

Book IV

It is ^{not} without some uneasiness that I must ^{now} tell the reader a species of critical activity took me away from Alois, Hilde, and his family ~~the~~ on just the evening that his purchase of two bee colonies, two complete Langstroth boxes (with supers) a variety of tools and garments for ~~two~~ too ~~far~~ many to enumerate here) and plus some winter supplies of pollen and honey to feed his new acquisition were transported with Alois' ~~own~~ workhorse and drag ~~to~~ from the Alter's bee-house to the Hilde home.

It was an exceptionally exciting trip for Adi who sat beside his father all the way and was up for hours that night in anticipation of Sunday morning when the bees would be set up under an oak tree some good twenty paces from the house.

If there is curiosity as to how much it all cost, this is no good way to reply — the rates of exchange of money swoop down and ascend as if they were not full of gravity but rather were birds on the wing. To go from the golden and broken of Alois' time to the present is to many a native/foreigner

costs. I suppose I can say that Alain's pension at that time was the equivalent of the very rough equivalent of ~~the~~ \$60 or seventy thousand dollars a year, and Da Alte would have been to the extent of asking for some equivalent of a thousand dollars (very much more or less) and Alain, not unreasonable, indeed anticipating that he would pay too much was wise enough of dealing with the old man & bargain somewhat successfully. Considering that it was Alain! and succeeded in acquiring a few extra tools for the price.

It is at just this point that I ~~was~~
called ~~for~~ ^{by} the Maestro to
organize the letters to two of my correspondents
and to embark even that night for
St. Petersburg where I ~~could expect~~ ^{could expect} a course in orientation
concerning a new and maritime
project concerning the coronation
of Nicholas ~~at the~~ ^{the} Second, scheduled
for May 1st ^{in Moscow} 1896, ^{when we were} ^{day}
still in early October of 1895,

Let me say that ~~it~~ I was an exaltado
a doctor can allow himself to be (beled)
our way but to ~~of~~ stimulate the
freedom of the ~~world~~ placities whose
pulse I often suspect is that our

that, everyone of us, major and minor (B)
 devils both, Even at the time I sensed
 that it was more ~~even~~ ~~than~~ than some
 exceptional effort in distortion, corruption
 or speculation, but rather a species
 of metamorphosis in the arms of our leader
 himself.

Now, I will make one apology, then
 say no more. Having read the ~~best~~
 worst of novels for many years, I should
 know by now (and do) that most
 readers do not take well to a novelist
 who will choose to interrupt his story in the
 middle, ~~insert~~ and go off on a subject
 that appears altogether unrelated. Until
 now, I have indeed spared the reader any
 mention of other cases, particularly the matter
 I spent in London ~~last~~ ^{last} of '94
 when I attended the trial of Oscar Wilde
 and his conviction of "gross indecency" — a matter in which I did
 play something of a hand with the jury
 since ~~my~~ my instructions were to ~~see~~
 that I could do to get him convicted.
 I believe the F.O. was looking to stimulate
 a sense of martyrdom among homosexuals
 of my good family but of this I can't
 attest. The Master rarely explains
 his strategies to us — it is enough that
 we satisfy his aims.

Book IV

1.

It is not without some uneasiness that I must now tell the reader a species of critical activity took me away from Alois Hitler and his family on just the evening that his purchase of the bee colonies, two complete Langstroth boxes (with supplies), a variety of tools (too many to enumerate here) plus some winter supplies of pollen and honey to feed his new

acquisition were transported with Alois' workhorse and dray from the Alte's bee-house to the Hitler home.

It was an exceptionally exciting trip for Adi who sat beside his father all the way and was up for hours that night in anticipation of Sunday morning when the hives would be set up under an oak tree some twenty paces from the house.

If there is curiosity as to how much it all cost, there is no good way to reply—the rates of exchange of our money sweep down and ascend as if they were birds on the wing. To go from the gulden and kronen of Alois' time to the present distorts many a ratio of comparative costs. I suppose I can say that Alois' pension at that time was the equivalent, the very rough equivalent, of sixty or seventy thousand dollars a year, and Der Alte overcharged him to

the extent of asking him for some equivalent of a thousand dollars (very much more or less) and Alois, not unaware, indeed, anticipating that he would pay too much, was weary enough of dealing with the old man to bargain somewhat feebly (considering that it was Alois!) and succeeded in acquiring a few extra tools for the price.

It is at just this point that I was called upon by the Maestro to assign the Hitlers to two of my assistants and to embark even that night for St. Petersburg where I could expect a course in orientation concerning a new and massive project concerning the coronation of Nicholas the Second, scheduled for May of 1896 in Moscow, even when we were now still in Hafeld in early October of '95.

Let me say that I was as excited as a devil can allow himself to be.

(We do our very best to simulate the froideur of the Maestro whose pride, I often suspect, is that no creature, animal, human, or cosmic, can even be as superbly collected as himself.)

Off I went, in any case, to St. Petersburg on that night. How I traveled is too complex a matter to discuss at this point. We are able to move as humans and often do (although it is obviously slower by far than travelling in the other manner, but of that I will wait to speak.) I was assigned to the quick route and began my studies of the Russian soul, belly, vices, beliefs, harmonies and inner disharmonies, by morning of the next day. And in that land, nearer to God and the devil than any other land above the equator, I

stayed for all of a winter in St. Petersburg and came to Moscow in the spring, a cold April that would precede a surprisingly warm May.

In that period, I did receive news of Alois, Adi, Klara, Angela, even of the dog Luther and the stallion Ulan, but it was summary and not of the same interest as the new venture, not at all. To the degree that a devil can have personal desires (other than his ambition to satisfy the Maestro) I had, I confess, wearied of the Hitler family. I had wanted so much more in the way of a major assignment. Now, I had it. The O.O. was up to a mighty mischief. We all knew that, every one of us, major and minor devils both. Even at the time, I sensed that it was more than some exceptional effort in distortion, corruption, or spoilation, but rather a species of metamorphosis in the aims of our leader himself.

Now, I will make one apology, then say no more. Having read the best and worst of novels for many years, I should know by now (and do!) that most readers do not take well to a novelist who will choose to interrupt his story in the middle and go off on a subject that appears altogether unrelated. Until now, I have indeed spared the reader any mention of other cases, particularly the month I spent in London in May of '91 when I attended the trial of Oscar Wilde and his conviction of "sodomy and gross indecency"—a matter in which I did play something of a hand with the jury since my instincts were to see what I could do to get him convicted. (I believe the E.O. was looking to stimulate a sense of martyrdom among homosexuals of very good family, but to this I can't attest. The Maestro rarely explains his strategies to us—it is enough that we satisfy his aims.)

Book 4 triple space 4/8/04

437

pp (your numbering 437-442) ?

Judith check. I think the
last page of ~~Book IV~~ is ~~p 344~~
p 338 or p 339. If
the latter, make that p 340

Then FAX pp 1-7

Book IV

1.

It is ~~not~~ without some uneasiness that I must now ^{inform} tell the reader ~~of a critical summons from the Kleeber~~
~~species of critical activity took me away from Alois Hitler and his family on~~
~~which would take~~

^{he completed his}
just the evening that his purchase of the bee colonies, two complete

^{were brought and}
Langstroth boxes (with supplies), a variety of tools (too many to enumerate
^{as yet} ^{suppliment}
~~here~~) plus some ~~winter~~ supplies of pollen and honey to feed his new

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through the winter and this accumulation of
~~acquisition were transported with Alois' workhorse and dray from the Alte's~~
by
~~bee-house to the Hitler home, in the field~~

It was an exceptionally exciting trip for Adi who sat beside his father
 all the way and was ^{there} up for hours that night in anticipation of Sunday morning
 when the hives would be set up under an oak tree some twenty paces from the
 house.

If there is ^{some} curiosity as to how much it all cost, there is no ^{real} good way to
 reply ~~the rates of exchange of our money sweep down and ascend as if they~~
~~were birds on the wing.~~ To go from the gulden and kronen of Alois' time to
^{American dollar}
 the present distorts many a ratio of comparative costs. I suppose I can say
 that Alois' pension at that time was the equivalent, the very rough equivalent,
 of sixty or seventy thousand dollars a year, and Der Alte overcharged him to

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the extent of asking him for some equivalent of a thousand dollars (very much

more or less) and Alois, not unaware, indeed, anticipating that he would ^{have to} pay

too much, was weary enough of dealing with the old man to bargain

somewhat feebly (considering that it was Alois!) ^{did} and succeeded in acquiring a

few extra tools for the ^{same} price.

It is at just this point that I was ^{ordered} called upon by the Maestro to assign ^{Poli}

^{and the others}

^{I embarked} the Hitlers to two of my assistants and to embark even that night for St.

Petersburg where I ^{would enter} could expect a course in orientation concerning a new and

massive project ^{which would revolve around} concerning the coronation of Nicholas the Second, scheduled

for May of 1896 in Moscow, ^{Bar} even when we were now ^{seven months away, from when I was} still in Hefeld in early

~~October of '93.~~

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440

Let me say that I was as excited as a devil can ^{permit} allow himself to be.

(We do our very best to ^{emulate} simulate the froidcur of the Maestro whose pride, I

often suspect, is that no creature, animal, human, ^{non} or cosmic, can ~~even~~ be as

superbly collected as himself.)

Off I went, in any case, to St. Petersburg ^{and very} on that night. How I traveled

is too complex a matter to ^{begin to} discuss at this point. We are able to move as humans (that is, we can ^{insinuate ourselves completely} into particular ^{for a period} for purposes of travel) humans and often do (although it is obviously slower by far than ~~travelling in~~

^{Voyaging in} the other manner, ^{instructed to take} (but of that I will wait to speak.) I was ~~assigned to~~ the

quick route and began my studies of the ^{late nineteenth century} Russian soul, belly, vices, beliefs,

harmonies and inner disharmonies, by morning of the next day. And in that ^{immense} ~~land~~

^{land} ~~Slavic~~ ^{land}, nearer to God and the devil than any other ^{transcend} ~~land~~ ^{country} (above the equator, I

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stayed for all of a winter in St. Petersburg ^{be free coming} and came ^{to} Moscow in the spring,
 on a cold April ^{days} that would precede a surprising ~~warm~~ May.

In that period, I did receive news of Alois, Adi, Klara, Angela, even of ^{and} ^{Ivan}
 Even the day-to-day temperament of ^{we were reported}
 the dog Luther and the stallion Ulan, but it was summary and not of the same
^{comparable in} ^(to) interest in the new venture, not at all. To the degree that a devil can have ^{attain}
 a few ^{obligatory} ^(but) personal desires (other than his ambition to satisfy the Maestro) I had, I

confess, wearied of the Hitler family. I had wanted so much more ^{in the way}

of a major assignment. Now, I had it. The O.O. was up to a mighty mischief.

We all knew that, every one of us, major and minor devils ^{all} ^{both}. Even at the
 time, I sensed that it was ^{this might all come to} ^{one of our full-blown} more than some exceptional effort in distortion,
 efforts at distortion of the other side's aims. It is true
 I sensed ^{an oncoming} corruption, or spoliation, but rather a species of metamorphosis in the aims of

our leader ~~himself~~.

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442

Now, I will make one apology, then say no more. Having read the best

and worst of novels for many years, I should know by now (and do!) that
even the best of
most readers do not take well to a novelist who will ~~choose to~~
story in the middle ~~and~~ *to* go off on *another* subject that appears altogether unrelated.

such a
Until now, I have indeed spared ~~the~~ reader any mention of other cases,
particularly the month I spent in London in May of '9~~8~~⁵ when I attended the
witnessed
trial of Oscar Wilde and ~~his~~ conviction of "sodomy and gross indecency"—a

matter in which I did play something of a hand with the jury since my
instructions
~~instincts~~ were to see what I could do to get him convicted. (I believe the E.O.

was looking to stimulate a sense of martyrdom among ~~homosexuals~~ *his colleagues of very*

does not offer
good family, but to this I can't attest. The Maestro rarely ~~explains~~ his

to
strategies to us—it is enough ~~that we~~ satisfy his aims.)

FROM :nm

FAX NO. :5084872136

Apr. 12 2004 13:11PM P1

FROM :JMMORDCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243782

Apr. 09 2004 03:57PM P1

Book 4 triple space 4/9/04

337

Book IV

double-space 337-349
then A-1 to A-7
also double-space

1.

~~It is~~ ^I with some uneasiness ~~that I must~~ now inform the reader of a

~~critical~~ summons from the Maestro ^{at that} which would take me away from Alois

Hitler and his family on just the evening that he completed his ^{apicultural} ~~purchase of the~~
~~from Der A.K.~~

bee colonies. Two complete Langstroth boxes (with supplies) were bought

and a variety of tools ~~(too many to enumerate as yet)~~ plus supplement

Book IV

1.

It is with some uneasiness that I must now inform the reader of a critical summons from the Maestro which would take me away from Alois Hitler and his family on just the evening that he completed his purchase of the bee colonies. Two complete Langstroth boxes (with supplies) were bought and a variety of tools (too many to enumerate as yet) plus supplement

supplies of pollen and honey to feed his new acquisition through the winter, and this accumulation of purchases was transported by Alois' dray from Der Alte's bee-house to the Hitler home in Hafeld.

It was an exceptionally exciting trip for Adi who sat beside his father all the way and was then up for hours that night in anticipation of Sunday morning when the hives would be set up under an oak tree some twenty paces from the house.

If there is some curiosity as to how much it all cost, there is no real way to reply. To go from the gulden and kronen of Alois' time to the present American dollar distorts many a ratio of comparative costs. I suppose I can say that Alois' pension at that time was the equivalent, the very rough equivalent, of sixty or seventy thousand dollars a year, and Der Alte

overcharged him to the extent of asking him for some equivalent of a thousand dollars (very much more or less) and Alois, not unaware, indeed, anticipating that he would have to pay too much, was weary enough of dealing with the old man to bargain somewhat feebly (considering that it was Alois!) and did succeed in acquiring a few extra tools for the same price.

It is at just this point that I was ordered to assign Adi and the others to two of my assistants. I embarked that night for St. Petersburg where I would enter a course in orientation concerning a new and massive project which would revolve around the coronation of Tsar Nicholas the Second, scheduled for May of 1896 in Moscow, seven months away

Let me say that I was as excited as a devil can permit himself to be.

(We do our very best to emulate the froideur of the Maestro whose pride, I

often suspect, is that no creature, animal, human, nor cosmic, can be as superbly collected as himself.)

Off I went, in any case, to St. Petersburg. and on that very night. How I traveled is too complex a matter to begin to discuss at this point. We are able to move as humans (that is, we can insinuate ourselves completely into particular humans and often do for a period) although for purposes of travel it is obviously slower by far than voyaging in the other manner. (But of that I will wait to speak.) I was instructed to take the quick route and began my studies of the late Nineteenth Century Russian soul, belly, vices, beliefs, harmonies and inner disharmonies, by morning of the next day. And in that Slavic land, nearer to God and the devil than any other country above the

equator, I stayed for all of a winter in St. Petersburg before coming to Moscow in the spring on a cold April day.

In that period, I did receive news of Alois, Adi, Klara, and Angela.

Even the day-to-day temperament of the dog Luther and the stallion Ulan were reported, but it was in summary and not comparable in interest to the new venture, not at all. If a devil can afford a few personal desires (other than his obligatory ambition to satisfy the Maestro) then I had, I confess, wearied of the Hitler family. I had wanted more of a major assignment.

Now, I had it. The O.O. was up to a mighty mischief. We all knew that, every one of us, major and minor devils all. Even at the time, I sensed that this might all come to more than one of our full-dress efforts at distortion of

the other side's aims. It is true. I sensed an oncoming metamorphosis in the aims of our leader.

Now, I will make one apology, then say no more. Having read the best and worst of novels for many years, I should know by now (and do!) that even the best of readers do not take well to a novelist who will interrupt his story in the middle to go off on another subject that appears altogether unrelated. Until now, I have indeed spared such a reader any mention of other cases, particularly the month I spent in London in May of '95 when I attended the trial of Oscar Wilde and witnessed his conviction of "sodomy and gross indecency"—a matter in which I did play something of a hand with the jury since my instructions were to see what I could do to get him convicted. (I believe the E.O. was looking to stimulate a sense of martyrdom

among his colleagues of very good family, but to this I can't attest. The

Maestro does not often explain his strategies to us—it is enough to satisfy his

aims.)

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Just-acquired
~~supplies~~ *two colonies*
 supplies of pollen and honey to feed his ~~new acquisition~~ through the winter,

these
 and this ~~accumulation of~~ purchases was transported by Alois' dray from Der *and work-house*

Alte's bee-house to the Hitler home in Hafeld.

It was an exceptionally exciting trip for Adi who sat beside his father

could not sleep
 all the way and ~~was then up for hours~~ that night in anticipation of Sunday

moring when the hives would be set up under an oak tree some twenty paces

from the house.

I have
 If there is some curiosity as to how much it all cost, ~~there is~~ no real

way to reply. To go from the gulden and kronen of Alois' *era* *time of the* to the present

any comfortable study of
 American dollar distorts ~~many a ratio of~~ comparative costs. I suppose I can

in that year may have been the
 say that Alois' pension ~~at that time was the equivalent, the very~~ rough

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 equivalent, of sixty or seventy thousand dollars a year, and Der Alte

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overcharged him to the extent of asking him for some equivalent of a

thousand dollars (~~very much more or less~~) and Alois, not unaware, indeed,

Alois, really might ~~still~~ *however, of*
 (anticipating that he would have to pay too much, was weary enough of
and so hardly concealed
 dealing with the old man to bargain somewhat feebly (considering that it was
beyond his small success
 Alois), and did succeed in acquiring a few extra tools for the same price. *outlang*

It is at just this point that I was ordered to assign Adi and the others to
 two of my assistants. I embarked that night for St. Petersburg where I would
 enter a course in orientation concerning a new and massive project which
 would revolve around the coronation of Tsar Nicholas the Second, scheduled
 for May of 1896 in Moscow, *sketch* *into the future*
~~seven months away~~

stimulated by this new order
 Let me say that I was as ~~excited~~ as a devil can permit himself to be.

icy calm
 (We do our very best to emulate the ~~freedom~~ of the Maestro whose pride, I

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often suspect, is that no creature, animal, human, nor cosmic, ^{is likely to} can be as

superbly collected as himself.)

Off I went, ^{they} in any case, to St. Petersburg. and on that very night. How

I traveled is too complex a matter to ^{try to} begin to discuss at this point. We are

able to move as humans (that is, we can insinuate ourselves completely into

particular ^{men and women} humans (and often do for a period) ^{but} although for purposes of ^(even as I would be quick) travel it

is obviously ^{much} slower ~~by far~~ than voyaging in the other manner. (But of that I

will wait to speak.) I was instructed to take the quick route and began my

studies of the late Nineteenth Century Russian soul, belly, vices, beliefs, ~~recent~~

^{history} harmonies and inner disharmonies, by morning of the next day. And in that

Slavic land, nearer to God and the devil than any other country above the

an intelligence officer in his own right
Special Section IV-2a

working forty years later
on the ship (to speak of)

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equator, I stayed for all of a winter in St. Petersburg before coming to ^{down}

Moscow ^{in the spring} on a cold April day / for the last preparations before the coronation itself in May.
^(of some ~~eight~~ months)

In that period, I did receive news of Alois, Adi, Klara, and Angela.

Even the day-to-day temperament of the dog, Luther, and the stallion, Ulan,

were reported, but it was in summary and not comparable in interest to the

new venture, not at all. If a devil can afford a few personal desires (other

^{the over-arching demand (and personal ambition))}
 than his obligatory ambition (to satisfy the Maestro) then I had, I confess,
 become a little too full)

~~we~~ wearied of the Hitler family. I had wanted more of a major assignment.

~~I confess that I did not then have any~~
~~to a full anticipation that this Hitler family of the~~
 Now, I had it. The O.O. was up to a mighty mischief. We all knew that,

I knew that the

every one of us, major and minor devils all. Even at the time, I sensed that

^{could even} ^{any other} ^(present) ^{disrupt}
 this might all come to more than one of our full-dress efforts at distortion of

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the immediate and long-term purposes of the other side,
the other side's aims. It is true, ^{I swear it.} I sensed an oncoming metamorphosis in the
^{larger} aims of our leader.

Now, I will make one apology, then ^{not repeat it.} say no more. (Having read the best
(as part of a good devil's duties!)
and worst of novels for many years, I should know by now (and do!) that

even the best of readers do not take well to a novelist who will ^{leave} interrupt his
story ^{jump into} in the middle to go off on another subject that ^{will seem, at first,} appears altogether

unrelated. Until now, I have indeed ^{the} spared such a reader any mention of

^{my} other cases, particularly the month I spent in London in May of '95 when I

attended the trial of Oscar Wilde and witnessed his conviction ^{for} of "sodomy

and gross indecency"—a matter in which I did play something of a hand with

the jury since my instructions were to see what I could do to get him

convicted. (I believe the E.O. was looking to stimulate a sense of martyrdom

FROM : nm

FAX NO. : 5084872136

Apr. 12 2004 12:12PM P7

FROM : JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. : 17186243782

Apr. 09 2004 03:58PM P7

Book 4 triple space 4/9/04

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among some of Wilde's associates, particularly ^{those men who were of}
~~among his colleagues of~~ very good family, but to this I can't attest. ~~The~~ On only
the rarest occasions with the
(Maestro does not often explain his strategies to us ^{we are there} it is enough to satisfy his
~~aim~~ ^{aim} going rather than enrich our own knowledge.

Nonetheless, I was feeling an ~~increasing~~
incontrovertible conviction that the D.K. was
in a ~~state~~ state of some disturbance and
much of this had to do with the success
or failure (from his point of view) of
the oncoming coronation.

For that it must offer some ongoing
set of explanations. I had come to
the belief on my own (and nothing had been
indicated by the Maestro to contradict
this) that the D.K. had become considerably
dissatisfied with the variety of
formal (religious now serving in his
name, was he searching perhaps
for a new intensification of religion
that might nourish his human project
his grandest creation, somewhat more
satisfactorily than the best efforts at
present of the Catholics and Protestants,

Unplaced2 4/9/04

present organized religions? ~~the Catholics, the Protestants, the Greek~~

Orthodox ~~Catholics~~, the Orthodox Jews, the Reformed Jews, the schisms in
~~the Shi'ites~~
~~Islam~~, the plethora of sects in Buddhism, in Confucianism, in Taoism, or, (all

but lost by now) ^{was he conceivably looking to revive} what was once the rich paganism of the Egyptians? ^{In that}
^{I dangled this last altogether. In such a}
^{direction} He rarely looks by now. Technology and paganism are not

ⁱⁿ compatible.

By 1895, a change ^{also} had occurred, however, in the viewpoint of our

Maestro. Or, so I suspected. Through the centuries ^{the O.O.} ~~I had served in one or~~

^{most incisive}
~~another capacity~~ ^{for} ~~in the O.O.~~, he had functioned ~~in the main~~ as a critic of the

follies, disproportions, errors, miscalculations, and sheer blunders of the D.K.,
^{yes, the Creator,}

~~which~~ ^{the} having commenced with evolution, had by now burgeoned into His ^{grievous}

^(the potentialities of In contrast)
 misjudgments concerning humankind. Invariably, the O.O. had maintained a

FROM : nM

FAX NO. : 5084872136

Apr. 12 2004 12:13PM P9

FROM : JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. : 17186243782

Apr. 09 2004 03:58PM P10

Unplaced2 4/9/04

345
had contended himself with action on his
critical spirit rather than a ~~proactive ethos~~ ^{and about took it} ~~in response to the D.K.'s~~

^{intense fire where we could the} ~~stet~~
efforts. We looked to misdirect His human beings. We ~~could not~~
^{misdirection as}

We ^{looked to increase} ~~increasing~~ the sum of emotional dissatisfaction among ^{good and bad} men and women, everywhere,

^{came} Thereby, we ~~could come~~ closer to possessing their minds. One of our more
^{over the last two thousand years had as a family been}
effective methods was to encourage intense religiosity of the ~~most~~ ^{most} organized sort.

^{now and again - usually with the most}
If we came up short ~~against~~ ^{against} a few ^{luminous} individuals who were ~~close to~~

^(saints) we did succeed in warping the intelligence ~~brains~~ ^{SO} of ~~good~~ many good

^{good fine folk}
humans. You could find them ~~everywhere~~, locked into a mosque, a

^{the same} synagogue, or a church, all clinging to ~~one~~ philosophical oxymoron ^{Yes, No}
^{matter the differences they were all welded to the}
^{Such a} obtuse belief that God was All-Good and All-Powerful. That premise,

^{able to}
intrinsically incapable of serving as a tool of the mind ~~that could interpret the~~
^{was, of course, wholly unready to find any answers}
^{in the} contradictions of human existence, ^{So} ~~did torment~~ the best minds of mankind

FROM : nM

FAX NO. : 5084872136

Apr. 12 2004 13:13PM P.13

FROM : JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. : 17186243782

Apr. 09 2004 03:59PM P.1

Unplacod2 4/9/04

~~were tormented~~

(century after century. All-Good and All-Powerful. Indeed! Yes, we ~~looked~~ ^{had looked}

~~to do for the country~~

to encourage every fundamentalist we could find. Come to us, ^{became} ~~was~~ our creed,

^(unshifting certainties)
~~came~~ all of you who are possessed of rock-hard faiths and ~~determined~~ ^{unshifting certainties} ~~creeds~~! (How

~~ready they were to believe~~ when all the while they
~~much, they believed they were serving God~~ ^{when all the while they}
~~were working for us.~~

~~flourishing our cause.~~

^{as I can comprehend it}
I ^{will} ~~must~~ put it ~~most~~ simply ^{of} ~~our~~ cause ^{is to diminish the potentiality}

^{or} ~~implicit in~~ humankind, yes, ^{we work to} ~~reduce the~~ ^{of} ~~Dimensions and~~ vitality in the greatest

^{creature developed} ~~creation achieved by the D.K.~~ Naturally, we are ^{then} ~~So, of course, we were always gung-ho for~~

^(the more intense, the more mindless)
~~intense religiosity of the~~ ^{being} ~~mindless sort.~~ Distort the minds of humankind

~~and their emotions will be corrupted~~
~~and thereby corrupt their emotions.~~ ^(For imbalance is the beginning of rot.)

^{our} Accomplish ^{pick up what remains, and we} the job well enough, and we might be able to take ~~over~~ ^{what was}

~~left and~~ alter it into our Creation.

FROM :nm

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Apr. 12 2004 12:13PM P.1

FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243782

Apr. 09 2004 03:59PM P.2

Unplacod2 4/9/04

347

Through many an age, this had been the working premise of our leader,

~~the underlying guide to our efforts~~^{de} For certain, we ~~did~~ not restrict our

activities to churchgoers. ~~All sorts were suitable~~^{So many varieties have been suitable} atheists, athletes, actors,

angels ~~who were~~^{who might be} turning bitter at the edges—I will not ~~go~~^{continue} through the

alphabet. But as we approached the end of the 19th Century, I began to sense

~~that the Lord was looking~~^{that the Lord might be preparing} ~~that the Lord might be preparing~~ a revolutionary change in our procedures,

2 ~~actually make the vertiginous leap~~ by him. Would he ~~be ready to move~~ (from criticism to ~~creation~~)?

I could not conceive of what ~~the new form might be~~^{the new birth / stake}, but the possibility

~~was enough to cause much uneasiness~~^{did me harm}. For who could know more about the

~~pestilence of human nature~~^{and slovenliness} than those of us who had worked through the

centuries to make it so. How long we had labored with our ~~developed~~ skills

to irritate all that was ~~soft and~~^{soft or} misbegotten in the D.K.'s calculations, not

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even to speak of His miscalculations—the animal residue ^{in His humans} of unfocused rage,

the tropism in men and women toward free-floating ill-will, the ^{sum of all} ~~product of~~ ^{most advanced} ~~one more blunder~~ ^{the blunders} by the D.K. in ^{the course of} developing His creation of the human ~~man and woman~~

Given the objective need for ^a new higher level of ^{able} higher animal life to

survive through grievous and often incalculable conditions of heat, cold,

flame, and death, the D.K. had to endow man (and woman, most certainly!)

with a sense of self-importance crucial to their survival. Once again, the

balance (as He set it) was askew. The sense of certainty and of self-

righteousness ^{necessary to survival also produced} ~~(which in our turn, we encourage)~~ and the ensuing envy (for the

^{unless immensely successful} self-righteous/cannot look with equanimity upon ^(neither) good fortune for others—

particularly ^{not} for their friends and acquaintances) ^{Envy} worked as dependably in our

favor as compound interest serves ^(an investment) ~~a bank~~. The D.K.'s powers in aesthetics

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3069

and in many varieties of creation were once—it must be admitted—immense,

but His skills as a cosmic engineer were wanting. As I will emphasize once

again, His problems, even ^{it spread at} ~~without~~ our presence, would not have been ^{trivial,} ~~small~~.

^{His, networking through} ~~His~~ His method of ^{endless} trial and error, even the readiness to live with His

^{such time as} mistakes until He could correct them (and most certainly, His outsize rages as

^{— His frenzies as Jehovah! —} a younger god) had compounded a multitude of errors in biological

^{every avenue and byway of} development which was then to be followed by human history. ^{Now, how could} ~~How did~~ the

O.O. look to refashion such a boggled creation after we had finished with

corrupting, corroding, and demoralizing it further? I was worried. Yes.

It was an exceptionally exciting trip for Adi who sat beside his father all the way and could not sleep that night in anticipation of Sunday morning when the hives would be set up under an oak tree some twenty paces from the house.

If there is some curiosity as to how much it all cost, I have no real way to reply. To go from the gulden and kronen of Alois' era to the time of the present American dollar distorts any comfortable study of comparative costs. Alois' pension in that year may have been the rough equivalent of sixty or seventy thousand dollars a year, and Der Alte overcharged him to the extent of asking him for some equivalent of a thousand dollars. Alois, fully anticipating that he might have to pay too much, was weary, however, of dealing with the old man and so hardly proceeded to bargain beyond his small success in acquiring a few extra tools for the same price.

It is at just this point that I was ordered to assign Adi and the others to two of my assistants. I embarked that night for St. Petersburg where I would enter a course in orientation concerning a new and massive project which would revolve around the coronation of Tsar Nicholas the Second, scheduled for May of 1896 in Moscow, seven months into the future.

Let me say that I was as stimulated by this new order as a devil can permit himself to be. (We do our very best to emulate the icy calm of the Maestro whose pride, I often suspect, is that no creature, animal, human, nor cosmic, is likely to be as superbly collected as himself.)

Off I went, then, to St. Petersburg. and on that very night. How I traveled is too complex a matter to try to discuss at this point. We are able to move as humans (that is, we can insinuate ourselves completely into particular men and women and often will for a period, even as I would be working forty years later in the skin, so to speak, of an intelligence officer in Himmler's Special Section IV-2a) but for purposes of quick travel it is obviously much slower than voyaging in the other manner. (But of that I will wait to speak.) I was instructed to take the quick route and began my studies of the late Nineteenth Century Russian soul, belly, vices, beliefs, recent history, harmonies and inner disharmonies, by morning of the next day. And in that Slavic land, nearer to God and the devil than any other country above the equator, I stayed for all of a winter in St. Petersburg before coming down to Moscow in the spring on a cold April day for the last preparations before the coronation itself in May.

In that period of some months, I did receive news of Alois, Adi, Klara, and Angela. Even the day-to-day temperament of the dog, Luther, and the stallion, Ulan, were reported, but it was in summary and not comparable in interest to the new venture, not at all. If a devil can afford a few personal desires other than the over-arching demand (and personal ambition) to satisfy the Maestro, then I had, I confess, become a little too full of the Hitler family. I had wanted more of a major assignment. Now, I had it. I knew that the O.O. was up to a mighty mischief. We all knew that, every one of us, major and minor devils all. Even at the time, I sensed that this could even come to more than any other of our present full-dress efforts to disrupt the immediate and long-term purposes of the other side. It is true. I swear it. I sensed an oncoming metamorphosis in the larger aims of our leader.

Now, I will make one apology, then not repeat it. Having read the best and worst of novels for many years (as part of a good devil's duties!) I should know by now (and do!) that even the best of readers do not take well to a novelist who will leave his story to jump into another subject that will seem, at first, altogether unrelated. Until now, I have indeed spared the reader any mention of my other cases, particularly the month I spent in London in May

of '95 when I attended the trial of Oscar Wilde and witnessed his conviction for "sodomy and gross indecency"—a matter in which I did play something of a hand with the jury since my instructions were to see what I could do to get him convicted. (I believe the E.O. was looking to stimulate a sense of martyrdom among some of Wilde's associates, particularly those who were of very good family, but to this I can't attest. On only the rarest occasions will the Maestro explain his strategies to us—we are there to satisfy his aims.)

Nonetheless, I was feeling an incontrovertible conviction that the D.K. was in a state of some disturbance and much of this had to do with the success or failure (from His point of view) of the oncoming coronation.

For that I must offer some ongoing set of explanations. I had come to the belief on my own (and nothing had been indicated by the Maestro to contradict this) that the D.K. had become considerably dissatisfied with the variety of formal organized religions now serving in His name. Was He searching, perhaps, for a new intensification of religion that might nourish His human projects, His proudest creation, somewhat more satisfactorily than the best efforts at present of the Catholics and Protestants, the Greek Orthodox, the Orthodox Jews, the Reformed Jews, the Sunnis and the Shi'ites, the

plethora of sects in Buddhism, in Confucianism, in Taoism, or, (all but lost by now) was He conceivably looking to revive the rich paganism of the Egyptians? I doubt this last altogether. In such a direction He rarely looks by now. Technology and paganism are not compatible.

By 1895, a change had also occurred, however, in the viewpoint of our Maestro. Or, so I suspected. Through the centuries, the O.O. had functioned as a most incisive critic of the follies, disproportions, errors, miscalculations, and sheer blunders of the D.K., yes, the Creator, having commenced with evolution, had by now burgeoned into His grievous misjudgments concerning the potentialities of humankind. In contrast, the O.O. had maintained a critical spirit and had contented himself with acting only in response to the D.K.'s efforts. We intensified where we could the misdirection of His human beings. We looked to increase the sum of emotional dissatisfaction among good and bad men and women everywhere. Thereby, we came closer to possessing their minds. One of our more effective methods over the last two thousand years had certainly been to encourage intense religiosity of the most organized sort. If we came up short now and again—usually with the most luminous individuals (saints), we did succeed in warping the intelligence of so

many good humans. You could find fine folk everywhere, locked into a mosque, a synagogue, or a church, all clinging to the same philosophical oxymoron. Yes. No matter the differences, they were all welded to the obtuse belief that God was All-Good and All-Powerful. Such a premise, intrinsically incapable of serving as a tool of the mind, was, of course, wholly unready to find any answers in the contradictions of human existence. So, the best minds of mankind were tormented century after century. All-Good and All-Powerful. Indeed! Yes, we had looked to encourage every fundamentalist we could find. Come to us, became our creed, come, all of you who are possessed of rock-hard faiths and unshifting certainties! How ready they were to believe they were serving God when all the while they were working for us.

I will put it simply. Our cause, as I comprehend it, is to diminish the potentiality of humankind, yes, we want to reduce the vitality of the greatest creature developed by the D.K.. Naturally, we are gung-ho then for intense religiosity (the more intense, the more mindless.) Distort the brains of humankind and their emotions will be corrupted. (For imbalance is the

beginning of rot.) Accomplish our job well enough, pick up what remains, and we alter it into our Creation.

Through many an age, this had been the working premise of our leader. For certain, we do not restrict our activities to churchgoers. So many varieties have been suitable, atheists, athletes, actors, angels who might be turning bitter at the edges—I will not continue through the alphabet. But as we approached the end of the 19th Century, I began to sense that the O.O. might be preparing a revolutionary change in our procedures. Was he looking to develop a new religion designed expressly by him? Would he actually make the vertiginous leap from criticism to creation?

I could not conceive of what form the new faith might take, but the possibility did cause me uneasiness. For who could know more about the pestilence and slovenliness of human nature than those of us who had worked through the centuries to make it so? How long we had labored with our skills to irritate all that was soft and misbegotten in the D.K.'s calculations, not even to speak of His misccalculations—the animal residue in His humans of unfocused rage, the tropism in men and women toward free-floating ill-will, the sum of all the blunders by the D.K. in the course of developing His most

advanced Creation. Given the objective need for a new higher level of animal life, able to survive through grievous and often incalculable conditions of heat, cold, flame, and death, the D.K. had to endow man (and woman, most certainly!) with a sense of self-importance crucial to their survival. Once again, the balance (as He set it) was askew. The sense of certainty and of self-righteousness necessary to survival also produced envy (for the self-righteous, unless immensely successful, cannot look with equanimity upon better fortune for others—particularly not their friends and acquaintances). Envy worked as dependably in our favor as compound interest serves an investment. The D.K.'s powers in aesthetics and in many varieties of creation were once—it must be admitted—immense, but His skills as a cosmic engineer were wanting. As I will emphasize once again, His problems, even if spared our presence, would not have been trivial. His method, His endless reworking through trial and error, even His readiness to live with His mistakes until such time as He could correct them (and most certainly, His outsize rages as a younger god!—His frenzies as Jehovah!) had compounded a multitude of errors in every avenue and byway of human history. Now, how could the O.O. look to refashion such a boggled creation after we had

finished corrupting, corroding, and demoralizing it further? I was worried.

Yes.