 flatter of his tongue - all to the
 good for Junior, the p. Barre - long
 but of course. Dr. Alto was not
 beauty and, often, Junior
 could hardly look at him. Moreover,
 he was as bald as a coconut as much
 as I was by all that rotting and
 quivering that accompanied his
 trip into the world on "Clair's" hair.
 (The ~~best~~ truth was that the ~~best~~
 backside excited him ^{more} as much as
 the beauty of it. I first felt under
 one hand like a very only endowed
 repository of pleasure, and away,

walked, until he ~~came~~ ^{exploded} in the old (624)
 bay's gullet as still as a
 statue, nonetheless, he was doubly
 disgusted by the recognition that
 his own father, too, as he might to
 speak of "Dad Alte" that old of
 piss-hound we would use his broken
 a little later. "was" was too late
 in case he did not get how much
 he knew. Alois, junior, could see it
 in his heart, senior would always
 be an unreachably best believer when
 around scholars.

If Dr. Alte was ready to unstrap
 himself to the son (and perhaps for)
 no more than to keep evaluating
 himself) then how could the boy
 protect his father and all that
 awful endless misfortune about
 his bees. They had had their honey-
 feast and yet then he was worrying
 already about the remaining one here.

It was no accident as I could
 see it that the up-shot was a small
 but near-disaster. Alois, junior
 happened to leave one of the two
 remaining bees out in the sun.

FIRST

656

11.

Alan told the family that Carter had died on their walk through the woods, and Karla was the only one to suspect that he was not telling the truth, for on the night following the afternoon of the dog's demise, Alan had made love to her with a vigor he had not shown in a few years.

Of course, she could not be certain. He had come back from the woods, and on his second trip with pick and shovel all covered with a variety of insect bites, and she soon thought she smelled ~~some~~ ~~that~~ white ~~blow~~ removing ~~stingers~~ ~~from~~ ~~her~~ ~~body~~.

On this occasion it had taken longer, there was so many spots she had to wash, ~~that~~ ~~but~~ a communion had developed between them. She felt so close. When she was done with this delicate chore, there was no question, they were both ready to make love, and while she had no basis of comparison, she thought that there was probably not another man to be found but age one year away from sixty who was so vigorous and so sweet, this Uncle Alan, whom she could never

call herself, and yet he was not 656
 so much. Underlain any more as
 he was her man, a good man. On this
 particular night, if love was born ready
 to call herself lucky.

They had a nice week ^{of some good}
^{evening after another} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~at last~~
 they made love again on the following
 night. Clois' feeling for Klara was
 going through a ~~metamorphosis~~
~~surprising to him~~ what can
 only be called a transformation. It
 will ~~say~~ that marriage which is so
 often an experimental relationship
 (since even the kindest of mothers have
 a few cowardly to wife, even on
 the other ^{just} ~~and~~ ^{back to} ~~the situation~~
~~in their relation~~ since they married
 in the first place because ~~they~~
~~other~~ ~~was~~ ~~wasn't~~ ~~not~~ ~~to~~
~~stand back~~ ~~to~~ ~~catching~~ ~~and~~ ~~reasonably~~
~~measured~~ ~~to~~ ~~catching~~ ~~things~~ ~~were~~ ~~to~~
~~back~~ ~~and~~ ~~forth~~ ~~to~~ ~~they~~ ~~needed~~ ~~the~~
 freedom to be able to be cruel to somebody
 given how terrified they were of the
 rest of the world - and, lost the
 magic of marriage, even the worst
 one, there was a balance in ~~an~~
 ugly judgment, and endless criticism

and mean tricks they were ready (678)
to expend on each other. All that
spiritual excitement in each of them,
and they could pass it back and forth.

So yes, as I know marriage work
workable relationship even for
dreadful people, but for themselves
were not so wicked or fearful or
ugly within. But more to use the
most useful word of them all - mess

overage like our Klaus and Alois,
strange shifts can occur, transitions
into the opposite of what has been the
relationship ~~until~~ formerly, convincing
indeed sometimes even permanent, but
often for a long enough period to
bring a species of acclimation to what
has been an airless marriage.

If all marriages are some sort
of invigorating air to some degree,
nonetheless there are impurities and
even in the heart of coming of unions.
Without that, the institution would
expire. With the promise of revival
upon occasion ~~however~~ many a
marriage is able to reflect the
length of the sentence implicit
in the arrangement, yet, a fresh
breath of air, a hint of divorce.

If I, I can say, am always alert 659
 to the uses of this - I will turn it so
 in this manner. For whenever being it
 about in a married couple, it is one
 of our delicate tools, our subtle maneuvers,
 and we used it to show show up even
 a very bad marriage when that hurts
 our purposes.

That was hardly the occasion
 now. Karl and I just wait through
 a change but it was of their choice
 and even caught me by surprise.
 So, for a brief time, I anticipated
 by the full moon that I was about to see
 by the light of day that came with it.
 I just from the field, pleased to
 relax in the close fit of bodies that
 had over the years adapted, well-
 mitted, to one another, lying before her
 in trust, so rare for a man, that her
 fingers would make no ~~small~~ painful
 irritation, as one by one she took care
 of the strings - so many these days in
 the twilight of summer - so soft
 and purposeful was she, and
 so much at peace with her legs
 beneath her that for this little while
 this week of temporary transition, it
 was as if he had become more like a
 woman and she more like a
 man, except that I appreciate ~~more~~

and have lost mind the measure (66)
 at by this first assumption, no it was
 not that least felt like a woman
 so much as that Klara herself
 now came to seem the embodiment of what
 he had never been able to feel with
 his mind he had a sense of her ~~holiness~~
~~now came to seem the presence of a~~
 real mother.

Right after night, this school
 deepened. He became a little careless
 with his bees. He went so far as to
 become fearless enough to work on
 occasion without the hat and veil
 that protected his face. He was
 not looking to get stung, not
 exactly he had acquired so much
 man skill that he made many
 fewer mistakes, but the stings and
 he discounted. It is fair to say he
 took on a number of them he really
 did not have to suffer, but then he
 was ready for his second one right
 the place of his delicate fingers on
 his brow, the cheeks of his face, and
 the meat of his hands.

Transformation was in their
 own current sleep in the ~~long~~
 long evening habits of the mind.

Sometimes Clair felt as if his (661)
 brain were ~~cracking~~. He was having
 ideas he could not believe actually
 relayed to him — they were so
 different from what he had come before.
 He actually began to consider whether
 these things were a way of paying
 for his sins. Just scribbling — for
 in Norway was he ready to declare
 that he believed in ~~and~~ sinning as
 such — but, just scribbling, he
 would open a door to the notion
 just scribbling — these were things
 might be part of a repentance, a way
 of accounting for bad things you
 have done.

That gave him discomfort. After
 several good nights of decent sleep
 with the solid feeling of Gpartana
 out there down below ~~himself~~
~~in his bed~~ in a new
 dog house he had built for him
 on the day after Luther's death from
 small talk but so much part
 of the new — this new gear that he
 might even feel entitled to feel
 secure, it all took a turn into a

paradox. (Transformation was ⁶⁰² full of hatreds as deliverance)
 He wretched at the thought that his
 head could even allow him to play
 anything like a premise of guilt. All
 the guilty people he knew! They walked
 around like they had a stomach in their
 stomachs, and a large one at that.
 But he couldn't hold it off
 any more. If we had decided for
 a transformation with an incubus, the thought
 he now had could not have shaken
 him more. He was recalling his acts of
 incest. He had made love to all three
 of his step-sisters. That was not
 incest, unless their father was his
 father. But he had always known
 that was so without knowing it.
 He had kept Johann a formal chamber
 behind the veil.

And yet all that was nothing
 compared to making love to Johanna
 if it was Clara who proved to be
 the child who came out of that, but
 all this was much too much. He
 had one thought as sharper the knife
 that had gone into his heart. What if
 they were both

In the dark, Clara had to reach
 his head. The one thing all the dirt

seemed to agree on, is that God
hated vice. He almost ~~never~~
uttered the next remarkable
"When all this dialogue, you have
wrong. They could be right."

(L. G.)

If it was a species of breakdown, I
must say it was of the worst sort.
For Alain felt a kind of exaltation
he did not trust at all by way
of the thought that God might exist,
did not trust it, not at all, because
of all the incoherent addenda he
had just attached to it.

Like all men with a tranquility,
(a strong does not mean brilliant)
he had the mental force to push
his worst thoughts back behind
the veil again, he would even
have passed through the transition,
ceased to enjoy ^{his} Klara's mother,
and have been engaged for
better or for worse except that he
could not accept relinquishing the
pleasures implicit in
the pain of the lie - a struggle.

Over these consecutive four
nights he had ~~himself~~ brought himself

to the point where he allowed ~~the~~ ^{the} pains of his flesh ~~to~~ ^{to} resonate within him ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~as~~ ^{as} he removed the stumps which it to say that he did not try to divert himself or submerge his reaction to the pain or look to subvert it by determinedly happy thoughts, but instead accepted the full symphonic ~~fraternal~~ ^{fraternal} breadth and depth of that exceptional message which comes from the proudest of pain so clear in what it tells, the fiscal and grotesque tension in the refusal to account for the all-but-heretofore mystery of its most certain presence so soon as ~~he~~ ^{he} allowed himself to feel the full fullness of these pains, now recast to him analogous to the voice of a choir. ^{grandly} ~~grandly~~ ^{grandly} ~~grandly~~

If I interrupt this journey that shows us taking into the most sufferings of his flesh, it is because I must comment about the ~~revelation~~ ^{revelation} he is feeling. It is the ~~revelation~~ ^{revelation} of a ~~man~~ ^{man}.

11.

Too little is understood about the nature of sentimentality. It is in everyone even in the worst of the world. While also it can certainly not be seen, in such a light, but is characterized of people having dense thoughts and offering his nerves and meat and skin to the rhapsodies of himself to "the kind of indegently that" those - false saints are reserved for ~~reaching~~ reaching.

The difference is simple. The saints work for their understanding men and may sound as well as them. Men and women of middle value may be as complex as saints or more so, but they are also ~~reaching~~ reaching. The sentimentality of a few of their sentimentality is, therefore, a mark against the V.R., a direct presentation - as the V.R. is, always ready to point out to us - of this carelessness, which is virtually as immoral as the Catholic.

skills, at that moment to
engrave the plentitude of their
healing into Adol's memory. (689)
Over and over, I returned the catalog
to her mind, until - given that fear
that it would be done to him, on
his father's return - I managed to see
that image into his thoughts. He
had a picture of himself on the
ground.

In later years, at the height
of his power, Adolf Hitler ~~was~~
always believe that he was the man
who received the healing, and
on many a night he would tell
the tale to his secretaries, and his
military adjutants, as they sat around
the remain of the evening meal. He
was eloquent. "Of course, I ~~deserved~~ the healing,"
of course, "he would say, "I got
real trouble to my father, and my
mother, I recall, was screaming. She
loved me so, my dear mother."

He could tell a sad story about
his childhood in Austria, and how
1. To see to the eyes, and face
"shall (be) ..."

in Providence, he would have
 offered twenty, but it was
 on the whole not for the best
 money - it was a bit of a loss
 as to the other money, he
 cannot give the exact sum to that
 house, he says the money is for
 not thirty but from then from
 door.
 that he has no more that money
 which was part of the first donation
 also no money of the first
 twenty but he says, nor any has of the
 for the first donation
 a near to universal rule, as
 will as a letter name of a family
 giving to the first donation
 the twenty first hundredth part
 to the first donation
 the first donation of the first
 Kien met him, still had been
 working with him, was doing of his
 then, the money too much to be
 information about. He was as much
 as the first donation had one half
 of the first donation, the other half
 from the first and one of the house
 that had made the first donation

If Alain knew that a small ^{little} party of his wife's heart, good looks and allegiances would be soursed (soured) by the fact that on this, the evening of all nights, he had found a way and Sunday to drink so much beer that he needed it from his pants.

So, what had happened. Oh, the long very detailed, and then, some very extra words than the right ~~words~~ before him on his return. The very long million of on the honey of some of them he had seen back when they were all on his, or pointing to the - the word about they were my right of some of him - and he had ~~with the~~ kept the last clothing, but it is a sad, without it to the saddle of the horse and long jump off again, allowing them to breathe.

Yes, just to plan to get, to be at the beginning of the second long way to ~~the~~ and with the snowflakes that she had left her bed to sweeten, but they kept her once and made more noise, just under and gave a little - like a peppy - and a lamb. The horse reaped.

And then the flowers had begun.

[illegible]

21

469

(686)

Then was many a late afternoon when Alvin-Senior would go off into the woods on the trail that ~~he~~ he assumed had been used by the boy and the horse to get out for Monday, and he would come to a favorite old stump where he could sit and listen to the birds and the insects and the occasional sound of a small animal moving in the th. Indeed, he hardly cared if it was a rabbit or a vole.

Ensconced on ^{the} ambulated remains of what may once have been a fine oak, he would think of the bees he had lost and he would ~~not~~ misremember the occasion. It was no great feat, no transmigration of memory, but he would enjoy the fantasy that he had come back in time on that Sunday night and had closed the boy and the horse through the woods until he had to stop just short of a heart attack.

For that matter, his ongoing grief at the loss of his creatures and his the lost world of his rope at Junior did come close to obliterating his heart.

and he had to cease all such
fantasies before his lungs became
too congested, and so he would cease
off which was also part of this long
summer process of mourning for all
that was lost that he could name,
and — for that that is always, &
the core of mourning that feels
incomplete — the little mystery of
small whatever had also been lost
that he could not name,

And so the summer passed,
It was an uneventful summer.
He did no more than hire a woman to
help him and Klara and Angela to
reap the ~~the tall grass~~ ^{the tall grass} hay which he
sold at the beginning of September
in Fischbach. The fact that he had
no worries concerning his wife
became a source of wonder in itself,
a hollow he could almost locate
in his lungs. No fear, no
sawing, no calculation, no
he made of when to stop, finding
padding the knees and when to stop
the empty comb for winter, no
examination of the wealth of
the colony, no more calculation.

they left which would be a matter of shorter long duration, I hardly (698) cared. One of our developed instincts as do all is to know when clients are ready to change at a gradual rate and when by contrast they are relatively vital.

In the truth that is how, as clients, that we measure time. Except on those dramatic occasions when the Master assigns us to intense activities to arenas - if you will - where limits can be shaped, as was true, of course, of the coronation and the Olympic trials, we live for the most part reflexively. Time does not come to us as days or weeks or seasons but as the sum of activities and problems elicited in us by our clients. While I cannot speak with authority on our likenesses and dissimilarities to the expenditure and regeneration of energy that human know, it is true that we can also be in need of follow periods, and so that many, so far as I am concerned with the blitheness of life itself, went by like a night of sleep I tended more

to other clients, ~~but~~ and even too
 the minor details of my ~~command~~ in my
 command, and if I possessed the
 nature of time — a philosophical
 commandment to devote as unmanicured
 it to humans, and, I suspect, equally
 the same it seemed to me that time
 was altogether free of any resemblance
 to such units as hours and days,
 but was more rather a ~~sort of~~
 sculpture garden of objects and
 spaces of pell and spectation,
 This has no great relevance to
 Aloneness than to say that ~~always~~
 living in the slough of a long
 and lackluster meditation —

COPY

to other clients, ~~but~~ and others too
the minor details of my ~~work~~ in my
comment, and if I doubled the
material of time - a philosophical
conundrum to devote as much as it
is to humans, and, I suspect, largely
therein it seemed to me that time
was altogether free of any resemblance
to such units as hours and days,
but was ~~more~~ rather a sort of
sculpture garden of objects and
spaces of walls and ~~projections~~ and
if no scientist could find the connection
this was no greater relevance to

with end.

about
in
based.

Altogether then to say that a person
living in the slough of a long
and lackluster meditation

Just let this version
instead of other page 70

702

~~strong~~ form a muggle no longer ~~came~~ come to mind all that often. (702)

By the Bulgarian way, he ~~was~~ in his own state of protest. He could feel himself ~~going into a state of~~ becoming more and more habituated to idleness itself. A few minutes spent doing nothing whereas used to be more than enough to excite him in any case now took on the self-satisfied languor of a curl of smoke or a passing cloud.

All the same, to such peace could end by costing him. A farm that was not worked would, no matter how clean one kept the house and the yard, never look clean enough to impress a potential buyer. They would feel the mute reproach of the fields. So, no matter how relaxed he felt there was still a small part of him that felt as if he was running uphill in his sleep.

The economic factor, as he calculated them, could not be on a separate piece of paper with a separate label of necessity was that no matter how careful they

was now under a full compression
of paternal steam, having been then
^{new} preoccupied with concern about
his own act of incest he could not
continue to live ~~under~~ under his
this law of self-examination, for he
was a Polishman, not a poet, and so
the old ~~habits~~ habits were too strong, if
~~and even more so~~ a vice was present in himself, one
should proceed quickly to ban it at once
~~but~~ for its presence in others.

So he began to worry about Clara,
Junior and Angela. Why these ^{somebody} ~~somebody~~ ^{wanting} ~~wanting~~ ^{of} ~~of~~ ^{that} ~~that~~ ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{between} ~~between~~ ^{them?} ~~them?~~ ^{his} ~~his~~ ^{attention} ~~attention~~ ^{after} ~~after~~ ^{that} ~~that~~ ^{he} ~~he ^{had} ~~had ^{seen} ~~seen~~ ^{no} ~~no~~ ^{interest} ~~interest~~ ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ ^{her} ~~her ^{the} ~~the ^{whole} ~~whole ^{since} ~~since ^{Clara} ~~Clara - Junior was
retained, now it was ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~mind~~ ^{mind}.
He did not like this curious attitude
- or was it more the curious conflict
that was developing ^{between the boy and the girl} ~~between the boy and the girl~~ ^{than} ~~than~~ ^{less} ~~less~~ ^{than} ~~than ^{who} ~~who~~ ^{shared} ~~shared~~ ^{with} ~~with~~ ^{her} ~~her~~ ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{when} ~~when~~.~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

To ~~leave~~ the father's surprise, ~~the~~
~~young~~ young Alvin ^{was not} ~~looking~~
^{kept} to ~~total~~ ~~possessions~~ the house.
 On the contrary, he was always offering
 to teach Angela how to ride, which
 was a long-sign to Sam. At the
 tower, he would clearly pick up a

by the clarity of the ⁹⁹²⁰~~sky~~, the space
that his eyes could reach upon them. Angela was now
~~left feeling most uncomfortable by the~~
~~in her collection of his experiences.~~

She even began to wonder if her father
was ~~truly~~ ^{genuinely} interested in her. ~~She~~
~~dynastically~~ ^{She} had ~~been~~ ^{been} treated ~~strong~~ ^{strong} like that at
schools from the ~~oldest~~ ^{oldest} girls. ~~There~~
One of the ~~oldest~~ ^{oldest} ~~girls~~ ^{girls} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~father~~ ^{father} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~she~~ ^{she} ~~did~~ ^{did} ~~things~~ ^{things} ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~father~~ ^{father} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~she~~ ^{she} ~~thought~~ ^{thought} ~~Angela~~ ^{Angela} ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~totally~~ ^{totally} ~~disqualifying~~ ^{disqualifying} ~~Totally so.~~ ^{Totally so.}

New, whenever her father was
near, Angela began to slide
around him, being careful to keep
her distance, drawing her lips in
~~toward~~^{to} her belly as if to make certain
nothing ~~would~~^{could} ~~be~~^{was} ~~lost~~^{lost}. ~~That~~
~~that~~^{All this time too} ~~a fact told~~, On the one
hand, she was a nervous prisoner,
as if guilty, ~~and~~^{but} on the other ~~they~~^{hand,} they didn't
feel ready to approve of the female
reproduction with which she drew
in her lips. What had she become then?

how ~~near~~ close the man or woman is (696)
to us, they feel outwitted by the
devil, who makes us attend such
outcries, ~~and~~ yes, and to add to this
ever add outside or cold, ^{either wanting} ~~or wanting~~
~~and~~ ^{away} ~~in the most~~ ^{perpetrated}
self-sacrifices, ~~the~~ ^{a sound} ~~of a~~ ⁱⁿ ~~to rally~~ ^{and}
everywhere.

I saw my moment. K. knew very
surrenderable. I reached her beauty
I touched her thoughts. She believed
that Abie - junior ^(had been) was doomed to
die right there ^{was} and died already, and
~~Abie's~~ his father would spend the
rest of his days in a perfect ^{total} faith.
Was all he faulty, she said they ~~were~~
father to ~~be~~ try to get close to the bag which she
knew better, and ~~to~~ for the first time
in his life - knowing ~~how~~ the majority
of men prosper to God are never
answered ~~and so she thought~~
she prayed ~~for~~ directly to us,
~~instead~~, she called upon the devil,
she implored him - only the power
can believe that the devil has more
power! - "Save the boy's life," she
implored, "and I will be in your debt!"

[illegible]

[illegible]

(698)
this wonderful and immaculate
like I had engraved into the memory
of his mental flash where memory
was stored, the true memory, and
false memory, the art was to replace
true memory entirely with the false
memory (which can be equal in
difficulty, even among the most
unavailable of clients) to removing
an old tattoo and replacing it
with a ~~new~~ new one.

I had known, however, through my
developed instincts as a ~~deviser~~ ^{deviser},
which is one reason the plastic
will entreat upon proper occasions
with serious misperception that their
completeness I ^{looked to} would install in Carl's
had to be perfect and all-pervasive
since I could then employ the
certainty of the infallible ~~to take~~
~~to deceive~~ ^{to deceive}
over that by that through the years,
his incapacity to tell the truth. ~~that~~
In ~~stead~~ ^{stead} a most elaborate
~~could~~ ^{could} ~~create~~ ^{create} a work of
lies ~~from~~ ^{from} ~~which~~ ^{which} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~every~~ ^{every}
response, ~~and~~ ^{he became able to shade} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~could~~ ^{could} ~~blend~~ ^{blend} ~~the~~ ^{the}
the truth by a ~~large~~ ^{large} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~subtle~~ ^{subtle} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~all~~ ^{all} ~~the~~ ^{the}
all together, and, could fill all the

On that night, in the kitchen, the
 followed the heading which the
 sufficient ~~the~~ Sunday of the
 following dinner table every
 records of the most excellent
 nation and they were all initiated
 by the ~~the~~ person upon descending
 that in fact had gone to the town
 in Philadelphia.
 In fact, that last been working
 situation. The town remained
 on Sunday ~~the~~ and also knew
 that - who - I think - but the nature
 turned of a house on the outskirts of
 the town where a former house had with
 had once been an unimpaired former
 when put together some kind of
 meetings on the first break into
 could visit his house on Sunday night
 and keep a place given in the house
~~kept~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~
 Allen was a man of the town. He
 had given the ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~
 of what a night ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~

of the town could consider a
 (623) ~~renewable activity~~ had to be
 lost to them for even more. It was out
 of the picture in that case which is
 not characteristic either, in that
 situation from the fact, in looking
 from the character of his age and
 his better character and way of
 he looked across the border into the
 sunset and took in enough, perhaps
 was a good golden hour, to show
 not only his manner but the important
 meaning of his own work.
 They did not want to stop, but
 knew, their work was what they
 needed - it was what they needed in the
 evening for the day to return home
 right out in the day on the day
 they had been working with, and
 the fact with the country in the
 end a beautiful view of the sunset
 lay down in a position to observe
 another couple of hours later
 with his heart not yet under from
 a man to man, but they can be
 the right of a day later.

skills at that moment to engrave the plenitude of this healing into Adli's memory. (689) Our endeavor, I return ~~the~~ ^{to} his mind, vented - given that fear that it would be done to him, on his father's return - I managed to ^{see} ~~for~~ that image into his thoughts. If he had a picture of himself on the ground.

In later years, at the height of his power, Adolf Hitler ~~was~~ always believe that he was the man who received the healing, and on many a night he would tell the tale to his secretaries, and his military adjutants as they sat around the remains of the evening meal. It was eloquent. ^{"Of course, I} ~~He described the healing~~ ^{deserved} of course, "he would say, "I got real trouble to my father, and my mother, I recall, even screaming. She told me so, my dear mother."

He could tell a bad story about his childhood in Austria, to bring tears to the eyes, and pass on to the world of full blown ~~history~~. It had not all come at once.

689, 699, 695, 696, 697

J-

Norris seems to
be able to open
Attachments again.
But to be safe -
send it to BOTH of
us -

Thanks,

D.

Book 4 email cc end ch 16 through first p. ch 19 12/13/04

451

X

-15-

After their wedding *written then in 1894*
Needless to remark, I read all the letters my agents could supply to me, *and*
~~in the period after their wedding~~, but a close study opened ~~many~~ questions.

~~Just~~ ^{*E*} a few days later on the 17th of November, Nicky wrote,

**I am unbelievably happy with Alix, 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 19th he adds,

**Had tea at home and read together. We simply don't
have the strength to leave each other.**

On the 26th of November, off by themselves in Tsarskoe Selo, he
remarks,

**were so awfully kind to send me? It is much too beautiful
for me.**

Later, after many thanks for the gift and the letter that accompanied it,

Alix writes:

**He is in church now, and whilst he is kneeling there,
my thoughts and prayers are with him. With God's help,
I will soon learn to love his Religion too, and I am sure he
will help me. But I must not bother you with a long
letter.**

**With my fondest love to dear Father, I am, Darling
little Motherdear,
Your deeply affectionate and
Dutiful Child Alix**

I had to smile at the reference to Darling little Motherdear. Alix was still

so simple that she did not realize to what degree beautiful women who are not

tall dislike being reminded of this by beautiful women who ^{*tower above them*} ~~are~~ Or was Alix

en route to disliking the Empress Marie to the point where her head would

begin to ache with ^{*so*} ~~too~~ many choked-up furies *if that she could*

not avoid this obvious pitfall?

Hafeld notes 12/8/04

27

At one point, when Junior is out tom-catting, Alois tries to mollify himself by thinking it may be better than if the boy were fooling with Angela.

27

Then he begins to wonder if they'd ever been together. He studies ~~her~~ afterward, and so closely, that Angela, being left most unsettled by the intense attention of his eyes on her, begins to wonder if her father is interested in her. (Which she has heard about—develop possibly.) Which the father thereupon spots, for Angela now always slides around him, keeps her distance, keeps drawing her hips in toward her belly-button so they won't touch.

(Scholar talk?)

[This could come before the page on Alois worrying about country people and the smuggler—might set up a whole sequence. To be decided.]

Hafeld notes 12/8/04

30

~~is a lazy, self-indulgent, vain artist. He thinks of all His works as being, at~~
~~the least, intentionally splendid.~~

31

At this point there can be a discussion of heaven and hell and how
 wrong the conventional concepts are. It all has to do with reincarnation.

} *

In the course of this discussion [which should be attached to when
 she's removing the bee-stings] Alois has gotten ^{to} the point where he's begun
 to enjoy each bee-sting because he allows each pain to resonate within him
 until the separate pains begin to seem analogous to the voices of a choir. He
 develops the gift of allowing these pains to resonate to whatever part of his
 flesh is ready to respond.

D.T. remarks that it is the saintliness of a sinner. Too little is
 understood about the nature of saintliness. It is in everyone, declares D.T.,

even in the worst of the worst, and Alois can certainly not be seen in such a light
 he is definitely not the worst of the worst.
 More like 11th Avenue movie sensual, except in
 all fairness to the old lover, let us give a plus
 to Alois' sensuality, which by San Francisco is
 somewhat better than average.