

Book V

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I had a few matters to attend to)

~~One of the first events I encountered~~ (on returning from Moscow to

but the first)

Hafeld was to convince Der Alte to ~~go in for a bee-buzzing~~. I told him to

set fire to one of his hives. The message was, of course, imparted ^{to him,} in his

~~the mastery~~ sleep, and was in response to a somewhat puzzling accident, ^{to Der Alte,} puzzling, at the

^{my} ~~such episodes?~~

~~He was too expert to have been~~ ^{least, to Der Alte himself, for the accident seemed highly untoward. He}

~~and seemed to be)~~

was laid up for a day (with a terribly swollen face and some of the stings had

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come dangerously close to his eyes. Given his skills, he could ^{not} hardly

~~Comprehend how~~ ~~And in~~ believe the event had occurred ~~in~~ one of his better hives. Attempting to

replace the queen, who ~~to his practiced eye~~ ^{the first} was showing unmistakable

signs of fatigue, her escort had ~~revolted and literally~~ attacked him, ~~and were~~

~~Der Alte~~ followed by reinforcements. He had to subdue the revolt with smoke (a

gross procedure as far as he was concerned, worthy of amateurs like Alois

Hitler) and then ^{he spent the day} ~~had to recover~~ in bed. So drastic a ^{revolt} ~~mistake~~ had not

occurred in years.

Upon receiving ^{my} such instructions from me, Der Alte waited.

~~nonetheless~~ ^{took} a few days before ^{fulfilling the jobs which} ~~deciding what to do~~. The Maestro, despite

~~I had me, because I had alerted the Maestro~~ the attention he was continuing to give to events in Moscow on the

~~Der Alte's~~ ^{Despite the attention} he was still giving to ~~aftermath of Khrushchev, had been alerted to Der Alte's accident~~ I made the

and might now be asked about the debut.

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→ the aftermath of Khodorko, I ^{had} ~~made~~ ^{made} the decision to report it to him. One didn't want to ~~ignore~~ ^{ignore} surprising minor events even if they appeared minor. ~~with~~ ^{quickly} ~~events for ordinary ones.~~ Indeed, orders came back ~~I was to enforce the~~ ~~a~~ ~~message to~~ ~~burn the hive.~~ Again, I passed it on to Der Alte, and with more ~~Der Alte's sleep, and with harsher~~ emphasis. I think now he knew that ^{the} ~~this~~ imperative was coming from ~~is that~~ ~~and this~~ ~~was no cruel~~ ~~outside himself, rather than occurring as the~~ ~~vagary of a dream.~~ ~~But~~ ~~the~~

old fellow was ~~so~~ full of dismay, ~~that~~ ~~he~~ hesitated for another day and night

~~Committing~~ before he committed the deed. "Do it," I ~~had~~ told him in his sleep, "do it." It

will be good for you. Tomorrow is Sunday, and so it will have twice the

~~positive~~ ^{use} ~~good~~ effect. Don't finish them off with a sulphur bomb. ^{Too many of} ~~Douse the entire~~ ~~the recalcitrants could survive.~~ ~~Douse the entire~~ hive with kerosene. Then burn it, box and all."

He groaned in his sleep. "I cannot do that," said Der Alte. "The

Langstroth box cost me dearly."

"Do not argue. Burn it. That will make it ~~at~~ ^{it} even better ~~for you.~~

(Destruction of the long tooth boy)
I was following my ~~own~~ orders. ~~It~~ ^{It} did seem excessive to ~~waste so~~

It was a nice No matter
~~nice~~ piece of cabinet-work ~~as a long tooth box~~ but I did as I was told, and

Der Alte followed me. He had to. At his age, as ~~deeply~~ ^(how deeply) he knew he was

So, he lived with terror that was as real
invested by us, he had all the terror that resides in such a situation. Death
to his flesh as an ulcer. Death was as near
~~was not only~~ near to his thoughts, ~~but as unpleasant in prospect as a caged~~

beast in the next room,
~~but what a foul of had reek.~~ It is hard not to feel contempt for old clients.

to us. Moreover,
They are so submissive. ~~(Besides he was enraged at his bees, for so~~ ^{He grew}
more ready to punish them for upsetting his
~~dismantling his previous sense of the given~~ which could afford
~~few~~ few shocks,

~~At~~ ^{On} Sunday morning, he laid the hive on the ground and doused it

the commotion that seethed
with kerosene. Watching it ~~seethe~~ in its flames, he did ~~feel better. I had~~
begin to feel better. I
~~was~~ on the mark. It had been good for him. He was perspiring like a

horse, he was full of woe at the incineration itself—that did violate ~~every~~

~~his vocational~~ ^{He openly} ~~instincts,~~ he certainly wept for that hive ^{(the}

~~for~~ ^{especially all the} ~~and those fine golden bees,~~ but he also received a rare sweetness in his

~~not to his surprise~~ ^{that} ~~he returned to his lair.~~ ^{he had been} ~~This was the first such sugaring of his body that he had felt for some~~

in years. Like many an old man, ~~all of his lust of late had been in his head.~~ ^{(I could) continued to}

~~The only physical concomitant to~~ ^{each} ~~any passing libidinous thought~~ ^{was} ~~had been~~

~~a nasty~~ ^(a nasty) ~~cramp~~ ^{cramp} in his groin.

I will mention in passing that Adi happened to be present at the

burning. He, too, ^{was given} ~~had received~~ ^{so he} a message in his sleep and slipped away

from Klara and Angela even as they were preparing to go to church. That ~~did~~

~~not~~ bothered Klara, ~~but not~~ exceptionally ~~so~~. It had happened before.

Moreover, ~~and she could even tell this truth to her~~ ^{if}, she enjoyed being in

church on those rare occasions when it was just Angela and herself. Adolf

~~was usually~~ ^{not} squirming in his seat ^{he would be} or in a contest with Angela to see who

^{best} could succeed in pinching the other ^{on} the sneak.

could succeed in pinching the other on the sneak.
Yes, to be alone ^{with her} ~~with her~~ Angela in church!
Along with Angela, church service was much better. At no time did
I allow her to feel close)
he ~~was~~ closer to her step-daughter, and if the truth be told a second time,

she was also happy when she did not have to bring Edmund and Paula ^{along, hold} ~~her youngest~~ ^{her youngest} ~~through the service~~ ^{at the whole} ~~On the Sunday morning Alois had said he~~ ^{and she could hardly believe but certainly cherished such a}

~~softening in him~~ / would stay with the two little ones ~~for a good hour.~~
Klara could hardly believe there was ~~the~~
such softening in him.

As for ~~Adolf and~~ the burning of the bees, I will ~~only~~ say for now that

his toes tingled, his heart shook in its chamber, he did not know whether to

scream or to roar with laughter—it was a royal, thoroughgoing auto-da-fé.

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~~but~~ ^{after} my return, however, to
 for him, and I will return the subject of its effect on the boy when
 my perceptions of life in Hefeld have ~~been~~ ^{been}
~~in such a frank manner~~
 my insights will prove more propitious
~~enrichment, again. After the ending~~
~~of the first is almost a way~~

For now, my interest in all these novel impressions of my people, or
~~at the moment~~ ^{or} ~~of living with the~~
~~Russians, I felt a~~ ^{so} to my purpose, did I think of them on this return, since indeed, it was so

~~too easy, in my p. of living with them again~~
~~in the~~ ^{comfortable, so easy} ~~to live with their foibles and tweek~~
~~so comfortable by comparison, so easy,~~
~~that I did not feel eager to enter~~
~~them, and most considerably so, after the ardours of living with the~~

~~once more~~ ^{again} (The complexities of this 5 year
 old whom the maestro had chosen for
 close observation. My morale was,
 as I have said, in line shape but I did wonder
 not want to test it too quickly. I had to wonder

I have not mentioned this before, but during my first week in

^{was in} Moscow, I had some liaison with long-term resident Germans (half-Russian

by now, or, at least, half-Muscovite) who worked for the Governor-General.

^{were} They had risen high in his hierarchy of police officers and were a great help

to us at Khodynka. They had what was for them a most unshakable (and

* Quicker Release from
 the ordeal of living in
 Russia had left me a
 tough, impatient. I do not
 want to see, eager to enter

Russia
 had
 left me
 more delicate
 than
 I
 came
 to be.

most German) view of the Russian peasants who ~~were aggregating~~ ^{had bivouacked} during

Coronation week at the railroad stations. ^{"They are animals," I was told,} ~~"They are the most suspicious~~

people in the world, and the greediest, ^{Or, that is " - they added -} ~~they told a few of us, "or they would~~

be the greediest, except they have nothing. ^{Then greed is} ~~Greed is~~ like a fire.

They are so wild. ~~Too wild, if you allow them to awake.~~ Each of these

fellows, provided he is big enough and strong enough, has a secret belief.

He thinks that if it came to it, he could kill a bear with his bare hands ~~before~~

he would certainly try before
he would allow the bear to chew away on him."

Yes, existence ^{was} ~~seemed~~ easier ~~for me~~ on my return to these ~~more~~

modest duties in the Linz region of Austria, easier, and with the ^{promise of} ~~brunt of my~~

Ha felt ^{offering its own} ~~less~~ ^{the sounds of} ~~for on Hafele, too more~~ fascinating (even as events in a minor key are so

often able to suggest ^{a)} ~~(rare resonances)~~ ^{I like my} ~~Our~~ understanding ~~can~~ increase

It is more agreeable ^{my} through the subtlety of ~~our~~ task, rather through obedience to the major force, than obtaining new knowledge by knowing in the major force of the situation itself, and so I could take pleasure in picking up an Alois. ~~So, I could myself more readily to deal with the simpler camp themes of Alois' anxieties and displeasures this particular Sunday when the bee-burning took~~ ~~him~~ spirit them to get ~~away from~~ ~~again~~ to fret over the Maestró's ^{place} preoccupations with Alois yes, it was more engaging ~~him~~ to follow the ~~with~~ changes in Alois.

For one thing, Klara was, as usual, a little mistaken about ^{him,} ~~Alois.~~ ~~He~~

^(The moment he was alone with) Alois, was not softening, not exactly. He told Edmund and Paula to go to their ~~beds, and to sleep, to be quiet, and they did. He had the power to inspire~~ ~~to make sure she did not wake up~~ ~~the expression in Alois' eyes was more~~ ~~convincing to Edmund. Alois had the ability~~ ~~to transfer three year old boys into obedience,~~ ~~but they could know the concept in their mind~~ ~~concept in their mind~~

^{die on the farm} Alois enjoyed being alone with Edmund and Paula on Sundays ~~but~~

~~that was~~ because he enjoyed being entirely alone. He needed time to ^{meditate on} think about ~~this Sunday, on Der A 17e5 workshop.~~ Alois, Junior, who was off, dependably, this Sunday on Ulan [OK name]

he put the sleeping in bed, not walk a quiet old girl, in her own room, and take Edmund in the major force

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~~riding the hills and visiting the girls. Moreover, he needed to be alone in order to enjoy Der Alte's mishap with his own safe colony of Italian bees.~~

ff A weight had been lifted from Alois' ^{some} dire expectations. All through

May as the weather turned warm, his fear of losing ^{Alois' chronic} his time and his colonies

~~to swarming~~ ^{had} infested his dreams. He ~~had a terror~~ ^{felt} combined with a well-
~~picture kept returning~~

~~sounded reluctance to think~~ ^{not} of himself up in the tree trying to coerce,

charm, or trick a maddened ^{swarming} cluster ~~of bees~~ back to their hive. The sad sure

fact was that he had eaten too much all winter and spring, ~~and he now felt~~

~~if he had become prodigiously overweight, wholly and totally stuffed like a~~ ^{much too} ^{or} ^{over-stuffed as}

a ^{has crumpled} man who weighed 300 pounds and has been crumpled into a 200-pound body.
~~He had only gained twenty pounds, not a hundred, but he felt as if it were 300.~~
~~How could such a man breathe if you told him to walk a tight-rope? That~~
~~it felt as if he was being as bad~~

was how he felt ~~but~~ a fall ~~was more than imminent~~ it could come at any

~~moment~~
~~second~~

~~to be a long, a careful~~ ^{hips}
Yes, he needed time to think in such a way that his ~~mouth~~ could go

slack, his stomach rumble, his sphincter break wind, ~~and his heart~~ ^{left him} even

groan aloud. There had been weeks in the past two months when he had

become convinced—and this ^{not} for the first time in his life—~~that he could fail~~ ^(but the most vividly)

~~fail~~, fail utterly ^{such} at some important activity that he had chosen ~~because he had~~
~~failure had once seemed impossible, it is~~
~~once thought it would not only be right for him, but agreeable, stimulating,~~
~~vanity for bade that, this same~~
~~larger, or perhaps not quite so successful as dreamed, but never an activity~~

~~to end in failure~~ His vanity had supported this certainty, that same vanity

~~vanity~~ which he had assembled from boyhood on, ~~a~~ ^{it} vanity put together piece by

piece, successful small episode attached to each such previous reasonable

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and then fortifies that vanity
 memory through all the ~~slow but~~ dependable promotions of his career.

Now, where was ^{his} ~~that~~ confidence gone? He was not in church on this

Sunday any more than he ever was. ^(not if) He could help it, but now he did not

^{how long he could} know if he ~~could help it~~. His confidence was gone. ^{on this} ~~He was in a panic. His~~
^{particular Sunday, he} ~~sense of the future was so dark that he~~ had even thought ~~on this Sunday of~~

~~of~~ going to church with Klara.

~~But even~~ ^{that} the thought was anathema. Such an act ^{would} ~~could~~ destroy so
^{long-term} many ~~good things, long-term good things~~. It could wipe out his ~~long-term~~

sense of himself as a man who does not live in fear of disaster, ^{a man} ~~a man who is~~

~~proof against disaster~~ ^{there} who does not shiver as others do. But ~~these~~ bees had

scared the hell out of him all year, they had taken away the keystone of his

Who else did he know who
 pride, ~~that he~~ could thumb his nose at bad omens? When could you ever find

another man of peasant birth who had so rare a quality?

Just a week ago, his hands had ~~been shaking~~ ^{begun to shake} involuntarily, he could

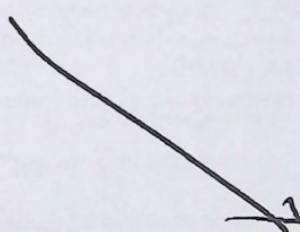
There was a story about
 not hold his newspaper. He had read of the death of a beekeeper ~~attacked~~
He had not recovered from
 by a wild outbreak ⁱⁿ from his ~~own~~ hive.

Next crazy episode
~~Then~~, Der Alte suffered his outbreak. Now, Alois could no longer

trust his feelings. For in the midst of his panic, he also felt relief. An omen ^{had}
~~passed.~~ The air around the farm is no longer felt
~~in the air~~ ^{has felt it} as stifling as the dark light before a thunderstorm. ~~Now, it~~
~~the bolt had finally~~ ^{had been} ~~was~~ ^{was}
 had struck. But it was the expert who ~~felt~~ not himself. Confusion replaced

by relief ^{to} only fall into confusion again.

[Note: the return of Alois, Jr.]



If he had felt free of this (14)
 dread for a day and a night it
 had come back again, ~~because~~
 But now he knew why. It was
 Alain, Junior. He had not felt
 right since the boy had returned.
 Something wrong was still in the
 air. He could not be such a
 fool he told himself as to be
 afraid of his bees because he was
 uncomfortable with his son, but,
 he ought to know. Human beings,
 were full of self-deception. He had
 certainly learned that at his
 Eustace post. The tricks that
 some would try to get past an
 inspector. He ~~remembered~~ remembered
 a woman who had concealed her
 guns - of some value - underneath
 a shocking pair of black lingerie -
 a god-looking woman, ~~just~~
~~bold~~ and brave enough to
 smile at him with invitation
 and say "It always works
 before." ^{if you were afraid to touch it} ^{most of}
 "I think" he told her "is because"

my associates go to Church, for (15)
had had lunch this morning.

They both laughed. He was truly
tempted to let her off, but he was far too
fine by smuggling him into her
thighs, but no, no, no. Certain rules,
he would not break no matter the
temptation.

All the same, the recollection left
him brooding about the nature of
subterfuge. Back in the days when
he could still enjoy getting on
a horse, there had usually been
one or another steel that cut away
something of your confidence, and
~~subterfuge~~ ~~horror~~ something
in their gut — as if they knew
another gut that would make you
feel as if there were five legs under
you, not four, and you wouldn't
know a damn thing about
how to control such a ~~difficult~~ ~~difficult~~ innovation.

Yes, that was Alois, ~~the~~ Dr. One
could not know the way from top
to bottom. He had the wrong kind
of confidence, and a lot of it.

If yes, what could be worse than
 a father who made a strong judgment 16
 on one of his children and who was
 the obvious truth, and Clara was
 talking about it all the time. ~~was~~
 was that that did not seem to be
 the same boy who had gone away
 to live with Johanna and Johann
 Poelzel. Her parents had obviously
 been so good for him. Now, his
 manners were nice, and the look in
 his eye was grandfatherly. He did not
 seem to be judging all the time. Before,
 it was the worst thing about him.
 You could feel that if he had a
 friend, he would say something very
 ugly about you at the moment you
 were behind. Clara had not
 proof but she would swear it was
 so.

If no longer, if he had a family
 it was that he still took a little
 too much time to ride. When, but
 Clara announced, she was ready
 to live with that. Better to ride over
 the hill than to fight with his own
 sister.

"What would you ever know about that?" Alain asked. (18)

"No, I don't," said K. Lisa, "I go to church. But when I was young I saw things in certain families, little things, but not little, not anything to talk about."

She was, at least, honest enough to leave little as she spoke, but what brought the blood to her face was that they were cousins, that was a little embarrassing perhaps, but not something so terribly wrong. The other possibility did not even exist for her. No for Alain.

This ability to conceal ~~from me~~ the most unfathomable facts about oneself from oneself always elicits my admiration, I do not know if it is a barrier as impassable as sealing the alps in one's bare feet, or one is dealing with labyrinthine of camouflage, but either way I suspect the credit must go to the Dammhof. It created the human against ~~me~~ I meant — we certainly didn't — and so it

became His Task to protect His
humans from themselves,

(18)

I know that we have certain
advantages thereby. One truth is
about men and women is that
they are incapable ~~of doing~~
for the most part of facing unpleasant
truths about themselves. (Their ability
to ~~invent~~ invent earth-moving
machines may be an offshoot
of their desire to bury unpleasant
personal facts.)

We, on the contrary, ~~are~~ could part
a breach into the impenetrable ego
of certain powerful people if they
did not have that God-given ability
to conceal themselves from themselves.
So, human as with Kura and Akos
doing their best — in their case, their
clinging hold — to life with Akos, Janice,

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Do First

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to be feared Double-speak
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~~before me~~
 I had a few matters ~~to attend to~~ on returning from Moscow to Hafeld,

but the first was to ~~convince~~ ^{convince} Der Alte to ~~set fire to~~ ^{burn} one of his hives. The

message was, of course, imparted ~~to him~~ ⁱⁿ his sleep, and was my response

to a somewhat puzzling accident ~~to Der Alte~~ ^{he had had which laid him}. To be laid up for a day with a

~~terrible~~ ^{cruelly} (swollen face! He was too expert to have such episodes. Some of

the stings had come dangerously close to his eyes. Given his skills, he

could not comprehend how the event had occurred. And ~~in~~ ^{the course of looking into} one of his better

hives! Attempting to replace the queen, who was showing the first

unmistakable signs of fatigue, ^{he was attacked by} her escort had attacked him. Der Alte had to

subdue ^{this at the Court} the revolt with smoke (a gross procedure as far as he was concerned,

worthy of amateurs like Alois Hitler) and then he had to spend the day in

bed. ^{This} So drastic a revolt had not ^{been visited on him} occurred in years.

Upon receiving my ^{nocturnal} instructions, Der Alte ^{did take} took a few days before

fulfilling the job, ^{This} which irked me, because I had alerted the Maestro ^{who} and

might now ^{inquire on the cause of} be asked about the delay. Despite the attention he was still

giving to give to the aftermath of Khodynka, I had made ^a the decision to ^{give}

a report. ^{HA} One didn't want to ignore surprising events even if they appeared

minor. ^{the} Indeed, ^{Yes, burn} orders came back quickly. ^{Burn} the hive. Again, I

impressed the thought into Der Alte's sleep, and with harsher emphasis.

Now he ^{had to know} knew that the imperative was coming from without, and ^{could not} ~~this was no~~

^{be some} cruel vagary of a dream. ^{All the same, only} But the old fellow was full of dismay. He

hesitated for another day and night before he committing the deed. "Do it,"

^{repeated} I told him in his sleep, "it will be good for you. Tomorrow is Sunday, and

^{double} So it will have twice the positive effect. ^{But do not} Don't use a sulphur bomb. Too

many of the recalcitrants could survive. ^{Seal} Douse ⁱⁿ the entire hive with

kerosene. Then burn it, box and all."

He groaned in his sleep. "I cannot do that," said Der Alte. "The

Langstroth box cost me dearly."

"⁴ Do not argue." Burn it. That will make it even better. ^{Do not argue.}

I was following ~~my~~ orders. Destruction of the Langstroth box did

seem excessive ~~to waste~~. It was a nice piece of cabinet-work. No matter—I

did as I was told, and Der Alte followed me. He had to. At his age, he knew how deeply he was invested ~~by us~~. So he lived with terror that was as real to his flesh as an ulcer. Death was now near to his thoughts ~~just~~ as near as a caged beast in the next room. It is hard not to feel contempt for old clients. They are so submissive ~~to us~~. Moreover, he was enraged at his bees. ~~He~~ ^{By the hour, he now} grew more ready to punish them for upsetting his sense of the ~~given~~ ^{At his age, that} which could afford few shocks.

Sunday morning, he laid the hive on the ground and doused it with ~~staining into~~ kerosene. ^{up} Watching the commotion that seethed in its flames, he did begin to feel better. I was on the mark. It had been good for him. He was perspiring like a horse, he was full of woe at the incineration itself—that did violate his vocational instincts. He openly wept for that hive and for those

fine golden bees, but to his surprise, a rare sweetness returned to his loins.

This was the first such sugaring of his body that he had felt in years. Like

many an old man, his lust had been confined to his head. ^{So, for years, the} The physical
~~accompaniment to any~~ ^{pick}
~~concomitant to each~~ libidinous thought was a nasty cramp in his groin.

I will mention in passing that Adi happened to be present at the

burning. He, too, ^{had been} ^{so he} was given a message in his sleep and slipped away from

Klara and Angela even as they were preparing to go to church. That did not

bother Klara exceptionally. It had happened before. Moreover, she

enjoyed being in church ^{more} on those rare occasions when it ^{came down to} was just Angela

and herself. If Adolf was not squirming in his seat, he would be in a contest

with Angela to see who could succeed best in pinching the other. On the

sneak.

Yes, to be alone with Angela in church allowed her to feel close to her step-daughter. If the truth be ^{witnessed} ~~belabored~~, she was also happy she did not have to bring Edmund along, ^{or} ~~and~~ hold Paula at her breast ~~all~~ through the service, hoping all the while she did not wail. ^{Today,} ~~(Alois had said he would stay~~ with the two little ones. Klara could hardly believe there was ~~then~~ such a ^{new quality} ~~softening~~ in him. ^{was he softening?}

As for Adolf's relation to the burning of the bees, I will say for now that his toes tingled, his heart shook in its chamber, he did not know whether to scream or to roar with laughter—for him, it was ~~such~~ a royal, thoroughgoing auto-da-fe. I will only return, however, to its later effect on the boy after my perceptions of life in Hafeld have quickened. Release from the ordeal of living in Russia had left me a touch indolent. I did not, as yet,

feel eager to ^{re-enter} ~~enter once more~~ the complexities of this six-year-old, whom the
Maestro had chosen for close observation. My morale was, as I have said,
in fine shape, but I did not want to ^{exercise} ~~test~~ too quickly. I had to wonder if
Russia had left me more ^{indolent} ~~delicate~~ than I cared to be.

I have not mentioned this before, but during my first week in
Moscow, I ^{had been put} ~~was~~ in liaison with long-term resident Germans (half-Russian by
now, or, at least, half-Muscovite) who worked for the Governor-General.
They were high in Sergei Alexandrovitch's hierarchy of police officers and
were a great help to us at Khodynka. They had what was for them a most
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 added, "they would be the greediest, except

It leaves nothing behind.

they have nothing. Their greed is like fire. They are ~~so~~ wild. Each of

these fellows, provided he is big enough and strong enough, has a secret

belief. He thinks that if it came to it, he could kill a bear with his bare

hands. He would certainly try before he would allow the bear to chew away

on him."

Yes, existence was easier on my return to these modest duties in the

and not necessarily without interest. Hefel

Linz region of Austria, easier, and with the promise of Hafeld offering its
*had its own promise of small revelations
which could yet be*
own fascinating (even as the sounds of a minor key are so often able to

also)

suggest a rare resonance.) I like my understanding to increase through the

the That can, on many an occasion prove
subtlety of my task. It is (more agreeable than obtaining new knowledge by

*seizing one's new knowledge while
enduring the spasms and paroxysms of a major contest,
living in the major force of the situation itself.*

So I found myself more ^{than} ready to ~~deal~~ ^{go back to the} with the simpler themes of

Already I could witness a Alois' spirit than to fret over the Maestro's preoccupations with Adi, yes, it

few small changes in him, and they was more engaging to follow the changes in Alois.

engaged me

For one thing, Klara ^{was} ~~was~~, as usual, mistaken about him. ^{Alois} ~~He~~ was not

softening, not exactly. The moment he was alone with Edmund and Paula, on this particular Sunday,

he put the sleeping infant, not half a year old ^{yet}, in her trundle bed, and

^{certainly} told Edmund to make ~~sure~~ she did not wake up. The expression in Alois'

~~eyes was convincing~~ to Edmund. Alois had the ability to transfix ^a three-

year-old boys into obedience, by no more than looking into ^{his} eyes. Yes, ^{this man was now} ~~they were ready~~ to do the near-impossible. Edmund would will the infant ^{not} to awaken, ^{be it} said, that is also a function of the will and it works best with infants.

Sundays but that was because he enjoyed being entirely alone. He needed ^{be it} On this Sunday, he wanted a little time ^{Said, that is} time to meditate ^{this Sunday} on Der Alte's mishap.

A weight had been lifted from ~~some~~ ^{had now dissipated} dire expectations. All through

May, as the weather turned warm, Alois' chronic fear of losing his colonies

~~had infected~~ ^{been one of the dreams in} his dreams. A vivid picture kept returning of himself up in a

~~tree~~ ^{there he was,} trying to coerce, charm, or trick a maddened swarm of bees back to

their hive. The sad sure fact was that he had ~~eaten too much~~ ^{been eating a lot} all winter and

spring. He now felt much too overweight, ^{his inside feeling} as wholly over-stuffed as a man

~~comfort~~ ^{as a man}

who has crammed 300 pounds into a 200-pound body. He had only gained

twenty, ~~not a hundred~~ ^{still}, but it felt as if he was being asked to walk a tight-

rope. That was how he felt ~~a fall could come~~ ^{the (was coming)} at any moment.

Yes, he needed to be alone, ^{He} needed time to think in such a way that

his lips could go slack, his stomach rumble, his sphincter break wind. Let

him even groan aloud. There had been weeks in the past two months when

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he had become convinced—and this not for the first time in his life, but ^{certainly} the

most vividly—that he could fail, fail utterly at some important activity that

he had chosen. Such failure had once seemed impossible. His vanity

forbade that, this same vanity which he had ^{constructed} assembled from boyhood on,

put ~~it~~ together piece by piece, successful small episode attached to each

such previous ^{good} ~~reasonable~~ memory, and then ^{had} fortified that vanity through all

(Not to mention all the fornications!) the promotions of his career. Now, where was his confidence gone? He

was not in church on this Sunday any more than he ever was, not if he could

help it, but now he did not know if he could. ^{indeed, still he his proud self} His confidence was gone. On

this particular Sunday, he had even thought of going to church ^{yes} with Klara.

First time since they had moved to Haverly, yes.

The thought was anathema. Such an act would destroy so many long-

term things. ^{long-held} It could wipe out his sense of himself as a man who does not

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. They had taken away the

keystone of his pride. ^{which was that no one else he knew} Who else did he know who could thumb his nose at

^{was as ready to thumb his nose at}

bad omens? When could you ever find another man of peasant birth who

had ^{that} ~~so rare a~~ quality? ^{It was so rare, he told himself}

^{Let's just}

~~Just~~ a week ago, his hands had begun to shake, involuntarily. He

could not hold his newspaper. There ^{had been} ~~was~~ a story about the death of a

beekeeper ^{who} ~~He~~ had not recovered from a wild outbreak in his own hive.

^{Then,}

~~Next~~, Der Alte suffered his crazy episode. Now, Alois could no

longer trust his feelings. For in the midst of his panic, he also felt relief.

An omen had passed. The air around the farm no longer felt as stifling as

the dark light ^{minutes} before a thunderstorm. No, the bolt had ^{Finally!} ~~finally~~ struck. But it

was the expert who had been hit, not himself. Confusion was replaced by

relief only to fall into ^{new} confusion again—

If he had felt free of ~~this~~ dread for a day and a night, it had come back,

~~again~~. But now he knew why. It was Alois, Junior. He had not felt right

since the boy had returned. Something ~~wrong~~ ^{and all wrong} was still in the air. He could

not be such a fool, he told himself, as to be afraid of his bees because he

was uncomfortable with his son, but, he ought to know. Human beings

were full of subterfuge. He had certainly learned that at his Customs posts.

The tricks that some ^{had tried} ~~would try~~ (to get past an inspector! He remembered a

woman who had concealed her gems—of some value—underneath a

shocking pair of black lingerie—a good looking woman, ^{who when caught was} ~~and~~ brassy enough

to smile at him, with invitation and say, "It always worked before. They were afraid to touch it."

"That," he told her, "is because most of my associates go to church.

You had bad luck this morning."

They both laughed. He was truly tempted to let her off, let her pay the fine by smuggling him into her thighs, but no, never, ^{A fine} ~~certain~~ rules he would not break, no matter the temptation.

All the same, ^{this little} ~~the~~ recollection kept him brooding about the nature of subterfuge. Back in the days when he could still enjoy getting on a horse, there had usually been one or another steed that took away something of your confidence as a horseman, something in their gait—as if they knew another gait that would make you feel as if there were five legs under you,

not four, and you wouldn't know a damned thing about how to control such an innovation.

Yes, that was Alois, Junior. One could not know the boy from top to bottom. He had ~~the wrong kind of confidence, and a lot of it.~~ *but it was the wrong kind and he had a lot of it.*

Yet, what could be worse than a father who made a strong judgment on one of his children, and was wrong? The obvious truth, and Klara was talking about it all the time, was that this did not seem to be the same boy who had gone away to live with Johanna and Johann Poelzl. Her parents had obviously been so good for him. Now, his manners were nicer, and the look in his eye was friendlier. He did not seem to be judging all the time.

Klara said,
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Klara said,
Before, it was the worst thing about him. *(*You could feel ~~that if he had a~~

~~friend~~, he would say something very ugly about you ^{as soon as} ~~at the moment~~ your

back was turned. ^{She} ~~He~~ had no proof, but ^{she} ~~she~~ would ^{say} ~~swear~~ it was so.

According to her, that was true no longer.
~~No longer.~~ If he had a fault, it was that he still took a little too much

time to ride Ulan, but Klara announced, she was ready to ^{put up} ~~live~~ with that.

^{start starting}
 Better to ride over the hill than to ~~live~~ with his own sister.

"What would you ever know about that?" Alois asked.

^{know about such things,}
 "No, I don't," said Klara. "I go to church. But when I was young, I
^{certain} saw ^{things} in certain families. Little things. ^{They not} ^{But not} ~~Not~~ so little. ~~Not~~ anything to
 talk about."

She was, at least, honest enough to flush a little as she spoke, ^{Yes} ~~but~~ /

what brought the blood to her face was that they were cousins. That was a

little embarrassing, perhaps, but not something so terribly wrong. The other possibility did not even exist for her. Nor for Alois.

This ability to conceal the most unpalatable facts about oneself from ^{any} oneself always elicits my admiration. I do not know if it is a barrier as impassable as scaling the Alps in one's bare feet, or one is dealing with labyrinths of camouflage, but either way, I suspect the credit must go to the Dummkopf. He created the ban against incest—we certainly didn't—and so it became His task to protect His humans from themselves.

I know that we lose certain advantages thereby. One truism about men and women is that they are incapable for the most part of facing unpleasant truths about themselves. Their ability to invent earth-moving

machines may be an offshoot of their desire to bury unseemly personal facts.

We, on the contrary, could put a breach into the impenetrable ego of certain powerful people if they did not have that God-given ability to conceal themselves from themselves. So here we are with Klara and Alois doing their best—in this case, their clumsy best—to cope with Alois, Junior.