

Fixed
by
D 4/7/04

Book IV

It is ^{not} without some uneasiness that I must ^{now} tell the reader a species of critical activity took me away from Alois, Hitler and his family ~~the~~ on just the evening that his purchase of two kee-colonies, two complete Langstroth boxes (with supers), a variety of tools and garments for ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~parts~~ ^{parts} many to enumerate here and plus some winter supplies of pollen and honey to feed his new acquisition were transported with Alois' ~~own~~ workhorse and drag ~~to~~ from the Alter kee-house to the Hitler home.

It was an exceptionally exciting trip for Adi who sat beside his father all the way and was up for hours that night in anticipation of Sunday morning when the hives would be set up under an oak tree some good twenty paces from the house.

If there is curiosity as to how much it all cost, there is no good way to reply - the rate of exchange of money swoops down and ascend as if they were not full of gravity but rather were birds on the wing. To go from the Guldau and broken of Alois home to the present distance many a patient/confederate

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costs. I suppose I can say that Alois' pension at that time was the equivalent, ~~the~~ very rough equivalent of ~~the~~ a sixty or seventy thousand dollars a year, and De Althea managed him to ~~the~~ the extent of asking for some equivalent of a thousand dollars (very much more or less) and Alois, not unaware, indeed anticipating that he would pay too much was weary enough of dealing with the old man to bargain somewhat freely (Considering that it was Alois!) and succeeded in acquiring a few extra tools for the price.

It is at just this point that I was called ~~by~~ ~~upon~~ by the Placities to assign the dollars to two of my assistants and to embark even that night for St. Petersburg where I ~~could~~ ~~per~~ ~~fect~~ could expect a course in orientation concerning a new and massive project concerning the coronation of Nicholas ~~at the~~ ^{in Moscow} second scheduled for May of ~~1895~~ ¹⁸⁹⁶ ~~in Moscow~~ ^{in Moscow} when we were ~~still~~ ⁱⁿ still in early October of 1895.

Let me say that ~~at~~ I was a very excitable adventurer allow himself to be (I led on my bit to simulate the frigid idea of the Placities whose pride I often suspect is that no

(3)

creature, animal, human, or cosmic can
ever be as ~~perfect and~~ ^{in any case,} safely collected
as himself.)

So, off I went ^{in any case,} to St. Petersburg on that
night. How I traveled is too complex a
matter to discuss at this point. We are able
to move, humans, and often do. (Although
it is obviously slower by far than travelling
in the other manner, better ^{that I will}
(want to speak.) I was assigned to the
fair route and began my studies
of the Russian soul, kelly, vices, beliefs,
harmonic and inner disharmonies, by
morning of the next day. And in that land,
nearer to God and the devil than any
other land above the equator, I ~~stayed~~
for all of a winter in St. Petersburg and came
to ~~abandon~~ in the spring, a cold April that
would precede surprisingly warm May.

In that period, I did receive news of
Alois, Adi, Klara, Angela, even of the dog
Hutter and the stallion (possibly - can you
safely tell me?) but it was summary and
not of the same interest as the new venture,
not at all. To the degree that a devil
can have personal desires (other than his
ambition to satisfy the Master) I had, I
confess, yearned of the Hitler family, I had
wanted so much more in the case of a major
arrangement. Now, I had it. The O. O.
was up to a mighty mischief. We all knew

that everyone of us, major and minor (B)
devis both, even at the time I sensed
that it was more ~~even then~~ than some
exceptional effort in distortion, confusion
or speculation, but rather a species
of metamorphosis in the aims of our leader,
himself.

Now, I will make one apology, then
say no more. Having read the ~~best~~
worse of novels for many years, I should
know by now (and do) that most
readers do not take well to a novelist
who will choose to interrupt his story in the
middle, ~~insert~~ and go off on a subject
that appears altogether unrelated. Until
now, I have indeed spared the reader any
mention of other cases, particularly the matter
I spent in London back in ~~April~~ of '94
when I attended the trial of Oscar Wilde
and his conviction of "sodomy and gross
indecency" - a matter in which I did
play something of a hand with the jury
since ~~to~~ my instructions were to do
what I could do to get him convicted.
I believe the F.O. was looking to stimulate
a sense of martyrdom among homosexuals
of my good family but to this I can't
attend. The Master rarely explains
his strategies to us - it is enough that
we satisfy his aims.

Power comes to those who can perceive ^{order} in this apparent chaos. Nonetheless, the boy is wrapped up in what he has ^{class} ^{childhood} ^{are} ^{philosophy} divined from his father's feelings and a few passing remarks, so he senses

that evidently these little creatures sting you and you're dead. And he

shivers at the improbability and the incomprehensibility of dying, but

nonetheless can feel "the menace and peril still clings to these bees, even

though they are nothing but a ^{clotted} ~~congested~~ mass," yet

That covers A-7, AO

Adi remembers the brilliance of the bees flying everywhere, and now

they seem to be virtually shuddering in the darkness.

^{3 + 4 = 7} ^{5/11/04} ^{3/24/04}
(Circle) do not move like dead leaves. They look more dead than alive, Their movements are, best summer he had seen them flying about slow, incoherent, incomprehensible. Can these be the wonderful drops of as beautiful as drops of dew in the earliest sunlight but drops of dew that dew about light he had seen but for a moment in May and June, unceasingly dashing down in the air, too rapid for his eye to see exactly how they landed and sparkling as dove into the petals and gold of a thousand wide-open

this is a queen bee

Were they trembling in the dark, were they cold? calyces? Now they appeared to be shivering in the dark, numb, suffocated,

Could they breathe? It was an awful way to live, so close together one could imagine they were captives sitting in the

shameful squalor of a poor, overcrowded home."

~~The boy shivers. The boy, feeling how much they must miss the sun,~~

~~shivers for them. He thinks for a moment at the move from Der Alte's house~~

~~with the equipment and the boxes that will be the hives. The draft horse in~~

~~the cart pulling them remembers the drive with Alois Senior and looking at~~

~~the horse, he begins to think about Alois Junior all through the move. The~~

~~move is in the evening—the hives must never be left in full sun where they~~

~~overheat. And when they do, Der Alte has explained, become overheated,~~

~~that is, they become terribly agitated and in the course of such agitation use~~

~~up even more air, more oxygen, and that panics them even more and as the~~

~~temperature in the hive begins to rise—if it ever reaches 20 or 30 degrees~~

Alois' letter to Junior
when he comes home

Brabant

Alois

~~C-28~~ 10/75 3/96 11/95
A-14a

The Life of the Bee

95

E
I

somewhat resembling roasted coffee-berries, or bunches of raisins piled against the glass. They look more dead than alive; their movements are slow, incoherent, and incomprehensible. Can these be the wonderful drops of light he had seen but a moment ago, unceasingly flashing and sparkling, as they darted among the pearls and the gold of a thousand wide-open calyces?

They appear to be shivering in the darkness, to be numbed, suffocated, so closely are they huddled together; one might fancy they were ailing captives, or queens dethroned, who have had their one moment of glory in the midst of their radiant garden, and are now compelled to return to the shameful squalor of their poor overcrowded home.

It is with them as with all that is deeply real; they must be studied, and one must learn how to study them. The

Adi
feels
how
they
miss
the
sun.

28 Life pictures he
had seen in his father's
book of poor
people
toward end
of discussion
to Adi

Are they
missing
the sun?

the
most
dislike
in
school

Adi + Angela on way
to school. Segue
into pterodactyl
+ J-18

when they got to the farm in
April, Adi saw bees all
through May + June + even
learned not to go
near them. Once I saw

over
the
they
were
and
didn't
stop
drawing

~~E 24~~
F-01

~~1/95~~

~~10/95~~

The Life of the Bee

I³

the mysteries of the palace of honey.
 Before we open it, therefore, and throw a general glance around, we only need say that the hive is composed of a queen, the mother of all her people; of thousands of workers or neuters who are incomplete and sterile females; and lastly of some hundreds of males, from whom one shall be chosen as the sole and unfortunate consort of the queen that the workers will elect in the future, after the more or less voluntary departure of the reigning mother.

Ali's visit

[6]

E
 95
 *

The first time that we open a hive there comes over us an emotion akin to that we might feel at profaning some unknown object, charged perhaps with dreadful surprise, as a tomb. A legend of menace and peril still clings to the bees. There is the distressful recollection of her sting,

* Ali - let enough of their sting, and you are dead
 (the neighborhood)
 a visit to the neighborhood
 whether the new kind of honey

with new kinds of honey could

~~on the way~~

E 24

A this close so they cluster

tomb
 queen
 neuters
 males
 a little manyokwa
 a mixture of honey

What Ali has looked at in Kadar
 indistinct photograph

August 195

Ali had never seen a tomb
 but he had heard of it
 and he was curious to see it
 in his olden times
 It is known
 as the burning
 the handle
 readily
 be de-
 gentler
 worker
 despoil
 their s

which p
 out kno
 kind
 the des
 as thou
 distilled
 father's
 tively t
 from hi

A-7

E27 - INTRO **INTRO**

7/95 **10/95**

On the Threshold of the Hive

[7]

INTRO **INTRO**

The first impression of the novice before whom an observation-hive¹ is opened will be one of some disappointment. He had been told that this little glass case contained an unparalleled activity, an infinite number of wise laws, and a startling amalgam of mystery, experience, genius, calculation, science, of various industries, of certitude and prescience, of intelligent habits and curious feelings and virtues. All that he sees is a confused mass of little reddish groups.

¹ By observation-hive is meant a hive of glass, furnished with black curtains or shutters. The best kind have only one comb, thus permitting both faces to be studied. These hives can be placed in a drawing-room, library, etc., without inconvenience or danger. The bees that inhabit the one I have in my study in Paris are able even in the stony desert of that great city, to find the wherewithal to nourish themselves and to prosper.

~~Close Anti~~ Reaction
mystery - infernal, enigma
genius - secret, intelligent, wonderful
mysteries

recognise
y fear of
smoke, at
erse their
hem, they
ack of an
is pos-
a natural
well to

A

I-4

therefore,
guard the
that for
reserves
ly dip in
elves the
immedi-
ould the
they be

A

The
heavily
to success
all that
there is
in this
clear

discovery

95

spin

X

As DT reviews the material furnished him by the minor devils and

Austria
agents, he decides only two important events occurred in October. One of

In October, there were only one important event, and a slew of Altes' wanderings.
them was Adi's disappointment in encountering the bees in their hive. Der

A-7

Alte shows it to him and he has heard so much—and we can refer to AT

Der Alte - "a world of creation so full of genius and wisdom and wisdom and wisdom, (much a miracle of earth science and his curious aesthetic - "nicht wahr?" - a confluence of nature's wisdom in the most unexpected form, amalgam of mystery, experience, genius, calculation, science" that he's

terribly disappointed when all he sees is a teeming, pululating—not even

specks of activity
pululating—congested group of little red pellets practically—he can hardly

decide if they're bees or not, they're so clustered together. He is,

walks
incidentally, looking through the eye of a glass, furnished with black

curtains and shutters, a special viewing that Der Alte has.

Der Alte, sensing how disappointed the boy is, remarks that one of

the beauties in these matters is to discover all that lies buried and potential

Adi might wander around his own after days of not seeing any keep

same for later

open the revelation

above the hottest summer day, even the wax of the cells begins to melt, the cells collapse, and the colony will perish.

Alois has explained all this to Adi on the drive back in the evening. *It is like the fall of an empire, + Adi thinks that when Alois Junior returns, he will leave some bees in the nest.* That covers LEZ. *944.*

Alois breeding

Der Alte has also left Alois with a speech explaining all that he has done for him already and all that he must do. The record cards he must keep on the weight of the hive to make certain—actually this card, *A-13*, I'm going to ignore. It offers more complexities than continuity. Nonetheless, one reference is valid which is that every time Adi sees Alois putting the hive boxes on the scales, he feels again the same sweet sensations of the tablespoon of honey Der Alte has given him.

The aged, lacking direct psychological contact with Alois, make much more sense.

later

dreams which looking on much as we do as a bit of a dream. I think we are not just in the same way as the first dream. I think we are not just in the same way as the first dream.

dreams. I think we are not just in the same way as the first dream.

X

Fixed
12/09 (38)

220.

14.

trial-space

Now that I know how ^{how very much} much the F.O. was interested in Adolf, it was incumbent on me to study the other members of his family with ^{the keenest} ~~reinvested~~ interest, particularly concerning those regions of their ^{mind} ~~spirit~~ which were not wholly familiar to me.

Sometimes I confess that I was ^{not} ~~altogether~~ unprepared for Alois' interest in bees and their lives. I could see it from the practical ^{point of view.} The honey would certainly be sold as well as the ^{pollen} ~~pollen~~ and the bees-wax, ^{however} ~~that~~ (had) its dangers, — for with a whole lot of bee-stings and other ^{putative} ~~small~~ disasters in outlook — but it was certainly easier at her age than plowing a field.

Still, I had the uneasy suspicion that Alois was not looking first to the financial profits, but rather was ready to undertake the venture

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because it satisfied a side of
himself I had not encountered,
I knew his history well enough,
and he had tinkered with bees
now from time to time over the
years, but I ~~then~~ ^{often} discovered that
with his general assurance he
had actually written for a small
journal that served bee-keepers
in the area around him even
though his own hands-on knowledge
was, by his own measure, limited.

Nonetheless, he had kept up
with some of the literature on bees,
and had been fascinated by a
potentially major transformation
of the practice I speak of ~~the~~
transition from ~~straw~~ ^{beehives} beehives
made of straw and shaped like
beehives, big-bellied and
small-shouldered, to a new species
of home altogether. ^{which the} ~~the~~ ^{old} straw
skeps, ~~often lead to the destruction of the bees~~
^{skeps} ~~destroyed in order to get at the honey, while the bees had to be stung, rushed out like ferrets,~~
~~and often the sheep itself was~~
~~was~~ ^{was} mutilated in order to reap the

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225-235 triples for
16.

225

I was now debating whether to pass this suspicion on to the E.O. While we could take it for granted that ~~the maestro~~ ^{he} could, if he wished, penetrate into all our thoughts, as we knew that as a practical matter, he did not. It would have demanded too ~~much~~ ^{too} ~~time~~ ^{time} ~~for that~~ ^{to} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~disclosed~~ ^{disclosed} ~~on~~ ^{toward} more eye-flicking activities.

On the other hand, he could not be about to forgive any high-ranking assistant who did not ^{give the} ~~show~~ ^{unpleasant} ~~to~~ ^{him} ~~concerning~~ ^{difficulties} concerning one of our prime clients. We were always balanced then on our executive choices. One could ~~always~~ ^{always} feel to the side of too much caution or not enough.

My ~~private~~ ^{private} conclusion in this matter was to inform the E.O. Alain had never been one of our clients. There had been no need. He was by our measure ~~a~~ ^{an} average man, which is to say that he was sufficiently corrupt to be available for our use if we needed to invest in him. The

(224.)

assumption was that he would be open
to a quick invasion since the Cadogly
would hardly be guarding him, to
what end? He was so self-centered
that that would be little in him for
those angels to protect. (I can repeat—
these angels were about as sweet to
encounter as a ~~platoon~~ of marines,
whose organizational honor has
been injured!) When it came to
someone like Klara, we did not dare
to go ~~near~~ near. It would have been
too punishing, and moreover—to
what end? Some of our most excellent
clients had been drawn in the past
from the best mothers. Evil children
that issue from good mothers are
always able to assail the morale
in the Dummhoff's ranks, they find
it hard to accept that ugly results
can yet issue in part from their
best efforts.

Indeed, we had not gone near
Klara. It had been enough to
reach her on ~~the~~ ^{our} incomparably
special night—that lightning raid—
when Adolf had been received.

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If after that paradoxically, she could
~~help~~ ^{as the way} from ~~as~~ useful to ~~as~~ ~~being~~ ~~even~~
while being nurtured by the ~~other~~
attention of the Cudgels, but that is
so complete a matter that it could
have to wait. To give further indication
of what I am talking about let me
say that Clara, being filled with
defects of her own would not only add
her own, but would become ~~encompassed~~
by the new one, Edmund, as well, and
that was enough to flagellate many
of Adolf's early feelings.

To marinate a client over the
years of their childhood is, as I
have indicated, so complex and
however, ~~clear~~ a procedure, ~~that we do not~~
try it often. Life itself will shape
any perfect experience for us to get
into ~~them~~ ^{men and women we hope will get good} ~~into them~~ ^{and our best efforts},
as I have also remarked, can be
contrained by the Cudgels.

We deal then with like likelihoods
and reasonably expected outcomes.
Alas, in himself on the head, no to
speak Alas of faults and virtues.

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all more or less predictable — saved
as the heel for an ongoing comprehension
of the Hells family. He was so
defendable in his strength and
habits and built-in civilities that
one could, if necessary, steer Adolf
in and around him, intensify or
reduce the heat of Adolf's hatred
for his father in such a way as to
mold the boy. Depend on it! ~~we~~
we depended on Alois. He was
so predictably,

Now, his outside love for bees
promising to turn everything inside
out. There are few athletes who
can go all the way to the grass
without being challenged in their
heart on one or another occasion
by the fear, or, worse, the intuition
that God does exist. In this sense
they are like virgins ~~who are~~ tempted
into sudden and unholiness.
Like so many such virgins they
cannot accept sex as a force they
can meet on equal (where is to
say — transcendental) terms. No,
the virgin, like the athlete, has to

take it so to speak through the back door. They fall in love with God by way of ~~the~~ nature, paganism, service to others, technology, even (as the solution to humankind's problems) or, through exceptional allegiance to a fetish or a mystery. In 'Alois' case, it happened to be a recognition of the immense collaboration that seemed to be present between the mighty and the ~~immense~~ miniscule.

Since he was hardly ready to dive into the pool of blind black ersatz joy in the glory of the herd, he approached his ~~new~~ newly opened sense of life story by way of his old allegories. Many prof, ~~that~~ this much I learned by engaging in a speech reception test, an activity — as I have suggested — that defers on the goal chase no cudgel, even near blurring the length of your race. (It is not unlike a blind bet in poker, and the E.D. — who makes the greatest poker play of all time —

does not encourage us to form a 230
~~willful~~ willful habit there.
On this occasion I got in ~~personally~~
with my rail ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~was~~ ^{seen out} of ~~gathering~~
~~and~~ ^{what} I needed. I now knew
a good deal more about Alois,
surprisingly new disposition,
my sense of what ^{might be} ~~was~~ his mind
was ~~conf~~ confirmed. There he
had a life he could find sympathetic
to his own. That is why nature is
the first entrance for humans into
the conceivable nearness of God.
They discover that ~~as a puppy~~ ^{as a puppy} for example
it is a small warm coldly hit
of nature and love ~~much~~ ^{much} they
themselves and so ~~can~~ ^{can} ~~sew~~ ^{sew} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~the~~
got away into a larger imagination
existence. For Alois, the bear had
a life he could compare to his own,
the forager, not to fall. ~~On~~ ^{On} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~ground~~

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~~I tell this to you to be inspired~~
~~somehow find the long type to put it in~~
~~And that is so~~
 They never stop fanning their wings to create a draft. Think of it. A cluster of thousands of wings all fanning away, while others go out to forage among a multitude of flowers and then fly back with their gatherings. They can carry back loads that weigh more than their own bodies. Think of them as flying work-horses, ^{yet they are} but only the size of bees. Some make way from the pollen, ^{others they that will be there} and thereby store material to build the honeycombs. I tell you, they create a society comparable to ^{ours,} our own. And maybe more rational."

None of the junior officers were ready to argue with him, but one of the older townsmen took in little sips of smoke from his pipe. "Come, Alois," he said, "they are only insects."

"No, you are mistaken. There is ^{much} more to them than you think. Some are, I believe, more inspired in purpose than the average human do it."

~~Start -> A~~ He carried the argument no further. But now, my sense of what was in his mind had come closer. ~~These bees had a life he could compare to his own the foragers most of all.~~ ^{any?} On a warm day, ^{where?} these bees ^{out} scouting for new

fields of flowers knew the heat of the sun and the intimacy that only the sun could arouse in ^{flower} the petals. Alois would never allow to harboring an unbolted mystical side to himself—he was altogether like most humans in that

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~~the~~ ^{the much protected psychic soft spot,}
 regard—but I had found his soft spot, (He would, in the innermost recess of
~~his all but~~ ^{that} ~~unadmitted private~~ ^{which} thoughts, begin to muse on the extraordinary
 art ^{that} ~~which~~ must be present in any creation ~~that~~ ^{which} would choose to bring the
 honeybee into the perfumed caverns of the flower, ~~yes~~ ^{It stirred him to think of this:} two wholly separated
 existences ~~now~~ ^{had become} so entranced by the burgeoning heat of the sun that they were
 ready to serve each other, ~~the flower to surrender its nectar~~ ^{it would} while the honeybee ~~to~~ ^{covered}
~~cover itself with the reproductive dust of the stamens.~~ ^{the pollen} In another moment,
 the bee would ~~leave~~ ^{separate from} one passionate love to ~~join~~ ^{look for} another, the next flower ~~was~~ ^{whichever}
 nearby, ready to gather more nectar even as it spread the ~~generative product~~ ^{for the hive,}
~~pollen of the previous stamens~~ ^{spread} ~~of pollen onto the next infatuation.~~ ^{spread}
~~Alois was stirred by the thought~~ ^{this second} ~~The balance between hard work and~~ ^{that had to give life to Alois,}
 satisfied desire was so fine. Indeed, the bee would stagger back in flight, ~~its~~ ^{with}
 pollen bags and honey ducts ~~all but overloaded even as he, Alois, had,~~ ^{And had not Alois?} in his
 turn, given so much to women and brought ~~so much back~~ ^{for himself,} so
 much accumulated wisdom on how to deal with the world, or, at least, his
 customs-house corner of the world where he, ~~by now,~~ ^{by the end of his career he} (almost always knew
 what was true and what was false in declarations offered by strangers, ^{particularly women,} who
 might wish to deceive him and yet could not, because he was wiser than they

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were. He owned the true honey and that was wisdom. Wisdom was the knowledge of what others were up to.

As Alois saw it, honey was ^{a concentrate of} ~~not only wisdom, but~~ secrets—the dirty secrets held ~~into~~ by passing travelers and commercial people, secrets as sweet as honey in the ~~concealed~~ feelings of the heart, all those little goods ^{But he was there to stop them.} you could steal and keep for yourself. ^{So, Alois saw himself.} He could work

as hard and long as any honeybee on the hottest and most productive day of summer when the flowers were open to a time in the future beyond

^{beyond themselves,} ^{working hard for a future beyond} ^{themselves,} yes, he, Alois, had worked just as hard on many an occasion to

protect the glory, centuries upon centuries old, of the Hapsburgs and their exceptional Empire, so devoted to the future. Not all the Hapsburgs had been great, perhaps, ^{not (even all) so good as people)} but it was true for the best of them, those like like Franz Josef. ^{They}

^{were good} Alois could hope to find a resemblance to Franz Josef in his own features—

the same sideburns, the same dignity, ^{was that} ~~same~~ ^{some} of purpose. It was said of the Emperor Franz Josef that he could work for endless hours at his necessary and near-to-endless duties. When necessary, he, Alois, was also ready. And yet they knew enough, both of them, to comprehend that it was ^{not} enough to carry the honey back, but that one must keep a good part for oneself.

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Indith - cheek w. Louis
on the 22nd near

~~* 17. Don't try to look at~~

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their
measures
Kathryn
something

Some people in Linz he knew, fools for the most part, had been

Kathrin *

shocked when gossip had spread about the actress Franz Josef now had for a mistress. Such news had spread like a spill of oil that has no boundaries. That

was (a blow to some. But not to Alois. He understood. Both the best of men and the worst ^{had to} keep their share of the honey for themselves. And ^{they} the thought brought ^{actually} ^{to Alois} ~~him~~ a taste of peace as he entered his retirement.

Let me not be altogether captivated by the vainglorious turn that Alois ^{has} just brought to his meditations. After all, he had his fear of the bees as well. Once, in previous years, he had been stung so ferociously and apocalyptically (if I may would put it so) that he never forgot the attack of vertigo it caused. Such power to create pain! That it could exist in a

creature so small!! It could not be the honeybee alone, he decided, but must
derive from that little being's congress with the sun! ^{Such power} ~~Yes~~ this was all the

the rage of the sun and Alois was familiar with that as well. How could he not be after working through many a summer in the blare of hottest daylight,

stuffed into his uniform. Of course he knew the rage of the sun. It was there not only to disseminate goods and warmth from the heavens above, but also to glow as a manifest of divine rage.

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These were thoughts too large for Alois to absorb through the wall of ^{accept openly for} ~~himself~~ ^{his habits}. So ~~he~~ never brought such meditations all the way forward into ^{only his thoughts — which was good enough for me} words. But this much he knew: Honeybees were agents of the sun even as he was an agent of the Hapsburgs. ^{and both were close to} Nothing less could account for the ^{the ultimate giant of them all, the Sun!} intensity of their sting. ^{which could be no less than the} Were there ~~any~~ phantasies the ^{facilitating} ~~product of~~ ^{scen.} Was he ready to admit to himself that now in full retirement, he had ^{stung his} ~~lost~~ his power to bring harsh and severe levys upon strangers who were ready to abuse his realm?

I offer the question because the answer is obvious: Alois was not ready to give up such power and I looked forward with my own trepidation to how he would deal with his four children now that Edmund was born. And ^{(The} how would he deal with Klara? ^{In my parview, I could see the anticipate)} The unforeseen and unexpected rages of a man ^{whose heart was not wholly in his retirement} ~~man~~ retired even a year or two before his truly ripened time were there in my ~~parview~~ ^{parview}. Like unclassifiable clouds on the horizon was the shape of my

disturbance. Given Alois' propensity to blow ~~his~~ pipe smoke into Adi's face,

I could feel the return of my obligation to keep more than a small eye on the ^{premises. All the same, I was not able later to pretend} ~~premises. I could not pretend~~ (to the E.O., however, that I was ready for the trouble that Alois, Junior, would bring in the next year.

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FAXED Jan 23 1:05 P.M.

Trifles space.

17.

At Another
situation

became

A new complication soon arose. Klara was pregnant again. It even

~~happened on the first night that they moved into the house. Purchased in~~
~~February, the farm remained unoccupied until~~
~~April. Back in Passau, Edmund was ailing, and~~
~~February, Klara came up in April while encountering all the difficulty of the~~
~~Alois would not be able to join them~~
~~permanently until late in June after his~~
~~move, four children, and the sum of their possessions, trunks, valises, packing~~
~~retirements. Nonetheless, Klara braved the difficulties~~
~~and made the move right after Easter with her~~
~~four children,~~
 crates and packages, embarking by train early in the morning from Passau to

 moved
 rec'd Jan 23, 1:04 PM

trunks, valises, packing cases and ²³⁷
packages, ^{including} ~~carried by train from Paris~~ ^{early in the morning}
to Henry where Alois met them with a
large wagon and two workmen, to ~~take~~
all together on the last thirty miles from
Lyon to Griefeld.

This last portion of the trip took all
of the afternoon, and it was dark by the
time they reached the farm, but the
afternoon had been warm, and Alois
taught the children a few songs, their
voice was rich, and Klara had a clear
if delicate soprano. The children had
rarely heard them in such a mood.

The interior of the house was chilly
when they arrived, but the previous
owner had ^{stocked} ~~left~~ the fireplace, ~~ready~~
~~to be lit~~ with good dry wood, and
before long, the rooms were warm, and
veal and sausage and lent soup
made for a first decent meal.

That night, Alois was ready to
establish their connubial presence
as well.

revised

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Linz where Alois met them with a large wagon and two work horses to ^{take them} go all

all ^{for} together on the last thirty miles from Linz to Hafeld.

This last portion of the trip took ^{from noon to dark before} all of the afternoon, and it was dark by

^{day} the time they reached the farm, but the afternoon had been warm, and Alois

taught the children ^{one song after another} a few songs — his voice was rich, and Klara had a ^{clear} coat

Alois, keeping it to himself, was proud delicate soprano. The children had rarely heard them in such a mood of his skills with the horses and wagon. He had not done any of that in decades and half

The interior of the house was chill when they arrived but the previous

^{each} owner had stocked the fireplaces with good dry wood, and before long, the

rooms were warm, and bread and sausage and hot soup made for a first ^{with the} they had brought a bag, ^{and} plus a jar of split pea soup Klara had packed, ^{they had a} decent meal, ^{all} and went to bed more happily than not. Alois would spend the next day with them, ^{and} drive the wagon back to Linz.

That night, Alois was ready to establish their connubial ^{investiture of} presence as

^{first} ^{however} the premises as well.

Received
See Jan 23, 1947
JAC

use more soap, or even on those nights (279)
twice a week when Klara could enough
water for them to bathe in the big farm-house
tub, she would even resist on collecting her
husband his armfuls, before handing him
the soap with a idly mischievous grin
(as it looked to her like of herself) when
in truth she was actually looking a bit
demoniac, and, yes, she told him, "How you
take the soap and put it where it could
some work, you careless boy."

At Adi was ^{ready to} scream with anger at how
rude she could be, loud enough for Klara
to come running in, but he would not tell
his mother. Either he smelted as ~~bad~~ a ~~strong~~
heft saying or she was crazy. He could
hardly ~~smell~~ ^{smell} the rison himself but she
left him ~~uncomfortable~~ uncomfortable.

Teen Angula would think of the
death of ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~again~~ ^{again}. The priest saw how
indeed had ^{at times} an odor ~~not~~ ^{not} wholly unlike
Adi at his worst, or what Resigot had
winked enough Angula began to cry for
both of them, the ~~big~~ ^{big} and the ~~big~~ ^{big} together,
full of remorse. She began ~~to~~ ^{to} some
of the ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~secrets~~ ^{secrets} about her,
that Klara had told her, all of this new
knowledge began to come forth ~~early~~
morning, as the two walked to school
and ~~to~~ ^{to} return, was Adi's imagination
inflamed by the mysteries of the Green Bee.

(283)
If he had been aware of bees ever since
they had ^{first} come to the farm in Africa and more
and more that he had to think of them in
play and game for then we heard when the
somed full of them, being plenty of lights
flying in many directions, his mother
was saying, "bees! bees! bees!" must not try to
play with them if he saw one on a flower
or worse, never dare to kill one or that he
would give him something to remember, and
then Edmund got stung one fine morning
in July and didn't stop screaming for
hours more. So that in his turn, that was
most respectful of the danger is sufficient
with their presence, but not all of Angela's
tattle about his own color so that he
might die, so he thought even as Rosamund
probably gotten sick and had to be hurried
into the day hole his father had to say - was
her bad smell the reason for her death.

Still mixed and puzzled in his head
to hear that the Susan Bee gave a distinct
odor, always the same, and color of honey to
living bees in the hive (and he could scent the
nest to ten thousand) was now attached in
his thoughts to something similar about
himself since the man that Angela carried
on about him - "You too, have a scent! Cuck
it is awful!" the more he seemed that even
if he was a boy, there might be some little
thing concerning these Susan Bees, that
was, like himself.

So when he heard that ~~Alois~~ his father was going to visit a neighbor on Sunday and talk to him about purchasing what Alois called "starter-up materials," an announcement he made on ~~Sunday evening~~^{at dinner} ~~just before his departure~~^{for church}. He had a dream that night about bees, and hives of bees and swarming of bees all flying in circles overhead above the farm. On the ground below was an extraordinary-looking old man who was dressed in a different way than anyone else Adi had ever seen. His stent outside his pants creased almost down to his knees, and an old hat so long it hung down half over his back. Although he was not short he looked like a dwarf, and in the dream Adi knew his name. This man was Dor Alte and the day after the morning thinking he was the one person who knew the old man's name except that he was altogether in error. Alois had spoken of him several times the next few days until they needed from whom he might proceed with "starter-up materials." But then Alois had given the family once his long lecture (now resumed as one Alois junior has gone) and told them coolly that he must play eight months from now; they would all be engaged in the new enterprise.

and he wanted help from each one of them, each to their strength and capacity. (292)
"Even little Edmund?" asked Angela with a trace of the mocking that Alois, junior, had always been ready to offer.

She was no Alois, junior, however. One look from her father's new silence her Sunday morning, as if to establish one firm area of clear superiority to his sister, Cedi asked his father if he could go with them to see ~~Dr. Alt~~, and Alois, pleased and certainly surprised, gave his assent. On Sunday, Clara would be pecked off by another neighbor in their wagon to take the road to Fiddham for Sunday Mass in a small chapel, and she would always take the children, and Alois, as a matter of conscience would not go at all, this morning however all the more pleased that Cedi asked to join him.

I can attribute it to the power of the boy's dream, I had been instrumental in shaping his images, which was the best active participation I ~~could~~ take with the family since I had entered Alois' mind as a visiting woman he had begun to talk in his tavern about the beauties and wonders of a perfect love.

Faxed by Dwyne
3/3/04

22,

(295)

Let me return to the dream I fantasized
and installed in Adi's sleep the night
before. It was initiated by a direct order
from the ~~the~~ Maestro, and that in itself
was exceptional. We do have the power to
provide more than one scenario into any
of hour of our clients sleep, and as it
is invariably the matter with any sudden
shift in the routine of ~~one~~ any client,
male or female, adult or occasionally
a child, produces an unexpected increase
on our budget.

on the installation of
While we do work with dreams
in many a client, it is certainly not one of
my favorite techniques (and I am sure
many of my colleagues would agree)
with me.) The unhappy conclusion I ~~can~~
come to is that dream work ^{can} be of the least
in a man, particularly if there is open
conflict with the budget. Such invasion
and counter-invasions of a woman's sleep
~~result for no deep~~ ^{over to our} ~~the fact of little~~ ^{conditioning} ~~conditioning~~ ^{over to our}
purpose, and ~~can cause~~ ^{on occasion} ~~neglect~~ ^{might have}
for the client.
It is my experience that the installation

of selected visions, phantasms, false
 certainties, whole illusions, effective
 mystorias, even ~~delusions~~ outright deliriums
 on those rare occasions when they can
 prove serviceable ~~for a purpose~~ ^{prop}
~~offer more~~ most effective when one can
 work slowly with one's proteges, nimbly,
 subtly, and proceed in such small steps
 that the lads are not alerted for too
 little. ~~The~~ ^{On the} ~~very~~ many on com, the
 D.K. was most intrigued with the power
 that dreams afforded him ~~potentially~~
~~(as a fiction writer who contended~~
 over the primates he was developing
 into humans. Certainly what covered
 the Jehova Period (that is 1000 B.C. to 30 A.D.)
 was an era of ~~fantasy~~ ^{conscious} ~~of a nature~~ ^{of a nature}
 and punishment available to the
 D.K. — ^{he could manipulate} ~~visions that drove~~ his words
 in any direction he desired, often, I
 suspect, on ^{his whims,} ~~his whims~~.

Our entrance into the affairs of
 humankind produced a revolution in
 the operative powers of the dream. No
 longer could the D.K. (as Jehova) employ
 dreams to accelerate his thrall, and his
 chattels to race off in whatever direction
 he desired. Now the effects of dreams
 on ~~average~~ ^{average} humans (who were ~~usually~~ ^{usually}
 employing their best efforts to have

~~nothing~~ as little as possible to do
 with either the D.K. or the Maestros) became
 curious. Dreams were now eccentric,
 haunting, jagged, totally confused
 and for the most part, non-productive.
 People did their best not to follow
 whatever message they could extract
 from any recollected scenario of
 their sleep.

The effacement of dream was gone, though. It must be said that once we ~~entered~~ began to contest the future nature of men and women, the D.K. did reduce the ~~the~~ ^{the} absurd magnification of ego ^{to ego} ~~the~~ the manic obsession with himself ^{of the} the Jehoval period, and did begin to search for more sophisticated modes of operating, and on occasion could even prove wile in his insulation of dream (via the Cudgels) into his best clients and previouses. The function of the dream altered. It served less often as a means of communicating commands from ~~the~~ above, and was modified rather to give the dreamer more sense of the varied ~~realities~~ realities of his life. His friend was to a slight degree treacherous, the dream would exaggerate that tendency. It was a way off to encourage a more profound sense of reality and for those human words, who ~~had been~~ I was requested by the

Cadogels, and so were rarely affronted by (298)
key us, the D.K.'s approach to the economy
of dreams ~~was also~~ could soon be effected,
the old nonsense of the dream as an inner
or, to the contrary, a wish-fulfillment was
gone except for being revived with only
partial success by Sigmund Freud.) Now,
a human's dream could work for him or
her if there were not present too much and
disturb the contact. In that blessed
condition, a dream could obtain insight
into his or her pressure points. Such
situations in the dream would dramatize
one's ability to withstand anxiety and,
by extension, could then point to those
situations a dreamer was wise to avoid
for given enough pressure ~~that~~ the foundation
of their ego might split or crack - yes,
~~and~~ such matters as possessing less
courage, less loyalty, less devotion, ~~or~~
less health than ~~they~~ he or she had
previously assumed. The dream, or
redesigned for the D.K. to cope with
modern life was - if one ~~could~~ could read
the dream - a security system full of
warning bells.

To the degree that we could combat
the allegiance of any ignorant woman to
the Cadogels we were able to sabotage that
modern system. In return, the Cadogels

And then came an unexpected and direct communication from the "Masters" - an extraordinary event. I was instructed to implant a dream in the head of a six-year-old, none other of course than our young fascist graduate, little Adolf Hitler. Indeed, the order proposed considerably more than a passing insertion of a concept. The verb employed by the Masters was, etch. "I want you," he said, "to etch Ad's brain with a permanent notion, which will have been quiescent ~~long enough~~ ^{long enough} without direction long enough to protect to be free of the presence of the Cudgels."

That was not a short speech for the F.O. His regard for us could be measured by how little time it would take for us to understand his desires.

Do pp 347-351 first
in 3. space +
return

347.

then pp ~~351~~ 346 in double space
2.

There is no question that I will ^{yet delineate} ~~explore~~ in some detail the ~~causes~~ determining effect we were to have on the coronation of Tsar Nicholas the second, but I would prefer at this point to return to the small events, incidents and minor adventures of the Hitler family in Basel before embarking on any attempt to outline the more ~~exceptional~~ ^{st. Petersburg and} activities we undertook in ~~Basel~~ during the coronation (and, most certainly, its ~~unimpaired~~ ^{uplift} aftermath) in May of 1896. Those ~~seven~~ ^{eight} months from my departure in the ~~middle~~ ⁽¹⁹¹⁵⁾ October until my return to Austria in June of 1896 will yet be of ~~interest~~ ^{considerable interest} or so, I would expect, but we have followed ~~the~~ ^{the} activities involved in ~~applied~~ ^{applied} a full time with so much close attention that I do not feel it is proper to step away at this point.

I can point however to one difficulty. My knowledge of the various experiences

of Alois, Clara and the children (348),
were communicated to me, as I have
already indicated, through intermediaries
— which, in other words, the agents I left
behind. (Naturally, given the importance
of the new activities in Russia, I had
taken my best assistants with me.)
That presents a difficulty. These
devils are like lesser humans in many
a regard, particularly in their
insensitivity (or outright torpor in the
worst of cases) at being able to detect
the most significant details.

I can have a reasonable notion
of what is transpiring among my
clients and their near associates, even
if I am restricted to ^{the} reports of
mediocre agents, but the work, that is,
the time ~~consumed~~ consumed, of
preparing the next stage of our efforts,
I could only allocate a fraction
of the available energies to keeping up
with Alois and Company, and so my
account of these workings months,
October '95 to June '96 are of necessity,

(349)

sketches. All that saves the occasion of this narrative is that with a few notable and determining events in little eddies of better development (which events I most certainly did pursue) ~~with the~~ nothing else of great moment did occur until the return of Alois Dittler, junior, in June 49, where time I was ~~back~~ as well.

So, the narrative will not suffer unduly. Old-time agents like mediocre human beings are humdrum in their powers of summary but not wholly incapable, and I do not warrant that I had traversed the least ~~at~~ unpromising to raise the level of their performance. I am not quite prepared to enter the difficulties of explaining how systems of recruitment work for that lead, almost immediately into the far more sacrosanct question of how devices are created in the first place, whether ^{as carefully sought after} ~~as offshoots of the~~ inferior human possibilities ^{contrasted} for by most exceptional selection of the human stock available by the U.S. O. himself or, ^{more} usually the

came to us as a species of demon, ^{came to us as a species of} reflected ^{then came to us as a species of} ^{individual who were} sadistic cartoon, ^{invariably} outraged, demoralized or altogether outraged by the ~~prospect of reincarnation~~ a shocking demotion of their prospects for a reincarnation that they ^{might} ~~could~~ find deem worthy of their merits that they opted out, simply as that they declared their desire to be liberated from the human fold in order to seek another power. (How this arrangement was ~~was~~ negotiated by the D.K. and the O.D. is altogether beyond my knowledge, I cannot declare where or when it happened, but I am familiar with the results. The D.K. was apparently willing to ~~hand~~ ^{lose} off a fraction of his stock of future human beings in order to obtain less disruptive continuations in his scheme of reincarnation, and our O.D., looking to fight his way off ^{into} a level of equality with the D.K., had to be ready to accept this exaltation of human possibility, over the centuries,

over - it will may be - the millionaires (357)
we have been obliged to use a very large
part of my resources in training
and training the low-grade material
we receive. It is analogous in difficulty
to developing a symphony orchestra
out of court-martialed soldiers from
the Foreign Legion. I will not pursue
these difficulties any further at this
point, I will only say that the agents
I had left in the field, the bees so
to speak, of my trained company did
their best to report on Alois' ongoing
effort at bee-keeping, but they did
not always have a close enough
sense of the difficulties to
satisfy my understanding.

Forewarned, forewarned. I will now
present to the reader my understanding
of what went on with the Hitler and
their bees from the end of 1995 until
the middle of the next year.

3.

In October, my agents, reassured me with one important event concerning little Adolf Hitler, and would have overwhelmed me if I had permitted it with an overwhelming detail concerning Alois' worries and I must use the word ~~obsession~~, dull repetitive obsessions with his new occupation.

As I have indicated I had little time to give their much attention, but I was in luck. Short of direct entrance into Alois' working thoughts which ~~if~~ it may be remembered, is rarely done with men and women who are not ~~our~~ ^{studied} clients, my agents did their work on the milk run. In the open market, of course, dreams are reasonably available to all, demons and Euclyps alike, not openly available but there to be pecked up superficially by passing through the night chamber.

We also learn a good deal (although

never in ~~depth~~ depth without close (568)
and careful interpretation by listening
to a family dialogue, so I was satisfied
with a plethora of superficial information
— enough to exculpate my sense of
how to go about these things, especially
~~since~~ when my experiences in Russia
were more interesting and intense,

What bothered me the most was that
I might be receiving a distorted
portrait of Alois. He seemed so much
weaker to my agents than to me,
and while I could not be certain,
nevertheless I suspected that they
lacked my skills of insight when
dealing with minor women who are
relatively strong. It is much easier
to comprehend those who are weak
than anticipate the moves and true
feelings of the strong. When one deals
with that good number of Ukrainians
who are both a "mixed bag" as the
Americans with their viscerally
vulgar common speech with only
a sense of nuance is crucial, precisely
what my agents were lacking.

353
~~So~~ Being weaker than myself, they
picked up ~~so much~~ ^{all that was weak} (in ~~Alloy~~ ^{Alloy} ~~that they~~)
and I was left with the ~~burden~~ ^{burden} of
inadequate material for
sound interpretation. If I now summarize
what I received, I would advise the
reader to avoid passing judgment
too quickly. If we are to understand
the Adolf Hitler who will emerge
from a childhood with this father and
mother, it is obvious that we have to
obtain a sound recognition of ~~these~~ ^{Alloy and}
Alloy's real struggles and weaknesses.

Very well. Here is the summary of
Alloy's work.

done FIXED
Wed 2:00 P.M. April 27? Wed
Wed 358-363 (triple space)

358

obvious that we have to obtain a serious
recognition of Klaus and Alois' real
strengths and ^{several} weaknesses.

Very well! Here is a summary
of Alois' ~~was~~ ^{now} ~~now~~ that he has
insisted on becoming a bee-keeper.

His first concern which I find
somewhat comic (since he has spent
his life in uniform) is that he has to
remind himself constantly to put
on light-colored gloves and a
bee-keeper's big hat and veil, all of
the white material, not to
mention an absolute absence of
dark clothes. He is always afraid
he will forget to change before going
out to his boxes under the oak tree.
He knows all too well that wooden
clothes ~~costs~~ in ~~dark~~ ^{some} ~~same~~
colors ~~can irritate~~ the bees as
directly as a red cloth on a bull.
And how does he know? Well,
by direct experience. On that
evening years ago when he had
been stung while working with

the little colony he then kept in ⁽³⁹⁹⁾
~~a small~~ to sit the edge of a
small town just on the Austrian
side of Danube. He had made the
mistake one ^{Friday} night ^{after years} of taking a woman
out with him so that he could show
off his competence at the Univ.
Naturally, he was in full dress
uniform. How else to a company
a good-looking new female acquaintance.
~~How badly he~~ That was the night
of course when he got so badly
stung that his fears still ~~rose~~ ^{rose}
rose in a spurt at the pit of his stomach,
at no more than the recollection.
No fornication occurred on that
Friday night, indeed the ~~badly~~
lady was also stung, on the exposed
flesh of her breast, no less. It
was a petty romance for him but
a full disaster to his best opinion
of himself, and as we see he was
still paying the price

Nametheless, Alain was Alain. In
every disaster was the pleasant
knowledge that misfortune was

inevitable but a good man (368)
knows enough to look for
whatever might be good that is
buried in the bad. Engel has new
medical ideas, ~~a few days~~ ^{for this} ~~every~~ day
which he made the mistake of
passing on all these years later to
Der Alte - he ~~stays~~ might be good
for rheumatism. ~~But~~

- All the same, he had accepted
Der Alte's verdict that Italian
unimported Italian bees (which
naturally he had ~~on hand~~ ^{on hand}) were
superior to ^{the} Austrian ~~ones~~ ^{variety} while
Alain had been full of suspicion
that Der Alte might be selling
off what he needed to, still the
selling point (to his present shame)
was that the Italian stock were
gentle and easier to handle. They
were also more beautiful, possessed
of a marvelous ~~golden brown~~ ^{glowing}
rich yellow tan, not unlike a
shoe-leather of the mellowest sort.
He did like the three yellow segments.

of their bodies, each fold set
off by edging in black, so elegant! (361)
The Austrian honeybee was ~~was~~
hairy, it was gray, it did not gleam
like the golden-yellow Italian he
had purchased, but all the same
Alain felt as if he had ~~been~~ been
disloyal to Austria, unfaithful.
He should have taken the "Frang griff"
(Or so he called them.)

What added to his unease is that
he could not decide whether he had
made a more fundamental mistake.
Should he have waited for spring
after all. Now, all through the fall
and ~~until~~ the turn of the year, he
would have to keep these bees
warm enough and well-fed enough
not to perish in the cold. He had
bought winter bees. The queen he
had purchased presumably full
of millions of sperm cells from the
five, six, or eight drones he had
shamelessly decapitated would not
~~be~~ laying eggs now, not

for another few months, and the bees would ball in a cluster for warmth, waiting for the honey and pollen he would be obliged to feed them. He only had to watch the ~~bees~~ ^{hives} once a week to make certain their numbers were not dwindling) but it would be a long few months for these winter bees before they could go out and begin to forage along with the new-born who would be ready in the spring.

all through these months he would have to keep records. Weights, temperatures within the hives, even start a diary so all the data was kept. He could not even open the hives. "No matter your curiosity," Dr. Alth had confided (as if he was, and indeed he was, a master at the new apiculturalist's psychology) "You must not allow yourself to peer in, to examine a slide, or to see the sign of the cluster. The draft of opening the hive could decimate the population, warmth

Keep them warm, that's your new duty. And fed. I will explain all that to you some other time until now, from what you have told me, you have only kept hives in June and July

Triple SP

Fixed
By Dwyer
3/8/04

25.

305

~~at the time~~
For that reason as much as any other, he
was filling Ad's head with new names, new
thoughts while walking at so good a pace
that the boy was twice breathless ~~in~~
not to fall behind by a step or a word. In
~~that~~ turn, also, not at all in the least
of spending time or much thought on little
Adolf that he was hint short of breath
himself before the unexpected obstacle of
finding a vein of conversation to take up.
He was so pleased that Ad had wished to
go with him that he was almost aware how
much it meant to him. He never considered
bathed as a subject of personal interest
until a child was old enough to work with
him. Now, for once, most unexpectedly, he
felt ~~a~~ a sense of mystery, a bond, indeed
with the boy, and this was unprecedented.
He actually wished to impress the little
creature next to him.

One good part of their sentiment was
due certainly to Ad's excitement at
being with him. He felt as if he was
finally in the company of his FATHER,
just so large was his recognition of the
size, the power and — no other word — the
immanence of the big man next to him, larger

at that moment in the child's ~~scale~~ (506)
scale of measurement than all the
words he ~~could~~ ~~say~~ tones of his mother when
she would speak of ~~dear little~~ gute
Gott, yes, there was Alois standing beside
him, quite an equal in emanative force
to Jehovah or Franz-Josef (given the
way ~~before~~ Alois would pronounce the names
Franz-Josef, a name enormous in size, but
no greater at this moment to him than as if
he were ~~his father's~~ the big brother of his
father, indeed just as great did his father
seem to him.

How he wanted to please him! ~~How~~
At the beginning of the walk, they were
both silent, and it was Adi who picked
the pump. "Have there always been kees?"
he asked.

"Yes, probably as long as any thing has."
"They go way back, Father?"

Alois gave him an encouraging pat
on the back. The kees's ~~last~~ last question
had served to activate Alois' powers of
exposition. "Yes, I would say, way back.
Some people think that already from the
times of the ~~Principles~~ people were eating
pump, already, yes and this I do know
we have drawn and old poem to tell
us that in the old days, it was already
an industry."

Already Adi was beginning to breathe
in a unique mixture of excitement and

desperation. So many unknown expressions falling on his head as once, (307)
that summer just passed he had been
under the walnut tree when a gag of wild
came by like the stroke of a sword and
thrust walnuts, leaves, stems and yellow
his head and body with such authority
that he had not even been ready to say a
word of the walnuts and their own voice.
Now he was baffled by the monge legs,
the middle legs — he had perhaps heard
that before, and understanding a curious word,
he felt as he half-knew its request
of sitting to arise — he just listened.

"They had," said Alcott, "no bees in
the middle legs. Bee-keepers already, yes,
but they ~~had~~ had to go hunting for where
they could find the bees, where else? in
hollow trees. And that was a story. Smash
out the bees, and grab as much as you
could of the honey and the more the
bees were equal to a little fight
in their hives every night. Candles! And
for that, so many hives they used to
then it would be up to the duke or queen
where they lived. If he heard you
were finding this honey, you had to give up
his good share, and what would
give you back — a nice strong cross-bow.
Why, because it was dangerous. The
bees in the forest were also looking for

honey, think how ~~deaf~~ crazy these ⁽⁹⁰⁸⁾ bees would get. It is one thing to sting a man, but a bear? A bear with his fur and his thick skin. They had to go for the hair's eye and even so the bear would come looking. Ja, you needed a cross-knee to kill the bear. Not so easy to get honey then, but sometimes you had bear meat to go with it."

Adi's breath was on fire, his eyes ~~imagination~~ in a delight of new ~~full~~ full of expectation as their path went through a small wood.

"Sometimes," said Alois, "they would find a fallen tree ready to fall full of a big hollow and all the bees in it. They would knock the tree over, but carefully so as not to stir up everything, and then in the evening only in the evening came the little bees, and quiet than, they would carry the tree ~~back~~ near to their hut and start to look after those bees and learn a little about them. That was the beginning now, it is a profitable and risky bet."

"Today," the boy repeated, another new word, "Steckenpferd a horse on a stick."

"Soon," said Alois, "it will be a business." ^{poss. verb.} They walked in silence. "Das Steckenpferd" ^{one word} was now Alois had put it a horse-on-a-stick, a plent'ing, a game. But soon it would be

a business. The boy was confused, (309) but the speed with which they were walking was pinching his breath past the point where he could ask any more questions.

Abraham, surprised by himself, that he should notice Adi's discomfort, almost stopped. "Come," he said, "let's stop. You sit down." He pointed to an available rock, then actually sat next to him on a less stone that was less smooth.

"You must understand," he now said. "These are no fairy tales we are beginning. Honey is sweet, but bees can be cruel to each other. Do you know why?"

"No," said Adi, but his eyes were shining. "Will you tell me why, Father?"

"Because they obey one law, and their law takes care of everything. The colony must survive. That means nobody is allowed to be lazy inside the colony," he paused. "Except the drones. They serve one good purpose and then it's all over for them. They are gone. Goodbye."

"Are they killed?" He knew the answer.

"Yes, all of them. Once a year, just after summer, they are gotten rid of. No charity," he began to laugh. "In the home of the bees, there are no good Christians. No charity, no. You cannot find one bee in a hive who is crippled or too weak to work. They get rid of them early."

Fixed by Norman
4/29/04

363-368

trick space

4. Done - well

Alois had to recognize the given.
If he had stood in court before
himself as judge, he would have
found the defendant to be
guilty. What then was the matter
with him. Could retirement prove so
lethal to a strong man? First he
had bought the farm on impulse
and many ~~that~~ these two (ex) colonies,
their bee-hives in their ^{hanging} ^{trough}
boxes with removable ^{vertical} slides ~~on~~
on which tin kees could build their
combs to be filled (but not as yet!)
with larvae and honey. Had his
commitment to apiculture ^{in the country} also been
— when he got down to it — on nothing
but impulse? And Dabille had had
the shameless nerve to say to him
even as he was ready to guide his
bee horse and drag onto the road,
"You will see how much I have
saved you."

Indeed! what he did not perform in work, he spent in worry. Not that old, damn it, not yet six, not by ages and more, but he felt such a sense of fatigue he for his future responsibilities. And the worst of it was, surely that, what with the hazy, mysterious blue under the oak tree (near the walnut tree) ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~feared the~~ ^{feared the} ~~myths~~ ^{myths} that felt that they ~~possessed~~ ^{possessed} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~shells~~ ^{shells} and summer, ~~hard~~ ^{hard} as stone, might clear the bees who were ready to go out for forage, nor it had to be under the canopy on a bench, with tar paper beneath for warmth, and more tar paper above, to enlighten down with stone, and the temperature to take every day of the heat within the box, and the to get their once a week and keeping up the diary full of data and notes to himself - it was not enough work - just enough to keep him with a clear conscience about the future. All through the ~~summer~~ ^{early morning} while feeding the winter bees with sugar and water, a most tricky ~~technique~~ ^{technique} in the beginning, he would try

(369)

console himself with the thought
that if the colonies proved to be weak
when spring came, he might have to
combine two ~~hives~~ into one, and, if
necessary, buy more bees at that time
more expensive, more of that awful
Dental, fainting in his pants made
he would be laughing so hard at
the great esteemed High Customs
Officer Herr Hitler and his ten
thunder all there to be strong with
what he didn't know about bees,
after all, everything said. Already
he was lecturing Angela and Adi,
Lena & Lena, on the need for absolute
immaculate hygiene when it comes
come to warm weather. They must
never leave any honey or food outdoors,
nothing to be exposed. They must
certainly not leave the hives open
no matter how warm the day, even
all they ~~can~~ must never spill
any honey, not even on the ground.
They must ~~not~~ mop it up instantly
on the bees and down it fighting
for free honey, easy honey, as it lay
in a pool on the ground.

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If such were his fears — enough to
harrange his family in winter for what
might or might not occur in summer,
and that he could go back to working
about the potential weakness of a
winter colony. So much depended
on what he read, negative or positive.
~~One book~~ ~~holding~~ One of his newly
purchased bee books (ordered from
Ling) stated with a confidence
that came at him right off the
page that if two colonies proved
to be weak, it could be valuable
to combine them. Just kill the queen
who is probably a poor sort anyway,
and look to add them as two inferior
hives to a ^{third} ~~medium~~ colony (if you
had one) that could handle at least
of a good queen who could keep
getting her collar with bees. Not
a very good queen, however. The low
level of the ~~other~~ ^{inferior} colonies
could pollute her efforts.

Had he gotten into all this
just in order to be occupied with
something all through the winter,
he engaged in a flurry of activity

(367)

handling two new live hawks (which he certainly did not need ~~now~~ immediately, but was proud of the skill it demanded - yes, he could have been a decent cabinet maker) ~~even if he had the tools~~ but also had to admit they were not the equal of his long-tried hawks which he now proceeded to paint three colors we used, blue, yellow and ultra-violet. His manuals had told him to do as much. His bees, if they ever got to fly up again, & would be able to recognize (each one of the tens of thousands of them) which live-hawk they belonged to. By the color, you see. Red not orange - those colors were not recognized by bees, how strange he remarked to Clara considering the number of flowers they entered red as could be.

Still, he loved working with his hands for the full stint of the Carpentary and the painting. His work ceased for a while. His chest even puffed up again with the old thumps, safe as a tunnel-bore.

* each other, why then, if
of good German blood? Yet
he said to himself "I know
what it means, and perhaps
it might signify to know another
when you

didn't
not quite
but
you
didn't

German
Good blood understand, "said to
to himself, "that blessing
do not come from God, but from
hard work." ~~Another~~ (an unfairly
tilted remark, he also thought. He
say "Good blood than blood?" that
did bother him. He ~~passed a long~~
about concerned about the
invasion of his time by some enterprising
man - he could not forget the
other evenings - he ~~was~~ built
that a small concern by building
a framework to hold kind-ness around
the things that he was - the damned
heirs would not be able to attack

that small concern stayed with
him too long, like a small sore
that does not heal. He was attracted
to the notion of blood that blood
possessed its own natural virtues
and power. Yet the thought also
confused him. It was too German
He was an Austrian, culturally proud
of an Emperor who could live with
the problems, sometimes diets
of keeping the Czechs, Hungarians,
Italians, Poles, Jews,
Germans, even gypsies living together
under his empire. The Germans could not
do that. Always fighting with

Fixed
by Dwayne 5/3/04

(381)

Indith - if you're
done this already
check the
changes

gang of congested, jam-packed,
ova-stuffed, over-crammed, grimacing
feverish, ~~the~~ rioting, pellucidating
teeming assembly of what looked
to be squarish little creatures. ~~He~~ Adi
had not been so disappointed
since he had first seen Edmunds
homonuclear little face on Khand
breast.

- It was ~~all~~ a leaden and
deadening surprise. They did
not ~~look~~ look ~~all~~ that much ^{a live / a thousand}
- ~~alive no matter how they moved~~
- They could have been beans stirring
in a pot. ~~Not there were a live, though~~
- ^{nervous out} being exposed but still so
sluggish! What a terrible way
to live! They must miss the sun,
the very thought. He
had been thinking of them all these
months since summer ^{we calling them} as flashes
of light in the garden, and now
they ~~looked~~ ^{were} ~~lurched~~ ^{in a pile}. Were they
very cold? They pushed ~~back~~ ^{all the time}
against each other ^{were the ones}
inside the cluster ^{crying out} in
ways he could not hear? Adi

~~The "Gai" to "Ally"~~

(392)

had never seen a tomb but he had
→ ^{read} the word and others like "kren"
and "pit" and "sepulcher", "grave",
"vault", ~~and~~ "pit", he had looked at
indistinct photographs in some
of his father's war books, and now
→ he ~~had~~ ^{was} to sigh in preference to
hurting into tears. Could there
be a breathe? What an awful way
to live.

"At this moment," said De Kille,
"they are the parents of the poor. I know
you see them as no better than
slaves in the slave of America,
exactly, but that is because they
live at the extremities of existence
→ they offer the sweetest (to come to
us from nature, and get with
enough of them to prepare
for the end. They can sting you to
death. Here they sleep and rest
about in a morass, but in
summer you will see them again,
as wonderful and as beautiful
as drops of dew before us in the
earliest sunlight of morning,

to be before May 3
Triple-stas

384

6.

I do not know for certain how powerful an influence ~~was~~ ^{the} the exceptional speech of Der Alte (so full of verbal eternities and rhotacism) could have had on Adi - at no moment up to this point had I so regretted not being there and thereby obliged to rely on my German agents - but I must say it had its effect on the boy because many weeks later (on Christmas Eve no less!) he had bundled himself into his warmest clothing after the rest of the house was entirely a shak, and out he went to sit on the bench under the oak tree where the two Langstroth boxes had been set up, and there he remained for a considerable time becoming more and more doped as the minutes elapsed, and ~~yet~~ ^{yet} he

stayed ~~there~~ and having placed ³⁸⁵ himself between the two boxes, then he remained with ~~an arm under~~ ~~the back~~ each of his arms half-embracing the back of each box. ~~It~~ He was praying ~~there~~ ~~what~~ ~~the~~ ~~men~~ for the continued life of the men who inhabited each box,

As could be expected, this was of
no small interest to me, and thence
we did have entrance into Adli's
thoughts - he was certainly one of
ours - I sent my agents back
again and again to dwell a few
moments on the ~~the~~ boy's thoughts,
and the more I received, the more
valuable it appeared. He had heard
his father complain that the screen
at around the entrance which covered
a small hole had been torn away, &
was not impossible that a mouse
had entered the lines. Adli, having
inspected the boxes, came to the conclusion
that it was unlikely, but Adli could
~~that~~ was convinced that there was
one inside, and so he now sat
beside the boxes, not knowing which
one might have been invaded & one

his father had ~~immediated~~ (386)
repaired the screen that some day
weeks ago.

Weeks ago! The anxiety had deepened
for the long each week. Now, on
Christmas Eve, with the oncoming
celebration of the birth of what
Klara told him was naturally the
son of God, "but the loveliest,
sweetest, nicest human being ever
an earth," ^{And I hope you will have to} ~~And I hope you will have to~~
that this was the occasion to breathe
the night air, no matter how cold,
for the essence of the son of God
would be in the ~~air~~ ^{world} one night
so special as this. ^{And that would give}
~~And that would give~~ ^{the strength to his thoughts, that}
the strength he needed for he wished
to summon ^{into} ~~for~~ ^{himself} ~~all~~ ^{all} the
power that would be necessary
to kill the mouse with his thoughts.

I was more than fascinated with
this impulse. I knew myself well
enough to be confident that they
had not been the inspiration for
such a thought and so intense a
determination behind the thought.
This had come from Aoki, and for

me, it was a most encouraging sign. If I had been present, I would fortified that sense of power, amplified it, yes, within bounds, prodigiously, so that the boy would be ready to believe that he could have done by his power to destroy other kinds of lives, that is one of the rarest of the aptitudes, that we can implant in our clients, and it demands a series of small but concerted art-works, exquisitely focused dream-etchings if you will. (Lynne)

Since I was not there, I accepted the incident as an augur of future promise, and consoled myself with the thought that the Blackthorn might well have vetoed my suggestion on the grounds, already plain to me, that one must beware of projects that are too ambitious for children. In any event, I was not ready to brood over a lost opportunity. More than enough was then to occupy me in St. Petersburg, and I was undergoing some considerable

punishment as the price of my 358
activities. He it said that I had never
encountered a group of Cudgels so
concerted and brutal as the Russian
crew, roused over the last few
centuries to engaging in ugly long-term
battles with the many demands we
succeeded in planting within the
Greek Orthodox ranks. They were the
harsh of veterans and so many
of them were powerfully motivated,
indeed, one must speak of their zeal.
They were more than ready to defend
the coronation of the young czar-to-be,
Nicholas Nicholas the second.

When the Place to consult me,
as was his habit, most occasionally,
I presented the notion that would
actually later be adopted that
our chances of disrupting the
coronation itself were minimal,
but that a powerful side-measure,
before, or, preferably after, the event
could accomplish more for us.
As a presentation, it could be
termed nothing less than cheeky

since I ~~hardly~~ had hardly (389)
any ~~exact~~ confident sense
what ~~exactly~~ the O. D. ~~was~~ ^{was holding} ~~in mind~~
for the future, but I had also known
enough to speak my mind, since
the Maestro has no desire to put up
with too much lack of opinion
among subordinates. "It is much
better to be wrong," he wanted to tell
us, "than to be a fault-finder. I can always
come closer to estimating the nature
of the ~~unfamiliar~~ ^{unfamiliar} reality before us
by comparing the lies, ~~and~~ ^{and} evasions,
you present. That is much more
useful to me than your silence for
fear of being wrong."

Enough. It is long to see
that these months in Russia were
~~not~~ ^{not} ~~as~~ ^{as} temporary, at
least of more interest to me ~~than~~
than the small subdued events of
Hafeld.

All the same, whether I was interested
or not, Clara gave birth ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ <

such a disorder ^{Klara} of baby-
feeding at night and ^{Paula} fowling in
the daytime for what for a girl,
when he needed some time that he
~~might~~ have a power house of a son
yet for his old age instead of the
three he did have, a well one,
a mammal boy, and a little girl baby
snout, yes, Alois was hardly ready
to celebrate, but he did—at the
tavern in Frischhausen night after
night for quite a few nights, although
the kees began to smell as sour
as a ~~dirty~~ ^{dirty} baby. Klara kept Paula
as clean as he could manage, but
still the kees made him think of
baby-smell when it wasn't so
good. So, he celebrated and
complained over each thing of it.
There were now six human beings
in his house, and late in spring there
came a black hen when Jensen, the
noisiest, came home, yes, the louder
the tumult of voice in the war, the
more he complained of the noise
at home.

Indeed, the tavern noise was
enough to give us pause, but men

drink enough in a crowded room (391)
and a solidarity arising among them,
~~and a defiance and a capability to fight~~
soar on the rephrases of alcohol, a
brotherly defiance against the
demands and depredations of
angels and demons, a certainty
that they are men and equal to
both.

These are hardly the best
working conditions for us, but
opening, present themselves
particularly when these good
drinkers are alone again and
on their way home. One man
drunk staggering along on
a narrow forest road, and
I will certainly be ready for
him. Sometimes ^{11.594325} ~~for~~ ^{then} I knock
them to the ground. They usually
take it personally, their lament
is characteristic. "Somebody
tripped me," or "somebody shoved me."

him feeling ~~at~~ uneasy.

(396)

Next day, Sunday, was warm again and ^{more} ~~successful~~ the boys ^(were) ~~came~~ out. Adi started to run up and down the meadow, as if to ^{use up} ~~over~~ the impulse to visit Der Alte, but in his mind, he kept seeing each turn of the forest road, and ~~he~~ knew he could find the ^{hut.} ~~best.~~ Yes, ^{this} ~~it~~ was much more than an impulse. The desire to make their little trip was as sure as if a rope was pulling on him.

He went. And ~~the~~ Der Alte, prepared for ^{the visit.} ~~to receive him~~ (and by the same message ^{of course} ~~that~~) (Adi had received) was there once again at the door, but the table of honey was not yet in his hand, nor, for that, Adi ^{now} ~~had~~ to sit on his lap. "Yes, you are such a good boy," Der Alte said, "I can love you like a grandson, and you will never need to be afraid of me."

The boy was not afraid, or, yet, perhaps a little. In school, they had fairy tales to read, and sometimes ~~the~~ there were ages in the forest and evil spirits, and sometimes ^{these evil spirits} ~~they~~ ^{could} change little children into birds or mice, or pigs or goats, but it did not feel their way with Der Alte. It was better than sitting on his father's lap.

(398)

That was never so nice as this, and he
never knew when his father would hear
pipe smoke ^{in his} face and laugh when
he coughed. But Der Alte was a much man
than his father.

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

After a considerable ^{part of an hour} time that passed
Adi began ^{however, to} feel ^(less) uncomfortable. When
his mother or Angela began to wonder
where he was? He staved and Der Alte
~~could~~ now read a few words, ~~after~~
~~all those~~ which ^{he} ~~found~~ as ~~new~~ and
as surprising as turning a page in a
book and then before you were a new

picture.
"I ^{was} not ^{and one,} couldn't tell them to your father,"
said Der Alte, "but I am ^{sure} ^{must} ^{live} to make ^{my} little
her happy even if it ^{is} ^{by} ^{living} ^{by} ^{itself}." ^{"I hope, it's true, that I can talk to you."}

Der Alte smiled, "Oh, it can make round
~~if you hear what they are saying, but,~~
but no, dear boy, I do not try to encourage my
~~little bee to speak~~ & just try to make
her happy even if she is ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{plane} in
a small way & leave made ^{for} ^{her}." <sup>"My father says that bees live only
for the bees, for all the other bees."</sup>

"Your father is absolutely
who living here ^{is not worth} ~~correct~~ & Beer
to live alone ~~not even~~ ~~willing to~~

"From it you can see

(398)

"Even if you had it all the time?"

"You are the smartest little boy I have
ever known. Yes, I am seeing what will
happen if I keep ^{my one eye} ~~the~~ ^{open} and well-see
and think about it all the time with all the
good feeling ^{that} ~~that~~ is ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ my heart, and of
course, I speak to it whenever I pay a
visit to the other room, ^{and that} ~~where~~ it is every
time a day. It cannot know of course,
not what I am saying. But I want
it to know that I am there. Sometimes
I take it out of its way."

"Doesn't it fly away?" ^{prevented} such a possibility, "

"Oh, no, I have ^{no} ~~been~~ ^{prevention} such ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~that~~ ^{that}.⁴ He
He touched the boys ~~and~~ ^{here} tenderly, "20,

"When I take it out of its little house, it only jumps around on the floor & table."

4 "Does it have no wings?"

"No longer." There had been a press
until ~~before~~ Dr. Ate said this was ^{No} need to ask,
Ade knew why. He ~~did not have~~
~~to ask~~. He felt such a mix of good
feelings and ~~good~~ ones.

"Yes, dear Kay," said Der Alte, "the
reason it is so difficult to make ^{this} ^{one}
little bee happy is just that ^{if} ^{you} ^{have}
~~to change it after it is it needs you~~
~~it all the time to love it~~
~~It must need you there to love it.~~"

Before he left that day, (eli died)

into the other room of the hut to look (399)
at the bee in the little box.

Of course, it had no wings. He had
known that would be so, but ~~about~~ the bee
was certainly ~~very~~ busy, and it jumped about in a flurry
of excitement when Der Aite let
it out of the ~~box~~ ^{mouth} and it ~~put~~ ^{then} put a lot of ~~honey~~
have been its mouth onto the top of ~~the~~
the old man's finger, ~~which~~ ^{from which} had
of honey ~~and~~ ^{ready} to eat.

"I do not know if ~~it will happen~~,"
said Der Aite, "what I am doing is ~~very~~
difficult, and I see so little chance for
success, ~~but~~ ^{but} how wonderful if I ~~could~~ ^{could}
in brightening the feelings of ~~if I kept her~~
insignificant little creature, ~~to a level~~
(to a level that other bees cannot attain). I feel
so much for ~~her~~. She is so lonely,
she misses all the bees she has lost
among through the winter, she is lonely
itself ~~and I want~~ But I am ready to
try to ~~change that~~ ^{amelioration} bring ~~amelioration~~
—day for understanding such a word?
—yes, the sweetness of relief when
loneliness is killed."

"Oh," said Adie, "I hope you are able
to do that. It is so sad to be lonely."
Are you afraid that it will die?"
"Somewhat later, it will die. But I want
to see if I can make it happy for a little while."
"Yes," said Adie, "I can see. You keep
this one bee more than all the others."
"Yes," said Der Aite, "may be a little."
"Or maybe it is a lot. Next time you visit
or will see if I have made progress."
"Now, I have to be the first to (400)

* recognize that what
was just been
recounted we counted
cannot fail → p 400

8.

With the advent of March, the bees became active. After a week, which brought the sun to Hafell every day, the bees certainly began to stir and the hardiest of the winter bees began to forage. The temperature began to rise in the center of the cluster, and it was ~~also~~ obvious that the queen was beginning to lay eggs from that store of fertilizations from June past and over the long hot July days. The best hive weighed more each morning and the bees were consuming more honey and water, up to two pounds a day now.

Alois decided to open ~~two~~ ^{the} hives, and discovered that the two hives might have sat on the same ranch all through the winter, but one could hardly compare their condition. One was healthy and thriving, the other most certainly not. There were a few dead bees on the lowest platform of the healthy box but a considerable number in the other.

of Olate, just before the war (1953)
spell, he had led them by way of the
tube to a great deal of restlessness, humming
which had worried him, and caused
open to examination, he could see
fecal droppings near the lower extremity,
and the cavity for kneel overcast
empty, but the queen did not look
really know how to locate ~~the~~
the baby - She was, after all, only a
bit larger than her own cockroach,
and she could not find it. She
had been waiting, of course, to open the
honey and be much to search for
a serious search through the actually
of the healthy body, but it would not
be worth it to go to too great lengths
in the had lived for another, the
Queen, if sick or she would be
must be, would not necessarily be
large enough to recognize.

He would have been disappointed
if he had not felt fortified as well,
for a woman, after all, very unfermented.
He had not worried for two little,
there had been real trouble in
our box, perhaps a little disease.

So, Alice decided that the remaining
men of the colony had to be passed.
He would have talked on for all
for assistance, but decided that he

would not the process stopped (400)
he obtained from having been right
to worry now ~~down~~ him to ~~do~~ the
job himself.

There proved to be no real difficulty.
He closed Saturday with Adie and
Angela home from school, and had
them watch the process. It proved
simple enough. He took a piece of
sulphur (part of the equipment he
had purchased prior months ago)
let it ~~pass~~ and left it to smoke
on the floor of the hive after the
entrance was plugged, the inner lid
laid back on again, and the gas
did the job quickly enough. Angela
began to cry for the poor bees, so
Alois sent her inside, but Adie
watched all the way, sitting beside
Alois on an adjoining bench and
listened to his father's lecture. "By
nature," said Alois, "there is no
mercy for the weak. Angela was
silly to become upset."

"I am not bothered," said Adie.

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

175
¶ Adi found himself thinking of Day
after, one deed handsome her, and again
tears came to his eyes. ~~But~~
¶ But of course there was no comparison,
it was clear to Adi, ~~that~~ ^{he} ~~had~~ ^{was} ~~been~~ ^{was} trying
to do something with this one little
her, and it was almost as if it had
been ready to help — & it could. But
these her, ~~was~~ in this last time had
even heard of the place where
they ate and slept. In comparison.

That night, by way of a suggestion
from the Master & prepared a small
dream-alcove, and ~~with it~~
simple enough for the rest of way
bathed agents to install into
Adi's sleep, and so he had a large
was a dream where his father
asked him to count how many
dead her they were, and to make
sure of the number, he was to lay
them out in rows, one hundred to
a row — a tedious dream to be
certain, and he was almost late
for school it took him so long to
awake in the morning, but he does
remember the number, he remembers

because there had been at least (400)
thirty rows of one hundred bodies,
lying there on a white cloth he had,
laid out for them, and that gave him
an pride that he could count to three
thousand. No one else in his class
could come near to that, he was certain.
His only regret was that he had not
finished. There had just been wounds
and mounds of dead bees.

9.

The good hive was another matter. It was thriving. The weight of the colony was greater each week, and the slides with honey cells were piling up. Alvin had learned from his bees that no honey cell would be covered with its thin layer of wax until the water content had been reduced to a level somewhere down between 17% and 20% which meant that half the bees in the hive were fanning their wings to drive the water off a laborious and endless task, but they were doing it. The first honey was ready, and they were capping the cells, with wax just as they were about to.

At 5:00 white garments with the big horn-like white vest on her back protected her wings. Alvin began to heel and she was acquiring some real technique at pulling comb out for examination and then sliding them back in again. All that required and she certainly didn't want to be such a lamer as to squash her

Our Queen inadvertently, Indeed, the (408)
beginning of such positive results in
one of his boxes actually ~~was~~ ^{was} her
over to De Althe, but long enough to
purchase another Queen to replace
the rich one who had been gassed
along with all the other insects.

De Althe had even given him a
lesson in how to shake the Queen
— which was not too difficult when
she was laying her eggs into empty cells,
for she was followed by a retinue
who hovered over each new cell and
discharged their own sweet chemical
and enzymic and "supp. protein fertilizers"
as De Althe politely described the new
eggs with "magical ingredients."

Alon had to put up with the
lecture but he returned with two
new Queens, one to establish a colony
in the box that had been fumigated
and ~~another~~ the other Queen was for
the box Alon had built himself. One
could transfer some of new brood
and other comb of new honey to the
two empty boxes. All these would
now be only partially filled but
the two were growing so quickly that

spring, that all he had to do was ⁽⁴⁰⁾
~~prepare~~ to furnish enough ~~slides~~ ^{frames}.
material ~~enough~~ for the empty slots and
the bees in each of the dirt colonies
would build wax cells ^{on them} for new brood
and ~~the storage~~ ^{for} of new honey, yet
he had lost one colony, but before
long he would be the master of three,
all ~~thou~~ ^{thou} ~~could~~ ^{could} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~he~~ ^{he}?

Clay began to feel a cautious
optimism as it ~~the spring~~ ^{spring} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~yet~~ ^{yet}
he beautiful ^{spring} ~~for him~~ ^{meaning for the family} ~~the~~ ^{sprouting} ~~about~~ ^{about}
April ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~come~~ ^{come} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~flowers~~ ^{flowers} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~fallen~~ ^{fallen} ~~were~~ ^{were} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ
the trees, the oaks, the gum trees, the
hickories and cherry trees, the maples
and apple trees ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~soon~~ ^{soon} ~~then~~ ^{then} ~~would~~ ^{would}
also ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~flowers~~ ^{flowers} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~meadows~~ ^{meadows}.

He loved to set by his little
boxer with Ade beside him, ~~the boy~~
carefully covered and veiled in
an outfit. Clara had felt together
~~Father and son~~ ^{now} ~~for the first time~~ ^{delighted} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ
in watching the entrance of the
hives who stayed on for the long guard
small opening on the little ~~aperture~~
approach ~~word~~ ^{got in place} ~~placed~~ ^{placed} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~foot~~ ^{foot}
of the key. ~~Now~~ ^{Now} ~~every~~ ^{every} ~~bee~~ ^{bee} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~came~~ ^{came}

(411)

and deying off little creatures with
worn-out wings, ~~fragile~~ fragile and
tattered skin over-egg, and so
much hair was now gone ~~from~~ ^{from}
their bodies. They had collected the
first honey this season, but now,
undoubtedly, they were dying off.
Each morning a team of new-born
worker bees would collect the fallen
bees on the ground floor of the
box and sweep them ~~the~~ ^{out} the
entrance and ~~from their~~ ^{down} to the
ground. A bee could hardly move
their passing. The young bees
were taking their place, and their
occasional bit of delight. He felt
as if now he had really begun ^{his}
~~his~~ ^{long sweet} serious venture into apiculture.
These new bees would be his, not
Dad's.

(412)

~~9.~~ 9.

On a ~~beautiful~~ ^{pleasant} morning in May,
with ~~but~~ ^{for} the every host of bees from
the three colonies now swarming in
the air, Alois began to notice a pattern
in their movements. One bee would
still in close sight of the hive would
be making many repetitive moves, on
circular ~~or~~ ^{or} patterns,
wiggling its belly in flight as it
flew through one circle, or, rather, as
he drew a more liberal oval, and
then flew back in a reverse oval, only
to repeat the arc and over.
~~After~~ ^{After} signaling to the others "Alois
said to himself. ~~It~~ ^{It} is up to something,"
she is showing them something."
And he was right in their observation;
he knew, because in another few
moments a good number of other bees
had picked the first one off they flew
over the hill at the head of the meadow.
On the other side, as Alois had
discovered on a walk ~~the~~ ^{late} yesterday
his daisies and other wildflowers

had sprouted, that forager bee (415)
must be a scout who knew how to
tell the others to follow.

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

He had given up that hope, but the
desire still nuded in him, and he
felt a considerable happiness that
day at the thought he might have such
a new and interesting concept to
follow with his eyes right here this
summer, a signal dance of our bee
to ~~bring~~ bring others to a place where
new flowers were full of nectar
and waiting, ready and waiting,
bridesmaids you could say waiting
to be deflowered by the willing ushers,
a job, but his own job, and he enjoyed
it. In none of the books he ~~had~~ read
~~had~~ had there been any mention of
that little winged dancing device. He was

twice of said Ben to mention it to Ben Alty once, because it might be for all he knew an established concept among the ^{agricultural} ~~agricultural~~ ^{profession}, or, to the contrary, if unknown, might not be. Alty better first to develop the necessary observation and take all the credit.

Alois did permit himself to nourish the hope that Alois, junior, might up his intelligence for one to coach and help him. ~~But~~ This would be one case where the father would have no objection to the son vying on the level, and ~~not~~ becoming equally famous. How much Franz Josef had wanted that Tessa came to Alois' eye at the thought of the Emperor's pen when too Rudolf, his own Crown Prince had died a plaything in that awful situation years ago, murder and suicide, or double suicide with his going down mission what was a blow for the good man, the Emperor-father. And for Gisela, the beautiful Empress - how she must have loved Rudolf.

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

(415)

mellowed Alois' ~~for~~ ^{on} how that
he ~~separated~~ ^{separated} ~~their~~ ^{the} ~~branch~~ ^{branch} ~~and did go~~ ^{and did go} ~~any~~ ^{more}
to see ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~Alte~~ ^{Alte} for instruction on how
to treat the Jussiee (and, incidentally,
locate her.)

Der Alte, obviously, had no difficulties
with that. It was certainly a skillful — it
had to be said. He opened one of her
leaf-lings, scanned the nectary, located
the queen, reached in with a bare hand,
and grasped her wing carefully and
delicately with thumb and forefinger.
"In a few years," he said, "you
too, will be employing this digital
embouchure, but for now I will show
you a safer method," after which he
discovered ~~the~~ ^{on} method and modest
discerning just where the Jussiee might
be, whether ~~deposition~~ ^{deposition} ~~eggs~~ ^{eggs},
or fertilizing them ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ their new cells,
one after another, or encircling her
court, her homo ~~grooming~~ ^{grooming}, when the calls
were a hint larger.

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

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

"Exactly," said Der Alte, "that is
so much the time when you are moving

frames, and scraping the wax away (46)
away from the honey-cells, we certainly
do not wish to ~~scrape~~ the queen because
we do not ~~know~~ that she is in the wax
as we are pulling out comb or putting
them back. Or worse if she is travelling
between the combs, an accident could
occur. So, ~~to~~ to Hoo's annoyance, Dr
Aik wagged a finger at him — "So we do
not go first for the honey, no, we locate
the queen like the good fellows we are,
and then we use the queen-catching
glass." He used a glass tube which
I helped at one end. "This ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~end~~ ~~of~~
this part of the tube is what you
lay on the queen, and then you slip
a little queen cage (he held up just such
a small container, two inches long) under
the glass tube, and you blow the queen
right into the cage. Pank! Now she
is safe. You don't have to get her back
until the honey has been taken from the comb."

We can be certain that Elsie practiced
catching the Queen. Indeed, we spent an
afternoon, capturing each of her
three sisters from each of her three
colonies, putting them, putting the glass
end of the tube on them, and then blowing
them into the little queen cage, prior to
releasing them back into the colony.
If his ears had been red, and his
tongue dry after his work, to end

(417)

watching Der Alte's demonstration. It took ~~that~~ several hours of practice before he could breathe needles again under his own oak tree and his ~~thorax~~ ^{thorax} ~~hive~~ ^{hive} ~~box~~.

That night, however, having become much more familiar with the activities of the Queen and her court as she worked on the brood-comb, and having read even more after dinner on the latest ~~development~~ ^{insights} concerning the development of the pupae into new bees, he brooded ~~off~~ ⁱⁿ ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~upon~~ ^{upon} the ~~partly~~ ^{partly} ~~separations~~ ^{separations} and decorum and separate processes. It was all so developed. They knew what they were doing! Different treatments were accorded to different eggs. You could say that nature had decided ~~ways~~ ^{ways} to create royalty, yes, and poor people as well. ~~Some~~ ^{Most} of the larvae had no choice. They were destined to become workers or drones. They were only fed common brood food by the ~~off~~ ^{off} ~~Queen~~ ^{Queen} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~assistants~~ ^{assistants} a standard mixture of honey and pollen, whereas future Queens were placed in larger cells and were given special secretions from the nursing bees, even food glands, a most special food called royal jelly. They were royalty from the start. I

It was a different system for the worker bees. As soon as they hatched out of themselves, they were put to work cleaning other cells or receiving foreign bees in order to transform their nectar and pollen to ~~the other bees~~ into 'brood food' for the cells. Others would clean the aisle of the hive, ~~or make out a varied duty~~ become the 'various' sweeper or sentry as guards by the entrance. All their ~~efficiency~~ ^{efficiency} for the first twenty days of their life. ~~Then~~

Then, for the next twenty days, which often, was as long as summer bees would live (since they worked so hard every day of their lives, they went out to look for nectar, became forager bees. What educated corps of hard working women thought about falling down to sleep, lulled by the thought of how much work all these creatures were doing for him. He had looked at the millions in his hives. His bees had to make something like 40,000 trips and visit between three and four million blossoms in order to harvest two pounds of honey.

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

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10.

Alois' fine spirits were all with the
loss of warm weather. A cold spell
~~came~~ arrived, cruel to all the expectations
aroused by a warm early spring.
Alois had to expect that all the
gains could be lost to this new chill
on the earth.

One of the old axioms came back, ~~then~~

↓
p 470

~~II 9~~

~~a whole lot more~~

~~Insert page~~
A

~~He worried about the weather. It
has been too good to turn. One of
the old timers came back to town~~

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Joelann Neff made used to say,
"All weather is treacherous, but spring
is the ~~st~~ ^{mean} ~~best~~ be the worst because
it is so ~~slow~~. That is when the weather
can betray you most."

So, there were days when he came ~~down~~
close to wearing himself out by no more
than the back and forth of removing
the tin paper ~~and other~~ ~~and other~~
from the top of each ~~to~~ have ~~to~~ only to
put it back again when the light went
out of the sky at mid-day. He could
wait the movement of the clouds, only
to ~~strip it off again~~ and then, in turn,
he had to strip it once more, the
sun was back and the day had
returned to its warmth. Back and
forth, that anxiously driving his heart.

During one cold spell, he
caught a cold and could not rid
himself of the virus. Perhaps ^{anyone of}
the three Queens caught the virus. ~~After it is impossible~~
~~that he had caught a cold in~~

(421) ~~Chapter 5~~
sympathy with the overlord of the
house. Then was so full of nonsense. He
scolded himself, much as he had
loved and revered Franz-Joseph
through these years, he had never
worried about him in this ridiculous
manner.

Then it occurred to Alois that all of
this absurd return of his fears might
not be so meaningless. What if it
was a reflection of how he felt
deep down about his true health,
was he coming nearer to his own end?

It was the worst thought to have
for it opened a bottomless pit, &
his imagination was now occupied
with a matter he had never allowed
himself to go near. All along, all
through these years, yes, so far as he
could remember back death had seemed
easy to him. A little dull, maybe, but
but no dread about predestination, but
could look forward to a reasonable
state of peace in the grave.

His damned imagination. It was
loose now. What if he had been
betraying himself all this time? What

if death was not like that? ⁴²² ~~He had~~
always ~~assumed~~ assumed that
religion was there for a good
practical reason. It kept the
tweak and then only in order. I
told them not to cut too many corners,
(But a strong man (like himself) for a
perfect example) could do what
he wanted. No guilt.

Now, he had to recognize it. He
was in a kind of ~~new~~ panic, yes,
panic of a new sort. What if there
was such a thing as guilt. What if
guilt was ~~real~~? real?

Poor Alois, I could see that he
was now there for the taking. No
Cudgel would be lingering about
to protect him. I could have the
tried-and-true pleasure of appearing
to him in a dream with my own adept
~~It~~ will make such a claim —
impersonation of a guardian angel. He
would be ours — he, bound to us
as Dr A.H.

But to what end? would it
be worth the maintenance? and
the considerable complication of trying

to deal with two old devils at once, 413 not to mention the lively presence of Addi? No, too many possibilities cramp in an too small field.

The sober fact which we do need not to ignore is that people work at Alois are rarely a prize. Often enough, they are large to pick up evidence but the utility is limited. They are a liability too shapely, too fixed to warrant much new molding of their nature over to our immediate aims. Also, by now was certainly too stiff for the flexibility we require in our best clients, hence our immediate aims have to be redirected.

On choosing a man or woman well over fifty, we look for a serviceable sharp in their nature, a distortion that we can employ for a particular if outlandish purpose. Repetitive irritations are one example. A mean old lady who keeps asking everyone for a favor, whether they need something to eat when she knows that they don't, can unhinge a good family. They grow uneasy at their increasing desire to smother her with the nearest fellow Alois, however, was more of an average human product. So, there was little need to seek him up near. With milk-run would be enough, let them.

How far above his dream
(Candy section)