FAX on Friday.
Double-space final

X

p. 547

-26-

It is time
~~I expect it is time for me~~ to explain ~~more closely what~~ my relation ~~has been~~ to the events at the field. Even as I was not present at the Coronation so was I not ~~absent for the most part from the~~ a leading actor during ~~on the field~~ for the harrowing episodes ~~I have~~ just described.

For me, ~~For me, it was enough~~ it had to suffice that I ~~had foreseen~~ foresaw the possibilities of the project and ~~that~~ the Maestro ~~had~~ so approved my intuition ~~and subsequently~~ that he did placed the greater part of his resources ~~on Khodinka meadow (as Nicky terms the field)~~ out at ~~the field~~ Khodynskoe, rather than ~~going in for an attempt~~ looking to disrupt the Coronation itself.

During the first weeks I was present St. Petersburg, ~~then in Moscow, I~~

I had assumed I would be one of the Maestro's field officers assigned to ~~in charge of~~ off a fraction of His stock of souls in limbo ~~clamoring for reincarnation~~?

the task of ~~Was this~~ in order to ~~obtain a less disruptive~~ and ~~dissatisfied working~~ disrupting the proceedings, but I was disabused of ~~that even~~ before I came environment for Himself? I suspect this may have been the case. I would

down to Moscow. The Maestro stated it directly, ~~which was basically his~~ also assume that our O.O., looking to make his way up onto a nearer plane

of equality to the D.K., was, of necessity, ready to accept God's exudate—~~normal mode of communication.~~ Simply put, I was not sufficiently familiar all these spoiled human possibilities. Over the centuries, over—it well may

Russia itself Muscovite

with ~~the country~~ certainly not enough to ~~be in~~ command of the devils we

resources to shaping and training the low-grade and highly disturbed would use ~~for the purpose behind the scenes or to infiltrate the field.~~ Better, for you material we did receive. It is analogous in difficulty to developing a

suggested the Maestro ~~for me to be present as a close observer on the day~~ symphony orchestra ~~from applicants who have yet to learn to play an~~

instrument. I will not pursue these difficulties further. Not at this point. I ~~of the event, and more important—my real mission.~~ I keep a close watch on will only say that the agents I had left in Hafeld, the lees, so to speak, of my

the Romanovs and ~~whatever~~ family discords were bound to ensue ~~thereafter~~. the that after

it was all over.

keeping, but they did not always have a close enough sense of his

I cannot pretend ~~there was~~ no disappointment in being relegated to ~~so~~ difficulties, certainly not enough to satisfy my understanding.

a tangential proceeding. Yet, ~~in time~~, as I studied the letters, and became, to

~~Forewarned, forearmed.~~ I will now present my small improvement on

the summary I received of what went ~~on with~~ Alois, his ~~boss, his wife, and~~ ~~that~~ limited degree, ~~as~~ familiar with Nicky, Alix, and ~~their families, I had to~~ his children from the end of 1895 until the following summer.

~~other~~ relatives, I had to recognize the wisdom of the Maestro's choice. He had, aftr all, to contend with the morale of his Russian cohort. But I also ~~[illegible]~~ knew ~~He could hardly place a foreign agent over them. Moreover~~, (and this ~~may be~~ is where I felt the pang) ~~I may~~ that he had concluded I was not ~~not have been judged by him to be~~ strong enough for the job, which is to say, ~~We devils~~ not pitiless enough. We may serve him, but we have our vanity, and mine was that I was capable of ~~handling~~ any sort of assignment, high or low. Now, I had to recognize, ~~the Maestro was more inclined to use his local devils, and, on balance, I had to admit that was fair enough. I~~ and should have known it from the start that my assignment to study the letters would become my ~~letters not only became my~~ basic ~~assignment~~ role in Russia, ~~but indeed, it would~~ All the same that might be of real use now. As it turned out, I did have, in the aftermath of Khodynskoe, ~~Khodinka~~, some interesting reports, ~~to offer the Maestro. If Khodinka was~~ If the event had been a direct disaster for those ~~for the poor humans~~ who perished ~~on the field an olla-podride~~ in that muck of blood, flesh, broken bones, torn finery, and suffocation, ~~the wreckage to the~~ the

reputations of the Romanovs ~~would yet set at the foundations of the Empire~~ suffered their own variety of depredations.

~~Many of the peasants, conceivably, might yet have forgiven the Tsar, but~~ ~~some fierce~~ ~~not Nicky's relatives. Many of their worst divisions took place in the next~~ ~~few days.~~

One immediate result was that the ~~I will tell it as I was to perceive it over the week that ensued. I can~~ Cudgels now had gaps in their ~~[illegible]~~ circle of protection around Nicky. ~~[illegible]~~ ~~assert that~~ it was now possible to come closer to the situation. I was, for example, within viewing distance of ~~Nicky~~ the Tsar when he and Alix ~~first~~ showed up early in the afternoon ~~at what the authorities had termed "the popular celebration." I was then privileged by means of the~~ to sit in the viewing stands that had been set up in advance at one end of the field. Given that narrow ~~and much beleaguered~~ passage ~~the Maestro still commanded into~~ kept open to his mind, ~~to report~~ I could in form ~~[illegible]~~ the Maestro that Nicky was not only ~~that Nicky was~~ very pale as he approached the pavilion, but that ~~the~~ this pallor came from ~~his rage~~ unruly passion. I could certainly feel its intensity. Some turn red with rage. He was pale with rage. His unspoken fury at the peasants was

comparable to Alix's. How could these people have been so pushy, so stupid, so

ungrateful, so ridiculous, so self-destructive, and yet—heavy as a load of

chains lying upon his heart—his duty was to forgive them. Could he call upon himself to feel such a sentiment when he was marooned in anger? There were so many aspects to his fury. He was enraged at the ineptitude of the police, and even more furious at himself. He could not be expected to watch over every detail, but he was

nonetheless! Why had he not paid some attention to the arrangements for

security? So much of this could have been prevented! Or was that true? Even

Were the events inevitable? He could hardly know. He did not know. Later that night,

before he went to sleep, he tried to sleep he put down a few sentences in his diary where and I

received the contents on the following day by the usual route. I soon received

~~The diary is worth quoting.~~

Up till now, thank God, everything went perfectly but today a great sin has taken place. The crowd spending the night on the Khodynka meadow, in anticipation of the distribution of food and mugs,

broke through the barrier and there was a terrible crush, during which it is terrible to say about 1300 people were trampled.

The news left an ugly impression. We lunched at 12:30 and then Alix and I went to the Khodynka to be present at the unfortunate popular celebration. There was nothing in particular to see; we looked out from the pavilion over the huge crowd surrounding the platform, where the national orchestra kept on playing the national anthem and "Be Glorified!"

~~Needless to say, this entry, written at night, was very much in the full~~ echo of the ~~aftermath.~~ I kept studying the phrase, "a great sin has taken place." I could not determine what he meant. Nor, so far as I know, could most of his Yet, even on the ~~any of my~~ colleagues. ~~Word of the disaster, as I have indicated, was to have its endless repercussions, but most could be anticipated. Even on the~~ afternoon of May 18th, Sergei Witte, who was considered to be the most practical statesman Russia could present in those years, sent word to the Tsar: "In respect for the dead, all festivities should be cancelled

immediately." Then he added, "Most particularly, the French Ambassador's Ball." That, scheduled to take place on this very same night, would be the largest social event of the Coronation. The Governor General of Moscow, Grand Duke Sergei Alexandrovich, who was married to Alix's sister Ella, had taken over, among his many other duties, the task of Director of the peasants' festival, was the one who replied to Witte: "The Tsar considers Khodynka a great disaster but would inform you that in effect it was not so great a disaster that it should darken the Coronation holiday."

The older Grand Dukes, Alexandrovitch's brothers, were in accord. But their unanimous conclusion was hardly shared by Nicky's cousins, the younger generations of Grand Dukes. Nicky's closest cousin, his dearest friend, Alexander Mikhailovich, married to Nicky's sister Xenia, and called Sandro by all, was, for example, full of his own fury. So were his brothers,

~~the other sons of Grand Duke Mikhail.~~ The attitude of ~~their~~ his uncles, these older Romanovs, this senior level of Grand Dukes, ~~was~~ monstrous as far as ~~they were concerned~~. How could one attend a fancy ball on this night! This night of all! ~~It would be~~ an outrageous insult to the dead, a slap in the face of Russia's ~~[illegible]~~ honor. Sandro said as much to Nicky. In turn, Uncle Alexey, who was now the oldest brother ~~remaining~~ of Nicky's dead father, told ~~Nicky~~ to beware of Sandro and his brothers.

"Nicky," said Uncle Alexey, "surely you are aware that your cousins, these Mikhailovichi, and Sandro particularly, are not ~~the~~ people you should listen to. ~~Beware of them~~. They are young and inexperienced, they are radical, they are silly. ~~Worse~~ than silly! I tell you, they will not admit it, but they are siding with unholy forces. ~~They are on the side of every revolutionary~~. Now, they wish to depose Sergei Alexandrovitch and put in one

of their own as Governor-General of Moscow. ~~They are trying to get the Moscow office for themselves.~~ Think what that will do to Sergei Alexandrovitch and to Ella. Your wife will be distraught that her sister Ella has to suffer such ~~an unfair~~ disgrace." That would be so unfair." ~~So unfair!~~

As fast as these opinions came in, I heard them, ~~all. The~~ Again the Cudgels were ~~for once~~, not about. They were in too much disarray and rushing to too many places—~~so~~ such a host of just perished souls so in need of succor! ~~many dead souls to succor!—that~~ for this once that I found it ~~possible~~ not impossible to stay close to Nicky.

So, I heard Sandro's brother, Nicolai Alexandrovich, ~~spoke to Nicky~~ He spoke ~~to an~~ the Tsar right after Uncle Alexey, and ~~I was impressed with the eloquence of his speech.~~ his speech commenced with some eloquence.

"Nicky, I beg of you, ~~don't~~ do not go to the French Ball tonight. Recognize what I am ~~tell you~~ saying. Whether we like it or not, we are still living in the shadow of Versailles. Louis the XVI and Marie Antoinette could dance all night

because they were naïve. They could have no sense of the approaching storm. But we can. We know. Nicky, search into your heart. What happened has happened. The blood of those men, women, and children will remain forever upon your reign. That is unfair, ~~but it is your shadow. You~~ because you are good, you are kind. I know, if you could, you would revive the dead. But you cannot. So, Nicky, it is crucial that at the least, you must show your sympathy to their families. Your respect. Your allegiance to them. How can you allow the enemies of this regime—who are everywhere—to say that our young emperor danced while his slaughtered subjects were taken to Potter's Field?"

(Nicky did not want to go to the Ball.)

He had succeeded in touching the center of Nicky's feelings. But ~~this~~ his cousin was young and did not have enough experience to ~~conceive his~~ maintain this advantage, ~~and~~ so he soon lost the eloquence of these words in his rage to surrender to ~~attack the Governor-General of Moscow~~. "Why, I would ask, ~~didn't~~ he went on, "didn't Sergei

anticipate how great was the need for police?" Any fool could have told him." ~~He went on from there, he~~

~~He started~~

~~had no direct influence on him, but I could, by a little, increase the heat of~~

~~his mood.~~ Soon enough, he was ~~ranting about incompetence. Then, he~~ hinting

~~hinted~~ that ~~some~~ nasty tricks had been played with the ~~money~~ funds set aside for

~~the~~ Coronation events. He did not know exactly what he was talking about, but

I could recognize the theme. He

~~he~~ had been listening to the same rumors I had heard even before the

Processional on May 9th. ~~The~~ In Moscow, the word had been out that the Governor-General

~~of Moscow~~ was siphoning off ~~some of the~~ Coronation funds to pay for his

gambling debts. It was not ~~literally~~ true. Sergei Alexandrovitch ~~'s personal~~ was not

guilty of that. It was his

assistant ~~had been the guilty one.~~ (He was not only in debt to the Crown,

and to ~~other~~ certain gamblers, but to us—he was one of our agents. ~~The~~ So, it was the assistant

who had ~~to protect himself~~

~~even~~ initiated the rumor that it was the Governor-General.)

That proved one of our most effective gambits. For indeed, there was certainly not enough money on hand to hire enough police for the night before the 18th at Khodynskoe Field. And we had managed through our devices, and our loyal Colonels in the Russian Army, to keep most of the available soldiers off at the gates to Moscow.

Poor Nicky. If he had one weakness, it was that he could not hold two contrary ideas in his mind long enough to decide which argument might have the most to offer. It was the nearest he ever came to feeling like a rich, heavenly young lady, who does not know how to restrain two embattled suitors from pummeling each other to squash. Just as he was ready to give real attention to his cousin Nikolai's fine speech, so two of his uncles came upon the echo of the last argument, and proceeded to explain in the sharpest terms that it would be an insult of incomparable consequence if the ball were called off.

The French Embassy had gone to such extensive and generous lengths of preparation. His absence could actually cause a rupture between the two nations. "Nicky, nothing like this can even be considered, not now. We depend on the French alliance. Nicky, you have to attend the ball. It would be a sign of great weakness not to appear. The French pride themselves on the cold sanity they can bring to heated emotion. They detest sentimentality. They will not see you as a man, but as weak, womanly, sentimental in the worst way. Foreign policy must not be determined by unfortunate accidents or personal grief."

Nicky attended the ball given by the French Ambassador. He had the first dance of the evening with Countess Montebello who was the wife of the French Ambassador, and Alix danced with the Count. In his diary, Nicky left his comment:

The Montebello Ball was very magnificently done, but the heat was unbearable. We left after supper at two o'clock.

One of the reasons he left may have been the smile on the face of the Governor-General of Moscow. Grand Duke Sergei was enjoying the Ball. He had a favorite saying: "It does not matter how awful the day has been. One must possess the character and the wit to be able, when the music is lively, and the drinks inspire special thoughts, to be able to enjoy an evening to the full. That is also our duty."

I know to a certainty that Sandro and his brothers were aware of Sergei's epigram. They had heard it more than once. On this night they found it as odious. So, they departed, all four brothers at the exact moment that the dancing began. Uncle Alexey spoke out loudly

enough for them to hear, "There go the four imperial followers of Robespierre."

I was content. The Maestro would be pleased. He would also be amused, I was certain, when he learned that I had been able to insinuate myself into the Royal Chamber long enough that night to enter Nicky's mind again. That was hardly to be believed. I was in the Bedroom, yes, the Cudgels were in more disarray than I could ever recall.

So, for a few minutes, (before they came back once again and I decamped) I was able not only to live just a little in Nicky's mind but to feel close enough to him to be able to report that he felt doomed. Doomed and damned. Together with his hopes. He knew this with some certainty of vision. His vision, not ours. It would take 21 years to confirm what he knew on that night. But that was the night when he knew. If I had it in me to feel

compassion (or for that matter could afford to), I might have been moved by how he suffered. He was frankly appalled. That night he told Alix that it might even be his duty to retire to a monastery where he could pray for the victims. It was no way to speak to a wife on a night so full of a sense of future disaster. It may even account for the letter Alix would yet write to her friend, the German Countess Rantzau.

> **I feel that all who surround my husband are insincere. And no one is doing his duty for Russia. They are all serving him for their career and personal advantage and I worry myself and cry for days on end as I feel my husband is very young and inexperienced—of which they are taking advantage.**

How much more she might have wept if she had known had with what derision Moscow was talking about her.

That is the road far down. For the present, we are back at the farm

and I see the little dirt road that leads to Der Alte's house.

-18-

Except for those occasions when we ~~are dont out in the guise of men~~ appear in the guise of humans ~~or women~~ (and so must accompany ourselves with ~~a human~~ any assortment of garments and paraphernalia) we ~~[illegible]~~ travel quickly. Since I was in Russia (needs avoided by assuming a physical entity) with no obligation to cater to the ~~demands of a physical form~~ (the ensuing shift from St. Petersburg to Moscow caused me no difficulty. 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 after the Coronation. On that occasion, the Tsar would honor the hundreds of thousands of Russian peasants who had made their way to Moscow for the occasion.

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

a day, she accepts her mother's breast. Milk, after all, is still milk even when a hint sour.

> **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 within the court. ~~Elation and dread were~~ 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 those emotions.~~ stirring with elation and dread.) When are we devils able to feel as human, or crowds as demonic ~~(and, on occasion,~~ and exalted) as before a great ceremony?

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

~~Dearest Nicky~~,

so profoundly different, and never by any other means to ~~enjoy~~ know cohabitation, (or even suggest it!) can, 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* 3 close up 3 open up

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" on the moment he entered her, a novel event, or, at least, ~~using my particular powers of perception,~~ so I assume. Let me admit that being obliged to see them only at a distance across a crowded space, or else limited to the ~~closest~~ close study of their letters, I do have to take a few chances to arrive at an interpretation. Certain conclusions have to alter, therefore, with time. Olga, for instance, has come to accept the given. Once

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 ~~unobtainable~~ to glean. ~~I expect it is true that~~ these ~~not-yet-birthed~~ creatures ~~can~~ express themselves (in the last trimester) through their mothers' dreams. ~~I would offer that~~ most babies come into the light of the birthing room with an affection or an antipathy toward the benevolent caretaker (or the surly warden) who 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 who is quick to declare that 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,

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.

And by the following day, aspects of
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!

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 Diary3 November 1895 Tsarskoe Selo
A day I will remember forever. At exactly 9 o'clock P.M. a baby was delivered and we al 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

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 Fauve— 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

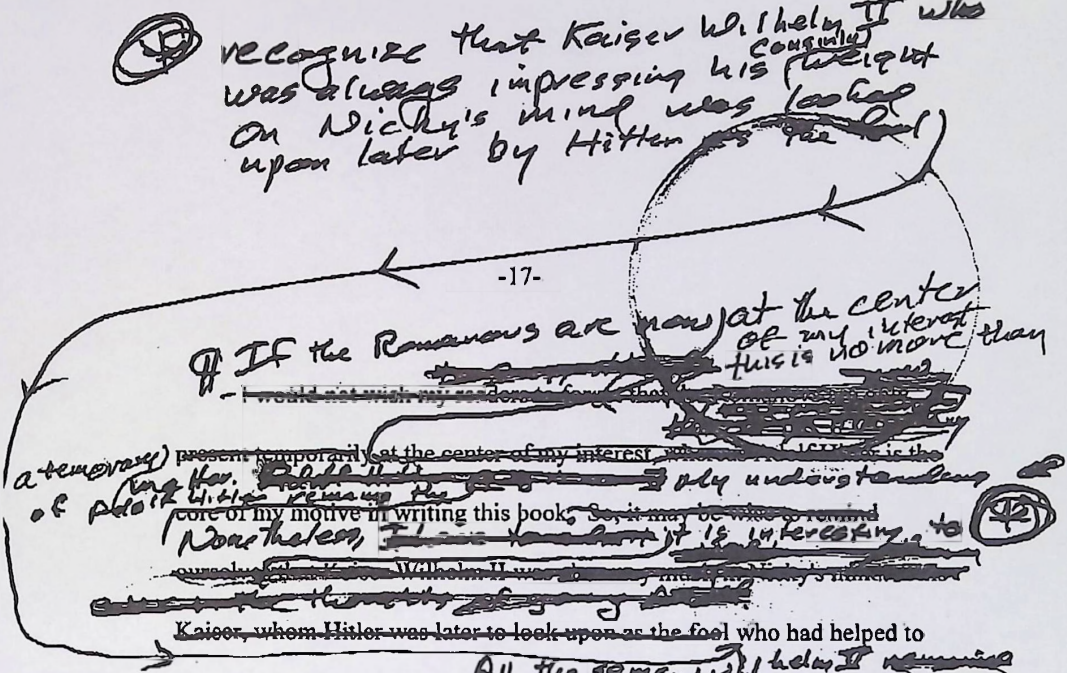
German soul, was happy to pass on his baton to Hitler. What Chamberlain had envisioned in his master work--Foundations of the Nineteenth Century--as he saw it--might now actually come to pass through the exceptional if most uncharacteristic figure of this new leader, this young Hitler, who was ready to pay a visit to a great mind, the himself. Chamberlain's vanity may still have been intact, but he was virtually on his death-bed when they met. Nonetheless, his support offered political 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~~ important to him.

Kaiser Wilhelm II to Nicky, 14 September 1895, Jagdhaus 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



recognize that Kaiser Wilhelm II who was always impressing his (consuming) weight on Nicky's mind was looked upon later by Hitler as the fool

-17-

If the Romanovs are now at the center of my interest this is no more than a temporary matter. Adolf Hitler remains the only understanding of core of my motive in writing this book. Nonetheless, it is interesting to

Kaiser, whom Hitler was later to look upon as the fool who had helped to lose World War I for Germany. All the same, Wilhelm II was indirectly connected to Hitler's life 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 Houston Chamberlain in Bayreuth, and the latter, very much an elitist, but also a devoted racist, and an intense believer in the putative superiority of the

-25-

By the time the Tsar and Tsarina arrived for the peasants' festival, most of the litter on Khodynskoe Field had been cleared. The bodies had been removed as well as the greater part of the clothing that had been torn from those bodies during the intensity of the struggle to stay alive by climbing above other limbs and torsos as one was being driven forward to the ground. So, a scatter of lost, ripped, and otherwise expropriated clothing lay along the sand and in the pits like a lower order of carnage, also there to be carried away. The bodies had been taken by the police, and now by a regiment of soldiers who had been quickly brought in, those dead transported completely off the field to sheltered areas behind the outlying

kiosks and hutches. There, the corpses were laid out in orderly rows, there to sit until more wagons could be brought to stack them up and transport them to the cemetery. Some relatives did come by before this occurred and there were shouts and screams of recognition but Nicky and Alix were far enough away, some two hundred yards at the nearest (which had been cleared first), and close to half a mile from the farthest hutches,. So they were not obliged to suffer any such ungainly sights. Besides, a chorus, long prepared, had been installed in front of the Royal Pavilion, and this chorus, composed of more than a thousand singers, for the moment, prevailed. To the immediate left and right, the viewing stands were crowded with another assembly of distinguished foreigners and Muscovites in their best uniforms and the ladies in their best examples of afternoon finery. Colorful bunting was arrayed above the pavilion, flowers were everywhere, and these bursts of gaiety were reinforced by the social principle which demands that one must never speak aloud or give other heed to any unpleasant moment ~~that occurs happenstance~~ during a fine social occasion. I have been present at fetes, galas, and soirees in the most fashionable rooms when one of the guests, usually one of ours, unable to control himself or herself, breaks

wind. Usually, the hideousness of the odor is in direct relation to the involuntary nature of the act, plus the ~~intensity~~ depth of our Satanic investment in the client's ~~bowels~~ passageways. Then the ~~invisible~~ pestilence sits in the air for the next ~~few~~ sometimes, longer, moments. For the social records Yet, no one remarks on the odor. ~~It is as if~~ it has not happened. This ability to ignore the ~~fetid and the~~ repellent has always been the ~~great~~, ingrained strength of the upper classes.

Now, hearing a thousand voices in chorus ~~in front of~~ before ten thousand ~~people viewing~~ onlookers, no one is about to recognize that only a few hours ago, ~~horrors~~ immutable occurred. Dead faces still lay on the field in all the ~~last~~ extremity of their last intolerable physical agony ~~in the hour of one's death~~. The Russians, ~~with~~ given their pan-European desire to ape the etiquette of the best English occasions, now looked to demonstrate that they possessed with those of the elect show their social kinship to the quiet delight of those who are to be seen on a notable day at the races. ~~It all~~ The occasion looked perfect until there was one surprise. An unbelievably strong wind blew up without warning, and it scattered odorous clouds of dust all over the Khodynskoe parade ground, a ~~maelstrom that~~ This maelstrom even reached the pavilions. There should have been no such wind. It ~~was~~ had been a still and glorious day. But the wind had come. I hardly knew if ~~it was~~ I witnessing the fury of the Dummkopf or the rage of the dead.

On the ~~heels~~ tail of this wind, the Tsar and Tsarina arrived. Everything changed. It was as if the gale was (there to be) dispelled by an uproar of cheers so loud that one could hardly (rowdy) hear the band, ~~not even~~ that immense national band, as it struck up the national anthem. The pavilion guests bowed to left and to right, and waved their arms in ~~furious species of greeting and~~ salute. Khodynskoe Field was now only half visible in the dust. ~~And more cheers came~~ as the close ground began to fill up from all the late arrivals appearing ~~now half a day~~ (in the present safety) after the riot in the dawn. Soon enough, Nicky and Alexandra waved to the new people flocking in, and ~~then~~ (soon after) left the pavilion to step into their carriage and (in order to) be driven (the) a few hundred yards ~~away from the field~~ to the (near entrance) ~~entrance~~ of Petrovsky Palace where the Tsar was to receive ~~emissaries and deputations and~~ selected groups of chosen citizens. In the glimpse I caught of him, he looked exceptionally pale and I wondered if he knew yet how much had happened. I suspect that his information was highly imperfect, but in any event, the order of the prearranged ceremonies was maintained. Not a quarter mile from Khodynskoe, Nicky and Alix now stood at the palace gates ~~there~~ ro receive (all. There were fourteen in) ~~fourteen~~ the delegations. As I was later to learn, there were representatives from the Cathedral of Christ the

Savior. A special gift was presented to Nicky and Alix—a large platter for ceremonial bread and salt. Nine months had been spent by eight men carving this platter out of crystal. Nicky screwed up his buttocks to force a little gratitude into his expression ~~on his face~~, an act invisible to all but connoisseurs like myself, and then proceeded to thank the eight workers for the generosity of their offer. Next came a Cavalry regiment, the Georgiyevskys. A delegation of peasant woman was followed by distinguished artists of the Moscow Imperial Theater. After which, a delegation ~~selected by~~ from the Moscow coachmen ~~to pay~~ paid their respects to the Tsar and Tsarina. There was even a showing of the Moscow All-Believers who offerred a silver platter on which Nicky's initials, but not Alix's, had been laid out in diamonds. Not to mention an army of contractors who had decorated Moscow with lights and false fronts for the Processional on May 9th. Representatives of the caterers, plus the Society of the Hunt, the Moscow Racing Club, and even (for their centuries of service since the time of Peter the Great) a few of the leaders of the Moscow German colony (come up and fix last line) (After ~~much of~~ this, Nicky and Alix were finally able to enter the palace and preside over a feast for the common people. That is to say—~~those most~~ honored

representatives of the common people. Inserting his remarks between

representatives of the common people. Inserting his remarks between

choruses of cheers, Nicholas II spoke to these ~~most~~ distinguished plebian elders: "The Empress and I heartily thank you for your expression of love and dedication. We do not doubt these feelings are shared by your fellow villagers. Care for your welfare is as close to my heart as it is to that of our Father and Beloved Savior."

It is not easy to believe, but I happened to look at the time ~~in this moment. To look at the time~~ is no more than a phrase since I was not in ~~any~~ visible form and so ~~there was no wrist on which to mount a timepiece.~~ But then, no devil ~~acting within his invisible presence~~ is ever without a clear sense of the minute, even the second. ~~It is~~ as if a chronometer is installed ~~in our spirit.~~ If I may speak in such fashion ~~of our invisible entities.~~ And so I ~~knew~~ that at the exact moment when the Tsar was making this speech, an event ~~of dire remarking~~ also occurred at the morgue, yes, at this ~~precise~~ instant (for another devil reported the exact time later.) Two of the corpses who had been ~~thrown together into~~ the transport wagons ~~prior to being brought here by~~ the morgue tables, ~~now reached up from~~ their comatose state,

• To get the quality you want, follow the steps using this sheet.
• Para obtener la mejor calidad, siga los pasos de esta hoja.
• Pour obtenir de meilleurs résultats, suivez la procédure indiquée sur cette feuille.
• Per ottenere una qualità ottimale, attenersi alle istruzioni fornite su questo foglio.
• Um optimale Qualität zu erzielen, befolgen Sie die hier aufgeführten Anweisungen.
• voer de stappen in dit document uit voor de beste kwaliteit.
• 가장 좋은 품질을 얻기 위해서는 이 설명서의 단계를 따르십시오.
• 要获得最佳质量，请按照本页的说明进行操作。
• 最高品質でプリントする為には、左記の順序に従って下さい。

and cried out in unison. They were wounded near to death, and grievously comatose, but now alive.

If I mention these supposed causes who turned into live upstarts, it is to emphasize how extraordinary was the paradox. I learned later that Alix, herself, was suffering her own private darkness of this same moment. For each of the guests who came forward, she had smiled and bobbed her head, still a pouter pigeon. But she was in her own terror. She had heard enough of what had gone wrong to be filled now with a thought that her own death might be near and Nicky's as well. Maybe even sooner! In what danger her husband lived! How could such a hideous event have occurred? For this would Nicky have to pay? And for the first time, she allowed herself to feel a great and open wrath against the Russian people. Why, she asked herself, did they have to riot? She even said to her husband, "There is so little courtesy among our Moujiks." Nicky did not know whether to be offended or pleased that she spoke of our Moujiks.

These thoughts, of course, I received at second hand from another of our special devils who had some superficial entree to one of Alix's ladies-in-waiting.

A half mile away, some soldiers were laying out the last of the victims, and on those far fringes, thousands of peasants ~~from far places and nearby villages as well as~~ and Muscovites kept searching for the lost people of their families. Meanwhile, in the courtyard ~~of Petrovsky~~ the Palace, Nicky went from table to table of the villagers as they ate their Poltava Borscht, their veal with fresh greens, cold whitefish, roast spring chicken, duckling, fresh and pickled cucumbers, dessert, fruit, wines.

Back on the field, there were new events for the late-comers. Gypsy dancers were performing. Bands. Jugglers. Ice cream was being sold. And behind the hutches, corpses were still being laid out in rows while the living ~~and peasants~~ kept looking for family members, staring into the battered faces of ~~dead men~~ the perished who might, given their large disfigurement, ~~might~~ still look somewhat like ~~be~~ the relative they sought. And ~~some, moving away~~, a few, even laid a few copper coins on one or another ~~dead man's~~ stranger's chest. In some places, however, piles of bodies remained. A heap of fifty here, twenty there, arms and legs at odd angles, filthy clothing. Dust was everywhere. The doctors ~~present~~ knelt in the dust to see if they could detect anyone who might still be breathing. Almost at the same moment, one of the dead was no longer to be seen as dead. He rose up. His wife,

who had been weeping beside him, began to beat herself on the chest. "God is here!" she screamed, "God is here! God has saved you!" But another family fifty feet away who had been covertly relieved at the demise of their long-lived family tyrant were now shrieking. For the ~~family despot~~ old wretch had opened his eyes. "The devil sent you back, you Monster!" his wife cried out.

Do Second

Faxed by Dwayne 1/25/05

to be faxed
double-spaced format
pp 547-562

-26-

It is time to explain my relation to the events at the field. Even as I was not present at the Coronation so was I not a leading actor during the occurrences ~~harrowing episodes~~ just described. I had only the satisfaction

~~For me, it had to suffice~~ that I foresaw the possibilities of the project and the Maestro ~~so~~ approved my intuition. ~~that he did place the greater part of his resources out at Khodynskoe, rather than looking to disrupt the Coronation itself.~~ If I had assumed at first that I

~~During the first weeks I was present St. Petersburg, I had assumed I would be one of the Maestro's field officers assigned to the task of disrupting the proceedings on the field, but~~ I was disabused of such a notion ~~even~~ before I came down to Moscow. The Maestro stated it directly. ~~Simply put~~ I was not sufficiently familiar with Russia ~~itself, certainly not~~

Stet

~~Enough~~ to command the Muscovite devils we would use. Better, for you, suggested the Maestro, to keep a close watch on the Romanovs and the family discords that ~~were~~ are bound to ensue after it ~~was~~ is all over.

~~I cannot pretend~~ Can I say that? I felt no disappointment? Or had no suspicion that? I was being relegated to a tangential proceeding? Yet, as I studied the letters, and became, to ~~a~~ my limited degree, familiar with Nicky, Alix, and a few of their relatives, I had to recognize the ~~wisdom~~ value of the Maestro's choice. ~~He had, after all, to contend with the morale of his Russian cohort.~~ But I also knew (and this is where I felt the pang) that he had concluded I was not strong enough for the job, which is to say, not pitiless enough. We may serve him, but we have our vanity, ~~and~~ mine was that I was capable of any ~~sort of assignment,~~ demanding tasks, high or low. Now, I had to recognize, and should have known it from the start, that my assignment to study the letters would ~~become~~ remain my basic role in Russia. All the same, ~~that~~ my knowledge might be of real use now. ~~As it turned out, I did have, in~~ I certainly had, in the while aftermath of Khodynskoe, some interesting reports. ~~If~~ the event had been a ~~direct~~ disaster ~~for those who perished in that~~ for those who perished in a muck of blood, flesh, broken bones, torn finery, and suffocation, the ~~reputations of the~~ Romanovs had also suffered ~~their own~~ a variety of depredations.

One ~~immediate~~ discernible result was ~~that the~~ in Cudgels, ~~now had gaps in their~~ efficiency at the circle of protection around Nicky. ~~It was now possible to come closer to~~ There were wide gaps in the circle they formed

~~the situation~~ able to approach, I was, for example, within viewing distance of the Tsar when he and Alix showed up ~~early in the afternoon~~ mid-day of May 18th to sit in the viewing stands that had been set up in advance at one end of the field. Given that narrow passage ~~kept~~ open to his mind, I could ~~inform the Maestro~~ detect that Nicky was not only ~~very~~ unsecurely pale as he approached the pavilion, but that this pallor came from unruly passion. I could ~~certainly~~ even feel its intensity. Some turn red with rage. He was pale with ~~rage. His~~ unspoken fury at the peasants ~~was~~. In this, his sentiments were comparable to Alix's. How could these people have been so pushy, so stupid, so ungrateful, so ridiculous, so self-destructive? Yet—heavy as ~~a load of~~ chains lying upon his heart—his duty was to forgive them. Could he call upon himself to feel such a sentiment when he was marooned in anger? There were so many aspects to his fury. He was ~~enraged~~ equally at the ineptitude of the police. He was also furious at himself. He could not be expected to watch over every detail, but nonetheless! Why had he not paid some attention to the arrangements for security? Much of this could have been prevented! Or was that even true? Were the events inevitable? He did not know. He could hardly know. Later that night, before he tried to sleep, he put down a few sentences in his diary whose contents I soon received by the usual route.

Up till now, thank God, everything went perfectly but today a great sin has taken place. The crowd spending the night on the Khodynka meadow, in anticipation of the distribution of food and mugs, broke through the barrier and there was a terrible crush, during which it is terrible to say about 1300 people were trampled.

The news left an ugly impression. We lunched at 12:30 and then Alix and I went to the Khodynka to be present at the unfortunate popular celebration. There was nothing in particular to see; we looked out from the pavilion over the huge crowd surrounding the platform, where the national orchestra kept on playing the national anthem and "Be Glorified!"

I kept studying the phrase, "a great sin has taken place." I could not determine what he meant. Nor, ~~so far as I know, could any of his~~ how he would react to his immediate duties, colleagues. Yet, even on the afternoon of May 18th, Sergei Witte, who was considered to be the most practical statesman Russia could present in those years, sent word to the Tsar: "In respect for the dead, all festivities should be cancelled immediately." Then he added, "Most particularly, the French Ambassador's Ball." That, scheduled to take place on the very night of May 18th , would be the largest social event of the Coronation.

Witte was answered by a man who held no small opinion of himself or his power. That was the Governor General of Moscow, the Grand Duke Sergei Alexandrovich, who was married to Alix's sister Ella. He had taken over, among his many other duties, the position of the Director of the Peasants' Festival. "The Tsar considers Khodynka a great disaster," Sergei Alexandrovitch replied by messenger, "but would inform you that in effect it was not so great a disaster that it should darken the Coronation holiday."

The older Grand Dukes, Alexandrovitch's brothers, were immediately in accord. But if their conclusion was unanimous, it was hardly shared by Nicky's cousins, the younger generations of Grand Dukes. Nicky's dearest friend, his first cousin, Sandro, who was married to Nicky's sister Xenia, considered the attitude of their uncles, these older Romanovs, this senior level of Grand Dukes, as nothing less than monstrous, Sandro was one of four brothers, sons of grand Duke Mikhail, and they, in turn, were as upset as Sandro. How could one attend a fancy ball on this night? This night of all! What an outrageous insult to the dead! It was a slap in the face of Russia's honor. Sandro said as much to Nicky. In turn, the Tsar's Uncle Alexey, who was now the oldest remaining brother of Nicky's dead father, told his nephew to beware of Sandro and his brothers.

"Nicky," said Uncle Alexey, "surely you are aware that your cousins, these Mikhailovichi, and Sandro most particularly, are not people you should listen to. They are young and inexperienced, they are radical, they are silly. They are worse than silly! I tell you, they will not admit it, but they are siding with unholy forces. Now, they wish to depose Sergei Alexandrovitch and put in one of their own as Governor-General of Moscow. Think what that will do to Sergei Alexandrovitch and to Ella. Your wife will be distraught that her sister Ella has to suffer such disgrace. That would be so unfair."

As ~~fast~~ quickly as these opinions ~~came in, I heard~~ were stated, see was I in the chamber to hear them. Again the Cudgels were not about. They were ~~in too much disarray and~~ rushing to too many places—such a host of just-perished souls so in need of succor! ~~For~~ this once, I found it not at all impossible to stay close to Nicky.

So, I heard Sandro's brother, Nicolai Alexandrovich. He spoke ~~to the Tsar~~ right after Uncle Alexey, and his speech had ~~commenced with some~~ eloquence. "Nicky, I beg of you, do not go to the French Ball tonight. Recognize what I am saying. Whether we like it or not, we are still living in the shadow of Versailles. Louis the XVI and Marie Antoinette could dance all night because they were naïve. They could have no sense of the approaching storm. But we can. We know. Nicky, search into your heart.

What happened, has happened. The blood of those men, those women, and those children will remain forever upon your reign. That is unfair, because you are good, you are kind. I know, if you could, you would revive the dead. But you cannot. So, Nicky, it is crucial that at the least, you must show your sympathy to their families. ~~Your respect.~~ Your allegiance to them. Your respect. How can you allow the enemies of this regime—who are everywhere—to say that our young emperor danced while his slaughtered subjects were taken to Potter's Field?"

He had succeeded in reaching the center of Nicky's feelings. Nicky did not want to go to the Ball. But ~~his~~ this most eloquent cousin was young, and did not have enough experience to maintain the convincing edge of his debate ~~this advantage~~. So, he soon surrendered ~~the~~ his eloquence ~~of these words~~ to his rage. "Why, I would ask," he went on, "didn't Sergei anticipate how great was the need for police? Any fool could have told him." Soon enough, he was hinting that ~~some~~ nasty tricks had been played with the funds set aside for Coronation events. He did not know exactly what he was talking about, but I ~~could recognize~~ had heard as much myself. Cousin Nikolai ~~the theme. He~~ had been listening to the same rumors I had ~~heard~~ come upon even before the Processional on May 9th. In Moscow, the word ~~had been~~ was out that the Governor-General was siphoning off Coronation funds to pay for his gambling debts. It was not true. Sergei Alexandrovitch was not guilty of

that. It was his assistant. ~~(He~~ was not only in debt to the Crown, and to certain gamblers, but to us—he was one of our agents. So, it was the assistant who had initiated the rumor that it was the Governor-General.)

That proved one of our more effective ~~gambits~~. For indeed, there was ~~certainly not~~ money on hand to hire ~~enough~~ police for the night before the morning of May 18th at Khodynskoe Field. Moreover, ~~with the aid of a~~ number of Colonels ~~who were~~ also our clients, ~~we had arranged to keep the~~ body of ~~available~~ soldiers ~~off protecting the gates to Moscow.~~

¶ Poor Nicky. If he had one weakness, it was that he could not hold two contrary ideas in his mind long enough to decide which argument might have the most to offer. Just as he was in the midst of giving real attention to his cousin Nikolai's fine speech, so two of his uncles came upon the echo, and proceeded to explain in the sharpest terms that it would be an insult of incomparable consequence if the Ball were called off. The French Embassy had gone to ~~such~~ generous lengths of preparation. The absence of the Tsar and Tsarina could ~~cause~~ a rupture between the two nations. "Nicky, your absence cannot even be considered, ~~not now!~~ We depend upon the French alliance. Nicky, you have to attend the Ball. It would be a sign of great weakness not to appear. The French pride themselves on the sanity they ~~can~~ bring to heated emotion. The froideur! They detest sentimentality. They

will not see you as a man, but as weak, womanly, sentimental in the worst way. Foreign policy must not be determined by unfortunate accidents or ~~personal grief.~~ passing compassion."

Nicky attended the ball given by the French Ambassador. He had the first dance of the evening with Countess Montebello who was the wife of the French Ambassador, and Alix danced with the Count. In his diary, Nicky left this comment:

> **The Montebello Ball was very magnificently done, but the heat was unbearable. We left after supper at two o'clock.**

One of the reasons he left may have been the smile on the face of the Governor-General of Moscow. Grand Duke Sergei was enjoying the Ball. He had a favorite saying: "It does not matter how awful the day has been. One must possess the character and the wit, to be able, when the music is lively and the drinks inspire you, ~~to be able~~ to enjoy an evening to the full. That is also our duty."

Sandro and his brothers ~~were well~~ aware of Sergei's epigram. ~~They had heard it more than once.~~ On this night, they found it odious. So, they departed, all four brothers ~~left~~ the exact moment that the dancing began.

Klara, my darling Klara,

I am crying even as I try to write. Pay no attention to mis-falls of words. I pray to God — should I write, should I give warning? I think God says yes. I hope so, because if wrong ~~not~~, this is not good thing to do, but I ~~wrong~~ wrong I wrong ~~all the~~ all day. Also the night. You must forgive me ~~for~~ my German, it is not good, ~~you~~ my daughter will be ashamed of ~~your~~ her mother, but ~~have to write this letter. Yes. Feel strongly I must~~ this letter — maybe it must be written; I must give you some worries. It is ~~Jesus~~ the Young One you sent, the boy. ~~Alf~~ In beginning, I thinked you. In my heart. Such a nice boy, ~~God-loving. The boy looks~~ like his father ~~did~~ looked when that age. So young. So bright, yes, very bright, and in the beginning, ~~very~~ good. Johann left saying A hard worker. But then we had to wrong. Klara, I am crying. You will have to keep an eye on your Alois. I must tell you ~~the~~ this. ~~Johann decided~~ we got to know him better. He is wild. That is what we found out. Johann finally

Decided we must send him back to his father, and to your Handelsmann. Johann even decided to pay wages and have a man. He [illegible] did not want him in our house by the end.

06/22/2014 03:18 FAX 002

Uncle Alexey spoke out loudly ~~enough for them to hear~~, "There go the four imperial followers of Robespierre."

I was content. The Maestro would be pleased. He would also be amused, I was certain, when he learned that I had been able that night to insinuate myself into the Royal Chamber ~~that night long enough to enter Nicky's mind again~~. That was hardly to be believed. I was in the Bedroom, yes! the Cudgels were in more disarray than I could ever recall.

So, for a few minutes, (before they returned, and I had to ~~came back once again and I decamped~~ decamp) I was able not only to ~~live~~ peer just a little in Nicky's mind but to feel close enough to him for one good instant to be able to report that he felt doomed. Doomed and damned. He knew this with some certainty of vision. His vision, not ours. It would take 21 years to confirm what he knew on that night. But that was the night when he knew. If I had it in me to feel ~~compassion~~ sympathy (or for that matter could afford to), I might have been moved by how he suffered. He was truly appalled. He told Alix that it might be his duty to retire to a monastery where he could pray for the victims. It was no way to speak to a wife on a night so full of a sense of future disaster. It may even account for the letter Alix would yet write to her friend, the German Countess Rantzau.

I feel that all who surround my husband are insincere. And no one is doing his duty for Russia.

They are all serving him for their career and personal advantage and I worry myself and cry for days on end as I feel my husband is very young and inexperienced—of which they are taking advantage.

How much more she might have wept if she had known how what ladies in Moscow was talking were saying about her.

Before the Coronation, she had made a ~~cardinal~~ critical mistake. She had told confided too much to her closest lady-in-waiting how much she had confessed. She adored Nicky, "Not only for his heart, but for the other matters. I love him so much that I must call him all kinds of All kinds," secret names. ~~I do that all the time."~~

"What are these secret names?" asked the Lady-in-Waiting.

"Oh, I cannot tell you. They are so secret. I call him these many sweet words, usually in English. That is such a warm language for me." So hospitable."

It came out. Bit by bit. At last, it was in the air—the Her big secret. The secret that the Lady-in-Waiting swore she would never tell pass on to a soul. And the Lady-in-Waiting did not, not for a day or two. And then she only told it to one trusted friend, who swore and this lady swore in turn that she could be trusted absolutely not to tell it to anyone else.

In the event Since this lady was second in line, she did not feel free to give the secret away immediately. It took two nights before she told secret away to more than two close and trusted friends who also took a vow They

of silence. They did not wait as long, however, to break their word. Within the week, Moscow's best society was snickering over Alix's love of English. Everyone who had a reputation for knowing what others did not know now knew Alix and Nicky's intimate words for each other. "Lovy, Boysy, Sweet one, my soul, my very soul" (which Alix converted to Russian—dushki—also "mannikins mine, sweety, pussy-mine, Sunny."

They all laughed at Alix until one of the ladies (sooner or later) would remind the others, "She comes to us from behind a coffin. She carries misfortune."

For that matter, the Governor-General of Moscow was now called "The Prince of Khodynka."

-27-

In the week that followed the disaster, there were eight days of fetes, dances, receptions, state visits, and musicales. On May 19th, there was a banquet in Alexander Hall in the Kremlin and on the 20th, Sergei gave his own ball. The 21st brought the Moscow nobility together at the Hall of Columns, Prince Trubetskoi as host. Four thousand guests appeared. On the 22nd, Nicky and Alix made a state visit to the Troisky-Sergeyevsky monastery, and on the morning of the 23rd, Nicky gave 20,000 rubles as a first installment on a children's home for the orphans of Khodynka. That evening, there was dinner with the English Ambassador at a palace ball in the St. Andrew Hall of the Kremlin. Thirty-one hundred guests. The Germans, laying low, gave no more than a Musicale at their embassy ~~on the~~ next evening 24th which was followed by a Palace dinner for all the ambassadors on the

25th. ~~And~~, for conclusion, they were back at Khodynka Field on the 26th ~~for~~ to witness a military review. ~~Needless to say, a good~~ many of the ravines and pits had been filled by then. It was another brilliant day and Nicky's carriage was drawn by six white horses. Thirty-eight thousand, five hundred sixty-five enlisted men marched in company with 2,000 officers. Sixty-seven generals watched.

By now, I was awaiting orders to leave. I did not know if I could acclimate myself to Hafeld after these exceptional weeks in Russia, but the Maestro was quick to tell me: "Respect Hafeld. It is more important than you think."

There was no reason to believe or disbelieve him—his real opinion was, after all, concealed in the mirrors of his impenetrable bearing.

I can say that on my arrival back to Austria, I did feel better than I had in years. Khodynka had come off as the finest major operation I had participated in for a long time. Indeed, I could not recall when we had spent our time more efficiently.

It is sad to say, but few devils are permitted to retain much memory—I think the Maestro employs the same principle as intelligence agencies. No one in intelligence is told anything about a project unless there is a need to

know. We, in turn, are not encouraged to remember what we do not need for a new project.

All the same, Khodynka remained in my memory and my morale was close to excellent. In dealing with this Hitler family a second time, it was easier to accept the interest of the Maestro. Obviously, he had an aim larger than I could comprehend.

Given such respect, filled with a lightness of spirit altogether different from the heaviness that is requisite to being loyal ~~because~~ when there is no other choice, I felt elevated upon my return to Hafeld, and soon enough did cease to think often about Nicky, ~~and~~ Alix, or any of the others. There was, after all, no need ~~for memory~~. If I was ever to be called back to Russia, and I expected that I might be, the necessary recollections would be reconstituted by the Maestro.

Let me admit that ~~that~~ was how it seemed at the time. I find it interesting now, as I choose to write this book, how much I do recall, but then I was indeed sent back to Russia in 1908, and remained there until the murder of Rasputin nine years later—that incomparable Rasputin who became my most exceptional client. (Of those I can remember!) He was not only able to work in the closest union with me, but ~~was also~~ insisted upon remaining in the service of one of the D.K.'s best Cudgels. (Indeed, this maverick human will prevailed in the face of the separate and inclinations of the D.K. and the ~~[illegible]~~ "The worst I've met since Nietzsche," the Maestro once exclaimed.)

I will look to tell that story in all good time, but not until I record what happened to Alois, Klara, and Adolf through the twelve years until 1908 when Adolf at the age of nineteen went off to Vienna and I, after a little while, was sent back to Russia to commence my exceptional task with Rasputin.

That is the route ahead. For the present, we are back at the farm ~~and I~~ From here, I can see the road that leads to Der Alte's house.