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Nonetheless, the boldness of such an assumption was disturbing. Was He senile? When, on occasion, I find myself near the sea, it becomes difficult to believe that God is suffering any loss of His powers. Similar sentiments can also be aroused by a fine field, a rocky crag, or the retort of the heavens when lightning is followed by thunder. Again, a similar

conclusion arises on witnessing a peerless sunset. One could even speak of the dazzlements of light on wet grass when dew is on the ground at early morning.

Of course, He could have fashioned all this eons ago at the peak of His Creative Powers. The skies and the waters were not yet fouled by exudate. Did He now brood on the possibility that these human Creations had become His least successful? Were we now awash in the dithering of a divinity whose powers were not only old but askew? This Nicky and Alix—they seemed so naïve, so unfitted for the vast project they were to expedite. While I had not been able to ^{get} ~~come~~ near ~~enough~~ to their living presence, I had certainly absorbed the tone of their love, their philosophy (such as it was!) and, over and over, their piety, their innocence. They actually believed that Nicky's diary, as well as their letters to each other were well protected from scrutiny when, in fact, a copy of the key to this diary—courtesy of ^{a royal} ~~the second~~ valet—had been in our possession for years and, now that she had joined him, I could ^{even} ~~peruse~~ all of their old letters ~~as well~~. Indeed, they even put numbers on the envelopes—Letter 96, Letter 109, et cetera. It never occurred to Nicky or Alix that it took no exceptional

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skill to make a wax impression of a key or a lock, any more than we were in need of high competence to find the maid or body-servant who was ready to betray a trust.

So, I knew how they spoke to each other. I had read hundreds of their loving communications back and forth. If I now present a small record of the missives passing between them and their close friends and relatives, it is to give a sense of how trivial were most of these responses to the royal dilemmas awaiting them. Indeed, I had to wonder all over again whether the Dummkopf was still in command of minimal acumen. The question might as well have risen to a fever in me—why was God giving so much importance to Nicky and Alix?

Be it said, they were not altogether without culture. Back in 1889, when she was seventeen, before they were ready to speak of their love for each other, Alix wrote on March 17:

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

B+

He responds two weeks later:

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

Young Wagnerites! At the edge of love! They write to each other in English. He has been tutored in the tongue since boyhood and she, after all, has so often visited with Queen Victoria, ~~her own fabulous grandmother.~~

That was in 1889. By June, 1894, they have managed to pass through a great emotional obstacle. To become betrothed, she has had to give up her Lutheranism for Russian Orthodoxy. ^{and} Of course, her older sister, Ella, even

more beautiful than Alix, had already converted years ago in order to marry the Grand Duke Sergei Alexandrovitch Romanov, and he was the brother of Nicky's father, Tsar Alexander III. So it was not as if there were no precedent for taking so major a leap from the strictures of Luther to the sacraments of the Moscow churches. Yet, Alix's fear of moving from her first bastion of piety did stand very much in the way. She was as good as

Scal
on
a separate
sheet
↓
From
Romanov
-SAVE

wed to Lutheranism until Ella assured her younger sister that the two religions were not all that different. It was a large hypothesis, but then, theology—much of which, we have designed—has talents for designing astonishing exits from philosophical cul-de-sacs.

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

**I prayed so deeply for you both to bring you together
in love for each other. . . Faith and love go very far
and if you have [that] in Him and each other, all will
be for the best.**

The campaign succeeded. Finally Alix agreed to accept the Russian

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

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

**through these dreary years! Darling primrosy-mine, I
love you my darling!!!!**

Be it said, I took pains to count the exclamation marks. Is it not, after all, ^{the} one rare point of kinship I can feel with him? The observant reader may have noticed how fond I am of such punctuation myself, particularly at the end of a parenthesis!! (Interruptions of attention should pretend, at least, to be vital!)

Four months later, Nicky's father is grievously ill. Alix, writing in Nicky's diary, offers this:

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

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

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

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

Only yours, quite your very own little spitzbub, Pussy mine!"

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

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

~~I did not dare absent myself from the house for any length of time. What a support to have dear Alix, she sat with me the whole day while I read reports from various ministers. At about 11 o'clock there was a consultation with the doctors in Uncle Vladimir's room—it was awful!~~

① In the evening, Papa appeared a little better—but terribly

weak! Our only reliance and hope is in the Mercy of the Lord, let His will be done!

I could not help but note how completely royalty was groomed to respect the Lord's will. But then, that Will when it appears to people is so often our voice. This ability to speak in the guise of the Lord is indeed one

of our delights. *But then it is no difficult task*
~~Our clients become smug at those moments. We do, too.~~
on most occasions. Royalty, after all, does
~~We are satisfied by the success of our deception.~~

~~Royalty~~ needs belief. It does not matter from whom it comes. ~~How~~
~~can they not?~~ Their lives are so peculiar. Living in near to total isolation from common experience, painfully sensitive to the need for proper conduct, and invariably drawn to its dramatic opposite (what with the *carnal* opportunities they are provided) they tend to believe that the disruptive events which occur in their lives are a product of the Lord's will. Even so, the Romanovs are hardly ready for Nicky's father, Tsar Alexander III, to be so close to death, then to die.

Nicky's diary, 20 October, Livadia:

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

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

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

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

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

Here, I ^{must} ~~would~~ introduce ^{Nicky's} a cousin ^{who is} named Sandro (married to Nicky's sister, Xenia. He was a bit of a firebrand, and Nicky's closest friend, and so Sandro had his own memoirs and I looked at the entry for October 20, the ^{for his written comment} ~~on the death of~~ 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.~~ H

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. H

24 October.

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

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

My dear Nicky,

May Heaven comfort you in your grief and give you strength for your heavy duties, and may a long and peaceful reign give you the opportunity of looking after the welfare of your subjects. The sympathy and real grief at the so untimely end of your lamented father in my country will have shown you how strong the monarchical instinct is and how Germany feels for you and your 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 (*In deed* ~~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~~
KR adores Nicky so much, that he
Like God, Nicky is him!)
 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
 Tsar is the admiration of everyone. I hear that the short
 speech He made in the Kremlin Palace to the Moscow
 nobility was delivered in a loud, clear, assured voice.
 Yesterday, when receiving the Council of State, He
 addressed them most beautifully. I watched him during
 the requiem service: the calm kind face, the thoughtful,
 deeply sad eyes, often half-closed. He is weighed down
 by his exalted rank. His modesty suffers from having to
 be everywhere and always the first.

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

In the evening they covered the Emperor's body in
 the coffin with a pall up to his chest, in order to hide the

hands which are beginning to turn black. The head is already looking quite black.

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

Lord Carrington to Queen Victoria:

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

Like most English diplomats, it was obvious that he took pride in his literary style. ~~Also had the impression that he was too pompous to be of quick use to the Cudgels or to our own agents. A most insular Englishman.~~ *One week later, he*

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

All the ladies in Russian costume, some with fine diamonds but hardly any pretty faces; indeed, the absence of beauty as compared with that seen at one of Your Majesty's drawing rooms struck the Lord Chamberlain very much.

necessarily followed the funeral. He went off ^{the} The occasion was the wedding of Nicky and Alix which, *cl* had to be brought off post haste since ~~it~~ ^{it} would hardly do for the Tsar of all Russia to be an unmarried man.

The ceremony was enough to make me feel wistful (a rare experience for a devil.) Nonetheless, I felt sad ~~as well since I could hardly enjoy the emotion in full.~~ How much it meant to those who watched! If the Tsar was the nearest Russian to God, then what could be of more importance than ^{for} ~~to~~ *such a near-divinity for* commit to a wife, a Tsarina, who would bear His sons ~~and so allow for the family line to continue to satisfy the High Deity.~~

It was, of course, a huge display, and ^{on my arrival in Russia} I was offered many impressions
 by our resident Russian agents ~~(a good year and a half by now after the~~
~~event)~~ of how it had been back on November 14 of 1894, when the ^{negotiations} ~~marriage~~
 took place. To those of us who ~~had been brought to Russia for the~~
~~Coronation and~~ were in need of background, these resident devils did offer
 us a set of ^{images} memories vivid enough to provide us with the confidence that we
 had been there. So, I can say that the great rooms of the Winter Palace
 were, on this occasion, so filled with notable spectators that I would
 calculate over 10,000 people were there in all their finery. Mind you, there
 were no seats. The Russians understand that ceremonial occasions do well
 to be uncomfortable. Let such devotional services prove harsh on the body.
 Let the ^{mighty} ~~elevated hordes in the church~~ stand for several hours while
~~interminable~~ liturgies are recited. Meanwhile ^{Let} the music continues,
 powerful and sad, yet in its way, compelling, even majestic, due to the very
^{length of the occasion,}
~~depths of the liturgical monotony.~~ It is as though the deepest and most
~~meditative~~ groans of Jesus Christ in extremis on the Cross are there to be
 heard again, ^{and meditated upon,}

Ten thousand of the strong, powerful, and wealthy stood therefore in place while the ceremony continued, an assembly of ~~the~~ highest generals, admirals, and various hierarchies of upper and lower officers, as well as each and every last lady of St. Petersburg (as well as those from Moscow) who had ever been presented at Court, ~~and~~ ^{was there,} all the dignitaries from the First, Second, Third and Fourth Class of the bureaucracies, ^{and} plus a full medley of Mayors from large and small cities and towns, ^{and} plus all too many of the new Russian businessmen, not to mention Senators and 60 or 70 maids of honor, ~~all dressed alike.~~

Lord Carrington has a nice comment here:

One maid of honour was so old that she was propped up against a wall and finally a chair was brought for her in which she was placed until required.

One of our English devils, well installed in [#] Queen Victoria's court, reported to us that ^{the Queen} she ~~was heard to exclaim~~ ^{was heard to exclaim} on reading this, "Oh, these Russians, animals all! Poor Alix, ^{she} ~~she~~ will need every bit of the fortitude one has implanted in her!"

Carrington proved his sense of pomp in describing the climax of the wedding.

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

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

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

I now had a slightly better notion of why the D.K. was so committed to Russia. How these people believed in Him! One could say the same for many a church group in America, but the differences were significant even then. In the ^{U.S.} ~~states~~ all the emphasis is on the Son. Americans live, dream, argue, and search for a closer relation to Jesus. (It is as if He is out there ^{ready} ~~waiting~~ for their approaches.) And the Father, to that subtle degree, is superannuated. His name is not that much invoked except for funerals or catastrophes. Otherwise, it ^{is} ~~was~~ all about Jesus. Given my recent years in America as Dieter, a young student from Berlin, I can say it ^{remains} ~~is still~~ the same ^{a good} for half of that vast, inchoate, ~~monumental~~, endlessly patriotic and technological land. "Boy," say half the Americans, "if your faith is not in Jesus, your ass is in jeopardy."

Forgive me, I digress. I am obviously not too happy ~~an American~~ if I ^{am now so idle as to write} ~~have become so idle as to be reduced to writing~~ such comments. Of course, ^{in Moscow} back then I also felt out of my element. Russians were not for me. They were much more intense than the Germans and Austrians with whom I was, of late, familiar. One need only return to that grave ceremony when Nicky and Alix walked around the altar three times. Yes, the D.K. could enjoy

the Trinity is ^{was} familiar
 that. For the Russians, such numbers are powerful, ~~yes~~ ^{as} intimate as the
~~the~~ faces of great beasts who visit Russians in their dreams. Yes, they were
~~reclaiming the Trinity. And with such a great catch in their heart.~~

SAVE
 Such thoughts reminded me of a letter that dear, sweet, shy, silly,
 imperious Alix (with her as yet undeveloped need to control all before her—
 a need yet to prove as rigid and throbbing as an unsophisticated but
 untrammelled penis—yes, a letter Alix had already written six months
 earlier when she and Nicky were first betrothed. Already, she sensed that
 her mother-in-law, Marie, that sweet little Danish Empress, the then-
 Tsarina, would yet be a thorn in her breast. On the 15th of April, 1894, Alix
 sent Marie a message from the Palais Edinbourg, Coburg:

Darling Motherdear,

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

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

He is in church now, and whilst he is kneeling there, ↗

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

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

SAVE I had to smile at the reference to Darling little Motherdear. Either Alix was still so simple that she did not realize to what degree beautiful women who are not tall dislike being reminded of this by beautiful women who tower above them. Or, en route to disliking the Empress Marie to the point where her head would begin to ache with choked-up furies had she not been able to avoid this obvious pitfall?

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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!

*Cat's
desires*

to which on November 19th he adds,

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

3?

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

*all the
suffering
has
been
difficult*

**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, ^{and} her ignorance, ~~her monumental~~
confidence. She was so certain that they lived with a joint passport to the
Eternal! 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~~
^{were} being brewed by them. Rarely had I encountered newly-weds who were as
infatuated. ^{obviously} 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~~ fears, plus the ~~prodigious~~ ^{devotion} woe of losing her mother at the age
of six. Add her religious intensity and her social timidity ^I found it
difficult ^{the} ^{of her} on the basis of these letters to accept her romantic intensity at the
~~entire in Nicky's case~~ full value of her words. They were ~~so~~ ^{absolutely} over-ventilated with the absolute
necessity to be ~~profoundly~~ in love.

Of course, I could not be certain. He was the Emperor of a vast land teeming with deep spirits and untamable barbarians. He could not pass by a copse of forest without thinking that this loveliness was his land. His Land. He was one of the chosen of God. And all the while he felt ~~greatly~~ 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 1904~~ ^{writing}. There was still the damnable question pending—what was the Dummkopf up to? It was conceivable that in His Desire to make their marriage ^{beatifically} ~~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

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ready to offer His wisdom and strength—against, of course, the no small
skills of the Maestro ~~as well as our aptitudes~~ to subvert His Plans.

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Nicky was, of course, all but totally unprepared to become the Tsar.

~~Alexander the Third was so physically powerful that it had been assumed by~~
Alexander the Third at least
~~all that he would rule for one more generation. Some measure of Nicky's~~
unpreparedness is present in these few lines from KR's diary:

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

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

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

Nicky, Diary, 17 January 1895, St. Petersburg:

Also An exhausting day. Went with Alix to the Winter

Palace. I was in a terrible state about having to go to

the Nikolayevsky Hall and deliver a speech to the

representatives of the nobility, the *Birindones* zemstvos [local

councils] and the town committees.

for Edmund Paula He had been closeted with the Grand Dukes before he gave the

speech. They had assured him that he must follow *Klara* absolutely in his father's

he must be absolutely absolute footsteps. His grandfather, Alexander II, had been assassinated,

and his father had had ^{his} such a close call. Russia was like a mad giant, they

Russia was 1837 - 2 Jan 3, 1903 assured him, and so vulnerable to grand mal that one misstep could release a

frenzy. Absolute allegiance to autocracy. The only formula. *12 Aug, 1860*

Klara - husband A. Sr 1876 @ 16, 1900 born 1860 From Nicky's speech to the representatives of all estates:

17 January 1895, St. Petersburg:

Adi April 30, 1889 I am aware that recently in some zemstvos there have

arisen the voices of people carried away by senseless

Edmund 24 Mar 1889 Feb 2, 1900 dreams of taking part in the business of government.

Let everyone know that I will retain the principles of

Paula Jan 21, 1890 autocracy as firmly and unbendingly as my unforgettable

late father.

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

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

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

Unfortunately, dear Alix's headache continued all day. She did not go upstairs at all—neither to church nor to luncheon.

~~I managed to read a lot of the papers that had accumulated.~~
~~Had tea with my darling. Dined at 8 o'clock with Mama.~~

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

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

An ongoing headache, indeed! When intense enough to be characterized as migraine, these headaches spoke to us of the clear desire to commit murder--a desire guaranteed to baffle her by its total impossibility. I did not believe Alix had such sentiments toward her husband, but it was doubtless another matter with her mother-in-law, the Empress Marie. That beautiful little brunette had adored her poor dead husband for the best of reasons and one of them was that she was always an Empress. Now, still an Empress, she was also less than such. She was an elevated widow. Already, the two women were developing sentiments they were obliged to pulverize in their minds.

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

Nicky to Sergei, 10 April 1895, St. Petersburg

Dear Uncle Sergei,

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

fulfill my heavy and responsible duty to Russia.

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

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

Nicky to Queen Victoria, May 10 1895, St. Petersburg
... In answer to your second letter mentioning the articles about England in the Russian papers, I must say I cannot prevent people from putting their opinion openly in the

newspapers. How often have I not been worried to read in English gazettes rather unjust statements in connexion with my country! Even books are being constantly sent to

me

from London, misinterpreting our actions in Asia, on interior politics, etc. I am sure there is as little hostility intended in these writings as there is in the above mentioned ones.

Nicky

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

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

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

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

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

In truth, the real problem was that I did not feel comfortable in my comprehension of their love. How much was exaggerated? None of us were ever ready to admit as much to ourselves, not certainly to the Maestro, but the presence of real love often introduced a dull spot upon the customary clear lens in our powers of analysis. We could penetrate every aspect of false love, we had, for that matter, not even the need to capture ^{such lovers} them ~~as our clients--the state of being in love~~ leaves the average man or woman wide open to angels and demons, to transports and to suspicions, beatitudes and/or heartbreaks. ~~All are at the edge of the heart, indeed,~~ some of the sharpest engagements ever fought between the Cudgels and ourselves involve the ecsasties and vicissitudes that pullulate among lovers in the early stages. We are truly demons at converting the sensitivities of love to the all-out imperatives of lust where we are in command except for those special occasions when God decides lust will be beneficial for one of His chosen.

It is a curious contest. The angels have powerful sweets to offer, and we know how to inspire jealousy, doubt, distrust, even momentary revulsion toward the beloved. I would say that we possess more improvisational skills than even the most gifted of the Cudgels, but we do lack one quality which I hesitate to confess, even hate to confess, although I must, or what I offer will make no great sense. It is that I know everything about love but Love itself. I can hardly bear to make such a confession but it is true. I can recall nothing of my existence as human, not even whether I ever did exist in that state, although for some reason I am certain that I was indeed, at one time, a man, but this I can say--I have never known Love. I can even expatiate upon its properties and tendencies, its dilemmas, dissipations, even the reasons for its augmentation or disappearance, I can tell you everything about it except for some knowledge that seems to be missing at the core. It is that I cannot distinguish true love from its most developed and artistic substitutes.

Witness, then, my confusion before ~~Nicely~~ and, particularly, ~~Alia~~. I could begin to comprehend ~~him~~. ^{Nicely} Given his situation, he needed love the way others require blood.

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

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

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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 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 ^{even} married, ~~indeed, to~~ Wagner's daughter, Winifred. In 1923, Hitler would meet Houston Chamberlain in Bayreuth, and the latter, very much an elitist, but

also a devoted racist, and an intense believer in the putative superiority of the German soul, was happy to pass on his baton to Hitler. What Chamberlain had envisioned in his master work--Foundations of the Nineteenth Century--might now—as he saw it—actually come to pass through the exceptional if most uncharacteristic figure of this new leader, this young Hitler, who was ready to pay a visit to a great mind like himself. Chamberlain's vanity may still have been intact, but he was virtually on his death-bed when they met. Nonetheless, his support offered political substance to Adolf. Chamberlain had been, after all, the intellectual who had been most favored, honored, and respected by Kaiser Wilhelm the Second whose own ideas (as will be suggested in the next two letters) were waiting for a philosopher to enrich them.

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

**Kaiser Wilhelm II to Nicky, 14 September 1895, Jagdhaus
Romingen
Dearest Nicky,**

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

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

Kaiser Wilhelm II to Nicky 13 October 1895

Neues Palais, Potsdam

Dearest Nicky,

That it is not the fact of a "Rapport" or friendship between Russia and France that make me uneasy—every sovereign is sole master of his country's interests and he shapes his policy accordingly—but the danger which is

brought to our Principle of Monarchism through the lifting up of the Republic on a pedestal. The constant appearance of Princes, Granddukes, statesmen, generals at reviews, burials, dinners, races—with the head of the Republic or in his entourage makes Republicans—as such—believe that they are quite honest, excellent people with whom Princes can concoct and feel at home. Now what is the consequence in our different countries? The Republicans are Revolutionists de nature and treated—rightly so—as people who must be shot or hung, [but] they tell to our other loyal subjects, "Oh, we are no dangerous bad men, look at France! There you see the Royalties hobnobbing with the Revolutionaires!" Don't forget that

Faure—

not his personal fault—sits on the throne of the King and Queen of France by the grace of God whose heads Frenchman Republicans cut off. The blood of their Majesties is still on that country!

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

Willy

~~Willy~~

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

It is the mark, however, of Romanov breeding—indeed, it is part of their honor—that no disappointment is mouthed when the infant is born. A strapping ten-pound female has come forth.

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

Nicky's Diary 3 November 1895 Tsarskoe Selo

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

Alix came through childbirth well and felt quite alert in the evening.

By the morning of the next day he is rhapsodizing.

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

**And by the following day. Nicky is fascinated by a few unexpected
aspects of infant nutrition.**

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

6 November 1895

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

I was not surprised. I cannot speak for the Maestro, but ~~few~~ ^{not often I can} devils at my level ~~are ready to~~ interpret the sentiments of an embryo. ~~Not even~~ ^{And} in the 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 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. Love 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.

th
KR, Diary, 10 April 1896, St. Petersburg

next page

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

Actually, I could feel a shift within the court. The Coronation of Nicholas II was approaching. It is safe to add that there could have hardly been a devil or angel present who was not stirring with elation and dread. When are devils able to feel as human, or crowds as demonic (and exalted,) as before a great ceremony?

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

Dearest Nicky,

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

Book 4 email cc chs 14-27 only 2/8/05

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**Your affectionate cousin and friend,
Willy**

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Except for those occasions when we appear ^{as} ~~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 ^{appear as} ~~cater to the needs of~~ a physical entity, the ensuing shift from St.
Petersburg to Moscow caused me no difficulty. ^{while it will} ~~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. ^{when} ~~On that occasion,~~ the Tsar would honor the hundreds of
thousands of Russian peasants who had made their way to Moscow for the
occasion. ^{I had taken no further part}
^{in such preparations.}

Continued

As for the Coronation itself, my contribution would *(also)* be of no more

importance than if I had been a spectator. Since I did hear a good deal from other devils about the separate stages of the religious rites that would embody the event on May 14, 1896, I will yet offer a competent account at second hand. On May 9, however, when Nicholas II and Alexandra made their entrance into the Kremlin from their temporary residence (May 6 to May 9) in Petrovsky Park, it was a different matter. I did witness that.

The procession, as it made its way up Tverskaya Street, extended from the northern outskirts of Moscow to the Kremlin itself, and presented a spectacle so lavish that only a small sense of its extent is realized by this excerpt from KR.

KR Diary May 9

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

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

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

The above would satisfy me more if only it indicated what ~~an~~ ~~incalculable~~ set of calculations had gone into each detail of the events and entertainments on that day. The highest ministers of state had debated among themselves as to which diplomatic and economic factors had to be most respected. Half of the uniformed and diplomatic cadres of the world were, after all, present as guests. Delegations arrived from every European country and from Asia, no mean trip out of Korea, Siam, or Australia but then, this Coronation looked to offer its parallel to the majestic entry of Louis XIV into Reims in 1654. So, on the morning of May 9th, came a great series of processions in full panoply, there to exhibit to the world all

the exceptional resources and separate peoples of the Russian Empire. On came the Cossacks with their tunics in scarlet, their silver epaulettes, their blue pants, their black boots, their black and silver caps, on came Asiatic princes from remote and unpronounceable regions, wearing costumes of a variety beyond description, representatives of all the far-off barbarians whom the Russians had conquered through several centuries, ^{They were} followed by close to a regiment of Court footmen, courtiers, and imperial huntsmen. A loftier note was struck by a procession of ~~the highest officials~~, the two Grand Masters of the Coronation Ceremonies, the Arch Grand Master and his court, twelve Chamberlains and twenty-five Gentlemen of the Chamber, plus the Marshalls of the Court, and all the members of the Council of Empire followed in succession by the regiments of the Royal Army, then Nicky himself, born, as all too many were whispering, on the sixth of May. Thousands of onlookers were passing such information to each other, Russians most of all, for May 6 was nothing less than the Orthodox Feast Day of St. Job the Sufferer. It can be taken for granted that we had no small hand in reminding many an onlooker that May Sixth was a sinister position to occupy on the calendar.

Nicky happened to be aware of such omens. Already in the early rhapsodic weeks of their betrothal, he had warned Alix. He could do no less. It was his duty. And she had replied that it would now be her duty to stand beside him. In union with each other, they could overcome all dire signs. That was a God-given test, as she saw it. Yes, God had wanted this, Alix told him. Together, they could incarnate the powers of transcendence. They would not have to suffer like Job. They would love God even more than St. Job had loved Him.

All this I learned on the day they entered the Kremlin. I was able at last to enter Nicky's mind. Very much to my surprise, I must also admit. Never, as I have related, had there been in my experience so great a cordon of security surrounding any other human being. Just so closely were Nicky and Alix protected by the Cudgels. Yet, on this day, when he rode his English mare all the way from Petrovsky Park to the Spassky Gates of the Kremlin, ~~I did catch~~ ^(was able to reach into) his thoughts. Be certain, it was but a minor ~~avenue of~~ entry. Still, the Maestro had not been wholly barricaded ~~off~~. The Cudgels had not succeeded altogether in ^{blocking} ~~blockading~~ every passage into Nicky's brain. Ten years ago when he was an eighteen-year-old cadet, he had had a

short but agreeably lustful set of encounters with one of the Maestro's long-term devils. She had coupled with Nicky while taking the form of a gypsy prostitute, a tsvigane. It was all accomplished before the Cudgels had begun to devote their present all-inclusive effort to protect him. So the Maestro had succeeded then in gaining this small ingress into Nicky's soul. Be certain!—many skirmishes and small wars had been conducted since ~~this modest and now level-maintained~~ concerning ~~that constricted~~ path. The D.K. had sent a cohort of angels to seal it off and I would suspect that the Maestro had succeeded nonetheless—and with what skill!—in keeping it open.

My honor—which is to say, my now much-improved sense of my value to the Maestro—was that he had invited me to use this invaluable passage for the two hours it would take for Nicholas the Second to parade his horse on this day up Tverskaya Street to the Kremlin. Who else among our group was included, I cannot say. (The Maestro has the power, when he chooses, to render us insensitive even to compatible presences.) In any event, my orders were explicit. I was to initiate nothing. I was there to pick up whatever passing thoughts or memories were in Nicky's head, but I was not to attempt anything on my own. The passage was too narrow. A

forceful effort—powerful enough to incite a headache in Nicky—would alert the Cudgels.

I obeyed. It was indeed a privilege. On the other hand, there were few surprises. The letters had prepared me for most of the passing moments in the young Tsar's mind.

Indeed, I was disappointed. That could be expected. On the basis of the letters, I knew that our Nicky was no extraordinary fellow—decent within his limitations, but in no way, remarkable. When in the military, he had risen, given his obvious advantages, to the rank of Colonel in the Life Guards. All the same, I found it curious that as he set out on the Processional, he saw himself again as just that, a very young Colonel. I must say he knew his own desires sufficiently to recognize that he would have been happier if he could have spent his life in the role of a respected field officer. Indeed, the roaring enthusiasm of the troops as they saluted him on this day of parade, provided not only a joy, but a pang. The Crown was going to be placed on his head in five days. After that, he would be obliged to give a full farewell to a host of rousing memories. In no way could he ever see himself again as a young officer.

I did have one surprise. These recollections were libidinous. Even on this day, they were libidinous. If the Maestro had installed one devil of a whore in his heart, she was still calling to him, ~~and this did excite his sense of the ridiculous.~~ He could not ignore the direct physical reaction. Each great cheer from the troops immediately stirred a tumult in his groin. Even his English mare, so elegant, so pale in color, seemed ^(his ~~was~~ excitement) aware of this. ^{(breaking out) Sassy} She was actually showing him a new set of steps, his wonderful horse with her exquisite sense of dressage. How she pranced!

Yet, after no more than another minute, these good spirits shared by horse and rider, were thrust back into gloom. What quick woe! To be born as a future monarch on the Feast Day of St. Job the Sufferer. What, indeed, had God intended? Why had He scourged poor Job's body? How much Job had prayed to God yet his suffering had not abated. And in five days, in his turn, he, Nicky, would be obliged to look to God for complete guidance.

Yet, just as quickly, Nicky's mood rose again. I could only do my best to follow. I will confess that his thoughts came to me in confusing bursts and with stops, full of clatter and echo, but then, even this dark mood could not remain morose in the face of this ~~route, this~~ promenade. So many

decorations had been hung upon the face of the homes and buildings on Tverskaya Street. Moscow, on this morning, had the radiance of an old lady who had never been as beautiful before. It was a rare beauty. On most mornings, the face of Moscow could be ugly and harsh, but on this day of extravagant good weather, Moscow was so bright that it occasioned Nicky to think of glorious hunting days. Even Alexander III, his own great father, had seen fit to compliment his son's prowess in the forest. Nicky blushed on receiving so rare a compliment from his father, and proceeded immediately to give the credit to his hunting dogs. Whereupon, Tsar Alexander the Third had said, "One can measure a man by his dogs."

Yes, let the Almighty see him as the loyallest of His dogs. He knew animals, indeed, he knew them. Almost always, when drinking the blood of a stag just hunted down, the echo of the last shot still pulsing in his ear, he always felt close to God. The stag was so immaculate in form, yet had just sacrificed its existence. Why? The answer was simple but profound. This death of a beautiful beast had the power to deliver more understanding between God and man. For it was God who had given human beings the right to take the lives of lower creations. *despite the* ~~Nor did it matter how~~ exquisite

and to Service. ^{Yet he} He could remain faithful to such principles ^{only if he} but if he did not ^{could become} possess the strength to be a strong ruler, ^{Other wise,} his honor would ^{be} always in danger of turning into dishonor, his allegiance to tradition could ^{become too} leave him inflexible, and he might even be broken by the dull call of service. ^{Already, his} His duties were detestable ^{already}. Yes, it could all go down to disaster. He was not, Nicky now told himself, equipped to deal with his ministers and their endless intrigues. That was like falling through space.

Whereas to kill an animal, yet feel compassion for the beast—such an act was nearness to God. Marrow for the soul.

And ^{felt} ~~now~~ at this moment, his prize horse ~~did feel~~ near enough to his master's thoughts to rear up. For in her mind, the mare had a sight of the stag's blood. A cry of fear rose from the spectators as ^{the mare} she reared on her hind legs. The crowd gasped, ^{but it} and then applauded. All who were lining the streets, or perched high above up on the roofs of Tverskaya Street—all those tens of thousands who witnessed the moment—now offered a great wave of applause for Nicky's grace in recapturing the confidence of the horse. ^{He could} Such ^{have been thrown but he had a lead of the best} Brouhaha travelled through the crowd all the way up to the Spassky gate of the Kremlin. Other tens of thousands who were in the distance could not

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

~~He~~ ^{At all the same (soon)} Predictably, his sense of doom returned. For ~~he must recognize~~ ^{must} his future duty... That would be to aid and abet the intentions of his ministers. Only, He ^{should} ~~above could~~ know how void Nicky ^{Pelt} would feel whenever he had to talk to these ^{them, his officials} officials. They ^(were) were as flimsy as a house of cards, yes, one spineless construction built on top of another. Yet no matter how much he might do, ~~would the force of his own efforts ever be enough? These~~ ^{he was certain his ministers}

~~ministers with whom he might work~~ would choose to be dissatisfied. They ^{could} ~~would~~ not respect him. They were ^{too} accustomed to the force of his father.

Certainly, ~~the wisest of their opinions overrode the force of his own~~ ^{already the directing} desire. He had not planned this procession. They had. Over and over, they had insisted that this promenade on May 9 would be his introduction to the world. The length of the march was, therefore, crucial. It must become the longest parade in history. The most crucial element (which he altogether

detested) was that he must be seen in the front of this file, ~~so~~ many miles
long, ~~whereas~~ ^{in turn} his mother and Alix must bring up the rear in their two
separate golden coaches. This ~~formulation~~ ^{arrangement}, the ministers insisted, would be
the best way to demonstrate how great and panoramic was the ~~extent~~ ^{vast} of
Russian power.

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

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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, the results ^{might} ~~would~~ be felt for years to come.

The ministers had prepared a Coronation designed to arouse the respect of the rest of the world, and ^{so} stimulate Russia's industrial and economic needs, ^{Of course the} but there still remained internal problems, ^{remained.} ~~Many~~! The secret police, the Okhrana, ^{for example} 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 ^{of} in the body politic. So, the

Realistic - if you finish

ministers convinced Nicky that a large show of generous concern for the peasants must be undertaken by the Tsar in the ^{days after} ~~same week as~~ the Coronation. A vast peoples' fete ^{could} ~~should~~ take place. Since the foreign generals and statesmen who were present at this time also had to be entertained in recognition ^{of} ~~for undergoing~~ the ardors of ^{travelling} ~~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 peasants' event would demonstrate Nicky's love. It would celebrate the value of his people. They would be entertained. There would be circus performers, singers and dancers, and numerous stands for the distribution of the gifts. Taking into account the ^{great open} ~~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 ^{given out free as} ~~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~~ ^{and} small ~~leaves~~, walnuts, sausage, cookies, jams, ~~and assorted sweets~~ accompanied by a small book about the Coronation wrapped up in a handkerchief ~~which carried~~ ^{embroidered in coarse thread with} (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 gifts. ~~Some~~ ^{A number} of our Russian agents ~~had~~ ^{having} worked for years with venal caterers, ~~and they~~ ^{many} saw to it that the packages were ~~shoddy or~~ ^{spoiled}. It was an old practice. Garlic could always be ~~used~~ ^{added} to close off food odors of ~~overripe,~~ ^{rotting} ~~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 pupose. 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.

Among a few ~~officers~~ ^{officers}, there was concern ~~before the event~~ that there might not be police enough for the occasion. Only three officers had been assigned to command a total of one hundred and fifty Cossacks who would serve as enforcers. Needless to say, these three officers, like all men who are in command of security, were full of the unhappiest anticipations. No more than one hundred and fifty Cossacks to control half a million people! But the officers received no help when they applied for more guards. ~~They were told that~~ ^{they were told} there was a shortage of available police. The majority were needed to guard the approaches to Moscow. After all, the police had been relentlessly busy before the Coronation. They had had to remove more than four thousand suspected radicals from the city. For that matter, vast sums had already been spent upon the thousands of soldiers who had been employed on guard duty during the processional into the city on May 9th, and the Coronation on the 14th. Now, it was the eighteenth ^{of the month} and the treasury ~~had been~~ ^{precaution} funds assigned for security ~~were all but depleted~~ ^{control of crowds}. Any that did not concern the immediate safety of the Tsar was obliged, therefore,

to remain minimal. Once the Tsar arrived, there would be companies of soldiers to protect him, but heavy security was obviously not required for ^{the} ~~long night on Khodynskoe Field before the occasion~~ ~~the night before. The police were needed elsewhere. One could not have~~ ^{thieves running wild in other parts of the city.} ~~thieves running wild in other parts of the city.~~ ^{we were ready for the night before} ~~Other problems were not even examined carefully.~~ ^{subtle} ~~The subtle forces~~ ^{exercised and nimbly} ~~of bureaucratic obstruction had been nimbly employed by us.~~ ^{Thirteen} ~~years ago, Khodynskoe Field had been used as the site for a peasants' festival right after the Coronation of Alexander III and that had proved a~~ ^{worked} ~~satisfactory choice.~~ ^{indeed} ~~Thirty peasants had lost their lives through several~~ ^{in the course of} ~~disorders, in the crush, but then, such large crowds were seen as not~~ ^{had to be understood} ~~altogether controllable. Thirty had been perceived as no great number one~~ ^{was not seen as a} ~~had to expect a few dire results for so large an event.~~

Moreover, Nicky decided to hold this open-air celebration in precisely the same place his father had chosen. Let the event be seen as the foundation of a tradition. To one of his ministers, he even said, "From what you tell me, we need more ~~and more~~ traditions, do we not?" The murmur of approbation that came up from his ministers at this remark was ~~certainly~~ agreeable to Nicky ^{his ear}.

The problem that was not examined, however, was that the field was no longer as ^{useable} practical for the purpose as it had been in 1883. ~~Nominister,~~ ^(But the) however, wished to bring that up now. ~~The~~ Tsarevitch had stated his preference, ~~and so no minister~~ ^{In 1891, however,} preference! The difficulty was that in 1891 ^{on that land,} a large exhibition had been held there, and much temporary construction had taken place ^{Afterward,} without any ~~there were no funds available in the city treasury~~ funds ~~having been laid away~~ to restore the terrain ~~afterward~~. ^{If one had} ~~The surface of~~ been able to see Khodynskoe Field from above, it would have borne ^{now have} resemblance to the skin of a wretch overwhelmed with acne. There were sand pits, sand holes, wells half-filled—pockmarks were everywhere. ^{In} ~~addition, there were a few~~ ³ deep scars. ~~A few of the~~ larger sand pits had widened into ravines. Moreover, the Sand had blown and shifted into a variety of knobs and hollows. Some pits were fifteen feet deep. Others were small chasms. Some of ^{these} ~~the~~ chasms had been boarded over with thin planks. ^{and could} ~~There were~~ ^{from a hazard, there were} gullies, there were hillocks. A number of wells had gone dry but remained ^{dead} as holes. Broad paths had been laid out between such obstacles where people might move with safety, ^{and} indeed, there was enough level ground for half a million visitors, but there was no great ^{allowance} space for unruly movement.

Now, of course, there had been ^{more immediate concerns,} other preparations for the festival,
~~and, in truth, more immediate concerns.~~ If half a million people were to
 come to Moscow for the events, how were the poorest to be ^{received in} ~~taken care of in~~
 the few days before? Some peasants might have family members who now
 worked in factories, and they could shelter visiting relatives in the slums of
 Moscow. They could all sleep on the floor, ^{again,} The odor of old blouses and ^{old}
 pants ^{and} and linen wrappings for their feet, the grease of sheep-skin jackets and
 sweat-ridden capes, caftans, and black woolen coats, ^{might add to the} ~~would seep through the~~
~~of the~~ ^{what} 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 the railroad stations. In any case, the majority of
^{poor visitors} ~~incomers~~ came early to the field. On the evening before the day that the
 festival was to take place, hordes were already sleeping on the ground.
 These early arrivals came to a good number. Some said one hundred
 thousand, some estimated 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
^{Our people were there to circulate it}
 rumor, ~~to circulate~~. ^{As the crowds understood it, the gifts would be on the} ~~we were told,~~

distribution tables at dawn. Thousands of peasants moved up close, therefore. It was still the middle of the night. 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 barriers whether they chose to or not. ^{People were pushing them from behind} Curses could be heard ~~and~~ through the night. Then, a couple of hours before 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 ^{quite} 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, "Never before have so many turned out to offer their reverence to the Tsar. Never so many of the common people. ["] ~~Our ruler is being honored."~~

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 crowd was pressing ^{against the barriers} with a dreadful restlessness against the

~~(They were rocking the small posts and planks, wooden barriers. Already, just before daylight, it seemed likely they would break. I cannot begin to speak of how many in our entire cohort of clients~~

~~and demons~~ were inspiring rumors. "The good stuff is gone," is what they had been prompted 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} ~~we~~ kept feeding the rumors. They ^{sat upon} ~~stood on~~ one

^{another like building blocks,} ~~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 to the back, the quicker did those at the rear push forward. The

first barriers began to tilt, then were knocked down. The ^{nearest} ~~(kiosks were~~

^(Instantly!) ~~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 ranks to the rear were compressing the hundred

thousand in the middle. 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 another ~~would~~ ^{had to} trip over him. A third would fall, a fourth would be knocked over by bodies ^{charging} ~~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 in a maelstrom.~~ ^{shoved, propelled thrust and} Others were ^{of blows and desperate embraces as they} ~~unable to hold back against the forces pushing~~ ^{tried to climb out every as others} ~~from behind.~~ ^{Others were driven over the lip of a well.} Bodies piled upon bodies. I had never heard such a sound of woe before—thousands of throats ^{as they were pushed toward a well} were roaring in rage or screaming in terror. ^{Sounds of physical agony} became unearthly. I had an experience I had never encountered before. As humans moved forward in waves, slighter people were thrown upward like spray from the impact of a wave. ^{By} Bodies flew ^{through} into the air. ^{Children} Others screamed ^{heavy adults} as they went under the 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 collapsed ^{like} minnows in the shallows, not able to breathe ^{or stir}, then able to breathe, or just about. Along the edges of such a surf, petrified onlookers were braying out the names of family members. Some ^{showed} faces ~~had~~ already petrified into grief.

It came to an end, and in very much the manner that a storm dies ^{out} 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 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 ^{and in the pits}.

By the early hours of daylight, the field was still quivering ⁱⁿ its chaos, but the disorder had ^{already} spread out to ~~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 ^{had} left their homes early. But as they approached, so they saw wagons coming toward them carrying a burden of the dead and these ~~sinister~~ bloody wagons were

surrounded by ~~ambulating~~ men and women wailing in grief. Those relatives who had managed to locate any of their own who had fallen now trotted by, ~~the side,~~ weeping. 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, a little bit.) (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, these approaching bodies, screaming ^(loud groans.) and sobbing, ~~groaning, laughing~~ (Hideous laughter. Every passing wagon showed ^{bodies} peasants in ruined ^{peasant} finery, dead with bloody noses, ^{discolored faces,} broken faces, broken limbs, near to nude. More than a few were covered with ^{whatever} clothes ^{had been} found on the ground, ^{torn} separated from the bodies of their owners.

Later came ~~changing~~ ^{guess} estimates of how many had been killed. Probably, the best ~~estimate~~ ^{guess} 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. ^{late, come} 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, 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 ^{promiscuous} interments by ^{grave} promiscuous lot, ^{SPB?} was a further aid ^{profit to a profit yet} for our purpose that was not to be comprehended ~~not even~~ by us, 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, ~~glowed as if they belonged to the sun~~ ^{glowed as if they belonged to the sun} 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 ^{took over} introduced one's ears to an unholy feud with the bells. Disorienting even to ^{me} ~~a good devil's~~ senses. Notably savage.

I was in such a state of excitement ⁱⁿ ~~and elation~~ 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 like slime to all their ^{feelings} ~~awakened senses~~. Meanwhile, the gold of the sun reflected the gold of the onion domes above each church. For the past half

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year, laborers in high peril of slipping off church roofs because of winter ice
had labored at fastening new ^{gilded} ~~gold~~ leaf to these now-resplendent domes.

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

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

breaks wind. Usually, the hideousness of the odor is in direct relation to the involuntary nature of the act, plus the depth of our Satanic investment in the client's passageways. Then the pestilence sits in the air for the next moments. Sometimes, longer. Yet, no one remarks on the odor. For the social record, it has not happened. This ability to ignore the repellent has always been the ingrained strength of the upper classes.

Now, hearing a chorus of a thousand gifted voices offering a heavenly vocal collation to ten thousand onlookers, no one is about to recognize that but a few hours ago, horrors occurred. ~~Dead faces~~ ^{A few dead} still lay on the field. ~~Many~~ ^{Another} ~~few~~ showed all the extremity of a last intolerable physical agony. The Russians, given their pan-European desire to ape the etiquette of the best English occasions, now wished to demonstrate that they did have social kinship with those elect who are there to be admired on a notable day at the races. The ~~people~~ ^{people} in the stands / occasion looked perfect, and would have been but for one surprise. An unbelievably strong wind blew up without warning, and it scattered clouds of dust all over the Khodynskoe parade ground. This noxious whirlwind even reached the pavilions. There should have been no such wind on so

glorious a day. All had been still. But the wind had come. I hardly knew if I was witnessing the fury of the Dummkopf or the rage of the dead.

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~~ ^{latecomers arriving in} safety after the riot in the dawn.

Soon enough, Nicky and Alexandra waved to the new people flocking in, but shortly after ^{then} left the pavilion to step into their carriage in order to be driven a few hundred yards to 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 much had happened. I suspect 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 had been laid out in diamonds. They were soon replaced by 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. ^{For me, that} ~~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, but now they were obviously alive.

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 to beware of Sandro and his brothers.

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

As quickly as these opinions were stated, so was I in the chamber to hear them. Again, the Cudgels were not about. Such a host of just-perished ^{were} souls ^{that} in need of succor! This once, I found it not at all difficult to stay close to Nicky.

So, I heard Sandro's brother, Nicolai Alexandrovich. He spoke with eloquence after Uncle Alexey. "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 eloquence to rage. "Why, I would ask,"

he went on, "didn't Sergei Alexandrovitch 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. Could he have 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 this assistant who had initiated the rumor that it was the Governor-General.)

That ^{particular} pilfering of funds ^{underwent Khodynskoe's} proved ~~one of our more~~ effective actions. For indeed, there was ^{no} 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 ^{should} if banished revolutionaries ~~wanted to~~ be mad enough to try to come back during Coronation week.

Poor Nicky. If he had one weakness, it was that he could not hold two opposed ideas in his mind long enough to decide which 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 on 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 undertaken the most generous preparations. The absence of the Tsar and Tsarina could cause 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 ^{measure} pride themselves ^{by} on the sanity they are able to bring to heated emotion. ^{They are proud of their} The froidueur! They detest sentimentality. They will not see you as a man, but as ^a ~~weak~~ ^{creature, a weakling} 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 French Ambassador, and Alix danced with the Count. In his diary, Nicky left this comment:

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

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

Sandro and his brothers had long been aware of Sergei's epigram. He was known to quote himself. On this night, they found such a concept of duty to be odious. So, they departed, all four brothers—they left at the exact moment that the dancing began. Uncle Alexey spoke out loudly: "There go the four imperial followers of Robespierre."

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

So, for a few minutes, (before they came back and I had to decamp) I was able not only to peer just a little ^{further} into Nicky's mind but to feel close enough for one good instant 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 Rantzaus.

I feel that all who surround my husband are
insincere. And no one is doing his duty for Russia.
They are all serving him for their career and personal

**advantage and I worry myself and cry for days on
end as I feel my husband is very young and
inexperienced—of which they are taking advantage.**

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

Before the Coronation, she had made a critical mistake. She had
confided too much to her closest lady-in-waiting. She adored Nicky, she
had confessed ^{to her for and} "Not only for his heart, but for the other matters. I love him
so much. I call him secret names. All kinds."

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

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

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

this friend to the lady-in-waiting
~~the friend~~

In the event, she did not feel free to give the secret away immediately.

It took two nights before she told two ~~close and trusted~~ ^{other} friends. They also took a vow of silence. They did not wait as long, however, to break their word. Within the week, Moscow's best society was snickering over Alix's love of English. Everyone who had a reputation for knowing what others did not know, now knew Alix and Nicky's intimate words for each other.

"Lovy, Boysy, Sweet one, my soul, my very soul" (which Alix converted to Russian—dushki—also "mannikins mine, sweetie, pussy-mine, Sunny."

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

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

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In the week that followed the disaster, there were eight days of fetes, dances, receptions, state visits, and musicales. On May 19th, there was a banquet in Alexander Hall in the Kremlin, and on the 20th, Sergei gave his own ball. The 21st brought the Moscow nobility together at the Hall of Columns, Prince Trubetskoi as host. Four thousand guests appeared. On the 22nd, Nicky and Alix made a state visit to the Troisky-Sergeyevsky monastery, and on the morning of the 23rd, Nicky gave 20,000 rubles as a first installment on a children's home for the orphans of Khodynka. That evening, there was dinner with the English Ambassador at a palace ball in the St. Andrew Hall of the Kremlin. Thirty-one hundred guests. The

Germans, laying low, gave no more than a Musicale at their embassy next evening which was followed by a Palace dinner for all the ambassadors on the 25th. For conclusion, they were back at Khodynka Field on the 26th to witness a military review. Many of the ravines and pits had been filled by then. It was another brilliant day and Nicky's carriage was drawn by six white horses. Thirty-eight thousand, five hundred sixty-five enlisted men marched in company with 2,000 officers. Sixty-seven generals watched.

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

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

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

It is sad to say, but few devils are permitted to retain much memory—I think the Maestro employs the same principle as intelligence agencies. No one in intelligence is told anything about a project unless there is a need to know. We, in turn, are not encouraged to remember what we do not need for a new project.

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

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

Let me admit that was how it seemed at the time. I find it interesting now, as I choose to write this book, how much I do recall, but then I was

indeed sent back to Russia in 1908, and remained there until the murder of Rasputin nine years later—that incomparable Rasputin, a most exceptional client! He was not only able to work in the closest union with me, but insisted upon remaining in the service of one of the D.K.'s best Cudgels. (Indeed, his will prevailed in the face of the separate inclinations of the D.K. and the Evil One.) ~~"The worst I've met since Nietzsche," the Maestro once exclaimed.)~~

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

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

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to subdue this revolt with ^{his} ~~cigar smoke~~ ^{which he happened to be smoking} (a gross procedure as far as he was

concerned, worthy of amateurs like Alois Hitler) and then he proceeded to

~~bury himself in~~

fall into bed. So drastic a revolt had not been visited on him in years. It

aroused my paranoia ^(always there) ~~of which we devils are in full supply~~ ^{— you cannot} Was it

~~we are an effective devil without it — the Maestro's~~ ^{possible that one of the Cudgels had been present? I decided that Der Alte} ~~had to~~ ^{we'll not put up with a devil whose players' anticipation are} ~~must get rid of the offending hive.~~ ^{therefore,}

Upon receiving my order, Der Alte did not fulfill the job, ^{at once.} A few days

went by. It was unlike him not to cater to me ^{quickly.} So, I alerted the Maestro. I

did not want to—I knew he preferred to devote 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, word came back quickly. Yes, I was told, burn the hive. Again, I

fixed this thought into Der Alte's sleep, but now with harsh enough

emphasis for him to know ^{it was} ~~that much of an imperative had to come to him~~ ^{and — in a way}

~~and could be construed in no way as some~~ ^{same, no way as some} from without. It could be no 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. ^{That will} ~~So, it~~

^{great} ~~will have~~ ^{the good} ~~double effect.~~ ^{employ} But do not use a sulphur bomb. Too many of the

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aspects
 Certain ~~elements~~ of the Coronation, however, were becoming more
fengible
 clear to me. I could see why so many of the Nicky's most influential
 advisors had come to the conclusion ^{as far} ~~so soon~~ as Alexander III died that the
momentarily
 event had to be presented as ~~an~~ (impressive occasion. At best, it should
the guests' remembrance
 surpass all the ~~high guests' previous experiences~~ of grand celebrations.
after all
 These ministers ~~were~~ facing profound problems, ~~after all~~. If Russia was
 immensely rich, it was also extraordinarily poor. If the country was ever to
 become an economic power equal to Europe and America, then huge foreign
 investment was crucial for this period, foreign investment, indeed, at a
 prodigious rate. But to attract such large foreign involvement, the

with large respect for their product. "Good writers are the only humans we

are obliged to tolerate," the Maestro was fond of saying. *Nietzsche was another of his favorites. He was fascinated by Nietzsche.*

These days, I believe he pays greater attention to the stars of television and the movie screen. Certainly, this is true in America.

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523A

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for 586-589

Book V

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There were a few matters waiting for me on the return to Hafeld, and as it turned out, the first was the least routine. I had to convince Der Alte to burn one of his hives. This instruction, imparted to ^{his} ~~him~~ in sleep, was my direct response to a puzzling accident. He had been stung severely by his bees, so severely that I found him ~~laid up~~ in bed with a cruelly swollen face! Several of the stings had come dangerously close to his eyes. Given Der Alte's skills, he could not comprehend how so embarrassing an event had occurred, nor could I. And all in the course of looking into one of his better hives! While attempting to replace the queen—she was showing the first unmistakable signs of final fatigue—he was attacked by her escort. Der

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Alte had to subdue this revolt with his cigar which he happened to be smoking at the time (a gross procedure as far as he was concerned, worthy of amateurs like Alois Hitler) and then he proceeded to bury himself in bed. ^{under his} ~~ghosts taking care not to lay the dirty linen over~~ So drastic a revolt, ^{of his exorcism} had not visited him in years. It aroused my paranoia— ^{his} ~~travelling~~ ^{face.} (always there in full supply) — you cannot be an effective devil without it. ^{poor} Since the Maestro will not put up with a ~~devil whose~~ powers of anticipation are ^{could have} poor, I had to assume, therefore, that the onslaught had been a gift of the ^{and since a question is equal to an answer in} Cudgels, I decided, therefore, ⁱⁿ ~~that~~ ^{the} ~~Der Alte~~ ^{like} had to get rid of the offending ^{thru,} ~~hive.~~ ^I ~~decided~~

Upon receiving my order, ^{he} ~~Der Alte~~ did not fulfill the job at once. A ^{not to fail} few days went by. It was ~~unlike him~~ ^{not} to cater to me quickly. So, I alerted the Maestro. I did not want to—I knew he preferred to devote his attention to the aftermath of Khodynka, but I made a decision nonetheless to file a report. One didn't want to ignore ^{somewhat inexplicable} surprising events no matter how minor they might appear. Indeed, word came back quickly. Yes, I was told, burn the hive. Again, I fixed this thought into Der Alte's sleep, but now with harsh enough emphasis for him to know it was ^{so} ~~an~~ imperative, and could nd be construed ^{in no way} as some cruel vagary of a dream. All the same, our

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old fellow was full of dismay. He hesitated for another day. "Do it," I repeated in his sleep, "it will be good for you. Tomorrow is Sunday. That will double the good effect. But do not employ a sulphur bomb. Too many of the recalcitrants could survive. ^{Instead, soak} Soak the entire hive in kerosene. Then proceed to ^{light and burn} burn it, ~~burn~~ it, box and all."

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

"Burn it. That will make ^{things} ~~it even~~ better."

I was only following the instructions I had received. To lose the Langstroth box did seem excessive. It was, after all, a decent 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 ^{we were} ~~he was~~ ^(in him. As the) invested. In consequence, ^{intermittent} he had to live with occasional terrors that were as real to his flesh as an ulcer. Death was ^{sometimes as} ~~now~~ close to his thoughts, 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, he did it. What facilitated the act is that ^{a good part of him} ~~he was~~ ^{engaged at his bees} ~~He was indeed~~

~~ready to punish them~~ for upsetting his sense of the given. At his age, that particular ^{set of habits} sense can afford few shocks, and is prone to surprising rages.

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 ^{professional} vocational ^{could have} instincts. He ~~openly~~ ^{only} 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 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 libidinous thought had been any more agreeable than a nasty cramp for 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 several times already. Moreover, she

enjoyed sitting in church a good deal more on those rare occasions when it came down to just Angela and herself. Adolf was no joy to bring along. If not squirming in his seat, he would be in a contest with his step-sister to see who could best succeed in pinching the other. On the sneak.

Yes, to be alone with Angela on Sunday morning allowed her to feel a little closer to her step-daughter. If the truth be witnessed, Klara was also content not to bring Edmund along, nor to be obliged to hold Paula at her breast through the service, hoping all the while she did not wail. Today, Alois had said he would remain with the two little ones. Klara could hardly believe such sudden generosity. Was he softening? Was that possible? It was certainly one more question I had to to explore. But, first, let me dispose of Adolf's relation to this burning of the bees. 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 junction 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 particular six-year-

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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.

I have not mentioned this before, but during my first week in Moscow, I had been put in association with long-term resident Germans (half-Russian by now, or, at least, half-Muscovite) who worked for the Governor-General. They were well-positioned in Sergei Alexandrovitch's hierarchy of police officers, and were a great help to us at Khodynka. They had what was for them an unshakable (and most German) view of the Russian peasants who had bivouacked during Coronation week at the railroad stations. "They are animals," I was told, "the most suspicious people in the world, and the greediest. Or, that is, they would be the greediest, except they have nothing. So their greed is like fire. It leaves nothing behind. Any one of these fellows, if he is big enough and strong enough, has a secret belief. He thinks that should it come to it, he could kill a bear with his bare hands. He would certainly try."

Yes, existence was easier on my return to these modest duties in the Linz region of Austria. Nor did I feel that the work would be without interest. Hafeld could offer its own small revelations and they might yet

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prove fascinating (even as a minor key can suggest a rare resonance.)

Moreover, it was to my taste to feel an increase in understanding by way of the subtlety of the task. On most occasions, that can prove more agreeable than arriving at one's new knowledge by way of the toil ~~and sweat~~ of a rough contest.

So I found myself growing more ready each day to go back to these simpler themes. Already I could witness a few small changes in Alois' spirit, and they did engage me.

For one thing, Klara—no surprise!—was mistaken. Alois was not softening, not exactly. The moment he was alone on this particular Sunday with Edmund and Paula, he put the sleeping infant, not half a year old, in her trundle bed, and told Edmund to stay with her and make certain she did not wake up. Alois had the ability to transfix a two-year-old boy into obedience by one quick look. Yes, his son was now ready to do the impossible. Edmund would will the infant not to awaken. Be it said, that is also a function of the will, and it can even work with some infants once they are left in the care of polarized two-year-olds. Will! (It is almost as great a mystery as Time!)

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So Alois did not mind staying alone at the farm with Edmund and Paula on this Sunday. Truth, he was looking forward to being alone. He wanted to meditate on Der Alte's little mishap. It had left him feeling cozy. A dire expectation for himself seemed to have vanished.

All through May, as the weather turned warm, Alois' recurring if distastefully familiar fear was of losing his colonies. His dreams kept returning a vivid picture to him of himself up there, high in a tree. There he was, much too high, trying to charm a maddened swarm of bees back to the ground and into their hive. The sad fact was that, having eaten well through the winter, he was now overweight. Indeed, he felt as over-stuffed as a man who has crammed 250 pounds into a 200-pound body. Where was his balance? It was as if he was being asked to walk a tight-rope. The fall could come at any moment.

Yes, this Sunday, he needed to be alone. He required time to unbend in such a way that his lips could go slack, his stomach rumble, his sphincter break a little wind. There had been too many weeks through the winter and now even into the spring when he became convinced—not for the first time in his life, but these days, so vividly—that he was going to fail in a serious

activity, and this failure would wipe out some important part of him. Such an end had once seemed impossible to him. His vanity forbade it, that so-useful vanity which he had constructed from boyhood, put together piece by piece, episode by good episode, each attached to the previous good memory, and, of course, he had fortified the whole of such a progression by the promotions of his career. (Not to mention his fornications!) But now? Where was the confidence? He had not gone to church on this Sunday, no more than any other. Of course not, not if he could help it. But now he did not know how long he could keep away. On this particular Sunday, he had even thought of going, yes, with Klara. First time since they had moved to Hafeld, yes.

The thought was anathema. To sit in a pew through the drive! Such an act could wipe out his sense of himself as a man who refuses to live in fear of disaster—a man who does not shiver as others do. But these bees had scared the hell out of him all year. Had they taken away the keystone of his pride? No one else he knew had ever been as ready to thumb his nose at bad omens. Certainly not anyone born like himself as a peasant.

Yet, just a week ago, his hands had begun to shake. Involuntarily. He could not hold his newspaper. That was because he had read a story in it about the death of a beekeeper. The man had not recovered from a crazy outbreak in his own hive.

~~Then, Der Alte suffered his own episode. Yet, this accident~~
~~relieved Alois' fear. The air around the farm was not like the minutes before~~

a thunderstorm. It was as if the bolt had ^{already} been struck. Finally! Except that it was Der Alte who had been hit, not himself. Relief now replaced ^{Yes, that} confusion. That had been true for a few days. But now on this Sunday, he felt as if he was ready to fall back into confusion.

~~For certain. But the dread was~~
~~Yes, it was going to come back. The dread!~~ He knew why. It was Alois, Junior. He, ~~the father,~~ ^{boy} had not felt right since the ~~son~~ had returned.

Something was in the air. He could not be such a fool, he told himself, as to have been afraid of his bees because he was feeling uneasy with his son.

Yet, that might even be the truth! Human beings ^{are} ~~were~~ full of subterfuge.

He knew. He had certainly learned as much at his Customs posts. The tricks that some ~~had~~ ^{had} tried! He remembered a woman who ~~wrapped~~ ^{had} her ~~gems~~ ³¹ of some value in the folds of her black lingerie. A good looking

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woman. When caught by Alois, she was brassy enough to smile, and say,
 "You are so smart."
 "It always worked before. The other officers were afraid to touch my
 private things."

"That," he told her, "is because most of my associates go to church.
 You did not have good luck this morning."

She laughed. He was tempted to let her off. Let her defray the cost of
 the fine by smuggling him into her thighs. ^{But he} He hadn't allowed himself,
~~however~~. A few rules he would not disregard.

All the same, this recollection kept him brooding about the nature of
 subterfuge. Back in the days when he could still enjoy a ride on a horse,
 there had usually been one or another steed who could rob some of his
 confidence, something in their gait—as if, should they choose, you would
 find what felt like five legs under you, not four. You wouldn't know a
 damned thing about how to control that ^{kind of} spirited animal.

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

On the other hand! To be a father who made so severe a judgment on
^{might later be that could send shame}
 a son, and was proved wrong? To Alois, that was a sin. The immediate
 truth, and Klara kept talking about it all the time as if she did not know

whether to believe her words or not, was that Junior did not seem to be the same boy who had gone away to work for Johann Poelzl. Her parents must have been good for him. His manners were nicer. He did not seem to be judging you all the time. Before, that was the worst thing about him, Klara said. He was like a friend who was warm to your face but would say something ugly so soon as you left. Klara had no proof, but she would swear that was how it used to be. Now, something nicer. Maybe. Before, if he had a fault, it was that he spent too much time riding Ulan. Of course, Klara announced, she was ready to put up with that. Better to ride over the hill than to start flirting with his own sister.

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

"I don't know about such things," said Klara. " But when I was young, I saw things. In certain families. ~~But~~ ^{It was} not anything to talk about."

She was, at least, honest enough to flush a little as she spoke. Yet, what brought the blood to her face was that they were cousins. That was a little embarrassing, perhaps, but not so terribly wrong. The other possibility did not even exist for her. Nor, did it, for Alois. He never thought of her as his daughter.

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This ability to wall up the most unpalatable facts about oneself can always elicit my admiration. I do not know if the inner construction of such a barrier ^{is} equal in complexity ^{let us say} to scaling the Alps, ^{to the contrary} 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 most men and women is that they are incapable of facing unpleasant truths, Particularly about themselves. Their ability to invent earth-moving machines may be an offshoot of their desire to bury unseemly personal data.

We, on the contrary, could put a useful (to us) breach into the impenetrable ego of certain powerful people ^{only} if they did not have this God-given ability to conceal themselves from themselves. So here we are with Klara and Alois doing their best—in this case, their ^{hopeful} clumsy best—to cope with Alois, Junior, when ^{in fact} it is Adolf who ^{will be} is the direct product of their ^{closely related} sacrilegious ^{incestuous} unions.

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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 ^{now} pleased to tell me ~~or~~ ^{my return} that they had succeeded in making a copy of a short letter Johann Poelzl had sent back with Alois, Junior, ^{It} which gave a ^{definite and most} decent opinion of the lad.

I wasn't certain about the validity of the letter, however. For one thing, it was ^{only} ~~no more than~~ a copy. That voided one of my talents—I can obtain a good deal of insight by way of the strokes and bends of a person's

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handwriting. Many an ^{undisclosed} unhealthy recess of the soul is to be found in the
pinched turn of a curved letter. ~~More directly,~~ ^{More directly,} falsities stand out with ~~the~~ the
clarity of acne.

As I have already indicated, these were lesser devils ^{I had} left behind in
Hafeld, and so they were only able to lift Johann's letter from Klara's sewing
basket long enough to copy it, ^{and not} but were ~~hardly~~ skillful enough to forge a
facsimile we might leave in its stead.

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

Your father,

Johann Poelzl

I was not ready to act upon my doubts. I could have put in a request
for one of our nocturnals in Spital to pass through Johann's mind on a milk-

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

Besides, I could learn as much ^{as I needed} about Alois, Junior, ~~as I needed~~ now
that I was back in Hafeld. The task would be comfortable. If I had ^{had to} lost the
^(care behind the) more accomplished devils I had taken ~~with me~~ to Russia, and hardly knew
how long the Maestro might ~~need to~~ keep them while extracting further
returns from Khodynka, still, I had compensation. ^{Here, my} The devils ~~left here had,~~
^{had,} to my surprise, improved on their own. The greater responsibility accorded
to them in my absence ^{seemed to have} had worked out well. They were ^{pick up} able to pick up
better details on their milk-runs. One of them was even ready to be
introduced to the ^{first} techniques of dream etching.

I will not, however, go into further detail about this little cohort.
^{At present} Now, in the time of this writing, 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~~ capacity has to be ready always for
^{intense} ~~extreme~~ exertions of immediate short-term memory should that prove

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necessary to fulfill our immediate tasks, large ^{or} ~~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 ^{lame} ~~giddling~~ phrases in mediocre songs. Indeed, their quirks are more worthy of notice than their personalities. A quirk, after all, can create a malfunction in a project, whereas a demon's personality is without specific human significance. While a man or woman's inner presence is closely related to their body, and thereby we gather our insights into a person by acquaintance often with their flesh, we devils are without bodies (except on those special occasions when it is necessary to inhabit a person for a period.) So, our personalities, whenever we are obliged to take such form, 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' ^{varieties} ~~varieties~~ of character other than to say that our happiest terrain is in the land ^{— if we are ready for the expenditure —} of the dream where ~~we can~~ become anyone we wish, and our improvisations can be adroit, talented, ~~and~~ often brilliant.

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

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

The Maestro was so aware of this. He frowned upon any ecstasies of self-approration with which irresponsible devils might congratulate themselves for ^{any} ~~the~~ terrors they initiated through ^{any} ~~nightmares~~. The Maestro, ~~however~~ ^{however} was rarely impressed by such success. "It is never enough," he tells us. "Dreams are evanescent. Such partial control of men or women is as open to future loss as to profit. True control is the only aim. ~~Whole~~ ~~control~~"

I was in accord. I 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. If, even after Moscow, the Maestro continued to keep up this exceptional interest in the Hitlers of Hafeld, I looked to comprehend 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 trusted lieutenant on so important a venture, or did, until I realized that 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 six-year-old assigned to me (^{future development} 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 would yet become putative leaders of future projects. Ergo, the notion that my task might be of major value could hardly be maintained with constant confidence in the weeks, the months, and over the years ahead—the next twelve years, indeed, worse, the next eighteen years, and then ^{to make matters worse} I had to take care of him through 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 Upper Danube province 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 ^{take of} leave 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 of significant

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importance and every detail that is now recalled can be registered with newly polished perspicacity.

I can assert, therefore, that Alois, Junior, was demonstrating his considerable talent to charm whoever was in his immediate surroundings, ^{thus} and ~~this~~ even succeeded in leavening the heavy suspicion that came off Alois, Senior, in the first days ^{after his son came} at ~~least that Alois, Junior, was back.~~ Senior's ^{remained} suspicion ~~was~~ (all but equal to a wall of approaching bad weather, a numbing, unstirring affect he had often used at Customs while confronting a dubious tourist. Yet, such was the boy's charm—a nice combination of youth, health, intelligence, a touch of wit, and apparent good will—that Alois could not maintain such a ^{front} (psychic) for more than a few days. ^{Indeed,} ~~Alois,~~

~~Alois,~~ Junior, was showing ~~such~~ fine interest in the bees. He had so many good questions to ask.

Before long, Alois (quite despite himself!) was beginning to feel 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 explanations of beekeeping, and they soon developed into lectures. Before long, he had repeated all of his earlier speeches to Klara and Angela and Adi, plus his original

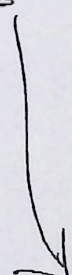
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monologues at the Linz taverns, as well as the newer ones at Fischlham where he had played the resident expert from Hafeld. The boy picked it up so quickly that Alois had to dip into his more advanced funds of knowledge ingested in the course of reading apiary journals. Finally, he was even presenting a few of Der Alte's finer insights. The near-humanity of the bee! The delicacy and high inspiration of their lives. The boy kept taking it in. Moreover, he was deft when working at the hives. Alois began to dream of a future where father and son might build on what was here already. *Why, they could add*
~~Keeping adding~~ colony to colony. This might become a true business.

One day, he was feeling so proud of Alois, Junior, that he brought him along on a visit to Der Alte. He had hesitated before deciding on such a move—he certainly did not wish to be replaced as the 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. *Then*

If the real truth is that he was no



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The real truth is that he was no longer as secretly timid about facing

the bee-keeper's superiorities. ^{} close up} Yes, that session where Der Alte had

virtually wept in his arms ^{now} felt equal to ^{wiping off} erasing old chalk marks on a

blackboard. ^{Now, he?} He ~~could~~ face him as an equal ~~and~~, besides, he had ~~real need as~~ ^{to} ~~the usual practical need to see him.~~ ~~well.~~ (Alois had studied his manuals ~~to pick up all he could~~ on the technique

of honey-gathering—his hives were ready, they were full of honey—but he

~~still~~ did not feel ready. In the old days, ^{practised a prayer} when he had ~~done it~~ on a very small

^{been back} ~~seat~~ at Passau and Linz, he had made a bit of a botch of it. ^{the honey} He had scraped

^{he gathered} ~~out honey which~~ was ridden with too much wax, and, ^{veil} veil, gloves, and all,

^{he} had still received a few nasty bites where the cloth gaped on his neck and

wrists.

^{A few ally} Now, it would be more of a major effort, ~~and~~ he looked to sell the

better part of his harvest. He could hardly do that if it was full of wax and

detritus, even one dead fly—yes, he remembered ^{a dead fly} ~~that~~ from one unhappy taste at Passau.

So, here he was ~~now~~ ^{again} seeking for advice ^{old} ~~from that~~ (piss-smelly ~~old~~ goat, but, now he could feel ^{more} tolerant. It was amazing to Alois how little he was offended on this occasion by the ^{permeations} ~~permeations~~ of urine in the hut—hell, Der Alte might know more about bees, but he, Alois, knew how to be a man and not burst into tears when all went wrong.

He took Alois, Junior, with him, therefore, and Der Alte responded with warmth and brilliance to the visit. He was happy that he was not alone.

The convalescence from his bites had been as full of acute pain to his ^{view of} feelings ~~about~~ ^{the} himself as a sharp light in ^{he had} his eye. ~~His sense of himself had~~ ^{all that} drooped ^{within} ~~under~~ all the weight of contemplating ~~what~~ was not in his life.

Hermits cannot undergo such self-examination often ~~or they will crack.~~

They ^{may} can be hermits protected by the Cudgels, or in service to us, or, very

occasionally, unaffiliated—although this is virtually a feat for a true hermit,

~~but in any event,~~ ^{usually} ~~have to be taken~~ ^{care of}.

In any vent, we need to take such clients through a spring cleaning (so to

~~each year.~~ ^{For this last week I had spent too}
~~much time on~~ ^{much time on} ~~many a year.~~ ^{I had spent more time than was my preference with}

^{he} ^{all-too-sensitive}
 (Der Alte, this last week for ~~the~~ was alive as only a lonely man can be with all

^{neither a} ^{navy}
 the knowledge that he was no parent, and no leader—that he had even failed

^{neary well enough to revenge himself}
 in his dream of revenge on men or women who had done him injuries, ^{by}

~~word or failure to repay debts,~~ ^{heavy} and under it all was the ~~burden of~~

disappointment he carried that he had not arrived at any of the powers and

distinctions to which his intelligence should have entitled him. As is so

often true of the depressions that follow ^{an} unexpected accidents, he saw it as a
 is a affliction as a
 (judgment on himself.

I made a point of being present at this ^{during Alois'} visit, then, for I wanted it to
 to ^{be Alois'} improve his mood and, as devils, we have that power, ^{at our discretion,} (If a client's darkest
 thoughts are often ^{darkened} colored by us in order to drive them ^{into a desired} in the direction we
 seek, so we also have the ability ^{there} not a human gift to absorb dark

thoughts for a short period, wash the client of his depression for an hour,

even—if it comes to it—provide him with some joy, ~~for often, I would even~~

~~said~~ usually, it is to our advantage to keep our humans ^{reasonably well and} alive since very few
 of them can be transformed into strong devils/
 (make good devils after they are gone) (unless they die young and ~~end~~ in a
 On dying, most of our
 true rage.) Our old clients either cease to exist ~~once they die~~, or are picked

up by the Dummkopf (who ^{does not like to give} detests giving up on any of His creatures, large

or small, wise or foolish—which is one reason the world is such a mess,

overpopulated and much too empowered by ~~mediocre people,~~ ^{human mediocrity.)}

This situation is, of course, not simple, since we, too, have to ^{look to} take our

^{our profits,} benefit from mediocre arts, products, and ^{trivial} people ~~who see them as our agents~~ ^{(who yet might}

^{serve our projects)}

(of future destruction!) but, to repeat, it is no simple matter. The Dummkopf

~~does not let go of many a mediocrity He has failed to elevate.~~

All this may ^{help to explain} ~~serve as explanation~~ for why I was looking to improve

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(give him relief from his darkest thoughts, even returned to him the notion

that he was an attractive man—^{of} vanity is the human emotion which comes

closest to approaching infinity. ~~As~~ ^{As} as a direct result, he felt powerfully

Junior in *ten or fifteen years that*
 attracted to Alois, ~~it~~ ^{it} was the first time ~~he~~ ^{he} had ~~to~~ ^{to} desired to make love to an
 adolescent ~~in ten or fifteen years.~~

"Honey-gathering! Of course!" Der Alte all but grunted when, after
 the introductions and the formal query about his health—"Couldn't feel
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In full form, intensely aware of the boy, and—provided with these
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 new seedings of vanity, keen to how the boy might be aware of him—yes, I

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The ~~real~~ truth is that he was no longer as secretly timid about facing ^{so uneasy} the bee-keeper's superiorities. ^{He had been} That session where Der Alte had virtually ^{now} wept in his arms, now felt equal to wiping off old chalk marks on a blackboard. Now, he could face him as an equal. Besides, he had ^{once again} a practical need to see him. ^{honey-gathering.} Alois had studied his manuals on the technique of honey-gathering. ^{and he} His hives were ready, they were full of honey, ^{but he} but he did not feel ready. In the old days, back at Passau and Linz, he had made a bit of a botch of it. The honey he gathered was ridden with too much wax, and—veil, gloves, and all—he had still received a few nasty bites where the cloth gaped on his neck and wrists.

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^(lost) ^{considering the loneliness} this is virtually a feat for a true hermit, but in any event, such clients usually

^{taken at least once a year} have to be taken through a spring cleaning (so to speak) each year. For this

^{old woods. For this} (last week, I had spent too much time on Der Alte ^(his spirit had left) ~~for he was all too~~

^{had to spend} sensitive as only a lonely man can be with all the knowledge that he ^{could} ~~was~~ not see himself in any way as a social leader. ^{which had been the most intense of his early ambitions} neither a parent, nor a leader—that he had not succeeded nearly well enough. ^{he had no money, no love, no real money, and his} ~~he had failed to pay them back as they deserved~~ ^{he had failed to pay them back as they deserved}

^{Under} it all was the heavy disappointment ~~to~~ ^{that} that he had not arrived at any

of the powers and distinctions to which his intelligence should have entitled

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"Yes," said my rejuvenated old fellow, "honey-gathering is an art in

itself. I am so glad you ^{two} have come ^{together on this day} to me, because, truly, skilled as your

father ^{has} become in the short period here at Hafeld—a brilliant man, your

father—nonetheless, the best of bee-keepers have to learn what is virtually a new vocation when, after the long winter and a kindly, warm spring that

fulfills our hopes, the brood combs having been well-fed their supply of

honey by the good workers assigned to them, ^{are} have now hatched. ^{That if} ~~The first~~

^{I may say, is a most pregnant moment in} one vocation. ^{The bees are feeding.} The old bees are teamed with old bees out on flights ^{and} while the youngsters are assigned to the

innumerable tasks of housekeeping, one of which ^{for example} is to fill the empty wax

combs with honey and cap them with a fine thin layer of wax. Specialists

among the bees are assigned to do all that. ^{Young Alcoa, it is}

like a miracle. Some of these young workers are newly-born, ten days old, but craftsmen already. The layer of wax that covers each tiny comb is no more thick than good stout paper.

Alois restrained himself from saying, "I know ~~it~~ that already," and winked instead at Junior. In advance, he had told the boy to be prepared to listen. "When it comes to his bees, Der Alte can only speak in full paragraphs, no, I would say ^{rather} ~~(in full pages)~~. All you ^{need} ~~have to~~ do is nod. I know. I know ^(in advance) ~~nine~~ parts in ten of what he will say, but it is like ~~fishing~~ ^{fishing}. Be patient, and you will get what you ^{came} ~~are~~ looking for."

"So, yes," Der Alte now said, "the honey-gathering, if not done properly and in the time appropriate to it, can be an ^{a rule?} ~~interruption~~ ^a of the sort ^{to} ~~that~~ disables the work of the bees, a failure of tempo, you might say, in a

factory. The first question to ask oneself ^{can he} ~~therefore~~ is whether you ^{know the} ~~best~~ time to remove your honey from the hives." He held up a hand as if to ^{a war of what will be the} ~~best~~ time to remove your honey from the hives." He held up a hand as if to ^{his own} ~~police~~ the course of exposition. "It is the late morning," said Der Alte.

"That is most definitely the best time. The hives are warm but not yet too hot. The worker bees are somnolent. I would go so far as to say that your little creatures ^{wight} ~~will~~ be taking a siesta at this time. They are, after all," and he laughed, "Italian bees."

To be courteous, Alois smiled, ² and so did Junior.

"Well, then," said Der Alte, "we take the great step. For that, I will have to lend you an empty hive body."

"Is that because we have to transfer ^{all} the bees who are in the honey chamber?" asked Alois, Junior.

"Exactly," said Der Alte. "Your sense of anticipation is excellent. Your imagination is closely focused, I can see, on the particularities of this situation. Dear boy, you are in possession of an excellent attribute."

"Yes," said Alois, Senior, "he is a bright boy, but if I may venture my opinion, there is no way to separate honey-chamber bees from the honey ^{separator} unless one brings up a ~~separate~~ board."

"Of course," said Der Alte, "and ^{so} the first move, ^{then - ...?} therefore, is ...?"

~~Senior interrupted him.~~ "Locate the Queen," ^{Senior} he said, ^{thing} "That's one you

taught me." He turned to Junior. "Yes, bees panic when they do not know

^{To move them from one box} where their Queen is, ^{once she has been moved.} to another, you move them."

"So you look up the Queen?" asked Junior.

"Exactly," said Der Alte, "I have shown

^{in the} "Exactly. I have showed your father how to locate the Queen. It can ^{first place.} You must introduce a queen-cage ^{in took a little box from his pocket the size of} be done with a queen cage under a queen-catching glass." ^{a deck box} ^{card, "with} ^{this cage really} ^{you hear its a} ^{queen-catching glass.}

"Yes, my father has shown this to me. He even let me blow one of

^{from} the queens ^{from} in the catching glass into the cage."

"That is a nice skill," said Der Alte. "In a year or so, when you

become as highly accomplished as I expect, you will be able to pick up the

queen with your fingers."

*{disperse with the
Cage.
They
will
be
able*

"Yes," said Alois, Senior, "but don't try it in a hurry," and he made a

gesture of slapping frantically at invisible bees as if to remind Der Alte how

this bold procedure could invite a disaster.

"Just yesterday," said Der Alte, "I moved three of my queens into

three separate hives. With my fingers. I could have used the catching-glass.

Undeniably, it is as your father suggests, a wise and more cautious

procedure. But I am like an acrobat who has taken a serious fall. There is

no solution but to get up on the tightrope again."

Der Alte was telling a lie. He had gone back to the catching-glass and the queen cage for these transfers, but as an experienced client, he was able to offer whole assurance on any subject, even when completely separated from the facts. His desire to approach a little nearer to ~~Alois~~,

admiration)
Junior's ~~sentiments~~ ^{admiration} was all the truth he needed.

whether one uses one's digital sensitivity or resorts to the catching glass the heart
"The heart of the matter, nonetheless," he now said, *picking up the*

one-way
~~exposition once more~~, "is that by means of the ~~exit~~ ^{one-way} in the separator board,

your bees will look to escape from the honey chamber into the brood

to there
chamber where ^{to there} you have relocated the Queen. How they will struggle with

lady
one another in their haste to use the exit and reunite with their ~~Queen~~ ^{lady}. It is

the kind of passion that reminds me of my youth."

He turned to Alois, Junior. "Ah, to be young again and on the hunt for a young woman. In the old days, nothing could stop me. Would you say there is anything that might stop you?"

"Yes. My father," said Alois, Junior, and all three laughed.

"You must listen to your father."

"I am prepared to," said the youth. He smiled warmly at Der Alte as if to separate out ^{one concavity could feel} an instant when they were connected ~~only~~ to each other.

Before the air between them could take on such emphasis, however, Alois,

Junior, made a point of adding, "I think you have confused me. Aren't all these bees little women, [?] not men?"

"Yes," said Der Alte, "in the technical sense ^{if we are to speak of this} of original gender they are female, but, of course, they are not queens, so their generative organs are

Consequently,
 not developed. ~~I would say~~ *they* they act like men. Some become guards, who

all the gals in the hive,
 defend the hive. ~~Some~~ *are* warriors, most of them are loyal, determined,

In that case yes,
 hard-working. ~~So~~ *they* they are like women, too. They live for the good of the

hive, ~~But~~ *in the manner that* they are like men ~~for~~ *they* worship the Queen."

"This is all wonderful to hear," said Alois, Senior, "but I am still
 waiting to get ~~the~~ *my* honey out of the hive."

"In that case," said Der Alte, "I will give you the secret key, ~~to wait~~."

"Timing," said Alois, Senior. *"You told us that already."*

"Not quite. That was a general rule of thumb."
~~the real secret is~~ *the real secret is*

~~"Yes, exactly so. You must wait until you hear the sound of~~ *an invisible*

happiness rising from the hive. Yes. When the honey comb is full, and the

bees know they have made good honey, why, they are ready to act like

women again. They sing to each other in joy. You must come to recognize

this sound. ^{On} Come the first morning after you have heard this chorus of
contentment, you are ready to lead all these good bees through the exit in
the separator board into the chamber where you have moved the queen, and
so the honey left behind will now be ready for extraction. Come, I ^{in turn} will lead
you outside. One of my hives is now singing ^{that} just that song of contentment."

^{too} I went with them to hear it. I do not know if I would have interpreted

the hum that entered my ears in just those words, ^{was unmistakably} for the sound also had the
strang. It offered the

intent ongoing ~~on spinning~~ sound of the dynamos in an electrical plant, that

~~great sound indeed~~ ^{hum} elevating yet fearsome that comes into human ears

whenever one form of energy is converted to another. So much is taking

place at such a moment. A dominion is being seized to enter another

dominion. It is the sound common to
all motors. For that matter, I suspect
that some can take

~~So it was with these hives situated in Der Alte's bee-house behind his garden. If their chorus as Der Alte heard it was a song of contentment, I~~

~~heard other sentiments as well. "How much we have done," ^{these notes} they could have~~

~~could be) been~~ murmuring, "but ^{"but} where will it all go?"

^{up}
~~For that matter, Der Alte's last injunction was to place the emptied~~

^{so soon as it was full of its honey}
~~honey chamber into a sealed box. ^A Even if it is only a few minutes before~~

^{Then you must}
~~you take it indoors to a sealed room for the extraction. (That is because you~~

^{may be}
~~must not attract any bees who are out foraging. I cannot emphasize this~~

~~enough," he said directly in a low, urgent voice. "As you may or may not know, these~~

~~divine creatures have two desires: total loyalty to their queen, but~~

^{whole}
~~unmanageable greed to ^{for} consume the honey itself. They will gorge on it~~

~~anywhere they can find it, from any and all hives."~~

combs. ^{yes} Yes, ^{124 of} keep it slow, (Don't speed up ~~yet~~ on that crank. Slow, Angela,

slow." (He could have been driving a dray and calling to ^{his} the horses.)

~~Yes, it was strain~~ ^{a for hour} The slower she went, the longer it ^{took} would take for

^{any} centrifugal force to fling the honey onto the sides of the metal extractor

(~~down whose walls it dripped~~ ^{down whose walls it dripped} the bucket) from whence ~~it would dribble down the~~ ^{it dripped} ~~funnel to a funnel at the~~

~~bottom~~ But if she sped up, the ^{same} centrifugal force could betray ^{loosen the} her and the

wax of each little cell, ^{and too much} yes, the wax would fly off ~~with the honey~~.

Before ~~too~~ long, Alois, Junior had to take over, ² and his sense of how

to maintain the ^{best} most ^{balance} nicely balanced speed of the extractor bucket crank

hand ^{and stress of} he reduced the time ~~for this part of the job~~ ^{and} by the end, the very end,

^{even} Klara (et Adi turn the crank a few times.

and all-out screaming, and now more than ready to scold him like she never had before. Adi was off and prancing around Alain, Junior, who froze him with one look.

Only Edmund was left. That was large. He moved in behind, full of the power of sneakiness and left Edmund a quiver fullness of honey on his hands, and ca-ca in his pants for the assault had kicked off another bowel movement. After visibly Adi went off to Klara, pointed at Edmund, and in his best schoolroom manner, "Mother, ~~how~~ I did not make messes, like that when I was two-years-old. That Edmund, he's always dirty!"

Angela could now select her revenge. She was ~~in a hurry~~ clear to tell Klara exactly what had happened, and how so precise in her description, that Klara scolded Adi with words she had hardly

kisses off their mouths, Clara, (6th)
 particularly to wife her mouth, a
 reflex, but when she saw a hotel
 in edit's laughter, and if he had
 been rebuffed, and yet, she had to
 himself he had been, and here come
 the first tear in her eye, she caught
 the boy up and kissed him with
 all the muscular intensity of a
 mother doing her duty, and he not
 knowing whether he had been
 rewarded or further rebuffed
 smooched on Angela with honey on
 his mouth and honey on his
 fingers all the belly to kiss her on
 the head and it all streaks in her
 hair.

Angela started screaming. Each
 a touch was a surprise to her and
 she hated him for this abrupt
 moment when it comes if he not for
 her away from that negotiation
 delightful presence who seemed to
 want to live now in the lowest
 part of her belly. And then soon
 as Angela was laughing hysterically

~~at the~~ natural before, note (617)
 him. "This is a disgrace, this is almost
 a sin. It is a sin to be cruel to those
 who are smaller than you. How
 can you be so hard? Edward
 promises you. He will promise all of
 us." She spoke with war. She did
 not wish to spoil this flooded
 family occasion - that was heart-breaking -
 that she must do for the sake of the
 others, for Angela at the least, and
 for poor little Edmund, dirty again.
 "How can you do that?" she said
 to Ed. "Edmund loves you so much."
 She had wanted to bring him to meet
~~Ed. and the two~~ but instead she was
 there with tears in her eyes.
 He - perhaps it was the honey - felt
 as he had seen in his six
 and a half year. He was enraged
 at this rebuke. He glared at Angela.
 He whispered to himself, "I will never
 forgive her that is a fact!" and
 with it all, he was so proud
 of himself, proud that he had brought
 his mother to town, come to the wedding.
 "Whether you please. Not me!"

end of chapter

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"Exactly," said Der Alte. "Your sense of anticipation is excellent. Your imagination is closely focused, I can see, on the particularities of this situation. Dear boy, you are in possession of an excellent attribute."

"Yes," said Alois, Senior, "he is a bright boy, but if I may venture my opinion, there is no way to separate honey-chamber bees from the honey unless one brings up a separator board."

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"Locate the Queen," said Senior. "That's one thing you taught me." He turned to Junior. "Yes, bees panic when they do not know where their Queen is. To move them from one box to another, you move her."

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the one-way exit in the separator board, your bees will look to escape from the honey chamber into the brood chamber for there you have relocated the Queen. How they will struggle with one another in their haste to use the exit and reunite with their lady. It is the kind of passion that reminds me of my youth."

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"Yes. My father," said Alois, Junior. All three laughed.

"You must listen to your father."

"I am prepared to," said the youth. He smiled warmly at Der Alte as if to separate out one concrete instant when they could feel connected to each other. Before the air between them could take on such emphasis, however, Alois, Junior, made a point of adding, "I think you have confused me. Aren't all these bees little women?"

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become guards. They defend all the gates in the hive. Some are warriors. Most of them are loyal, determined, hard-working. In that case, yes, they are like women, too. They live for the good of the hive. But they are like men in the manner that they worship the Queen."

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"In that case," said Der Alte, "I will give you the secret key."

"Timing," said Alois, Senior. "You told us that already."

"Not quite. That was a general rule of thumb. The real secret is to wait until you hear an unmistakable sound of happiness rising from the hive. Yes. When the honey comb is full, and the bees know they have made good honey, why, they are ready to act like women again. They sing to each other in joy. You must come to recognize this sound. On the morning after you have heard this chorus of contentment, you are ready to lead all these good bees through the exit in the separator board into the chamber where you have moved the queen, and so the honey left behind will now be ready for extraction. Come, I, in turn, will lead you outside. One of my hives is now singing this song of contentment."

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Sorry for inadvertent
blank - will fix on next
pass.

-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 Upper Danube province 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 take leave of 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 of significant

importance and every detail that is now recalled can be registered with newly polished perspicacity.

I can assert, therefore, that Alois, Junior, was demonstrating his considerable talent to charm whoever was in his immediate surroundings, and thus even succeeded in leavening the heavy suspicion that came off Alois, Senior, in the first days after his son came back. Senior's suspicion remained all but equal to a wall of approaching bad weather, a numbing, unstimulating affect he had often used at Customs while confronting a dubious tourist. Yet, such was the boy's charm—a nice combination of youth, health, intelligence, a touch of wit, and apparent good will—that Alois could not maintain such a psychic front for more than a few days. Indeed, Alois, Junior, was showing fine interest in the bees. He had so many good questions to ask.

Before long, Alois (quite despite himself!) was beginning to feel 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 explanations of beekeeping, and they soon developed 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 more advanced knowledge of the sort he had ingested from reading apiary journals. Finally, he was even presenting a few of Der Alte's finer insights. The near-humanity of the bee! The delicacy and high inspiration of their lives. The boy kept taking it in. Moreover, Junior was deft when it came to working at the hives. Senior began to dream of a future where father and son might add colony to colony. This might become a true business.

One day, he was feeling so proud of Alois, Junior, that he brought him along on a visit to Der Alte. He had hesitated before deciding on such a move—he certainly did not wish to be replaced as the 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.

The truth is that he was no longer so uneasy about facing the bee-keeper's superiorities. He had been enriched by that hour when Der Alte had virtually wept in his arms. Now, he could face him as an equal. Besides, he had once again a practical need to see him. Alois' hives were ready, they

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For Monday
 Fax ~~588~~ 598 to 615
Double-space throughout.

Query → (587-597) where is it?
 Judith — Do you have a revised version?

-4-

Once given her instructions, Klara went to some pains to close all the
 entrances to their kitchen, ^{by way of} using every rag and used towel at her disposal.

She wore a white blouse and white apron for the occasion, and so did

Angela. Alois, Senior, even gave up his cigar. That was, indeed, an event

for the family. But Der Alte had warned him, "Cigar smoke is able to pacify

your bees. But when it comes to the honey, beware. The smell can get into the taste."

The dog, of course, was banished from the kitchen. So were Adi, Edmund, and Paula, ^{although} ^{a series} even if this occasioned ~~any number~~ of quick trips by Klara or Angela to the children's bedroom, each time removing the cloths piled up against the ^{kitchen} ~~pill~~s, then replacing them. Perhaps they were protecting everything ~~much~~ too much—I do not think there was a bee in the house. Of course, you could not always ^{be certain of} ~~say~~ that. When Klara made a cake, she would sift the batter to make certain no foragers were drowned.

^{Otherwise, the} The task went well at first. As each frame was taken out of the hive-box, Alois, Senior proceeded with all the pride of a surgeon. He pared the wax caps from the tops of the honey cells by way of his separator knife (not so thick as a chisel nor as flat as a spatula) ^{designed} but a specific tool ~~there~~ to scrape off the thin top layer of wax from each cell. Since there were more than two thousand cells on each frame ~~he removed from the hive~~ (20,000 cells, for the ten frames in each Langstroth box) ^{and} ^{was no more so later} with each cell ~~as wide~~ in diameter ~~as~~ ^{than} the smallest fingernail of a child's ^{pinky} ~~one~~ one could hardly ~~expect to~~ uncap one cell at a time. That might have taken a week. Instead, Alois applied the

separator knife to whole patches at once, taking up swatches of top wax two

inches wide and from three to four inches long, just as long as the wax

^{a strip}
~~would keep together, before he would go on to~~ the next swatch, stopping to

wipe off the tool after each graft, or so he saw the wax ^{to his eyes, it was} ~~eyes~~, (much like an

inert skin which he, the surgeon, had to remove, yes, no mean skill ^{was} ~~required~~ ^{here}

to strip the capping wax without damaging all the ^{minuscule} ~~little~~ hexagonal cells

beneath. He was beginning to take ~~and~~ pleasure in the job. He would have

made a good surgeon, he decided, ~~and~~ ^{he} ~~out of the corner of his eye,~~ ^{was}

looking to see if Alois, Junior might also be admiring ~~him~~ ^{his command}

^{of the procedure}
~~that he was a surgeon began to~~
~~This little fantasy warmed~~ his loins. A woman had once told him that

^{and Alois as well}
~~heard~~ a certain surgeon of her acquaintance were the two best lovers she

had ever had. How he had enjoyed ~~that~~ ^{that fantasy} remark. Of course. He had no fear

of the flesh and neither did a surgeon—brothers under the skin!

After a time, ^{nicely} ~~altogether~~ pleased with himself, he handed the de-

capping tool to Alois, Junior, who proceeded, after one mangled swatch and

then another, ^{a second, to be come} ~~to better at the job,~~ ^{he} ~~as soon~~ ^{was} as deft as his father. This

occasioned pride in Senior, but a touch of disappointment as well ^{Truth} ~~that~~ there

seemed no great difference in their skills. ^{Now} Ready to make it worse, Alois, Junior ~~now~~ said, "This is as easy as scraping ~~the~~ icing off a cake."

"Watch out for the cells," said Alois, Senior. "Don't damage them with your big mouth."

Adi had been allowed into the room to watch, ~~so seen as Edmund and Paula were napping~~ and Alois, Junior, extended the de-capping tool toward his brother as if to say, "Want some?"

Klara reproved him on the instant. "Why are you offering your little brother a mouthful of wax? He could choke on it."

"No, no," said Alois, Junior, "it is a legitimate offer. It is wax with ^{some} ~~sticking~~ honey ~~attached to it. It will be sweet to the taste.~~" He nodded. "I do not think that Adi would be so silly as to swallow the wax."

When Klara glared at him, Junior took a piece off the tool and proceeded to chew it vigorously himself, then extracted the residue from his mouth and nodded. Klara could only look away.

^{Soon} Now, the task grew more difficult--they had to strip ^{another} ~~the top~~ layer of wax from the other side of the tray. The frames had been inserted vertically ^{leave room for} in order to ~~have a surface on each face that would permit~~ the bees to build

their thousands of wax cells on each side. ~~But~~ ^{however,} to remove the second coating, took longer. More honey was lost. Some leaked from the front, and more from the rear. Indeed, it was not unlike dealing with a piece of cake which had icing on top and bottom. Soon enough, Klara had to take over. It was ~~apparent that she had the cleverest fingers for this.~~ ^{obvious that she had more gifts in her fingers.}

All the same, it took several hours ^{had to be} ~~to do all the trays~~. As each ~~was~~ ^{honey} uncapped, it ~~was~~ ^{was} slotted into the honey extractor, where Angela was now at work turning the crank. With devotion, she followed her father's instructions. "Yes, yes, move slowly now as you start, yes, just as you are doing it. Look inside! The honey is beginning to come out of the combs. Keep it slow, yes. Don't speed up on that crank. Not yet. Slow, Angela, slow." (He could have been driving a dray and calling to his horses.)

It was ^a ~~strain~~ for her. The slower she went, the longer it took for any centrifugal force to fling the honey onto the ^{metal} ~~sides~~ of the ~~metal~~ extractor bucket down whose walls ^{all} it dripped to a funnel. But if she sped up, the same centrifugal force could loosen the wax of each little cell, and too much would fly off.

Before long, Alois, Junior had to take over. His sense of how to maintain the best balanced speed of the crank reduced the stress. By the end, the very end, Klara even let Adi turn the crank a few times.

~~Now~~ ^{the} there was silence in the kitchen as they listened to sound of honey dripping down the walls of the extractor bucket.

Alois, Senior was ~~now~~ ^{for storage} ready to gather it by way of a petcock at the bottom, and Klara was prepared with a coarse sieve and a fine one. After which, she held everyone back. It was absolutely necessary, she told them, that she and Angela spend another hour filtering the product through cheesecloth. Moreover, she was determined to save the wax as well. Beeswax had real value. It could ^{produce} ~~make~~ the highest grade of candles. So Mr. Meyerhofer had told her at the Fischlham store. Alois agreed. He knew that already, he said.

Adi was the most impatient. He wanted ^{honey, he wanted} ~~to gorge on the honey~~. 'But, ~~no~~ not even his mother would let him. "Be patient," she said, "this honey has to settle."

"Why? It is there," he cried. "It wants us to taste it."

"No," she said, "it is full of ~~air~~ bubbles."

"I don't care."

"You must. ^{the} Air Bubbles make honey uncomfortable."

"It doesn't ~~make honey uncomfortable~~," said Adi. "I know."

"You don't. Air in honey," said Klara, "is as uncomfortable for the honey, as gas would be on your stomach." She did not really know if this was true, but she hardly cared. It felt true. ~~She had fallen in love with this honey.~~ Besides, it would be good for Adi to wait. ^{I could only} ~~Patience would enrich~~

^{strengthen} his character.

Tears came into his eyes, ^{that} which was hardly unexpected. Whenever he was denied, rebuked, or forbidden, he was quick to weep.

"Think of this honey," she said to Adi. "It has gone through so much.

Such a great deal. There it was living in one place so quietly and ^{the bees} ~~look at all~~ ^{we're its friends. Now, they are gone and look at} that has happened ^{to it}. We have been shaking it and scraping it. Then we have been spinning it. Now, ^{the honey} it does not know where it is. Let it sit. We ^{will} ~~must~~ wait. Tomorrow, we ^{can} ~~will~~ have ^{the} a party."

-5-

~~No~~ ~~had~~
 The party did not take place on the next day. There was a ~~large~~ ^(had collected) amount of
~~debris full of~~ foam and bits of wax on the surface of the honey. Klara
 scraped it off carefully, ^{but even} ~~Even so~~, the feast ^{was postponed,} ~~kept being delayed.~~

For one thing, Klara insisted on stirring the honey every day.
~~She did not know quite why, but~~
~~insisted it was necessary~~
 Sometimes she ^(stirred) did it every ten minutes of so ~~through~~ the hours she was in
 the kitchen, and ^{then} ~~(dragged)~~ dragged Angela and Junior, despite all their protests, to

fill in for her when necessary.

This, she told them, was to keep the honey from becoming hard. She

remembered from her childhood, yes, even if Alois ~~did not know this~~. *she told them she remembered*

~~Just not a trial with this stuff. Once~~
in a while, she told them, a wife does know more than her husband. Why

not? God gives His gifts to everyone.

Finally, she declared the honey to be ready, *plaints* and they had their party

even if she still had misgivings. So, they had their party

Alois, Senior, had thought of inviting Der Alte, but Klara was quick to veto

that. "This must be for the family," she said. "For the family alone."

So they each took a spoon and stood in a circle *at the beginning*, all

but Paula whom Klara held in her arms and fed by way of her forefinger.

The others ~~licked~~ *licked* their spoons. Instantly, they were ready for more.

their golden honey
Klara had baked a sponge cake and offered slices dipped into ~~the pot~~ *the pot*, but

Senior and Junior and Angela and Adi just kept licking their spoons, ^{yield} ~~refill~~

~~after yield~~
~~upon refill~~

It was as if they were ~~drunk~~ drunk. All of them. In separate ways, but

~~they were all having a~~ ^{certainly an exceptional good} ~~time. For Alois, it was almost~~

~~as good as schnapps.~~ ^{special} ~~The honey gave him memories of Fanny he had not~~ ^{This (was magical. It)} ^{splendid}

~~General memories he had not~~ ^{permitted himself to enjoy for years.} ^{Then} ~~What a bitch!~~

What a witch! Too bad! She had paid ~~such~~ a great price for all that heat.

To die so young. Yes, she had loved him too much, and the thought of such

an overabundance of love, excitement, and his old but so successful

treacheries to Anna Glassl mixed well with the taste of the honey, yes, he

might just as well be drunk.

And Klara, filled with notions of the ^{unlimited} generosity of God and the

^{immeasurable} panoply of His gifts, thought ^{again} ~~most~~ ^{of} a young fellow she had liked

^{even a year or two} back in Spital when she was very young before Alois came to visit the farm

^{and she met him, this uncle who was like her man}
^{for 10, but rather} so long ago, and ^{had} this fellow had been such a nice young man, they held

^{although} hands once, but she had never kissed him, not even that, ~~for she was still a~~

^{this} ~~girl~~. But the honey must have stolen into her heart because she realized ^{now}
^{with all her heart — so beautiful a memory —}
~~one intoxicating leap of memory~~ (that she had been so happy when she held

^{that} hands with ~~that~~ farmer boy, happier than she had ever been with Alois, ~~but~~

Such was life. One had to be careful. One could not live with honey ^{every day} ~~all the~~

~~time, not this way, and~~ she was careful now to eat the cake and leave the

spoon alone.

Alois, Junior, was thinking of Der Alte. He felt ^{such confidence in} pretty sure of his ~~in these~~ thoughts. ^{It} There had been something in the way the old man had looked at him. ^{The old man had} His eyes had been so moist. He looked like he was ready to open his ^{and wet his lips} mouth and do the thing that some of the younger boys back in Spital had done for him already. Once or twice. ^{They} No, more than once or twice. The honey was telling him the truth. ~~And~~ he had liked it. He had tried to get a girl to do it, but she had screamed. Maybe it would happen here with the ^{in Hahfeld and Fischham} girls. He was old enough ~~for sure~~ Ready for ~~at~~ such tricks.

And now he remembered the older boys who had wanted him to do ^{the same} for them. One had even twisted his arm and when he ^{yelled} said no, this big fellow hit him in the stomach. He had been smart enough to throw up all his food. That discouraged the big fellow ~~good~~. Now, maybe, he could enjoy

~~(It would get him)~~
 something with Der Alte, ~~get ready for the girls. Give them rides bareback~~

~~rides~~
 on Uhlan. ~~Bareback~~

Angela was off in her own soft dream. The honey made her feel ~~maybe~~

even nicer) ~~little better~~ (A truly) than she had ever felt before. ~~Such~~ funny sensation. So strong.

~~Unruly~~ Unruly, could it ~~be~~ unruly? She

Yet all the same ~~(she)~~ felt as if there were another person in her,

~~someone good to feel~~
~~someone new, someone magnificent.~~ (Was it right to feel so strongly?)

~~some question now exists how it's~~
 If any of my readers are curious at this point, how I can manage to
 possibly ~~save a devil like myself to~~

enter the thoughts of this family when little Adolf is my only true client, I

~~give credit to~~ as well as ~~(myself)~~ ~~we also~~
 will put the blame ~~on~~ (the honey) ~~(We have the gift of investing certain~~
 possess the gift of investing most

substances with a trace of our presence, and ~~if~~ we respect such a faculty, and

~~and we~~ (the powers) ~~(then)~~
 we keep it fresh ~~and~~ are careful not to abuse it, that ~~free~~ trace of our presence

can ~~stand to us~~ for a short period. ~~We can~~ enter the thoughts of a man or

^{costing 45/}
 woman or child without the labor and responsibility of investing them, and

This delicate link of caramel

if done with enough finesse (of which I would claim to be a devil with more

^{than a fair share} I can add that the effect can last (for days, even longer,

before they fade. (I had to think with some regret of how agreeable it would

have been to offer Nicholas the Second one good taste of Alois' honey.)

In any case, I suspect that ^{that was why Klara kept}

^{two smallest children,}
 I did not spend time with the ^{smallest ones}. Before it was over,

^{and heal}
 Edmund would gorge and soil his pants, (Paula got a touch of colic from the

^{At first}
 honey on Klara's finger. But that was later, and perhaps they were given too

^{and smiling with such innocent}
~~many tastes because~~ they kept smiling and smiling until all the others were

laughing at them.

^{the most interesting to me}
 Adi was ~~A study~~. As I anticipated, he went wild. The sweet had

^{an equal to}
 the same effect on him as three cups of coffee for Alois, Junior, or a stein of

*giving the honey, she wished to serve
 as an intermediary
 but the reverse of what occurred, I was
 ready to say and so her intervention
 only intensified the property I was
 giving the honey, she wished to serve
 as an intermediary*

beer for the father taken on an empty stomach. ~~Adi was off to the races. He~~

~~He reached across the table~~
So, Adi made a point of giving sticky kisses to Klara and Angela, delighting in their

screams, and the panic with which they wiped his kisses off their mouths.

Klara, particularly. To ^{scrub}wipe her mouth was a reflex, but when she saw a

~~hitch in Adi's laughter, as if he had been rebuked, and, yes, she had to admit~~
~~but the expression on her face,~~

~~to herself he had been,~~ ^{so}and here came the first tear in his eye, she caught the

boy up and kissed him with all the muscular intensity of a mother doing her

^{Adi}duty, and ~~her~~ not knowing whether he had been rewarded or further

rebuked, snuck up on Angela with ^{new}honey on his mouth and ^{a gob}honey on his hand

~~fingers all the better to~~ ^{caress her}hair and leave it sticky
~~on the head, and it all sticky in her hair.~~

~~there was hatred in the sound,~~
Angela started screaming. Such a trick was no surprise to her and she

~~she~~ ^{was ripped}hated him for this abrupt moment when it was as if he ~~ripped~~ ^{ripped}her away from

~~shelly and~~ ^{who} ~~that~~ ^{was cavorting near} ~~that~~ ^{who seemed to want to live now} ~~in the~~

~~lowest~~ ^{But} ~~part of her belly. And then even as Angela was~~ ^{catching her} ~~laughing hysterically~~

~~and all out screaming, and now more than ready~~ ^{breath} ~~to scold him like she never~~

~~had before~~, Adi was off and prancing around Alois, Junior, who froze him

~~with one look.~~ ^{no more than a}

~~Only~~ ^{Adi} Edmund was left. He moved in behind, full of the power ~~of~~ ^{implicit}

~~in~~ ^{itself} ~~sneakiness~~ ^{with so much} ~~and left Edmund a quick fullness~~ ^{that he} ~~of honey on his head, and caca~~ ^{offended}

~~the two year old papped some more caca~~ ^{where upon} ~~in his pants, for the assault had kicked off another bowel movement.~~

~~which~~ ^{where upon} ~~Adi went up to Klara, pointed at Edmund, and in his best~~

~~school~~ ^{school} ~~manner~~ ^{manner}, said, "Mother, I did not make messes like that when I

was two years old. That Edmund, he is always dirty."

thereby, he ~~hounded~~ *hounded* Angela
~~Angela could now select her revenge.~~ *change her mode of* *on the spot*
 She was there to tell Klara

~~exactly~~ what had happened, and was so precise in her description, that Klara

began to scolded Adi with words she had hardly ~~for~~ *not* used before, not to him.

Do you understand?

"This is a disgrace, this is almost a sin. It is a sin to be cruel to those who

are smaller than you. How can you be so bad? God will punish you. He

will punish all of us." She spoke with woe. She did not wish to spoil this

splendid family occasion — that was ~~heartbreaking~~ *but she must* For the

but
for the sake of the others, for Angela ~~at the least~~, and for poor little Edmund, dirty

again. "How can you do that?" she said to Adi. "Edmund loves you so

much."

time she actually did want
~~this time, she wanted~~
~~She had wanted to bring Adi [22] to make Adi cry this time, but~~

~~Instead,~~ she was the one with tears in her eyes. He — perhaps it was the

honey—felt as ^{important to himself} ~~word missing?~~ as he had ever been in his six and a half years. He was enraged at this rebuke. He glared at Angela. He whispered to himself, "I will never forgive her. That is a fact!" And with it all, he was so proud of himself, ~~proud that~~ he had brought his mother to tears, even to outright weeping. "Let her cry for once. Not me." *It is time for her to learn!"*

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