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If some, by now, may be questioning the means by which we are able to approach the thoughts of a person so fine as Klara, it is worth remarking that we are rarely without means. When we have to deal with good people who are invariably well-protected by the Cudgels, we search for some medium of art—our satanic arts, if you insist. We never approach when the Cudgels are

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on guard, not unless there is an emergency and we are ordered to attack. For the most part, we just leave good people alone even as the Cudgels will usually avoid contact with our best clients. The available disbursements for these divine and satanic economies are not often spent on improbable outcomes.

When an incursion is necessary, we wait until the Cudgels are absent or asleep. To use a crude analogy, why employ three shifts daily for an ordinary enterprise? So small raids that leave no ugly traces are feasible on occasion.

Let me not pretend, moreover, that we function that much by rote. Even one of our lower-tier devils can usually transform himself for a short period into an angelic mode. It is, of course, ersatz. Since we are hardly

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bona-fide, we cannot enter a blessed person's mind, but, still!—we have our means. We can pretend to be the gentlest of angels, we can inspire a mood of much beneficence, false beneficence, but it can feel as balmy as Spring, and so inspire the good object of our attention to talk and prate and prattle. So often the vulnerabilities of their hearts are offered up.

Moreover, Klara was hardly a case of classic difficulty. She was brought, we can remember, to a high state of concupiscence on the night that Adolf was conceived, and who would pretend that no devil entered her then? Indeed, I do have the suspicion, no, rather, I will actually say that I live with the firm supposition that the Maestro himself attended those festivities. So Klara is not without her carnal depths (and workings!) which is to say that part of her can usually appreciate that carnival of stinks and grunts and glories

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that does take place whenever god and the devil sweat in the swamp and paradise of sex—which may be why people who are very very ethical do not offer much physical appeal to the mass of other humans.

In any event, if Klara was hardly one of ours, still, she was nonetheless approachable to the degree I have described. Moreover, we were familiar with her moods. Live with a family long enough and subtle, even unique, means of approach will present themselves. I can say that we knew her well enough from without to be kin to many of her thoughts.

Enough. The glory of the spring day I have just described was a herald to much more than the modest beauties of Hafeld. The coronation of young Czar Nicholas the Second and his young Czarina, Alexandra, was taking place on the same day. [re dates, I think our docs give dates Western style—

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CK TK] The weather was incredible throughout Europe for much of that period. Good days continued, and when I came back to Hafeld in early June, there were more fine days, and this good weather was pleasing to me for our activities at the Coronation had been crowned with some success, a delight for devils of relatively high rank like myself who are elevated enough to perceive the logic of our activities much of the time. Our morale, in consequence, is very vulnerable to failure and more stimulated by success than lesser devils who, at their best, are wise enough to follow orders blindly. In contrast to them, I need to know when our plans and projects do have an overt and successful conclusion. It is a mistake to assume that devils are free of the fear of failure, or that we are less vulnerable to good or bad mood than men and women. To the contrary. Since our pleasures are less sensual and

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our pains more full of foreboding—we pay a good price for the power we possess.

All the more reason then to be pleased not only with the acumen of the Maestro, but with my own.

As already indicated, I had been one of the first to give warning that a direct attack on the coronation itself was less likely to succeed. We had, of course, a number of promising approaches very much in place, and they had been available in some degree for years. Nowhere in Europe did we have as many agents in high places. We virtually had cadres of devils among the many branches of the Romanov family; we infested the secret police—I think we actually outnumbered the Cudgels when it came to inhabiting supposedly loyal officers of the Okhrana. There were many Ministers of State who were

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as abjectly loyal to us as hounds slavering over their bowl of kibble. I could go on. We were well-installed in all the royal families of Europe as well as among the nobility and the generals—often the same. The nouveau riches lay before us like an open field and a majority of the economic magnates were among our most valued clients.

It could be said that when it came to possessing enough in the way of participants we could call upon, we were prepared to offer some major disruptions to the day of coronation. As I had every reason to suspect, one of the two Metropolitans who would preside over the event belonged to us, and indeed, no priesthood on the continent was more allied to our influence than the full horde of half-mad monks in Russian Orthodox ranks. In addition, we

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had our share of the most militant anarchists, nihilists, and terrorists—some fine concentrate of them were ready to attempt an assassination.

Yet, I was still opposed to such ventures. Coming to Russia arriving with a mind more than occupied with such activities in many a city and town of Austria, I was hardly prepared for the air of Russia. It was much more intense! Not only were there more devils present to stir the hearts of the people, but a greater horde of angels than I had encountered before were present and all were doing their utmost from shift to shift. Moreover, I had never felt the presence of the D.K. so intensely. If the D.K. often seemed stupefied by an uncountable number of successes and failures in His Creation, nonetheless, the Old Artificer—one more word for the Dummkopf—was

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exceptionally near, or so it seemed, wherever we turned in St. Petersburg or Moscow.

For the longest time, I had become used to feeling Him as no more than an Abstract Presence, testy, ugly on occasion by way of His Cudgels, but far enough away to enable us to work in relative freedom. His Nearness was not a factor. Here, it was. God wanted this coronation to succeed! I felt it in every one of my senses. He had chosen a battleground where He was determined not to lose, and I had never before encountered such speed and intensity of dedication among the Cudgels. I was certain we would pay heavily for every success we obtained. To put it simply, this lay upon my judgment with all the weight of a hard fact—a stone too heavy to lift.

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I did not speak at first in the council to which I was admitted. I had to discover for myself whether I dared to present myself as a figure of responsibility in any way comparable to the Maestro (which was certainly an unapproved expedition into unknown places.) All the same, I was obsessed by the question: what was the reason for such unparalleled commitment of divine interest?

Obviously, it was not routine to find one's way. Until this event, the Dummkopf had invested His Substance in all sorts of people and places. He paid attention to monarchists and Republicans, to the most established aristocrats and to the revolutionaries who would overthrow them. He had encouraged many a human to offer public service to democracies. He hardly ignored the Pope and the Vatican (but then, neither did we!) He was open to

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the calls of liberty and to autocracy. As the Maestro once remarked, "He is playing this social game as if it is one more facet of evolution. Make your mistakes, but do pay attention to who wins and to what works well. He did, after all, give free will to homo sapiens in order to obtain some idea of what He created."

While I could hardly pretend to certainty whether the Maestro was serious or playing with his sense of irony, still, I had to assume this was a useful picture to retain of history and social events. Assuming it was, I had to conclude next that the Dummkopf was now leaning—no, put it more accurately—the D.K. had come over completely, for this time at least, to the conviction that the best way for His world to work was through a successful

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hegemony of the Czar and the Russian Orthodox Church over the unformed but vast strengths of the common Russian people.

Should that be true, it was an amazing decision! Russia—that land invested with corruption and overriding injustice! We counted on injustice. It was the yeast that inspires hatred, envy, and the poisoning of love. If we had a rule thumb, it was to encourage injustice wherever and whenever we could. So often that was our easiest approach to man. For rare was the man or woman who from childhood on did not have an intense sense of the injustice done to them each day in contrast to the fairness they offered to others.

As I pondered this question, it seemed likely to me that the root of the answer was to be found in the young man who would become the next Czar.

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We prided ourselves on having a keener appreciation than the Duummkopf of the flaws and potentialities of men and women. Nonetheless, the D.K. (like many another monarch to come after Him) had His vanities in this respect and would have argued, doubtless, (if debate between the Maestro and Himself were possible) that the history of human nature had been altered most profoundly by the advent of Jesus Christ into the unwashed daily life of the masses.

We were prepared to disagree. We saw Christ's efforts ending in failure (with all due respect to the brilliance of the aftermath exercised by the D.K. in claiming credit for a crucifixion He had certainly hoped to avoid. "God," our Maestro was always ready to inform us, "was cheating on the rules of the game. Free will for humankind is meaningless if there is divine

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intervention, but leave it to the divine Old Goat! He wanted secretly—I suspect even secretly from Himself—to establish His Kingdom on earth most literally with His Son as the living monarch. He most certainly was not anticipating the disaster that befell my poor brother, Jesus.")

It was becoming evident to me that the D.K. was placing some new and very great hopes in the character of the young man who would soon be crowned s Czar Nicholas the Second, and you may be certain that I proceeded to learn as much about him as I could under the constrained circumstances.

For example, I could not find way to get near enough to Nicky (yes, indeed, that is how everyone in his large family referred to him). Nicky had two brothers, two sisters, a beautiful Danish mother (the widow of his

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recently dead father, Czar Alexander the Third) four Grand Dukes as uncles, one Grand Duchess as an aunt and a host of cousins and in-laws who, for the most part so far as one could discern from a distance, were surprisingly fond of Nicky.

I could, as I say, not come near. I had never met a human being more guarded by squadrons—literally, squadrons!—of angels from, you may be certain, the highest ranks of Divine Security. I was told as much in advance from the first monitor to receive me, and my one venture into solo reconnaissance to test such observations more than confirmed their adjurations. It was a loss. I can tell a great deal about any man or woman with whom I can share a modest room. Our senses, when needed, are acute—I can tell as much from sniffing a human being from the other side of

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that modest room as any animal with a sure olfactory sense. My eyes can perceive defects in the corner of a nostril or the subtly distorted curve of an ear. These are not senses with which I live constantly. They are available when needed, when required, so to speak. Our continued existence would be too much of a heaven alternating with hell if our sight and taste and smell, not to mention our sense of touch and hearing, were always at such an exquisite level of readiness; no, we call upon them when urgently needed and learn a great deal about a potential client in just a few moments, but here, as I keep repeating, one could not get near. Once again, I had to rely on the secondary materials smaller devils had extracted from the numerous agents who dwelt in the lower reaches of the Palace of St. Petersburg and the churches of the Kremlin.

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This, then, is what I learned.

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If the reader is wondering what means we use to enter into the thoughts of a person so fine as Klara, I can say that the question is worth posing. Such incursions are never routine when we deal with men and women who are well protected by the Cudgels. Indeed, we take good care not to approach when these Guardian angels are on alert. Generally, we do well to wait for such openings as are provided, for example, by emotional crisis. Hysteria is often an Open Sesame (for it is bewildering to the Cudgels—their arts, temporarily, have failed.) Otherwise, we look to leave good people alone even as the Cudgels prefer to avoid contact with our most committed clients. Whether

the cohorts are divine or satanic, prudence prevails. Forced occasions of entrance are not often attempted in the face of improbable outcomes.

When, however, an incursion is necessary, we wait for the Cudgels to be absent or asleep. Even good spirits need their rest. At such times, small raids are feasible. On the other hand, we are not altogether void of special arts. Even a lower-tier devil can, for example, choose to transform himself for a short period into—let me term it so—an angelic presence. Since we are hardly bona-fide, that is not enough to gain direct entrance into a blessed person's mind, but, still!—we have collateral means. Often, we pretend to be the gentlest of angels. That can inspire a mood of beneficence, (false beneficence, to be sure) but it can leave the person feeling balmy enough to prate and prattle. The vulnerabilities of the heart are offered up in a flood of good feeling, happy words, and laughter.

Moreover, Klara did not present any outsize difficulty. She was brought, we can remember, to a high state of concupiscence on the night that Adolf was conceived. Who would assert that no devil entered her then? Indeed, I live with the firm supposition that the Maestro himself attended those festivities. So Klara is not without her carnal depths. A part of herself

(usually concealed) is ready to appreciate that fundamental rite of stinks and grunts and glories which does take place whenever God and the devil are ready to sweat together in the swamp and paradise of sex. This may be why people who are strikingly ethical (and clean-smelling) do not usually possess any striking physical appeal. Not enough of us is to be found in them.

In any event, we knew Klara well enough to be kin to many of her thoughts.

Enough. The glory of the spring day when Klara was so happy with Paula and the flowers, happened to coincide with the Coronation of Nicholas the Second and Alexandra. Indeed, the weather was incomparable for a number of days, and I recall that even when I came back to Hafeld in early June, these fine days continued. As a devil, my well-being is rarely affected by the weather, but the long sunny days of June were pleasing to me. They enhanced my recollection of our activities at the Coronation which were finally crowned with some dramatic success. That had proved a special delight. Devils of relatively high rank like myself are keen to penetrate into the higher logic of our activities. Our morale, in consequence, is vulnerable to failure. It is also highly stimulated by success. We react more than lesser

devils who, at their best, are wise to follow orders blindly. In contrast, I need to know when our projects turn out well. It is a mistake to assume that devils are more free than humans of the fear of failure, or that we are less vulnerable to poor turns of mood. On the contrary. Our pleasures are rarely sensual and our pains can be drenched in foreboding—we pay a good price for the power we do possess. If we know how to inspire dread in men and women, it is because we are in that condition so much of the time.

All the more reason then to be pleased not only with the acumen of the Maestro, but with my own display of insight in Moscow in the days after the Coronation.

As already indicated, I had been one of the first to give warning that a direct attack on the crowning event itself was not likely to succeed. We had, of course, developed a number of promising approaches. Nowhere in Europe could we boast of as many agents and clients as in Russia. Often they were of high rank. We possessed many a Grand Duke and Duchess among the several branches of the Romanov family and we certainly infested the secret police. I believe we outnumbered the Cudgels in the Okhrana. We had Ministers of State who were as abjectly loyal to us as hounds slaving over a

bowl of kibble. I could go on. We were well-installed in all the royal families of Europe, not to mention the nobility or the generals—often the same. The nouveau riches lay before us like an open field. Tycoons were among our most valued clients.

When it came, therefore, to calling upon potential participants, we knew we could bring off some major disruptions on Coronation Day. As I had every reason to suspect, one of the two Metropolitans who would preside over the ceremonies belonged to us, and indeed, no priesthood on the continent was more infused with our influence. We had many a cohort of half-mad monks in Russian Orthodox churches and monasteries. In addition, we had no small share of the most militant anarchists, nihilists, and terrorists. Some fine concentrate of them were always ready to attempt an assassination before or during the Coronation.

Nonetheless, I found myself opposed to such ventures. Arriving in Russia after so long a period of concentration upon relatively minor activities in so many a small cities and towns of Austria, I was hardly prepared for the air of Russia. It was intense! Not only were there hordes of devils present to stir the hearts of half the people (half—at the least!), but Mosow and St.

Petersburg were occupied by a greater assembly of angels than I had encountered before. And all were doing their utmost! Moreover, I had never felt the presence of the D.K. so directly. If He often seemed stupefied by the uncountable and daily number of successes and failures in His Creation, nonetheless, the Old Artificer—one more word for the Dummkopf—was exceptionally near now, or so it seemed. He was everywhere we turned.

For the longest time, I had been accustomed to thinking of Him as no more than an Abstract Presence who could be testy, ugly on occasion (by way of His Cudgels), but removed enough to enable us to work in relative freedom. His Nearness was not a factor. Here, it was. God wanted this Coronation to succeed! I felt it in every one of my special senses. He had chosen a battleground where He was determined not to lose. Indeed, never before had I encountered such intensity of dedication among the Cudgels. I was certain we would pay heavily for every success we obtained. To put it simply, this lay upon my judgment with all the weight of a hard fact—a stone too heavy to lift.

I did not speak at first in the high council to which I was admitted. I had to discover for myself whether I dared to present myself as a figure of

responsibility in any way worthy of consideration by the Maestro. (That was certainly an expedition into unknown places!) All the same, I was obsessed with a question: What could be the reason for such unparalleled commitment of the Divine Forces?

Until this event, the Dummkopf had invested His Substance in every variety of people and places. He paid attention to Monarchists and Republicans, to the most established aristocrats and to revolutionaries who were ready to die for the honor of overthrowing their overlords. He had also encouraged many a human to offer public service to democracies. He hardly ignored the Pope and the Vatican (but then, neither did we!) He was open to the calls of liberty and to the injunctions of autocracy. As the Maestro once remarked, "He plays at this social game as if it is another facet of His approach to evolution. He goes by the crudest rule of thumb! 'Make your mistakes,' He says, 'but do pay attention to who wins. Then you will see what works.' Why, after all, did He give free will to homo sapiens? Obviously, the poor Dummkopf wanted to come a little closer to obtaining a notion of what He had created."

Whether the Maestro was or was not playing with his sense of irony, I had to assume this was a valid diagram for us to retain of the roots of history. Yet, assuming it was, I now had to conclude that the Dummkopf was leaning—no, put it more accurately—the D.K. had come over completely, for the moment at least, to the conviction that the best way for His world to work was through a successful hegemony of the Tsar and the Russian Orthodox Church. Install him powerfully, fortify the Church even further, and let both rule over the vast if inchoate energies of the Russian people.

If so, it was an amazing decision! Russia—invested with corruption, teeming with overriding injustice! It was what we looked for. We always counted on injustice. It was the yeast that served to inspire hatred, envy, and the poisoning of love. If we had a rule of thumb, it was to encourage injustice wherever we could. For rare was the man or woman who did not possess an intense sense of the injustice done to them each day in contrast to the warmth and clarity they offered to others. It was a taproot to every adult—even more, to every child.

The more I looked for an explanation into the motives of the D.K., the more it began to seem likely that an answer was to be found in the young man

who would receive the Coronation. While we prided ourselves on having a keener appreciation than the Dummkopf of the flaws and potentialities of men and women, nonetheless, the D.K. (like many another monarch) had His own vanities in this respect and would have argued, doubtless, (if debate between the Maestro and Himself were possible) that the history of human nature had been altered most profoundly by the advent of Jesus Christ into the daily life of the masses.

We were prepared to disagree. We saw Christ's efforts ending in failure (with all due respect to the brilliance of the aftermath exercised by the D.K. when he came around to claiming credit for a crucifixion He had certainly hoped to avoid.) "God," our Maestro was always ready to inform us, "was cheating on the rules of the game. Free will for humankind is meaningless if there is divine intervention, but leave it to the Old Goat! He wanted secretly—I suspect He even kept this secret from Himself—to establish His Kingdom on earth in a most literal sense, a Kingdom with His Son as the living monarch. He most certainly was not anticipating the disaster that befell my poor kid brother Jesus."

It was becoming evident to me that the D.K. was placing some new and very great hopes in the character of the young man who would soon be crowned as Tsar Nicholas the Second. You may be certain that I proceeded to learn as much about him as was possible under the constrained circumstances. "All right. Learn what you can," said the Maestro. "That's a big assignment for you."

I did not know if I was being promoted or left on a siding, but in any event I soon learned that it would not be easy to get near to Nicky. (That is how everyone in his large family referred to him). Nicky had two brothers, two sisters, a beautiful Danish mother (the widow of his recently dead father, Tsar Alexander the Third), four Grand Dukes as uncles, one Grand Duchess as an aunt, and a host of cousins and in-laws who, for the most part, so far as one could discern, were surprisingly fond of him.

I could, as I say, not come near. I had never met a human being more guarded by squadrons—for certain, literally, squadrons!—of angels from, you may be certain, the highest ranks of His Security. I was told as much in advance from the first of our monitors to receive me, and my one venture into solo reconnaissance to test such observations more than confirmed his

adjurations. It was a loss. I can tell a great deal about any man or woman when I can approach. Our senses—our, on occasion, most diabolical senses, are acute—sniffing a human being from the other end of a room, I can detect as much as any animal with a sure olfactory passage. My eyes can perceive defects in the corner of a nostril or the subtly distorted curve along the whorled ridges of an ear. These are not senses with which I care or can afford to live with constantly. But they are available when needed. Our continued existence would become a heaven all too frequently plummeting into hell if our sight and taste and smell, not to mention our sense of touch and hearing, were always at such an exquisite level of readiness—no, we call upon such faculties only when needed, yet we can learn a great deal about a potential client in just a few moments. Here, however, as I keep repeating, one could not approach. Once again, I had to rely on the secondary materials that smaller devils had extracted from the numerous clients who dwelt in the lower reaches of the palaces of St. Petersburg and the churches of the Kremlin.

This, then, is what I learned from those more or less academic resources we also know to call upon. Needless to say, I am hardly speaking

of texts and libraries. There was a fund of copied material that had been made available by those valets, chambermaids, and house servants who became our clients, an overflow, indeed, of the most useful gossip and insights. It seemed that everyone in the royal families of Europe was writing letters to their parents, children, aunts and uncles, cousins, and royal intimates. They all kept diaries as well. The young Tsar-to-be, Nicholas the Second, had made an entry every day from boyhood on, and by the time of the Coronation he was so close to Alix (his Tsarina Alexandra) that she was there to read his diaries and impress her own written thoughts on them, thoughts teeming with piety and love.

I was fascinated. The Maestro was not tolerant of the sea of snobbery where so many of us bathed, he could be most acerbic about the drawbacks. "Some of you may yet come to recognize that snobbery for one of us is worse than wine for all those sots at whom you sneer. It can become a large flaw in your make-up."

Forewarned, yes, but not forearmed. I could not quite conquer the power of such envy within me, and so I may have enjoyed my work a little too much. The royal families were a cornucopia of the highest monarchical

connections. Alix, the beloved of Nicky, was only a princess from Hesse but her mother, Alice, had been one of Queen Victoria's three daughters and when Alice died, it was Queen Victoria who brought up Alix from the age of six. Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany was cousin to Nicky, and a cousin to Alix.

pp 429-443
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 (send it back
 to Doris E-mail)

Note - there will be two
 places (as I recall) where
 you have an additional
 -13- (page 430 + 431)
 for example

¶ To ~~enter~~ reach into the thoughts

If the reader is wondering what means we use to enter into the thoughts

~~Good (woman)~~ like
 of a person so fine as Klara, I can say that the question is worth posing. Such
 is dealing with
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^{some} openings, as are provided, for example, by emotional crisis. Hysteria is often
 (that is because it)
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For the most part, however, (protected
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Adolf was conceived. Who would assert that no devil entered her then?

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on both sides.
~~(the cohorts are divine or satanic)~~ Prudence prevails. Forced occasions of
entrance are ~~not often~~ *rarely* attempted in the face of improbable outcomes.

When, however, an incursion is ~~necessary~~ *obligatory*, ~~(we wait for the~~ *Guardian Angel* ~~gudgels~~
to be absent or asleep. Even ~~good spirits~~ *gudgels* need their rest. At such times ~~(small~~ *a)*
raids ~~are feasible~~ *can be*. Of course, we also have more ~~cautious~~ *cautious* methods
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Even true prate and prattle. The ~~vulnerabilities~~ *sometimes* of the heart are offered up in a flood of

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Moreover, Klara did not present ~~any~~ *size* outside difficulty. She was
brought, we can remember, to a high state of concupiscence on the night that
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In any event, we knew Klara well enough to be kin to many of her thoughts.
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devils who, at their best, ^{know it is} ~~are~~ wise to follow orders blindly. In contrast, ^{prefer} ~~need~~
to know ^{how} ~~when~~ our projects turn out ~~well~~. It is a mistake to assume that devils
are more free than humans of the fear of failure, or that we are less vulnerable
to ^{bad} ~~poor~~ turns of mood. On the contrary. Our pleasures are rarely sensual and
our pains can be drenched in foreboding—we pay a good price for the power
we do possess. If we know how to inspire dread in men and women, it is
because we ^{exist} ~~are~~ in that condition so much of the time.

All the more reason then to be pleased not only with the acumen of the
Maestro, but with my own display of insight in Moscow in the days after the
Coronation.

As already indicated, I had been one of the first to give warning that a
direct attack on the crowning event itself was not likely to succeed. We had,
of course, developed a number of promising approaches. Nowhere in Europe
could we boast of as many agents and clients as in Russia. ^{Many} ~~Often they~~ were
^{more than one}
of high rank. We possessed many a Grand Duke and Duchess among the
several branches of the Romanov family and we certainly infested the secret
^(When it came to the Okhrana, yes, we certainly)
police. ~~I believe we~~ outnumbered the Cudgels in the Okhrana. We had
Ministers of State who were as abjectly loyal to us as hounds slaving over a

Book 4 chs 1-13 double 6/4/04

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I can elaborate
 bowl of kibble. ~~I could go on.~~ We were well-installed in all the royal
and/or so
 families of Europe, not to mention the nobility or the generals—often the
 same. ~~The~~ Nouveau riches lay before us like an open field. Tycoons were
(and protected)
 among our most valued clients.

When it came, therefore, to calling upon potential *actors,* participants, we

knew we could bring off some major disruptions on Coronation Day. As I
 had every reason to suspect, one of the two Metropolitans who would preside

theological
 over the ceremonies belonged to us, and indeed, no priesthood on the
Across Europe and Asia, we
 continent was more infused with our influence. We had many a cohort of
Many of them would be visiting Moscow on this
 half-mad monks in Russian Orthodox churches and monasteries. In addition,

we had no small share of ~~the most militant~~ anarchists, nihilists, and terrorists.

The more militant among
 Some fine concentrate of them were ~~always~~ ready to attempt an assassination

before or during the Coronation.

Nonetheless, I found myself opposed to such ventures. ~~Arriving in~~ 4539

~~Russia~~ after so long a period of concentration upon relatively minor activities:

in so many small cities and towns of Austria, I was hardly prepared for the

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Jun. 01 2004 09:50AM F5

FROM : JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. : 17186243782

Jun. 04 2004 04:07PM P1

Book 4 chs 1-13 double 6/4/04

433a

~~SECRET~~
~~TOP SECRET~~

bowl of kibble. I could go on. We were well-installed in all the royal families of Europe, not to mention the nobility or the generals-- often the same. The nouveau riches lay before us like an open field. Tycoons were among our most valued clients.

When it came, therefore, to calling upon potential participants, we knew we could bring off some major disruptions on Coronation Day. As I had every reason to suspect, one of the two Metropolitans who would preside over the ceremonies belonged to us, and indeed, no priesthood on the continent was more infused with our influence. We had many a cohort of half-mad monks in Russian Orthodox churches and monasteries. In addition, we had no small share of the most militant anarchists, nihilists, and terrorists. Some fine concentrate of them were always ready to attempt an assassination before or during the Coronation.

Nonetheless, I found myself opposed to such ventures. Arriving in ~~Russia~~ After so long a period of concentration upon relatively minor activities in so many ~~a~~ small cities and towns of Austria, I was hardly prepared for the air of Russia. It was intense! Not only ~~were there~~ ^{could we muster} hordes of devils ~~present~~ to stir the hearts of half the people (half--at the least!), but Mosow and St

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Petersburg were occupied by a greater assembly of angels than I had
encountered before. ^(of those worthies) And all were doing their utmost! Moreover, ~~he~~ ^{had I} never
felt the presence of the D.K. ^{was} ~~so~~ ^{distant, even} directly. If He often seemed stupefied by the
uncountable ~~and daily~~ ^{taking place daily} number of successes and failures in His Creation,
nonetheless, ~~the Old Artificer~~ ^{he was} one more word for the Dummkopf ~~was~~
~~(exceptionally)~~ near now, ~~or so it seemed~~. He was everywhere we turned.

For the longest time, I had been accustomed to ^{perceiving} thinking of Him as no
more than an Abstract Presence, ^{a force} who could be testy ^{and} on occasion by
way of His Cudgels, but removed enough to enable us to work in relative
freedom. His Nearness was not a factor. ^{In Russia} Here, it was. God wanted this
Coronation to succeed! ^{His} I felt it in every one of my special senses. He had
chosen ^{and} a battleground ^{there was} where ~~he~~ was determined not to lose. Indeed, never-
~~before had I encountered~~ ^{was} such intensity of dedication among the Cudgels. I
was certain we would pay heavily for ^{any} every success we obtained. ~~To put it~~
~~simply,~~ this lay upon my judgment with all the weight of a hard fact—a stone
too heavy to lift.

~~At first I tried to~~
I did not speak ~~at first~~ in the high council to which I was admitted. I
had to discover for myself whether I dared to present myself as a figure of

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FROM : JMWORDCRAFT

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responsibility in any way worthy of consideration by the Maestro. (That ^{would be} ~~was~~

~~Surely~~ an expedition into unknown places!) All the same, I was obsessed

with a question: What could be the reason for such unparalleled commitment?

~~of the~~

~~of the Divine Forces?~~

Until this event, the Dummkopf had invested His Substance in ^a ~~every~~

variety of people and places. He paid attention to Monarchists and to

Republicans, to the most established aristocrats and to ^{the} revolutionaries who

were ready to die for the honor of overthrowing their overlords. He had also

encouraged many a human to offer public service to democracies. He hardly

ignored the Pope and the Vatican (but then, neither did we!) He was open to

the calls of liberty and to the injunctions of autocracy. As the Maestro once

remarked, "He plays ^{the} ~~at this~~ social game as if it is ~~another~~ ^{one more} facet of His

^{keeps going} ~~approach~~ to evolution. He goes by the crudest rule of thumb! ^{I may make my} ~~Make your~~

^{If} mistakes,' He says, 'but do pay attention to who wins. Then you will see what

works.' Why, after all, ^{* added the Maestro's hold} ~~did~~ He give free will to homo sapiens? Obviously, the

poor Dummkopf wanted to come a little closer to obtaining a notion of what

He had created

Whether the Maestro was or was not playing with his sense of irony, I ~~was~~ ^{obliged} ~~the hypothesis~~ ^{could} ~~was~~ ^{be valid} I ~~so~~ ^{had} to assume ~~this was a valid diagram for us to retain of the roots of history.~~

~~However,~~
Yet, assuming it was, I now had to conclude that the Dummkopf was

leaning—no, put it more accurately—the D.K. had come over ~~completely~~ ^(Lives now going) for the moment at least, to the conviction that ~~the best way~~ ^{best by way of} for His world to work was through a successful hegemony of the Tsar and the Russian Orthodox Church. Install ~~him~~ ^{Nicholas the Second} powerfully, fortify the Church ~~even~~ ^{that} further, and let ~~both~~ ^{association rule with authority} rule over the vast if inchoate energies of the Russian people.

If so, it was an amazing decision! Russia ^{so} ~~invested~~ ^{demanded} with corruption! Teeming with ~~overriding~~ ^{overriding} injustice! It was what we ~~looked for~~ ^{always} (We ~~always~~ counted on injustice. It was ^a the yeast ~~that served~~ to inspire hatred, envy, and ^{contamination} the poisoning of love. If we had a rule of thumb, it was to encourage injustice wherever we could. For rare was the man or woman who did not possess an intense sense of the injustice done to them each day, in contrast to the warmth and clarity they offered to others. It was ^{only} ~~a~~ ^{It was the} ~~aproot~~ ^{aproot} to every adult, even ^{at every} ~~more~~ ^{more} to every child!

As ^{then} ~~The more~~ I looked for an explanation into the motives of the D.K. ~~the~~ ^{it seemed evident that some kind of} ~~more~~ ^{more} it began to seem likely that an answer was to be found in the young man

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who would receive the Coronation. While we prided ourselves on having a keener appreciation than the Dummkopf of the flaws and potentialities of ^{the} men and women ^{he had created}, nonetheless, the D.K. ^(creative artist) (like many another monarch) had His own vanities in this respect and would have argued, doubtless, (if debate between the Maestro and Himself were possible) that the history of human nature had been altered ^(and improved!) most profoundly by the advent of Jesus Christ into the daily life of the masses.

We were ^{ready} ~~prepared~~ to disagree. We saw Christ's efforts ending in failure (with all due respect to the brilliance of the aftermath exercised by the D.K. when ^{he recovered quickly enough to claim} ~~he came around to claiming~~ credit for a crucifixion He had certainly hoped to avoid.) "God," our Maestro was always ready to inform us, "was cheating on the rules of the game. Free will for humankind is meaningless if there is divine intervention, But leave it to the Old Goat! He wanted secretly—I suspect He even ^{blinded} ~~kept~~ this secret from Himself—to establish His Kingdom on earth in a most literal sense, ^{quite away} a Kingdom with His Son as the living monarch. He most certainly was not anticipating the disaster that befell my poor kid brother Jesus." ^{And the Maestro}

laughed (He had a rich self-pleasuring laugh when he made a remark that was bound to change savage the Scriptures.)

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side - it
 All the same, — all such embattled merriment to the ~~fact~~ *it*
 it was becoming evident to me that the D.K. ~~was placing same new~~ *had to be placing*
~~and very~~ great hopes in the character of the young man who would soon be
 crowned as Tsar Nicholas the Second. You may be certain that I ~~proceeded~~ *made a*
~~request to the Maestro: Could I devote more hours to~~ *request to the Maestro: Could I devote more hours to*
~~to learn as much about him as was possible under the constrained~~ *to learn as much about him as was possible under the constrained*
~~circumstances. "All right. Learn what you can," said the Maestro. "That's a~~ *circumstances. "All right. Learn what you can," said the Maestro. "That's a*
~~big assignment for you."~~ *appropriate*
 I did not know ~~if~~ *whether* I was being promoted or ~~left~~ *abandoned* on a siding, but ~~in any~~
~~I (learned soon enough)~~ *I (learned soon enough)* ~~event~~ *event* I soon learned that it would not be ~~easy~~ *routine* to get near to Nicky. (That is
 how everyone in his large family referred to him). Nicky had two brothers,
 two sisters, a beautiful Danish mother (the widow of his recently dead father,
 Tsar Alexander the Third), four Grand Dukes ~~in~~ *for* ~~uncles~~ *beautiful*, one Grand Duchess
~~as an aunt~~ *one of his*, and a host of cousins and in-laws who, for the most part, so far as
 one could discern, were surprisingly fond of him. *Indeed! That in*
~~itself, told much.~~ *itself, told much.*
 I could ~~not~~ *not* as I say, ~~not~~ come near. I had never met a human being more
 guarded by squadrons — ~~for certain~~ *for certain*, literally, squadrons! — of angels from, you
 may be certain, ~~the~~ *his* highest ranks of ~~His Security~~ *that security*. I was told as much in
 advance from the first of our monitors to receive me, and my one ~~venture~~ *reconnaissance*
~~sole reconnaissance~~ *sole reconnaissance* to test such observations more than confirmed ~~me~~ *him*.

FROM : nm

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FROM : JMWORDCRAFT

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Jun. 04 2004 04:40PM F4

Book 4 chs 1-13 double 6/4/04

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It came down to nothing,
~~adjudications. It was a loss.~~ I can tell a great deal about ~~any~~ ^a man or woman
~~when~~ ^{when} I can approach. Our senses ~~four~~ ^{four} on occasion, ~~most~~ ^{most} diabolical senses,
~~are acute.~~ ^{Taking in the scent of} a human being from the other end of a room, I can detect
~~as much as~~ ^{as} ~~any~~ ^{any} animal with a nose.

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It came ~~down~~ to nothing, ^{adjustment}. It was a loss. I can tell a great deal about ~~any~~ ^a man or woman ~~when~~ ^{when} I can approach. Our senses ~~our~~ ^{on} occasion, ~~most~~ ^{most} diabolical senses, ^{Taking in the scent of} are acute ~~sniffing~~ a human being from the other end of a room, I can detect as much as ~~any~~ ^{an} animal with a sure olfactory passage. My eyes can perceive ^{characterological} defects in the corner of a nostril or the ^{sabtle turning} subtly distorted curve along the ~~whorled~~ ^{with} ridges of an ear. These are not senses with which I ~~care~~ ^{care} or can ~~afford~~ ^{afford} to live ~~with~~ ^{with} constantly. But they are available ^{now and then} when needed. Our ~~continued~~ ^{satanic} existence would become a heaven ^{all too frequently} plummeting into hell if our sight and taste and smell, ~~not to mention~~ ^{not to mention} our sense of touch and hearing, were always at such an exquisite level of readiness--no, we call upon such faculties ~~only~~ ^{only when urgently needed, but} when needed, ~~yet~~ ^{yet} we can learn a great deal about a potential client in ~~just~~ ^{just} a few moments. Here, however, as I keep repeating, ^{Carlyle's} ~~one could not approach.~~ ^{was not able to} ~~Once again, I had to rely on the secondary materials~~ ^[Simply put there were many too many] that smaller devils had extracted from the numerous clients who dwelt in the ~~lower reaches~~ ^{and in the vaults, reaches, and vaults and chambers} of the palaces of St. Petersburg and the churches of the Kremlin.

This, then, is what I learned from ~~those~~ ^{such} more or less academic resources ~~we also know to call upon.~~ Needless to say, I am hardly speaking

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of texts and libraries. There was a fund of copied material that had been

made available by ^{these} valets, chambermaids, and house servants who ^{help}

became our clients, an overflow, indeed, of the most useful gossip and

insights. It seemed that everyone in the royal families of Europe was writing

letters to their parents, children, aunts and uncles, cousins, and royal

intimates. They all kept diaries as well. The young Tsar-to-be, Nicholas the

Second, had made an entry every day from boyhood on, and by the time of

the Coronation he was so close to Alix (his Tsarina Alexandra) that she was

lay his side, ready to read his ~~book~~ daily comments, the diary.

there to read his diaries (and impress her own written thoughts on them, ^{what} thoughts! A plethora of ~~superlatives~~ thoughts teeming with piety and love, ^{so} ~~so~~ ^{that} this newness to

I was fascinated. The Maestro was ^{very} ~~not tolerant~~ ^{tolerant} of the sea of snobbery in which ^{we were} ~~we were~~ ^{ready to bathe} ~~the Maestro was~~ where so many of us ^{bathed} ~~he could be~~ most acerbic about the drawbacks.

"Some of you may yet come to recognize that snobbery for one of us is worse

~~than wine for all those sots at whom you sneer. It can become a large flaw in~~

~~your make-up.~~ 17) distant one's findings, 4

Forewarned, yes, but not forearmed. I could not quite conquer the

~~possibility of such a prohibition~~ ^{never}
power of such ~~enjoy~~ within me, and so I may have enjoyed my work a little

too much. The royal families were a cornucopia of the highest monarchical

royalty was greatly stimulating despite quite insignificant the interference shown elsewhere. He detected the poach

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450-453 triple space
 might be ^{located} ~~found~~ who ~~was~~ also Page A + 178
 were profoundly in love with each other, were devoted to their Church and, ~~devoted to their~~
~~most of all,~~ these three have
 believed in Him with absolute faith. Satisfy ~~those three~~ conditions and He
 could have the pleasure of ~~following~~ ^{studying} an experiment which would be worth
 His closest and happiest Attention.

I was relieved. I now had an hypothesis. I had learned a long time
 ago that the study of new material was a ~~heavy and~~ ^{unpleasant} lifeless endeavor ~~until~~
 one ~~had one.~~ ^{however} But once acquired, ^{could use} everything one learned ^{contributed} to the
~~new~~ ^{world} premise or ^{never, steady} ~~denied~~ it, countermanded it. New knowledge ^{was no longer}
 inert but alive. ^{In consequence one's} Now, one's study was always increasing or diminishing.

~~one's~~ confidence in one's own acumen ^{was always}
 increasing or diminishing.

The center of my question had come
 to this: Was the D.V. (despite what
 the Maestros told us) in full possession
 of his original Faculties? ^{or was he}
 growing senile? ~~that was the question, but~~
 my hypothesis leaned to the latter.

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pp 429-449 double space
+ E-mail.

pp 450-453 triple space.

then pages A + AA
in double-space

-13-

To reach ^{into} the thoughts of a woman like Klara is ^{not} ~~never~~ routine, ~~for us~~.

Dealing with men and women ~~who are well~~ protected by the Cudgels, we

take care not to approach ^{should} ~~if~~ their Guardian Angel ^{be} ~~is~~ on alert. Generally, we

wait for openings. Some are provided, for example, by emotional crisis

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^{can offer an open door,}
 Hysteria is often an ~~Open Sesame~~. (That is because it is bewildering to the

Cudgels—their ^{calming} ~~arts~~, temporarily, have failed.) For the most part, however,

we ~~look to~~ leave protected people alone even as the Cudgels ^{usually} ~~prefer to~~ avoid

contact with the ^{ENV} ~~Maestro's~~ committed clients. Prudence prevails ⁱⁿ ~~on~~ both

^{camp,} ~~sides~~. Forced occasions of entrance are rarely attempted ^{described} ~~in the face of~~ if the outcome

seems improbable outcomes.

When, however, an incursion is ^{needed} ~~obligatory~~, we wait for the Guardian

[^{(Or, for that matter, asleep—even}
 Angel to be absent or asleep. ~~Even~~ Cudgels need their rest.) At such times,

a small raid ^{is} ~~can be~~ feasible. Of course, we ^{can also call on} ~~also have~~ more artful methods.

^{Many a}
~~Even a lower-tier~~ devil can transform himself for a short period into an

angelic presence. Since we are ^{hardly} ~~not~~ bona-fide, ^{we do} ~~that does~~ not gain direct

entrance into a protected person's mind, but, ^{there are tangible gains,} ~~still~~ we can count on gains.

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Often, for example, we ^{take on the persona of} pretend to be (the gentlest of angels. That will usually

inspire ^{such} (a mood of beneficence ⁱⁿ ~~that~~ beneficence, to be certain) but it can

~~inspire~~ ^(that he or she will feel) leave the targeted subject ~~feeling~~ balmy enough to prate and prattle. ~~Even~~

True vulnerabilities of the heart are sometimes offered up ^{such} in a flood of good feeling, happy words, and laughter.

Moreover, Klara did not present any ^{special} ~~outside~~ difficulty. She was ^{hardly} ~~strange to us~~. ~~She had once been catapulted, after all,~~
~~catapulted, we can remember, up~~ into a high state of concupiscence on the

night that Adolf was conceived. Who would assert ^{that} ~~that~~ no devil entered her

then? Indeed, I keep to the firm supposition that the Maestro ^{himself} ~~himself~~

attended those festivities. In any case, Klara is not without ~~her~~ carnal

^(from herself) ~~about the carnal~~ depths. A part of herself (usually concealed) ^{still} ~~is~~ ready to appreciate ^{it} ~~the~~

~~that~~ fundamental rite of stinks and grunts and glories which does take place

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whenever God and the devil choose to sweat together in the swamp and
 paradise of sex. This may be why people who are ^{notably} strikingly ethical (and
 clean-smelling) ^(do not often) do not usually possess any striking physical appeal. The re
 is not enough of us is to be found in them.

In any event, we knew Klara well enough to be kin to many of her
 thoughts.

Enough. I do not know whether this is of significance, but the ^{beauty} ~~at~~
 of the spring day when Klara ^{left while holding} was so happy ^{talking to} with Paula and the flowers,
^(even to the last) happened to coincide with the Coronation of Nicholas the Second and
 Alexandra. Indeed, the ^{warm spell} weather remained incomparable for a number of ^{following}
 days, and ^{even} I recall that even when I came back to Hafeld in early June, ^{their feet} ~~such~~
^{period} fine days continued. While my well-being is ^{not} ~~rarely~~ affected by the weather,

but the long sunny days of June did prove pleasing. They enhanced my

recollection of our activities at the Coronation which ^{after much effort} were ~~finally~~ crowned

with dramatic success. That proved a special delight. Devils of relatively

high rank ^(like myself) are keen to ^{search} ~~penetrate~~ into the higher logic of our

activities. ~~Often, we do, but~~ our morale, in consequence, ~~is~~ vulnerable to

failure, ~~and~~ ^{to favorable results} is highly stimulated by success. We react more than lesser

devils who, ^{for the most parts} ~~at their best~~, know it is wise to follow orders blindly. In

contrast, I prefer to know how our projects turn out. ^{We are hardly} ~~It is a mistake to~~

^{free} ~~assume that devils are more free than humans of the fear of failure, or that~~

we are ~~less~~ ^{more} vulnerable to bad turns of mood. On the contrary, ~~our~~

^{acts} ~~pleasures are rarely sensual and our pains can be drenched in foreboding—~~

we pay a good price for the power we do possess. If we know how to

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human beings, live with angst
 inspire dread in ~~men and women~~, it is because we ~~exist in that condition~~ *so*

so much of the time.

All the more reason then to be pleased ~~not only with the acumen of~~

~~the Maestro, but~~ with my own display of insight in the days after the

Coronation.

As already indicated, I had been one of the first to give warning *to the vilest of* that a

direct attack on the crowning event *(would) be* itself was not likely to succeed. We

had, of course, developed a number of *possibilities. else* promising approaches. Nowhere in

Europe could we boast of as many agents and clients as in Russia. Many

were of high rank. We possessed more than one Grand Duke and Duchess

among the several branches of the Romanov family and we certainly

infested the secret police. (When it comes to the Okhrana, *yes* we *certainly*)

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outnumbered the Cudgels.) We had Ministers of State who were as abjectly loyal to us as hounds slavering over a bowl of kibble. ~~I can elaborate.~~ We were well-installed in all the royal families of Europe, not to mention the nobility and/or the generals—so often the same! Nouveau riches lay before us like an open field. Tycoons were among our most valued and protected clients.

When it came, therefore, to calling upon potential actors, we knew ~~we~~ ^{that} ~~we ignored the cost to ourselves, we~~ could bring off some major disruptions on Coronation Day. ~~As I had every~~ ^{EVEN}

~~reason to suspect,~~ ^{as close to} one of the two Metropolitans who would preside over the theological ceremonies belonged to us, and indeed, no priesthood on the continent was ~~more infused with~~ ^{as close to} our influence. ~~Across Europe and Asia,~~

we had many a cohort of half-mad monks in Russian Orthodox churches and

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monasteries. Many of them would be ^{coming to} visiting Moscow on this high

occasion. In addition, we had no small share of anarchists, nihilists, and

terrorists. The more militant among them ^{would be} were ready to attempt an

assassination before or during the Coronation. ^{we had only to} offer our assistance

Nonetheless, I ^{was} found myself opposed to such ventures. After ^{my} so long

a period of concentration upon relatively minor activities in so many small

cities and towns of Austria, I was hardly prepared ^{to take in} for the air of Russia ^{as usually}

If was intense! Not only could we muster hordes of devils to stir the hearts of

half the people (half—at the least!), but Mosow and St. Petersburg were

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And ^{these} ~~all of these~~ worthies were doing their utmost! Moreover ~~never~~ had I

felt the presence of the D.K. more directly. If He often seemed distant, even

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stupefied by the uncountable number of successes and failures taking place

~~everywhere~~
~~daily~~ in His Creation, nonetheless, He was ~~near now~~ ^{everywhere} ~~He~~ was everywhere ^{now}
~~everywhere~~
we turned.

For the longest time, I had been accustomed to perceiving Him as no more than an Abstract Presence, a force who could be ~~testy and~~ ugly on occasion by way of His Cudgels, but removed enough to enable us to work in relative freedom. His Nearness was not a factor. In Russia, it was God wanted this Coronation to succeed! He had chosen His battleground and was determined not to lose. There was such intensity of dedication among the Cudgels that I was certain we would ^{too} pay heavily for any success we obtained. This lay upon my judgment with all the weight of a hard fact—a stone too heavy to lift.

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438

At first, I did not try to speak in the high council to which I was
assigned
admitted. (I had to discover for myself whether I dared to present ~~myself~~ as
myself ~~as~~ *forbearing as*
~~a figure of responsibility~~ in any way worthy of consideration by the
Maestro. ~~(That would be an expedition into unknown places.)~~ All the
same, I was obsessed with a question: What ~~could~~ *was* be the ~~reason~~ *motive* for such
unparalleled commitment *by God?*

Until this event, the Dummkopf had invested His Substance in a
variety of people and places. He paid attention to Monarchists and
Republicans, to the most established aristocrats and to the revolutionaries
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had also encouraged many a human to offer public service to democracies.
He hardly ignored the Pope and the Vatican (but then, neither did we! He

was open to the calls of liberty and to the injunctions of autocracy. As the

Maestro once remarked, "He plays ^{with events as if things are} the social game as if it is a ~~factor~~ ^{factor} of

^{facts of} evolution. He keeps going by the crudest rule of thumb! ^{It is not} I may make My ^{difficult to hear the workings of his mind} mistakes," He says, "but I do pay attention to who wins. That way I can see

what works.' Why, after all," added the Maestro, "did He give free will to

homo sapiens? Obviously, the poor Dummkopf wanted to come a little

closer to obtaining ^{some} notion of what He had created."

^{enjoying his own play}
Whether the Maestro was ~~or was not~~ playing with his sense of irony,

^{ready} but I was obliged to assume this hypothesis could be valid. ^{For if it were} If so, I now had to

conclude that the Dummkopf was leaning—no, put it more accurately—the

D.K. had come over, for the moment at least, to the conviction that ~~He~~

^{well-being} the ~~future~~ of the world might by now rest on the, world was now going to work best by way of a successful hegemony of the

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It would install
 Tsar and the Russian Orthodox Church. Install Nicholas the Second
 with an unforgettable ceremony. This of crown and cross.
 powerfully fortify the Church further, and let that association rule with

authority over the vast if inchoate energies of the Russian people.

max then it was a staggering decision
 If so, it was an amazing decision. Russia—so invested with

corruption! Teeming with injustice! It was what we always looked to find.

We counted on injustice. It was a yeast to inspire hatred, envy, and the
 and the loss
 contamination of love. If we had a rule of thumb, it was to encourage

injustice wherever we could. For rare was the man or woman who did not

possess an intense sense of the injustice done to them each day. It was our

taproot to every adult. It was a fury in every child!

As I looked then for an explanation into the motives of the D.K., it

part of you might
 seemed evident that some kind of answer was to be found in the young man

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who would receive the Coronation. While we prided ourselves on having a keener appreciation than the Dummkopf of the flaws and potentialities of the men and women He had created, nonetheless, the D.K. (like many another creative artist had His own vanities in this respect and would have argued, doubtless, (if debate between the Maestro and Himself were possible) that the history of human nature had been altered (and improved!) most profoundly by the advent of Jesus Christ into the daily life of the masses.

We were ready to disagree. We saw Christ's efforts ending in failure even if the Maestro had to (with all due respect to the brilliance of the aftermath exercised by the D.K. in) It was incontestable that the very when He recovered quickly enough to claim credit for a crucifixion He had certainly learned hoped to avoid.) "God," our Maestro was always ready to inform

us, "was cheating on the rules of the game. Free will for humankind -

meaningless ^{once /} ~~is~~ there is divine intervention. But leave it to the Old God! He

wanted secretly—I suspect He even blindsided ^{his own self / we /} ~~this secret~~ quite away from

Himself!—to establish His Kingdom on earth ^{I mean this,} ~~in the most literal sense!~~ He

wanted a Kingdom with His Son ^{on the throne,} ~~as~~ the living monarch. He most certainly

was not anticipating the disaster that befell my poor kid brother Jesus. And

the Maestro laughed. (He had a rich, self-pleasuring laugh whenever he

made a remark that was bound to ^{score} ~~pay~~ the Scriptures.)

All the same—all such ^{caustic} ~~embattled~~ merriment to the side—it was

becoming evident to me that the D.K. had to be placing great hopes in the

character of the young man who would soon be crowned as Tsar Nicholas

the Second. You may be certain that I made a request to the Maestro

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Could I devote my efforts to learning as much about him as was possible under our constrained circumstances? "Yes. Learn what you can," said the Maestro. "That will be an appropriate assignment for you."

I did not know whether I was being promoted or abandoned ~~on a~~
~~aiding~~, but I learned soon enough that it would not be routine to get near to this Nicky. (That is how everyone in his large family referred to him). Nicky had two brothers, two sisters, a beautiful Danish mother (the widow of his recently dead father, Tsar Alexander the Third), four Grand Dukes for uncles, one beautiful Grand Duchess as one of his aunts, and a host of cousins and in-laws who, for the most part, so far as one could discern, were surprisingly fond of him. Indeed! That, in itself, told much.

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~~But~~ ^{encountered}
 I could not, as I say, come near. I had never ~~met~~ a human being more
 guarded by squadrons—literally, squadrons!—of angels from, you may be
 certain, His highest ranks. I was told as much in advance ^{by} ~~from~~ the first of
 our monitors to receive me, and my ~~one~~ reconnaissance to test such
~~conclusions, ~~proved~~~~
 observations ~~confirmed him.~~ ~~It~~ came to nothing. I can tell a great deal
 about a man or woman ^{when} ~~whom~~ I can approach, ^{there.} Our senses, on occasion, are
 acute. Taking in the scent of a human being from the other end of a room, I
 can detect as much as an animal with a sure olfactory passage. My eyes can
 perceive ~~characterological~~ defects in the corner of a nostril or the subtle
~~turns along the ridges of an ear.~~ ^{that reveal concealed twists ~~in the face~~}
^{retain} ~~live~~ with constantly. They are available, ~~nonetheless~~ ^{but over} when needed, ~~our~~

satanic existence would become a heaven plummeting all too frequently into

character to me. Yet

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hell if our sight and taste and smell, our sense of touch and hearing. There

always at such ^a ~~an~~ ^{exquisite} level of readiness—no, we call upon such

faculties when needed, only when urgently needed, ^{to} ~~but we can~~ learn a great

deal about a potential client in a few moments. Here, however, as I ^{must} ~~see~~

repeating ³ ~~ing~~ one was not able to approach. Simply put, ^{if} ~~there~~ were far too

many Cudgels. Once again, I had to rely on the secondary materials that

smaller devils had extracted from the numerous clients who ^{dwell} ~~dwell~~ in the

lower and middle vaults, reaches, and chambers of the palaces of St.

Petersburg and the churches of the Kremlin.

This, then, is what I learned from ^{these} ~~such~~ more or less academic

resources. Needless to say, I am hardly speaking of texts ^{or of} ~~and~~ libraries.

There was a fund of copied material that had been ^{collected} ~~made available~~ by royal

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valets, chambermaids, and house servants who had become our clients, an

overflow, indeed, of the most useful gossip and insights. It seemed as if

everyone in every royal family of Europe was writing letters to their parents,

In addition they
children, aunts and uncles, cousins, and intimates. ~~They~~ all kept diaries as

~~well~~. The Tsarevitch, Nicholas the Second, had made an entry every day

from boyhood on, and by the time of the Coronation he was so close to Alix

and most literally so
(his Tsarina Alexandra) that she seemed always by his side, ready to read
~~the~~ *His diary was not only open to her, but she*
perused it daily, but to her written comments as well,
~~his daily comments and impress~~ *her own written thoughts on the diary*
there on many a page

What thoughts! A plethora of superlatives teeming with piety and love.

I was fascinated. ~~I have to admit~~ This nearness to royalty was

If an element of snobbery was
stimulating, despite the intolerance of our Maestro. He detested the pools of,
presently in my enjoyment I have to add
~~snobbery in which so many of us were ready to bathe. The Maestro was~~

at the Maestro was

acerbic about the drawbacks. ~~Some of you~~ may yet come to recognize that

snobbery distorts ones findings."

● If I describe ^{1st} the events still decades away, it is only to emphasize that war & the loyalty of Europe were closely related to Alex and Nicky. The attention aroused by their union ^{the attention} was much ^{was much} greater.

Nonetheless, I ~~may have~~ enjoyed my new work a little too much. The

royal families were a cornucopia of the highest monarchical connections. Such

a folded family tree!

Alix, the beloved of Nicky, was only a princess from Hesse but her mother,

Alice, had been one of Queen Victoria's three daughters, and when Alice died when Alix was only six years old, and afterwards died, Queen Victoria brought Alix up from the age of six. Kaiser Wilhelm - Queen Victoria's Off^r or the flank, Kaiser Wilhelms (and) who would yet become the famous emper-
(of Germany, married to one of Victoria's daughters, was her uncle.

Infamous Kaiser of old Prussia. It was married to one of Victoria's daughters. He was then an uncle to

Moreover, they were desperately in love, this Alix and this Nicky. If

such love ^{was obliged to} might be, in some part, false, as love almost always is. Alix and

Nicky had to be excellent actors for everyone believed it was a most intense

love born of an adolescent infatuation when he was sixteen and she was

Judith → Three

the Enquirer, 1880. -
became King George the fifth of
England about three years after
Dickens was the highest living
Englishman, Emperor of the
East and the King of the
West.

Son William Davis
~~the~~ the fight
who would later
abdicate the throne
in order to marry
Wallis Simpson (2)

⑦
↓
非
↓
⑥
↓
③

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but it had ^{through years of separation followed}
 twelve, ^{by} persevered ^{intense} over ten years of courtship and their dearness to one
^(would later be even further fortified)
 another ~~was revived~~ by the birth of five children. I will not pursue it further

at this point other than to say that they died (were murdered—that is

liquidated) on the same day, a year and a few months short of what would

have been their Twenty-Fifth Anniversary.

Yes, by all the evidence, they were very much in love—at least until ^{the}

^(available to the Maestro)
 finer measures of discernment can be established. In the weeks before the

^{however,}
 Coronation, I knew enough ^{not to propose to the Maestro} that we might be
^(contending)
 dealing with a true case of intense and enduring affection. That would not

be to his taste. ~~It can cause no surprise if I remark that~~ The Evil One (to use

the more formal name) has funds of derision for such a concept. When the

^{spoke}
 E.O. speaks to us ^{in Russian, he said, "Be prepared}
^(more intimately) in the voice of the Maestro, he says, "It

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~~for~~
may be the greatest swindle of them all. The Dummkopf presents Himself
as the Almighty Creator of love, love, love. He is full of love, and those
who love Him are full of love, and love itself will solve all ^{human} problems. With
this noxious pomade, He not only gulls a good three-quarters, at least of
His ^{we're king-and-talking} ~~human~~ creation, but fools Himself. No one believes in love so much as
~~He~~
the Dummkopf."

I was ready to accept this premise as the fundamental reason ^{why} for ~~when~~
the D.K. was concerned to such a degree over the successful completion of
the Coronation, He had obviously come to the conclusion that His interest in
monarchs ~~as a viable potential system~~ had attached itself by now to the
unbelievably romantic supposition that a return to monarchy might ^{offer} be ~~the~~
^{the best possibility}
Resort for inspiring a fine society if, ^{a powerful} ~~mirabile mirabilis~~ king and queen

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450

might be located who were profoundly in love with each other, ^{wholly} were devotedto their ^{faith} Church, and, ^{first loyalties} most of all, ^{they} believed in His Power and His Goodnesswith absolute ^{certainty,} faith. ^{such} Satisfy these three rare conditions and He could have the

whether His particular experiment might
 pleasure of studying an experiment which would be worth His closest and
 turn out more happily than the other?
 happiest Attention.

^{long ago}
 I was relieved. I now had a premise. I had learned ^{long time ago}

that the ^{study} absorption of new material was ^{chance} a lifeless study if one was lacking an

^{new} powerful but untested hypothesis. Possessed of one, however, everything ^{new} new piece of knowledge would

^{could} learned could now contribute to the premise or ~~would~~ deny it, countermand it.

^{having} Study ceased to be inert and came alive. In consequence, one's acumen was

^{always engaged} always being fortified or ^{reduced} one's confidence in it would diminish

The center of my question had come to this: Was the D.K. ^(despite)

^(what the Maestro told us) in full possession of His Faculties? Or was He

FROM :nm

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Jun. 09 2004 04:31PM F10

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Jun. 09 2004 04:23PM F2

Book 4 chs 1-12 double, chs 13-14 triple 6/8/04 second pass

631

growing senile? While this could be no more than a query, my hypothesis *turnes*

in that direction.

~~learned toward it.~~

FROM :nm

FAX NO. :5084872136

Tue, 05/20/04 02:11PM F11

FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243782

Tue, 05/20/04 02:22PM 03

Book 4 chs 1-12 double, chs 13-14 triple 6/8/04 second pass

452

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this assumption had the power to torment me
Nonetheless, ~~I was tormented by the question~~ When I found myself

on occasion near the sea, it became difficult to believe that God was ~~losing~~ *suffering*

any loss at

His powers As much could also be said for a fine field of flowers, a storm,

or
~~and certainly~~ the retort from the heavens when lightning ~~was~~ *is* followed by

One could even
thunder, or one encountered ^{*g*} the majesties of a full sunset. There were ~~such~~

speaks of
~~subtleties in nature~~ such exquisite minor notes as the dew on the ground in

early morning, the dazzlements of light ~~gleaming~~ *wet* on ~~the~~ grass.

fashioned untold
Of course, all this could have been conceived so many lost ages ago,

yet
~~and~~ conceived in such Perfection *reveal* that it did not ~~even show~~ a flaw, not then.

Book 4 chs 1-12 double, chs 13-14 triple 6/8/04 second pass

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~~not in 1800~~ Rarely, then, ^{in 1896} ~~was~~ ^{Don lower} the sky choked with the outpour of ~~the~~ trains

and factories. Most of the rivers were ~~and~~ fresh. It was only His humans

who seemed unable to ^{develop} ~~find any of the clues that lay in~~ the perfection of some

of His animals. There were more fine dogs, cats, and horses ^{to be seen} ~~than there were~~

than splendid people.

Given the sum of His achievements, how, then, could He prove so

^{was never so over His initial} ~~limited, so wavering, so changeable in His~~ decision to give humankind free

^{had not worked} ~~will? It did not work~~ to put people at liberty. His ^{highest} Creation was His

least successful.

^{looked too be ready} ^{could be} Now, He ~~seemed~~ committed to a curious choice. Was ~~this~~ a profound

^{uses} decision, or ~~could it be~~ the near-desperate dithering of a divinity whose

powers were old and askew? This Nicky and Alix—they were so young,

they seemed so unfitted for the vast project they ^{would encounter} ~~were entering~~. If I had not

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~~not in 1804~~ ^{in 1896} Rarely, then, ^{for long} was the sky choked with the outpour of ~~the~~ trains

and factories. Most of the rivers were ~~and~~ fresh. It was only His humans

who seemed unable to ^{develop} find any of the clues that lay in the perfection of some

of His animals. There were more fine dogs, cats, and horses ^{to be seen} ~~than there were~~

than splendid people.

Given the sum of His achievements, how, then, could He prove so

^{waver so over His initial} limited, so ~~wavering, so changeable in His~~ decision to give humankind free

^{had not worked} will? It ~~did not work~~ (to put people at liberty. His highest Creation was His

least successful.

^{looked to be ready} Now, He ~~seemed~~ committed to a curious choice. ^{could be} Was this a profound

^{was} decision, or ~~could it be~~ the near-desperate dithering of a divinity whose

powers were old and askew? This Nicky and Alix—they were so young,

they seemed so unfitted for the vast project they ^{would encounter} ~~were entering~~. (If I had not

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Jun. 08 2004 04:02PM PF

Book 4 chs 1-12 double, chs 13-14 triple 6/8/04 second pass

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been able to enter their living presence, I had certainly absorbed the tone of their love, their philosophy (such as it was!) and, over and over, their piety, their innocence. They actually believed that Nicky's diary, and their letters to each other were well protected from scrutiny when, in fact, a copy of the key to his diary—courtesy of his valet—had been in our possession for years. Ditto for the box that kept her letters, and, now that she had joined him, all of his old letters to her. Indeed, they even numbered them, back and forth—Letter 96, Letter 109, et cetera. It never occurred to them that it took no

exceptional skill to make a wax impression of a key or a lock, any more than

often high
we needed ~~special~~ competence to find the ~~trusted~~ maid or body-servant who

ready to betray ~~any~~ a trust.
was ~~not to be trusted.~~

So, I knew how they spoke to each other. I read *several* hundreds of letters and looked over ~~thousands of~~ pages in his ~~diaries~~ ~~books~~ of diaries, one for each year since 1880.

J.

Nm Says to ignore
all underlinings of words.
They were JUST Ref. Points.
In other words, he Says he doesn't
want italics everywhere.

Call if you have
a Question.

xx D.

(And it looks like about 15 more
pages coming....)

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450)

Satisfy these three rare conditions and He could have the pleasure of studying
an experiment which would be worth His closest and happiest Attention

I was relieved. I now had ^{a promise} ~~an hypothesis~~ I had learned a long time ago

that the ^{absorption} ~~study~~ of new material was a lifeless ^{study if one was} ~~endeavor without one~~ ^{Once}
~~backing a powerful but untested hypothesis~~
^{possession of one} ~~acquired~~, however, everything one learned could now contribute to the

^{would} ~~premise or deny it, countermand it.~~ ^{except to be} ~~New~~ Study was no longer inert but alive

~~and came alive. In~~
~~consequence, one's confidence in one's own acumen was always increasing.~~
^{being} ~~fortified, or one's confidence in it would~~
~~be diminishing. doubtless.~~

The center of my question had come to this: Was the D.K. (despite

what the Maestro told us) in full possession of His ~~original~~ ^{being} Faculties? Or was

He growing senile? ^{while this could be no more than} ~~This was a query, but my hypothesis leaned to the latter.~~

Start - it might be located where we've probably
in love with each other we've developed
to their Church, and most of all, believe
in His power and His love with absolute faith

to see it

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-14-

~~Nonetheless, I was~~ *formed* ~~by the question,~~
~~One was always living with such a question /~~ When obliged on

I found myself on

(occasion ~~to be~~ near the sea, it became ~~most~~ difficult to believe that God was

losing His powers. As much could ^{also} be said for a fine field of flowers, a storm, and

certainly for

the retreat from the heavens when lightning was followed by thunder, ^{or one} ~~the~~

~~encountered them~~ *There were such subtleties*
~~majesties of a full sunset, the conception itself that one should find dew on-~~
~~in nature, such exquisite minor notes as~~

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the dew on
 the ground ~~with~~ early morning, the *dazzle made* *pleasing* *con*
~~mysteries~~ of light as it gleamed upon the
in

grass.

Of course all
~~Yet, I still did not know.~~ All this could have been conceived so many

(and
 lost ages ago, conceived in such *Perfection* *obitake it)* that its maintenance did not often

a)
 show ~~now~~, not then, not in 1896. Rarely *than* was the sky choked with the

its
 outpour of trains and factories, *and* *(2)* most of the rivers were still fresh. It was only

His humans who seemed unable to find any of the clues that lay in the

perfection of some of His animals. There were more fine dogs, cats, and

horses than there were splendid people.

Given the sum of His achievements, how, then, could He prove so

limited, so wavering, so changeable in His decision to give humankind free

~~*Secrets*~~
~~*Nothing seemed to be*~~
 will? It did not work *to put* when people were at liberty, nor did His intercessions

~~*always prove of value*~~ His highest Creation was His least successful.

Now, He seemed committed to a ^{survival} choice. Was this a profound decision, ^{could it be} on the near-desperate dithering of a divinity whose powers were old and askew? This Nicky and Alix—they were so young, ~~and~~ they seemed so unfitted for the vast project they were entering. If I had not been able to enter their living presence, I had certainly absorbed the tone of their love, their philosophy (such as it was!) and, over and over, their piety, their innocence. They actually believed ^{that Nicky,} his diary, and their letters to each other, were ^{well-protected} ~~from scrutiny when, in fact,~~ ^{from scrutiny when, in fact,} ~~sacrosanct,~~ when a copy of the key to his diary—courtesy of his valet—had been in our possession for years. Ditto for the box that kept her letters and, now, that she had joined him, all of his old letters to her. Indeed, they even numbered them, back and forth—Letter 96, Letter 109, et cetera. It never occurred to them that it took no exceptional skill to make a wax impression of

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Jun. 08 2004 10:10AM PS

Book 4 chs 1-12 double, 13 and 14 triple 6/8/04

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a key or a lock, any more than we needed a special competence to find the

trusted maid or body-servant who ~~would do such job for us,~~ *was not to be trusted,*

So, I knew how they spoke to each other.

might be located who were profoundly in love with each other, were devoted to their Church, and, most of all, believed in His Power and His Goodness with absolute faith. Satisfy these three rare conditions and He could have the pleasure of studying an experiment which would be worth His closest and happiest Attention.

I was relieved. I now had a premise. I had learned a long time ago that the absorption of new material was a lifeless study if one was lacking a powerful but untested hypothesis. Possessed of one, however, everything one learned could now contribute to the premise or would deny it, countermand it. Study ceased to be inert and came alive. In consequence, one's acumen was always being fortified or one's confidence in it would diminish.

The center of my question had come to this: Was the D.K. (despite what the Maestro told us) in full possession of His Faculties? Or was He

growing senile? While this could be no more than a query, my hypothesis

leaned toward it.

-14-

Nonetheless, I was tormented by the question. When I found myself on occasion near the sea, it became difficult to believe that God was losing His powers. As much could also be said for a fine field of flowers, a storm, and certainly the retort from the heavens when lightning was followed by thunder, or one encountered the majesties of a full sunset. There were such subtleties in nature, such exquisite minor notes as the dew on the ground in early morning, the dazzlements of light gleaming on the grass.

Of course, all this could have been conceived so many lost ages ago, (and conceived in such Perfection) that it did not often show a flaw, not then,

not in 1896. Rarely, then, was the sky choked with the outpour of its trains and factories. Most of the rivers were still fresh. It was only His humans who seemed unable to find any of the clues that lay in the perfection of some of His animals. There were more fine dogs, cats, and horses than there were splendid people.

Given the sum of His achievements, how, then, could He prove so limited, so wavering, so changeable in His decision to give humankind free will? It did not work to put people at liberty. His highest Creation was His least successful.

Now, He seemed committed to a curious choice. Was this a profound decision, or could it be the near-desperate dithering of a divinity whose powers were old and askew? This Nicky and Alix—they were so young, they seemed so unfitted for the vast project they were entering. If I had not

been able to enter their living presence, I had certainly absorbed the tone of their love, their philosophy (such as it was!) and, over and over, their piety, their innocence. They actually believed that Nicky's diary, and their letters to each other were well protected from scrutiny when, in fact, a copy of the key to his diary—courtesy of his valet—had been in our possession for years.

Ditto for the box that kept her letters, and, now that she had joined him, all of his old letters to her. Indeed, they even numbered them, back and forth—

Letter 96, Letter 109, et cetera. It never occurred to them that it took no exceptional skill to make a wax impression of a key or a lock, any more than we needed a special competence to find the trusted maid or body-servant who was not to be trusted.

So, I knew how they spoke to each other.

14

(45t)

*The mysteries of England
on the ~~hand~~ ~~of a~~ ~~hand~~
as it I learned them on the press.

One was always living with such a question. When obliged on occasion to be near the sea, it became more difficult to believe that God can ~~bring~~ use power. If such could be said for a fine ^{field of power} ~~power~~ a storm, the retreat from the heavens when lightning was followed by thunder, the majesty of a full sunset, the conception, itself, that one should find dew in ~~the~~ ^{the} morning on the ground with early morning.

Feb. 4 still did not know. All this could have been conceived in ~~the~~ perfect perfection so many long ages ago, conceived in such perfection that its maintenance did not of her show & flow, not then, not in 1896. Rarely was the sky clouded with the call of trains and factories, most of the rivers ~~that~~ were still fresh. It was only the ~~human~~ humans who seemed unable to find any of the clues that led to the perfection of some of his animals. There were more fine dogs, cats, and horses than there were splendid people. Given the sum of his achievement,

Jun. 08 2004 2:41 PM F2

14

(451)

*the mysteries of a light
in the hands of a woman
as it glowed like on the grass

One was always living with such a question. When obliged on occasion to be near the sea, it became most difficult to believe that God can bring his power. Of course could he wait for a fine ^{fine day} ~~fine day~~ a storm, the retreat from the heavens when lightning was followed by thunder, the majesty of a full sunset, the conception, that one should find ~~down in the~~ on the ground with early morning.

Feb. 1st did not know. All this could have been conceived in ~~the~~ perfection so many last ages ago, conceived in such perfection that its maintenance did not offer show or flow, not then, not in 1896. Rarely was the sky choked with the confusion of trees and factories, most of the rivers ~~still~~ were still fresh. It was only the ~~human~~ humans who seemed unable to find any of the clues that led to the perfection of some of his animals. There were more fine dogs, cats, and horses than there were splendid people.

Given the sum of his achievements,

→ p 453

how then could He prove limited (452)
 so wavering, so changeable in His
 decision to give mankind free will?
 It did not work when people were
 at liberty, ~~and it certainly~~ would it?
 His ~~intercession~~ intercessions always
 prove of value. His highest creation
 was His least successful.

Near, He seemed committed to
a choice. Was that a profound decision
or the desperate near-desperation
dilemma of a ~~lost~~ divinity whose power
were old and ashen? This history
and Alix - they were so young, and
they seemed so unfitted for the
vast project they were entering &
I had not been able to enter
their living presence, I had certainly
absorbed the tone of their love,
their philosophy (and their lives!) and,
over and over their piety, their
innocence. They actually believed
~~in God~~ ^{in His diary} and their ~~other~~ ^{others}

→ p 453

how then could he practice limitation (45.1)
 no weeping, so changeable in his
 decision to give human kind free will?
 It did not work when people were
 at liberty, ~~and it certainly~~ nor did
 his ~~intercessions~~ intercessions always
 prove of value. His highest Creation
 was his least successful.

Now, He seemed committed to
 a choice. Was this a profound decision
 or the ~~desperate~~ near-desperate
 dithering of a ~~god~~ divinity whose powers
 were old and ashen? This Ashley
 and Alix — they were so young, and
 they seemed so unfitted for the
 vast project they were entering. If
 I had not been able to enter
 their living presence, I had certainly
 absorbed the tone of their love,
 their philosophy (such as there was),
 our and over their piety, their
 innocence. They actually believed
 their ~~letters~~ ^{his diary} and their ~~actions~~ ^{actions to each other} were

were sacred when a copy of the
 key to his diary ^{from copying of his letters} had been in
 our possession for years. When Ashley began
 at the age of 4 and a half with his first
 letter for the box that kept her letters
 and now that she had joined

him all of his old letters & been. Indeed they
 very much loved them. ~~we~~ we had found them. Let's
 go, let's go off to celebrate. It never occurred to them
 that the impression of a letter by a letter

(*)

that it took an exceptional skill (153)
to make a wax impression of a key
or a lock any more than we needed
a special competence to find the trustful
maid or lady-servant who could
do such a job for us.

See, I knew how they spoke to each
other, I knew ~~that~~ the history of

per A

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the rest.

1881

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Bill of Indictment, 1 March 1881 – St Petersburg

At around two o'clock in the afternoon, His late Imperial Majesty drove out of the Mikhailovsky Palace with his usual escort ... At a distance of some fifty yards from the corner of Engineer Street there was a terrible explosion, which seemed to have come out from right under the carriage.

seized a man on the pavement at the side of the canal, ~~and seeing in the same instant that the soldiers had~~ ~~towards the Imperial carriage, flung open the door, and seeing that His Imperial~~ ~~Majesty was about to emerge from the carriage unscathed, informed His Majesty~~ ~~that the criminal had been apprehended.~~ ~~and His Imperial Majesty~~

At the Emperor's request, the witness led him along the pavement to the place where the detained man was standing, already surrounded by a crowd of people, ~~whereupon he turned out to be Nikolai Burakov.~~ His Majesty the Emperor was pleased to remark: 'Thank God I am unhurt, but look!', pointing to an injured ~~of~~ sack lying near the carriage, and nearby a wounded boy who was crying out in pain.

Hearing the Emperor's words, Rysakov said: 'Don't thank God yet.'

Just as His Imperial Majesty decided to inspect the location of the explosion and had made a few steps along the canal pavement in the direction of the carriage, another deafening explosion occurred at his very feet, after which for a few moments the whole area was engulfed in a mass of smoke and pieces of clothing.

When it cleared – all those present, both the unscathed and those who had been injured, were struck by a terrifying spectacle: among those thrown down ~~and~~ injured by the blast was His Majesty the Emperor himself. The beloved monarch was half-sitting on the pavement, leaning against the railings of the canal and propping himself up with his arms, covered with blood, but still breathing. The uncovered legs of the August Martyr were smashed and pouring blood, the body hung in pieces, the face was bleeding. There too lay His Majesty's coat, of which only singed ~~and bloody~~ fragments remained. Colonel Dvorzhitsky, who was injured along with His Majesty the Emperor, but was able to raise himself from the ground, heard His Majesty's hardly audible words: 'Help me'. Turning his face towards him, His Majesty said in a feeble voice: 'It's cold, cold.'

In the presence of the Grand Duke Mikhail Nikolaevich,⁴ who had hurried to the scene, they carried him to the sleigh.

• Emperor Alexander II

~~the chief of police of St. Louis~~

75410150

¹ A brother of Alexander II and father of Sandro.

1881

In reply to the Grand Duke's inquiry as to his health, His Majesty the Emperor replied indistinctly, 'Take me to the palace ... there ... to die ...' These were the last words of the dying monarch.

Grand Duke Alexander Nikolaevich
Sandro, Memoirs - 1 March 1891 *2400 older than Nicky*
At three o'clock sharp we heard the sound of a strong explosion.

'That was a bomb all right,' said my brother George, 'no mistake about that sound.'

At this moment a still stronger explosion shattered the windows in our room. Just then a servant rushed in, all out of breath.

'The Emperor has been killed,' he screamed.

Thousands of people were already surrounding the palace. The women cried hysterically. We entered by the side door. There was no need to ask questions: large drops of black blood showed us the way up the marble steps of the stairs and then along a corridor into the study of the Emperor. Our father stood at the door giving orders to a group of officials. He had to lift mother⁵ in his arms. She had fainted on seeing him alive.

The Emperor lay on the couch near the desk. He was unconscious. Three doctors were fussing around but science was obviously helpless. It was a question of minutes. He presented a terrible sight, his right leg torn off, his left leg shattered, innumerable wounds all over his head and face. One eye was shut, the other expressionless.

Every instant members of the imperial family came in. The room was packed. I clung to the arm of Nicky, deathly pale in his blue sailor's suit. His mother⁶ stunned by the catastrophe, was still holding a pair of skates in her trembling hands.

Silence, please⁷, said a hoarse voice, 'the end is near.'

We came closer to the couch. The expressionless eye was still staring fixedly. The chief court surgeon, who was feeling the Tsar's pulse, nodded and let the blood-covered hand drop.

'The Emperor is dead,' he announced loudly. Princess Yurevskaya⁸ gave one shriek and dropped on the floor like a felled tree. Her pink-and-white negligee was soaked in blood.

We all knelt and prayed.

Manifesto of Alexander III

The voice of God commands Us to place Ourselves with assurance at the head of the absolute power. Commanded in the Divine Providence and in His supreme wisdom, full of faith in the justice and strength of the autocracy which We are called to maintain. We shall preside serenely over the destinies of Our empire, which henceforward will be discussed between God and Ourselves alone.

⁵ Sandro's mother, born Princess Olga of Baden.

⁶ Nicky's mother, afterwards known as Empress Marie, was born Princess Dagmar, daughter of King Christian IX of Denmark. Her sister Alexandra married the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII of England.

⁷ Princess Yurevskaya was themorganatic second wife of Alexander II.

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That was Nicky's father.

Satisfy these three rare conditions and He could have the pleasure of studying an experiment which would be worth His closest and happiest Attention.

I was relieved. I now had an hypothesis. I had learned a long time ago that the study of new material was a lifeless endeavor without one. Once acquired, however, everything one learned could now contribute to the premise or deny it, countermand it. Now, study was no longer inert but alive. In consequence, one's confidence in one's own acumen was always increasing or diminishing.

The center of my question had come to this: Was the D.K. (despite what the Maestro told us) in full possession of His original Faculties? Or was He growing senile? This was a query, but my hypothesis leaned to the latter.

-14-

One was always living with such a question. When obliged on occasion to be near the sea, it became most difficult to believe that God was losing His powers. As much could be said for a fine field of flowers, a storm, the retort from the heavens when lightning was followed by thunder, the majesties of a full sunset, the conception itself that one should find dew on

the ground with early morning, the mysteries of light as it gleamed upon the grass.

Yet, I still did not know. All this could have been conceived so many lost ages ago, conceived in such perfection that its maintenance did not often show flaw, not then, not in 1896. Rarely was the sky choked with the outpour of trains and factories, most of the rivers were still fresh. It was only His humans who seemed unable to find any of the clues that lay in the perfection of some of His animals. There were more fine dogs, cats, and horses than there were splendid people.

Given the sum of His achievements, how, then, could He prove so limited, so wavering, so changeable in His decision to give humankind free will? It did not work when people were at liberty, nor did His Intercessions always prove of value. His highest Creation was His least successful.

Now, He seemed committed to a choice. Was this a profound decision, or the near-desperate dithering of a divinity whose powers were old and askew? This Nicky and Alix—they were so young, and they seemed so unfitted for the vast project they were entering. If I had not been able to enter their living presence, I had certainly absorbed the tone of their love, their philosophy (such as it was!) and, over and over, their piety, their innocence. They actually believed his diary and their letters to each other were sacrosanct, when a copy of the key to his diary—courtesy of his valet—had been in our possession for years. Ditto for the box that kept her letters and now that she had joined him, all of his old letters to her. Indeed, they even numbered them, back and forth—Letter 96, Letter 109, et cetera. It never occurred to them that it took no exceptional skill to make a wax impression of

a key or a lock, any more than we needed a special competence to find the
trusted maid or body-servant who would do such job for us.

So, I knew how they spoke to each other.