

FROM : nm

FAK NO. : 5084872135

11 3PM F

From: Inwardcraft Fax: 718-624-3782 Voice: 718-658-0892

To: Hester

ber 02 20 4 1 30 PM

HMBBook 4 ch 14-16 11/2/04A

430

Double-speak
throughout
p 430-475

→ MCAD

On p 449 a
you will
find my
inclination
on the redaction.

-14-

Nonetheless, the boldness of such an assumption had the power to disturb me. When, on occasion, I find myself near the sea, it becomes difficult to believe that God is suffering any loss of His powers. Similar sentiments can also be aroused by a fine field, a rocky crag, or the vast retort of the heavens when lightning is followed by thunder. Again, ~~the same~~ as similar conclusion arises in witnessing a memorable sunset. One could even speak of the dazzling lights of light on wet grass when the dew is on the ground in early morning.

Of course, He could have fashioned all of this untold ages ago when at the peak of His Creative Powers. The sky, after all, was not choked then with factory smoke, nor the rivers fouled by factory excrements poured forth by His humans. Did He now brood on the possibility that these human creations had become His least successful? Were we now awash in the dithering of a divinity

ILMBook 4 ch 14-16 11/2/04A

431

whose powers were old and askew? This Nicky and Alix—they seem so naïve and unfitted for the vast project they would encounter. While I had not been able to come near enough to 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—as well as their letters to each other—were well protected from scrutiny when in fact, a copy of the key to this diary—courtesy of the valet—had been in our possession for years and, now that she had joined him, I could peruse all of their intimate letters as well. Indeed, they even put numbers on the envelopes—Letter 96, Letter 100, et cetera. It never occurred to Nicky or Alix that it took no exceptional skill to make a wax impression of a key or a lock, any more than we were in need of high competence to find the maid or body-servant who was ready to betray a trust.

So, I knew how they spoke to each other. I had read hundreds of the loving communications back and forth. If I now establish a small record, a tenth, no, a hundredth of all the missives passing between them and their close friends and relatives, it is to give a sense of how trivial were most of those responses to the monarchial dilemmas awaiting them. Indeed, I had to wonder all over again whether the Dummkopf was still in command of material

HMBook 4 ch 14-16 11/2/04A

432

acumen. The question might as well have risen to a fever in me—why was I not giving so much importance to Nicky and Alix?

Be it said, they were not altogether without culture. Back in 1888, when she was seventeen, before they were ready to speak of the love for each other, Alix wrote on March 17:

It was so good of you to write and it gave me great pleasure. My mad letter amused you then—well. I have been cracked enough to write another. We went last night to see the "Rheingold" and I hope next week to see "Walkure's Siegfried."

He responds two weeks later:

Thank you so much for your dear little letter which was such an agreeable surprise to me . . . We also saw "Siegfried" with Ella. I like it so awfully, especially the melody of the bird and the fire! Now the Niebelungen are all over, and I think it is a great pity.

Young Wagnerites! At the edge of love! They write to each other in English. He has been tutored in the tongue since boyhood and she, after all, has so often visited with Queen Victoria who is, we may remind ourselves, her

HIMBook 4 ch 14-16 11/2/04A

453

grandmother. Nonetheless, as will be seen, Nicky's English is one level higher. Of course, he is also four years older.

That was in 1889. By June, 1894, they have managed to pass through a great emotional obstacle. To be betrothed, she has had to give up her Lutheranism for Russian Orthodoxy. Of course, her older sister, Ella, had already converted years ago in order to marry the Grand Duke Sergei Romanov, a brother of Nicky's father, Tsar Alexander III. So it was not as if there were no precedent for taking so major a leap from the strictures of Luther to the sacraments of the Moscow churches, but for years, Alix's fear of moving from her first nest of piety did stand in the way. Alix was wed to her Lutheranism. Ella did her best to cut through a few knots by assuring her younger sister that the two religions were not all that different, a large hypothesis, but that theology is not without its talents—much of which, be certain, we have designed—for erecting impassable cul-de-sacs and astonishing exits from *these* dogmatic traps. Ella was doing her best to take advantage of every lever that could be bent, but Alix was rigid with piety, and conversion, in consequence, was slow and tricky.

It took five years. Back in June 1889, in a letter to Nicky, Ella wrote:

I was told if one prayed well in a church going to be consecrated, God would hear one's prayers. Well, in

HMBook 4 ch 14-16 11/2/04A

434

**Jerusalem, I prayed so deeply for you both to bring
you together in love for each other. . . Faith and love
go very far and if you have [that] in Him and each other,
all will be for the best. Many affectionate kisses from
Sergei and your loving Aunty**

Let it be noted that this loving Aunty Ella was only four years older than Nicky, and beautiful.

The campaign succeeded. Alix finally agreed to accept the Russian Orthodox Church, and the news of their engagement was given out to the royal families of Europe. In June of 1894, their engagement just two months old Nicky is passionate in his declaration of happiness:

**I love you too deeply and too strongly for me to show it:
it is such a sacred feeling, I don't want to let it out in
words that seem meek and poor and vain! But now I will
try to break the habit of hiding my feelings, because I think
it wrong and selfish in some occasions. You also do not
know, my precious one, how long my whole heart belonged
to you and what sufferings it has gone through these dreary
years! Darling primrosy-mine, I love you my darling!!!!**

Be it said, I took pains to count the exclamation marks. Is it not ^{after 2 1/2} the same point of kinship I can feel with him? The observant reader may have noticed

HNBook 4 ch 14-16 11/2/04A

435

how fond I am of such punctuation, ^{myself particularly!} especially at the end of a paragraph!

Interruptions of one's attention should pretend, at least, to be ^{inevitable} ~~overcome~~.

Four months later, Nicky's father is grievously ill. Ann, writing

Nicky's diary, offers this:

Sweet child, pray to God, he will comfort you don't feel too low, he will help you in your trouble. Your Sunny is praying for you and the beloved patient. Darling Boysy, me loves you so so very tenderly and deep. Be firm and make the Doctors come alone to you every day and tell you how they find him, and exactly, what they wish him to do, so that you are always the first to know. Don't let others be put first and you behind. You are Father dear's son and must be told all and be asked about everything. Show your own mind and don't let others forget who you are. Forgive me lovey.

Two days later, she enters his diary again. She will share Nicky's

anguish. She writes:

Tell me everything, dushka, you can fully trust me look upon me as a bit of yourself. Let your joys and sorrows be mine so that we may be ever drawn nearer together. My sweet One, how I love you, darling treasure, my very own One.

Dushka, when you feel low and sad, come to Sunny and she will try to comfort you and like her namesake warm you with her rays, God helping.

Only yours, quite your very own little spitzbuß ^{Picture of a dog} ~~Picture of a dog~~ ^{mine!}

HMBok 4 ch 14-16 11/2/04A

436

O. Pussymingall

There is an entry next day by Nicky, 18 October:

A terrible, sad day! Dear Papa did not sleep at all, and felt so unwell in the morning that we were all woken up and called upstairs. What a trial! Then Papa became a little calmer and dozed fitfully throughout the day

I did not dare absent myself from the house for any length of time. What a support to have dear Alix; she sat with me the whole day while I read reports from various ministers. At about 11 o'clock there was a consultation with the doctors in Uncle Vladimir's room—it was awful! In the evening, Papa appeared a little better—but terribly weak! Our only reliance and hope is in the Mercy of the Lord, let His will be done!

I could not help but note how completely royalty are groomed to respect the Lord's will. But then, that Will when it appears to people is so often our voice speaking in the guise of the Lord. This particular manipulation is indeed one of our delights--how smug our clients become at those moments.

Royalty needs belief no matter from whom it comes. How can they not? Their lives are so peculiar. Living in next to total isolation from certain experiences, painfully sensitive to the need for proper conduct, and invariably drawn to the corrupt (what with the opportunities they are given) they do tend to believe that any sad events which occur in their lives may have nothing to do

HMBook 4 ch 14-16 11/2/04A

437

with them directly. Better to assign all that to the Lord's will. Even so, the Romanovs are hardly ready for Nicky's father, Tsar Alexander III, to be sent to death, then to die.

Nicky's diary, 20 October, Livadia:

My God, my God, what a day! The Lord has called unto Him our adored, dearly beloved Papa.

My head is going round, I cannot believe it—it seems inconceivable, a terrible reality.

It was the death of a Saint! Lord, help us in these terrible days! Poor, dear Mama! In the evening, at 9:30, we held Prayers for the Dead—in the same bedroom! I felt as if I were dead also. The pains in Alix's legs have returned. In the evening, I went to confession.

*Can't
my
soul
leave
world &
myself?*

All through the Prayers, Nicky thought of the hour in his childhood when a nihilist had succeeded in putting a small bomb inside the railroad car in which his father, the Tsar, had been travelling with the family. When the bomb went off, given its rough, ready, and untutored placement, the explosion spewed upward rather than outward or downward. Ergo, no one in the royal family was critically injured. Nonetheless, the roof of the railroad car began to collapse on them. Tsar Alexander III, a giant of a Romanov, used his holy and manly strength to hold up the beams of the compartment's ceiling long enough for the family to be rescued. Only a saint was capable of such strength, decided his wife, a small but beautiful woman.

HMBook 4 ch 14-16 11/2/04A

438

So, too, did Nicky believe that Alexander was a saint. Nicky was like his Danish mother, and revered his father's strength. All through his adolescence, Nicky worked at building his body with weights, but he remained slight. He excelled at horsemanship and at hunting--a point of honor to him--he grew a fine brown mustache and beard, yet he never came to look like a Romanov. Now, he would be the Tsar. Nicholas II, Nicholas the Second.

A cousin named Sandro, married to Nicky's sister, Xenia, was his closest friend. Sandro had his own memoirs and I looked at the entry for October 11, the date of Alexander III's death:

"Sandro, what am I going to do," he exclaimed pathetically. "What is going to happen to me, to you, to Xenia, to Alix, to mother, to all of Russia? I am not prepared to be a Tsar. I never wanted to become one. I know nothing of the business of ruling. I have no idea of even how to talk to the ministers."

Nicky, Diary, 21 October, Livadia:

In the midst of our deep sorrow, the Lord has sent us a quiet and radiant joy: at 10 o'clock in the presence of the family, my dear darling Alix was anointed with the holy oils and after the service we took communion together, with dear Mama and Ella. Alix repeated her responses and prayers wonderfully well and distinctly!

After luncheon we held Prayers for the Dead and

HMBBook 4 ch 14-16 11/2/04A

439

again at 9 o'clock in the evening. The expression on Papa's face was wonderful, smiling as if he were about to laugh! Spent the whole day answering telegrams with Alix and attending to the papers brought by the last courier 22 October.

Last night we had to carry Papa's body downstairs, as unfortunately, it has rapidly begun to decompose. Thank God, dear Mama is completely calm and is bearing her sorrow in a truly heroic way! I did nothing but answer the pile of telegrams.

24 October.

The day was grey—as it was in our hearts! I still cannot bring myself to go into the corner room where dear Papa's body is lying—he is so changed since being embalmed. I cannot bear to dispel the wonderful impression of the first day!

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

My dear Nicky,

May Heaven comfort you in your grief and give you strength for your heavy duties, and may a long and peaceful reign give you the opportunity of looking after the welfare of your subjects. The sympathy and real grief at the so untimely end of your lamented father in my country will have shown you how strong the monarchical instinct is

HMBook 4 ch 14-16 11/2/04A

40

and how Germany feels for you and your subjects. As for me, you will always find me the same in undiminished friendship and love to you.

It would, of course, be twenty years before they went to war against the other.

In all of this, there was one entry in Nicky's diary on November 21 in St Petersburg that did excite my attention:

Slept well: but the moment I came to myself the memory of what has happened and the terrible feeling of oppression invaded my soul with renewed vigour!

The terrible feeling of oppression! I did not know whether that came from a dream etching installed by one of our demons--all is possible in these matters--or whether it was Nicky's own natural fear at where he now found himself.

At 12 o'clock I received the full Council of State

I again had to make a speech!

Here, I must introduce another diary. It is by a nobleman who signs himself as KR. He is the same age as the Grand Dukes (that is, the brothers of the dead Tsar) and, in spirit, he feels like an uncle to Nicky: he certainly loves him as much or more than any of these Grand Dukes who are a big, powerful lot, ~~all four of them~~ and not, I would say, unavailable to us in more normal circumstances, but I have yet to refer to such specific matters. Leave it that KR adores Nicky. (Indeed, he capitalizes every reference to him - KR is, after all

LIMBook 4 ch 14-16 11/2/04A

441

^{known now as}
what is ~~called today~~ a closet homosexual. It is the bane and delight of his existence. He also writes well enough to quote him fully

KR, Diary, 2 November, St. Petersburg: The young Tsar is the admiration of everyone. I hear that the short speech He made in the Kremlin Palace to the Moscow nobility was delivered in a loud, clear, assured voice. Yesterday, when receiving the Council of State, He addressed them most beautifully. I watched him during the requiem service: the calm kind face, the thoughtful, deeply sad eyes, often half-closed. He is weighed down by his exalted rank. His modesty suffers from having to be everywhere and always the first.

KR, Diary, 3 November, St. Petersburg:
I have not yet talked to the Emperor's bride; but she smiles so sweetly whenever you greet her.

In the evening they covered the Emperor's body in the coffin with a pall up to his chest, in order to hide the hands which are beginning to turn black. The head is already looking quite black.

On the seventh of November, one of our English agents intercepted a communication from Lord Carrington to Queen Victoria, which offered a detailed report on Tsar Alexander III's funeral. It was obvious Her Majesty was attracted to details.

Lord Carrington to Queen Victoria. *move to p. 442*

IIMBook 4 ch 14-16 11/2/04A

442

The service was choral without organ—the Empress and Princesses standing or kneeling the whole time. The mass continued for an hour and a half, plaintive and monotonous and then the usual daily funeral service was gone through. Tapers were lighted and handed round, but in consequence of the crowd, no ladies took any and so accident from fire was averted. At 12:30 the terrible ceremony of paying the last farewell took place. The Empress with heroic courage walked up steadily, knelt, and then took a last look at the late Emperor and kissed the sacred picture on His Majesty's breast, and then kissed his lips. The Emperor supported and took great care of Her Majesty and all the Royal Personages present kissed the sacred picture.

Like most English diplomats, it was obvious that he took pride in his literary style. I also had the impression that he was too pompous to be of much use to the Cudgels or to our own agents. A most insular Englishman. Often such people are, for us, the worst to deal with, the slowest

Lord Carrington to Queen Victoria, 7 November:

A mounted Guard of Honour of the Gardes a Cheval, although big men on large horses, did not strike the Lord Chamberlain as being as fine or as smart as Your Majesty's own Life Guards.

On November 14, Carrington added another emolument to the Queen's

vanity:

All the ladies in Russian costume, some with fine diamonds *but the*

HM Book4 443 onward only 11/1/04

143

absence of beauty as compared with,
 (that seen at one of Your Majesty's drawing rooms struck the Lord

Chamberlain very much.

He went on. The occasion was the wedding of Nicky and Alix which had to be brought off post-haste since it would hardly do for the Tsar of Russia to be an unmarried man.

The ceremony was enough to make me feel wistful ^(experience) for a rare ^{thought} for
Nevertheless, I felt sad as well since I could hardly
 a devil) but sad in that I could understand the reason but not enjoy the
How much it meant to those who watched!
 emotion in full. (If the Tsar was the nearest Russian to God, then what could

be of more importance to a peasant or, for that matter, a nobleman than to

commit to a
 wife, a Tsarina, who ^{would} ~~could~~ bear His sons and so allow for the wishes of the

~~Being that~~ the family line continued *to satisfy the high Russian*
that spectacle even if one knew considerably
more about the Tsar than they did.

It was, of course, a huge display, and I was offered many impressions
(a good year and a half of course after the
event)

the marriage
 of how it had been that November 14 of 1894, when it took place, ~~three~~
To those of us who had been brought to Russia for
the coronation, and were in need of being reminded,
several resident devils selected by the Maestro to offer us the ~~cannot get filled in~~
offered us the equivalent of a set of memories
so vivid enough to allow us the confidence that we
sense of memory as if I had been there, and so I can say that in compensation

HM Book4 443 onward only 11/1/04

444

Such vast events,
to other assemblages of people, it was a huge phenomenon, and it occurred

on this occasion,
rooms of the Winter Palace were so filled with appropriately garbed men

and women that I would calculate over 10,000 humans were there. In

you, there were no seats. The Russians understand that ceremonial

Let them prove as harsh on the body,
occasions do well to be ~~as~~ uncomfortable as devotional services where the

harder in general
congregation of the church must stand for hours while interminable prayers
are recited, and music continues
and music continues as powerful and sad, and in its way *not only*, even

due to
majestic ~~in~~ the very depths of the liturgical monotony, *It is* as though the

deepest and most meditative groan of Jesus Christ *in extremis* on the Cross ~~was~~ *as if* heard:

to be heard again.

(of the powerful)
Ten thousand strong and wealthy of the gentry stood in place while

therefore
an assembly of the highest
the ceremony continued, a conflatus ~~(CK meaning of word)~~ of high officials

various
generals and admirals, and all the hierarchies of upper and lower officers as

^{his sense of pomp}
Carrington proved ~~grandly unctuous~~ in describing the climax of the

wedding.

^{2 more specs}
The Emperor in a very plain uniform walked with the Bride who looked simply magnificent--on her head she wore a circlet of diamonds with a diamond top which made it into a crown--2 long curls (like the Princess of Wales used to wear) on her shoulders, a splendid necklace and ornaments--and an enormous mantle of cloth of gold lined with ermine. She looked the perfection of what one would imagine an Empress of Russia on her way to the altar would be and moved along quite simply and with great dignity. She makes very marked bows with her head when she greets anyone and this is much noted and appreciated.

¶ The ring was placed ^{on} the Bride and Bridegrooms fingers, and then they walked 3 times around the altar, and knelt in front of it--gold crowns being held over their head the whole time. The Bride was proclaimed Empress at five minutes past one.

I now had a slightly better notion of why the D.K. was so committed

^{How those}
to Russia. These people believed in Him! One could say the same for

^{were even then}
America, but the differences ^{are} significant in those forty eight states all

Our devil, never in the least generous about such matters (except when perfecting a client) remarked that this was the wedding of her head was reminiscent of a pouter pigeon!

HM Book4 443 onward only 11/1/04

4-7

the emphasis is on the Son. Americans live, dream, argue and search for
 a closer ^(It is as if he is out there with it's title) their (relation to Jesus) ^{And} Father was, to that subtle degree, superior to that, ^{but}
 His name ^{not that much} invoked ^{but for} ^(Otherwise it) most often after funerals or catastrophes, ^{was a job} ^{for} ^{than} ^{to} ^{approach}
 Jesus ^{and most contemporaneous} otherwise, and given my recent ^{and contemporaneous} years in

America as a young student from Berlin named Dieter, I can say it is still the

same in half of that vast, inchoate technological land. "Eioy," say had I met

Americans, "if your faith is not in Jesus, then your ass is ^{sure} in jeopardy

~~(Except that older ones use the more polite expression "ceep doo-doo" to~~
~~spiritual peril.)~~

Forgive me, I digress. I am obviously not too happy an American. I

^{have become} ^{novel}
 am so idle as to be reduced to writing this most subversive ^{book}

^{even then} ^{Of course, that was}
 add that I ^{also} felt out of my element in Russia ^{but} for other reasons. They

were so much more intense than the Germans ^{and Americans} with whom I

HM Book4 443 onward only 11/1/04

8

was familiar then. One need only return to that grave ceremony ^{by a} ~~when~~

^{Alix walked} ~~walked~~ ^{three times} ~~thrice~~ around the altar. Yes, the D.K. could ^{enjoy} ~~not~~ that. For it

Russians, such numbers are as powerful ^{yet as} ~~and~~ intimate to them as the ~~beasts~~ ^{beasts}

~~the~~ beasts who visit ~~them~~ in their dreams. Yes, they were proclaiming th

Trinity, ^{with a great catch in their heart}

^{Such} Their thoughts reminded me of a letter ^{this} ~~dear~~, sweet, shy, silly, imperious

Alix (with her as yet undeveloped need to control all before her ^{a need yet to} ~~as rigid and~~

^{more as rigid and} as throbbing as an unsophisticated but untrammelled penis ^{had already} ~~would write si~~

^{remember six} months earlier when Nicky and she were first betrothed, ^{Already,} ~~and~~ she sensed that

her mother-in-law, Marie, that sweet little Danish Empress, the then

Tsarina, would yet be a thorn in her breast. On the 15th of April, 1894. A j

sent her message from the Palais Edinburg ^{bourg} ~~burg~~ Coburg:

Darling Motherdear,

Nicky tells me I may call you so, oh thank you

Clutch
with a letter

HM Book4 443 onward only 11/1/04

/ 9

so much--you are too kind and good to me. How can
I thank you enough for the magnificent present you
were so awfully kind to send me? It is much too beautiful
for me.

Later, after many thanks for the gift and the letter that accompanied it,

Alix writes:

He is in church now, and whilst he is kneeling there,
my thoughts and prayers are with him. With God's help,
I will soon learn to love his Religion too, and I am sure he
will help me. But I must not bother you with a long letter.

With my fondest love to dear Father, I am, Darling
little Motherdear,
Your deeply affectionate and
Dutiful Child Alix

I had to smile at the reference to Darling little Motherdear. Alix was

still so simple that she did not realize ^{to what degree} how much beautiful women who are

^{not tall} short ^{this} dislike being reminded of ^{it} by beautiful women who are ^{tall} tall. (1) was

Alix en route to disliking the Empress Marie already? ^{to the point where}
her head would begin to ache with
too many chaled-up curves?

HMBook 4 ch 14-16 10/29/04C

444
~~444~~
450

~~update page~~

Letter to IMC.
These indentations are fine. ^{the left margin} it would make ~~them~~ for 2 spaces to the right, but extend the ~~line~~ ^{line} of length at the line ~~4~~ spaces to the right.

-15-

Needless to remark, I read all the letters my agents could supply to me in the period after their wedding, but a close study opened many questions. Just a few days later on the 17th of November, Nicky wrote,

4 spaces

I am unbelievably happy with Alix, it's only a pity that my work takes up so much of the time I would like to spend exclusively with her!

to which on November 19th he adds,

Had tea at home and read together. We simply don't have the strength to leave each other.

3 — 2 spaces, not 1½

On the same day, in a letter to his brother Georgy, Nicky adds

a completely new life has started for me. I cannot thank God enough for the treasure He has sent me in my wife. I am immeasurably happy with my darling Alix and feel

HMBBook 4 ch 14-16 11/2/04A

481

**that we will remain as happy together until the end of
our lives.**

On the 26th of November, off by themselves in Tsarskoe Selo the parks,

**Such a dear place for us both; for the first time since our
wedding we have been able to live alone and live truly
soul-to-soul,**

Immediately this is followed by Alix's reaction to reading these words of
love. She adds to his diary:

*Never did I believe there could be such utter happiness
in this world, such a feeling of unity between two mortal
beings. I love you—those three words have my life in them.*

On the next day she adds,

*At last united, bound for life, and when this life is ended
we meet again in the other world to remain together for
all eternity.*

I was overcome with her assurance, her ignorance, her monumental
confidence. She was so certain that they lived with a joint passport to the
hereafter. Yet, on December 14, a bit more than two weeks later, he wrote

**Today it is one month since we married—strange to say
I am only just beginning to get used to the idea! My love
for Alix keeps growing!**

HMBBook 4 ch 14-16 11/2/04A

452

I had to ask myself what vertiginous degrees of self-intoxication were being brewed by them. Rarely had I encountered newly-weds who were so infatuated. Like very young lovers, they had no need to distinguish between the wild honey of first sex and the nectars of true love. But Nicky, after all, was twenty-six, and no neophyte, not to sex. (His military days had offered the predictable bounty.) In contrast, Alix was very much a virgin with the usual host of imaginative fears, plus the prodigious woe of losing her mother at the age of six. Add her religious intensity and her social timidity, and I found it difficult on the basis of these letters to accept her romantic intensity at the full value of her words. They were so over-ventilated with the absolute necessity to be profoundly in love.

Of course, I could not be certain. He was the Emperor of a vast land teeming with deep spirits and untamable barbarians. He could not pass by a copse of forest without thinking that this loveliness was his land. His land. He was one of the chosen of God. And all the while he felt small, unworthy and so unready. How, then, could he (He?) fail to aggrandize His Love? He was like a booze-hound who will go mad if he cannot find a drink. Love was the mountain on which he must always be climbing upward.

HMBBook 4 ch 14-16 11/2/04A

453

If I had been capable of real compassion instead of possessing the capability to simulate its presence for my clients whenever they were needed I could have felt sorry for Nicholas the Second.

Yet, still, I could come to no firm conclusions, not from this study of their letters in 1894. There was still the damnable question pending—what was the Dummkopf up to? It was conceivable that in His Desire to make their marriage transcendently effective in its beatitude, God was supplying them with the most incredible physical ecstasies. How could I know? I could not come near. I had only those stolen fragments from their letters, and the hypothesis that if God was going to choose a Tsar, He would be ready to offer His wisdom and strength—against, of course, the no small skills of the Maestro as well as our aptitudes to subvert His Plans.

IIMBook 4 ch 14-16 11/2/04A

454

-16-

Nicky was, of course, all but totally unprepared to become the Tsar. Alexander the Third was so physically powerful that it had been assumed by all that he would rule for one more generation. Some measure of Nicky's unpreparedness is present in these few lines from KR's diary

I asked whether He had received any advice from his Father before the latter's death. Nicky replied that his Father had never once mentioned the responsibilities that awaited Him.

KR not only loved Nicky with all the intensity of his homosexual heart but was ready (as we see by his near-sacrilegious use of capitals) to deify him and his father halfway up the mountain to Godhead.

One need only contrast this confidence with Nicky's own small feelings:

Nicky, Diary, 17 January 1895, St. Petersburg

manuscript
p 454

IMBook 4 ch 14-16 11/2/04A

452

An exhausting day. Went with Alix to the Winter Palace. I was in a terrible state about having to go to the Nikolayevsky Hall and deliver a speech to the representatives of the nobility, the *zemstvos* [local councils] and the town committees.

He had been closeted with the Grand Dukes before he gave the speech. They had assured him that he must follow absolutely in his father's absolute footsteps. His grandfather, Alexander II, had been assassinated, and his father had had such a close call. Russia was like a mad giant, they assured him, and so vulnerable to grand mal that one misstep could release a frenzy. Absolute allegiance to autocracy. The only formula.

From Nicky's speech to the representatives of all estates

17 January 1895, St. Petersburg:

I am aware that recently in some *zemstvos* there have arisen the voices of people carried away by senseless dreams of taking part in the business of government.

Let everyone know that I will retain the principles of autocracy as firmly and unbendingly as my unforgettable late father.

He was not always so unbending. It depended on which minister was the last to speak to him. He continued to detest his duties. His repetitive lament is that he cannot spend enough time with Alix.

HMBook 4 ch 14-16 11/2/04A

456

Then, as the first winter of their marriage ~~passed into spring~~ *came to a good end*, many another good Victorian woman, began to develop symptoms. We counted on that. Symptoms were our stock-in-trade. Proper Victorian women were never easy to invest, but we could always send a shiver into their defense of personal virtue by touching their dreams with one or another unholy ~~of~~ *of* we, smelly thought. That was enough to spoil many a day in their marriages.

Nicky's diary, 9 April, 1895, St. Petersburg:

Unfortunately, dear Alix's headache continued all day. She did not go upstairs at all—neither to church nor to luncheon. I managed to read a lot of the papers that had accumulated. Had tea with my darling. Dined at 8 o'clock with Mama.

Nicky's Diary, 10 April 1895, St. Petersburg:

Dear Alix still has an unbearable pain in the temples and she was obliged to remain in bed, on my advice.

An ongoing headache, indeed! When intense enough to be characterized as migraine, these headaches spoke to us of the clear desire to commit murder—a desire guaranteed to baffle her by its total impossibility. I did not believe Alix had such sentiments toward her husband, but it was doubtless another match with her mother-in-law, the Empress Marie. That beautiful little brute had adored her poor dead husband for the best of reasons and one of them was that

HMBook 4 ch 14-16 11/2/04A

457

she was always an Empress. Now, still an Empress, she was also like that: such. She was an elevated widow. Already, the two women were developing sentiments they were obliged to pulverize in their minds.

Poor Nicky! He is bewildered by Alix's unhappy symptoms, haunted by the empty boredom, that is to say, the horror of endless official meetings, plus the fear of contending with the huge Grand Dukes, all four his overbearing uncles of whom Uncle Sergei, husband to Aunt Ella, is the most formidable. Writing to this uncle about the death of his father, Nicky cannot control himself.

Nicky to Sergei, 10 April 1895, St. Petersburg

Dear Uncle Sergei,

Sometimes, I confess, tears well up in my eyes at the thought of how carefree and lovely life could have been for me for many years to come, had it not been for October 20. But these tears reveal human weakness; these are tears of self-pity and I try to dry them as soon as possible and humbly fulfill my heavy and responsible duty to Russia.

He is so afraid of Uncle Sergei. For good cause. He had always sensed how jealous was Sergei of his brother Alexander, yet Sergei had always pretended to love his brother when, obviously, he did not. Already, I knew that if we were looking to pull off a mighty mischief, Sergei might be of assistance.

The young Tsar is much happier writing to Queen Victoria. He had charmed her years ago when he visited London. Everyone agreed that he had

4.8

*My sweet old darling manykins, Wifv loves you so deeply
and strongly, you are my one and my angels. what intense
happiness. . .ours. . .our very own. . .what happiness could*

HMBrok 4 ch 14-16 11/2/04A

450

be greater; only Wify must try and be as good and kind as possible lest another little person suffer for it. - big key.

This is June, but the baby will not be born until November. I am removing her body from contact with him until after the baby arrives. I was obliged to go back to the little mystery of the migraines.

In truth, the real problem was that I did not feel comfortable in my comprehension of their love. How much was exaggerated? None of us were ever ready to admit as much to ourselves, not certainly to the Maestre. But the presence of real love often introduced a dull spot upon the customary X-ray lens in our powers of analysis. We could penetrate every aspect of false love, we had, for that matter, not even the need to capture them as our clients. The state of being in love leaves the average man or woman wide open to angels and demons, to transports and to suspicions, beatitudes and/or heartbreaks. We are at the edge of the heart, indeed, some of the sharpest engagements ever fought

11M1Book 4 ch 14-16 11/2/04A

460

between the Cudgels and ourselves involve the ecstasies and viscidities that pullulate among lovers in the early stages. We are truly demons at converting the sensitivities of love to the all-out imperatives of lust where we are in command except for those special occasions when God decides lust will be beneficial for one of His chosen.

It is a curious contest. The angels have powerful sweets to offer and we know how to inspire jealousy, doubt, distrust, even momentary revulsion toward the beloved. I would say that we possess more improvisational skills than even the most gifted of the Cudgels, but we do lack one quality which I hesitate to confess, even hate to confess, although I must, or what I offer will make no great sense. It is that I know everything about love but Love itself. I can hardly bear to make such a confession but it is true. I can recall nothing of my existence as human, not even whether I ever did exist in that state, although for some reason I am certain that I was indeed, at one time, a man, but this I can save--I have

FIMBook 4 ch 14-16 11/2/04A

461

never known Love. I can even expatiate upon its properties and tendencies, its dilemmas, dissipations, even the reasons for its augmentation or disappearance. I can tell you everything about it except for some knowledge that seems to be missing at the core. It is that I cannot distinguish true love from its most developed and artistic substitutes.

Witness, then, my confusion before Nicky and, particularly, Alix. I could begin to comprehend him. Given his situation, he needed love the way others require blood.

But Alix? I could not say whether she was a rare if somewhat silly and tasteless princess, but truly in love, or whether her own rarefied species of amorous hysteria was a guide to extraordinarily intense heights of passion, pleasure, and devotion.

Given, however, that curious line in her letter, "Wifey must try and be as good and kind as possible lest another little person suffer for it. I came to a

FROM : nm

From: jnw@rediffmail.com Fax: 718-657-43702 Voice: 718-650-0892

FAX NO. : 508-4872135

To: Norman

DATE: 01/10/04 01:44 PM P.33

Subject: [REDACTED] 4 November 02, 01:44 2:15 PM

HMEBook 4 ch 14-16 11/2/04A

-62

conclusion. She was declaring a temporary moratorium on sex. On that
milk-run, I had watched many a pregnant woman enjoying the act even in their
eighth or ninth month. Of course, Alix was preparing for the heir-to-be born, the
next Tsar, and one wouldn't dare to bruise such development, but still--It had to
November! I leaned now to the hypothesis that she had strained mightily to rise
to the passionate heights she deemed necessary for this first period of their
marriage, but that done, and the heir-to-be now in place, she was ready to take a
rest, yes, we must not do it "lest another little person suffer."

FROM : nm

FAX NO. : 508487213E

DATE: 11/11/01 11PM F 34

From: jmwu@croft Fax: 718-626-3782 Voice: 718-858-4892

To: Norman

Page: 18 of 18 Date: 11/12/01 1:33 PM

HMBBook 4 ch 14-16 11/2/04A

463

-17-

I would not wish my readers to forget that the Romanovs are only present temporarily at the center of my interest ^{whereas} Adolf Hitler is the core of my motive in writing this book. So, it may be wise to remind ourselves that Kaiser Wilhelm II was also very much in Nicky's mind. This Kaiser, whom Hitler was later to look upon as the fool, who had helped to lose World War I for Germany, was still connected to Adolf by way of an English philosopher named Houston Chamberlain who was a great Wagnerite and married, indeed to Wagner's daughter, Winifred. In 1923, Hitler would meet him in Bayreuth, and Chamberlain, very much an elitist, a devoted racist, and an intense believer in

HMBBook 4 ch 14-16 11/2/04A

404

the putative superiority of the German soul, was happy--as Chamberlain's spirit--
to pass on the baton to Hitler. What Chamberlain had envisioned in his later
work--foundations of the Nineteenth Century--might now actually come to pass

through the exceptional if most uncharacteristic figure of ^{this} ~~that~~ new leader who
His vanity may easily have been intact
had been guided to pay a visit to a great mind. (Chamberlain was virtually on
None the less,
his death-bed when they met, ~~but~~ his support offered substance to Adolf

Chamberlain had been, after all, the intellectual who had been most favored
honored, and respected by Kaiser Wilhelm the Second whose own ideas (as will
be suggested in the next two letters) were waiting for a philosopher to enrich
them.

In September and October of 1895, on the 14th of the first month and the
13th of the next month, Alix's Uncle Willy wrote to the new Russian Tsar. His
English was not perfect, but his ideas were obviously not at all unimportant to
him.

HMBook 4 ch 14-16 11/2/04A

465

**Kaiser Wilhelm II to Nicky, 14 September 1895, Jagdhof
Romingen**

Dearest Nicky,

God knows that I have done all in my power to preserve the European Peace, but if France goes on openly or secretly encouraged like this to violate all rules of international courtesy and Peace in peacetime, one fine day, my dearest Nicky, you will find yourself nolens-volens suddenly embroiled in the most horrible of wars Europe ever saw. Which will be by the masses and by history perhaps be fixed on you as the cause of it. Pray don't be angry, if I perhaps hurt you quite unintentionally, but I think it my duty to our two countries and to you as my friend to write openly. Think of the awful responsibility for the shaking bloodshed.

**Now goodbye, dearest Nicky, best love to dear Alix, and believe me ever your fond devoted and faithful friend and cousin,
Willy**

Kaiser Wilhelm II to Nicky 13 October 1895

Neues Palais, Potsdam

Dearest Nicky,

That it is not the fact of a "Rapport" or friendship between Russia and France that make me uneasy—every sovereign is sole master of his country's interests and he shapes his policy accordingly—but the danger which is brought to our Principle of Monarchism through the lifting up of the Republic on a

HMBook 4 ch 14-16 11/2/04A

466

pedestal. The constant appearance of Princes, Granddukes, statesmen, generals at reviews, burials, dinners, races—with the head of the Republic or in his entourage makes Republicans— as such—believe that they are quite honest, excellent people with whom Princes can concoct and feel at home. Now what is the consequence in our different countries? The Republicans are Revolutionists de nature and treated—rightly so—as people who must be shot or hung, [but] they tell to our other loyal subjects, "Oh, we are no dangered bad men, look at France! There you see the Royalties hobnobbing with the Revolutionaires!" Don't forget that Faure—not his personal fault—sits on the throne of the King and Queen of France by the grace of God whose hearts Frenchman Republicans cut off. The blood of their Majesties is still on that country!

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

Your most devoted and affectionate friend and cousin,

Willy

There is no record of any reply by Nicky to these weighty warnings of

bloody wars and revolutions to come. It is possible that the new Tsar is paying

HMPook 4 ch 14-16 11/2/04A

4.7

no attention. Willy, after all, is a gloomy German. ^{according to A/14)} ~~By definition~~ the middle

are ^{always} full of foreboding and ^{Moreover} Nicky is concerned about Alix. She is more than

pregnant. Her belly is huge for so slim a woman. It is no common sight to

await the birth of an heir--the young bouncing male baby who will become the next (saratch,

to Nicholas II

It is the mark of their breeding, indeed, it is virtually the honor of their

Remains, that no disappointment is mouthed ~~or even suggested~~ when th :

infant is born. For it is ^{what} ~~a girl~~ ^{but} who comes forth, a strapping ten-pound female.

~~who is christened as Olga.~~

It does not matter to Ricky. His

~~Indeed, Nick's~~ love is so direct that his relief is pure. No matter the sex

of the infant--Alix is safe!

Nicky's Diary 3 November 1895 Tsarskoe Selo

A day I will remember forever. At exactly 9 o'clock

P.M. a baby was delivered and we all breathed a sigh

of relief. With a prayer we named the daughter from

HMLook 4 ch 14-16 11/2/04A

468

Almighty God "Olga!" When all the anxieties were over and the terrors had ceased, there was left simply a blessed feeling at what had come to pass. Thank God Alix came through childbirth well and felt quite alert in the evening.

He goes on. By the morning of the next day he is rhapsodizing

Nicky Diary 4 November 1895 Tsarskoe Selo
I can hardly believe it's really our child! God, what is happening? There was a mountain of telegrams

His sister, Xenia adds:

5 November 1895 Tsarskoe Selo
Alix looks very well and she is once more in good spirits. She is delighted that everything has turned out well. The little angel has a full head of black hair.

Nicky is fascinated by a few unexpected turns in infant nutrition

Nicky, Diary 5 November 1895 Tsarskoe Selo
The first attempt at breastfeeding took place and ended up with Alix successfully feeding the son of the wet-nurse while the latter gave milk to Olga.

IIMBook 4 ch 14-16 11/2/04A

149

Very funny! *more to do with it 11/1/08*

6 November 1895

**Thank God, all is well, but the baby does not want to
take her breast so we had to call the wet-nurse again.**

I was not surprised. I cannot speak for the Maestro, but few of our devils

will make the claim that they can interpret the sentiments of an embryo ~~evening~~

in the last months. There is a ^{bit} ~~little~~ we seem able to glean (for I expect it is to be

that these unbirthed creatures do express themselves in the last trimester through

their mothers' dreams.) I can offer that most babies are born with an affection or

an antipathy ^{toward} ~~for~~ the benevolent caretaker or ^{the} ~~surly~~ warden who constituted ^{the usual} ~~their~~

^{of their} ~~womb~~. That is exactly why women feel so desolate when their infants is refused

by their own babe.

Nonetheless, ^{these} ~~the~~ two women, the wet-nurse and the young Empress, are

doing their best to make the most of such embarrassment, as is Nicky ~~as well~~,

⁵ ~~and~~, oh, yes, it is very funny indeed. I expect Nicky is just human enough to tell

himself that huge little Olga has the sturdy instinct to wish to smell and taste the

HMFBook 4 ch 14-16 11/2/04A

470

paps of a strong Russian woman, even as the wet-nurse's suckling with but close
to a slim and lovely
~~of a queen just once in his young life.~~ And I, from my funds of cynicism to ask
at least

that the two women, so profoundly different, and never in any other ^{by} ^{meaning} manner able
to suggest cohabitation ~~to each other~~
to cohabit, nonetheless ~~and each other~~ attractive enough to enjoy this open yet
surreptitious connection of the flesh.

Less than half a year later, Alix has certainly resumed relations with
Nicky.

29 March St. Petersburg [in Alix's hand]
sweet precious Nicky mine, no words can express
how deeply I love you--more and more, day by day,
deeper--truer. Lovy sweet do you believe it, do you
feel hearty throb so quickly, and only for you, my husband

She has sent a new message to him: Nicky has been so good about the
birth of a princess rather than a prince, that Alix to her sweet surprise has had
a "hearty throb"
an orgasm (the moment he entered her, a novel event, or, at least, using my
perceptions as a devil ^{so do} I assume ~~that this is so~~). Let me admit that being obliged

HMB Book 4 ch 14-16 11/2/04A

471

only from
see them only at considerable distances in crowded halls or limited h
away

closest study of their letters, I must take a few chances in working up
order to develop

interpretations. Certain conclusions alter, therefore, change with time. Olga, for example, has come
same

to accept the given. At least in part. Once a day, she accepted her mother's breast.

KR, Diary, 10 April 1896, St. Petersburg

How sweet and friendly she is; it's only a pity that
the Empress
she finds it so difficult to overcome her shyness. At
the moment she is feeding once a day, in the morning,
while she has coffee with the Emperor; I asked when
exactly, before or after the coffee! She replied that the
infant feeds while she is drinking her coffee, how
delightful!

Actually, I could feel a shift of mood within the court. The coronation was
much

approaching, and a deep mood of elation, anxiety, hope and dread, was stirring.
The coronation of Nicholas II was approaching,
among them. It is safe to add that there could have hardly been a devil or angel

present who was not experiencing many of the same emotions. There is no time when

FROM : nm

From: jmw@wordcraft Fax: 718-674-3702 Voice: 718-458-0892

FAX NO. : 508-4872135

To: Norman

DATE: 11/2/04 TIME: 11:43 PM

Page: 1 of 1 Date: 11/2/04 Time: 11:43 PM

HMBook 4 ch 14-16 11/2/04A

473 + 773

we devils can / now can /
we feel as human, ~~and~~ crowds feel as demonic (and, on occasion, matter) is

before a great festival or ceremony.

Only the faintest echo of this appeared a few days earlier on April 7 when

Kaiser Wilhelm II wrote to Nicky from Coburg.

Dearest Nicky,

**It was my good fortune to help you secure
that charming and accomplished angel who is now
your wife. May God's blessing be on you both,
especially in the next month when you are going
to be crowned under admiring assistance of the world**

Your affectionate cousin and friend,

Willy

Or disbelieve them. He had wanted ^(26 to) the farm, he assumed it would not all be as good as it looked, and indeed, already that fine big cow who had been giving good milk every day had come down with udder trouble. ~~He had been trying to find out how to get the milk out of her~~

He even brought that up at the tavern in Fischelton. He did want to hear a few opinions on the merits of the two competing veterinarians in the district, if were calculated offering to the three farmers who were drinking beer with him. He had decided to start slow to be mild, to be modest, nothing could be worse than to be seen from the outset as a ~~paranoid~~ fool who threw his weight around. So he asked questions, he listened, with care, he felt a little closer to the truth of what they knew about his land.

When he told them that he had planted potatoes, they looked uneasy. It came out in the most indirect manner that he might have been wiser to stick to beets.

"I planned to put one acre in late that, but not this first year, I decided too much too soon."

Yes, they nodded. Yes, Farming and work, the oldest marriage of them all, they were ~~slow~~ ^{much more} slow people, then he had been used to lately,

yes, lately, which is to say the last (257)
forty-five years. It took half an hour
staring at the endorned wooden walls of
the tavern and the splinters in his hands
from the dried up wood of the bench he
shared; before they would come forward
with a hint or two that the land in which
he had planted potatoes would certainly
have been better in wheat because last year's
crop was wheat, and they spoke of a
variety of wheat whose genes were unfamiliar
to him, but that was what they were
sure had been planting for the last
three years. Not good ground for potatoes,
now. They did not say as surely they
just drew on their pipes and coughed their
beer and looked sad. What of all, he
could tell the sadness was hardly for
him, but to the sad tragedy to the earth
he now owned, a rich man, a winter before
trying to be a peasant.

Even the smell of the tavern was
unpleasant to him by now. He could not
quite locate the odor that mingled with
the beer but it was impure - sour milk?
old manure? a compost pile that had gone
wrong. What he wanted most about
the quiet ~~darkness~~ den - brown tobacco,
was that there was not even a smell of
celinapps in the air, nor not even a
scent or one town drunkard.

If the evening proved to be not altogether

a bar, however. ^{learning} ~~He~~ ^{from} the (258) names of a couple of agriculturists, who lived in the field, he would have met veterans who knew beer in his neighborhood and to console him further a full summer ^{from moon} ~~from moon~~ ^{out} ~~out~~ ^{almost a harvest} ~~almost a harvest~~ ^{of the beer} ~~of the beer~~ ^{was accompanied by the pleasure} ~~was accompanied by the pleasure~~ ^{usually gave him directly as he drank} ~~usually gave him directly as he drank~~ ^{it, but, given the bad night, merely gave} ~~it, but, given the bad night, merely gave~~ ^{him beer} ~~him beer~~ ^{to be dispersed now finding himself alone} ~~to be dispersed now finding himself alone ^{with the end of summer, he had to put} ~~with the end of summer, he had to put~~ ^{up with the disappointment of beer} ~~up with the disappointment of beer~~ ^{the three acres of potatoes} ~~the three acres of potatoes~~~~

FROM : nm

FAX NO. : 5084872132

10 01 11 11 PM F4

From: [mward@alt] Fm: 718-674-3792 Voice: 718-058-0892

To: Norman

Page 45 of 47 Forwarded: November 02, 2006 12:40 PM

HMBook 4 ch 14-16 11/2/04A

474

18-

Except for those occasions when we travel in the guise of human beings
and so much ~~bring~~ ^{we} bring along all the garments and assorted paraphernalia that attach
themselves to human ~~need~~ ^{we} and habit, we devils move quickly ~~and~~ are
unimpeded. Since I was ~~the equivalent of a soul~~ ^{in Russia} on the loose ^{with no physical}
embodiment to attend to, an ~~analytical~~ ^{in visible but} and inquisitive spirit sequestered in the
letters of the ~~peers~~ ^{the wrong}, the move of the St. Petersburg Court to Moscow for the
Coronation caused me no great difficulties ~~and~~ indeed, I was transferred early, so
to speak, to carry out my part of the mission I had earlier proposed to the

FROM : nm

FAX NO. : 5084872138

PH F45

From jmworcraft Fax 718-634-3782 Voice 718-634-0892

To: Norman

October 12, 1994 27:58 PM

HMPbook 4 ch 14-16 11/2/04A

-78

Maestro, precisely that we focus the full impetus of our effort on ~~the~~ ^{post coronation} event

that would follow the coronation

For that reason, my attendance at the great ~~event~~ ^{occasion} gave me no more

~~importance or~~ ^{if I were a common} sense of participation than a ~~spectator~~ ^{spectator}.

SENDING REPORT

Book 4 p. 463 only 11/1/04

YOUR LOGO : 10M OFF FAX
YOUR FAX NO. : 117 841 171 1

53

Your most devoted and affectionate friend and cousin

NO.	OTHER FACSIMILE	START TIME	USAGE TIME	CHARGE	DATE	COUSIN
01	15084872135	Oct. 29 02:41PM	00' 35"	END	00	

TO ~~Willy~~ OFF REPORT, PRESS 'MENU' #04 SET.
THEN SELECT OFF BY USING 'JOG-DIAL'.

FOR FAX ADVANTAGE ASSISTANCE, PLEASE CALL 1-800-HELP-FAX (435-7329).

There is no record of any reply by Nicky to these weighty writings:

~~so filled with a spirit of foreboding about~~ ^{of} bloody wars and revolutions to

come. It is possible that the new Tsar is paying no attention. Willy the

(By definition, such people are full of foreboding, and Nicky is a gloomy German and Alix is more than pregnant, her belly is huge)

It is no common anxiety to for so slim a woman. They are awaiting the birth of ^{the} heir, the young

male baby who will become the Tsarevitch to Nicholas II

It is the mark of their breeding, ~~indeed~~ ^{indeed} it is virtually the hope of the

Romanovs, that no disappointment is ^{mouthed or even} suggested when the infant is born.

For ^{it who comes forth female} is a girl, a strapping ten-pound ~~infant~~ who is christened as Olga.

Indeed, Nicky's love is so direct that his relief is pure. No matter the

sex of the infant--Alix is safe!

HMBBook 4 ch 14-16 10/29/04C

463

have one holy duty imposed on us by Heaven, that is to uphold the Principle

"von Gottes Gnaden." [by the grace of God.]

Your most devoted and affectionate friend and cousin

Willy

#

[illegible]

It is the mark of their breeding, instead
it is virtually the honor of the Romanovs;
^{no disappointment is suggested}
that ~~cannot~~ retain the infant in her.
For it is a girl, a strapping ten-pound
infant, ~~who is christened Olga~~

Indeed, Nicky's love is ~~so strong~~ that his relief is pure. No matter how ~~long~~ of the infant - Alex is safe!

→ 469

Nicholas diary & others 1891 to 1896 6/11/04

From p 463, it continues to p 473

#

Nicky's Diary 3 November 1895 Tsarskoe Selo

A day I will remember forever during which [cannot get] a very great deal

At about 2 o'clock Mama arrived from St. Petersburg and she and I went with

Alix the whole time. At exactly 9 o'clock P.M. a baby was delivered and we

all
breathed a sigh of relief. With a prayer we named the daughter from

Almighty God "Olga!" When all the anxieties were over and the terrors had

ceased, there was left simply a blessed feeling at what had come to pass.

Thank God Alix came through childbirth well and felt quite alert in the

evening. ~~I ate late at night and then when I went to bed, I fell asleep at once.~~

p. 130

#

He goes on. By morning of the next day
he is rhapsodizing,

#

→ ~~p 464~~ p 465

Note to Judith.
 A lot of the papers that follow are
 in number in the 70's. 74, et seq.
 the new numbers override them

FROM : nm

FAX NO. : 5084872136

FROM : JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. : 17186243782

Nicholas diary & others 1891 to 1896 6/11/04

Nicky Diary

4 November 1895

Tsaraskoe Selo

Clonup Double Star

~~She is a big baby weighing 10 pounds and measuring nearly 53 centimeters.~~

I can hardly believe it's really our child! God, what is happening?

~~At 6 o'clock, the whole family arrived for a service of thanksgiving. I lunched~~

~~alone with Mama. Alix spent the whole day lying in the native room for a~~

~~change. She ate well, so did the little darling.~~ There was a mountain of

telegrams.

~~P-130~~

His sister, Xenia, adds:

P 4K6

FROM : nm

FAX NO. : 5084872136

40 11 11 10 16PM F4

FROM : JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. : 17186243782

10 12 11 05 22PM P13

Nicholas diary & others 1891 to 1896 6/11/04

466 76

Xenia, Diary

5 November 1895

Tsarskoe Selo

Alix started feeding herself. During dinner, the wet-nurse brought her son to take her breast and we all took turns to go in and watch the spectacle. Through it, Nicky stood next to her, looking very satisfied.

Alix looks very well and she is once more in good spirits. ~~cannot get~~
She is delighted that everything has turned out well. The little angel has a full head of black hair!

p. 130

Nicky is fascinated with the a few
unexpected turns ~~in his~~ in his
nutrition?

#

467
P77

Nicholas diary & others 1891 to 1896 6/11/04

467 77

Nicky, Diary

5 November 1895

Tsarskoe Selo

The first attempt at breastfeeding took place and ended up with Alix

successfully feeding the son of the wet-nurse while the latter gave milk to

IND

Olga. Very Sunny!

(The small of the wet nurse's
a woman of the people (40s)
the gabbler soon released
at the 4-20 woman)

6 November 1895

Thank God, all is well, but the baby does not want to take her breast so we

had to call the wet-nurse again.

p 130

#

→ p 468

I was not surprised. These women with
lots of them women with no question
holding all these women
sentimental of motherhood
to maintaining their baby
trouble feeding their infant.

Dr. Alix's suffering to maintain
the feeding of the baby

#

(468) ~~18~~

If I was not surprised. I cannot speak for the Maestros, but ~~few of~~ our devils will make the claim that they can interpret the sentiments of an embryo - even in the last months there in a little we seem able to glean from ~~embryo~~ dreams (for I expect it is true that these ~~embryo~~ unborn creatures do express themselves through in the last trimester through their mother's dreams) ~~which is not~~ I can offer that most babies are born with an affection or an anticipation for the benevolent caretaker or early guardian who ~~constituted~~ ^{constituted} their womb. That is exactly why women feel so ~~desolate~~ desolate when their milk is refused by their own babe.

~~have it to do with~~ to look to solve the ~~problems of~~ ^{problems of} Maestros, the ~~two~~ two women, the wet-nurse and the young Empress are doing their best to make the most of ~~an~~ ^{an} ~~embarrassment~~ ^{embarrassment} ~~on~~ ^{on}

P469

(784)

Nicky ^{and, ch,} yes, it's all very funny ⁽⁴⁶⁹⁾ ~~70~~
 indeed. I suspect Nicky is just ⁽⁵⁰⁴⁾ ~~70~~
 young enough to tell himself that
 huge little ~~thing~~ Olga has the subtle gift
 to win to smell and taste the ^{paps} ~~papers~~
 a strong Russian ~~flavor~~ ^{flavor} ~~and~~
~~even as he~~ ^{though} ~~they~~ ^{will} be close
 to a queen just as ^{sure} as his young lady,
 And I, from my ^{fund} ~~point~~ of opinion,
 think that the two women, so profoundly
 different, and now in every other
 mannerable to admit, nonetheless
 find each other attractive enough
 to enjoy this open yet suggestive
 connection of the flesh.
 Less than half a year later, ^{Olga} ~~they~~
 have certainly resumed relations
 with Nicky.

Even as the
 wet-nurses
 suckling

~~70~~ 470

FROM : nm

FAX NO. : 5084872136

FROM : JMWORCRAFT

FAX NO. : 17186243782

10 34 17 18
20 21 22

N Diary 1896 10/29/04 ~~_____~~

Nicky, Diary, 29 March, St. Petersburg [in Alix's hand] sweet precious

470

Stalin

Nicky mine, no words can express how deeply I love you- more and more,

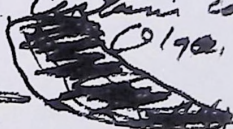
True

day by day, deeper--truer. Lovy sweet do you believe it, do you feel hearty

throb so quickly, and only for you, my husband

#

¶ She has sent a new message to him. ~~That her mother~~ already ~~and~~ why has been so good about this birth of a princess rather than a prince, that Alix to be sweet surprised ~~has~~ has had an orgasm the moment by enthralling as a novel want or at least using my prerogative as a dear, I ~~from~~ assume that this is ~~the~~ so. But we admit that being obliged to see them only at considerable distances in crowded halls, or limited to the closest study of their clothes, I must take a few chances in working up my interpretations. Certain conclusions change with ~~the~~ time. 1902, Jan



¶ ~~Further later, the~~ ~~example~~ ~~has~~ come to accept her given. at least in part. Once a day, ~~at least~~ in acceptance in their heart.

pp 81

N Diary 1896 10/29/04 partial

KR, Diary, 10 April 1896, St. Petersburg

How sweet and friendly she is; it's only a pity that she finds it so difficult to overcome her shyness. At the moment she is feeding once a day, in the morning while she has coffee with the Emperor; I asked when exactly, before or after the coffee! She replied that the infant feeds while she is drinking her coffee, how delightful!

Actually, [#] I could feel a shift of mood ~~in~~ at the Court. The coronation ~~was~~ approaching, and a deep mood of elation, anxiety, hope and dread, was stirring among them. It is safe to add that there could have hardly been a devil or angel present (and we were there by the thousands) who were not feeling many of the same emotions. There is no doubt ~~too~~ we feel as women and crowd feel and behave as (and, on occasion, I called) ~~as before~~ as before a great festival or ceremony. Only the faintest echo of them appeared a few days earlier in April, when Tsar Nicholas II wrote to his fiancée, Alexandra.

→ p. 80

FROM :nm

FAX NO. :5084872136

40 10 11 00 13PM FL

FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243732

40 12 13 12 13PM FL

N Diary 1896 10/29/04 partial

~~Kaiser Wilhelm II to Nicky, 7 April 1896, Coburg~~

Dearest Nicky,

It was my good fortune to help you secure that charming and accomplished angel who is now your wife. May God's blessing be on you both, especially in the next month when you are going to be crowned and admiring assistance of the world.

Your affectionate cousin and friend,

Willy

P473

17

Except for those occasions when 4 we travel in the guise of human beings and so must bring along all the garments and assorted paraphernalia ~~that~~ that allow themselves to human need and habit; we devote more quickly and are unimpeded. Since I was the recipient of a ~~letter~~ from the house with no pledged commitment to attend to, an analytical and argumentative spirit required in the letters of the ~~house~~, the move of the 9x Retaining Court to Morocco for the coronation caused me no great difficulties, and so ~~when~~ I was transferred ~~to the~~ early, not to speak, to carry out my part of the mission I had earlier proposed to the Abbot, providing them to we focus the full impetus of an effort on a certain event that would follow the coronation.

For that reason my attention at the great event gave me no more importance or sense of participation than a spectator.

He as uncomfortable as devotional services.
where the congregation of ^{the} church must
stand for hours while an interminable
liturgy and music continues, as painful
and sad and in the very confusion and
magnificence ^{in the very depths of the mystery} for which the deepest and
most melitative groans of Jesus Christ
~~from~~ ^{on} the Cross were there to be heard
all over again.

[illegible]

she was propped up against the wall and finally a chair was brought for her in which she was placed till required. Your Majesty's Lord Chamberlain was given a place just in front of the 'grands charges de la Cour' of whom there are 6 or 7 and who immediately precede the Emperor. This was intended as a special compliment to Your Majesty. The Marshal of the Court Prince Troubetskoi walked immediately before the Royal and Imperial families, carrying a gold staff 7 feet high, with a diamond crown at the top. It was not till 12.30 that the doors were opened and the King of Denmark left the Imperial procession with the Empress Marie - who was dressed in white, looking very pale and sad, but very calm and collected, and showing no signs of emotion - the Empress' courage has been wonderful all through this terrible time and it is to be hoped that she still may be able to bear up, when things resume their ordinary way.

The Emperor in a very plain uniform walked with the Bride who looked simply magnificent - on her head she wore a circlet of diamonds, with a diamond top which made it into a crown - 2 long curls (like the Princess of Wales used to wear) on her shoulders, a splendid necklace and ornaments - and an enormous mantle of cloth of gold, lined with ermine. She looked the perfection of what one would imagine an Empress of Russia on her way to the altar would be and moved along quite simply and with great dignity. She makes very marked bows with her head, when she greets anyone; and this is much noticed and appreciated. The Imperial and Royal families and guests followed in a very long procession - all together the trains being carried by pages - sons of good families dressed in red and gold with white breeches and long boots. Then the Grande Maitresse of whom the young ladies of the Court have great awe - the 'Dames de Portrait' who wear the Emperor's

McN ignore the question mark above

picture set in diamonds for long and faithful service - one maiden Lady Mlle. Barteniev is 77 and was Maid of Honour to Emperor Nicholas ! She is wonderfully preserved and is proud of her complexion: she is a sort of Russian Maria Marchioness of Aylesbury; and the Lord Chamberlain thinks she is a character. Talks a great deal and is made a good deal of.

The Procession got at last into the Church - which is not very large: and when the royal Party got inside the altar rails an enormous number of people including the 70 maids of honour crowded in, and the Ambassadors in consequence saw nothing and were not seen at all. The Ceremony was choral - no organ - and the voices superbly trained and wonderfully true, the Crowd getting denser every moment. The ring was placed on the Bride and Bridegrooms' fingers; and then they walked 3 times round the altar, and knelt in front of it - gold crowns being held over their heads the whole time. The Bride was proclaimed Empress at five minutes past one.

Carrington

Nicky, Diary - 15 November - Tsarskoe Selo

And so, I'm a married man! Happily, no one came to disturb us this morning - we answered our telegrams in peace! After coffee Mama came to visit us - she liked the decoration of our new rooms! We both prefer to sit in the corner one. We lunched at one. Went with Alix to the fortress, where we prayed at the tomb of dear unforgettable Papa; there were crowds of people! Rode my bicycle in the garden. At 5 o'clock the family came to visit us bringing presents for my Alix, and stayed for tea. She and I dined alone with Ernie, after which we accompanied him, Irène and Henry to the station. They left at 8.45. In the evening we sat upstairs reading letters from abroad until 11.

I now
had a letter
from the
wily King
who said that
he was in there
in the palace
and could
use them against
us. Or
so
he
said
in
the
past
it.

3 times
the twins

For the
Russians
these
maiden are
as powerful
as the heart
that visit
them
in the
past

super-annuated, His name involved ⁽⁴⁴⁾
 must often after funeral or celebration
 It was all about Jesus otherwise (and)
 given my recent and contemporaneous years
 in America as a young ~~German~~ ^{German} student?
~~my father named~~ ^{my father named} Dietrich, I can say it is
 still the same in half of that
 vast intricate technological land.
 "Pray," say half of the Americans, "if
 your ^{faith} is not in Jesus, then your
 are ⁱⁿ jeopardy." (Except that
~~some of the older ones~~ use the ^{as one possible} expression "dies-doo-doo" for
 spiritual peril.)

Forgive me, I digress. I am obviously
 not too far from American if I am
 so ill as to be reduced to writing
 this most subversive work. I can
 only add that I also felt out of my
 element in Russia ~~but~~ but for the
 reasons. They were so much more
 intense than the German and American
 with whom I was familiar then. One
 need only return to that grand
 ceremony when they ~~with~~ ^{with} those
 times around the altar. Yes, the D.K.

could we thank for the numerous
such members are as powerful
~~and so much as the other of the~~
~~faith and intimate brotherhood~~
faces of the hearts who were
them in their dreams. Yes, then,
we proclaiming the ~~Trinity~~, 4/20
4:19

Then thoughts, surrounded me of a
like dear sweet ^{little girl} ~~little girl~~, impersonal always
with her as yet undevoted for need &
content all before her — a rigid one
as the ^{but not to be} ~~reality~~ as an unopinionated
^{points} ~~points~~ — would with ~~another~~ ^{her}
month earlier, in 1994 when I baby
and she were first brothers, and
she sense of that her mother in - law,
Marie, that sweet little Dorothy
Emerson, the then Training would
be a thorn in her breast, as ~~she~~
~~as a brother of a small, unopinionated~~
~~in the family~~. On the 18th of May,
1894, Alice sent her message from
the Palais Edouard, Cologne ¹⁸⁹⁴.

Of "Darling Motherland"
"Nicky" tells me I may call
you so, oh thank you so much, you
are too kind and good to me. How

452
 I thank you enough for the magnificent present you were so awfully kind to send me. It is much too beautiful for me.

Later, after many thanks for the gift and the letter that accompanied it, ~~John~~ Alex writes "He is in Church now, and whilst he is kneeling there, my thoughts and prayers are with him. With God's help, I will soon learn to love his Religion too, and I am sure he will help me. But I must not bother you with a long letter.

With very fond love to dear Father, I am, Darling little Mother dear,

Yours deeply affectionate and

Dutiful Child, Alex.

If I had to smile at the reference to Darling little Mother dear, Alex was still so simple that she did not really know much beautiful women who are short & little being reminded of it? by beautiful women who are tall? Or was Alex en route to dubbing the Empress Marie already?

Alix and attending to the papers brought by the last courier.

22 October.

Last night we had to carry Papa's body downstairs, as unfortunately, it has rapidly begun to decompose. Thank God, dear Mama is completely calm and is bearing her sorrow in a truly heroic way! I did nothing but answer the pile of telegrams.

24 October.

The day was grey—as it was in our hearts! I still cannot bring myself to go into the corner room where dear Papa's body is lying—he is so changed since being embalmed. I cannot bear to dispel the wonderful impression of the first day!

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

My dear Nicky,

May Heaven comfort you in your grief and give you strength for your heavy duties, and may a long and peaceful reign give you the opportunity of looking after the welfare of your subjects. The sympathy and real grief at the so untimely end of your lamented father in my country will have shown you how strong the monarchical instinct is and how Germany feels for you and your

a completely new life has started for me. I cannot thank God enough for the treasure He has sent me in my wife. I am immeasurably happy with my darling Alix and feel that we will remain as happy together until the end of our lives.

On the 26th of November, off by themselves in Tsarskoe Selo, he remarks,

Such a dear place for us both; for the first time since our wedding we have been able to live alone and live truly soul-to-soul,

Immediately this is followed by Alix's reaction to reading these words of love. She adds to his diary:

Never did I believe there could be such utter happiness in this world, such a feeling of unity between two mortal beings. I love you---those three words have my life in them.

On the next day she adds,

*At last united, bound for life, and when this life is ended,
we meet again in the other world to remain together for
all eternity.*

I was overcome with her assurance, her ignorance, her monumetal confidence. She was so certain that they lived with a joint passport to the hereafter. Yet, on December 14, a bit more than two weeks later, he wrote:

**Today it is one month since we married—strange to
say, I am only just beginning to get used to the idea!
My love for Alix keeps growing!**

~~I had to ask myself~~ what vertiginous degrees of self-intoxication were being brewed ~~by them~~. Rarely had I encountered newly-weds who were as infatuated. Like very young lovers, they had no need to distinguish between the wild honey of first sex and the nectars of true love. But Nicky, after all, was twenty-six, and no neophyte, not to sex. (His military days had offered ^{expected} their predictable bounty.) In contrast, Alix was very much a virgin ^{she possessed} with the

^{the} usual host of imaginative fears, plus the prodigious woe of losing her mother at the age of six. Add her religious intensity and her social timidity—I found it difficult on the basis of these letters to accept her romantic intensity at the full

value of her words. They were so over-ventilated with the absolute necessity to be profoundly in love.

Of course, I could not be certain. He was the Emperor of a vast land teeming with deep spirits and untamable barbarians. He could not pass by a copse of forest without thinking that this loveliness was his land. His Land. He was one of the chosen of God. And all the while he felt small, unworthy, and so unready. How, then, could he (He?) fail to aggrandize His Love? He was like a booze-hound who will go mad if he cannot find a drink. Love was ~~the~~ mountain on which he must always be climbing upward.

If I had been capable of real compassion instead of possessing the keen ability to simulate its presence for my clients whenever they were in need, I could have felt sorry for Nicholas the Second.

Yet, still, I could come to no firm conclusions, not from this study of their letters in 1894. There was still the damnable question pending—what was the Dummkopf up to? It was conceivable that in His Desire to make their marriage transcendentally effective in its beatitude, God was supplying them with the most incredible physical ecstasies. How could I know? I could not come near. I had only those stolen fragments from their letters, and the hypothesis that if God was going to choose a Tsar, He would be ready to ~~offer~~ ^{offer} *offer*

An ongoing headache, indeed! When intense enough to be characterized as migraine, these headaches spoke to us of the clear desire to commit murder-- a desire guaranteed to baffle her by its total impossibility. I did not believe Alix had such sentiments toward her husband, but it was doubtless another matter with her mother-in-law, the Empress Marie. That beautiful little brunette had adored her poor dead husband for the best of reasons and one of them was that she was always an Empress. Now, still an Empress, she was also less than such: She was ~~an~~ ^(no more than a high) elevated widow. Already, the two women were ^{the milks of} developing sentiments they were obliged to pulverize in their minds.

Poor Nicky! He is bewildered by Alix's unhappy symptoms, haunted by the empty boredom, that is to say, the horror of endless official meetings, plus the fear of contending with the huge Grand Dukes, ^{all of} ~~all four~~ his overbearing uncles of whom Uncle Sergei, husband to Aunt Ella, is the most formidable. Writing to this uncle about the death of his father, Nicky cannot control himself.

Nicky to Sergei, 10 April 1895, St. Petersburg

Dear Uncle Sergei,

Sometimes, I confess, tears well up in my eyes at the thought of how carefree and lovely life could have been for me for many years to come, had it not been for October 20.

But these tears reveal human weakness; these are tears of self-pity and I try to dry them as soon as possible and humbly fulfill my heavy and responsible duty to Russia.

He is so afraid of Uncle Sergei. For good cause. He had always sensed how jealous was Sergei of his brother ^{the Tsar Alexander III} Alexander, yet Sergei had always pretended to love ^{him} his brother when, obviously, he did not. ^{Or so I was told by the local doctors.} Already, I ~~know~~ ^{had decided} that if we were looking to pull off a mighty mischief, Sergei might be of assistance.

The young Tsar is much happier writing to Queen Victoria. He had charmed her years ago when he visited London. Everyone agreed that he and her son George looked so much alike, and George was heir to her throne, should Victoria ever get around to dying.

Nicky to Queen Victoria, May 10 1895, St. Petersburg
... In answer to your second letter mentioning the articles about England in the Russian papers, I must say I cannot prevent people from putting their opinion openly in the newspapers. How often have I not been worried to read in English gazettes rather unjust statements in connexion with my country! Even books are being constantly sent to me from London, misinterpreting our actions in Asia, on interior politics, etc. I am sure there is as little hostility intended in these writings as there is in the above mentioned ones.

Nicky

By the middle of May, Alix was free of the migraines and could enjoy the weather again.

*Nicky, Diary, 14 May 1895, St. Petersburg: [in Alix's hand]
A half year now that we are married, how immensely happy
you have made your Wify you cannot think. God bless you,
my own, true, beloved husband—daily purer, stronger, deeper.*

She is also pregnant, and in another entry in Nicky's diary on June 10, she adds:

*My sweet old darling manykins, Wify loves you so deeply
and strongly, you are my one and my angels, what intense
happiness. . .ours. . .our very own. . .what happiness could
be greater; only Wify must try and be as good and kind as
possible lest another little person suffer for it. A big kiss.*

This is June, but the baby will not be born until November. Is Alix removing her body from contact with him until after the baby arrives? I was obliged to go back to the little mystery of the migraines.

In truth, the real problem was that I did not feel comfortable in my comprehension of their love. Again and again, I had to ask:) How much was exaggerated? None of us were ever ready to admit as much to ourselves, not certainly to the Maestro, but the

HMBunk 4 ch 14-18 11/4/04

463

presence of real love often introduced a dull spot upon the customary clear lens in our powers of analysis. We could penetrate every aspect of false love, we ^{have such people} had, for that matter, not even the need to ~~capture them~~ as ~~our~~ clients--the state of being in love leaves the average man or woman wide open to angels and demons, to transports and to suspicions, beatitudes and/or heartbreaks. ~~All are~~ ^{at the edge of the heart.} Indeed, some of the sharpest engagements ever fought between the Cudgels and ourselves involve the ecsasties and viscissitudes that pullulate among lovers in the early stages. We are truly demons at converting the sensitivities of love to the all-out imperatives of lust where we ^{come into} ~~are in~~ command except for those special occasions when God decides lust will be beneficial for one of His chosen.

It is a curious contest. The angels have powerful sweets to offer, and we know how to inspire jealousy, doubt, distrust, even momentary revulsion toward the beloved. I would say that we possess more improvisational skills than even the most gifted of the Cudgels, but we do lack one quality which I hesitate to confess, even hate to confess, although I must, or what I offer will make no great sense. It is that I know everything about love but Love itself. I can hardly bear to make such a confession but it is true. I can recall nothing of my existence as human, not even whether I ever did exist in that state, although

for some reason I am certain that I was indeed, at one time, a man, but this I can say--I have never known Love. I can even expatiate upon its properties and tendencies, its dilemmas, dissipations, even the reasons for its augmentation or disappearance, I can tell you everything about it except for some knowledge that seems to be missing at the core. It is that I cannot distinguish true love from its most developed and artistic substitutes.

Witness, then, my confusion before Nicky and, particularly, Alix. I could begin to comprehend him. Given his situation, he needed love the way others require blood.

But Alix? I could not say whether she was a rare if somewhat silly and tasteless princess, but truly in love, or whether her own rarefied species of amorous hysteria was ^{hiding an} ~~a~~ guide to extraordinarily intense heights of ^{the} passion, to control every aspect of pleasure, and devotion.

Given, however, that curious line in her letter, "Wife must try and be as good and kind as possible lest another little person suffer for it," I came to a conclusion. She was declaring a temporary moratorium on sex. On many a milk-run, I had watched many a pregnant woman enjoying the act even in ^{her} ~~their~~ eighth or ninth month. Of course, Alix was preparing for the heir to be born, the next Tsar, and one wouldn't dare to bruise such development, but still!--

no sex from

(June to November! I leaned now to the hypothesis that she had strained mightily to rise to the passionate heights she deemed necessary for this first period of their marriage, but that done, and the heir-to-be now in place, she was ready to take a rest, yes, we must not do it "lest another little person suffer."

-17-

I would not wish my readers to forget that the Romanovs are only present temporarily at the center of my interest, whereas Adolf Hitler is the core of my motive in writing this book. So, it may be wise to remind ourselves that Kaiser Wilhelm II was also very much in Nicky's mind. This Kaiser, whom Hitler was later to look upon as the fool who had helped to lose World War I for Germany, was still connected to Adolf by way of an English philosopher named Houston Chamberlain who was a great Wagnerite and married, indeed, to Wagner's daughter, Winifred. In 1923, Hitler would meet him in Bayreuth, and Chamberlain, very much an elitist, a devoted racist, and an intense believer in the putative superiority of the German soul, was happy ~~as Chamberlain saw it to pass on the baton to Hitler. What Chamberlain had~~ ^{to}

envisioned in his master work--Foundations of the Nineteenth Century--might

now actually come to pass through the exceptional if most uncharacteristic figure of this new leader who ^{was ready} had been guided to pay a visit to a great mind.

Chamberlain's

His ^{by} vanity may still have been intact, but Chamberlain was virtually on his death-bed when they met. Nonetheless, his support offered substance to Adolf. Chamberlain had been, after all, the intellectual who had been most favored, honored, and respected by Kaiser Wilhelm the Second whose own ideas (as will be suggested in the next two letters) were waiting for a philosopher to enrich them.

In September and October of 1895, on the 14th of the first month and the 13th of the next month, Alix's Uncle Willy wrote to the new Russian Tsar. His English was not perfect, but his ideas were obviously not at all unimportant to him.

**Kaiser Wilhelm II to Nicky, 14 September 1895, Jagdhaus
Römingen**

Dearest Nicky,

God knows that I have done all in my power to preserve the European Peace, but if France goes on openly or secretly encouraged like this to violate all rules of international courtesy and Peace in peacetime, one fine day, my dearest Nicky, you will find yourself nolens-volens suddenly embroiled in the most

horrible of wars Europe ever saw. Which will be by the masses and by history perhaps be fixed on you as the cause of it. Pray don't be angry, if I perhaps hurt you quite unintentionally, but I think it my duty to our two countries and to you as my friend to write openly. Think of the awful responsibility for the shaking bloodshed.

Now goodbye, dearest Nicky, best love to dear Alix, and believe me ever your fond devoted and faithful friend and cousin,
Willy

Kaiser Wilhelm II to Nicky 13 October 1895

Neues Palais, Potsdam

Dearest Nicky,

That it is not the fact of a "Rapport" or friendship between Russia and France that make me uneasy—every sovereign is sole master of his country's interests and he shapes his policy accordingly—but the danger which is brought to our Principle of Monarchism through the lifting up of the Republic on a pedestal. The constant appearance of Princes, Granddukes, statesmen, generals at reviews, burials, dinners, races—with the head of the Republic or in his entourage makes Republicans—as such—believe that they are quite honest, excellent people with whom Princes can concoct and feel at home. Now what is the consequence in our different countries? The Republicans are Revolutionists de nature and treated—rightly so—as people who

must be shot or hung, [but] they tell to our other loyal subjects, "Oh, we are no dangered bad men, look at France! There you see the Royalties hobnobbing with the Revolutionaires!" Don't forget that Faure—not his personal fault—sits on the throne of the King and Queen of France by the grace of God whose heads Frenchman Republicans cut off. The blood of their Majesties is still on that country!

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

There is no record of any reply by Nicky to these weighty warnings of bloody wars and revolutions to come. It is possible that the new Tsar is paying no attention. Willy, after all, according to Alix, is a gloomy German. Such people are always full of foreboding. Moreover, Nicky is concerned about Alix. She is more than pregnant. Her belly is huge for so slim a woman. It is no common anxiety to await the birth of an heir--the young bouncing male baby who will become the next Tsarevitch to Nicholas II.

It is the mark of Romanov breeding, however--indeed, it is virtually their honor, that no disappointment is mouthed when the infant is born. What comes forth but a strapping ten-pound female.

It does not matter to Nicky. His love is so direct that his relief is pure. No matter the sex of the infant--Alix is safe!

Nicky's Diary 3 November 1895 Tsarskoe Selo

A day I will remember forever. At exactly 9 o'clock P.M. a baby was delivered and we all breathed a sigh of relief. With a prayer we named the daughter from Almighty God "Olga!" When all the anxieties were over and the terrors had ceased, there was left simply a blessed feeling at what had come to pass. Thank God Alix came through childbirth well and felt quite alert in the evening.

He goes on. By the morning of the next day he is rhapsodizing.

Nicky Diary 4 November 1895 Tsarskoe Selo

I can hardly believe it's really our child! God, what is happening? There was a mountain of telegrams

His sister, Xenia adds:

5 November 1895 Tsarskoe Selo

Alix looks very well and she is once more in good spirits. She is delighted that everything has turned out well. The little angel has a full head of black hair.

Nicky is fascinated by a few unexpected turns in infant nutrition.

Nicky, Diary 5 November 1895 Tsarskoe Selo

The first attempt at breastfeeding took place and ended up with Alix successfully feeding the son of the wet-nurse while the latter gave milk to Olga.

Very funny!

6 November 1895

Thank God, all is well, but the baby does not want to take her breast so we had to call the wet-nurse again.

I was not surprised. I cannot speak for the Maestro, but few of our devils will make the claim that they can interpret the sentiments of an embryo in the last months. There is ^{however} a bit we seem able to glean ^{for} I expect it is true that these unborn creatures ^{can} express themselves ^{would} (in the last trimester) through their mothers' dreams. ^{come into the light of the} I can offer that most babies ^{are born} with an affection or an antipathy toward the benevolent caretaker or the surly warden who

Dying room

so recently
constituted the walls of their womb. That is exactly why women feel so desolate when their milk is refused by their own babe.

Nonetheless, these two, the wet-nurse and the young Empress, are doing their best to make the most of such embarrassment. As is Nicky. Oh, yes, it is very funny indeed. I expect Nicky is just human enough to tell himself that huge little Olga has the sturdy instinct to wish to smell and taste the paps of a strong Russian woman, even as the wet-nurse's suckling will be close to a slim and lovely queen at least once in his young life. And I, from my funds of cynicism think that the two women, so profoundly different, and never by any other means able to suggest cohabitation, nonetheless, enjoy this open yet surreptitious connection of the flesh.

Less than half a year later, Alix has certainly resumed relations with Nicky.

*29 March St. Petersburg [in Alix's hand]
sweet precious Nicky mine, no words can express
how deeply I love you--more and more, day by day,
deeper--truer. Lovy sweet do you believe it, do you
feel hearty throb so quickly, and only for you, my husband*

She has sent a new message to him: Nicky has been so good about the birth of a princess rather than a prince, that Alix to her sweet surprise has had

an orgasm, a "hearty throb," the moment he entered her, a novel event, or, at least, using my perceptions as a devil, so do I assume. Let me admit that being obliged to see them only from a most considerable distance away in crowded halls, or else limited to the closest study of their letters, I must take a few chances in order to develop my interpretations. Certain conclusions alter, therefore, with time. Olga, for example, has come to accept the given. At least in part. Once a day, she accepts her mother's breast.

KR, Diary, 10 April 1896, St. Petersburg

How sweet and friendly she is; it's only a pity that she finds it so difficult to overcome her shyness. At the moment she is feeding once a day, in the morning while she has coffee with the Emperor; I asked when exactly, before or after the coffee! She replied that the infant feeds while she is drinking her coffee, how delightful!

Actually, I could feel a shift of mood within the court. Elation, anxiety, hope, and much dread, was stirring. The Coronation of Nicholas II was approaching. It is safe to add that there could have hardly been a devil or angel present who was not experiencing many of the same emotions. There is no

time when we devils can feel as human, nor can crowds feel as demonic (and, on occasion, exalted) as before a great festival or ceremony.

Only the faintest echo of this appeared a few days earlier on April 7 when Kaiser Wilhelm II wrote to Nicky from Coburg:

Dearest Nicky,

**It was my good fortune to help you secure
that charming and accomplished angel who is now
your wife. May God's blessing be on you both,
especially in the next month when you are going
to be crowned under admiring assistance of the world.**

Your affectionate cousin and friend,

Willy

FROM : nm

FAX NO. : 5084272138

2:3 PM '91

FROM : JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. : 17195243782

3:1 PM '91

HMBBook 4 ch 14-18 11/8/04

475

-18-

Except for those occasions when ^{we) are sent out} devils travel as men and women and so

^{accompany ourselves with} must bring along the garments and paraphernalia that ^{are a hassle?} attach themselves to human

habit, ^{with} we usually move quickly. Since I was on the loose in Russia with no

physical embodiment to attend to, ~~no more and no less an invisible spirit~~

~~sequestered in the letters of the crown~~ the move of the St. Petersburg Court to

Moscow for the Coronation caused me no great difficulties. Indeed, I transferred --- ?

-18-

Except for those occasions when devils travel as men and women and so must bring along the garments and paraphernalia that attach themselves to human habit, we usually move quickly. Since I was on the loose in Russia with no physical embodiment to attend to, no more and no less an invisible spirit sequestered in the letters of the crown, the move of the St. Petersburg Court to Moscow for the Coronation caused me no great difficulties. Indeed, I transferred in advance to prepare my part of the mission, precisely the part I had earlier proposed to the Maestro when I suggested that we focus the full weight of our

effort on a separate festival that was scheduled to follow the Coronation four days later.

For that reason, my attendance at the major occasion was minimal. I was hardly of more importance than any other spectator. Since I was, however, to hear a good deal from several devils about the separate stages of the religious ceremony itself on May 14, 1896 (Old-Style Calendar), I can offer a competent account, but on May 9 when Nicholas II and Alexandra made their entrance into the Kremlin from their temporary residence (May 6 to May 9) in Petrovsky Park, I did witness a good deal.

The procession as it made its way up Tverskaya Street, extended from the southern outskirts of Moscow to the center, a spectacle of which only a partial sense can be offered by this excerpt from KR's Diary.

This might be satisfactory if it were not so perfunctory. An incalculable amount of calculation had gone into every detail over the ten days in May that were devoted to the Coronation. The highest ministers of state had debated among themselves over the diplomatic and economic necessities that must be catered to—half of the uniformed and diplomatic cadres of the world were to be guests. Delegations came from every European country and from more than half of Asia, as well as the United States, no mean trip from Korea, Arabia, Siam, or Australia, but then, this Coronation had a model—the ceremonies surrounding the majestic entry of Louis XIV into Reennes in 1654, so on came the processions for this event in full panoply to exhibit to the world all the exceptional resources and separate peoples of the Russian Empire, on came the Cossacks with their tunics in scarlet, their silver epaulettes, their blue pants, their black boots, their black and silver caps, on came their Asiatic princes from

What exultation! The first salute sounded signaling that the Tsar had left Petrovsky Palace, the bells rang out even more joyfully. Everyone removed their hats and crossed themselves. And then through the Spassky gates, the head of the procession came into sight, His Majesty's own escort, then the sovereign cossacks, behind them the Tsar's hunt, the court musicians and finally the golden coaches. The procession stretched for a long, long way, the court liveries, the golden coaches and carriages, the embroidered uniforms, the horses covered with golden cloths. The Emperor appeared on a white horse holding his hat in his hand. Without waiting for his greeting, the troops welcomed him with an enormous roar.

In the crowd, many were praying, many made the sign of the cross as the Emperor passed. The Empress Marie cried the whole time in her golden carriage. It was too painful for her to remember how 13 years ago she had participated in the same celebration with her beloved husband.

remote and unpronounceable regions, barbarians conquered over the centuries by the bravery of the Romanov's best troops, then Court footmen, courtiers, imperial huntsmen. One official band followed another and in an endless procession. A note was struck by the highest officials, the two Grand Masters of the Coronation Ceremonies, the Arch Grand Master and his court, twelve Chamberlains and twenty-five Gentlemen of the Chamber, not to speak of the voluminous new committee members of the foreign courts, the Marshalls of the Court, and all the members of the Council of Empire followed by the regiments of the Royal Army, then Nicky himself, born, as everyone was whispering, on the sixth of May in 1868. Nothing less than the Orthodox Feast Day of St. Job the Sufferer. Be certain we had no small hand in reminding as many as we could of how momentous a birthday was May Sixth.

Be it said that Nicky was more than aware of this. Even in the happy first days of their betrothal, he had warned her. He could do no less. It was his duty.

And she had replied that it would now be her duty to stand beside him.

Together, in union with each other, they could treat all bad omens as simply more tests of their ability to go beyond the given. God had wanted them to come together, Alix told him, so that they might learn how great were the powers of transcendence.

All this I learned and more through a shift in the given. Never, as I have related, had there been in my experience so great a cordon of security arrayed around any other human being. Just so closely were Nicky and Alix now protected. Yet, by the day he rode his favorite English mare all the way from Petrovsky Park to the Spasky Gates of the Kremlin, I obtained at least some small species of entry into his mind. It seems that the Cudgels had not

succeeded altogether in blockading every approach to Nicky, no, ten years ago when he was an eighteen-year-old cadet, he had had a short but dependably lustful set of encounters with one of the Maestro's long-term devils who coupled with Nicky in the form of a female prostitute. It was all done before the Cidgels were ready to devote these latter-day efforts to protect him. So the Maestro had opened a small and much constricted passage into Nicky's soul—how many skirmishes and small wars must gone on over the last ten years whenever the D.K. sent a cohort of His angels to block it off completely, and with what skill must the Maestro have exhibited to keep it open at all.

My honor—which is to say—my now much-improved sense of my value to the Maestro was that he had invited me to use this invaluable passage during the two hours it would take Nicholas the Second to parade up Tverskaya Street to the Kremlin. How many other prominent devils were included I cannot say.

My orders were explicit. I was to bask in this privilege and no more. I was to pick up whatever memories and passing thoughts were in Nicky's head. I was, however, to attempt nothing more. The passage was too narrow. A forceful effort here—powerful enough to cause headache—would bring the Cudgels down on us.

I had no question. I obeyed. It was indeed a privilege. On the other hand, there were few surprises. My close study of the letters had prepared me to live for an hour with the passing events of his mind.

I was to a degree disappointed although that was to be expected. On the basis of the letters, it was obvious that he was no extraordinary fellow—decent within his limitations, but in his way, remarkable. When in the military, he had risen, given his advantages, to attain the rank of Colonel in the Life Guards, and it is curious that as he set out on the Processional, he now saw himself as just

that, a Colonel. I must say he knew himself well enough to recognize that he would have been happier if he could have spent his life as a respected field officer, and the roaring enthusiasm of the troops as they exchanged salutes with him, came to him both as a joy and as a pang. The Crown was going to be placed on his head in five days, and then he would not ever be able to give full rein to his many memories as a young officer.

To my surprise, these thoughts were libidinous. If the Maestro had installed one devil of a whore in his heart, she was still calling to him. He could only respond with memories, but his sense of the ridiculous was not altogether missing—each great cheer arrived from the crowd only to be equalled by this tumult in his groin. Even his English mare felt it. She was prancing with a new set of steps on this morning, this wonderful horse with her exquisite sense of dressage.

Yet another minute passed and he was drowned in gloom. He was reminded again of the dire meaning of his birthday. What woe for a monarch to be born on the Feast Day of St. Job the Sufferer. Yes, the suffering of Job. Whatever had God intended for Job? Why had He scourged Job's thoughts and his body with such suffering? Once the Crown was on his head, he would no longer be a true Colonel in the Life Guards, no, his wisdom could only look to God for guidance and yet Job had also looked and prayed and his suffering continued.

Yet in this moment, recipient of thoughts which came to me, I must confess, in highly blurred fashion, I was struck by how quickly his mood lifted.

How could it not? I will speak later of the decorations that had been put upon the face of all these old buildings on Tverskaya Street, but Moscow had the radiance on this morning of an old lady who was never beautiful but on this day,

she is, and it is therefore such a rare beauty. Every harsh line in the place, and how harsh was the face of Moscow to Nicky, seemed nonetheless on this morning of extravagant good weather, to have been erased. Moscow was beautiful, which occasioned Nicky to think of his hunting days and his love of hunting. Even Alexander III, his own great father, had seen fit to compliment him on his prowess as a hunter, and he had blushed on receiving that rare compliment and gave his praise to his hunting dogs, whereupon Tsar Alexander had said, "You can measure a man by his dogs."

Yes, let the Almighty see him as the loyallest of His dogs.

~~At Diary 1896 10/29/04 partial~~

~~RR Diary, 1896~~

What exultation! ~~A mass of people, the stands were crowded with~~

~~spectators, the top rows taken up with thousands of volost (smaller)~~

~~(administrative) and representatives, the chime of bells filled the air. The first~~

~~salute sounded, signaling that the Tsar had left Petrovskaya palace the bell~~

~~ring out even more joyfully, everyone removed their hats and crossed~~

themselves. And then through the Spasky gates, the head of the procession

came into sight--~~the gendarmes headed them~~, His Majesty's own escort, then

the sovereign cossacks, behind them the Tsar's hunt, the court mustangs, and

finally the golden coaches.

~~The procession stretched for a long, long way. Now there was at least~~

~~the Emperor and Empresses had stopped to pray at the Iverskaya. The~~

~~procession proceeded on again. the court liveries, the golden coaches, and~~

carriages, the embroidered uniforms, the horses covered with golden cloth.

The Emperor appeared ~~through the Spasky gates~~ on a white horse, holding his

hat in his hand. ~~We also gave a huge cheer. The Tsar did not manage to~~

~~salute the troops.~~ Without waiting for his greeting, ~~they~~ ^{the troops} welcomed him with a

enormous roar.

P89

FROM : JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. : 508487213E

FAX NO. : 17186243782

N Diary 1896 10/29/04 partial

~~KR Diary 9 May 1896 the morning~~

H In the crowd, many were praying, many made the sign of the cross as the Emperor passed. The Empress Marie cried the whole time in her golden carriage. It was too painful for her to remember how 13 years ago she had participated in the same celebration with her beloved husband.

[illegible]

For this purpose, I have called upon all the exceptional resources of the Russian Empire, and have the honor to

with their tunics in scarlet, their
~~their blouses~~ ^{their blouses} their black hats, their
 black and silver ^{caps} on some, ^{princes}
 Prince from remote and ^{unfamiliar} regions,
 Hacharian, ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar}
^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar}
^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar}
 One official hand followed another ^{in an endless}
^{in an endless} ^{in an endless} ^{in an endless} ^{in an endless} ^{in an endless}
 struck by the highest officials, the
 two Grand Masters of the Coronation
 Ceremony, the Arch Grand Master of the
 Court, twelve chamberlains and twenty-five
 Gentlemen of the Chamber, not to speak of
 the voluminous ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar}
 of the foreign courts, the ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar}
 Court, and all the members of the ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar}
 Council of the Empire followed by the
 remnants of the ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar}
 himself, born, as everyone was
 whispering on the sixth of May in 1900,
 nothing less than the Orthodox ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar}
 Day of St. Job, the ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar}
 we had no small hand in ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar}
 as many as at could of ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar}
 a birthday was May Sixth.

Be it said that ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar}
 than aware of this. ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar}
 happy first days of their ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar}
 he had wanted her. ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar}
 no less. It was his duty, and ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar}
 had replied that it would ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar}
 her duty to stand ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar}
 together, ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar} ^{unfamiliar}

could trust all bad men, and no more tests of their ability to go beyond the given. God had wanted them to come together, and told him that they might learn how great love the power of true endurance.

- all this I learned and more things, a shift in the given. Many ^{in my experience} related, had there been so great a cord of security as ^{just} a common bond. Other human beings ^{and} a cloudy one, Wicky and Alex ^{protected} by the day he rode ~~back home~~ his feathers. The English were all the way from Detroit to Park to the Sparrows, and of the Kremlin, I of course at least some small species into his mind. It seems that the Cudgels had not been successful altogether in ~~opportunity~~ ^{what had} was a ^{female} approach to Wicky, and ~~the~~ ^{that} ten years ago when he was an eightless year old cat. He had had a short but defendably, but the set of encounters with one of the ^{female} long-term devils who ^{female} Wicky in the form of ^{female} protection. It was all done before the Cudgels were ready to devote their latter day efforts to protect him. So, the ~~last~~ ^{last} small and much constructed part of Wicky's soul - how many it shivered and small ^{and} ^{and}

could treat all bad men, as was
more tests of their ability to go beyond the given. God had wanted them to come together, and told him that they might learn how great love is, the power of of transference.

4/8/01
All this I learned and more, through a shift in the given. Never as I may related, had there been so great a cord of security among a crowd of other human beings so closely united, rich and all protected. It is by this day he rode on a horse, his feet were sea English, more all the way from Detroit back to the Spawning grounds of the Kremlin, I believe at least some small species into his mind. It seems that the Cudgels had not succeeded altogether in ~~opportunity~~ blocking very a promise to Ricky, no it is out that ten years ago when he was an eightless year old child, he had had a short but dependably, but that set of encounters with one of the best of long-term devils who could not wait Ricky in the form of a prostitute. During all done before the Cudgels were ready to devote their latter day efforts to protect him. So, the Hadra had a very small and much countries had passed into Ricky's hand - how many, it shimmers and small, and much.

father had seen fit to compliment him on his prowess as a hunter, and he had blushed on receiving that compliment and given his present to the hunting dog, which he then took to his and said, "You can measure a man by his dog."

Yes, let the Almighty see how the dog called of his ~~dog~~ dog.

in advance to prepare my part of the mission, precisely the part I had earlier

proposed to the Maestro when I suggested that we ^{bring} focus the full weight of our

NMBook 4 ch 14-18 11/8/04

^{auto} the Tsar was offering to ^{the Regency} ~~the~~ effort on a separate festival ~~that was scheduled~~ to follow the Coronation four

^{Send} days later.

For that reason, my attendance at the major occasion was ^{present} minimal. I was hardly

hardly of more importance than ^a ~~any~~ other spectator. Since I was, however, to

Since I did hear

~~hear~~ a good deal from ^{other} ~~several~~ devils about the separate stages of the religious

ceremony itself on May 14, 1896 (~~Old Style Calendar~~), I can offer a competent

account, but on May 9 when Nicholas II and Alexandra made their entrance into

the Kremlin from their temporary residence (May 6 to May 9) in Petrovsky Park

It was a different matter.

I did witness a good deal.

effort on a separate festival that was scheduled to follow the coronation just
days later.

For that reason, my attendance at the major occasion was minimal. I was
hardly of more importance than any other spectator. Since I was, however, to
hear a good deal from several devils about the separate stages of the religious
ceremony itself on May 14, 1896 (Old-Style Calendar), I can offer a competent
account, but on May 9 when Nicholas II and Alexandra made their entrance into
the Kremlin from their temporary residence (May 6 to May 9) in Petrovsky Park,
I did witness a good deal.

The procession as it made its way up Tverskaya Street, extended from the
southern outskirts of Moscow to the ^{Kremlin itself} center, a spectacle of which only a partial

sense can be offered by this excerpt from KR's Diary.

What exultation! The first salute sounded signaling that the Tsar had left Petrovsky Palace, the bells rang out even more joyfully. Everyone removed their hats and crossed themselves. And then through the Spasky gates, the head of the procession came into sight, His Majesty's own escort, then the sovereign cossacks, behind them the Tsar's hunt, the court musicians and finally the golden coaches. The procession stretched for a long, long way, ~~the court liveries~~ the golden coaches and carriages, the embroidered uniforms, the horses covered with golden cloths. The Emperor appeared on a white horse holding his hat in his hand. Without waiting for his greeting, the troops welcomed him with an enormous roar.

In the crowd, many were praying, many made the sign of the cross as the Emperor passed. The Empress Marie cried the whole time in her golden carriage. It was too painful for her to remember how 13 years ago she had participated in the same celebration with her beloved husband.

ok
page
on
spasky

FROM :nm

FAX NO. :50E487213E

10 23 11 3PM F1

FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. :17196243782

10 23 11 3PM F1

HMBok 4 ch 14-18 11/8/04

478

(satisfactory)
This would more ~~This might be satisfactory if it were not so perfunctory.~~ *(if it indicates that...)*
~~This might be satisfactory if it were not so perfunctory.~~ *an incalculable*

amount of calculation had gone into ~~every~~ *every* detail over the ten days in May that

were devoted to the Coronation. The highest ministers of state had debated

among themselves over the diplomatic and economic necessities that must be
adhered to in some cases and catered to
in others
~~catered to~~ half of the uniformed and diplomatic cadres of the world were to be

entered
guests. Delegations ~~came~~ *entered* from every European country and from more than half

of Asia, as well as the United States, no mean trip from Korea, Arabia, Spain or

— speak of the United States and Hong Kong as well —
Australia, but then, this Coronation had a model — ~~the economics surrounding~~

It looked to present a parallel to
(Paris Revs)
the majestic entry of Louis XIV into ~~Paris~~ *Paris* (in 1654, so on came the

three
processions for this event in full panoply, to exhibit to the world all the

exceptional resources and separate peoples of the Russian Empire, on came the

Cossacks with their tunics in scarlet, their silver epaulettes, their blue pants, their

black boots, their black and silver caps, on came their Asiatic princes from

FROM : nM

FAX NO. : 5084872136

IE ↑ PE

FROM : JMLJORDCRAFT

FAX NO. : 17186243782

Nov. 20 1934 : 12 : 5

HMTBook 4 ch 14-18 11/8/04

remote and unpronounceable regions, barbarians conquered over the centuries by

the bravery of the Romanov's best troops, then Court footmen, courtiers, and

huntmen. One official ~~band~~ followed another and in an endless procession

note was struck by the highest officials, the two Grand Masters of the

Coronation Ceremonies, the Arch Grand Master and his court, twelve

Chamberlains and twenty-five Gentlemen of the Chamber, not to speak of the

voluninous new committee members of the foreign courts, the Marshalls of the

Court, and all the members of the Council of Empire followed by the regiments

of the Royal Army, then Nicky himself, born, as everyone was whispering, on

the sixth of May in 1868. Nothing less than the Orthodox Feast Day of St. John

the Sufferer. Be certain we had no small hand in reminding ^{Mary} Mary of her ~~responsibility~~

that May Sixth was a most
of how momentous a birthday was May Sixth.

HMBBook 4 ch 14-18 11/8/84

80

Be it said that Nicky was more than aware of ^{the dire omens of his destiny} ~~this~~ (Even in the happy

days of their betrothal, he had warned ^{Alix} her. He could do no less. It was his duty.

And she had replied that it would now be ^{in turn} her duty to stand beside him.

Together, in union with each other, they could treat all bad omens as trifles.

~~more tests~~ of their ability to go beyond the given. God had wanted them to come

together, Alix told him, so that they might learn how great were the powers of

transcendence.

All this I learned and more, ^{To my surprise, there was a small} ~~through a~~ shift in the given. Never as I have

related, had there been in my experience so great a cordon of security ^{surrounding} ~~around~~

any other human being. Just so closely were Nicky and Alix ~~now~~

protected. Yet, by the day he rode his favorite English mare all the way from

Petrovsky Park to the Spasky Gates of the Kremlin, I ^{was able to} ~~obtained at last~~ some

a small species of entry into his mind. It seems that the Cudgels had not

HMBBook 4 ch 14-18 11/8/04

481

succeeded altogether in blockading every approach to Nicky, not ten years ago

when he was an eighteen-year-old cadet, he had had a short but dependably

lustful set of encounters with one of the Maestro's long-term devils who coupled

with Nicky in the form of a female prostitute. It was all done before the ^{the angels} ~~angels~~

were ready to devote these ^{present} ~~later-day~~ efforts to protect him. So the Maestro had

succeeded in opening

~~opened~~ a small and much constricted passage into Nicky's soul -- how many

skirmishes and small wars must gone on over the last ten years ^{I could} ~~whenver the~~

expect that the D.K. had ~~go in and~~

~~D.K.~~ ^{want} sent a cohort of his angels to block it off completely, and with what skill

~~had~~ ^{succeeded in keeping it open} must the Maestro have exhibited to keep it open at all.

My honor -- which is to say -- my now much-improved sense of my value

to the Maestro was that he had invited me to use this invaluable passage ^{the} ~~through~~

the two hours it would take Nicholas the Second to parade up Tverskaya Street

to the Kremlin. How many other prominent devils were included I cannot say.

FROM : nm

FAX NO. : 5084872138

DATE : 11/8/04 TIME : 10:30PM PAGE : 1

FROM : JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. : 17186243782

DATE : 11/8/04 TIME : 10:30PM PAGE : 2

HMBook 4 ch 14-18 11/8/04

482

My orders were explicit. I was to bask in this privilege and no more. I was to pick up whatever memories and passing thoughts were in Nicky's head. I was, however, to attempt nothing ~~more~~ ^{on my own}. The passage was too narrow a forced effort ~~here~~ ^(in Nicky's head)—powerful enough to cause headache ~~would~~ bring the Kedge down on us.

I had no question. I obeyed. It was indeed a privilege. On the other hand, there were few surprises. My close study of the letters had prepared me to live for an hour ^{or more} with the passing events of his mind.

^{In the actual events,}
I was to a degree disappointed ~~although~~ ^{that} that was to be expected. On the basis of the letters, it was obvious that ~~he~~ ^{our Nicky} was no extraordinary fellow—decent within his limitations, but in ^{no} his way, remarkable. When in the military he had risen, given his advantages, to attain the rank of Colonel in the Life Guards and it is curious that as he set out on the Processional, he now saw himself as just

FROM :nm

FAX NO. :5084872138

DATE : 11/8/04 TIME : 1:31 PM F 11

FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. :17196243782

DATE : 11/8/04 TIME : 1:31 PM F 11

HMBook 4 ch 14-18 11/8/04

483

that, a Colonel. I must say he knew himself well enough to recognize that he would have been happier if he could have spent his life as a respected field officer, and the roaring enthusiasm of the troops as they exchanged salutes with him, came to him both as a joy and as a pang. The Crown was going to be placed on his head in five days, and then he would not ever be able to give full *allegiance/ (vowing)* ~~rain~~ to his many memories as a young officer.

to Ricky,
To my surprise, these thoughts were libidinous. If the Maestro had installed one devil of a whore in his heart, she was still calling to him. He could only respond with memories, but his sense of the ridiculous was not altogether missing—each great cheer arrived from the crowd only to be equalled by this tumult in his groin. Even his English mare felt it. She was prancing with a new set of steps on this morning, this wonderful horse with her exquisite sense of dressage.

HMBook 4 ch 14-18 11/8/04

Yet another minute passed and he was drowned in gloom. He was

It could only be pure war for a moment.

(be born on the Feast Day of St. Job the Sufferer. Yes, the sufferings of Job, ⁱⁿ get he his own, be that, indeed.)

Whatever had God intended for Job? Why had He scourged Job's thoughts and

his body with such suffering? Once the Crown was on his head, he would

able to think of himself as ~~longer~~ ^{from that time on, he} a true Colonel in the Life Guards, no, his wisdom could only look to

God for guidance, and yet Job had also looked and prayed and his suffering had

~~continued~~ not a Gated.

Yet in this moment, ~~recipient of thoughts which came to me~~, I was

confess, in highly blurred fashion, I was struck by how quickly his mood later
shift and rise again. I will confess that his tongue
only came for me in bursts and snaps, full on rather
and echoes, but then how could his mind not move?
How could it not? I will speak later of the decorations that had been put

upon the face of all these old buildings on Tverskaya Street, but Moscow had the

radiance on this morning of an old lady who was never beautiful but, on this day,

HMBook 4 ch 14-18 11/18/14

485

she is, and it is therefore ^{On other women, not;} such a rare beauty. Every harsh line in the previous ^{could seem)} ~~could~~ ^{was} harsh, but

~~how harsh~~ was the face of Moscow ^(to Nicky, seemed nonetheless) on the

^{day} morning of extravagant good weather, to have been erased. Moscow ^{every cruel shadow in the} was

well have been erased. Moscow was

beautiful, which occasioned Nicky to think of his hunting days and his love of

hunting. Even Alexander III, his own great father, had seen fit to compliment

him on his prowess as a hunter, ^{Nicky} and he had blushed on receiving that rare

compliment and gave ^{at once)} his praise to his hunting dogs, whereupon Tsar Alexander the

^{third)} had said, "You can measure a man by his dogs."

Yes, let the Almighty see him as the loyallest of His dogs ^{he himself} he that he knew animals, ^{indeed, he} knew them. Drinking the blood of a stag, ~~the blood of~~ the echo of the shot with which he had dropped him still pulsing in his ear, he felt ~~as close to~~ ^{close to} God. The stag was immaculate in its beauty, but had sacrificed its existence to the deeper understanding,

that was there between God and
 It was God who gave human
 like himself the right to take
 lower creatures, no matter how
 fine was their presence in the world
 And Nicky remembered a blood
 in his throat as he drank the
 cup of stag's blood. ^{might} ^{not} ^{would}
 fern's blood it ~~was~~ ^{might} ^{not} ^{would}
 beauty. And he ~~remembered~~ ^{remembered}
 rode ~~on~~ ^{the} pale English mare ^{was} ^{the} ^{weight}
 weight of ~~the~~ ^{the} ^{weight} ^{of} ^{the} ^{weight}
 yet to come was weighing ^{on} ^{him}
 He felt close to God ^{and} ^{the} ^{weight}
 beautiful animals, ^{it} ^{was} ^{the} ^{weight}
 could hardly trust. His ^{weight}
 They each had an office of ^{the} ^{weight}
 that office was as ^{the} ^{weight}
~~for~~ ^{for} ^{the} ^{weight}
~~demanding~~ ^{demanding} ^{as} ^{the} ^{weight}
~~always~~ ^{always} ^{the} ^{weight}
 of these men ^{was} ^{the} ^{weight}
 him but to the ^{weight}
 of their office, and when they ^{weight}
 each other and wanted ^{weight}
 different ^{weight}
 were catering to the ^{weight}
 of their office, separate ^{weight}
 their office. Deceit was ^{weight}
 and self-interest in their ^{weight}
 repellent ^{weight}
 it could ^{weight}

Every
 duty
 was
 a ~~trap~~
 he might
 feel

1

ready to applaud and get deep
so because they had heard the
round of a proclamation to them. And Nicky was flustered out of
his own success in calming his anger
and certainly pleased at the success of his
with which he had brought him off
God at his side, the place where he
always wanted him to be.

Predictably, his gloom came. He could
him again. It would be his duty to
~~him~~ aid and abet the utterance of
his ministry, but now voice he felt
of the presence whenever he lived to present
and talk with their people. Then, as
as flying as a house of cards, one, another
mortal construction was made for

another, and here were all of them
brought together for their work, all to
impress his fellow Europeans, and yet
no matter how much he might be able to
could never impress them sufficiently.
They were too used to the sage of his fall.

It hardly mattered at his departure
they had found it, how the minister
had visited (except for those who
wished to migrate there as well
him on this occasion!) over and over
again, had insisted that they (the
Protestant) May 9 would be his
introduction to the world. And so the
length of the march was great. It
must become the longest of its kind
ever seen in any part of the world.

HMBook 4 ch 14-18 11/10/04 chapter 18 only

we bring the full weight of our effort onto a separate fest ^(to be a separate ceremony, today) and

^(later than the Tsar would be) offering to the Russian peasants, ^(hand of) ^{who had made them very} four days later

to Moscow for the coronation

My attendance at the ^{coronation itself} major occasion proved, therefore to be a nil. I

was hardly of more importance than a spectator. Since I did hear a good deal

from other devils about the separate stages of the religious ceremony ~~and on~~

an May 14, 1896, I can offer a competent account, but on May 9 when Nicholas II

and Alexandra made their entrance into the Kremlin from their temporary

residence (May 6 to May 9) in Petrovsky Park, it was a different matter. I did

witness a good deal.

The procession as it made its way up Tverskaya Street, extended from
the southern outskirts of Moscow to the Kremlin itself, ^(and process in a long line) a spectacle of which

^{truncated} only a partial sense can be offered by this excerpt from F.R.'s Diary.

What exultation! The first salute sounded signaling that the Tsar had left Petrovsky Palace, the bells rang out even more joyfully. Everyone removed their hats and crossed themselves. And then through the Spasky gates, the head of the procession came into sight, His Majesty's own escort, then the sovereign cossacks, behind them the Tsar's hunt, the court musicians and finally the golden coaches. The procession *with rich*

stretched

{ Close-up

for a long, long way, the golden coaches and carriages, the embroidered uniforms, the horses covered with golden cloths. The Emperor appeared on a white horse holding his hat in his hand. Without waiting for his greeting, the troops welcomed him with an enormous roar.

In the crowd, many were praying, many made the sign of the cross as the Emperor passed. The Empress Marie cried the whole time in her golden carriage. It was too painful for her to remember how 13 years ago she had participated in the same celebration with her beloved husband.

HMBook 4 ch 14-18 11/10/04 chapter 18 only

478

*The above less ungateshed*This would be ~~more satisfactory~~ if it indicated what an incredible

amount of calculation had gone into each detail over the ten days or so that

events and all the collateral parties and
were devoted to the ~~Coronation~~. The highest ministers of state had debated*concerning which*
among themselves ~~over the~~ diplomatic and economic necessities that must be*respected—*~~adhered to in some cases and catered to in others~~—half of the unit must and*arrived*
diplomatic cadres of the world were to be guests. Delegations ~~came~~ from*of all*
every European country and from more than half of Asia, no mention of ~~from~~

Korea, Siam, or Australia—speak of the United States and Mesopotamia a

well!—but then, this Coronation had a model. It looked to present a parallel to

In the morning of May 10
the majestic entry of Louis XIV into Reims in 1654. ~~So on came and~~*on came a great series of*

processions in full panoply, there to exhibit to the world all the extraordinary

resources and separate peoples of the Russian Empire, on came the Cossacks

with their tunics in scarlet, their silver epaulettes, their blue pants, then back

HMBook 4 ch 14-18 11/10/04 chapter 18 only

479

boots, their black and silver caps, on came ^{the} Asiatic princes, ~~their~~ ^{representatives of all the}

and unpronounceable regions, all these barbarians conquered over the centuries

^{through} by the bravery of the Romanov's best troops, as well as ^{whom the Russians had} ^{to be immortalized to lower say} a small regiment

Court footmen, courtiers, ^{and} imperial huntsmen. One official group ^{and other}

^{after} another in ^{loftier brought in} endless procession. A ^{higher} note was struck by the highest

officials, the two Grand Masters of the Coronation Ceremonies, the Arch Grand

Master and his court, twelve Chamberlains and twenty-five Gentlemen of the

Chamber, not to speak of the ^{uncountable} ~~voluminous~~ new committee members of the

foreign courts, the Marshalls of the Court, and all the members of the Council

of Empire followed by the regiments of the Royal Army, then Nicholas, ^{which date was}

born, as everyone was whispering, on the sixth of May in 1868, ^{Nothing less}

than the Orthodox Feast Day of St. Job the Sufferer. Be certain we had a

HMBook 4 ch 14-18 11/10/04 chapter 18 only

480

small hand in reminding many an onlooker that May Sixt was a

momentous birthday.

~~But it said that~~ ^{happened to be} Nicky was more than aware of the dire consequences of

birthday. Even in the happy first days of their betrothal he had warned Alix.

He could do no less. It was his duty. And she had replied that it would be

be, in turn, her duty to stand beside him. Together, in union with each other,

they could treat all ^{ugly} signs as tests of their ability ^{be able to stand together} to go beyond the given and

had wanted them to come together, Alix told him, ^{together, they could} so that they might learn how

great were the powers of transcendence.

All this I learned and more. To my surprise, ^{I will not in the} there was a smile ^{to be} on his

~~the given~~ Never, as I have related, had there been in my experience so great a

cordon of security surrounding any other human being. Just so close it was

Nicky and Alix protected ^{by the Cudgels} Yet, by the day he rode his favorite Eng from all

HMBBook 4 ch 14-18 11/10/04 chapter 18 only

the way from Petrovsky Park to the Spasky Gates of the Kremlin was to

obtain a small species of entry into his mind. It seems that the Cudgels had

succeeded altogether in blockading every approach to Nicky. No ten years ago

when he was an eighteen-year-old cadet, he had had a short but dependent

lustful set of encounters with one of the Maestro's long-term devils who had

coupled with Nicky ^{while taking} in the form of a female prostitute. It was all ^{accomplished} done for

the Cudgels were ready to devote these present efforts to protect him. So the

Maestro had succeeded in opening a small ~~and much constructed~~ passage into

Nicky's soul—how many skirmishes and small wars must gone on over the last

^{over that narrow and constructed entry,} ten years. I would expect that the D.K. had sent many a cohort of Hellhounds to

go in and block it off completely. With what skill had the Maestro succeeded

in keeping it open ^{for} to his devils.

HMBook 4 ch 14-18 11/10/04 chapter 18 only

482

Indeed, in
In the actual event, I was to a *small* degree disappointed *TX* but not as much as I expected. On the basis of the letters, *I know* ~~it was obvious~~ that our Nick was an extraordinary fellow—decent within his limitations, but in no way remarkable. When in the military, he had risen, given his advantages, to attain the rank of Colonel in the Life Guards, and it is curious that as he set out on the Processional, he now saw himself as just that, a Colonel. *very young* I must say he knew himself well enough to recognize that he would have been happier if he could have spent his life *in that manner* as a respected field officer, and the rearing enthusiasm of the troops as they exchanged salutes with him, *on this day of parade* came to him both as a joy and as a pang. The Crown was going to be placed on his head in five days, and then he would not ever be able to give full allegiance to his *old host of* ~~man~~ / raising memories as a young officer.

HMBook 4 ch 14-18 11/10/04 chapter 18 only

484

To my surprise, these ^{recollections} ~~thoughts~~ were libidinous to Nicky. ^{well, more;} ~~the~~ ^{the} Maestro

had installed one devil of a whore in his heart, she was still calling him in. He

could only respond with memories, but his sense of the ridiculous was now

altogether missing—each great cheer ^{that came to him} ~~arrived~~ from the crowd ^{was} ~~on~~ ^{unmistakable}

^{immediately} ~~equalled~~ ^{came across as a 2nd that?} by this tumult in his groin. Even his English ~~travels~~ ^{travels} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~was~~

prancing with a new set of steps on this morning, this wonderful horse with her

exquisite sense of dressage.

^{no more than} Yet ~~another~~ minute passed and these good spirits so nicely shared by

horse and rider were ^{thrust back} ~~sunk~~ into gloom. Nicky was reminded again of his

birthday ^{what?} ~~with all its dire meaning~~. It could only be pure woe for a man like to

be born on the Feast Day of St. Job the Sufferer. ~~Yes!~~ The suffering of Job

might ^{well be come} ~~not~~ be his own. What, indeed, had God intended for Job? Why had He

scourged that poor man's body with such suffering? In five days of death

HMBook 4 ch 14-18 11/10/04 chapter 18 only

485

Crown was placed on his head, he would no longer be able to think of himself

as a ^{good fellow} ~~the~~ Colonel in the Life Guards. From that day on, he ^{would be obliged to} ~~could not~~ ^{look only to} ~~to~~

God for guidance. Yet, Job had also ~~looked and~~ prayed to God for help.

suffering had not abated.

^{Again} ~~Yet in this moment~~, I was struck by how quickly his mood could ^{drop} ~~change~~

and rise again. ^{on this day,} I will confess that his thoughts ^{only} ~~only~~ came to me in curves and ~~and~~

stops, full of clatter and echo, but then, how could his mood not ^{also} ~~not~~ ^{change} ~~change~~?

^{So many} will speak later of the decorations ~~that~~ had been put upon the face of all these

old buildings ^{and homes} ~~on~~ Tverskaya Street, ^{that} ~~but~~ Moscow had the radiance of this

morning of an old lady who was never as beautiful as she is ^{on this day,} ~~and it~~

^{It was} ~~is, therefore,~~ a rare beauty. On other mornings, the face of Moscow ^{would be} ~~seem~~

^{would be} ~~harsh,~~ but on this day of extravagant good weather, every cruel shadow ~~was~~

^{was} ~~as well have been~~ erased. Moscow was beautiful, which occasioned Noddy to

HMBook 4 ch 14-18 11/10/04 chapter 18 only

486

~~think of his hunting days and of his love of hunting.~~ ^{Sumner} Even Alexander I, his

own great father, had seen fit to compliment him on ^{5 weeks} his prowess ^{in the forests} as a hunter.

Nicky had blushed on receiving ^{SD} that rare ^{as?} compliment ^{from his father, the Tsar} and gave place to

his hunting dogs, whereupon Tsar Alexander the Third had said, "You can

measure a man by his dogs."

Yes, let the Almighty see him as the loyallest of His dogs. He could be
that. He knew animals, indeed he knew them. Drinking the blood of a stag, the
echo of the shot pulsing in his ear, he felt close to God. The stag was
immaculate in its beauty, but had sacrificed its existence to the deer's

~~understanding~~

HMBook 4 ch 14-18 11/10/04 A, 2nd pass 486 onward

486

Yes, let the Almighty see him as the loyallest of His dogs. It could be
 that. He knew animals, indeed he knew them. Drinking the blood was a, the
 echo of the shot pulsing in his ear, he felt close to God. The stag was
 immaculate in its beauty, but had sacrificed its existence to the deeper
 understanding that was there between God and man. It was God who gave to

human beings like himself the right to take the lives of lower creatures. It

no, how exquisite might be
 matter how fine, ~~was~~ their presence in the forest. And Nicky remembered ~~an~~

that stroke once
 a. blasphemy in his throat as he drank the cup of stag's blood, *we don't think that!*
~~yes, not unlike~~

this must be like (it is) Rememberance of this
 Jesus' blood it might be so full of beauty. ~~And so as he rode the pure English,~~

blasphemy made him *Already, then, (I see)*
~~more,~~ he shuddered for the weight of all the duties yet to come, ~~was~~ weighing

Each
 already on him. ~~Every~~ duty was a trap. He might feel close to God and close

it was
 to beautiful animals, ~~but~~ people he could hardly trust. His ministers *Each*

of them
 each had an office of state, ~~and~~ that office was as demanding as a bad wife. The

HMBook 4 ch 14-18 11/10/04 A, 2nd pass 486 onward

487

loyalty of those ministers would not ^{go to} fall on him but to the aggravation of

their ^{own} office, ^{when they tried to remove him} and ~~when they disagreed with each other and~~ wanted him to go in

^{looking to satisfy} their direction, it was because they were ^{go in} catering to the intractable demands of

^{offices, their little royal courts} their separate little courts, their offices. Deceit was at their finger and self-

interest in their skin, ^{their repellent skins.}

He could withstand them, he told himself. He had the tried-and-true ^{trinity} by

^{of all monarchy} of all monarchy to protect himself, ^{He could hold to those} all three principles ~~name, tradition, and~~

^{Tradition and} Tradition and ^{He could} service. He could ignore his ministers and be faithful to his principles, and ~~that~~ ^{thereby be protected from his ministers,} thereby be protected from his ministers, ^{could protect him} could protect him but only if he could prove strong as a ruler. ~~Then~~

^{honor} honor ^{to be a} was always in danger of becoming dishonor, ^{loyalty to} tradition could make it ~~to~~

^{he would always detect the call of all those} inflexible, and ~~the reluctance of the~~ duties always so implicit in service, ~~could~~

^{for it could all go right down} for it could all go right down ^{turn to} turn to disaster. He was not, Nicky now told himself, equipped to deal with the

HMBook 4 ch 14-18 11/10/04 A. 2nd pass 486 onward

488

and less
 ministers and their ~~so-called~~ large subjects. That was like falling through
 space.

Whereas to kill an animal and feel compassion for the beast ~~itself~~

was nearness to God—that could be seen as a marrow for the soul

And now at this moment, his prize horse did feel near enough to his

master's thoughts to rear up for a moment *For the wave hand* at the sight in ~~his~~ horse's mind of the

stag's blood, *rose from the spectators* and a cry of fear, *all at once* followed by applause from the spectators lining

were lining or standing up (the streets *A great* and up on the roofs of Tverskaya Street broke free and sent that
applause from Nicky's grace but it came in the
the horse now travelled wave of applause all the way to the Spasky gate of the Kremlin even if those

in the distance
 who were far away did not know why they were ready to applaud and send it

as it revolved up
 so because they had heard the sound of approbation transmitted to them. And

Nicky was flushed with his own success in calming his horse and capturing

HMBBook 4 ch 14-18 11/10/04 A, 2nd pass 486 onward

486

pleased at ^{how nicely it had all been} the easy grace with which he had brought it off, God at his side ~~the~~ ^{in the}

^{in the} place where he always wanted Him to be.

Predictably, his ^{sensed} doom came back to him again. ^{also} For he must ^{reasoning} ~~I would be~~ ^{so}

^{It would be to} aid and abet the intentions of his ministers, ^{Only, he knew you could see} but how void he felt of the Presence

^{official} whenever he had to meet and talk with these people. They were a ^{thing} as a

^{They were one thing} house of cards, ~~one mortal~~ construction balanced on another and here was all

^{there} of them brought together for this week, all to impress his fellow Europeans,

^{they} and yet no matter how much he might do, he could never impress them... ^{or, worse, all the force of his}

^{own efforts would never be enough. All his} ^{whom he would work} ^{Forcibly} sufficiently. They were too used to the size of his father

^{those ministers} It hardly mattered how carefully ~~they~~ ^{they} had planned it. How ~~the~~ ^{the} ministers

^{only} had insisted (except for those who wished to ingratiate themselves with him on

^{they} this occasion!) over and over again, ^{they} had insisted that this procession on May 9

^{all} would be his introduction to the world and so the length of the marriage

HMBook 4 ch 14-18 11/10/04 A, 2nd pass 486 onward

490

crucial. It must become the longest parade ever seen in ^{any celebration} ~~any celebration~~ and

the most crucial element ^{which he detested} ~~which he detested~~ was that he must be seen in

front of this ^{long} ~~file~~ so many miles long, ^{while} ~~but~~ his mother and Alix must bring up the

rear in separate golden coaches that, ^{or so} ~~suggested~~ the ministers who were in favor

of ^{such} ~~this~~ formation would be the best way to show ^{demonstrate} ~~how~~ how extensive, indeed, how

panoramic, was the great length of Russian power.

Alix had also detested ^{her} ~~such~~ placement. She wanted to be seated next to

him. He tried to explain the intentions of the ministers, but her criticism was in

her eyes. It was one matter to feel like a dog before God, but quite another to

have to slink around one's wife. Nothing is worse for a hound who could be

^{then} ~~brave~~ to be told by the flash of his master's eye that he is really a timid and

conceivably smelly creature.

FROM : nM

FAX NO. : 5084872136

11:21 PM FEB

HMBook 4 ch 14-18 11/10/04 A, 2nd pass 486 onwardXIX

491

at certain moments
I was, so near to these blurred impressions I could take from them that

I hardly paid attention to the procession itself. Only later, when some of our

devils brought the descriptions of several journalists over to me, I began to

perceive how rich the city looked to others.

-18-

Except for those occasions when we are sent out ~~to travel~~ in the guise of men or women (and so must accompany ourselves with garments and paraphernalia) we can ~~move~~ ^{travel} quickly. Since I was in Russia with no obligation to cater to a physical form, the ~~shift~~ ^{engulf} from St. Petersburg to Moscow and the Coronation caused me no difficulty. Indeed, I went on ahead to prepare my ~~part of the mission~~ ^{activities (which would follow the Coronation)} ~~part of the mission~~. It may be recalled that I had dared to advise the Maestro to bring the full weight of our effort onto the second and more minor festival scheduled to take place four days later. On that occasion, the Tsar would honor ~~all~~ the Russian peasants (a great number) who ~~would make~~ ^{had made} their way to Moscow for the occasion.

^{my contribution was of no}
As for the Coronation itself, ~~I was hardly of~~ ^{I had been a} (more importance than ~~a~~ of) ^{that embodied the event} spectator. Since I did hear a good deal from other devils about the separate stages of the religious rites ~~on~~ May 14, 1896, I can offer a competent account

HMBook 4 ch 18-19 only 11/19/04 , double

485

distance could not have seen it and could not know why they were ready to applaud, yet did so ^{even as} ~~for they had~~ heard the sound of such approbation rolling up the long street to them. And Nicky was flushed with his own skill in calming his horse. How nicely it had all been brought off, God at his side, God in the place where he always wanted Him to be.

Predictably, his sense of doom returned. For he must recognize his future duty. That would be to aid and abet the intentions of his ministers. Only, He ^{above could know} ~~know~~ how void Nicky would feel whenever he had to talk to these official people. They were as flimsy as a house of cards, ^{yes,} ~~They were~~ one flimsy construction balanced on ^{top of} ~~another~~. Yet no matter how much he might do, would the force of his own efforts ever be enough? These ministers with whom he might work would ^{choose} ~~love~~ to be dissatisfied. They would not respect him. They were accustomed to the force of his father.

How they overrode the force of his own desire. ^{he not} ~~They had planned to~~ ^{thus} ~~they had~~ procession. Over and over, they had insisted that this promenade on May 9 would be his introduction to the world. The length of the march was, therefore, crucial. It must become the longest parade in ^{history.} ~~any visitor's memory~~. The most crucial element (which he altogether detested) was that he must be seen in the front of this file, so many miles long, whereas his mother and Alix must bring

HMRook 4 ch 18-19 only 11/19/04 , double

486

up the rear in ^{their} two separate golden coaches. This formulation, the ministers insisted, would be the best way to demonstrate how ^{great a} ~~extensive~~, indeed, how panoramic, was the ^{extent} ~~great~~ length of Russian power. ~~He could not even trust the ministers who agreed with him. They were merely trying to insinuate themselves close to him.~~

Alix had ~~also~~ detested her placement. She wanted to be seated next to her beloved Lovy. He tried to explain the intentions of the ministers, but her silent criticism was in her eyes. It was one matter to feel like a dog before God, but quite another to have to slink around one's wife. Nothing is worse for a hound who would be brave than to be told by the flash of the ^{nearest} ~~closest~~ eye that he is really a timid and conceivably smelly creature.

Book 4 chs 1-14 double 6/11/04

★ 419

delete page

gave in
special
life
pages
ditto

That night, however, now that he had become considerably more familiar with the activities of the Queen and her court, he proceeded after dinner to read a journal ^{which} ~~that~~ carried the latest insights ^{on how} ~~concerning the~~ development of pupae ^{development} ~~into~~ new bees. ^{Once} ~~Then~~ in bed, he brooded ^{over} upon his new knowledge. ^{all about!} ~~It was all so developed~~ These bees knew what they were doing! ^{gave separate} ~~Such different treatments were accorded~~ to different eggs. Was it nature itself that had devised ways to create royalty, yes, and ^{spins out} ~~create~~ a slew of poor people as well? Most of the larvae had no choice. They were destined to become workers ^{or} ~~or by~~ drones. ^{that was because they} ~~They~~ were fed common food food by ~~any~~ of the Queen's assistants, the usual standard mixture of honey and pollen, ~~and~~ no more. Whereas future queens were placed in larger cells and ~~were~~ given special secretions from the nursing bees' own food glands, a ^{rare} ~~special~~ food called royal jelly. ^{they had been chosen while still larvae} ~~They were intended to become royalty from~~ ^{but once they hatched} ~~the start~~

It was a different business for the worker bees. As soon as they ^{made their way} ~~were~~ hatched out of their cells, they were put to work. ⁸ ~~First~~, they had to clean other cells or be ready to receive forager bees with their load of nectar and pollen which they then had to work on, indeed, to process into brood-

Book 4 chs 1-14 double 6/11/04

★ 420

delete page. 3. x.

and worked hard
~~food for the ordinary cells. Others would clean the aisles of the hive sweep~~
~~out the dead, or serve as guards by the entrance~~ all of these new-born

~~worker bees had to serve an apprenticeship for the first twenty days of their~~
~~lives~~ *at* ~~cleaning other cells, sweeping out the dead,~~ *dead*
~~or serving as guards by the entrance~~

Then, for the next twenty days, they were sent out to look for nectar.

Now, they were
 They had graduated. ~~They had become~~ forager bees. After which, they
 often died. Poor bees, born in spring! Forty days of life, *no more* ~~that was all.~~

~~(They had had to work so hard every day.)~~ What a devoted corps of hard-
 working women, thought Alois, falling closer to sleep, lulled by the thought
 of how much work all those creatures had been doing for him. He had
~~looked at the estimates in his books. His bees had to make something like~~
~~40,000 trips and visit between three and four million blossoms in order to~~
~~make two pounds of honey.~~

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

FROM : nm

FAX NO. : 5084812136

E F 1

FROM : JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. : 17186243782

No. 1

HMBook 4 ch 19 only 11/19/04B, triple

8

-19-

so much of it that I
I was, at certain moments, so near to these passing impressions *to receive*

passing through
of his mind that I hardly paid attention to the procession itself. Only later, when I

what had collected
one some of our devils brought the dispatches of several journalists *given to me* and

exceptional the parade had
begin to perceive how rich the city looked to others *than*

over this time that I find myself in America
Now, ~~in the United States~~ more than a century has passed and the

character of
changes in what is now called the Media have been prodigious. Only one

it is that
element remains constant—the more pompous of the reporters *still* remain asses.

and have
prodigious asses, often with great influence on their audience. They serve the