

Tatiana's comments

from Book 3, ch. 5

1. Alois with his friends in the tavern at Linz

"Which Bishop?"

"The Bishop of Linz, don't you know?"

Alois had not forgotten [here T. says "The next phrase should be deleted because you have already told it."] the Bishop of Linz who, six years ago, had refused his application to marry Klara. In order to defray the expenses of translating his letter into Latin, Alois had been forced to declare that he was a pauper. Six years ago. It still rankled.

2. from Book 3, ch 16 (Alois ruminating on his bees)

Such images gave life to Alois. It was the balance between hard work and satisfied desire. He could feel close to that bee who would stagger back in flight with its pollen bags heavy, and its stomach valve full of nectar. Had not Alois, in his turn, given much to women and yet brought back much for himself, so much accumulated wisdom on how to deal with the world, or, at least, his customs-house corner of the world where [T says

should be added "he found himself"—for what it's worth, I disagree with T. here] by the end of his career, he invariably knew what was true and what was false in declarations offered by strangers, particularly women who might wish to deceive him, yet could not, because he was wiser than they were. He possessed the true honey. Wisdom was the knowledge of what others were up to.

3. Book 3, ch. 20—Adi and Angela on the way to school

From Angela's point of view, it was simple. If Adi was trying to make her cry, of course she would look for ways to bring tears to his eyes as well. Besides, bad smells did not bother her that much. [T says, insert "But"] By now, she was accustomed to sour milk and horse manure. A wind full of pig wallow even [T says delete "even"] brought a real sorrow to her heart—poor dead Rosig!

"What are you crying about now?" asked Adi. "You tell me how I am bad-smelling and I am the one who should cry—you are mean."

4. Book 3, ch. 20 (end of ch)

"Are you crazy?" he would answer. "I am in my good clothes. My mother will kill me if I get them dirty." The daily wars of Passau had

enriched his voice with just enough assurance to deter the other. But then that boy was nothing. If Adi could manage to live with Alois, Junior, how much had he to fear from a fool like this, also named Klaus, same as his lieutenant in Passau? It was [T says insert "the"] big sister who bothered him with all this teasing.

5. Book 3, ch. 25 Alois lecturing Adi on the bees

Alois gave him an encouraging pat on the nape of his neck. The boy's obvious desire to keep the conversation in flow now served to activate Alois' funds of exposition. "Yes, I would say, the answer is: Way back! Longer than us. Maybe longer than us. And there has never been a day when we didn't look to steal their honey." He laughed at the extent of his own insight. "I have read that already, back in the time of the Bronze Age, we were already eating honey, [T suggests deleting the first "already"] yes, and I can say for certain that I have seen drawings and some old poems in glass cases right there in the dusty old Linz museum we all went to once that showed how, going back into the Middle Ages, beekeeping was already a serious activity. Although wild, very wild then."

6. Book 4, ch. 3

Taking the lady to see the bees. . .

On the particular occasion some years ago when he had been gravely stung while working with the little colony he then kept near Braunau, he had made the mistake of inviting an attractive woman out with him one Sunday afternoon in order to demonstrate his working competence with the hive. Naturally, he was in full dress uniform. How else to accompany so good-looking an acquaintance? By twilight he was stung so fiercely that the recollection still rises in one quick spurt from the pit of his stomach. Alois' hopes of fornication were obliged to remain unsatisfied that Friday night, indeed, the lady was stung, no less, on the exposed flesh of her ample breast. [**T says make it "Not only a passing"**] Only a passing romance was lost, but it proved a blow to his best opinion of himself. As we see, he continues to pay the price. Shoots of fear, bright as rockets, fire off in his stomach.

7. Book 4, ch. 7

Alois' nightmare about the bees. . .

He looked to rouse himself. [**T has trouble with the first sentence—asks if something is missing or misspelled. Maybe it's too idiomatic for her?**]

Perhaps "He tried to rouse himself" is clearer.] Because this was a dream. Healthy bees did not defecate in their own habitat (except perhaps for the worst and laziest of the drones) no, he had listened to the bees in one hive, and their sound was honorable.

8. Book 4, ch 13

If so, it was more than an amazing decision, it was a staggering choice. To depend on Russia—so invested with corruption! [T asks shouldn't it be "infested?" See my note below.] So teeming with injustice! It was what we looked for. We counted on injustice. It was the yeast to inspire hatred, envy, and the loss of love. If we had a rule of thumb, it was to encourage injustice wherever we could. For rare was the man or woman who did not possess an intense sense of the injustice done to them each day. It was our taproot to every adult. It was a fury in every child!

{jmnote: You seem to be developing a special set of technical jargon for D.T. and this is one example. "Infested," is, as T. suggests, closer to normal usage, but through the book you have had D.T. refer to "investing" clients with vices, so it seems of a piece to refer to Russia as "invested" with corruption—with the implication, of course, that this

has been helped along by the Maestro considerably. What you have to ask yourself is if you want to continue these "special" usages.]

9. Book 4, ch. 15

It may be worth including a letter from Kaiser Wilhelm II to Nicky, which was sent on 27 October from the Neues Palais, Potsdam:

T. queries the spelling of Neues Palais—this came directly from the text (the printed diaries and memoirs) of which you have the original

10. Book 4 ch. 14

Here, I must introduce another diary. It is by a nobleman **[T says it should be "aristocrat"—I don't understand the fine distinction myself.]** who signs himself as KR. **[T comments: KR is Konstantin Romanov and he was also a Grand Duke.]** He is the same age as the Grand Dukes (that is, the brothers of the dead Tsar) and, in spirit, he feels like an uncle to Nicky: He certainly loves him as much or more than any of these **[T would add "other" here]** Grand Dukes. Indeed, KR adores Nicky so much that he capitalizes every reference to him.

11. Book 4, ch. 14

On the seventh of November, one of our English agents intercepted a communication from Lord Carrington [T suggests adding "**British Ambassador to Russia**"—it is his first mention in the text] to Queen Victoria, which offered a detailed report on Tsar Alexander III's funeral. It was obvious Her Majesty was attracted to details.

12. Book 4, ch. 14

Mind you, there were no seats. The Russians understand that ceremonial occasions do well to be uncomfortable. Let such devotional services prove harsh on the body. Let the mighty stand for several hours while liturgies are recited. Let the music continue, [T says it should be "**chants continue as we don't have music in church.**" Well, they don't have instrumental music, but I think it's correct to call Russian plainchant "**music.**" Or "**singing,**" surely.] powerful and sad, yet in its way, compelling, even majestic, due to the very length of the occasion. It is as though the deepest groans of Jesus Christ in extremis on the Cross are there to be heard again, and meditated upon.

13. Book 4, ch 14, more description of the wedding:

Ten thousand of the strong, powerful, and wealthy stood therefore in place while the ceremony continued, an assembly of high generals, admirals, and various hierarchies of upper and lower officers, [**T suggests cutting "and lower]"** as well as each and every last lady [**T suggests cutting "last"]** of St. Petersburg (as well as those from Moscow) who had ever been presented at Court. All the dignitaries from the First, Second, Third and Fourth Class of the bureaucracies were there, plus a full medley of Mayors from large and small cities and towns, and many of the new Russian businessmen, not to mention Senators and 60 or 70 maids of honor.

14. Book 4, ch 17

one of the Kaiser's letters to Nicky:

Kaiser Wilhelm II to Nicky 13 October 1895

Neues Palais, Potsdam

Dearest Nicky,

That it is not the fact of a "Rapport" or friendship between Russia and France that make me uneasy—every sovereign is sole master of his country's interests and he shapes his policy accordingly—but the danger which is

brought to our Principle of Monarchism through the lifting up of the Republic on a pedestal. Don't forget that Faure—not his personal fault—sits on the throne of the King and Queen of France by the grace of God whose heads Frenchman Republicans cut off. The blood of their Majesties is still on that country! *[T. says it should be "Frenchmen Republicans"—but it is straight from the text and you've already said his English isn't perfect.]*

Look at it, has it since then ever been happy or quiet again? Has it not staggered from bloodshed to bloodshed? Nicky, take my word on it, the Curse of God has stricken that People forever! We Christian Kings and Emperors have one holy duty imposed on us by Heaven, that is to uphold the Principle "von Gottes Gnaden." [by the grace of God.] Your most devoted and affectionate friend and cousin,
Willy

