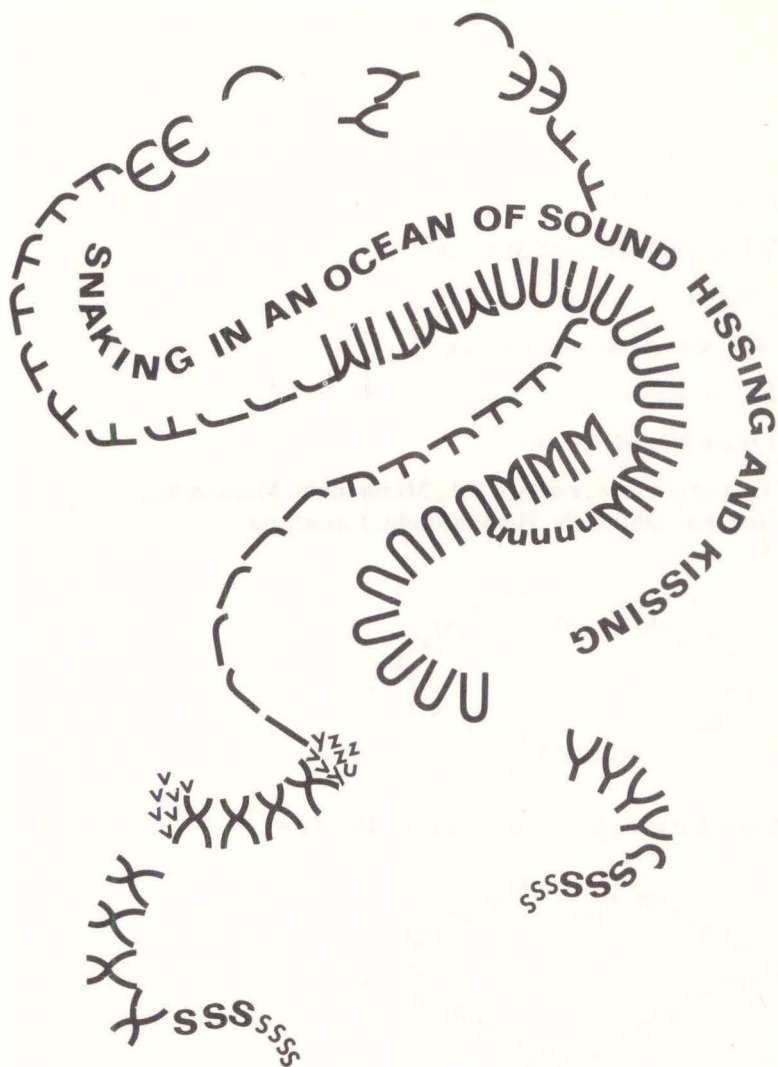


Ann Rosenberg / THE DRONE

(FRAGMENT 1)



They met by chance at Pharaoh's and rubbed and dubbed to a contemporary rock tune. Into each other's ears they hummed and moaned the prescribed ineptitudes of first meetings.

What's shurname? Hunnmuhmmmmmm? Mmmmmmmmm?

H A B E L L A .

Whatsures? Mmmm? Mmmm?

Solomon.

What do you do, w i s e k i n g?

I'm an Egyptologist, what do you do?

I teach Natural Science.

That's s o n i c e , s o o g o o d , Mnmnmnm. Mnmnmnm,
Hold me tight, Bella, Hold me tight. I *want* you.

OH YES OH OH Y E S Y E S S OH HO SAY O
YES YOU DO YOU DOOSAYY YOU DO SAY YES

Come h o m e please come h o m e with m e e .

O ON ON ON ON N O O N O O NO NO NO NOO
NON NO NO NO NO N O N O ON NO OH NON

(She equivocated)

(His snake fell, rejected from the moist spot between her legs and
dejected he pushed forth an invitation between his teeth)

Then let's meet tomorrow at three at the Golden Door.

She awoke with the following vestiges of their meeting imprinted on her flesh:

a golden hair from his beard,
a delicate rash wherever his beard had rubbed her,
a brazen hair from his waist,
the garlic-musk odor of his sweat,
a pool of untasted honey
(between her legs).

She tried to recall the feel of their clothes cloying, their fingers fingering and amused herself with a recreation of Solomon's Trial of the Artificial Flower.

She was Sheba, radiant and wise, clothed in brocades and anointed in the perfume of cloves. She stood within a garden dignified with cypresses and yew. Cicadas celebrated her lord's coming.

*sicasawsawsaw ciccaseeeseesee sicasawsawsaw
sicsicaseesee ciccasawsawsawaw sicaseseesee*

(Their ululation ceased)

She curtsied before him and placed the flower of her manufacture beside a real flower of its kind. They glistened, together, in the sunlight on a marble podium, petals spread, stamens and pistils waving, succulent nectar shining, scent ascending.

Solomon examined each of them, his brow furrowed in thought. They challenged all his senses. His face was crinkled with amusement when he took her slender hands in his and said:

Dear Lady, you have tricked me, but I think I know now how to discover the true flower. Benjamin (he turned a languid eye to his servant), fetch from the hive some bees in a glass. They will test each for truth for they are experts.

(The King and Queen and their retinues refreshed the crystal air with laughter as they awaited the proving.)

In due course Benjamin returned, servile and scurrying. He released over the flowers the bees' intelligence.

Buzz, Buzz, Buzz, Mmm, Mmm, Mmm, Buzz, Buzz, Buzz.

They nuzzled and sucked the correct blossom.

Sheba fell upon her knees and kissed Solomon's feet, so grateful was she for this display of his Wisdom and the chorus of cicadas began anew, as though by a secret signal.

Solomon led her, then, into his informal garden and after a lunch of pomegranates and wine, he condescended to "tell her all her questions" and (mysteriously) he revealed to her "nothing that was not hid from him". Flashing her a white-toothed smile, he made this confession:

The rumours are true. I have loved many women from among the Egyptians, Moabites, Ammonites, Edomites, Zidonians and Hittites and I worry that they will beguile me into the worship of idols, but please understand, dear lady, that I know the difference between good women and bad, just as I know how to distinguish real flowers from false. I don't see women always as sensuous snares, they are also (occasionally) for me embodiments of Compassionate Wisdom. I am proud that what I have written in Chapter 31 of Proverbs has become the basis for the Catholic Mass "Cognovi", Common of the Holy Woman not a Martyr.

Then holding her close, he sang in a smoky contralto the poetry that had brought the downfall of one-thousand sisters.

*My beloved put in his hand by the hole of
the door and my bowels were moved for him/
I rose up to open to my beloved and my hands
dripped with myrrh, and my fingers with
sweet smelling myrrh, upon the handles of
the lock/*

*I opened to my beloved; but my beloved had
withdrawn himself and was gone.*

In thanks for these intimacies, Sheba cast off her precious garments and communicated to her beloved "all that was in her heart".

Although this vision should have warned her, she went to the Golden Door Cafe. She was caught by his beauty:

his eyes were the eyes of doves;
his cheeks above his beard were like beds of spices;
his strong hands glimmered with rings set in beryl;
his transparent shirt was unbuttoned
(to his waist).

His words, fitly spoken, were to her ears "like apples of gold set in pictures of silver".

"The ancient Egyptians were hedonists," he said. "They'd say, come on, 'Set singing before thy face. Increase yet more the delights thou hast, follow thy inclination and thy profit. Do thy desires upon earth and trouble not thy heart until the day of lamentation come to thee.' Nice sentiments. Quite unlike the ones you learn from your subject, I suspect."

"I guess only the Drones have a life approaching the one you describe as ideal," she replied. "They are fed by the hive until they grow fat, furry and fit. They are expected to spend their summer days searching for a Queen to lay and if they do, they'll die for that pleasure and if they don't the hive will kill them as winter comes. But while they live, they're happy and free and single minded in pursuit of pleasure. . . ."

"You talk about bees as though they were people. . . ."

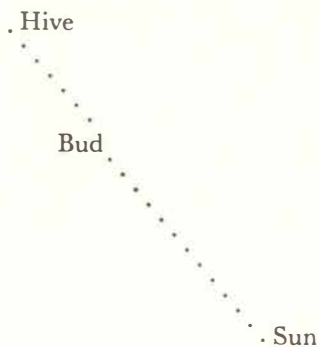
"I know they're not, yet their lives have an instinctual clarity that ours lack. Their motives are never confused by thought. They live and love efficiently and I envy that."

"Surely our desires are no less clear and obvious. Let's take the afternoon to talk and go back dancing this evening. Afterwards we'll have a little wine at my place. . . ."

(Into her mind flashed images of dancing bees which she drew to his great fascination on a napkin)



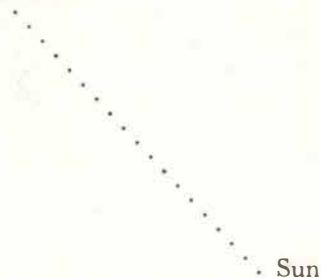
Dance



Bud Hive

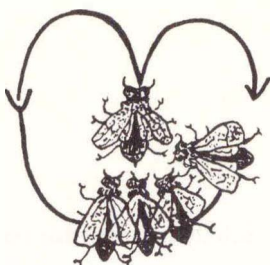


Dance



(This she followed with a diagram of the nature of the dance).

Stages suggestive of the *shuffle* as practiced by bees when foraging.



(to this he countered with the Egyptian pictographs and ideographs he thought she'd like to know.)



a bee



SELKIS: the scorpion goddess.

SESHAT: the goddess of writing.



SETH: the god of storms and violence.

(With these diagrams he challenged her mind. She began to *love* him.)

She flew to the dance on spritely feet and this time the music was more suggestive than before:

UUHHHHH	HUUHHHH	UUHHHHH	HUUHHHH	UUHHHHH	HUUHHH
MMMMAAAAH	MMMMAAAAH	MMMMAAAAH	MMMMAAAAH	MMMMAAAAH	MMMMAAAAH
o o o o o o o o	m m m m m	o o o o o o o o	o o o o o o o o	m m m m m	oh oh oh ohh
o o o o o o o o	m m m m m	o o o o o o o o	o o o o o o o o	m m m m m	
m m m m m m m		o o o o o o o o	A A A A A A A	o o o o o o o o	
MMMMAAAAH	MMMMAAAAH	MMMMAAAAH	MMMMAAAAH	MMMMAAAAH	MMMMAAAAH
UUHHHHH	HUUHHHH	UUHHHHH	HUUHHHH	UUHHHHH	HUUHHH

They clung together drugged by mutual desire. Her normally open face was closed in lust: face unnaturally flushed, eyes slanted and shut, skin stretched taut over bone, body hair erect. She rubbed herself upon him in the darkness and his body quickened to hers.

As they walked home the tension between them amplified to an unbearable hum that she tried to break with words.

"Will I like your place?"

"You will never get used to it."

"Why? Won't I like your style?"

"My style and tastes always change."

"What style do you like now?"

"Gentle, compliant and forgetful."

"Surely you don't want people to forget you!"

"Yes I do, that's all I want."

His hand in hers did something to reassure her. It did not betray his inner panic as each phrase stung his conscience and elicited from him an evasive reply. If only they could have flown from the dance floor into bed.

In his house shone:

candelabrum of brass and gold;

objects enriched with carnelian, turquoise and lapis lazuli.

a falcon with wooden wings outstretched hovered

(over his bed).

He led her under this canopy with facile blandishments and unloosed her garments with practiced hands.

"Let me kiss you with the kisses of my mouth for my love is better than wine; thy breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies."

"The hair on your chest is golden wire spun into fleece," she sighed.

(It startled him, a little, to have someone reply in kind)

"The hair on your head is like russet silk cascading over a rock," he murmured.

"You are my prince with hair of yellow fire," she crooned in earnest.

His breath became ragged and, suddenly, he pushed his finger through her petals to discover honey.

"Habella," he begged, "You're ready. Come on, come on!"

"Wait, wait. Please talk to me, stroke me some more . . ."

"It surprises me that this isn't easy," he said in a tight voice.

"Don't be angry, please help me . . ."

He nibbled on her breasts as if he were enjoying them, addressing them carefully with his lips, eyeing them as though they were novelties (which indeed they were).

"ASTARTE BREASTS," he pronounced with forced glee,
"INTERESTING".

His hands travelled over her like wings over water and once again they met no resistance, but he was no longer friendly nor was he concerned with her pleasure.

“Huh, huh, huh, mmmm, mmm, mmm, huh, huh, huh,
ooo, ooo, ooo, mmmm, , , , mmm, ooo, ooo, ooo,
huh, huh, huh, mmmm, mmm, mmm, ooo, ooo, ooo. . .”

"Please, please, please," she cried.

"Open to me," he commanded.

"I can't," she sobbed but . . .

“Huunh, huunh, huunh,” was the sign of her co-operation and

“Huunh, huunh, huunh,” was the sign of his disgust.

He pushed her knees up and then apart. He knelt between them and said with a laugh,

"Last offer, m'dear. Do I do it or not?"

"Please yes, I can't help it, I'm frightened . . ."

"Aren't you on the pill?"

"No."

"Well use this."

(He handed her some Spermicidal Foam)

“Huuh, Huunh, Huuh, mmmm, mmm, mmmm, Huuh, Huunh, Huuh,

They moved together towards the mindless bliss of the cells that humans call

Orgasm.

She went home with



for eyes.

Of course he never called and all she knew about him was that his name was Solomon. She was, naturally, very hurt because she thought they had a lot in common and his open blue-eyed face seemed one to trust. She was only slightly less distressed when her *flowers, O lacrima Virginiae*, arrived on time to stain her bed.

Her classes suffered and so did her research. She took refuge in talking like a text book opened anywhere:

In 1956 Dr. L. Seifer carried out interesting experiments that showed bees do not simply need pure water, but also water containing salt, ammonia, etc. In the test, drinking bowls were filled respectively with pure water and water containing 0.25 percent ammonium, 0.05 percent vinegar, and 0.80 percent common salt. Over a measured period the bowl containing salt water was visited by 2546 bees, that with the pure water by 1510, that with the ammonia water by 1442, and that with the vinegar water by 1186. It can thus be concluded that bees need salt and beekeepers who care for their winged friends should supply them with salt water.

If we consider the observation of Serbinov (1913), Zander (1927), and others, that the illnesses affecting bees (foul brood) are in most cases passed on through water, we can see that a good, convenient drinking bowl is an extremely important and necessary item in any modern and well-equipped apiary.

Or she would have an irrational response. A slide of the Queen bee (see illustration ensuing) triggered this poetic tirade:

She prostrated herself before the image and cried:

“Pulchritudinous Virgin! Do not go forth.
Beware, beware of the Drone Dog. He is Cerberus of the Hispid
Faces:

- i. one face is open like a summer peach,
its seed is hard, O Virgin;
- ii. one face is closed like the opium poppy,
difusum est male in labiis tuis;
- iii. one face is quizzical and diffuse,
it gives no answer to the questions.

The Face of the Drone is Full of Eyes.

The Body of the Drone is Full of Wings.

The Brain of the Drone Drips

(with Cunning).

He has *one thing* on his mind.

Do not go forth, O Virgin, to that

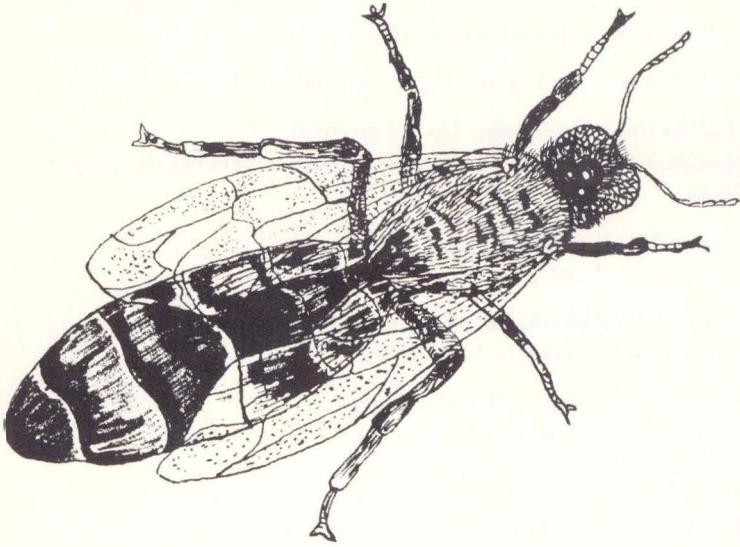
Evil

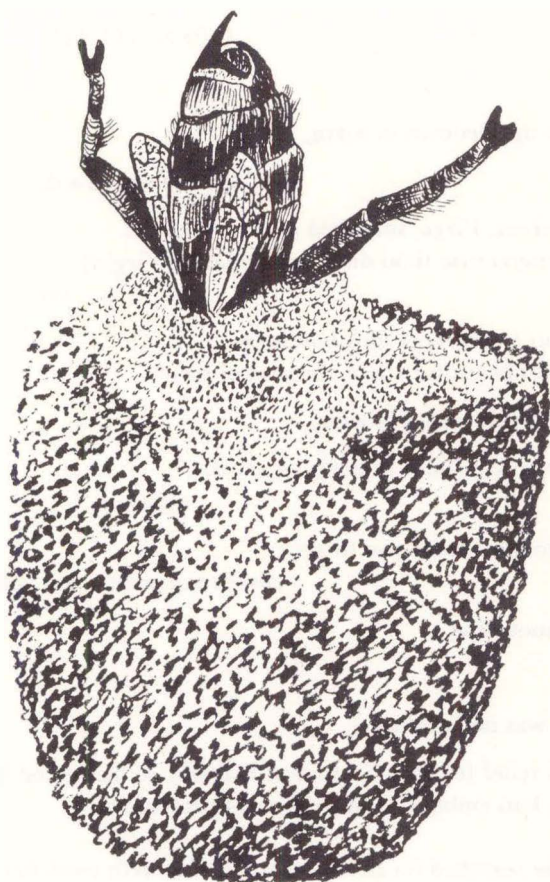
Droning

Dog.”

(The class burst into nervous laughter.)

In front of the slide of the Queen bee prepared for artificial insemination (see illustration ensuing) she gave her final class as an instructress in Natural Science.





OPEN TO ME

OPEN TO ME

OPEN TO ME

(she cried)

You are upsidedown in foam,

your legs are spread.

Post Coitum, Virgo, inviolata non permansisti
(after intercourse thou didst not remain a Virgin)

yet

Speciosus forma prae filiis hominum
(Thou art beautiful above the sons of men).

Poor Bee, pobrecita Habeilla,

You are only capable of stinging another

Queen.

Even though I force you to act

contra naturam you will

and cannot sting

ME.

(There was no laughter.)

It was a relief for all to learn that Habella, so distracted in the last months, had embarked on a different profession.

Daily she searched for Solomon and in the sixth week her efforts were rewarded. She saw him sitting at the same table they had shared at the Golden Door in deep conversation with a lovely young girl. She resisted the impulse to fly into the room as SELKIS, sting raised upon her head.

She entered after they had left and on the table she found hints of conversation written on the table mats:

JEREMY'S MAT



(forearm and hand) pronounced *Ayin*



(doorbolt) pronounced 's'



(abbreviation for quailchick) pronounced 'w'

Come unlock my door, Chick!

VIRGINIA'S MAT

The savage man can have no desires beyond his physical wants. The only goods he needs in the universe are pain and hunger. I say pain, not death for no animal can know what it is like to die; the knowledge of death and its terrors being one of the first acquisitions made by man departing from the animal state.

ROUSSEAU.

P.S. Let's drink to the savage man.

One thing about these messages shocked her. She approached the familiar waiter.

"Excuse me. My name is Habella. I was here with the young man who just left with a pretty girl, oh, way back in April. Only his name was not Jeremy, it was Solomon . . ."

"O Santissima Madonna! Bellissima Bella. I canna imagina what he dida to you. I musta laugh, forgiva me. Male, Male, a bada man. Somebody shoulda lock him up. He gathera floras lika the men, they shoota the deer. Differenta nomine, ah *namas*. Differenta disguisas. He turna his interesta in Egypta to diversas purposas. I Officini of psychiatristas and alla riveres are completa, fulla to the brima, witha distracted madonnas. Hanging woulda be to gooda for him. Male, Male animal. Finda yourself a gooda man, an honesta man. Getta married, begetta bambini. Donta wasta time remembering him.

She continued with her study of 'Solomon' with the kind waiter's help, more as an amusement than as a bitter exercise. She had only been foolish, not in any other sense, the fool. She had simply misread the signs. Only two messages on four mats, out of the many Gino saved for her, are worth reporting.

In one guise he was Aaron and seemed to give his new love at least as much warning as she had been given about his nature. He wrote in his neat hand:

Be ye ware of Ptah, Lord of Truth!
Lo, he will not overlook the deed of any man.
Refrain ye from uttering the name of Ptah falsely;
Lo, he that uttereth it falsely,
Lo, the same shall fall.
Ptah caused me to be as the dogs of the street,
He caused men and gods to mark me.

To which Flora responded:

Flowers for your honesty. No one with a face like yours could ever lie and if he did he would be guilty about it.

In the next he was Jim pretending to be Thoth, Egyptian god of wisdom and justice and asked questions like a catechist to which Kitty sensuously replied:

Thoth: "What is the first Duty of a Woman?"

Kitty: "To serve her master."

Thoth: "What are the manifestations of reverence?"

Kitty: "She will serve his every need. Including, especially, c , and f ."

Thoth: "Will she have other gods before him?"

Kitty: "There is no god but him."

On the night of her twenty-fifth birthday she had recovered sufficiently to celebrate with a friend the notion that in this world there are two classes of beings, the fuckers and the fuckees or, as the Old Testament more delicately put it, the *borers* and the *bored*. She had no doubt that Solomon was a boring fucker, the sort of man who would put his number into the phone book as Hugh G. Rection and wait masturbating for the results. Since her seduction she had begun to doubt the power of the word. She attempted to respond like an insect to all events in her life, her senses feeding upon the visual properties, the smells and the touches proper to each occasion.

(FRAGMENT 2)

That same evening Solomon had gone with his new friend William to read the Tarot. William had selected Sol as the subject of a sociological study examining the conscience of seducers. He had been drawn to him because of his reputation and in order to befriend him had told some judicious lies. It was a friendship fashioned by the Gods.

"Then why do you need so many women?" asked William as they approached the reader's door.

"I'm looking for the experiences that my senses enjoy. I want to lose myself in another, fall through the sky of passion. I am attracted by instinct to a fragrance, the hum of a voice, the grace of a walk, the hair on a slender arm. I will change shape anyway I can to draw a girl to me."

"How can you change shape, surely you must be the same for everyone. . . ."

"No. I change shape through the words I choose. Let's suppose you're a woman and I want you. Easy. I'll just pretend that I'm interested in everything you say, everything you represent. Ah, William, I saw an article in *Esquire* the other day about the sexual attitudes of the forties. It's the funniest thing I've read for years. I'd love to read it to you, why don't you come to my place, we'll have a drink and. . . ."

"Ah, you're kidding me, Sol. That's just old-fashioned politeness. . . ."

"No. Politeness isn't what I intend, seduction *is*. . . . And even though I always give a note of warning the girls never listen because they're just as intent upon being seduced as I am on playing the seducer. And when it's over nothing — not even a memory of a conversation — usually remains."

"Do you think you'll ever change?"

"I must change. I'm beginning to bore myself. Everything is too easy. Nothing matters. . . ."

“How can you change? You are what you are . . .”

“I know. I don’t know.”

They entered the house of the Tarot reader. It was filled with:

a tumble of furniture of indifferent choice;

a jumble of worthless objects;

the smell of snuffling dogs;

the pungent keenness of cockroach

(droppings).

An old woman greeted them with a face as dry and as rough as a breadcrust. She served them lemon tea from unmatched cups, and lectured them gently on the History of Tarot. To Sol’s question about the meaning of the cards she gave this enigmatic reply:

“That man is best who sees the truth himself;

Good too is he who hearkens to wise counsel.

But who is neither wise himself nor willing

To ponder wisdom, is not worth a straw.”

Then she removed from a silken bag the heavy Tarot deck and after a suitable deliberation she unfolded before them the Wisdom of the Cards.

They fell into this pattern:

COMPLETION under
THE PRINCE of CUPS

under WEALTH

12
3

CRUELTY

INTERFERENCE

CHANGE

5
6 7
4

GAIN

SCIENCE
POWER
HERMIT
PEACE

THE DEVIL
QUEEN of DISCS
ACE of CUPS
FORTUNE

15

↗

8



COMPLETION (1)

She spoke the ritual of the cards.

"COMPLETION represents you, O lord of Manifested Power. Flames of ardor burn at your centre and the rams overwhelm the doves with their horns. The female element (upsidedown) hints at abuse. The PRINCE OF CUPS is likely the William who brought you. He delights in taking pure energy from the fire of others; he has no decisive actions of his own. WEALTH may impede or aid your actions in the future. Ponder the meaning of the first three cards."

(Sol looked to William for reassurance and saw that he was pouring himself a drink without the hostess's permission)

"Card 4 is GAIN and its spangle of coins reinforces the dilemma of the present. In this context the good fortune that GAIN normally implies is contravened by the weight that the trappings of Wealth has placed on your shoulders. It is your albatross, young man, and its ten foot wings beat about your throat. What will be ideal in your future is CRUELTY. Its nine swords drip blood and urge you to pursue a perverse idealism or to accept a passive martyrdom. INTERFERENCE, the 6th card, denotes a past filled with false starts and contradictions. Card 7 says CHANGE is coming."

("Thank God, Thank God," murmured Sol.)

"You must not yet feel relief. CHANGE seems dynamic as it is a snake turned infinitely upon itself, but the snake coils itself into *stasis*. Impeded by his nature, he is fixed upon a single goal. He may endlessly repeat the first step or he will take one step and there will never be another."

"Perhaps the reading of this card will be tempered by your reading of others," ventured Sol.

"Young man, the next cards have confusing messages. Many of them are upsidedown and contravene their usual meanings. Many allude to your self-certainty and innerdirectedness; some connote opulence and leadership, but their potential is thwarted by *position*. Perhaps you would like to come back when you are more sure . . ."

"Cards 13 and 14 indicate the *final outcome*. These cards are strong. SCIENCE bespeaks the balance between the intellectual and the moral in a situation and I think its import is the same however it is placed. Beside it stands THE DEVIL. It is also a card of balance, between bliss on the one hand and human consciousness on the other. You have drawn to yourself the most rampant sexual omen through which to manifest your desire. The goat leaps with lust upon the summits of the earth. He is Pan-Progenitor, the All-Begetter. He is mounted in front of a phallus which is the tree of life seen against the divine madness of spring. In his testes broil impulses that do not partake of reason or foresight.

Your horns spiral energy upwards into air.

Your wand is the wand of OSIRIS/HORUS.

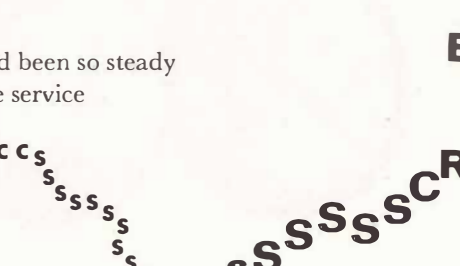
You will find the FACE of the SUN
The WINDS will CONVERT YOU.

B E W A R E O F A I R

RUN RAM RUN.

(Her voice which had been so steady in the ordering of the service rose in a shrill **S** s -

ch had been so steady
of the service



s c c c s s s s s s s s s s S S S S S C R R E E E M

She fell into a faint.

William said, "Don't bother. She always does that. See Saul. What did I tell you. Tarot's more fun than the movies. Here, take the last card. She'll never miss it when she comes around."

Sol took the card home and the next day he looked at



THE DEVIL (14)

He had been unnerved by the previous evening and had kept William with him for company. The fact that the reader had taken a hysterical turn had invalidated for him the whole experience. He talked to the guest who was still in bed:

"Hey, what a nut that was. You're not the Prince of Cups. I'm not the Devil. I'm going to change in amazing ways and if I remember where that old crone lives when I finish, I'll go back and show her who's powerful. William, come on, get up! The goat's staff has wings like the ones on my bed. Hey, the sun disc and confronting snakes are two of my favorite signatures. Hey, William, damn it! The goat's third eye has just disappeared, what shall I do?"

"Burn it," said William sleepily. "Let's talk about your conscience."

(FRAGMENT 3)

The next day with William for comfort, he took a trip into the mountains. His pack contained bread and water for he was determined to accomplish self-redemption. For seven days and seven nights he fasted, compelled by an inner necessity that felt for all the world like unsatisfied lust and on the seventh evening, just as the meditation books had promised, he had a vision that filled him with wonder.

Out of the clouds came a man of incredible beauty (like unto himself) with a flower for a penis. He pulled off the petals one by one, letting them float into the air. When the last had vanished, leaving him flat and naked, the man fell down dead, on the ground. Out of the clouds came a babe of astonishing beauty who before his eyes shrank back through the successive stages of development until it became two dots . , egg/sperm in the sky and vanished.

Out of the clouds came a woman of unsurpassed beauty. She writhed before him in serpentine dance as she progressed through the successive stages of decay until she blew on the wind as a handful of dust.

He went down from the mountain with ashes on his head and a phylactery of cedar and moss around his neck. About his arms he wound two snake-like branches and over his neck he placed a shawl of bark. His revelation told him to cast away his superfluous gold and women, to settle down and become a family man. The wife he had selected was Habella Cire for she was the only woman in a thousand for whom he had, fleetingly, felt a more than physical attraction.

"In the middle of our second meeting," he explained to William, "She said that language was usually dishonest, that it almost never meant what it said. She said that you can scarcely expect to get the groceries you order by phone. Spoken language, then, is not nearly as pragmatic as the language of the bees where so many shuffles to the left or the right sends the worker off following the directions of her scout to just the place where the flowers are.

Poor Habella fell into the trap I set with my language and I want to apologize for that. I think that we could love eachother . . ."

He phoned her on three occasions without success:

- (1) Brinnng, Brinnng, Brinnng, Brinnng, Brinnng, Brinnng (out).
- (2) Bryunng, Bryuung, Bryunng, Bryuung, Bryuung, Bryuung (busy).
- (3) sorry . . . the . . . line . . . you . . . are . . . calling . . . is . . . not . . . in . . . service . . . sorry . . . the . . . line . . . you . . . are . . . (moved).

Later when Sol's house was almost emptied of furniture he sat before his window reading with William. A curious flutter tickled their brains. They discovered that they shared space with two worker bees.

The visitors' behavior was polite; their procedure was wondrously efficient. Their wings drummed an almost imperceptible *huummnn* as they searched diligently for an exit.

They moved parallel to the windows executing the 90 degree turns at the corner without fault. They rediscovered the window route six times in a smooth meticulous circuit. They became baffled and seemed to run formal memory tests on the venue of approach.

The larger of the two bees, momentarily, stood still in space then neatly performed four directional probes to the

NORTH
WEST EAST
SOUTH

and moved, then, unerringly to the exact spot of her entry. Sol helped her out.

The smaller bee was, perhaps, younger or less experienced in flight outside the hive. She rested on the window and before she could begin again, Sol caught her in a glass.

He saw that she was beautiful:

her face was a mobile and inquisitive mask;

her feelers — black lines of iron — bent willfully against air;

in her amber wings throbbed veins of dark obsidian;

her abdominal stripes were as clear and precise as

Egyptian cloisonné.

He released her into the air and that very day in order to emulate the flight of bees, he decided to take up hang gliding. The visitors in every respect seemed a wonderful

OMEN.

That evening he said to William:

"I must tell you something important."

"What is it?"

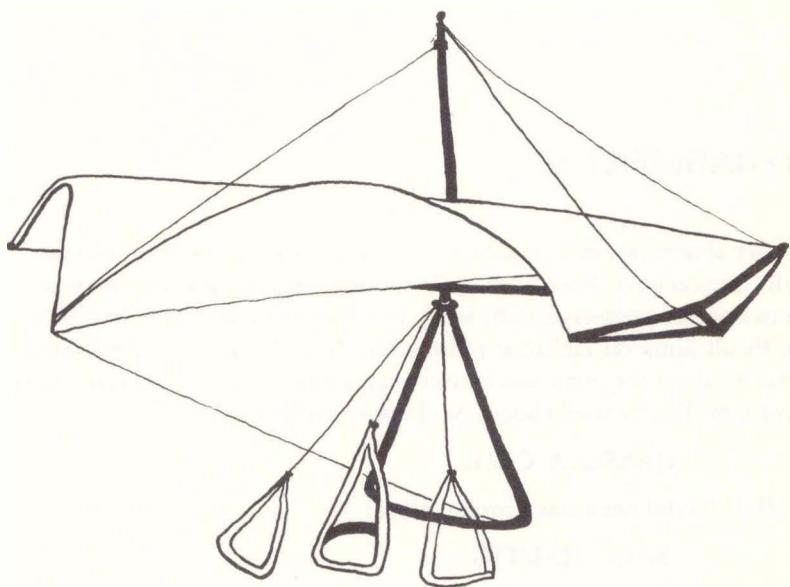
"I have been lying to you ever since we met."

"Oh? How?"

"Well, I've always used different names with people and Sol or Solomon's the one I use most often. SAUL, Saul Hartig's my real name . . ." Hope you don't mind."

"No trouble. It sounds the same."

(FRAGMENT 4)



Habella took up hang gliding for reasons Sol would have admired. She wished to lose herself in flight, testing her eye and spirit in spontaneous motion through a fluid medium. She had become a filmmaker and film critic. Art, not science, was on her mind.

She saw herself hovering over the land as Isis, brooding over the torn form of her husband OSIRIS who for reasons no one knew history had connected with HORUS of the SOLAR DISC. HORUS/ OSIRIS victim of SETH, god of the wind.

(She saw no connection whatsoever between hang gliding and the bees.)

(FRAGMENT 5)

After several weeks of separate training through which they learned the intricacies of Jesus bolts, glide ratios, spans, Hang Fives, the two novices had progressed sufficiently in the sport to be invited to take the difficult jump off Hollyburn Mountain. In anticipation of the intense cameraderie the jump was bound to generate, the instructors circulated a list of the intended gliders. Saul was overjoyed to see

HABELLA CIRE

(Habella did not know anyone called)

SAUL HARTIG

Saul manoeuvred his name on the list so that he would jump into the air immediately after her. He counted upon his greater weight to bring them very close together at mid flight. In his imagination he conceived a touching reunion akin to the NUPTUAL FLIGHT of bees. He visualized the prospect of this brilliant mating.

(HE) Buzz,

Buzz,

Buzz,

moving closer to

(SHE)

(HE) Mnnn,

Mnnn,

MNMNMNMNMNMN

MNMN

MNMNMNMNMNMNMN

HABELLA!

(SHE TURNS)

MNMNMN, Hey Bella.

It's Solomon. I've
flown to marry you.

(SHE SMILES)

She says, "You've
changed. You dyed
your beard."

YES. The change is
real. I'm sorry. I
love you. Give me
a sign.

(She blew him a

ss
i k i k i
i k i k i
ss

He drifted down satisfied, the wind rustling his silk.

He liked the idea the day-dream contained. He made an appointment
immediately to have his beard dyed back to its natural colour, brown.
That would make the surprise *complete*.

(FRAGMENT 6)

On the special day, Saul rose with songs in his heart and by the time he had reached the top of the mountain they beat like thunder in his ears. He shrewdly took up position beside Habella and at the proper moment, flew into space to mate her.

But the winds that day were capricious and angry and SETH god of storms and violence (the antithesis of HORUS of the SUN) created for SOL a curious fate. As the pair began their flight they wrote in the sky the Egyptian symbol of the goddess scribe:



One could see immediately that something was awry. The figure of Habella was at peace with her kite as a tidy semi-circle in the sky; Sol was struggling to gain back control of his from the wind.

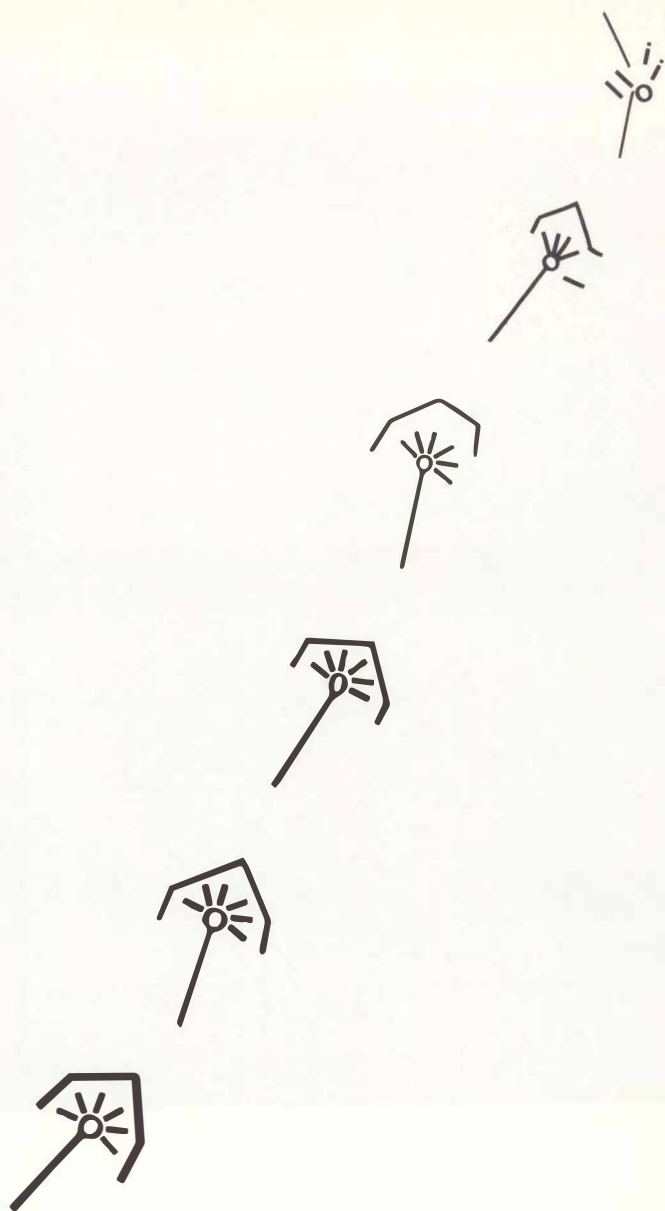
They moved further and further apart.

The critical message did not pass between them.

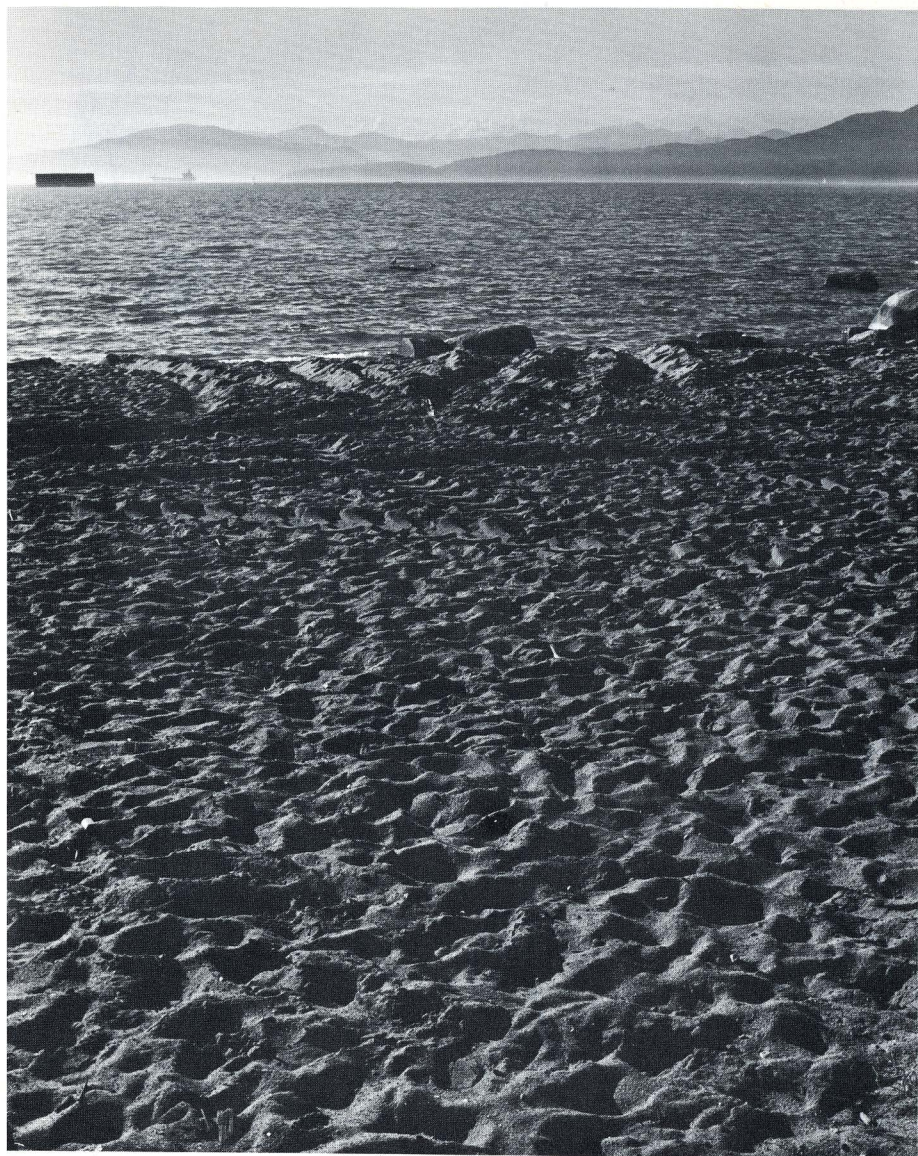
The spectators on English Bay saw that something was terribly wrong.

000 000 0₀0⁰0⁰⁰0⁰⁰0⁰⁰0⁰⁰0⁰⁰⁰0⁰⁰⁰0⁰⁰0⁰⁰0⁰⁰⁰⁰0⁰⁰⁰⁰0⁰⁰0⁰

SAID THE CROWD. An updraft had caught Sol and in hang glider's terms he



SKYED OUT



He disappeared into a vacuum of air.

Three days later an obituary appeared. Saul's parents wished no publicity.

IN MEMORIAM

SAUL HARTIG, a linguist with a special interest in Middle Eastern Philology died in a freak hang-gliding accident at age 28. The body has not been found.

A private service will be held at an undisclosed address. Do not send flowers. The Heart Fund would be pleased to accept gifts in his memory.

On the same page of the SUN was an announcement of Habella Cire's engagement to the good and decent man she intended to marry.