

~~Wendy~~
~~Felt~~

(given
this
symbol)

-13-

To reach into the thoughts of a woman like Klara is not routine for us.

Dealing with men and women who are well-protected by the best of the

~~Cudgels~~ Guardian Angels—we take care not to approach ^{for too little} ~~(Rather, we wait~~

~~for openings. Some~~ ^{sometimes emotional crises offer us the chance} ~~provided for example the emotional crisis~~ Hysteria

^(will often track the) ~~can offer an open door.~~ ^{(Many forms of hysteria are} (That is because) it is bewildering to the Cudgels—

^{But for} their calming arts have, temporarily, failed.) ~~For the most part, however, we~~

leave protected people alone even as the Cudgels usually avoid contact with

our ~~committed~~ clients. Prudence prevails on both sides. Forced occasions of

entrance ^f are rarely attempted.

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

Angel to be absent. ~~(Even Cuddles need their rest.)~~ At such times, a small

~~If the situation cannot wait, we call~~
raid is feasible. ~~Of course, we can also call on more artful methods.~~ Many a

devil can transform himself for a short period into an angelic presence. Since

~~we are hardly bona fide,~~ ^{ersatz,} we do not ^{try to get inside & gain} gain direct entrance into a ^{protected} protected

^{protected} person's mind, but, ^{we obtain gains} there are tangible gains. Often, for example, ~~we~~ ^{some of us, can,} take on

^{a gentle and} the persona of the gentlest of angels. ^{Then, our presence can} That will ^{usually} inspire such a mood of

beneficence in the targeted subject ^{may even} that he or she will feel balmy enough to

^{The} prate and prattle. ^{their can be divulged} True vulnerabilities of the heart are offered up in a flood of

good feeling, happy words, ~~and~~ laughter.

Moreover, Klara ~~did not present any special difficulty.~~ ^{Once, on the night that Adolf was conceived,} She was hardly

strange to us. ~~She had once been catapulted, after all,~~ ^{into a high state of}

~~concupiscence~~ ^{on the night that Adolf was conceived,} Ever since, Klara, on

occasion, has had her carnal ~~desires~~ ^{part of herself} A part of herself (usually concealed

from herself) is still ready to engage in that fundamental rite of stinks and

grunts and glories which does take place whenever God and the devil choose

to sweat together in the swamp and paradise of sex. This may be why people

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who are notably ethical (and clean-smelling) usually do not offer any striking physical appeal. There is not enough of us is to be found in them.

Enough. I do not know whether this is of significance, but the beauty of the spring day when Klara felt so happy ~~while~~ holding Paula and talking to the flowers, happened to coincide (even to the hour) with the Coronation of Nicholas the Second and Alexandra. Indeed, the warm spell remained incomparable in Moscow ~~as well~~ for a number of ~~following~~ days, and I ~~even~~ recall ^{even} that when I came back to Hafeld in early June, this fine period ^{across much of Europe.} continued. Normally, my well-being is not affected by the weather, but these long sunny days of June enhanced ^{recollections of my contribution to} ~~my recollection of~~ activities at the Coronation which, ^{was} after much effort, ~~were~~ crowned with dramatic success for

That proved a special delight. Devils like myself of relatively high rank are keen to search into the higher logic of our activities. Our morale, in consequence, ^{while} is vulnerable to failure, ^{is} but highly stimulated by success. We react to favorable results ^{more} more than lesser devils who, for the most part, know it is wise to follow orders blindly. In contrast, I prefer to know how our ^{then, with the exception I am usually} projects turn out for them, for a little, we are less drenched in foreboding. If

we know how to inspire dread in human beings, it is because we live with so much of it ourselves.

All the more reason then to be pleased with my own display of insight in the days after the Coronation.

As already indicated, I had been one of the first to give warning to the Maestro that a direct attack on the crowning event ^{was} would not be likely to succeed. We ^{could} had, of course, ^{initiate} developed a number of ^{possible} strikes.

Nowhere else in Europe ^{were able to} could we boast of as many agents and clients as in Russia. A number were of high rank. We possessed more than one Grand

Duke and Duchess among the several branches of the Romanov family and we certainly infested the secret police. ^(we had more agents in this) (When it came to the Okhrana, we

^{the Okhrana than did also} outnumbered the Cudgels!) We had Ministers of State who were as abjectly

loyal to us as hounds slaving over a bowl of kibble. We were well-installed in all the royal families of Europe, not to mention the nobility and/or the generals—so often the same! Nouveau riches lay before us like an open whore. Tycoons were among our most valued and protected clients.

When it came, therefore, to calling upon potential actors, we knew that if we were ready to accept the cost, we could bring off some major

→ at some point, what if I was wrong? After my long period of concentration upon reality

disruptions on Coronation Day. Even one of the two Metropolitans who would preside over the theological ceremonies was ours, and indeed, we had many a cohort of half-mad monks in Russian Orthodox churches and monasteries. Many of them would be coming to Moscow on this high occasion, *More than a few* and *this is not even to speak of our* In addition, we had no small share of anarchists, *certainly* ~~and~~ lists, and terrorists. The more militant among them would be ready to attempt an assassination before or during the Coronation.

Nonetheless, I was opposed to ^{such} ventures. After my long ^{these ventures} period of ~~probably not success~~ ~~concentration upon relatively minor activities in so many small cities and~~

towns of Austria, I was hardly prepared to take in the ^{monumentality} ~~air~~ of Russia ~~so~~ ^{so this} quickly. It was too intense! Not only could we muster hordes of devils to stir the hearts of half the people (half—at the least!), but Mosow and St.

Petersburg were occupied by a greater assembly of angels than I had
in a long time. And these worthies were doing their utmost! Never had

I felt the presence of the D.K. more directly. If He had often seemed ^{far} distant, even ^{and} a touch disoriented by the uncountable number of successes and failures ^{which take} ^{now} taking place every day in His Creation, nonetheless, He was everywhere now.

~~Everywhere~~ we turned.

For the longest time, I had been accustomed to thinking of Him as an Abstract Presence, a force who could be ugly on occasion (by way of His Cudgels), but was removed enough to enable us to work in relative freedom of His Nearness. In Russia, however, His Presence had become ^{the prevailing} a factor.

God wanted this Coronation to succeed! He had chosen the battleground and was determined not to lose. There was such intensity of dedication among the Cudgels that I knew we would ~~have to~~ ^(any unsuccessful attack) pay ~~for~~ heavily for success. This

lay upon my judgment with all the weight of a hard fact—a stone too heavy to

lift. Finally, I did. I dared to suggest my plan to the Maestro, and he accepted it. ~~That was the boldest step I had ever taken in relation to him.~~

At first, I did not try to speak at meetings of the high council where I

~~Afterward, I knew real dread. I had been placed. I had to discover for myself whether I dared to present my~~

forebodings. Were they in any way worthy of consideration by the Maestro?

~~All the same, I was obsessed with a question: What was the motive for such~~ ^{could be God's motive}

unparalleled commitment by God to the success of the coronation?

Until this event, the Dummkopf had invested His Substance in a variety of people and causes. He paid attention to Monarchists and Republicans, to the most established aristocrats and to the revolutionaries who were ready to die for the honor of overthrowing their overlords. He had also encouraged

many a human to offer public service to democracies. He hardly ignored the Pope and the Vatican (but then, neither did we!) He was open to the calls of liberty and to the injunctions of autocracy. As the Maestro once remarked, "He plays with events." He keeps going by the crudest rule of thumb! ~~It is~~ *It is* not difficult to hear the workings of His Mind. 'I may make My mistakes,' He says, 'but I do pay attention to who wins. That way I can see what works.' Why, after all," added the Maestro, "did He give free will to homo sapiens? Obviously, the poor Dummkopf wanted to come ~~a bit~~ closer to obtaining some notion of what He had created."

The Maestro was enjoying his ~~own~~ play of irony, but I was ready to ~~assume this hypothesis could be valid. For if it was, I now had to conclude~~ that the Dummkopf was leaning—no, put it more accurately—the D.K. had come over, for the moment at least, to the conviction that the well-being of *much of His* *a good* the world might now rest to some degree on the need for a successful hegemony of the Tsar and the Russian Orthodox Church. He would install Nicholas the Second with an unforgettable ceremony, fortify the Church even further, and guide this association of Crown and Cross to rule with authority over the inchoate but vast energies of the Russian people.

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If so, it was more than an amazing decision, it was a staggering choice. To depend on Russia—so invested with corruption! So teeming with injustice! It was what we looked ^{to find} ~~for~~ We counted on injustice. It was the yeast to inspire hatred, envy, and the loss of love. If we had ^{our own} ~~a~~ rule of thumb, it was to encourage injustice wherever we could. For rare was the man or woman who did not possess an intense sense of the injustice done to them each day. It was our taproot to every adult. It was a fury in every child!

As I looked then for an explanation into the motives of the D.K., it seemed evident that part of the answer might be found in the young man who would receive the Coronation. While we prided ourselves on having a keener appreciation than the Dummkopf of the flaws and potentialities of the men and women He had created, nonetheless, the D.K. like many another creative artist, had His own vanities in this respect and ^{doubtless} ~~would~~ have argued, ~~doubtless~~—if debate between the Maestro and Himself were possible—that the history of human nature had been improved by the ^{brilliant} ~~advent~~ of Jesus Christ into the daily life of the masses in so much of the world.

We were ready to disagree. We saw Christ's efforts ending in failure even if the Maestro had to respect the ^{salience} ~~brilliance~~ exercised by the D.K. in the

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aftermath. It was incontestable that He recovered quickly enough to claim credit for the very crucifixion He had certainly wanted to avoid. "God," our Maestro was always ready to inform us, "was cheating on the rules He had formulated. He traduced His own Game! Free will for humans becomes meaningless once there is divine intervention. But leave it to the Old Goat! Secretly—blind even to His own motive—He was determined to establish His Kingdom on earth. In the most literal sense! He wanted a Kingdom with His Son on the throne. He most certainly was not anticipating the disaster that befell ^{our} ~~my~~ poor ~~last~~ brother, Jesus." And the Maestro laughed. (He had a rich, self-pleasuring laugh whenever he made a remark that could leave a scar on the Scriptures.)

All the same—^{his} ~~such ecstatic~~ merriment to the side—it was becoming evident to me that the D.K. had to be placing His hopes in the character of the young man who would soon be crowned as Tsar Nicholas the Second. You may be certain that I made a request to the Maestro: Could I devote my efforts to learning as much about Nicholas as was possible under these constrained circumstances? "Yes. Learn what you can," said the Maestro.

"That could prove most interesting for you." *His readiness to agree confirmed my suspicion that even if he had accepted my concept for disrupting the occasion, I was not to play a direct part in those events.*

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

But I could not, as I say, come near. I had never encountered a human being more guarded by squadrons—in all literal truth!—squadrons of angels ~~from His highness, more~~ to keep observers like myself at a distance.

That was a loss. ~~Taking in the scent of a human being from the other end of a~~

~~room, I can detect as much as an animal with a keen olfactory passage, ^{any} take in the scent of a human being. Even from the other end of a room, my eyes can perceive defects in the corner of a nostril or the subtle turns along~~

~~the ridges of the ear—enough to reveal concealed twists of character. ^{are revealed to me,}~~

~~Yet these are not fine senses I look to retain for all occasions. Our satanic ^{do not} existence could ^{would be enervating} enervate us if our sight and taste and smell, our sense of~~

touch and hearing, were always at a level of exquisite readiness—no, we call

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upon such faculties only when urgently needed to learn a good deal ^{in a great hurry} about a man or woman ^{to repeat there} in a few moments. Here, however, as I ~~must~~ repeat, one was not able to approach. There ~~were~~ ^{are} too many Cudgels. Once again, I had to rely on the secondary materials that smaller devils had extracted from ^{these of our} the numerous clients who dwell in the lower and middle reaches of the palaces of ^{and offices} St. Petersburg and the churches of the Kremlin.

This, then, is what I learned from these more or less academic ^{sources} ~~resources~~. Needless to say, I am hardly speaking of texts ^{now} ~~or~~ of libraries. There was, however, a fund of copied material that had been collected by royal valets, chambermaids, and house servants who had become our clients, a full flow, indeed, of the most useful gossip and insights. It seemed as if during this epoch, everyone in every royal family of Europe was writing letters to ^{his or her} their parents, children, aunts and uncles, cousins, and intimates. In addition, they all kept diaries. The Tsarevitch, soon to be Nicholas the Second, had made an entry every day from boyhood on, and by the time of the Coronation he was so close to Alix (his ^{Tsarina} Alexandra) that she seemed always by his side, literally. His diary was not only exposed to her perusal, but open to her written comments as well. Her written additions

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were inserted on many a page. What thoughts! A plethora of superlatives! *Her additions to the diary + several*
~~teeming~~ with piety and declarations of love.

I was fascinated. This nearness to royalty was stimulating. If an element of snobbery was present, I have to add that the Maestro was acerbic about the drawbacks. "You may yet come to recognize that snobbery is for fools of the highest sort. It distorts every last finding our agents bring in."

Reproof or not, I enjoyed my new work. This was no ordinary royal family. Rather, it could be seen as a conflux of the highest monarchs in Europe. *The family tree could only be described as*
~~An unbelievably top-heavy family tree!~~ Alix, the beloved of Nicky, was only a princess from Hesse but her mother, Alice, had been one of Queen Victoria's three daughters. Alice died when Alix was only six years old, but afterward, Queen Victoria paid much *loving* ~~attention to her~~ *the child* on every visit to England. ~~Alix was beloved by Queen Victoria.~~ Then there was Kaiser Wilhelm the Second of Germany, who would *he still be the* ~~yet become the famous or~~
~~German~~ *during* ~~infamous~~ *Queen* Kaiser of World War I. He was married to Victoria's oldest daughter. So he was Alix's uncle. She called him Uncle Willy. The English prince who would become King George the Fifth of England was the nephew of Nicky's mother, Empress Marie. In turn, George's oldest son became

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Edward the Eighth who would later abdicate the throne in order to marry Wallis Simpson, and live on as the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

If I list events still decades away, it is only to emphasize that ~~close to~~ half of Europe's highest royalty was closely related both to Alix or to Nicky, or to both.

In addition—no small addition—Alix and Nicky were in love. They were desperately in love. If such love was obliged to be, in some part, false, as desperate love invariably is, Alix and Nicky were ^{nonetheless} excellent actors with huge respect for their roles. For everyone believed it was indeed a most intense love born of an adolescent infatuation when he was sixteen and she was twelve. This infatuation had managed to ^{endure} ~~persevere~~ through years of separation followed by intense courtship. Indeed, their closeness to one another would later be fortified by the birth of five children. I will not pursue it further at this point other than to say that they died (were murdered) on the same day, a year and a few months short of what would have been their Twenty-Fifth Anniversary.

Yes, by all the evidence, they were very much in love. In the weeks before the Coronation, I knew enough, however, not to suggest that this might

be a true case of intense and enduring affection. That would not be to ^{the Maestro's} ~~his~~ taste. ^{Speaking to a crowd as here,} When the Evil One spoke to us (in Russia, he said, "Be prepared for the greatest swindle of them all. The Dummkopf presents Himself as the Almighty Creator of love. It is all love. He is full of love, and those who love Him are full of love, and love itself will solve all human problems. With this noxious pomade, He not only gulls a good three-quarters, at least, of His walking-and-talking animals, His humans, His creation, but He fools Himself. No one believes in love so much as the Dummkopf."

I was ready to accept this premise, indeed, I saw it as the heart of the Dummkopf's intense concern that the Coronation be a great success. Had He gone back to the unbelievably romantic assumption that a revival of respect for monarchy might offer the best ^{remaining} ~~foundation~~ ^{for} ~~that remained to inspire~~ a fine society? Did He suppose that if a handsome young king and ^{most attractive young} ~~lovely~~ queen were profoundly in love with each other, ^{and} ~~wholly~~ devoted to their faith, and—the first of all loyalties—believed in His Power and His Goodness, then these three rare conditions satisfied, He could have the pleasure of exploring ^{Further} ~~into~~ this ^{bold} ~~particular~~ experiment. Would it turn out more happily than ^{some of} ~~the others?~~ ^{His ~~other~~ other royal ventures?} After

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After all, it was possible that ^{most} monarchies had ~~invariably~~ failed in the past ^{so little} because there was ~~no~~ mutual love at the top.

I was relieved. I now had a premise. Long ago I had learned that the study of new material was lifeless whenever one was lacking ^{a vital} ~~a~~ hypothesis.

Possessed of one, however, every new piece of knowledge ^{acquired} ~~was there to~~ ^{was ready to} (contribute to the premise ^{or} deny it. Now one's studies could come alive, and one's acumen be enriched by every addition to one's ~~acquired~~ ^{knowledge}.

The center of my attention had come then to this: Was the D.K. in full possession of His Faculties? Or was He growing senile? My hypothesis turned toward that question.

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All the same—^{his} ~~such~~ caustic merriment to the side—it was becoming evident to me that the D.K. had to be placing His hopes in the character of the young man who would soon be crowned as Tsar Nicholas the Second. You may be certain that I made a request to the Maestro: Could I devote my efforts to learning as much about Nicholas as was possible under these constrained circumstances? "Yes. Learn what you can," said the Maestro. "That could prove most interesting for you."

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

But I could not, as I say, come near. I had never encountered a human being more guarded by squadrons—in all literal truth!—squadrons of angels from His highest ranks, there to keep observers like myself at a distance. That was a loss. Taking in the scent of a human being from the other end of a room, I can detect as much as an animal with a keen olfactory passage. My eyes can perceive defects in the corner of a nostril or the subtle turns along the ridges of the ear—enough to reveal concealed twists of character. Yet, these are not fine senses I look to retain for all occasions. Our satanic existence ~~could enervate us~~ ^{would be enervating} (if our sight and taste and smell, our sense of touch and hearing, were always at a level of exquisite readiness—no, we call

upon such faculties only when urgently needed to learn a good deal about a man or woman in a few moments. Here, however, as I must repeat, one was not able to approach. There were far too many Cudgels. Once again, I had to rely on the secondary materials that smaller devils had extracted from the numerous clients who dwell in the lower and middle reaches of the palaces of St. Petersburg and the churches of the Kremlin.

This, then, is what I learned from these more or less academic resources. Needless to say, I am hardly speaking of texts or of libraries. There was, however, a fund of copied material that had been collected by royal valets, chambermaids, and house servants who had become our clients, a full flow, indeed, of the most useful gossip and insights. It seemed as if during this epoch, everyone in every royal family of Europe was writing letters to ^{his or her} ~~their~~ parents, children, aunts and uncles, cousins, and intimates. In addition, they all kept diaries. The Tsarevitch, soon to be Nicholas the Second, had made an entry every day from boyhood on, and by the time of the Coronation he was so close to Alix (his Tsarina Alexandra) that she seemed always by his side, literally. His diary was not only exposed to her perusal, but open to her written comments as well. Her written additions

were inserted on many a page. What thoughts! A plethora of superlatives teeming with piety and declarations of love.

I was fascinated. This nearness to royalty was stimulating. If an element of snobbery was present, I have to add that the Maestro was acerbic about the drawbacks. "You may yet come to recognize that snobbery is for fools of the highest sort. It distorts every last finding our agents bring in."

Reproof or not, I enjoyed my new work. This was no ordinary royal family. Rather, it could be seen as a conflux of the highest monarchs in Europe. An unbelievably top-heavy family tree! Alix, the beloved of Nicky, was only a princess from Hesse but her mother, Alice, had been one of Queen Victoria's three daughters. Alice died when Alix was only six years old, but afterward, Queen Victoria paid much attention to ~~her~~ ^{the child} on every visit to England. Alix was beloved by Queen Victoria. Then there was Kaiser Wilhelm the Second of Germany, who would yet become the famous or infamous Kaiser of World War I. He was married to Victoria's oldest daughter. So he was Alix's uncle. She called him Uncle Willy. The English prince who would become King George the Fifth of England was the nephew of Nicky's mother, Empress Marie. In turn, George's oldest son became

be a true case of intense and enduring affection. That would not be to his taste. When the Evil One spoke to us in Russia, he said, "Be prepared for the greatest swindle of them all. The Dummkopf presents Himself as the Almighty Creator of love. It is all love. He is full of love, and those who love Him are full of love, and love itself will solve all human problems. With this noxious pomade, He not only gulls a good three-quarters, at least, of His walking-and-talking animals, His humans, His creation, but He fools Himself. No one believes in love so much as the Dummkopf."

I was ready to accept this premise, indeed, I saw it as the heart of the Dummkopf's intense concern that the Coronation be a great success. Had He gone back to the unbelievably romantic assumption that a revival of respect for monarchy might offer the best ^{remaining} foundation ~~that remained to inspire~~ ^{for} a fine society? Did He suppose that if a handsome young king and lovely queen were profoundly in love with each other, wholly devoted to their faith, and—the first of all loyalties—believed in His Power and His Goodness, then these three rare conditions satisfied, He could have the pleasure of exploring into this particular experiment. Would it turn out more happily than the others?

(Here, I would introduce a)
 of a ~~friend~~ *He* cousin named Sandro, married to Nicky's sister, Xenia, *was a bit*
~~of a friend~~ *five brothers, and Nicky's*
 closest friend. Sandro had his own memoirs and I looked at the entry for

October 20, 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 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,

~~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 monarchial

instinct is 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 each other.

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 (Alexander the Third's brothers) who are a big, powerful lot, 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, what was known at that time as a sexual deviant, a gentleman of the closet. He spends his time in Turkish baths. 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

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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,

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.

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 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 monumenal 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 their 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—I found it difficult on the basis of these letters to accept her romantic intensity at the

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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 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

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If the Romanovs are now at the center of my interest, this is no more than a temporary matter. My understanding of Adolf Hitler remains the core of my motive in writing this book. Nonetheless, it is interesting to recognize that Kaiser Wilhelm II who was ^{always} ~~always~~ impressing his cousinly weight on Nicky's mind was looked upon later by Hitler 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

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last months. There is, however, a bit to glean. These creatures do express themselves (in the last trimester) through their mothers' dreams. It seems evident 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. Their guilt is aroused. They know how mixed were their feelings.

Nonetheless, these two, the wet-nurse and the young Empress, are doing their best to avoid such recognitions. As is Nicky who is quick to declare that yes, it is very funny indeed. I expect Nicky is ready 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 *intimate with* ~~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 to 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*

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, 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 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 a day, she accepts her mother's breast. ~~Alix, after all, is still~~
~~quite 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

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Except for those occasions when we appear in the guise of humans (and so must accompany ourselves with an assortment of garments and paraphernalia) we travel quickly. Since I was in Russia with no obligation to cater to the needs ~~aroused by~~ ^{of} assuming a physical entity, 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.

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The six days from May 9 to May 13th had been plunged into work of the worst sort for ~~our~~ Nicky. On the 10th of May as well as on the 11th, he had to hold ceremonial receptions. Ambassadors and celebrated envoys were presented, and many had reputations so carefully underlined for him in advance by his ministers that he had to offer the greatest attention. As he complained to Alix afterward and to his mother, his cheeks were sore from being kissed by plenipotentiaries with stiff mustaches and harsh beards. Naturally, he smiled gaily as he complained to his women-folk in a manner to suggest that this was the most laughable part of the endless ironies of social life. But he was truly annoyed. He was fond of his skin.

-19-

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On the 12th of May, the banner of state had to be consecrated, a long and intricate service that could not be taken for granted. He and Alix had had to memorize every step.

On May 13th the royal regalia was transported from the armory to the throne hall of the Kremlin Palace, and a host of small anxieties rose like pestilence into his mood. He had been told in advance that it would be an easy day but he felt as if hell itself was waiting to issue its ugliest blazes the moment something went wrong. Of course, tomorrow would be unique—he would move from his present condition as the acting Tsar to becoming no less than the consecrated Tsar. Himself! Wholly consecrated!

Still, from the tenth through the thirteenth, these were only the ceremonies he did see. But the preparations he did not witness were as widespread as a city beneath the city. The streets of Moscow, which I had only glimpsed in passing had now become more prominent to me. So I could note ~~how many were standing and~~ what an endless number of platforms had been erected for spectators and patriotic displays. So many false fronts were now hiding the uglier buildings on the route. Most of all, however, one kept seeing the letters "N" for Nicky, and "A" for Alix painted on all too many

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Given the firm Russian expectation that nothing good prevails for long, there were many who feared that the day of the Coronation would not be fortunate and the skies would be wet. Instead, another fabulous day came westward to Moscow from Siberia. I had to begin to wonder if this was a gift from the D.K. So, the dire predictions of the numerous seers in Moscow, women who had been quick to say there would be floods of rain, and that would all be the fault of the new Tsarina, now had to amend their views. Even so, they shook their heads at all mention of the future. Alix had been introduced to ^{Russians} ~~Greek~~ Orthodoxy, after all, right on the heels of the demise of Alexander III. So, these women said, "She comes to us behind a coffin." Now, however, given the balm and beatitude of this exceptional day, a counter-sentiment arose. Many were now saying, "We are close to the end of the century. Maybe the new one will be different. Here is the Twentieth Century. Let miracles of beauty and comfort come to us."

as if one never knew for certain when a heart was there to be captured by the D.K. or, by our ~~the~~ Evil One. So I will not enumerate all the steps taken by the Tsar and the Tsarina after the descent from the dais. A measured three paces here, and three there, the Trinity to be commemorated again and again. For even those who believed in the Father and in the Son could never be certain about the Holy Ghost. Or such was our assumption! For the Maestro often hinted to us that we had our own purchase on this last element, that the Holy Ghost was not simply nor exclusively the reciprocal love of the Father for the Son, and the Son for the Father, but that we were there as well. I know the Maestro always spoke well of the Trinity as if he knew something that others did not. I have seen the best man at a wedding who, unknown to all but the bride, has had carnal knowledge of the lady, and there is a subtlety in the posture of such a fellow that I do not find dissimilar ^{to} ~~from~~ the nuance of appreciation our Maestro is always offering to the Holy Ghost.

In any event, busy with my own preparations for the Peasants' Festival, I missed the banquet that evening in the Palace of Facets. It was the event of the season not only for Moscow but all of Russia—one of those social occasions which can offer great profit for the future if you happen to be invited—an orgy, so to speak, for the richest of the nouveau riche. There had not been another event in the previous ten years so important to attend.

Of course, there was also a large souring of spirit among many of the most ambitious souls. They were not always happy with where they had been seated. If this was long before any notion of the A-list versus the B-list was introduced to ^{present} American society, the category may even have begun on this occasion. One certainly knew on taking one's seat and studying the rest of the room exactly how high or not so high was one's status here in Moscow. Indeed, only the most elevated of the guests were fortunate enough to be placed in the same room as the Tsar and Tsarina. The cream of the diplomatic corps was there, the high clergy, the Holy Synod, the very highest of the court ladies, the Grand Marshall and the Grand Master of Ceremonies—those were granted such a privilege. The others, ah, yes, the B-list, were sent to the Hall of Saint Vladimir. Nonetheless, a ^{blatant} ~~spoils~~ of ~~one's~~

ambition is the last emotion even the most naive of monarchs can wish to arouse among his dinner guests, and so Nicholas made a point of visiting every table in company with Alexandra, followed by the Dowager Empress Marie, the Queen and Prince of Naples, the Duchess of Edinburgh, the Crown Prince of Sweden, Duchess Elisabeth and Grand Duke Alexei, yes, table by table all the way through the Hall of Saint Vladimir, and were in turn greeted with an ovation that could come only from the parched throats of people who had been ready to assume that after all they had gone through to obtain a high invitation, they were to be forgotten after all. What relief, what applause!

I will not describe the meal. Since I do not need to eat except when ^{presumably human} present in ~~corporeal~~ form, it would give me small pleasure to describe the gold plates, the French dishes, the several species of caviar, the wines (French and Crimean), the vodka, the champagne. ^(esp?) All banquets, no matter how fancy, succeed finally in generating the same gastric acids in those who have been blessed by an invitation. (Be it added that those who were not used to being waited on personally by three servants in red coats with gold trim, certainly enjoyed the repast, superbly so.) The menus were lavishly illustrated, the Imperial Band played throughout the course of dinner, and the

the evening meal. All others in the family slept on the floor. To undress was unheard of. When the room was not too cold, the men might take off their boots before they lay down. They had a saying: "The stench from ^{your} feet ^{will} ^{the} ["] would keep flies away. Armies of flies did inhabit each house and so became a sport for those children who could catch them. Mothers lived in terror, however, that newborn infants might be driven into insanity by horse-fly bites before they said their first word. Who knew? The flies were termed devils. A canard. They are the Dummkopf's Creation. ^{One of} ^{His} little Errors.

Nonetheless, there was a quality in these peasants that I found moving. By this, I do not mean that I felt any emotion so invigorating as compassion. Rather, I respected them a little more than I thought I might. The women particularly—they were all old before their time, lined, misshapen, and yet many remained as strong as draft animals. And at the main railroad station, through which I passed for a quick look, I was struck by how they rarely moved, not men nor women. They were not like other people who spend time at the station—no, at their worst, at their least, they showed the marks of the famine of 1891. They were so modest. They had so little sense of their importance that one could not even speak of them as humble. Rather, they

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At last my day was arriving. The triumph that we needed, the event
that was to be our major event. *If it proved to be a success for us,*
~~It would succeed if the results could be felt~~
for years to come. *(would)*

~~The~~ *5-7* ministers had prepared a Coronation designed to arouse the
respect of the rest of the world, and stimulate Russia's industrial and
economic needs, *but* there still remained *many* internal problems. *Many* (The secret
police, the Okhrana, knew how intense were the revolutionary sentiments
among a small but most concentrated section of the working class. The
people, therefore, had to be fortified against such destructive ideas which
could yet develop into infestations in the body politic. So, the ministers

convinced Nicky that a large show of generous concern for the peasants must be undertaken by the Tsar in the same week as the Coronation. A vast peoples' fete should take place. Since the foreign generals and statesmen who were present at this time also had to be entertained ^{in recompense for undergoing} the arduous of the voyage to Russia, Nicky and Alix, therefore, had been busy, hour after hour, day after day, every day after the 14th. It was not until May 18, that the grand and immense gathering in Khodynskoe Field for all the peasants would take place, a convening for those who had traveled some hundreds of miles and, for a few, even more than a thousand miles by railroad, by wagon, even on foot to be in Moscow. ^(It was so important this) So the peasants' event would demonstrate Nicky's love. It would celebrate the value of the people. ^{his They would be entertained} There would be circus performers, singers and dancers, and numerous stands ^{for the} to distribute gifts. ^{distribution of the gifts. Taking into account} Given the wide-open stretches of Khodynskoe Field, the estimate was that half a million souls would arrive. To receive them, four hundred thousand iron mugs, painted in red and gold, would be commemorative trophies given out free. These mugs would bear the initials N II embossed in gold above a double-headed Russian eagle. Plus the year, 1896. There would also be silk scarves for the women, ten thousand gallons of beer, and hundreds of

thousands of finely-wrapped packages of food containing Russian bread in small loaves, walnuts, sausage, cookies, jams, and assorted sweets accompanied by a small book about the Coronation wrapped up in a handkerchief which carried Nicholas and Alexandra's initials. The two-headed eagle extended its wings on the cloth of the book's jacket.

We had done our best ^{however,} to tarnish the charm of ^{many of these} ~~some~~ gifts, ~~however~~.

^{Some} Those of our Russian agents ~~who~~ had worked for years with venal caterers, ^{and} ~~they~~ ^{(shoddy or} saw to it that the packages were spoiled. It was an old practice. Garlic could always be used to close off food odors of ~~the~~ ^{over-ripe even} ~~nothing cheap food~~.

To face this horde, Nicky, Alexandra, and the members of the court would arrive around midday or early afternoon to sit up in a Royal Pavilion that had been erected at one end of the field for just this purpose. The Royal Pavilion, flanked on either side by two larger stands, offered seats for over a thousand people. At a somewhat greater distance was another pavilion with seats for another thousand who would pay handsomely for the privilege, middle-class men and women for the most part, of no particular standing other than that they had the money to offer for such places in the stands.

had been uniformly employed by us

before. The police were needed elsewhere. One could not have thieves running wild in other parts of the city.

The subtle power of bureaucratic obstruction
Other problems were not even examined carefully. Thirteen years ago,

Khodynskoe Field had been used as the site for a peasants' festival right after

the Coronation of Alexander III and *that* it had been *proved* a satisfactory choice. True

that thirty peasants had lost their lives through *several* disorders in the crush, but

yet *they* given the essential uncontrollability of such large crowds, *we were seen as* that had been not altogether controllable. Thirty had been perceived as no great number—one had to expect a few dire results in so

large an event. *It* Moreover, Nicky was *decided* *that* inclined to hold this open-air celebration in precisely the same place his father had chosen. *but the* His hope was

event that this would be seen as the foundation of a tradition. To one of his

ministers, he even said, "From what you tell me, we have some need *more* for that,

and more traditions do we not?" In turn, Nicky was pleased by the murmur of approbation that

came up from his ministers, *at this remark was certainly agreeable to Nicky.*

The problem that was not examined, however, was that the field was

no longer as now considerably less practical for the purpose *as* than it had been in 1883. No

minister, however, wished to bring that up now, *that* that the Tsarevitch had stated

his preference. The difficulty was that in 1891, a large exhibition had been

held there, and much temporary construction had taken place without any *having been laid away to restore*
~~great concern about restoring~~ the terrain afterward. If one had been able to

see Khodynskoe Field from above, it would have borne resemblance to the skin of a wretch overwhelmed with acne. There were sand pits, sand holes, wells half-filled—*And deep scars,* such pockmarks were everywhere. *A few of the larger the sand/* sand pits had widened into ravines. ~~The sand,~~ *moreover,* had blown and shifted into a variety of knobs and hollows. Some pits were fifteen feet deep.

Others were small chasms *Some of the chasms with thin planks,* and had been boarded over. *There were gullies,* *had gone dry but remained as* there were hillocks. A number of wells had been abandoned. *There were* *knobs. Broad paths had been laid out* also broad paths between such obstacles where people might move with

safety, indeed, there was level ground enough for half a million visitors, but *if* *there was no great space for* ~~was crucial that they not engage in~~ unruly movement.

Now, of course, there had been other preparations for the festival, and, in truth, more immediate concerns. If half a million people were to come to *for the event, poorest* Moscow, *taken care of by a few* how were the poor ones to be ~~absorbed in~~ the immediate days before? Some ~~peasants~~ might have family members who now worked in factories, ~~tens of thousands, at least,~~ and they could shelter their visiting relatives in the slums of Moscow. They could all sleep on the floor. The

odor of old blouses and pants and linen wrappings for their feet, the grease of sheep-skin jackets and sweat-ridden capes, kaftans, and black woolen coats, would reek through the tenement, but there was nothing new about that. On

the other hand, there was not a monastery in Moscow which would not offer food to the pilgrims. ^{And of course, there were} Many who ~~arrived even stayed in~~ (the railroad stations, ^{In any case} and, as it turned out, ^{came early to} the majority of incomers arrived at the field ^{Monday} early. On

the evening before the day that the festival was to take place, ^{crowds} were already sleeping on the ground. These early arrivals came to a good number.

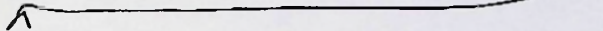
Some said ^{one} hundred thousand, some ^{estimated} ~~said~~ three hundred thousand. There was drinking, there was singing, there were bonfires. Balalaikas were played.

Word was out. The gifts were going to be distributed early. We had

arranged for this rumor to circulate. As the crowds understood it, the gifts ^{on the distribution tables} would be ^{up close} there at dawn. Thousand of peasants moved ^{therefore, to it} in close ^(pushing the tables, etc.) the wooden barriers while it (was still the middle of the night. These barriers

^{wooden barriers} shielded the huts and kiosks and counters where the gifts were to be distributed. Before long, many up of those front were pressing on ^{these} the barriers whether they ^{chose} wanted to or not. Curses could be heard all through the night.

Then, a couple of hours before the first morning light, a good part of the working populace of Moscow began to arrive. The slums were marching in.

Back in the city on this night of the 17th, there was a gala at the Bolshoi Theatre, and so many ladies were in their finest diamonds that the glow of the gems—as many remarked—seemed ready to compete with the sparkle of the footlights. Yet, even there, during the intermission, the gentry were talking about the Field. Who could believe how many were going to be at Khodynskoe? Some even said one million. One million souls! "Yes," was the word at the Bolshoi gala, "Our ruler is being honored." Never before have so many turned out to offer their reverence to the Tsar. Never so many of the common people. 

The distribution of the gifts had been scheduled to begin at ten in the morning. That would be at least two hours before Nicholas II would arrive with the Tsarina. But ~~the Cossacks~~ ^{and the few police} on hand were already concerned. ~~The few police were directly fearful.~~ The crowd was pressing with a dreadful restlessness against the wooden barriers. Already, just before daylight, it seemed likely they would break. I cannot begin to speak of how many in our

mixed cohort of clients and demons were inspiring rumors. "The good stuff is gone," is what they had been ^{prompted} ~~instructed~~ to say.

Or, better, "Some of the good stuff is going." Even better, "They are giving it out already on the other side of the barrier." ^{To the privileged few."}

Some of this ~~had been~~ foreseen, some was improvised in the hour, but we had known ^{most of} it was bound to work so soon as we saw how few police were present. ~~So, we~~ kept feeding the rumors. They stood on one another, lie upon lie! "The mugs are gone. The beer is gone." "No, the beer is not gone, but there is very little left." The further these rumors traveled ^{back} ~~to the rear~~, the quicker did those at the ^{rear} ~~back~~ push forward. The first barriers began to tilt, then were knocked down. The kiosks were instantly overrun. Peasants fell on the ground trying to seize the gifts. Others, rushing forward, stepped over them. Before long, the crowds pushing up from the ^{reaches to the} ~~rear~~ ^{was} compressing the hundred thousand in the middle, ~~and that~~ ^{that} hundred thousand was jamming into ^{the} ~~tens~~ of thousands lined up before the standing booths. Now, in every area, on every patch of ground, a man had to do no more than stumble and ^{had to} ~~would~~ trip over him. A third would fall, a fourth would be knocked over by bodies pressing into the blockage. Women would scream. Women

and children were knocked down. In the next five minutes, five hundred people were driven down into the largest sand pit, where they churned about like ~~people~~ in a maelstrom. Others were unable to hold back against ^{the} forces pushing ^{from} behind. Others were ^{driven} pushed over the lip of a well. Bodies piled upon bodies. I had never heard such a sound of woe before—thousands of throats were roaring in rage or screaming in terror. ~~Unearthly~~ ^{became unearthly} sounds of physical agony. I had an experience I had never encountered before.

As humans moved forward in waves, ~~slighter~~ people were thrown upward like heavy spray from the impact of a wave. Bodies flew ^{into} through the air. Others screamed as they went under the ~~surge~~ of bodies clambering up behind them. Now, thousands of feet were trampling upon hundreds of bodies. Children were wailing. Some were even saved. Some! A few women, a few children were lifted overhead and passed backward to avoid the crush going forward, passed from arm to arm overhead. When they reached the edge of the crowd, ^{people} they collapsed, minnows in the shallows, not able to breathe, ^{then} finally able to breathe, ^{or just about} Along the edges of such a surf, petrified onlookers were braying out the names of family members. Some had faces already petrified into grief.

It came to an end, and in very much the manner that a storm dies ~~down~~,
Those who had broken through the booths and trampled over the kiosks kept
being catapulted forward by others behind them, until finally they came to one
end of the field. Others ~~managed to wedge~~ ^{had wedged} their way off to the side. People
in the rear, hearing the high note of the screams, drew back and pushed no
longer. And as the storm abated, peasants moved off in all directions. The
dead lay on the ground ~~behind them.~~

By the early hours of daylight, ~~not only~~ ^{was} the field still quivering its
chaos, but the disorder ~~spread over~~ ^{had} many of the streets and avenues of
Moscow. Tens of thousands of Muscovites who had been planning to be
present at the official opening scheduled for ten in the morning left ~~their~~
~~houses~~ ^{homes} early. But as they approached, so they saw wagons coming toward
them carrying a ~~bloody~~ ^{bloody} burden of the dead and these sinister ~~wagons~~ ^{wagons} were
surrounded by ~~men and women~~ ^{ambulating} ~~ambulating~~ along wailing in grief. Those
relatives who had managed to locate any of their own ~~fallen~~ ^{who had} trotted by the
side, weeping in a state ~~not easily described~~. Some were hysterical in the
classic sense, laughing on the one hand, before groaning on the other. Lost in
the daze of not knowing whether to consider themselves lucky to have

avoided the catastrophe themselves, they had to wonder if they were in peril of losing their souls forever by this unholy readiness to laugh. Yet how could they not laugh if the smallest, meanest part of them had not secretly despised the dead relative for years? Yes, it had all happened and yet, it could not possibly have happened.

Those who were still coming toward Khodynskoe Field were bewildered by the sight of these faces, ~~those~~ approaching bodies, screaming, sobbing, groaning, laughing. Hideous laughter. Every passing wagon showed peasants in ~~their~~ ruined finery, dead with bloody noses, broken faces, broken limbs, ~~half-covered~~, or near to nude. More than a few were covered with clothes found on the ground, ^{separated} ~~ripped~~ from the bodies of ~~others~~ ^{their owners}.

Later came changing estimates of how many had been killed. Probably, the best estimate was three thousand. Nicky, when first told of what had happened, received the information that the number was three hundred, but his minister was well known for a habit of always reducing the extent of bad news by ninety per cent. By nightfall, Nicky was told that it was 1300 people.

The first unidentified dead bodies were taken to Vagankovsky Cemetery. Until this hour, it had been for centuries restricted to the followers of Orthodoxy. On this morning, however, everyone was losing their head. Before it could be determined whether a given victim was Orthodox, Catholic, or Jewish, ~~or~~ Muslim or even Protestant—no matter. The first impulse by the first police officials of the burial squads, formed before the dead had even been counted, was to get these peasant bodies out and away and into a grave. Quickly! Get it done before the Tsar arrived.

The impact of these interments by promiscuous lot, was a further aid for our purpose that was not to be comprehended—not even by us, ~~certainly~~, not to its full extent—until we come to the mass graves of the Second World War. But, I anticipate. It is too soon to speak of the Maestro's subsequent ventures into the convoluted process of infesting reincarnation with confusion, collision, and disorder.

Along the route, the burial wagons took Tverskaya Street. The morning was reaching into its full glory. It was the tenth extraordinarily good day in a row. The onion domes of the forty times forty churches of Moscow were resplendent in the sun. The domes, so artfully covered with gold leaf,

were almost on fire, and their bells, celebrating this much-awaited peasants' event, offered their clangor, loud or delicately toned. To the ears of those walking away from the field, the sound of sobbing, weeping, guttural misery and uncomprehending rage introduced one's ears to an unholy feud with the bells. Disorienting even to ^{a good dev. 1/2} ~~my~~ senses. Notably savage.

I was in such a state of excitement, ^{and} elation ~~and certainly~~ at the extent of our triumph (and even a small wonder at the size of it) that my senses had, ^{indeed,} become extraordinarily keen. I felt as if I could enter the failings of half the people I passed and so many of them were sick in heart, sick in soul, sick in stomach, as if all but lost in the vortex of a dream that ^{clung} ~~clings~~ like slime to all ^{the in} ~~one's~~ awakened senses. Meanwhile, the gold of the sun reflected the gold of the onion domes above each church. For the past half year, laborers in high peril of slipping off church roofs because of winter ice had labored at fastening new gold leaf to these now-resplendent domes.

On the 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 barely hear the band, 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 salute. Khodynskoe Field was now only half visible in the dust as the close ground began to fill up from all the late arrivals appearing in their present safety after the riot in the dawn. Soon enough, Nicky and Alexandra waved to the new people flocking in, ^{but} and soon ^{slightly} after left the pavilion to step into their carriage in order to be driven a few hundred yards to ~~the near entrance of~~ Petrovsky Palace where the Tsar was to receive selected groups of chosen citizens. In the glimpse I caught of him, he looked exceptionally pale and I wondered if he knew ~~how~~ ^{still} how much had happened. I suspect ~~that~~ his information was ^{still} 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 to receive the delegations. There were fourteen in all. 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, 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 from the Moscow coachmen paid their respects to the Tsar and Tsarina. There was even a showing of the Moscow All-Believers who offered a silver platter on which Nicky's initials ~~but not~~ *They were soon replaced by* ~~Alix~~ 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 came up and filed by. After this, Nicky and Alix were finally able to enter the palace and preside over a feast for the common people. That is to say—honored representatives of the common people. Inserting his remarks between choruses of cheers, Nicholas II spoke to these 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. That is no more than a phrase for me since I was not in visible form and hardly needed a wrist or a watch fob. But then, no devil, clothed or invisible, is ever without a clear sense of the minute, even the precise second. If I may speak in such fashion, it is as if a chronometer is installed in our spirit. So I can state that at the exact moment when the Tsar was making this speech, an unsavory event occurred at the morgue, yes, at this instant (for another devil reported the exact time later.) Two of the corpses who had been carried from the transport wagons to be laid out on the morgue tables, came up out of their comatose state. They even cried out in unison from opposite ends of the room. They were wounded near to death, and had been ^{inert} ~~comatose~~, but now they were obviously alive.

If I mention these literal upstarts, it is to emphasize how extraordinary was the conjunction of these occasions. I would even learn that Alix was

alman of ~~her own private darkness~~ ^{living in terror} in 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 ~~also perceiving true terror~~. She was filled ~~now~~ with a thought that her own death was near and Nicky's ~~would come~~ ^{even sooner}. In what danger her husband lived! After such a hideous event, would Nicky not have to pay? And for the first time, she allowed herself to feel an open wrath against the Russian people. Why, she asked herself, had they had 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 from Petrovsky Palace, some soldiers were laying out the last of the victims, and on those far fringes of Khodynskoe Field, thousands of peasants and Muscovites kept searching for the lost people of their families. Meanwhile, in the palace courtyard, 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 kept looking for family members, staring into the battered faces of the perished who might, given their large disfigurement, still looked somewhat like the relative they sought. And a few even laid a few copper coins on one or another 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)~~¹ Doctors 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~~^{counted 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 old wretch had opened his eyes. "The devil sent you back, you Monster!" his wife cried out.

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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 just described. I had ^{no more than} only the satisfaction that I foresaw the possibilities of the project and the Maestro approved my intuition. If I had assumed at first that I would be one of the Maestro's field officers assigned to the task of disrupting the proceedings on the field, I was disabused of such a notion before I came down to Moscow. The Maestro stated it directly: I was not sufficiently familiar with Russia to command the Muscovite devils we would use. Better, for you, suggested the Maestro, to keep a close watch

French ball tonight? What an outrageous insult to the dead! Where was Russia's honor? Sandro said as much to Nicky. Even as our young Tsar, four days into his Coronation, was feeling that he agreed with Sandro, up came Uncle Alexey, the oldest remaining brother of Nicky's dead father. His message was ~~fire~~ ~~He told his nephew~~ to beware of Sandro and his brothers.

"Nicky," said Uncle Alexey, "surely you are aware that your cousins, these Mikhailovich, 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. ⁴ ~~That would be so~~ ~~unfair.~~"

As quickly as these opinions were stated, so was I in the chamber to hear them. Again, the Cudgels were not about. ~~They were rushing to too~~ ~~many places~~ ^{de H. G. Selt} such a host of just-perished souls in need of succor! This once, I found it not at all ~~impossible~~ ^{de H. G. Selt} to stay close to Nicky.

So, I heard Sandro's brother, Nicolai Alexandrovich. He spoke ^{well} ~~right~~
e (eloquence) after Uncle Alexey, and his speech had 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 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 this most eloquent cousin was young, and did
not have enough experience to maintain the convincing edge of his debate.
So, he soon surrendered his eloquence to his rage. "Why, I would ask," he

Alexandrovitch
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 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 had heard as much myself. ~~Sound~~ *Could he have*
~~Nickolai had~~ been listening to the same rumors I had come upon even before the Processional on May 9th. In Moscow, the word 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. (This assistant 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~~ *this* assistant who had initiated the rumor that it was the Governor-General.)

That pilfering of funds proved one of our more effective actions. For indeed, there was little money on hand to hire police the night before the morning of May 18th at Khodynskoe Field. Moreover, through the orders of a number of Colonels (also our clients), the body of soldiers available for the occasion had been assigned to the outskirts of the city—there to protect the gates if banished revolutionaries wanted to *[He was mad enough to try to]* ~~try to~~ come back in during Coronation week.

Poor Nicky. If he had one weakness, it was that he could not hold two ^{opposed} ~~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 ⁱⁿ ~~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 the most generous lengths of preparation, ^{undertaken} ~~gone to the~~ The absence of the Tsar and Tsarina could ^{cause} ~~open~~ a rupture between the two nations. "Nicky, your absence cannot even be considered. 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 are able to 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 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

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} ~~returned~~ and I had to decamp) I was able not only to peer just a little ^{into} ~~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 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

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~~(Courtesy of Doc Atty)~~~~If he had felt free of dread for a day and a night, ^{been} if had come back ^{now} But,~~~~now he knew why.~~ It was Alois, Junior. He had not felt right since the boyhad returned. Something was still in the air, ^{something was still} and ~~all~~ wrong. He could not besuch a fool, he told himself, as to ^{have been} be afraid of his bees because he was ^{feeling} ~~the truth was nevertheless,~~ ^{uneasy} ~~uncomfortable~~ with his son, but, he ought to know, ^{that could be, he knows,} Human beings were fullof subterfuge. He had certainly learned that ^{a few times} at his Customs posts. The tricksthat some had tried ^{to} ~~to get past an inspector!~~ He remembered a woman whohad ^{wrapped} ~~concealed~~ her goods—of some value—^{in the 1000 dollar bonds of} ~~underneath a shocking pair of~~~~her~~ ^{black} ~~lingerie~~ ^{by Alois she} ~~was~~ a good looking woman ^{who} ~~when caught~~ was brassy enoughto smile ^{with invitation} and say, "It always worked before. ^{The other way} They were afraidto touch ^{my private things. Too black for them."} ~~And she smiled with invitation.~~

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"That," he told her, "is because most of my associates go to church.

did not have good
You ~~had~~ *bad* luck this morning."

They both laughed. He was ~~truly~~ *Let her* tempted to let her off, ~~let her pay the~~ *allowance himself,*
defray the cost of the ~~fine by smuggling him into her thighs, but no, never~~ *He hadn't, however,*
disregard A few rules he would
~~not break, no matter the temptation~~

his All the same, ~~this little~~ *none* recollection kept him brooding about the nature

of subterfuge. Back in the days when he could still enjoy ~~getting on~~ *riding* a horse,

there had usually been one or another steed ~~that took away something of your~~ *who could rob some*

of his confidence as a horseman, something in their gait—as if ~~they knew another~~ *should they*
choose, you could ~~that would make you feel~~ *as if there were five legs under you, not four,*

and you wouldn't know a damned thing about how to control such a ~~back~~
that spirited an animal,
~~innovation.~~

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Yes, that was Alois, Junior. One could not ^{feel confidence in} know the boy from top to

bottom. He had ^{his own} confidence, ^{and} but it was the wrong kind, and he had a lot of it.

On the other hand, ^{To be} Yet, what could be worse than ^{his} a father who made a strong judgment on

a son, ^{To Alois, that was a real sin,} and was wrong? The obvious truth, and Klara was

^{as she did not know whether to believe her} kept talking about it all the time, ^{Junior} was that this (did not seem to be the same boy) ^{words} since he had gone away ^{or} to work ^{not, but} for ^{must} who had gone away to live with Johanna and Johann Pöckl. Her parents had

^{being} obviously been so good for him. Now, ^{nicer.} his manners were ^{you} nicer and the look

in his eye was ^{so friendly,} friendlier. He did not seem to be judging ^{you} all the time. Before,

^{that} it was the worst thing about him, Klara said. ^{last could have} You could feel if ^{face} he would ^{He was like a friend who was good to you} say something very ugly about you ^{but could} at the moment your back was turned.

Klara had no proof, but she would swear ^{that was how} it was. ^{used to be,} Now, something ^{nicer} maybe.

~~friend~~, he would say something very ugly about you ^{as soon as} at the moment your

back was turned. ~~Klara~~ ^{she} had no proof, but ~~she~~ ^{she} would ~~swear~~ ^{say} it was so.

According to her, that was true no longer.
~~No longer.~~ If he had a fault, it was that he still took a little too much

time to ride Ulan, but Klara announced, she was ready to ^{put up} ~~live~~ with that.

^{start shutting}
 Better to ride over the hill than to ~~live~~ with his own sister.

"What would you ever know about that?" Alois asked.

^{know about such things, I}
 "No, I don't," said Klara. "I go to church. But when I was young, I

^{certain} saw ^{things} in certain families. Little things. ^{Then, not} Not so little. ^{But not} Not anything to

talk about."

She was, at least, honest enough to flush a little as she spoke, ^{yet} but /

what brought the blood to her face was that they were cousins. That was a

little embarrassing, perhaps, but not something so terribly wrong. The other possibility did not even exist for her. Nor for Alois.

This ability to conceal the most unpalatable facts about oneself from oneself ^{can} always elicit my admiration. I do not know if it is a barrier as impassable as scaling the Alps in one's bare feet, or one is dealing with labyrinths of camouflage, but either way, I suspect the credit must go to the Dummkopf. He created the ban against incest—we certainly didn't—and so it became His task to protect His humans from themselves.

I know that we lose certain advantages thereby. One truism about men and women is that they are incapable for the most part of facing unpleasant truths about themselves. Their ability to invent earth-moving

machines may be an offshoot of their desire to bury unseemly personal facts.

We, on the contrary, could put a breach into the impenetrable ego of certain powerful people if they did not have that God-given ability to conceal themselves from themselves. So here we are with Klara and Alois doing their best—in this case, their clumsy best—to cope with Alois, Junior.

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Book V

-1-

There were ^{some} a few matters waiting for me on the return to Hafeld, ^{and} ~~but~~
the first was the least routine. I had to convince Der Alte to burn one of his
hives. ^{This} The uncommon instruction was, of course, imparted to him in sleep,
~~and~~ came as my response to a puzzling accident. He had been stung so
^{by some of his own bees} severely that I found him laid up for a day with a cruelly swollen face!
Some of the stings had come dangerously close to his eyes. Given his skills,
he could not comprehend how the event had occurred, nor could I. He was
too expert to suffer such an episode. And ^{all} in the course of looking into one
of his better hives! Attempting to replace the queen, who was showing the
first unmistakable signs of fatigue, he was attacked by her escort. Der Alte

had to subdue this revolt ~~of the Court~~ with cigar smoke (a gross procedure as far as he was concerned, worthy of amateurs like Alois Hitler) and then *proceeded to fall into so* ~~he had to spend the day in bed.~~ This drastic a revolt had not been visited on him in years. It aroused my paranoia (of which we devils are in full supply.)

Was it possible that one of the Cudgels had been present? I decided that ~~he~~ *Der Alte* must get rid of ~~this~~ *the offending* ~~hive.~~

Upon receiving my ~~nocturnal~~ *order,* instructions, Der Alte ~~did, however,~~ *took did* ~~not fulfill the job.~~ *A few days went by,* ~~take a few days before fulfilling the job.~~ *This concerned me.* It was unlike

him not to cater to me. So, I alerted the Maestro. I did not want to—I knew *preferred to decide* ~~he was devoting~~ (his attention to the aftermath of Khodynka, but I made a

decision nonetheless to file a report. One didn't want to ignore surprising events no matter how minor they might appear. Indeed, ~~the~~ *word* orders came

back quickly. Yes, as told, burn the hive. Again, I fixed this thought into

Der Alte's sleep, but *now) enough) for him,* (with harsh emphasis ~~Now, he had~~ to know ~~the~~ *that much* ~~of an~~ *had to come)* imperative ~~was coming~~ *be no* (to him from without. It could no longer be some-

cruel vagary of a dream. All the same, our old fellow was full of dismay.

He hesitated for another day and night. "Do it," I repeated in his sleep, "it will be good for you. Tomorrow is Sunday. So, it will have double effect.

But do not use a sulphur bomb. Too many of the recalcitrants could survive. Soak the entire hive in kerosene. Then burn it, box and all."

He groaned in his sleep. "I cannot do that," said Der Alte. "The Langstroth box cost me ^{too} dearly."

"Burn it. That will make it even better. Do not argue."

I was ^{only} following the instructions I had received. Destruction of the Langstroth box did seem excessive to me. It was, after all, a ^{good} piece of cabinet-work. No matter—I did as I was told, and Der Alte obeyed me. He had to. At his age, he knew how deeply he was invested. In consequence, he had to live with occasional terrors that were ~~he lived with terror that was~~ as real to his flesh as an ulcer. Death was now close to his thoughts, ~~as~~ close as a caged beast in the next room. His fears, ^{however} left me indifferent. It is hard not to feel contempt for old clients. They are so submissive. ^{Of course,} So ~~he~~ did it. What facilitated the act is that he was enraged at his bees. ^{indeed} At bottom, ~~he~~ was ~~now~~ ready to punish them for upsetting his sense of the given. At his age, that particular sense can afford few shocks.

Sunday morning, he laid the hive on the ground and doused it with kerosene. Staring into the commotion that seethed up in its flames, he did begin to feel better. I was on the mark. It had been good for him. He was

perspiring like a horse, he was full of woe at the incineration itself—that did violate his vocational instincts. He openly wept for his lost hive and for those fine golden bees—all those innocents scorched to ash with the guilty—but to his surprise, a rare sweetness returned to his loins. This was the first such sugaring of his body that he had felt in years. Like many an old man, his lust had been confined to his head. It had been a long time since the physical accompaniment to a rich libidinous thought had been anything ^{more agreeable} ~~other~~ than a nasty cramp in his groin.

I will mention in passing that Adi happened to be present at the burning. He, too, had been given a message in his sleep which he had no difficulty in accepting. So, he slipped away from Klara and Angela even as they were preparing to go to church. His sly escape did not bother Klara exceptionally. It had happened ~~before~~ ^{before} ~~several~~ ^{several} times already. Moreover, she enjoyed ^{sitting} ~~being~~ ^{move} in church on those rare occasions when it came down to ~~no one but~~ Angela and herself. Adolf was no joy to sit with. If not squirming in his seat, he would be in a contest with his step-sister to see who could ^{best} ~~succeed~~ ~~best~~ in pinching the other. On the sneak.

Yes, to be alone with Angela on Sunday morning allowed her to feel close to her step-daughter. If the truth be witnessed, ^{Klara} she ~~was~~ also content ^{be obliged} not to bring Edmund along, or ~~have~~ to hold Paula at her breast through the service, hoping all the while she did not wail. Today, Alois had said he would stay with the two little ones. Klara could hardly believe there was ^{sudden / known} such generosity in him. Was he softening? Was that possible? One more question for me to explore. But, first, let me dispose (much too quickly) of Adolf's relation to the burning of the bees. For now, I will say that his toes tingled, his heart shook in its chamber, he did not know whether to scream or to roar with laughter—for him, it was a royal, thoroughgoing auto-da-fe, and he kept shrieking out of that unique ^{unction} joining of terror and delight that only a young boy can begin to know. For now, I will say no more. Release from the high excitement of living in Russia had left me a touch indolent. I did not, as yet, feel eager to re-enter the complexities of this six-year-old. My morale was, as I have said, in fine shape, but I did not want to put it to work too quickly.

I have not mentioned this before, but during my first week in Moscow, I had been put in association with long-term resident Germans

Book 5 ch 1 double, ch 2 triple 578 1/26/05

577

Do this
Batch First
& Return
first.

PP 577-585
tulle area

Just do Chapter 2
before Chapter 1

-2-

All the same, I too,

I too had been pondering the changes in Alois, Junior. On the face

of it, he had ~~certainly~~ improved. If manners were a ~~profound~~ guide ~~and, most~~

not always reliable)

~~else,~~ they are not, then he was certainly rounding into young manhood, and had

become, at the worst, a ~~respectable~~ ^{reasonable} imitation of a ~~young gentleman~~ ^{trustworthy youth}, at least

~~when speaking to people other than himself.~~

Moreover, ~~as my~~ lesser devils—the ones I had left behind—were

~~on my return that~~ pleased to tell me they had succeeded in making a copy of a ~~letter~~ ^{short} Johann

577-590
Double SP.

-2-

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 had said he would ^{remain} stay with the two little ones, ~~he would not stay with them~~ Klara could hardly believe
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~~(much too quickly)~~ of Adolf's relation to the burning of the bees. ^{this} For now,
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 left me a touch indolent. I did not, as yet, feel eager to re-enter the
 complexities of this ^(particular) six-year-old. My morale was, as I have said, in fine
 shape, but I did not want to put it to work too ^{intensely so soon,} quickly.

I have not mentioned this before, but during my first week in
 Moscow, I had been put in association with long-term resident Germans

Yes, that was Alois, Junior. One could not know the boy from top to bottom. He had confidence, but it was the wrong kind, and he had a lot of it.

Yet, what could be worse than a father who made a strong judgment on one of his children, and was wrong? The obvious truth, and Klara was talking about it all the time, was that this did not seem to be the same boy who had gone away to live with Johanna and Johann Poelzl. Her parents had obviously been so good for him. Now, his manners were nicer, and the look in his eye was friendlier. He did not seem to be judging all the time. Before, it was the worst thing about him, Klara said. You could feel he would say something very ugly about you as soon as your back was turned. She had no proof, but she would say it was so.

My lesser devils—the ones I left behind—were pleased to tell me on my return that they had succeeded in making a copy of a short letter Johann Poelzl had sent back with Alois, Junior. That, given Johann's difficulties with expressing himself, did ^{confirm} offer a decent opinion of the lad.

I wasn't certain about the validity of ^{that} letter, however. For one thing, it was no more than a copy ^{which thereby voided} ~~and so I could not use~~ one of my talents—which is ^{I can}

^{obtain} ~~to put together~~ a good deal of insight ^{by way of} through the strokes and bends of ^a ~~his~~ ^{person's} handwriting. Many an unhealthy recess of the soul is to be found in the

pinched turn of a curved letter. More directly, a liar's ^{falsities} ~~distortions~~ will stand out with all the unhappy clarity of a bad case of acne.

As I have already indicated, ~~however~~ these were lesser devils left behind in Hafeld, and so it was all they could do to lift Johann's letter from

Klara's sewing basket long enough to copy it. They were ^{hardly} ~~not nearly~~ skillful
enough to forge a copy ^{we might} ~~they could~~ leave in its stead.

Bereft of the calligraphy, I had to content myself with ~~no more than~~
the words.

Esteemed daughter,

This I give to the boy. He will give it to you. Your
mother says he is good boy. She will cry for missing
him when he goes. That is what she says.

Tell your esteemed husband I can agree. Alois,
Junior, is good. Very hard worker. Yes, very good.

Your father,

Johann Poelzl

I had my doubts, but was not ready to act upon them. I could have
put in a request for one of our nocturnal ~~servants~~ in Spital to pass through

Book 5 emailing cc ch 2 & 3 triple 1/27/05

580

^{thoughts/} Johann's ~~mind~~ on a milk-run, but I decided to wait. ^{Such a request} ~~I did not like to make~~

~~requests which were not eternal. It would go on one's record—everything~~

did—and it could be seen as dilatory, particularly if the results were

inconclusive. ~~(We were not supposed to use the channels of information for~~

~~too little.)~~ Moreover, given a church-goer like Johann Poelzl, there ^{might} ~~could~~ be

a resident Cudgel to face on the milk-run.

Besides, I could see no reason why I could not learn as much about

Alois, Junior, on my own now that I was back in Hafeld. The task would be

comfortable. If I had lost the better devils I had taken with me to Russia,

and did not know how long the Maestro might keep them there while

^{his} extracting ~~the~~ maximum of returns from Khodynka, still, I had

compensation. The ^(left) lesser devils here had ^(to my surprise) improved. ^(on their own) The greater

responsibility accorded to them in my absence ~~seemed to have resulted in~~ *had worked out well.*
~~some discernible development.~~ They were able to pick up more on their
 milk-runs. One was even ready by now to be introduced to the fundamental
 techniques of dream etching.

I will not, however, go into detail about these devils. A century and
 more has passed and as I have already related, we are not encouraged to
 store unnecessary details in our memory. *Our working memory* Much space is always safeguarded
 for those ~~occasional~~ *occasionally* prodigies of immediate short-term memory that have to
 be called upon ~~for~~ *large and small* ~~immediate tasks~~ (Card-counting at blackjack
~~tables~~ *start* is one quick if superficial example *of the latter*)

Besides, one's lesser devils ~~usually~~ *usually* often ~~no more~~
~~come and go.~~ They can be recalled with
~~no more pleasure than middling phrases in mediocre songs.~~ *to the pleasure of memory* Indeed, their

quirks are more worthy of notice than their personalities, ~~for~~ ^{because} a quirk can

cause a malfunction in a project, but ^{whereas} a demon's personality is without ^{specific} human

significance. ^{Since a} ^{closely} A man or woman's personality is related ~~after all~~ to their

body, ^{gather our insights into the person} ~~as we get to know the flesh, so we have insights into the person, but~~

^{by our acquaintance with their flesh, but} ~~we~~ devils are without bodies (except on those special occasions when ^{one} ~~we~~

^{a person} ~~must~~ inhabit ~~one~~ temporarily. So, our personalities, ^{whereas} when we are obliged to

appear with one, are no more than temporary choices, available palettes. a

shift in presence that ^{is even more relevant} ~~is more closely analogous~~ to changing a garment than

altering a habit or a passion.

^{therefore} So I find it more congenial ~~then~~ not to discuss any of my devils' ^{variety of}

~~shifting~~ personalities other than to say that our happiest terrain is in the land

And these
pages too.

found double-space

-2-

All the same, I, too, had been pondering the changes in Alois, Junior. On the face of it, he had improved. If manners were a guide, then he had become a reasonable imitation of a trustworthy youth.

My lesser devils—the ones I left behind—were pleased to tell me on my return that they had succeeded in making a copy of a short letter Johann Poelzl had sent back with Alois, Junior, ^{which ~~was~~ *gave*} ~~that given Johann's difficulties~~ with expressing himself, ^{gave} ~~did confirm~~ a decent opinion of the lad.

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Bereft of the calligraphy, I had to content myself with the words.

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Tell your esteemed husband I can agree. Alois Junior is good. Very hard worker. Very good.

Your father,

Johann Poelzl

I ~~had~~ ^{my doubts,} my doubts, ~~but~~ was not ready to act upon them. ^{(I could have} put in a request for one of our nocturnals in Spital to pass through Johann's

^{mind}
~~thoughts~~ on a milk-run, but I decided to wait. Such a request would ^{end up on} ~~go on~~
 one's record—everything did—and ~~it~~ could be seen as dilatory, particularly
 if the results were inconclusive. Given a church-goer like Johann Poelzl,
^{even}
 there might be a resident Cudgel to face ~~on the milk-run.~~

Besides, I could ~~see no reason why I could not~~ learn as much about
^{as I needed now,}
 Alois, Junior, ~~on my own now~~ that I was back in Hafeld. The task would be
^{more accomplishable}
 comfortable. If I had lost the ~~better~~ devils I had taken with me to Russia,
^(handy know) and ~~did not know~~ how long the Maestro might ^{need to} keep them ~~there~~ while
 extracting ~~his maximum of~~ returns from Khodynka, still, I had
 compensation. The devils left here had, to my surprise, improved on their
 own. The greater responsibility accorded to them in my absence had
^{better details}
 worked out well. They were able to pick up ~~more~~ on their milk-runs. One ~~of them~~
 was even ready ~~by now~~ to be introduced to the ~~fundamental~~ techniques of
 dream etching.

^{Further}
 I will not, however, go into ~~detail~~ ^{my} ~~these~~ devils. A century and
 more has passed and as I have already related, we are not encouraged to
 store unnecessary details in our memory. Our working mental space is
^{reserved}
~~always safeguarded~~ for those prodigies of immediate short-term memory

that have occasionally to be called upon for immediate tasks, large and small. (Card-counting at blackjack tables is one quick if superficial example of the latter.)

Besides, one's lesser devils usually offer no more to the pleasure of memory than middling phrases in mediocre songs. Indeed, their quirks are more worthy of notice than their personalities. ^{after all,} A quirk ^{can} cause a malfunction in a project, whereas a demon's personality is without specific human significance. Since a man or woman's ^{presence} ~~personality~~ is closely related to their body, we gather our insights into the person by acquaintance with their flesh, but devils are without bodies (except on those special occasions ^{it is necessary to for a period} when ~~one must~~ inhabit a person temporarily. So, our personalities, ^{take such form} whenever we are obliged to ~~appear with one~~, are no more than temporary choices, available palettes, a shift in presence that bears more relation to changing a garment than altering a habit or a passion.

I find it more congenial, therefore, not to discuss any of my devils' ^{character} ~~personalities~~ other than to say that our happiest terrain is in the land of the dream where we can become anyone we wish, ^{and} ~~if we have talent~~ as devils, our improvisations ^{can be talented} ~~are immediate~~, adroit, and often brilliant.

Indeed, if dreams dictated as much of human history as we desired, the Maestro would become the Master of God. The Dummkopf would become his servant.

But we ~~are~~ ^{were} not near to that ^{such a point in 1896} (God ^{was} still the Lord of our immediate universe. Humans, animals, and plants ^{remained in large} ~~still remain~~ His Creation. Nature, imperfect as it is, and on occasion, cataclysmic (because of imperfections in His design) is still within His befuddled command. Only the depths of night ^{belonged in good part} belong to us, and as yet, that ^{was} ~~is~~ not enough.

The Maestro ^{was} ~~is~~ most aware of this. He frowns ^{at any} upon the ecstasies of self-approbation with which ~~certain~~ irresponsible devils ~~seek to~~ ^{through} congratulate themselves for the haunting terrors of nightmare they may initiated. ^{we} ~~The~~ ^{Maestro} ~~however,~~ is rarely impressed by such success. "It is never enough," he tells us. "Dreams are evanescent. ^{such partial} ~~Partial~~ control of men or women is as open to future loss as to ~~any~~ profit. True control is the only aim. ^{whole control}."

I was in accord. I ~~also~~ looked to bring a touch of art to the researches, discoveries, and assessments I gave of my clients, and this was not only to please the Maestro (so stern a Prince of Elegance!) but to satisfy myself.

(the Maestro continued, even after Moreau to keep up)
 Because ~~he had this~~ exceptional interest in the Hitlers of Hafeld, I ~~had~~
~~tried often to compacted~~
 considered it incumbent to look to his motives. It was apparent that his high
 hopes for this six-year-old, this Adolf Hitler, must be comparable to the
 Dummkopf's exceptional (and to me, still inexplicable) interest in Nicholas
 II of Russia.

I felt honored to be the Maestro's ~~most~~ trusted lieutenant on so
 important a venture, or did, until I realized that ~~in~~ I could be *engaging in*
~~my~~ own orgy of self-congratulation. I knew so little, finally, of the reaches,
 outposts, and centralities of the Maestro's domain that for all I could attest,
~~the little prodigy assigned to me~~ *six year old* (whose spectacular qualities I could not yet
 discern) might be one of a hundred or a thousand prospects whom the
 Maestro was overseeing on the remote likelihood that they ~~could become~~ *could yet*
~~putative~~ *serious* leaders of ~~future~~ projects. Ergo, the notion that my task might be of
 major value could hardly be maintained with ~~all~~ *(constant)* confidence in the weeks,
 the months, and the years ahead—the next twelve years, indeed, *worse*
~~the next twenty years, and then I had~~
~~to take care of him in world war I.~~

-3-

I have not described, and do not feel any intention to list the numerous other activities, undertakings, and small explorations that the devils under my authority were engaged in through those parts of the Northeastern province [CK] of Austria (which includes Linz and the Waldviertel). By now, they are of no great interest.

History has, however, underlined the perspicacity of the Maestro's projections into the future, and so as I ^{leave} ~~return myself from~~ my present situation in America ^{to go} ~~back~~ to the summer of 1896, it is with the added strength of motive that comes from the knowledge that one's work has been

Such a
cheap as to
what say the
promise added
in 1896?

~~of significant importance and so~~
important and every detail that is now recalled can be registered with newly
polished perspicacity.

~~So~~ ^{therefore} I can assert that Alois, Junior, was demonstrating his considerable
talent to charm whoever was in his immediate surroundings, and this even
~~succeeded in lessening~~ ^{Seniors, through}
~~included~~ (the heavy suspicion that came off Alois in the first days Alois,
~~Junior's suspicion~~ ^{that}
Junior, was back. That was all but equal to a wall of motionless affect,
~~a numbing effect~~
~~reminiscent~~ of approaching bad weather, ~~a presence he had often used at the~~
~~a numbing unstimulating effect he had often used at~~
Customs while confronting a dubious tourist. Yet, such was the boy's
charm—a nice combination, indeed, of youth, health, intelligence, a touch
of wit, and apparent good will—that Alois could not maintain this ~~front~~ ^{such a}
~~for~~ ^{Alois Junior}
more than a few days. ~~The boy~~ was showing such fine interest in the bees.
He had so many good questions to ask.

Before long, Alois (~~and~~ quite despite himself!) was beginning to feel
~~some happiness~~, a rare happiness—he so seldom liked his children. Now,
he did. One of them at any rate. He even began to give Alois a few ~~lectures~~ ^{explanations}
~~on beekeeping~~, and they ~~developed~~ ^{soon} ^{into lectures,}
Before long, he had repeated all of his
earlier speeches to Klara and Angela and Adi, plus his original monologues
at the Linz taverns, as well as the newer ones at Fischlham where he had

played the resident expert from Hafeld. The boy picked it up so quickly that Alois had to dip into ^{the} more advanced knowledge ~~he had packed away in~~ ^{he had ingested in} the course of his reading ~~of the~~ ^{presenting} apiary journals. Finally, he was even ^{us rights, (The benevolence of the bee!)} discussing a few of Der Alte's finer instructions. ^{Moreover, he} The boy kept taking it in, ^{working at the hive,} and was deft when ~~he handled the bees,~~ ^{was here,} Alois began to dream of a future where father and son might build on what ~~he had~~ ^{was here,} already. Add colony after colony. This might become a true business.

^{One day, Rating} After a time, he was so proud of Alois, Junior, that he brought him along on a visit to Der Alte. He had hesitated before deciding on ^{such a} ~~this~~ move—he certainly did not wish to be replaced as the ~~resident~~ expert in Junior's estimation. On the other hand, he was also proud of his association with Der Alte, so learned a man, and yet so ready to treat him as an equal—that, too, might impress the boy.

Judith. Note—looked the references to Edmund. He is 27 months old in June 1894. I love him erroneously at 3.