

The Idiot (1868)

"[I]n an extraordinary surge all his vital forces would be intensified. The sense of life, the consciousness of self were multiplied tenfold in these moments, which lasted no more than a flash of lightning. His mind and heart were flooded with extraordinary light; all torment, all doubt, all anxieties were relieved at once, resolved in a kind of lofty calm, full of serene, harmonious joy and hope, full of understanding and the knowledge of the ultimate cause of things. But these moments, these flashes were only the presage of that final second (never more than a second) with which the fit itself began. That second was, of course, unbearable. Thinking about this moment afterward, when he was again in health, he often told himself that all these gleams and flashes of superior self-awareness and, hence, of 'a higher state of being' were nothing other than sickness, the upsetting of the normal condition, and if so, were not the highest state of being at all but on the contrary had to be reckoned the lowest. And yet he came finally to an extremely paradoxical conclusion. 'What if it is sickness?' he asked himself. 'What does it matter if it is an abnormal intensity, if the result, if the moment of awareness, remembered and analyzed afterward in health, turns out to be the height of harmony and beauty, and gives an unheard-of and till then undreamed-of wholeness, of proportion, of reconciliation, and an ecstatic and prayerlike union in the highest synthesis of life?' These cloudy expressions seemed very comprehensible to him, though too weak. That it was really 'the highest synthesis of life,' he could not doubt and moreover could not even admit the possibility of doubt. For he did not see abnormal and fallacious visions during this moment, as from hashish, opium, or wine, debasing reason and distorting the soul. He could judge this sanely when his attacks were over. Those moments were nothing less than an extraordinary intensification of self-awareness—if the condition was to be described in one word—self-awareness and at the same time an extreme consciousness of existence. If in that second—that is, in the last lucid moment before the fit—he had time to say to himself clearly and consciously: 'Yes, one might give one's whole life for this moment!' somehow troubled him. What, after all, was to be made of reality? For that very thing had happened; he had actually had time to tell himself at that very second that the infinite happiness he had felt in it might indeed be worth a whole life. "At that moment," as he once told Rogozhin in Moscow when they used to see each other there, "at that moment somehow the extraordinary words there shall be time no longer" become understandable to me. Probably," he added, smiling, "this is the same second the epileptic Mohammed's water pitcher had tipped and not yet spilled, and in that time he beheld all the dwellings of Allah." Yes, he had often met with Rogozhin in Moscow, and they had talked not only of this. "Rogozhin said just now I had been a brother to him then. He said it for the first time today," thought the prince to himself.

- *The Idiot*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by Henry and Olga Carlisle, pages 236-237.

“We hear constant complaints that there are no practical people among us, that there are for instance plenty of politicians and plenty of generals, and that any number of managing directors of various sorts can be turned up at a moment’s notice, but no practical people. At least, everyone complains that there are none. It is even said that on certain railroad lines there is no adequate service personnel. It is supposed to be altogether impossible to set up a tolerable administrative staff to manage a steamship company. You hear of trains colliding and newly opened railway bridges collapsing. You read of a train wintering in the middle of a snowfield, the passengers having set out on a trip of a few hours only to spend five days in the snow. They tell of hundreds of tons of merchandise lying rotting for two and three months before being dispatched, while elsewhere (though this is hard to believe) a certain administrator—that is, an inspector of some sort—has administered a punch in the nose to a merchant’s agent who has been pressing him to dispatch the goods, and has moreover justified his administrative action on the ground that he became “hot under the collar.” There are so many posts in government service that it is frightening just to think about them; everyone has been in the service, everyone intends to be in the service; so that you would think that from such an abundance of material it would be possible to form a decent administrative staff to manage a steamship line. A very simple answer is sometimes given for this—so simple that one hesitates to believe it. It is true, we are told, that everyone in the country has served or serves now and that this has been going on for two hundred years on the best German pattern, from grandfather to grandson; but the people in the civil service are precisely those who are the most impractical, and it has reached the point where an abstract turn of mind and a lack of practical knowledge have even recently been considered by the civil servants as being the highest of virtues and the best of recommendations. However, we set out to talk about practical people. There is no doubt that overcaution and a complete lack of initiative have always been regarded in our country as the hallmarks of a practical man—and are so regarded now. But why—if this opinion is to be taken as a disparagement—blame only ourselves? **Lack of originality has from the beginning, the world over, always been considered the prime characteristic and best recommendation of the businesslike, practical man of affairs, and at least ninety-nine percent of mankind** (at the very least) has always gone along with that opinion, and only one percent at most, now or in the past, has ever thought otherwise.

Society has almost always regarded inventors and geniuses at the beginning of their careers—and very often at the end of their careers, too—as no better than fools; this is, to be sure, a platitude familiar to everyone. For example if everyone for decades put his money into a state savings and loan bank and millions had been invested in it at

four percent, then quite obviously when the bank ceased to exist and everyone was left to his own devices, the greater part of these millions would inevitably be lost in frantic speculation and fall into the hands of swindlers—as required, indeed, by decency and propriety. Yes, propriety; for if a proper diffidence and a decent lack of originality have until now, in our society, been by common accord the inalienable qualities of a proper, well-regulated man, then it would be too disrupting, and even indecent, to change the state of affairs suddenly. What tender and devoted mother, for example, would not be horrified and sick with fear if her son or daughter took the slightest step off the beaten path. “No, better to be happy and live in comfort without originality,” thinks every mother as she rocks her child to sleep. And from time immemorial our nurses, as they rock the children, have crooned, “Dressed in gold you’ll go your way, and be a general one day.” So, even to our nannies the rank of general represents the utmost in Russian bliss, and this has always been the most popular national ideal of quiet and gracious felicity. And indeed, once he has passed his examinations and served his time for thirty-five years, who in our country can fail to become a general eventually, and manage to pile up a tidy sum in the bank? This is how a Russian achieves almost effortlessly the reputation of being a capable and practical man. In fact, not to become a general is possible here only for an original man; in other words, a restless and searching man. Perhaps there is the possibility of error here, but on the whole it seems certainly true, and our society has been perfectly correct in defining its ideal of the practical person.”

- *The Idiot*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by Henry and Olga Carlisle, pages 339-341.

“[‘]Our question is whether the ‘water of life’ has been weakened by the increase of—[‘] ‘Railroads?’” cried Kolya.

“Not railway communications, my young but impetuous lad, but the whole tendency of which the railroads may serve as, so to speak, the artistic representation. They speed around, clanking and rattling, all for the happiness, they say, of humanity! A certain thinker, secluded from this world, complained, ‘Mankind has grown too noisy and industrial, there is little spiritual peace.’ And another thinker always on the go replied triumphantly to him, ‘That may be, but the rumble of railroad cars bring bread to starving humanity is better, perhaps, than spiritual peace,’ and walked proudly away from him. But I, the abominable Lebedev, do not believe in the cars that bring bread to humanity! For the cars that bring bread to humanity without a moral basis for doing so may be coldly excluding a considerable part of humanity from the enjoyment of what is brought, as has happened already.”

“Those cars of yours can coldly exclude?” someone said.

“As has happened already,” repeated Lebedev, not deigning to notice the question. **“We’ve already had Malthus, a friend of humanity. But a friend of humanity**

with shaky moral principles is a devourer of humanity, not to speak of his vanity; for if you wound the vanity of one of these innumerable friends of humanity he's ready to set fire to the four corners of the earth to satisfy a petty revenge, like all of us would, and, to speak fairly, like I would, vilest of all, for I might be the first to bring the kindling wood and then run away. But again that's not the point!"

- *The Idiot*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by Henry and Olga Carlisle, pages 393.

"[']One such parasite as he was approaching old age declared of his own free will and without being forced that he had personally and in the deepest secrecy killed and eaten sixty monks and several children of the laity—about six but no more, very few in comparison with the number of ecclesiastics, he consumed. [...]

[...]

"Perhaps it is true, gentlemen," observed the prince suddenly. [...]

"What I mean, gentlemen, is that in those days such famines were frequent. I have heard of this too, though I don't know history well. But I rather think this is how it must have been. When I was up in the Swiss mountains I was amazed at the ruins of old feudal castles, built on the mountain slopes or on precipitous cliffs, at least half a mile high (which means several miles of footpath). You know what a castle is: a whole mountain of stone. It meant dreadful, impossible labor! And of course they were all build by those poor people, the vassals. Besides that, they had to pay all kinds of taxes and support the priesthood. How could they provide for themselves, then, and till the land! There must have been few of them then, they died off terribly from famine, they may literally have had nothing to eat. I have sometimes wondered how it happened that these people didn't become completely extinct then, how nothing befell them, how they could endure it and survive. Lebedev is certainly right in saying there were cannibals among them, and perhaps a great many—except I don't see why he brought monks into it or what he means by that."

[...]

[...] [']The criminal ends by going to the clergy and presenting evidence against himself and giving himself up to the authorities. One asks what tortures await him in those times—the wheel, the stake, the fire! Who made him inform against himself? Why not he simply stop at sixty and keep the secret until his dying breath? Why didn't he simply give up monks and live in penitence as a hermit? Why, after all, didn't he become a monk himself? Here's the answer! There must have been something strong than the stake and fire, even stronger than a habit of twenty years. There must have been an idea stronger than all the calamities, the crop failures, torture, plague, leprosy,

and all that hell which mankind could not have endured without that idea binding men together and guiding their hearts and fructifying the 'water of life'! Show me anything as strong as that in our age of vice and railroads—that is, one should say in our age of vessels and railroads, but I say in our age of vices and railroads because I'm drunk but right. Show me an idea that binds men together today with even half the strength as in those days. And I dare say, then, that the 'water of life' has not been weakened and polluted under this 'star,' under this network that has entangled people. And don't try to scare me off with your prosperity, your wealth, the rarity of famine, and the rapidity of the means of communication! There's more wealth, but there's less strength; the binding idea doesn't exist anymore; everything has turned soft, everything is rotten, and people are rotten. We're all, all of us rotten! But that's enough, that's not the question now. The question now, most respected Prince, is whether we shouldn't be getting the food for our guests."

Lebedev, who had stirred some of his listeners to real indignation (it should be noted that the bottles were being opened all during this time), at once appeased all his opponents by the unexpected conclusion of his speech. He called such a conclusion [']a lawyer's clever twist.[']"

- *The Idiot*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by Henry and Olga Carlisle, pages 394-397.

"['][I]n every serious human thought born in anyone's brain there is always something left over which is impossible to communicate to others, even though one were to write whole volumes and explain the idea for thirty-five years; there will always be something left which cannot be coaxed out of your brain and which will remain with you forever; you will die with it, without ever communicating to anyone what is perhaps the essence of your thought.[']"

[Elsewhere translated as: "There is something at the bottom of every new human thought, every thought of genius, or even every earnest thought that springs up in any brain, which can never be communicated to others, even if one were to write volumes about it and were explaining one's idea for thirty-five years; there's something left which cannot be induced to emerge from your brain, and remains with you forever; and with it you will die, without communicating to anyone perhaps the most important of your ideas."]

- *The Idiot*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by Henry and Olga Carlisle, page 413.

“It had happened in Switzerland during the first year of his treatment, in the first few months of it, in fact. At that time he was still like an idiot, he could not even speak properly and sometimes did not understand what was wanted of him. Once, on a bright sunny day, he went up into the mountains and walked for a long time, tormented by a certain thought which he could not seize clearly in his mind. The brilliant sky was before him, below, the lake, all around the bright, boundless horizon which seemed to stretch endlessly. He gazed a long time torn by agony. He remembered now how he had stretched out his hand to that bright, infinite blue and had wept. The thing that tortured him was that he was a complete stranger to all this. What was the banquet, what was this great eternal festival without end, to which he had always, from childhood, been drawn and in which he could never partake? Every morning the same bright sun rises, every morning there is a rainbow on the waterfall, every evening the highest snowcapped pinnacle, there on the horizon at the edge of the sky, burns with purple fire; every “little gnat that buzzes around him in the sunshine plays a part in this chorus; it knows its place, loves it, and is happy”; each blade of grass grows and is happy! Everything has its path, and everything knows its path, everything goes forth with a song and returns with a song; only he knows nothing, understands nothing, neither people nor sounds, a stranger to all things and an outcast. Oh, of course he could not speak then in those words, or state his question; he suffered dumbly, uncomprehendingly; but now it seemed to him that he had said all this at that time too, in these very same words, and that Hippolite had taken that “gnat” from him, from his own words and his tears of that time. He was sure of this, and for some reason the thought set his heart beating faster—”

- *The Idiot*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by Henry and Olga Carlisle, page 442.

“[‘]You have no tenderness; nothing but truth and so you are unfair.[’]”

- *The Idiot*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by Henry and Olga Carlisle, page 445.

“[‘]Then listen,[’] she began again, “I’ve been waiting a long time to tell you all this—ever since you wrote me that letter and even before. You heard half of it from me yesterday: I consider you a most honest and a most sincere man, more honest and sincere than anyone, and if they say of you that your mind—I mean, that your mind is sometimes ill, that is unjust. I have decided this and I’ve argued about it because, even if you really are ill in your mind (you won’t be angry about that, of course, I am speaking in a higher sense), what is important in your mind is far better than what is important in any of theirs, and they’ve never even dreamed of what it is like; for there are two sorts of mind: important ones and unimportant ones [translated elsewhere as “the main brain and secondary brain”]. Isn’t that so? Well, isn’t it?”

"Perhaps it is," the prince murmured: his heart was trembling and pounding violently.

"I knew you would understand," she went on gravely. "Prince S. and Yevgeny Pavlovitch understand nothing about there being two sorts of mind. Neither does Alexandra. But just imagine, *Maman* did."

"You are very like Lizaveta Prokofyevna."

"How so? Really?" said Aglaya, surprised.

"Yes, really."

"Thank you," she said after a moment's thought. "I am very glad I resemble *Maman*. You have a great respect for her, then?" she added, quite unaware of the naïveté [translated elsewhere as "artlessness"] of the question."

- *The Idiot*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by Henry and Olga Carlisle, pages 447-448.

"Let us not forget that the motives behind human actions are usually infinitely more complicated and various than we assume them to be in our subsequent explanations, and they can rarely be defined clearly. [Elsewhere translated as: **"Don't let us forget that the causes of human actions are usually immeasurably more complex and varied than our subsequent explanations of them."**] Sometimes the narrator's best course is to confine himself to a simple presentation of events."

- *The Idiot*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by Henry and Olga Carlisle, page 505.

War and Peace (1865-69)

"Desire nothing for yourself; do not seek; do not worry, do not envy. The future of people and your own fate must be unknown to you; but live so as to be ready for anything.[']"

- *War and Peace*, Count Leo Tolstoy, translated by Richard Pevear and Larissa Volokhonsky, page 221.

The Brothers Karamazov (1881)

"For to me he is notable, but I decidedly doubt whether I shall be able to prove it to the reader. The problem is that while this man is, perhaps, an activist, his status as such is vague and unclear. Though in fact it would be strange in times like ours to demand clarity of men. One thing is, perhaps, fairly beyond doubt: this is a strange man, an

oddity, even. But strangeness and oddness are sooner a cause of harm to their possessor than any guarantee of attention, particularly in a time when all are striving to unite the details of existence and to discover at least some kind of general meaning in the universal muddle.”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 1.

“That he had not completed his course is true; but to say that he was dull-minded or stupid would be to do him a great injustice. [...] he had entered upon this road simply because at the time **it alone had made a strong impression on him and presented itself to him at once as an ideal of deliverance** for his soul which was straining out of the murk unto the light. Add to this that he was a youth of our most recent times, that is to say honest by his very nature, demanding truth and justice, seeking and striving to believe in them and, having come to do so, demanding with all the power of his soul an immediate part in them, demanding a quick deed, with the unbending desire to sacrifice everything for that deed, even his life. Though it is unfortunately the case that these youths fail to comprehend that the sacrifice of one’s life is, in a large number of such instances, possibly the easiest option, and that to sacrifice, for example, five or six years of one’s youth-inflamed life on difficult, laborious study, on book-learning, even if only for the purpose of decoupling within oneself the strength required to serve that truth and that same deed which has become one’s dearest aspiration and which one has set oneself the task of accomplishing – such a sacrifice is quite often almost entirely beyond many of them. All Alyosha did was select a road that ran contrary to all the others, but with the same thirst for a quick deed. No sooner, having given the matter some serious thought, had he been struck by the conviction that God and immortality existed, than he immediately, of course, said to himself: ‘I want to live for immortality, and I will accept no half-way compromise.’ By precisely the same lights, had he decided God and immortality did not exist he would immediately have become an atheist and a socialist (for socialism is not only a problem of labour, or the so-called ‘fourth estate’, but is in the first instance a problem of atheism, of the contemporary embodiment of atheism, of the problem of the Tower of Babel, constructed expressly without God, not for the attainment of heaven from earth, but the abasement of heaven to earth).”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 39-40.

“[A]bove all, do not be ashamed of yourself, for it is from that that all the rest proceeds.”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 62.

“Be not afraid, and never be afraid, and do not be in misery. Just as long as repentance does not grow scarce within you – then God will forgive anything. And indeed there is and can be no sin upon all the earth that the Lord will not forgive the truly repentant. And there is no sin that man could commit as would ever exhaust God’s infinite love. For could there ever be a sin that could exceed God’s love? Care only for repentance, unceasing repentance, but as for fear, drive it out altogether. Have faith that God loves you in a way which you cannot dream, loves you even with your sin and in your sin. For it was said long ago that there shall be more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ten just men. Go now, and have no fear. Bear no ill-will towards others, and no anger in the face of injury. In your heart forgive your husband all the wrongs he did you, and truly make your peace with him. As you repent, so will you love. And if you love, you will belong to God... With love all things may be redeemed, all things may be rescued. If I, a sinful human being like yourself, have been moved by you and taken pity on you, how much more so God. Love is such a priceless treasure that the whole world may be purchased with it, and the sins not only of oneself but also those of others be redeemed. Go now and have no fear.”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 72-73.

“All these deportations to forced labour, which were earlier accompanied by floggings, reform no one, and more importantly have no deterrent effect, either, and not only does the number of capital crimes fail to diminish, but the more time passes, the greater does it become. [...] And it transpires that, consequently, society is not safeguarded at all, for though one’s unhealthy limb is mechanically amputated and deported far away, out of sight, at once in its place there appears another criminal, and possibly even two. If there is anything that will safeguard society even in a time such as ours and will reform the criminal, making him evolve into a new person, it is again solely the law of Christ, manifesting itself in an awareness of one’s own consciousness.

[...]

The Church does this principally because the justice of the Church is the only form of justice that accommodates within itself the truth and is consequently unable to join forces, morally or materially, with any other form of justice, even in a temporary compromise.

[...]

It is said that in Europe the criminal seldom repents, as the most recent theories confirm him in the notion that his crime is not a crime at all, but merely an act of revolt against an unjustly oppressive power. Society amputates him from itself by means of a power that triumphs over him quite mechanically, and accompanies this excommunication with hatred (such at least are the stories that they tell about themselves in Europe) – with hatred and the most complete indifference and neglect concerning his subsequent fate as a brother to the rest. Thus it takes place without the slightest ecclesiastical compassion, for in many instances there are no longer any Churches there at all, and all that remain are churchmen and fine ecclesiastical buildings, as the Churches there have themselves long striven to evolve from the lower form of life – the Church – to the higher form – the State – in order to vanish in it completely. That, at any rate, appears to be the situation in the Lutheran lands. In Rome, however, a State has been proclaimed in place of a Church for a thousand years now. ”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, pages 87-89.

“That’s all lies! Truth on the outside, lies on the inside!”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 98.

“[‘]I go and know not whether I have landed in foulness and ignominy or in light and joy. I mean, that’s where the trouble lies, for all the world is an enigma! And whenever I’ve had occasion to wallow in the very deepest ignominy of lust (and that’s all I’ve had occasion to do), I’ve always read that poem about Ceres and man. Has it set me on the right road again? Never! Because I’m a Karamazov. Because if I throw myself into the abyss I do it straight, head first and heels last, and am even glad [...]

[...]

Beauty is a terrible and horrible thing! It’s terrifying because it can’t be defined, and it can’t be defined because God has set nothing but riddles. Here the two banks of the river meet, here all contradictions exist together. [...] There are too many riddles that weigh man down upon earth. Try to solve them and land on your feet as best as you can. [...] In [beauty] the Devil struggles with God, and the field of battle is the hearts of men. And as a matter of fact, it’s natural that those who are in pain should talk about it.[’]”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, pages 143-145.

“Because you see, though I may be a man of base desires, I am honest.

[...]

But very well, let it be so, and the Devil confound all spies of the human heart!”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, pages 153-154.

“In Moscow their lives were suddenly transformed with the speed of lightning and the unexpectedness of an Arab folk-tale.”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 155.

“‘Remember, young one, untiringly,’ – thus did Father Paisy begin, directly and without any preamble – ‘that secular learning, having united itself into a great power, has studied all the celestial things that were bequeathed to us in the Holy Books, and after the cruel analysis of the scholars of this world there remains of all the earlier holiness absolutely nothing at all. But their study was conducted piecemeal, and they missed the whole; indeed, such blindness is positively worthy of marvel. Whereas the whole stands right before their eyes as immovably as ever, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Has it not lived for nineteen centuries, does it not live even now in the movements of individual souls and the movements of the popular masses? Even in the souls of those very atheists who have destroyed everything it lives, as ever, immovably! For even the disavowers of Christianity and those in mutiny against it are in their essence of the same Christian mould, and such they have remained, for to this day neither their wisdom, nor the fervour of their hearts has been vigorous enough to create a higher image of man and his dignity than the one indicated of old by Christ. Such attempts as there have been to do so have resulted only in monstrosities. [...] the world’s temptations are heavy and it is not in your power to beat them.’”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 226.

“In all of this muddle one might completely lose one’s way, but Alyosha’s heart could not tolerate the unknown, as the character of his love was forever active. A passive love was something of which he was not capable; the love conceived within him, he at once went to assist. For that it was necessary to set a goal, to have firm knowledge of what was good and desirably for each of them and, having ascertained the correctness of this goal, to proceed to the next natural step of helping them. In all of this, however, there was in place of a firm goal nothing but vagueness and muddle.”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 246.

“Too well do I understand, Ivan: one wants to live with one’s insides, one’s belly – that was well said, and I’m terribly glad that you want to live that way,’ Alyosha exclaimed. ‘I think that everyone has a duty to love life above all else in the world.’

‘To love life more than its meaning?’

‘Most certainly; to love it before logic, as you say, especially before logic, for only then will I understand its meaning. That is how it has seemed to me for a long time now. Half of your task is complete, Ivan, and won: you love life. Now you must apply yourself to the second half, and you will be saved.’”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 302.

“In my view, the love that Christ showed towards people is in its way a miracle impossible upon earth. It is true, he was God. But we are not gods. Let us assume, for example, that I suffer deeply – yet, I mean another person would never be able to perceive the degree to which I suffer, because he is another person, and not me, and on top of that it’s seldom that a person will agree to recognize another as a sufferer (as though it were some kind of rank). Why won’t he agree to do it, do you suppose? Because, for example, I smell bad, or have a stupid expression on my face, or because I once trod on his toes. What’s more, there is suffering and suffering: degrading suffering that degrades me – hunger, for example – is something that my benefactor will permit in me, but let the suffering be of ever such a slightly loftier sort, such as for an idea, for example, then no, only in very rare cases will he permit that, because he may, for example, look at me and suddenly perceive that the expression on my face is not at all like the one his fantasy supposes ought to be on the face of someone who is suffering for an idea. So then he at once deprives me of his beneficent deeds, though he does not at all from any rancour of heart. Beggars, particularly beggars from good backgrounds, ought never to show themselves in public, but rather beg for alms through the medium of the newspapers.’”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 310.

“For fifteen centuries we have struggled with that freedom, but now it is all over, and over for good. You don’t believe that is it over for good? [...] Well, I think you ought to be aware that now, and particularly in the days we are currently living through, those people are even more certain than ever that they are completely free, and indeed they themselves have brought us their freedom and have laid it humbly at our feet. But we were the ones who did that, and was that what you desired, that kind of freedom?”

[...]

‘You want to go into the world and are going there with empty hands, with a kind of promise of freedom which they in their simplicity and inborn turpitude are unable even to comprehend, which they go in fear and awe of – for nothing has ever been more unendurable to man and human society than freedom! Look, you see those stones in that naked, burning hot wilderness? Turn them into loaves and mankind will go trotting after you like a flock, grateful and obedient, though ever fearful that you may take away your hand and that your loaves may cease to come their way.’ [‘]But you did not want to deprive man of freedom and rejected the offer, for what kind of freedom is it, you reasoned, if obedience is purchased with loaves? You retorted that man lives not by bread alone, but are you aware that in the name of that same earthly bread the Earth Spirit will rise up against you and fight with you and vanquish you, and everyone will follow it, crying: ‘Who is like unto this beast, he has given us fire from heaven!’ [‘]Are you aware that centuries will pass, and mankind will proclaim with the lips of its wisdom and science that there is no crime and consequently no sin either, but only the hungry.[‘] ‘Feed them, and then ask virtue of them!’ – [‘] that is what will be inscribed upon the banner they will raise against you and before which your temple will come crashing down. In place of your temple there will be erected a new edifice, once again a terrible Tower of Babel will be erected, and even though this one will no more be completed than was the previous one, but even so you would be able to avoid that new Tower and abbreviate the sufferings of mankind by a thousand years, for after all, it is to us that they will come, when they have suffered for a thousand years with their Tower! [...]

Oh, never, never will they feed themselves without us! No science will give them bread while yet they are free, but the end of it is that they will bring us their freedom and place it at our feet and say to us:[‘] ‘Enslave us if you will, but feed us.’ [‘] At last they themselves will understand that freedom and earthly bread in sufficiency for all are unthinkable together, for never, never will they be able to share between themselves!

They will also be persuaded that they will never be able to be free, because they are feeble, depraved, insignificant and mutinous. [...] what will become of the millions and tens of millions of creatures who are not strong enough to disdain the earthly bread for the heavenly sort?[']

[...]

[']That is the significance of the first question that was asked in the wilderness, and that is what you rejected in the name of freedom, which you placed higher than anything else. Yet in that question lay the great secret of this world. Had you accepted the 'loaves', you would have responded to the universal and age-old anguish of man, both as an individual creature and as the whole of mankind, namely the question: 'Before whom should one bow down?[']"

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, pages 328-331.

“[']And in what way are the other weak human beings to blame for not having been able to bear the same things as the mighty? In what way is the weak soul to blame for not having the strength to accommodate such terrible gifts? And indeed, did you really only come to the chosen ones and for the chosen ones? But if that is so, then there is a mystery there and it is not for us to comprehend it. And if there is a mystery, then we were within our rights to propagate that mystery and teach them that it was not the free decision of their hearts and not love that mattered, by the mystery, which they must obey blindly, even in opposition to their consciences. And that is what we did. We corrected your great deed and founded it upon *miracle, mystery* and *authority*. And people were glad that they had once been brought together into a flock and that at last from their hearts had been removed such a terrible gift, which had brought them so much torment. Were we right, to teach and act thus, would you say? Did we not love mankind, when we so humbly admitted his helplessness, lightening his burden with love and allowing his feeble nature even sin, but with our permission?[']"

“[']And so in place of a firm foundation for the easing of the human conscience once and for all – you took everything that was exceptional, enigmatic and indeterminate, took everything that was beyond people's capacity to bear, and therefore acted as though you did not love them at all – and who was this? The one who had come to sacrifice his life for them! Instead of taking mastery of people's freedom, you augmented it and saddled the spiritual kingdom of man with it forever. You desired that man's love should be free, that he should follow you freely, enticed and captivated by you. Henceforth, in place of the old, firm law, man was himself to decide with a free heart what is good and what is evil, with only your image before him to guide him – but surely you never dream that he would at last reject and call into question even your image and your truth

were he to be oppressed by so terrible a burden as freedom of choice? They will exclaim at last that the truth is not in you, for it would have been impossible to leave them in more confusion and torment than you did when you left them so many worries and unsolvable problems. Thus, you yourself laid the foundation for the destruction of your own kingdom, and no one else should be blamed for it. And yet is that really what was offered you? There are three powers, only three powers on the earth that are capable of eternally vanquishing and ensnaring the consciences of those feeble mutineers, for their happiness – those powers are: miracle, mystery and authority. You rejected the first, the second, and the third [...] But, I repeat, are there many such as you? And could you have supposed, even for a moment, that people would have the strength to resist such a temptation? Is human nature really of a kind as to be able to reject the miracle, and to make do, at such terrible moments of life, moments of the most terrible fundamental and tormenting spiritual questions, with only free decision of the heart. [...] And since man is not strong enough to get by without the miracle, he creates new miracles for himself[...] [']”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, pages 332-333.

“[']We are not with you, but with *him*, there is our secret! We have long been not with you, but with *him*, eight centuries now. It is now just eight centuries since we took from him that which you in indignation reject, that final gift he offered, when he showed you all the kingdoms of the world: we took from him Rome and the sword of Caesar and announced that we alone were the kings of the world, the only kings, even though to this day we have not succeeded in bringing our task to its complete fulfillment. [...] Oh, this task is as yet only at its beginning, but it has begun. The world will have to wait for its accomplishment for a long time yet, and it will have to suffer much, but we shall reach our goal and shall be Caesars and then we shall give thought to the universal happiness of human beings.[']”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 335.

“[']Oh, we shall persuade them that they will only become free when they renounce their freedom for us and submit to us. And what does it matter whether we are right or whether we are telling a lie? They themselves will be persuaded we are right, for they will remember to what horrors of slavery and confusion your freedom has brought them. Freedom, the intellect and science will lead them into such labyrinths and bring them up against such miracles and unfathomable mysteries that some of them, the disobedient and ferocious ones, will destroy themselves; others, disobedient and feeble,

will destroy one another, while a third group, those who are left, the feeble and unhappy ones, will come crawling to our feet, and will cry out to us, 'Yes, you were right, you alone were the masters of his secret, and we are running to you, save us from ourselves.' [...] Then we shall give them a quiet, reconciled happiness, the happiness of feeble creatures, such as they were created. Oh, we shall persuade them at last not to be proud, for you bore them up and by doing so taught them to be proud; we shall prove to them that they are feeble, that they are merely pathetic children, but that childish happiness is sweeter than all the others. They will grow fearful and look at us and press themselves to us in their fear, like nestlings to their mother.

They will marvel at us and regard us with awe and be proud that we are so powerful and clever as to be able to pacify such a turbulent, thousand-million-headed flock. They will feebly tremble with fright before our wrath, their minds will grow timid, their eyes will brim with tears, like those of women and children, but just as lightly at a nod from us will they pass over into cheerfulness and laughter, radiant joy and happy children's songs. Yes, we shall make them work, but in their hours of freedom from work we shall arrange their lives like a childish game, with childish songs, in chorus, with innocent dances. Oh, we shall permit them sin, too, they are weak and powerless, and they will love us like children for letting them sin. We shall tell them that every sin can be redeemed as long as it is committed with our leave; we are allowing them to sin because we love them, and as for the punishment for those sins, very well, we shall take it upon ourselves. And we shall take it upon ourselves, and they will worship us as benefactors who have assumed responsibility for their sins before God. And they shall have no secrets from us. We shall permit them or forbid them to live with their wives or paramours, to have or not to have children – all according to the degree of their obedience – and they will submit to us with cheerfulness and joy. [...] [A] hundred thousand martyrs who have taken upon themselves the curse of the knowledge of good and evil. [...] It is said and prophesied that you will come and prevail anew, will come with your chosen, your proud and mighty ones, but we will say that they have saved only themselves, while we have saved all.[']”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, pages 336-338.

“['] [O]ne such man, standing at their head, would be enough in order to establish at last the whole guiding idea of the Roman cause with all its armies and Jesuits, the loftiest idea of that cause. I declare to you outright that I firmly believe that these unique men have never been hard to find among those who stand at the head of the movement. Who can say – perhaps there have been such unique men even among the Roman pontiffs? Who can say – perhaps that accursed old man who loved mankind with such a stubborn, original love exists even now in the form of a whole crowd of such unique old

men and not by mere accident but as a secret alliance, formed long ago for the preservation of the mystery, for its preservation from feeble and unhappy human beings, in order to make them happy. That is certainly the case, and must be so. I fancy that even among the Masons there is something of the same sort of mystery at the basis of their movement and that the Catholics hate the Freemasons so much because they see them as rivals, a division of the unity of the idea, while there must be one flock and one shepherd . . .[']

'I think you are a Freemason yourself!' Alyosha suddenly let out."

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 341.

"'[Y]ou will go out beyond these walls, but in the world you will abide as a monk. Many are the adversaries you will face, but even your enemies will love you. Many are the misfortunes that life will bring you, but even with them you will be happy, and you will bless life, and make others bless it with you – which is the most important thing. For that is your nature.[']"

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 370.

"[']Later on I heard the words of the mockers and blasphemers, proud words: how could the Lord deliver the most beloved of his saints to the idle ploys of Satan, take his children from him, smite him with illness and sore boils, so that he took him a potsherd to scrape the pus from his wounds, and for what? – merely in order to be able to boast to Satan: 'There, that is what my perfect servant is able to endure for my sake!' But the greatness of it is that here there is a mystery – that here the earth's transitory countenance and eternal truth have come into contact with each other. In the face of earthly truth an act of eternal truth is accomplished. Here the Creator, as in the first days of Creation, completing each day with an utterance of praise – 'That which I have made is good' – looks at Job and again praises one of his creations. But Job, in praising the Lord, serves not only him, but also the whole of his creation from generation to generation and from age to age, ever more, for to that he has been preordained. [...] [T]he old grief of the great mystery of human life gradually passes into a quiet, tender joy; in place of the boiling of youth, there comes a meek, serene old age[.][']"

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 378.

“[H]ow can you hope to understand that, when the whole world has been long progressing along another road, and when downright falsehood is considered by us as truth, and when we expect and demand similar falsehood from others.

[...]

[‘]I was ashamed to look him in the eye after the action I had taken towards him earlier – so inclined is the unprepared secular to be ashamed of even those deeds of his that are the most just.[’]

[...]

‘Great,’ he continued, ‘is the strength of character I discern in you, for you were not afraid to serve the truth in such an affair, where you ran the risk of bearing, for the sake of your sense of what is right, the general contempt of all.’”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, pages 390-391.

“[‘]Until you really make yourself the brother to all, brotherhood will not arrive. Never, prompted by science or self-interest alone, will human beings be able to share their property and their privileges in harmless fashion. None will consider that he has enough, and all will grumble, envying and destroying one another.’]”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 393.

“[‘][F]or men like to see the fall of a righteous man and to witness his disgrace.[’]”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 405.

“[‘]What they have is science, and in science only that which is subject to the senses. The spiritual world on the other hand, the loftier half of man’s being, is rejected altogether, cast out with a certain triumph, hatred even. The world has proclaimed freedom, particularly of late, and yet what do we see in this freedom of theirs: nothing but servitude and suicide! For the world says: ‘You have needs, so satisfy them, for you have the same rights as the wealthiest and most highly placed of men. Do not be afraid to satisfy them, but even multiply them’ – that is the present-day teaching of this world. In that, too, they see freedom. And what is the result of this right to the multiplication

of needs? Among the rich *solitariness* and spiritual suicide, and among the poor – envy and murder, for while they have been given rights, they have not yet been afforded the means with which to satisfy these needs. Assurance is offered that as time goes by the world will become more united, **that it will form itself into a brotherly communion by shortening distance and transmitting thoughts through the air.**[']

[...]

[']Alas, do not believe in such a unification of men. In constructing freedom as the multiplication and speedy satisfaction of needs, they distort their own nature, for they engender within themselves many senseless and stupid desires, habits and most absurd inventions. They live solely for envy, for love of the flesh and for self-conceit.[']”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 406.

“[']It is not servile, our people, and this after the servitude of two centuries. Free in aspect and behavior, without any sense of injury. And neither vengeful or envious, ‘You are noble, you are rich, you are clever and talented – and so be it, may God bless you. I honour you, but I know that I too am a human being. By honouring you without envy I display my human dignity before you.’[']”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 409.

“[']And then I also experienced wonder at how the very most simple thoughts, which are quite clear and self-evidence, take such a long time to appear in our minds.[']”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, pages 410-411.

“Love the whole of God’s creation, both the whole and each grain of sand. Each leaf, each sunbeam of God, love it. Love the animals, love the plants, love every object. If you love each object you will also perceive the mystery of God that is in things. [...] And at last you will love the whole world with an all-inclusive, universal love.

[...]

Each day and hour, each minute walk close to yourself and take care that your inward form is well-apportioned. Perhaps you have walked past a little child, walked past him

angry, with a foul remark, with a wrathful soul; it may be that you did not notice him, the child, but he saw you, and your inward form, unattractive and impious, may have remained within his unprotected little heart. You were not even aware of this, but by that very fact it may be that you sown a bad seed in him, and it may grow, and all because you had not tutored in yourself a love circumspect and active. [...] [F]or it is not simply for a casual moment that one must love, but for the whole of the appointed season. After all, anyone is capable of loving casually, even the doer of evil.[']”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, pages 412-413.

“Without a doubt, another youth, one who greeted the heart’s impressions cautiously, already knowing how to love not with heat, but only warmth, with a mind which though too much reasonable for his age (and therefore too cheap), such a youth, I say, would have steered clear of what happened to my youth, but in certain instances it is, undeniably, more worthy of respect to give oneself up to an enthusiasm, even though it be an irrational one, which none the less proceeds from a great love, than not to give oneself up to it at all. And in one’s young years all the more so, for a youth who is always reasonable is not to be relied upon and too cheap is his price – that is my opinion! ‘Ah yes, but!’ people of discretion will exclaim, perhaps, ‘it is impossible for every youth to believe in a prejudice of that kind, and your youth is no rule for the others to follow.’ To that I will reply again: ‘Yes, my youth believed, believed sacredly and inviolably, but even so I shall not ask forgiveness for him.’”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 438.

“[']It was both good and bad at the same time[.]”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 453.

“‘Well, you should like other people for nothing, the way Alyosha does.’”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 457.

“‘I don’t know, I’ve no idea, I’ve absolutely no idea what they were, those words, it was my heart they spoke to, he turned my heart upside-down . . . He is the first and only man to have taken pity on me, so there! Why did you not come earlier, cherub?’ she

said, suddenly falling on her knees before him, almost in a frenzy. 'All my life I have waited for one such as you, have known that someone like you would come and forgive me. I had faith that someone would love even a filthy woman like me, and not for the sake of mere shame . . ."

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 462.

"Alyosha, bow to your brother Mitenka for me, and tell him to think kindly of me, his wicked girl. And also repeat these words of mine to him: "Grushenka has gone to a scoundrel, and not to you, who are a noble man!" And tell him, too, that Grushenka loved him for one small hour of time, only one small hour did she love him – and that he must remember that small hour all the rest of his life – tell him that Grushenka commands him to remember it all the rest of his life!' She concluded in a voice that was full of sobbing. The window banged shut."

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, pages 463-464.

"Jealousy! 'Othello is not jealous, he is trusting,' Pushkin observed, and that single observation alone bears witness to the extraordinary depth of intellect possessed by our great poet. All that has happened to Othello is that his soul has had the brains beaten out of it, thereby muddying his whole world-outlook, because *his ideal has perished*. But Othello will not conceal himself, peep or spy: he is trusting. On the contrary, he must be influenced by suggestion, led on, aroused by dint of exceptional effort before he even so much as suspects unfaithfulness."

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 491.

"I promised to save you and I shall save you. I shall save you. I shall save you as I saved Belmesov. What think you of the gold-mines, Dmitry Fyodorovich?"

'The gold-mines, madam? I have never given them any thought.'

'Well, I have done so for you![']

[...]

['I shall tell you your mission: you shall discover gold-mines, amass millions, return and become a leader of men, moving us forward and directing us toward the common weal. Are we really to leave it all to the Jews? You shall construct building and various

factories. You shall assist the poor, and they shall bless you. Now is the age of the railroad, Dmitry Fyodorovich. You shall become known and indispensable to the Ministry of Finance, which is at present in dire straits. The fall in the value of our paper rouble keeps me awake at nights[...]

[...]

‘Madam, I am so touched . . . and I do not even know how I can thank you . . . for such emotions, but . . . if only you knew how precious time is to me now! . . . That sum, which I await so dearly from your generosity . . .’

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, pages 498-499.

“[‘]Later, when you return in wealth and glory, you will find yourself a companion for your heart in the very highest of society. She will be a contemporary girl, with knowledge and no prejudices. By then the woman question, which now is only beginning, will have attained fruition, and the new woman will have appeared . . .’”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 500.

“‘So those are the folk for whom hell is ordained,’ Andrey said, giving the left horse more of the lash, ‘but for us, sir, you’re naught but a little boy . . . That’s how we consider you . . . And though you’re the angry sort, sir, the Lord will forgive you for the simpleness of your soul.’”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 532.

“[‘]I dreamed I was riding over the snow . . . the sleighbell was ringing, and I was drowsing. With the man who was dear to me, it must have been you. And we went far away, far away . . . I embraced you and kissed you, pressed you to me, I was cold, and the snow was gleaming . . . you know, when the snow gleams at night, and the moon stares down, and it’s as if I were not on the earth . . . I woke up, and my dear one was at my side, and how good that was . . .’”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 569.

“Record away, gentlemen, after all, I understand that that is another piece of evidence against me, but I am not afraid of the evidence and speak against myself of my own accord. Of my own accord, do you hear? You see, gentlemen, I believe you think I am quite a different person from the one I am,’ he suddenly added blackly and with melancholy. ‘It is a noble man who speaks with you, a person of the noblest kind, and above all – please do not lose sight of this – a man who has committed a huge number of villainous acts, but who has always been and has remained a most noble creature, a creature, inwardly, in the depths, well, in short, I am unable to express myself . . . That is what I have struggled for in torment all my life, thirsting for nobility, I have been, as it were, a martyr to nobility and its seeker with a lamp, the lamp of Diogenes, and yet all my life I have committed nothing but base actions, like all of us, gentlemen[...][’]”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 594.

“Well, gentlemen, now I am yours, entirely yours. And . . . were it not for all these trivial matters, we should right now be able to come to an agreement. I again speak of trivial matters. I am yours, gentlemen, but I swear that what is needed is mutual trust – yours of me and mine of you – or else we shall never bring the matter to an end. It is for yourselves that I speak. Let us set to work, gentlemen, let us set to work, and, above all, please do not rummage so in my soul, do not torment it with trivia, but ask only concerning the facts of the case, and I shall at once render you satisfaction. And to the devil with trivial matters!”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 596.

“[’]But you will also agree that you could put the Almighty himself off balance with questions like “Where did you go, how did you go, when did you go, and into what did you go?” You will set me off balance if you go on like that, and then you will weave it all into the pattern against me, and what will be the result? Nothing will be the result! [...] please, gentlemen, unlearn this red-tape manner of interrogation, that is to say this business of beginning with some wretched, insignificant details concerning what I felt like when I got up, what I had to eat, the way in which I spat, and, “having distracted the attention of the criminal”, suddenly catching him out with a dumbfounding question: “Whom did you kill, whom did you rob?”[’]”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 600.

“[‘]No, I refuse to say because here there is a principle involved: this is my private life, and I shall not permit you to invade my private life. There is my principle. Your question is not material to the case, and all that is not material to the case is my private life! [...]’”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 601.

“‘This boy, Nikolay Parfenovich, with whom only a few days ago I was passing stupid remarks about women, and this invalid of a public procurator, they don’t deserve me telling them this,’ flickered sadly through his mind, ‘and I’m exposing myself to disgrace!’”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 603.

“‘Hah, the devil, fie! Gentlemen, it really is literally impossible to talk to you!’ Mitya screamed in the last degree of irritation [...]”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 604.

“‘You see gentlemen,’ he said suddenly, mastering himself with difficulty, ‘you see, I hear what you are saying, and it seems to me . . . you see, I sometimes have a certain dream . . . a certain kind of dream, and I have it often, it repeats itself, that someone is chasing me, someone of whom I am horribly afraid, chasing me in the dark, at night, looking for me, and I hide somewhere from him, behind a door or cupboard, I hide in a degrading way, and above all in such a way that he knows perfectly well my whereabouts, but seems to pretend on purpose not to know where I am, in order to torment me longer, in order to take pleasure in my terror . . . That is what you are doing now! It’s the same sort of thing!’

[...]

‘But now it is not a dream! It is realism, gentlemen, the realism of real life! I am the wolf and you are the hunters, well, and you are running the wolf to ground.’

[...]

['] [B]ut [I am] a man whose soul knows the most noble impulses (boldly do I cry it!) – no! Such a man you cannot fail to believe. . .”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 605.

“Nikolay Parfenovich did not reply to him: together with the public procurator he was immersed in the examination of Mitya’s coat, trousers, waistcoat and cap, and it was plain that they had both now taken a lively interest in the examination: ‘There is no ceremony at all in their behavior,’ flitted through Mitya’s mind. ‘They are not even observing common courtesy.’

[...]

‘Well, if I have to . . . I . . .’ Mitya muttered and, sitting down on the bed, began to take off his socks. He felt intolerably embarrassed: everyone else was dressed except he, and it was a strange thing – without his clothes on he himself felt guilty before them, and, above all, was himself almost ready to agree that he had suddenly become inferior to all of them and that now they had a perfect right to treat him with contempt.”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, pages 619-620.

“‘In the name of mercy, gentlemen!’ Mitya exclaimed, throwing up his hands, ‘at least do not add that to your record, have some shame! After all, I have, as it were, torn my soul in half before you, and you have taken advantage of it and are rummaging with your fingers in both halves along the torn place . . . O God!’”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 635.

“‘But do not think of that, do not think of that at all!’ Alyosha exclaimed. ‘And in any case, what does ridiculous mean? Are they few, those occasions on which a man is or may seem ridiculous? Besides, nowadays practically all men of ability are horribly scared of being ridiculous, and are so much the more miserable because of it. I am merely astonished that you should have begun to feel this, though, as a matter of fact, I have long observed it, and not in you alone. Nowadays even those who are still almost children have begun to suffer from this. It is almost a form of madness. In this vanity the Devil has assumed fleshly form and has crept into an entire generation, yes, the Devil,’ Alyosha added[.]”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 713.

“[‘]You know, it’s as if everyone had once agreed to lie about it, and has been lying about it ever since. Everyone says they hate immorality, yet secretly they all like it.’

‘And are you still reading immoral books, as you were before?’

‘Yes. I am. Mamma reads them and hides them under her pillow, and I steal them.’

[...]

‘I want to destroy myself. There is a boy who lives near here, he lay down under the rails and let the train go by on top of him. Lucky boy! Listen, your brother is to be tried now for having murdered his father, and yet everyone likes the idea that he murdered his father.’

‘They like it?’

‘Yes, they like it, they all like it! They all say it is dreadful, but secretly they like it very much. And I am the first among them.’

‘In your words about other people there is a certain amount of truth,’ Alyosha said quietly.

‘Oh, what thoughts you have in your head!’ Liza shrieked in ecstasy. ‘And in a monk’s, too! You would not believe how I respect you, Alyosha, for the fact that you never lie. Oh, let me tell you a funny dream I had: I sometimes have dreams about devils [...][’]”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 745.

“‘Rakitin would not understand this,’ he began, wholly in the grip of a kind of ecstasy, ‘but you, you will understand it all. That is why I have yearned for you to come. You see, there are many things which I have wanted to express to you within these shabby walls, but about the principal thing I have said nothing: it was as though the time had not yet come for it.

[...]

Oh yes, we shall be in fetters, and shall have no freedom, but then, in our great misery, we shall again rise up in the joy without which it is impossible for man to live [...] Rakitin is wrong: if God is driven from the face of the earth, we shall meet him under the earth. It is impossible for a convict to be without God, even more impossible than for someone who is not a convict! And then we, the subterranean folk, will sing out of the bowels of the earth a tragic hymn to God, with whom is joy![’]”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, pages 756-757.

“[‘]Rakitin says that it is possible to love mankind without God. I mean, only a snotty-nosed shrimp could state such a thing to be true, but as for me, I can’t make any sense of it. Life comes easily to Rakitin: ‘You know,’ he said to me today, ‘you would do better to concern yourself with the broadening of man’s civic rights, or at any rate with trying to keep down the price of beef; by doing that you will demonstrate a plainer and more intimate love for mankind than you ever will by your philosophies.’ In response to which I fire back: ‘Without God,’ I said, ‘you yourself would push up the price of beef by a hundred per cent and make a rouble out of every copeck.’ That made him lose his temper. For what is virtue? Answer me that, Aleksey. To me virtue means one thing, while to a Chinaman it means another – it is, in other words a thing that is relative. Or am I wrong! Is it not relative? A perfidious question! Please do not laugh when I tell you that it has kept me awake for two nights without sleep. Now the only thing that astonishes me is that people can live and yet never think about that. Such idle vanity! Ivan does not have a God. He has an idea. One that’s too big for me. But he says nothing. I think he is a Freemason.[’]”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 758.

“[‘]Well, just try admitting to a woman your guilt, say something like: ‘I am guilty, please forgive me, I’m sorry’” – immediately you will receive a hail of rebukes! On no account will she forgive you in a simple, straightforward manner, no, she will degrade you to the level of a floor-cloth, she will find things that never even happened, will take everything, forget nothing, add things of her own, and only then forgive. And I speak of the best, the best of them! She will scrape out the last scrapings and empty them all on your head – such, I will tell you, is the soul-flaying character that sits in all of them, all to the last one, those angels without whom it is impossible for us to live! You see, my little dove, I will tell you simply and straightforwardly: any respectable man has a duty to be under the thumb of at least some woman or other. Such is my conviction: though it is not so much a conviction as a feeling. A man has a duty to be magnanimous, and that will not blemish a man. It will not even blemish a hero, it will not blemish a Caesar! Well, but do not ask her to grant you forgiveness, never do that, not on any account. Remember the rule: it was taught to you by your brother Mitya who went to his ruin through women. No, I had better oblige Grusha in some way without her forgiveness. I venerate her, Aleksey, venerate her! Only she does not see it, no, for her there is never enough love. And she torments me, torments me with love. It is not like before! Before she merely

tormented me with her infernal curves, but now I have accepted the whole of her soul into my own and through her have myself become a human being!['']”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 760.

“What would happen to an axe in space? *Quelle idée!* If it went far enough it would, I think, begin to orbit the earth, itself not knowing why, in the form of a satellite. Astronomers would compute the rising and the setting of the axe, Gattsuk would enter it in the calendar, and that is all.”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 818.

“But you see, you are still thinking in terms of the earth we have at present! Why, the earth we have at present may have repeated itself a billion times; you know – become extinct, frozen over, cracked, crumbled into pieces, disintegrated into its constituent origins, becoming the waters again, “which were above the firmament”, then a comet again, then a sun, then another earth produced from that sun – I mean, this process of development may already have repeated itself an infinite number of times, and always in the same form, right down to the very last small detail. A most indecently tedious monstrosity . . .”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 823.

“Well, as soon as the gates of heaven had been opened to him and he had gone inside, after he had been there no more than two seconds – and by his watch, by his watch (though I should think his watch must long ago have disintegrated into its constituent elements), he exclaimed that in the course of those two seconds it would be possible to walk not only a quadrillion, but a quadrillion quadrillion, and even raised to the quadrillionth power! In a word, he sang a “hosannah”, and overdid it, too, with the result that there were some there, of a nobler cast of thought, who were even unwilling to shake hands with him at first: he’d been rather too enthusiastic about hopping over to the conservatives, they said.”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 823.

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“Buffoon! Have you ever tempted those who eat locusts and pray in the barren wilderness for seventeen years, overgrown with moss?’

‘My little dove, that is all I have ever done. One may forget the world and all the worlds beyond it, but to one such man one will adhere, for a diamond is, when all is said and done, a very precious thing; you see, one such soul is on occasion worth an entire constellation – we have our own arithmetic, you know. Victory is a precious thing! And you know, some of them, I swear to God, are not in any way inferior in development, though you may not believe it: they are able to contemplate such abysses of belief and disbelief at one and the same moment that, truly, it sometimes seems that were he to advance one hair’s-breadth further, the fellow would go flying “arsy-versy”, as the actor Gorbunov would say.’”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 825.

“I forbid you to speak of “The Grand Inquisitor”!’ Ivan exclaimed, blushing all over in shame.

‘Well then, what about “The Geological Revolution”? Do you remember? Now there was a fine little *poema*!’

‘Be silent, or I shall kill you!’

‘Is it me you will kill? No, you must forgive me, I wish to speak my mind. Indeed, I came here in order to accord myself that satisfaction. Oh, I love the dreams of my young and ardent friends a-tremble with the first for life! “Those new men,” you said to yourself last spring, as you prepared to come here, “they think they can destroy everything and start off with anthropophagy. The stupid fools, they never asked me! In my view it is not necessary to destroy anything, all that needed to be destroyed in mankind is the idea of God, that is what one must proceed from! It is with that, with that one must begin – O, blind ones, who understand nothing! Once mankind, each and individually, has repudiated God (and I believe that period, in a fashion parallel to the geological periods, will arrive), then of its own accord, and without the need of anthropophagy, the whole of the former world-outlook and, above all, the whole of the former morality, will collapse, and all will begin anew. People will unite together in order to take from life all that it is able to give, but only for the sake of happiness and joy in this world. Man will exalt himself with a spirit of divine, titanic pride, and the man-god will appear. Vanquishing nature hour by hour, already without limits, by his will and science, man will thereby experience, hour by hour, a pleasure so elevated that it will replace all his former hopes of celestial pleasures. Every man will discover that he is wholly mortal, without the possibility of resurrection, and will accept death proudly and calmly, like a god. Out of pride he will grasp that there is no point in him complaining that life is a moment, and he will come to love his brother without any need of

recompense. The love will only be sufficient for the moment of life, but the very consciousness of life's momentariness will intensify its fire just as much as it formerly ran to fat in hopes of an infinite love beyond the grave" . . . well and so on, etcetera, etcetera, in the same genre. Most charming!"

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, pages 828-829.

"A father is murdered, and they pretend they are frightened, [...] One vile reptile consumes the other . . . Were it not for the parricide they would all lose their tempers and disperse in a rage . . . Circuses! "Bread and Circuses!" As a matter of fact, I make a good one!

[...]

'Who is your witness?'

'One with a tail, your honour, it would not do at all! *Le diable n'existe pas!* Pay no attention, he is a rotten, petty devil,' he added, suddenly ceasing to laugh and also, as it were, confidentially. 'He is no doubt here somewhere, over there, under that table of material evidence – for after all, where would he sit, if not there? Look, harken to me; I told him I did not wish to sit in silence, and he began to talk about a geological revolution . . . stupid nonsense! But I say, why do you not just set the monster free? . . . If he has struck up a hymn, then it is because he feels cheerful! [...] You do not know me! Oh how stupid all this business of yours is! Look, I say, take me instead of him! I did come here for some reason, after all [...]"

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, pages 875-876.

"[']As for the fact that we had been able to feel pain and pity at having killed a man that was really of course because we had not killed our father: had we killed our father, we should not have leapt down to the other whom we had felled, out of pity, then we should have felt another emotion, in that case it would not have been pity that we concerned ourselves with but self-salvation, and that is, of course, so. On the contrary, I repeat, we would have finally smashed his skull, and would not have spent five minutes troubling ourselves over him. A place for pity and kindly emotion appeared for the precise reason that until then our conscience had been clear. Here, therefore, is a different psychology. You see, gentlemen of the jury, I have now myself had recourse to psychology in order to show by means of graphic demonstration that from it one may infer whatever one may wish. All centres upon what hands it rests in. Psychology

beckons even the most serious of men to the concoction of *romans*, and quite without their willing it. **I speak of excessive psychology, gentlemen of the jury, and a certain abuse of it.**"

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 929.

"[']And you see, if there exists even the mere possibility of making such an assumption, then how can one so emphatically and so firmly raise against the defendant the accusation of having committed the murder for the purpose of robbery and that a robbery did indeed take place? Why, in such manner do we enter the domain of the *roman*. [...] And yet after all, it is matter of life and death, of a man's fate. [...] And with such *romans* are we prepared to bring ruin upon a human life! I shall be told: "But even so, he was unable to explain where he obtained the fifteen hundred that was found upon his person, and besides, everyone knew that until that night he had no money." But who knew this? No, the defendant has given clear and firm testimony to where he obtained the money from, and if you will, gentlemen, if you will – never could there be nor can there be a testimony more plausible than this, nor, in addition, one more compatible with the character and soul of the defendant. The prosecution took a liking to its own *roman*: a man of feeble will, having decided to accept three thousand so disgracefully offered to him by his betrothed, could not, it is said, have divided off a half and sewn it into an incense bag – on the contrary, had he done so, every two days he would have unpicked it and peeled off a hundred, and in such manger expended the whole within a single month. You will recall that all this was given exposition in a tone that would suffer no retort. Well, but what if the affair proceeded not at all in this way, and what if you have created a *roman*, and in it a different personage? There is the rub: you have created a different person! It will perhaps be retorted: "There are witnesses who say that in the village of Mokroye he squandered the entire three thousand he had taken from Miss Verkhovtseva, a month before the catastrophe, all at once, like a single copeck, and therefore he could not have divided off a half." But who are these witnesses? The degree to which these witnesses may be trusted has already been made manifest at this trial. And finally, none of these witnesses who say they saw the money counted it themselves, but merely judged it by eye. Why, the witness Maksimov testified that the defendant had twenty thousand in his hands. You see, gentlemen, of the jury, as psychology is a thing with two ends, then permit me to supply the other end, and let us see if the result be otherwise.[']"

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, pages 931-933.

“[‘]Nay a sense of humor does indeed exist within him, even though it may be an irregular one, even to the point of passion, and he has proved this. [...] If he had been behaving like a madman so, getting drunk and raging about the inns all that month, then it was perhaps for the very reason that he himself was sick at heart, and it was more than he could endure. [...] Why, why does the prosecution not believe the testimony of Aleksey Karamazov, given so purely, so sincerely, so without preparation, so plausibly?

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 935.

“[‘]And do you think I will be able to endure those stinking shits over there, even though they may all, every one of them, be better than I? I hate that America of theirs even now! And even though they are all, every single one of them, immense loco-motive-drivers or whatever – the devil with them, they are not my kind of people, they don’t have my kind of soul! It’s Russia I love, Aleksey, the Russian God I love, even though I myself am a scoundrel! And I will choke and die there!’ he exclaimed suddenly, his eyes flashing. His voice had begun to tremble with tears.

‘Well, so this is what I have decided, Alyosha, listen!’ he began again, having suppressed his excitement. ‘Grusha and I will go there – and at once we shall till the land, work, with the wild bears, in solitude, somewhere as far away as possible. After all, there too there will be a place that is far away! They say there are also redskins there, somewhere over there in that land of theirs on the edge of the horizon, well, that is where we shall go, to the last of the Mohicans.[’]”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 971.

“‘And what about the way they landed me in the soup at the trial? For they did, they landed me in the soup!’

Even if they hadn’t, they would still have convicted you,’ Alyosha said, with a sigh.”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 971.

“[‘]So, in the first place, let us remember, gentlemen, all our lives. And even though we may be occupied with the most important matters, attain honours or fall into some great misfortune – all the same let us never forget how good we found it here, all of us in association, united by such good and happy feeling, which for this time of our love for the poor boy has possibly made us better than we are in actual fact. My little doves –

allow me to call you little doves, for you resemble them very much, those pretty, warm grey birds, now, at this moment, as I gaze upon your kind, dear faces – my dear young children, it may be that you will not understand what I am about to say to you, because I often speak very incomprehensibly, but you will none the less remember it and later one day will agree with my words. Know then that there is nothing more lofty, nor more powerful, nor more healthy nor more useful later on in life than some good memory, and particularly one that has been borne from childhood, from one's parents' home. Much is said to you about your education, but a beautiful, sacred memory like that, one preserved from childhood, is possibly the very best education of all. If he gathers many such memories in his life, a man is saved from it all. And even if only one good memory remains within our hearts, then even it may serve some day for our salvation. It may be we shall later even grow wicked, have not the strength to keep ourselves from bad action, laugh at human tears and at those men who say, as Kolya exclaimed today: "I want to suffer for all men" – and of those men we shall perhaps make wicked mockery. Yet none the less, however wicked we may be, though may God keep us from it, whenever we remember how we buried Ilyusha, how we loved him in his last days and how we spoke just now in such a friendly way and so together by this stone, then the cruelest and most mocking one of us, if thus we shall become, will none the less not dare to laugh within himself at the fact that he was kind and good at this moment! Not only that, but perhaps this very memory alone will keep him from great evil, and he will have second thoughts, and say: "Yes, I was good that day, bold and honest." Let him smile to himself ironically, that does not matter, a man often laughs at what is kind and good; it comes of mere frivolity; but I want to assure you, gentlemen, that when he smiles that way, he will at once say within his heart: "No, I act badly in smiling ironically, for at those things one must never laugh!"

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, pages 983-984.

"Oh, young children, oh, dear friends, do not be afraid of life! How good is life, when one does some good and upright thing!"

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, translated by David McDuff, page 985.

Demons (1871-1872)

"The young people... were seeking adventures, and even made a point of devising them and carrying them out on their own, solely for the purpose of having a lively story to tell."

- *Demons*, Fyodor Dostoevsky, Translated by Robert A. Maguire, page 355.

“A woman appeared in town selling the Gospels, a respectable woman, albeit in trade. People began talking about her because some curious reports about book-peddlers had just appeared in the Petersburg newspapers. Once again the same rogue, Lyamshin, with the help of a seminary student who was just hanging around in anticipation of a teaching position in a school, quietly slipped into the book-peddler’s bag, as if they were buying books, a whole packet of indecent and obscene photographs from abroad, which had been specifically donated for that purpose, as was subsequently learned, by a quite respectable old gentleman (whose name I am omitting), who wore a high decoration round his neck and who liked, as he put it, ‘healthy laughter and a good joke’.”

- *Demons*, Fyodor Dostoevsky, Translated by Robert A. Maguire, page 357.

“But suddenly, along with skillful variations on strains of the national anthem, somewhere from one side, below, in the corner, but very close could be heard the vulgar notes of *Mein lieber Augustin*. The *Marseillaise* didn’t notice them, the *Marseillaise* was at the height of intoxication with its own grandeur; but *Augustin* was gaining strength, *Augustin* was growing more and more insolent, and then the strains of *Augustin* somehow began unexpectedly to mingle with the strains of *Marseillaise*. It was as though the French anthem was beginning to grow angry; finally, it noticed *Augustin*, it wanted to get rid of it, brush it away like some pesky, insignificant fly, but *Mein lieber Augustin* had taken firm hold; it was gleeful and self-assured; and the *Marseillaise* suddenly became dreadfully stupid somehow: it could no longer conceal the fact that it was angry and offended; it was a wail of indignation, it was tears and imprecations with arms outstretched to Providence:

Pas un pouce de notre terrain, pas une pierre de nos forteresses!

But by now it was forced to sing in unison with *Mein Lieber Augustin*. Its sounds somehow blended into *Augustin* in the silliest way imaginable; it languished and died out. Only occasionally could a snatch of ‘*qu’un sang impur*’ be heard, but it promptly passed back into the trashy little waltz in the most annoying way. Finally, it was completely subdued: it was Jules Favre sobbing on Bismark’s breast and giving everything away, everything... But at this point *Augustin* turned savage as well: hoarse sounds were heard; there was an atmosphere of measureless quantities of beer being drunk, the fury of self-aggrandizement, demands for billions, fine cigars, champagne and hostages”

Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail (1972)

“I remember somebody saying, [...] that ‘I can forgive McGovern for blowing that Tonkin thing, because the Pentagon lied—but what’s his excuse for not voting against that goddamn wiretapping bill?’ (The Omnibus Safe Streets & Crime Control Act of 1968, a genuinely oppressive piece of legislation... even Lyndon Johnson was shocked by it, but he couldn’t quite bring himself to veto the bugger—for the same reasons cited by the many Senators who called the bill ‘frightening’ while refusing to vote against it because they didn’t want to be on record as having voted against ‘safe streets and crime control.’ The bare handful of Senators who actually voted against the bill explained themselves in very ominous terms.”

- *Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail '72*, Hunter S. Thompson, page 73.

“It’s not that everybody you talk to is aggressively hostile to any idea that might faze their well-ordered lifestyles; they’d just rather not think about it. And there is no sense of life in the Underculture.”

- *Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail '72*, Hunter S. Thompson, page 73.

“All I ever wanted out of this grueling campaign was enough money to get out of the country and live for a year or two in peaceful squalor in a house with a big screen porch looking down on an empty white beach, with a good rich coral reef a few hundred years out in the surf and *no neighbors*.”

- *Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail '72*, Hunter S. Thompson, page 206.

“But that is another story. What worries me now—in addition to this still unwritten saga of the California primary—is the strong possibility that my involvement in politics has become so deep and twisted that I can no longer think rationally about that big screen porch above the beach except in terms of an appointment as Governor of American Samoa.

[...]

Larry O’Brien, now the chairman of the Democratic Party, was the man in charge of pork-barrel/patronage appointments at the time, and he gave me excellent reason to

believe my application was on the verge of bearing fruit. I was living at the Holiday Inn in Pierre, South Dakota, when the good news arrived. It came on a Wednesday, as a recall, by telegram. The manager of the Inn was ecstatic; he called a cab immediately and sent me downstairs to a dry goods store where I bought six white sharkskin suits—using a Sinclair Oil card, which was subsequently revoked and caused me a lot of trouble.

I never learned all the details, but what was finally made clear—in the end, after a bad communications breakdown—was that O'Brien had pulled a fast one on me. As it turned out, he never had any intention of making me Governor of American Samoa, and when I finally realized this it made me very bitter and eventually changed my whole life."

- *Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail '72*, Hunter S. Thompson, page 206-207.

"That was six months ago. But things are different now—and in the strange calm of those first few days after the votes were counted in California I began to see that George McGovern has scrambled my own carefully laid plans along with all the others, except his own—and that I am suddenly facing the very distinct possibility that I might have to drag myself into a voting booth this November and actually pull the lever for the presidential candidate of the Democratic Party. O'Brien's party. That same gang of corrupt and genocidal bastards who not only burned me for six white sharkskin suits eight years ago in South Dakota and chased me through the streets of Chicago with clubs & tear gas in August of '68, but also forced me to choose for five years between going to prison or chipping in 20 percent of my income to pay for napalm bombs to be dropped on people who never threatened me with anything; and who put my friends in jail for refusing to fight an undeclared war in Asia that even Mayor Daley is now opposed to..."

- *Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail '72*, Hunter S. Thompson, page 208.

"Another depressing news item—out of Miami Beach this time—says an unnatural number of ravens have been seen in the city recently. Tourists have complained of being kept awake all night by 'horrible croaking sounds' outside their hotel windows. "At first there were only a few," one local businessman explained. 'But more and more keep coming. They're building big nests in the trees along Collins Avenue. They're killing the trees and their droppings smell like dead flesh.'"

- *Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail '72*, Hunter S. Thompson, page 231.

“The point, I think, was that in both the Ohio and Nebraska primaries, back to back, McGovern was confronted for the first time with the politics of the of the rabbit-punch and the groin shot, and in both states he found himself dangerously vulnerable to this kind of thing. Dirty politics confused him. He was not ready for it—and especially not from his find old friend and neighbor. Hubert Humphrey. Toward the end of the Nebraska campaign he was spending most of his public time explaining that he was Not for abortion on demand, Not for legalized Marijuana, Not for unconditional amnesty... and his staff was becoming more and more concerned that their man had been put completely on the defensive.

This is one of the oldest and most effective tricks in politics. Every hack in the business has used it in times of trouble, and it has even been elevated to the level of political mythology in a story about one of the Lyndon Johnson’s early campaigns in Texas. The race was close and Johnson was getting worried. Finally he told his campaign manager to start a massive rumor campaign about his opponent’s life-long habit of enjoying carnal knowledge of his own barnyard sows.

‘Christ, we can’t get away calling him a pig-fucker,’ the campaign manager protested. ‘Nobody’s going to believe a thing like that.’

‘I know,’ Johnson replied. ‘But let’s make the sonofabitch *deny* it.’

McGovern has not learned to cope with this tactic yet. Humphrey used it again in California, with different issues, and once again George found himself working overtime to deny wild, baseless charges that he was: (1) Planning to scuttle both the Navy and the Air Force, along with the whole Aerospace industry, and (2) He was a sworn foe of all Jews, and if he ever got to the White House he would immediately cut off all military aid to Israel and sit on his hands while Russian-equipped Arab legions drove the Jews into the sea.

McGovern scoffed at these charges, dismissing them as ‘ridiculous lies,’ and repeatedly explained his positions on both issues—but when they counted the votes on election night it was obvious that both the Jews and the Aerospace workers in Southern California had taken Humphrey’s bait. All that saved McGovern in California was a long-overdue success among black voters, strong support from Chicanos, and a massive pro-McGovern Youth Vote.”

- *Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail '72*, Hunter S. Thompson, page 227-228.

“The game had already started, but there was no score. I dumped my ale bottles in the styrofoam cooler, then opened one and sat down to watch the action and brood on Nixon’s treachery. But first I concentrated on the game for a while. It is hard to understand how somebody else thinks unless you can get on their wavelength: get in tune with their patterns, their pace, their connections... and since Nixon is a known

football addict, I decided to get my head totally into the rhythm of this exhibition game between the Rams and Kansas City before attempting to jump into politics.

Very few people understand this kind of logic. I learned it from a Brazilian psychiatrist in the Matto Grosso back in 1963. He called it 'Rhythm Logic,' in English, because he said I would never be able to pronounce it in the original Jibaro. I tried it once or twice, but the Jibaro language was too much for me—and it didn't make much difference anyway. I seemed to have an instinct for Rhythm Logic, because I picked it up very quickly. But I have never been able to explain it, except in terms of music, and typewriters are totally useless unless when it comes to that kind of translation.

In any case, by the end of the first quarter I felt ready. By means of intense concentration on *every detail* of the football game, I was able to 'derail' my own inner brain waves and re-pattern them temporarily to the inner brain wave rhythms of a serious football fanatic. The next step, then, was to bring my 'borrowed' rhythms into focus on a subject quite different from football—such as presidential politics."

- *Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail '72*, Hunter S. Thompson, page 322.

"The reasons they give are generally too vague or unfounded to argue with: 'too radical,' 'anti-labor,' 'anti-Semitic,' and they are not worth arguing about anyway; because the real reason why so many Old Guard Democrats are backing away from McGovern is a powerful desire to regain their control of the Democratic Party."

- *Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail '72*, Hunter S. Thompson, page 324.

"Well... maybe so. This may be the year when we finally come face to face with ourselves; finally just lay back and say it—that we are really just a nation of 220 million used car salesmen with all the money we need to buy guns, and no qualms at all about killing anybody else in the world who tries to make us uncomfortable.

The tragedy of all this is that George McGovern, for all his mistakes and all his imprecise talk about 'new politics' and 'honesty in government,' is one of the few men who've run for President of the United States in this century who really understands what a fantastic monument to all the best instincts of the human race this country might have been, if we could have kept it out of the hand of greedy little hustlers like Richard Nixon.

McGovern made some stupid mistakes, but in context they seem almost frivolous compared to the things Richard Nixon does every day of his life, on purpose, as a matter of policy and a perfect expression of everything he stands for."

- *Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail '72*, Hunter S. Thompson, page 389.

“What follows is the actual manuscript which Dr. Thompson found that morning.
[...]

but the election did break his heart after all. he thought he saw [xxx] faces glowing with hope xx that the country would aim for higher standards, yearning for peace and an end to the domestic anguish. but the voters turned their backs on him.

[S]enator [M]c[G]overn had x hoped too that [A]mericans x would share his concernx that the [N]ixon administratio[n] was ignoring the interests of the people and consorting only with xxxxxxxx industrial giants/attending to the @special interests@ of the super rich and generally sacrificing the welfare of the country at large.

nothing x that mr. [M]c[G]overn had to say on these questions got through to the people sufficiently to persuade them to vote for him. they did not even react to his dark xxxxxxxxinsinuations that the alleged wir[e]tapping, espionage and sabotage tactics of the [N]ixon administrationxxxxxxwas leading them towards a @big brother@ state where nowone would be safe from in[t]rusion on [...] personal privacy”

- *Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail '72*, Hunter S. Thompson, page 430-431.

“McGovern: Well, see, nobody'll ever know that for sure, 'cause those records are never gonna be available. I think the FBI has them.

HTS: How the hell does the FBI have them? On what pretext did they get them?

McGovern: I don't know. But I was told by Ramsey Clark that the FBI had a very complete medical file on Eagleton, and that he (Clark) knew it at the time he was Attorney General.

HTS: Including the shock?

McGovern: Yeah, but I never saw the records. I was never able to get access to them.

HTS: Do you think that original leak to the press, Frank, and Gary came from the FBI?

McGovern: They might have been directly, they might have, they've been known to leak things like that to the press, and it may very well have been an FBI leak, but the Knight newspapers never would divulge the source.

[...]

HTS: I think I did. It was Stelazine, not Thorazine like I heard originally. I did everything I could to get hold of the actual records, but nobody would even talk to me. I finally just got into a rage and just drove on to Colorado and said to hell with it. It seemed to me that the truth could have had a hell of an effect on the election. It struck me as being kind of tragic that he would be perceived as the good guy...”

- *Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail '72*, Hunter S. Thompson, page 451-452.

Desolation Angels (1965)

“[Jarrry] was banned from this government fire work after an FBI Snoop (ridiculous, as tho he had affiliations with Moscow and should run out there and light fires at night and run back to his lookout or jam the radio communications with a gleam in his eyes pressing the transmitter up and down) —Old Blacky said: “Damn silly to me to see that boy blackballed outa here—he was a damn good little firefirghter and a good lookout and a *good boy*— It seems like nowadays nobody can say anything any more the FBI’ll investigate em— Me I’m gonna say my mind and I do say my mind— Now the *ting* that gets me, is how they kin blackball a boy like Jarrry dere” (the way Blacky talks)——”

- *Desolation Angels*, Jack Kerouac, pages 64-65.

“[...] more fit for Holy Russia of the 19th Century than for this modern America of crew cuts and sullen faces in Pontiacs—”

- *Desolation Angels*, Jack Kerouac, page 257.

Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties (2019)

“Throughout *Love Needs Care*, Smith draws parallels between the rodents he’d studied and the speed-addled hippies in the Haight. The mice on speed, he wrote, ‘become inordinately aggressive and assaultive... [turning] upon one another with unexpected savagery. Their violent behavior is probably intensified by confinement for it is strikingly similar to that observed in amphetamine abusers who consume the drugs in crowded atmospheres.”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O’Neil, page 312.

“‘Cut off from the straight world, crammed together in inhuman conditions, and controlled by chemicals,’ [David] Smith concluded, ‘they behaved, quite naturally, like rats in a cage.’”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O’Neil, page 314.

“In fact, according to Dr. Eugene Schoenfeld, who participated in a portion of Smith’s rate research in 1965, LSD was an integral component of the project. Smith and his colleagues would inject the rats with acid in hopes of making them more suggestible

before he gave them amphetamines. Suggestibility was among the most prized effects of LSD from a clinical perspective. And yet Smith kept LSD out of the documentation of his research. “

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O’Neil, page 314.

“Like the San Francisco Project and Roger Smith’s Amphetamine Research Project (ARP), some of David Smith’s research, according to his academic papers, was funded by the National Institute of Mental Health (NIMH), which, as mentioned earlier, later acknowledged that the CIA used it as a front for LSD research. And though David never mentioned it in his writing, his work owed a clear debt to the landmark research of another NIMH psychologist, John B. Calhoun, who’d studied rat populations since 1946.”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O’Neil, page 315.

“[Calhoun’s] term ‘behavioral sink’ — defined as ‘the outcome of any behavioral process that collects animals together in unusually great numbers... aggravating all forms of pathology that can be found within [the] group’ — entered the scientific lexicon right away.’ David Smith used it extensively in his writing and in interviews with me.”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O’Neil, page 315.

“Though Smith never mentioned Calhoun by name, his research was essentially a continuation. He sought to control the pathologies of rats (or was it mice?) in crowded environments by aggravating them with amphetamines. He concluded that amphetamines were more toxic to rats in groups than rats alone. Their crowding essentially exacerbated the effects of the stimulant.”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O’Neil, page 316

“And this conclusion, like so much in Smith’s research, confused me. I didn’t see how it could be objective and unbiased. According to Calhoun, the rats’ violence wasn’t *intensified* by confinement, but created by it. So what difference did it make if Smith shot them up with amphetamines? It seemed like the equivalent of studying drunk, inexperienced ice skaters to learn about alcohol intoxication. The novice skaters were

going to fall down on the ice anyway, regardless of whether they'd been drinking or not."

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O'Neil, page 316.

"Given how eerily Smith's research had prefigured the creation of the Family — under David's nose, in the Haight, during the summer of '67 — I wondered if he had deliberately underreported it. [...] Why would he use LSD to induce suggestibility in rats before injecting them with amphetamines and making them berserk?"

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O'Neil, page 316.

"When Roger Smith joined forces with the HAFMC [Haight Ashbury Free Medical Clinic] to begin the ARP, he was picking up where David left off— —but this time, the research involved people. This meant that both Smiths, and Manson, were often in the same place, at the same time, with both Smiths having received funding from a federal institute later revealed to be a CIA front."

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O'Neil, page 317.

"The HAFMC's original chief psychiatrist, Dr. Ernest Dernburg, remembered the theft of the ARP files, too. As he recalled, they'd gone missing right after the announcement of Manson's arrest for the Tate-LaBianca murders [...] Nothing else was taken from the HAFMC, which led the staff to believe that the police or some federal agency might've removed the files."

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O'Neil, page 318.

"It was a considerable amount of research—the premier amphetamine research conducted at a street level. It would have been very important to the clinic... and it disappeared."

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O'Neil, page 318.

“What *have* survived are the many issues of the *Journal of Psychedelic Drugs*, the HAFMC’s in-house research organ, still active to this day. [...] In the late sixties and early seventies, the journal printed a raft of articles by David [Smith] and other clinicians about the long-term effects of LSD and amphetamines.”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O’Neil, page 318.

“Grogan saw through the HAFMC’s mission statement right away: ‘Just because no one was made to pay a fee when they went there, didn’t make it a ‘free clinic’ [...] ‘On the contrary, the patients were treated as ‘research subjects’ and the faculty was used to support whatever medical institutions were new and appropriate to the agency.’”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O’Neil, page 321.

“‘You’re not going to like this,’ I wrote to my agent, pausing before I typed the next line: ‘but I think the JFK assassination is involved.’ I paused again. ‘And the CIA’s mind-control experiments.’”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O’Neil, page 341.

“West had enlisted in the army air force during World War II, eventually rising to the rank of colonel. He came to my interest when I learned that he’d accepted an office at the Haight-Ashbury clinic from David Smith himself to recruit subjects for LSD research.”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O’Neil, page 342.

“In a 1967 psychiatry textbook, he’d contributed a chapter called ‘Hallucinogens,’ warning students of a ‘remarkable substance’ percolating through college campuses and into cities across the United States. It was LSD, known to leave users ‘unusually suspectable and emotionally liable’ as it caused a ‘loosening of ego structure.’ That language was reminiscent of the language speel Charles Manson would soon develop, urging his acid-tripping followers to ‘negate their egos.’”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O’Neil, page 345.

“West asserted that hypothesis could make people so pliable that they’d violate their moral codes. Scarier still, they’d have no memory of it afterward.”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O’Neil, page 345.

“In 1949, it launched operation Bluebird, a mind-control program whose chipper name belied its brutal ambitions and its propensity for trampling on human rights. In its bet to best the Soviets, the CIA tested drugs on American citizens — most in federal penitentiaries or on military bases—who didn’t even know about, let alone consent to, the battery of procedures they underwent.”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O’Neil, page 352.

“The word [brain wash], a literal translation of the Chinese *xi nao*, didn’t appear in English before 1950. It articulated a set of fears that had coalesced in post-war America. Technology had destabilized every atom of human nature, and a new class of chemicals with unpronounceable names could reduce people to machines. The human mind, like any other appliance, could be rewired and automated.”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O’Neil, page 352.

“West’s success with the POWs gained him entrée to the upper echelons of the intelligence community. As the Cold War bred paranoia, the CIA accelerated its mind-control efforts, and West, I learned, carved out a niche he’d occupy for decades to come. Initially, the agency wanted only to prevent further brainwashing by the Soviets. But the extraordinary power of psychotropic drugs, particularly LSD, was hard to ignore. Thus a defensive program became an offensive one. Operation Bluebird morphed into Operation Artichoke, a search for an all-purpose truth serum.”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O’Neil, page 353.

“Dr. Sidney Gottlieb, a poisons expert who headed the chemical division of the CIA’s Technical Services Staff, had convinced the agency’s director, Allen Dulles, that mind-control ops were the future.”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O'Neil, page 353.

"In a speech at Princeton University, Dulles warned that Communist spies could turn the American mind into 'a phonograph playing a disc put on its spindle by an outside genius over which it has no control.' Just says after those remarks, on April 13, 1953, he officially set Project MKULTRA into motion."

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O'Neil, page 353.

"The CIA gave these scientists aliases, funneled money to them, and instructed them on how to conceal their research from prying eyes, including those of their unknowing subjects. Feeling that it was their patriotic duty, the scientists accepted their secret missions in defiance of the Hippocratic oath: 'First, do no harm.'"

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O'Neil, page 354.

"In 1949, at the Nuremberg trials that adjudicated the crimes of World War II, the United States adopted the International Code for Human Experimentation: 'A person must give full and informed consent before being used as a test subject.' MKULTRA scientists flouted this code constantly, remorselessly — and in ways that stupefy the imagination. Their work encompassed everything from electronic brain stimulation to sensory deprivation to 'induced pain' and 'psychosis.' They sought ways to cause heart attacks, severe twitching, and intense cluster headaches. If drugs didn't do the trick, they'd try to master ESP, **ultrasonic vibrations, and radiation poisoning. One project tried to harness the power of magnetic fields.**"

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O'Neil, page 354.

"But scrutiny and internal pressure on the CIA continued to mount until the agency was forced to make an admission: It hadn't destroyed everything."

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O'Neil, page 356.

"Gottlieb's destruction of MKULTRA files was a federal crime. It was investigated by the Justice Department in 1976, but, according to the *Times*, 'quietly dropped.' His brutal

consequences of experimentation broke any number of laws, and his perjury that day did, too. But he was never prosecuted. He'd testified before the Senate only under the condition that he would receive total criminal immunity."

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O'Neil, page 357.

"As for those sixteen thousand new pages, they were mainly financial records, but a few more tantalizing documents found the CIA explicating its ambitions. 'Can we obtain control of the future activities (physical and mental) of any individual, willing or unwilling.... with guarantee of amnesia?' they asked. 'Can we force an individual to act against his own moral concepts?' And: 'Can an individual... be made to perform an act of attempted assassination?'"

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O'Neil, page 357.

"But no one in the press corps, and none of the senators involved, followed up to see that the promised investigations took place."

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O'Neil, page 358.

"Senate investigators condemned MKULTRA unanimously. Kennedy branded it 'perverse' and 'corrupt,' an erosion of the 'freedom of individuals and institutions in the name of national security.' Inouye called it 'grandiose and sinister.'"

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O'Neil, pages 357-358.

"West's archive [...] I was intrigued to see many clippings on the Manson murders, and papers by Roger Smith, David Smith, and Alan Rose."

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O'Neil, page 359.

"So West really had lied all those years. Not only was he a part of MKULTRA, he'd corresponded with the 'Black Sorcerer' of MKULTRA himself."

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O'Neil, page 360.

"Addressing Gottlieb [...] he offered a nine-point list, beginning with a plan to discover 'the degree to which information can be extracted from presumably unwilling subjects (through hypnosis alone or in combination with certain drugs), possibly with subsequent amnesia for the interrogation and/or alteration of the subject's recollection of the information he formerly knew.' Another item proposed honing 'techniques for implanting false information into particular subjects... or for inducing in them specific mental disorders.' West wanted to reverse someone's belief system without his knowledge, and make it stick. He hoped to create 'couriers' who would carry a 'long and complex message' embedded secretly in their minds, and to study 'the induction of trance-states by drugs.'"

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O'Neil, page 360.

"Williams was 'an uncomfortably close scrutinizer of all my activities,' who believed that hypnosis was 'tampering with the soul,' West complained."

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O'Neil, page 361.

"April 1954, West had begun arrangements to relocate to the University of Oklahoma School of Medicine, which wanted him to head its psychiatry department. He would be a civilian again. Gottlieb commended his 'new look,' noting, 'it appears at the moment to be a move which would in the long run be beneficial to us.'"

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O'Neil, page 362.

"Now performing his duties for Gottlieb at both the university and the air force base, West asked the judge advocate at Lackland for permission to accept money from the Geschickter Fund for Medical Research, which he called 'a non-profit private research foundation.' In fact, as the CIA later acknowledged, Geschickter was another of Gottlieb's fictions, enabling him to keep West and other researchers properly paid."

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O'Neil, page 362.

“April 1956 [...] West reported back to the CIA that the experiments he’d begun in 1953 had at last come into fruition. He was ensconced in a civilian institution, and evidently he found it a less oppressive setting than Lackland had been. In a paper titled ‘The Psychological Studies of Hypnosis and Suggestibility,’ he claimed to have achieved the impossible: he knew how to replace ‘true memories’ with ‘false ones’ in human beings without their knowledge. In case the CIA didn’t grasp the significance of this, he put it in layman’s terms: ‘It has been found to be feasible to take the memory of a definite event in the life of an individual and, through hypnotic suggestion, bring about the subsequent conscious recall to the effect that this event never actually took place, but that a different (fictional) event actually did occur.’”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O’Neil, page 363.

“[West] enthusiastically described a high-tech laboratory he planned to construct at Oklahoma. It would include ‘a special chamber [where] various hypnotic, pharmacologic, and sensory-environmental variables will be manipulated.’”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O’Neil, page 363.

“Since West’s paper was light on specifics, it’s hard to know if it was only a ploy for more funding. Whatever it was, the CIA felt it had to keep it under wraps. When the agency was forced to disclose MKULTRA to the public, they submitted an expurgated version of West’s paper to Congress, an act of deception that’s never been exposed.”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O’Neil, page 364.

“In sworn testimony, the CIA said that everything it shared with Congress was intact except for the redactions of researchers’ and institutions’ names. Now it turned out they hadn’t just censored West’s report they’d completely misrepresented its contents. The one-page summary of West’s accomplishments in the lab doesn’t exist in West’s original. The new page was only a theoretical discussion of LSD — of its *possible* effects on ‘dissociative states.’ It concluded, ‘The effects of these agents [LSD and other drugs] upon the production, maintenance, and manifestations of disassociated states *has never been studied.*’”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O’Neil, page 365.

“It could’ve been exactly what the agency wanted — for the world to assume MKULTRA was a bust, and forget the whole thing. One thing was indisputable: The CIA’s falsified documents invalidated the Senate investigation’s findings. The agency lied, obstructed justice, and tampered with evidence, and the West documents prove it.”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O’Neil, page 365.

“‘We are at the dawn of a new era,’ West told the crowd, ‘learning for the first time to produce temporary mental derangement in the laboratory. The *Oregon Journal* noted that West ‘listed the new hallucination drug LSD, along with other drugs, hypnosis, and sleep deprivation as some of the things that [he was] using to produce temporary mental illness effects in normal people.’ Reporting that West had done ‘extensive work’ with LSD, the *Journal* continued: ‘The most important contribution of the drug so far is in producing model mental illnesses.’”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O’Neil, page 366.

“Almost fifteen years later, besieged by reporters [...] West insisted that all his LSD work ‘had been confined to animals,’ denying any CIA affiliation. [...] West, I confirmed through financial records—had been investigating ‘a number of dissassociative phenomena’ on humans’ ‘in the lab,’ including an exceptionally rare clinical disorder known as ‘latah,’ ‘a neurotic condition marked by automatic obedience.’”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O’Neil, page 366.

“By then he’d left Oklahoma for UCLA, where he offered a steady stream of denials and continued to thrive through his retirement in 1988.”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O’Neil, page 366.

“He planned to test radical forms of behavior modification, implanting electrodes and ‘remote monitoring devices’ in prisoners’ brains. A federal investigation concluded that the program involved ‘coercive methods’ that threatened ‘privacy and self-determination.’”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O'Neil, page 367.

"Now I could tie West to the highest, most clandestine echelons of the Central Intelligence Agency. I could tie him to both of the Smiths, the authority figures from Manson's lost year in San Francisco. And through his efforts to open the Violence Center, I could tie him to bigwigs in the LAPD and the DA's office who'd helped prosecute Manson. But I could never prove that he'd examined Manson himself— or even that they'd ever met. Nor had West taken part in Manson's trial. His absence was conspicuous. One of the world's leading experts on brainwashing and cults, he was hardly adverse to publicity. He'd appeared as a witness many times before. Manson was tried in his own backyard; the proceedings were international news. Yet West was nowhere near them."

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O'Neil, page 368.

"‘I don't know,’ [David Smith] said, ‘but the military experiments are added proof that my hypothesis is correct—that [brainwashing with LSD] can be done.’"

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O'Neil, page 368.

"I'd always believed that Cold War-era paranoia had overstated the potential for 'Manchurian Candidates' taught to kill by dastardly commies. One the other hand, I accepted that Charles Manson had altered his followers' minds, and that LSD did a lot of the heavy lifting."

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O'Neil, pages 368-369.

"Alan Schefflin, a forensic psychologist and law professor who'd written a book on MKULTRA, I laid out a circumstantial case linking West to Manson. Was it possible, I asked, that the Manson murders were an MKULTRA experiment gone wrong? 'No,' he said, 'an MKULTRA experiment gone right.'"

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O'Neil, page 369.

“Articles and court testimony described Shaver’s mental state just as West had described his experiments the previous summer: amnesias and trance states, a man violating his moral code with no memory of doing so. And West had written that he planned to experiment on Lackland airmen for projects that ‘must eventually be put to test in practical trials in the field.’”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O’Neil, page 372.

“West would attempt, he explained, to induce musth, ‘a form of madness’ that occurred in male elephants during the rutting season. Musth caused violent behavioral changes. ‘Normally cooperative and tamable, the elephant now runs berserk for a period of about two weeks, during which time he may attack or destroy anything in his path,’ West explained, claiming that whole villages had been wiped out by a single musthing animal [...] he would simulate musth by injecting the elephant with a lot of LSD.”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O’Neil, pages 374-375.

“West said his objective was to find an ‘animal model’ for ‘recurring psychoses in humans.’”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O’Neil, page 375.

“Outraged scientists questioned West’s true objectives, labeling him ‘capricious’ and ‘irresponsible.’”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O’Neil, page 375.

“‘When [the elephant] died, the department was worried: How in the world are we going to pay for that?’ Deckert recalled. ‘All Jolly would say to anybody was that he would find a way to pay for it. I learned then, when I became chair, that the source was payment from the CIA. [...] The financial cover was the Foundations Fund for Research in Psychiatry, Inc.: the same group that paid for West’s Haight-Ashbury Project.’”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O’Neil, page 376.

“Another of Ruby’s attorneys, Melvin Belli, later wrote that Ruby had ‘a blank spot in his memory,’ and that any explanation he provided was simply ‘confabulating.’ Potential justifications had been poured like water into the vacuum in his pathologically receptive memory and, once there, had solidified like cement.”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O’Neil, page 377.

“Seemingly as soon as the story of Oswald’s murder hit the presses, Jolly West tried to insinuate himself into the case. He hoped to assemble a panel of ‘experts in behavior problems’ to weigh in on Ruby’s mental state.”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O’Neil, page 377.

“Meanwhile, at Langley, the CIA’s Richard Helms was making the case that MKULTRA’s human guinea pigs had to be entirely unaware of the experiments performed on them. This was ‘the only realistic method,’ he wrote, ‘to influence human behavior as the operational targets will certainly be unwitting.’”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O’Neil, page 378.

“West emerged from Ruby’s cell to announce that the previously sane inmate had undergone ‘an acute psychotic break’ sometime during the preceding ‘forty-eight hours.’ Whatever transpired between West and Ruby in that cell, only the two of them could say, there were no witnesses.”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O’Neil, page 379.

“West said the trouble had started sometime in the evening before the exam, when Ruby ran headfirst into this cell wall in an apparent suicide attempt. But Ruby’s jailer, Sheriff Bill Decker, shrugged it off as a cry for attention. ‘He’d rubbed his head on the wall enough that we had to put a little Merthiolate [antiseptic] on it, Decker told a reporter. ‘That’s all.’”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O’Neil, page 379.

“There was praise, especially from those who’d worked with him at UCLA, but there was also condemnation, most of it from his former colleagues at Oklahoma, where he’d done the bulk of his MKULTRA research. He was a ‘devious man,’ ‘egotistical,’ an inveterate ‘narcissist’ and ‘womanizer.’ The few who hadn’t already suspected his involvement with the CIA accepted it readily. But the most relevant insight came from Dr. Jay Shurley, his good friend of forty-five years, who’d worked with West at Lackland Air Force Base and the University of Oklahoma.”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O’Neil, page 381.

“‘I feel sort of disloyal to Jolly’s memory,’ Shurley said, ‘but I have to be honest with you, my gut feeling would be yes. He would be capable of that.’ Calling West ‘a very complex character,’ he explained, ‘he had a little problem with grandiosity. He would not be averse at all to having influenced American history in some way or other...’”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O’Neil, page 381.

“But no one else on the commission — except, presumably, Dulles, who started the program — was aware that [Jolly West] a CIA ‘asset’ trained in mind control had assumed responsibility for the psychiatric care of Jack Ruby, whom the commission regarded as their ‘most important witness.’”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O’Neil, page 382.

“In the summer of love, [Manson] walked the same streets and frequented the same clinic as Jolly West, the upright air force officer, the world-renowned psychiatrist, the eloquent hypnotist who wrote to his CIA handlers that there was ‘no more vital undertaking conceivable’ than to dose unwitting research subjects with LSD and replace their memories.”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O’Neil, page 391.

“His image became a repository for our fears. Everyone preferred the idea of him to the reality, and in death, he was more the ideal than ever: the killer hippie from the sixties, a decade that feels further removed from the present than many that occurred before it.”

- *Chaos: Charles Manson, the CIA, and the Secret History of the Sixties*, O'Neil, page 436.

Various quotes taken from Dostoevsky the Thinker (2002)

"Creativity, the basic principle of every art, is an integral, organic quality of human nature and has the right to exist and develop simply because it is a necessary appurtenance of the human spirit. It is as legitimate in man as intellect, as all the moral qualities of man, and perhaps as two arms, two legs, and a stomach. It is inseparable from man and forms with him one whole."

- *Mr. ——bov*, Fyodor Dostoevsky

"It is impossible to calculate every future step of all humanity like a calendar. Therefore how is one to determine *absolutely correctly* what is harmful and what is useful? But it is not just a matter of the future: we cannot have precise and positive information about the paths and deviations—in a word, about the whole normal course—of the useful even in our past... Therefore how can you determine, measure, and weigh the benefit that the *Illiad*, for example, has brough humanity as a whole? Where, when, in what cases has it been useful, and in what way? Finally, what exact influence did it have on particular nations at a particular period in their development, and how much of this influence was there (well, let's say in pounds, tons, yards, kilometers, degree, etc)?"

- *Mr. ——bov*, Fyodor Dostoevsky

"And who knows? When this young man, twenty or thirty years later, took one stand rather than another at the time of some great social event in which he was a great leading figure... perhaps among the mass of reasons that made him act thus and not otherwise there was, unconsciously for him, the impression of the Apollo Belvedere he had seen twenty years before"

- *Mr. ——bov*, Fyodor Dostoevsky

"The portraitist... knows from experience that a person does not always look like himself, and therefore he tries to find 'the principle idea of his physiognomy,' the moment when the subject most resembles himself... What is the artist doing here, if not trusting more his own idea (the ideal) than the reality before him? Of course the ideal is also reality, just as legitimate as the present reality"

- Mr. ——*bov*, Fyodor Dostoevsky

“With all our strength we shall strive at every moment so that you have as much personal freedom as possible, as much self-expression as possible”

- Fyodor Dostoevsky

“If we desire the greatest freedom for art, it is precisely in the belief that the freer it is in its development, the more useful it will be to human interests”

- Fyodor Dostoevsky

“In essence [the Paris Commune] is all the same old Rousseau and the dream of recreating the world anew through reason and experience (positivism)... They desire the happiness of man and remain at Rousseau’s definitions of the word ‘happiness’, that is, at a fantasy that is not justified even by experience. The burning of Paris is a monstrosity... But indeed to them (as to many) that madness seems not a monstrosity but, on the contrary, *beauty*. And so, in modern humanity the aesthetic idea has been muddled.”

- Fyodor Dostoevsky, 1871.

“A part of my own free will is demanded from me, and I do not wish to give it up. Thus in essence socialism arouses the protest of personality and will never be realized... Your rationality is completely irrational, for it does not indicate what to do with individual protest other than treating it despotically.”

- Fyodor Dostoevsky, circa 1870.

“Aesthetics is the discovery of beautiful moments of the soul, by man himself, for self-perfection.”

- Fyodor Dostoevsky, circa 1870.

“They call me a psychologist.... Untrue: I am simply a realist in the highest sense—that is, I depict all the depths of the human soul.”

- Fyodor Dostoevsky, 1881.

“Sometimes what is recommended as panhuman proves somehow to be no good at all in a particular country and can only retard the development of the people to whom it is applied.... We believe that every plant is threatened by degeneration in a country that lacks many of the conditions for its life. It even seems to us sometimes that this desire to level every people in accordance with a single ideal defined once and for all is at bottom too despotic. It denies to people all right of *self-development*, all intellectual *autonomy*.”

- Fyodor Dostoevsky, 1862.

“Fate has distributed tasks among us—to develop one or another side of the common man... Humanity will complete the full cycle of its development only when each people [*narod*], in keeping with the conditions of its material situation, will have fulfilled its own task. There are no sharp distinctions among the national tasks, because at the basis of every nationality lies one common human ideal, simply with a local coloration. Thus there can be no antagonism among peoples so long as each understands its own true interests. The trouble is that such understanding is exceedingly rare, and peoples seek their glory only in an empty priority over their neighbors. The various peoples working out their panhuman tasks can be compared with specialists in science; each is particularly occupied with his own subject, toward which, in preference to others, he feels a special inclination. But they all have in view one common science.”

- Fyodor Dostoevsky, 1862.

“It’s certainly true that reality is deeper than any human imagination, than any fantasy. For all the seeming simplicity of phenomena, it is a dreadful riddle... Nothing in reality is completed, just as it is impossible to find a beginning—everything flows and everything *is*, but you can’t lay hold of anything. And what you do lay hold of, comprehend, mark with word, at once becomes a lie. ‘A thought spoken is a lie.’”

- Fyodor Dostoevsky, 1876.

“The ‘realists’ understand only what takes place before their eyes, but they themselves are not only unable, because of nearsightedness, to look ahead, they do not even understand how for someone else the *future results of present events* can be crystal clear.”

- Fyodor Dostoevsky

“With their realism, you won’t explain a hundredth part of the real facts that have actually taken place. But we with our idealism have even prophesized facts.”

- Fyodor Dostoevsky

“We [Russia as opposed to Western Europe] have long had a neutral soil, on which everything comes together in an integral, harmonious, unanimous unit, all the classes come together peacefully, concordantly, and fraternally... It is in this that we differ from you, for you have had to fight for each step forward, for each of your rights, for each of your privileges... We have no class interests because we have no classes in the strict sense. We have no Gauls and Franks.”

- Fyodor Dostoevsky, 1861.

“[The Russian] sympathizes with all humanity without distinction of nationality, blood, or soil... He has an instinct for panhumanity. He guesses by instinct the panhuman feature even in the most pronounced idiosyncrasies of other nations. He at once harmonizes and reconciles them within his idea, finds a place for them in his conclusions and not infrequently discovers the point of unity and reconciliation in the completely antithetical, competing ideas of two European nations.”

- Fyodor Dostoevsky, 1861.

“By understanding freedom as the multiplication and rapid satisfaction of needs, people distort their own nature, for they engender in themselves many senseless and foolish desires, habits, and fancies of the most ridiculous sort. They live only to envy one another, to gratify the flesh, and to swagger [...] It is no wonder that instead of freedom people have fallen into slavery [...] How can one shake off one’s habits, where is this slave to go if he is so habituated to satisfying the innumerable needs he himself has invented? He is isolated, and the whole is no concern of his.”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoevsky, pages 284-285.

“And even though you were a light, but you see that people are not being saved even in the presence of your light, be firm and do not doubt the power of the heavenly light. Believe that if they have not been saved now, they will be saved later. And if they are not saved even later, then their sons will be saved, for your light will not die even if you have already died. The righteous man departs, but his light remains... You are working for the whole, you are acting for the future.”

- *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fyodor Dostoevsky, page 292.

“Man, always and everywhere, whoever he might be, has loved to act as he wants, and not at all as reason [*razum*] and advantage command him to; and one can want even against one’s own advantage... One’s own voluntary, free wanting [*khoten’e*], one’s own caprice, even the wildest, one’s own fancy, though inflamed sometimes to the point of madness—all this is that same, omitted, most advantageous advantage, which does not fall under any classification and by which all systems and theories are constantly sent flying to the devil.”

- *Notes from Underground*, Fyodor Dostoevsky, page 113.

“Man is primarily a creating animal, condemned to strive consciously toward a goal and busy himself with the engineering art—that is, eternally and ceaselessly to build a road for himself to *wherever it may lead*... Man loves to create and to build roads; that is beyond question. But why does he also so passionately love destruction and chaos? [...] Is it perhaps[...] that he himself has an instinctive fear of achieving his goal and completing the structure he is creating? [...] Perhaps, like a chess player, he loves only the process of achieving the goal, not the goal itself.”

- *Notes from Underground*, Fyodor Dostoevsky, page 118.

“That the person should find, should recognize, should with the full force of his nature be convinced, that the highest use someone can make of his personality, of the full development of his *self*, is to annihilate this *self*, as it were—to give it totally to each and every one, undividedly and unselfishly. And this is the greatest happiness. In this way the law of the *self* and the *all* (seemingly too extreme opposites)—are mutually annihilated for each other, while at the same time each separate person attains the highest goal of his individual development... This indeed is the paradise of Christ.”

- Fyodor Dostoevsky, 1864.

“The task of art is not the contingencies of daily life but their general idea, perceptively discerned and truthfully extracted from the whole miscellany of similar phenomena of life.”

- *A Writer’s Diary*, Fyodor Dostoevsky, page 82.

“One has only to remove the outer, superficial husk, and look at the kernel itself more attentively, more closely, without prejudice, and he will see in the people such things as he would never have suspected.”

- *Notes from the House of the Dead*, Fyodor Dostoevsky, pages 121-122.

“Someone who has once experienced this power, this unlimited mastery over the body, blood, and spirit of a person like himself... who has experienced the power and full opportunity to degrade, by the most supreme humiliation, another being who bears the divine image, will somehow, even against his own will, lose control of his feelings. Tyranny is a habit; it is capable of development, and it develops finally into a disease. I submit that the habit can coarsen and stupefy even the best of persons to the level of the brute.”

- *Notes from the House of the Dead*, Fyodor Dostoevsky, page 154.

“It is a striking fact that one of the more common motives of Dostoevsky’s characters is spite (*zloba*, adjectivally *zlobnyi* or *zloi*)—the malicious desire to hurt or humiliate someone. From his early stories to his last great novels, spiteful characters abound. *The Insulted and Injured* is a carnival of spite, expressed by everyone from Natasha and Nellie to Mme. Bubov (‘eyes gleaming with spite’ [3:258]) and above all Prince Valkovsky, behind whose ‘mask’ was seen ‘something spiteful, cunning, and supremely egoistic’ (3:245) and who ‘wanted to prick, to sting, to bite, to jeer’ (3:360). These are animal desires, as Dostoevsky’s choice of words suggests—desires of the kind he attributed to his fellow prisoner ‘A-v’ (Pavel Aristov) in *Notes from the House of the Dead*, whom he describes as ‘a monster, a moral Quasimodo,’ an example of the extremes to which the physical side of a human being can go when it is ‘not restrained inwardly by any standard, by any law’ (4:63)”

- *Dostoevsky the Thinker*, James P. Scanlan, page 84.

“The terrible irony is that the resulting brutishness is mistaken for deity, as shown in the triumphant cry of Kirillov in *Demons*: ‘For three years I have sought the attribute of divinity in me and I have found it: the attribute of my divinity is—self-will!’”

- *Dostoevsky the Thinker*, James P. Scanlan, page 85.

“Even ‘a delightful nature like yours,’ he has Alyosha tell Kolya Krasotkin in a notebook for *The Brothers Karamazov*, ‘is already fully corrupted by convictions’ (15:309). Dostoevsky devoted a great deal of attention to the ways in which particular cognitive

conditions—that is, particular beliefs, deficiencies in knowledge, or processes of reasoning—contribute to the failure of the moral will to restrain our egoistic impulses. At one point or another he identifies many such cognitive conditions as having this effect: they include the belief in philosophical materialism or atheism; the denial of the immortality of the soul; a lack of adequate knowledge of the common people; casuistic reasoning; a Westernist outlook; a bourgeois mentality; erroneous views of freedom[.]”

- *Dostoevsky the Thinker*, James P. Scanlan, page 85.

“He insistently demanded ‘true’ characters, meaning in part characters appropriate to the real situations in which they are depicted; in this light he defends his own characters in *Demons* as having been shown by events to be ‘justified by reality’ and ‘discerned truthfully’[.]”

- *Dostoevsky the Thinker*, James P. Scanlan, page 133.

“True beauty resides in ‘the ideal of the Madonna,’ Dmitry implies in *The Brothers Karamazov*, but the majority of people find it in ‘the ideal of Sodom ‘ instead—or, inconsistently, in both at once. It is in connection with such internal conflicts over beauty that Dmitry makes his much-quoted remark that ‘here the devil is fighting with God, and the field of battle is the human heart.’”

- *Dostoevsky the Thinker*, James P. Scanlan, page 155.

“And the psychological position of the individual in such a situation is very difficult: he must give up everything, yet have no thought of a benefit in return, a situation that **Dostoevsky compares to trying *not* to think of a polar bear—for all one’s effort, ‘the damned bear will constantly come to one’s mind.’**”

- *Dostoevsky the Thinker*, James P. Scanlan, page 164.

“[He] had become a revolutionary *only* to abolish serfdom and *only* after the seeming dissolution of all hope that it would be ended, to quote Pushkin, ‘by the hand of the Tsar.’ But now the glorious day had dawned of which Pushkin could only dream, and the Tsar whom Dostoevsky was to support so fervently for the rest of his life was the Tsar-Liberator who had finally decided to eradicate this intolerant moral blight from the Russian conscience.”

- *Dostoevsky: The Seeds of Revolt*, Joseph Frank, pages 247-249.

Beyond Good and Evil (1886)

“Once the structure of society seems to have been in general fixed and made safe from external dangers, it is this fear of one’s neighbor which again creates new perspectives of moral valuation. There are certain strong and dangerous drives, such as enterprisingness, foolhardiness, revengefulness, craft, rapacity, ambition, which hitherto had not only to be honoured from the point of view of their social utility — under different names, naturally, from those chosen here — but also mightily developed and cultivated (because they were constantly needed to protect the community as a whole against the enemies of the community as a whole); these drives are now felt to be doubly dangerous — now that the diversionary outlets for them are lacking — and are gradually branded as immoral and given over to calumny. The antithetical drives and inclinations now come into moral honour; step by step the herd instinct draws its conclusions. How much or how little that is dangerous to the community, dangerous to equality, resides in an opinion, in a condition or emotion, in a will, in a talent, that is now the moral perspective: here again fear is the mother of morality. When the highest and strongest drives, breaking passionately out, carry the individual far above and beyond the average and lowlands of the herd conscious, the self-confidence of the community goes to pieces, its faith in itself, its spine as it were, is broken: consequently it is precisely these drives which are most branded and calumniated. Lofty spiritual independence, the will to stand alone, great intelligence even, are felt to be dangerous; everything that raises the individual above the herd and makes his neighbor quail is henceforth called *evil*; the fair, modest, obedient, self-effacing disposition, the *mean and average in desires*, acquires moral names and honours. Eventually, under very peaceful conditions, there is less and less occasion or need to educate one’s feelings in severity and sternness; and now every kind of severity, even severity in justice, begins to trouble the conscience; a stern and lofty nobility and self-responsibility is received almost as an offense and awakens mistrust... Punishment: ... ‘Is it not enough to render him *harmless*? ... ‘we wish that there will one day *no longer be anything to fear*!’ One day — everywhere in Europe the will and way to *that* day is now called ‘progress’.”

❓ *Beyond Good and Evil*, Friedrich Nietzsche, pages 123-124.