

Lecture 8

MEANING OF REVOLUTION:

Now, in order to get a full picture of the meaning of the revolution of our times, we will look at a number of thinkers in the nineteenth century who were called "reactionaries," people who were against the revolution. Because, by seeing what arguments were brought against the revolution, and by seeing how a number of them themselves were influenced by deeper ideas which revolutionaries shared, we will get a deeper understanding of how deep this revolution goes.

The new order in Europe in 1815, after Napoleon was overthrown, was the reaction, the Holy Alliance, that is, the monarchs of Europe,

were restored. And there was a definite reaction. Revolutionary movements were discouraged and even squashed. Russia took a leading part in this -- even Tsar Alexander, who was [under a] very Masonic influence in his early years. Later on, after this time, after this Congress in Vienna, he began to understand that revolution was a serious business and that Christianity was quite other than he pictured it. And especially under the influence of the Archimandrite Photius who persuaded him the Masons were out to destroy his kingdom. And [warned him against] all these Protestants who were filtering in, and the Bible society. And when there was a rebellion in Spain, 1820, he volunteered to send a hundred thousand Cossacks to squash it. And the other powers of Europe decided this was too risky, that they'd better let the French take care of it. And so the French did take care of it, and squashed the rebellion. But from that time on the Russian Tsars became very aware of their responsibility to fight the revolution, especially inside Russia and, where possible, outside Russia. With one exception, that is, when the Greek rebellion broke out against the Turks, the Russians supported it.

And later on in '27-'28 when the Turks threatened to take over the Greek kingdom again, Tsar Nicholas, the arch-conservative, came to the aid of the Greeks, even though Metternich the great statesman warned him that they were also Masons and rebels just like the rest of them. And he said, "But, anyway, they're Orthodox; and we come to the aid of the Orthodox kingdoms."^{xxxix} And owing to a great deal to the Russian Tsars, Greece has a kingdom today as an independent state; they're not under the Turks.

Metternich

The leading statesman of this time in the west of Europe was Metternich. M-E-T-T-E-R-N-I-C-H, the foreign minister of Austria who was the spokesman for the conservative movement, although he himself was not quite as reactionary as he's painted to be. There's a brief description of his basic philosophy here in these books on the post-revolutionary epoch.

He also was born in the '70's, 1773, and died in 1859. The offspring "of a Catholic noble family in the Rhineland, he witnessed as a youth the Jacobin excesses," that is, revolutionary excesses, "at Strassburg which confirmed his contempt for mob-democracies and his faith in 'European society founded on Latin civilization consecrated by Christian faith and embellished by time.' He grew up with a deep reverence for tradition.... The Old Régime in its last days produced in him its ablest if not its noblest representative. He was a fine flower of an age that is now only a memory: a polished and courtly aristocrat, cool, urbane and imperturbable, a patron of the arts, a diplomat of first rank, a lover of beauty, order and tradition, something of a cynic perhaps, but always polite and charming.... [H]e entered the Austrian diplomatic service and made his reputation by worsting Napoleon in the critical days of 1813 after the retreat from Moscow. After the Emperor's fall he reigned as 'prime minister of Europe' until the" Revolution of 1848 overthrew him.^{xxxix}

"He saw that he was living in an age of transition; the old order, which had seemed so firm and secure, was everywhere dissolving and none could divine what was to take its place. Before a new equilibrium was attained, a period of anarchy and chaos must intervene. Metternich's life work was to stave off collapse as long as possible and maintain stability for the time at whatever cost. He was fully alive to the impermanent character of his achievements, remarking bitterly that he spent his days in propping up worm-eaten institutions, that he should have been born in 1700 or 1900, for he never fitted into the revolutionary Europe of the nineteenth century. The future," he knew, "was with democracy and nationalism," and "all that he held sacred -- monarchy, Church, aristocracy, tradition -- was doomed, but it was his duty to hold on, to retreat if need be to the very last line of defense before giving up."^{xxxiii}

So that's this statesman, who wrote his memoirs also, a very conservative man. He was against what he called the "presumptuous men,"^{xxxiv} these revolutionaries who were constantly rising up with their egotistic theories that they were going to remake society. He was overthrown in 1848 in the new wave of revolution which swept over the whole of Europe.

Another one of the chief -- there are actually three chief conservative philosophers at this time, thinkers: one in England, one in France, one in Spain. In England, the conservative is Edmund Burke, who was one of the first ones to protest against the Revolution already in 1790 when he wrote these reflections on the Revolution in France, which is a book which inspired many of these new neo-conservatives. Briefly, some of his views are set forth here in one of his text books.

In this book, *Reflections on the Revolution*, he says: "Is it in destroying and pulling down that skill is displayed? Your mob," that is, revolutionaries, "can do this as well at least, as your assemblies. The shallowest understanding, the rudest hand, is more than equal to that task. Rage and frenzy will pull down more in half an hour than prudence, deliberation and foresight can build up in a hundred years.... At once to preserve and to reform is quite a different thing. A spirit of innovation is generally the result of a selfish temper and confined views. People will not look forward to posterity, who never look backward to their ancestors.... By a constitutional policy working after the pattern of nature," that is, we English, "we transmit our government and our privileges, in the same manner in which we enjoy and transmit our property and our lives. The institutions of policy, the goods of fortune, the gifts of Providence are handed down to us, and from us, in the same course and order. Our political system is placed in a just correspondence and symmetry with the order of the world, wherein, by the disposition of a stupendous wisdom, molding together the great mysterious incorporation of the human race, the whole, at one time, is never old, or middle-aged, or young, but, in a condition of unchangeable constancy, moves on through the varied tenor of perpetual decay, fall, renovation, and progression. Thus, by preserving the method of nature in the conduct of the State, in what we improve, we are never wholly new; in what we retain, we are never wholly obsolete.... A disposition to preserve, and an ability to improve, taken together, will be my standard of a statesman."^{xxxv}

Of course these are very sensible words, spoken against people who talk about novelty for the sake of novelty and show that they don't know how bring it about. And when they do bring it about, they really(?) upset the whole society. But, of course, he was an Englishman; what his idea of conservatism is, is preserving whatever we have. And whatever we have is the English monarchy with the developing already idea of democracy. At that time it was still quite conservative; only the aristocrats had the right to vote, the upper classes. And the parliament was not at all representative of the whole people, it was gradually evolving in that direction. And, of course, he was undoubtedly an Anglican, and already that's a falling away even from Catholicism. Catholicism's a falling away from Orthodoxy. And you can evolve

a new religion of Anglicanism. It means, even though he's very conservative, there's no underlying principle which he can really rely on. And it's only a matter of time until, as we see, this kind of conservatism can evolve into something which is quite democratic and already utopian. So, this kind of conservatism will not go very far.

Donoso Cortes

But there's a second thinker of this time a little bit later, born 1809, died in 1853, who lived in Spain. His name is [Juan] Donoso Cortes. I think he was a prince or a count or something. He is not too well known in the West, although one of his books has been translated into English. And he is the most philosophical of all the people in the West who wrote about, against the Revolution. He wrote his great book in 1852, called *Essays on Catholicism, Liberalism, and Socialism*. He's a marqués, Marqués of Valdegamas.

And he is most significant because he clearly saw that this revolution is not some kind of an aimless thing; it has definite purpose behind it. And he even said that the revolution is theological. In order to defeat it, you must have a different theology.^{xxxvi}

He was especially against the great anarchist of his time, Proudhon, whom we'll talk in the next lecture. Proudhon, we'll see, is quite profound, more profound than many other revolutionaries. And he [Cortes] quotes even Proudhon, at the very opening of this book. He says, it's called "How a Great Question of Theology is Always Involved in Every Great Political Question":

"In his *Confessions of a Revolutionist* Monsieur Proudhon has written these remarkable words: 'It is wonderful how we ever stumble on theology in all our political questions! There is nothing here to cause surprise except the surprise of Monsieur Proudhon. Theology, inasmuch as it is the science of God, is the ocean which contains and embraces all sciences, as God is the ocean which contains and embraces all things.'^{xxxvii} And this whole book is an exposure of liberal[ism], first of mainly socialism as being anti-God. And liberalism he doesn't even have much respect for at all, because he sees it's only a halfway between socialism and monarchy. And there one book here he quotes somehow excerpts from this book [Viereck].

As Metternich called these revolutionaries the "presumptuous men," Donoso Cortes called them "the self-worshipping men."^{xxxviii} And he liked them better than the liberals because they had their own dogmas at least. You can fight against them on dogmatic grounds. He saw that the ending of religious influence on politics, that is, the atheist revolution, would produce in the future the most gigantic and destructive despotism ever known. In fact, in one of his talks before the Parliament in Spain, 1852, he told them that the end of the revolution is Antichrist, we can see on the horizon in the next century. In that respect he's quite profound. Here he gives some general quotes on the liberals and socialists.

"The liberal school," he said, "...is placed between two seas, whose constantly advancing waves will finally overwhelm it, between socialism and Catholicism.... It cannot admit the constituent sovereignty of the people without becoming democratic, socialistic, and atheistic, nor admit the actual sovereignty of God without becoming monarchical and Catholic...."^{xxxix}

"This school is only dominant when society is threatened with dissolution, and the moment of its authority is that transitory and fugitive one, in which the world stands doubting between Barabbas and Jesus, and hesitates between a dogmatical affirmation and a supreme negation. At such a time society willingly allows itself to be governed by a school which never

affirms nor denies, [italics in original] but is always making distinctions....^{xl} "Such periods of agonizing doubt can never last any great length of time. Man was born to act, and will resolutely declare either for Barabbas or Jesus and overturn all that the sophists have attempted to establish.... The socialist schools" -- whom we always think [of] as Marx, Proudhon, Saint-Simon, Owen, Fourier, and all those thinkers -- "possess great advantages over the liberal school, precisely because they approach (to state) directly all great problems and questions, and always give a peremptory and decisive solution. The strength of socialism consists in its being a system of theology, and it is destructive only because it is a satanic theology.

"The socialist schools, as they are theological, will prevail over the liberal because the latter is anti-theological and skeptical. But they themselves, on account of their satanic element, will be vanquished by the Catholic school which is at the same time theological and divine. The instincts of socialism would seem to agree with our affirmations, since it hates Catholicism, while it only despises liberalism."^{xli}

And its history seems to prove him true, because indeed Communism takes over the world and democracy becomes more and more radical and more and more utopian in order to compete with socialism. Again, he says:

"The Catholics affirm that evil comes from man, and redemption from God; the socialists affirm that evil comes from society and redemption from man. The two affirmations of Catholicism are sensible and natural, namely, that man is man and performs human works, and that God is God, and performs divine acts. The two affirmations of socialism assert that man understands and executes the designs of God, and that society performs the works proper to man. What, then, does human reason gain when it rejects Catholicism for socialism? Does it not refuse to receive that which is evident and mysterious in order to accept that which is at once mysterious and absurd?"^{xlii}

Now his reasoning is quite straight. He had a few thoughts on Russia also. He saw that he believed that Russia, he was very afraid of the Russian peril. He thought that Russia was going to overwhelm the West. And after overwhelming the West, it would drink the poison of the Revolution itself and die just like Europe.

DeMaistre

We'll see what the next thinker thinks about Russia. This next one, who is probably the best known of the radical conservatives, the real reactionaries, is Josef de Maistre, D-E-M-A-I-S-T-R-E, who was actually not a Frenchman but a Sardinian, although he spoke French, it's a French-speaking kingdom. In fact he was ambassador from Sardinia to St. Petersburg, during the time of Napoleon, and after Napoleon.

He was born in 1753, died in 1821. He is the apologist for the divine right of kings, in the eighteenth century tradition. In fact, he even got somewhat embarrassed because his book on the divine right of kings was published without his knowledge. He wrote it several years earlier and [it] was published just at the time when the restored Bourbon king, Louis XVIII accepted the Constitution. And therefore this king thought he was against him. And of course he accepted and compromised finally, but he set forth the principle of divine right. The aim of his philosophy, and of conservative philosophy, according to him, is absolutely to kill the whole spirit of the eighteenth century. You see, he's quite bold. No compromise with Voltaire, Rousseau, the Revolution, nothing. The answer to the Revolution, he says, is the Pope and the executioner.

Quote Viereck p. 29-32.

In fact, he has a whole page in one of his books in which he praises the man, the executioner with the axe in his hand who

comes home at night to his wife with a clean conscience because he has done the duty of society.^{xliii}

He is actually quite, himself, rationalistic. It's just that he starts in a different place. He starts with absolute Catholicism. And he's rather a cold thinker, but very astute, very clear thinking. He can see that these other rationalists, or, atheist rationalists, *begin without God and therefore they end in absurdity.*

He wrote one book on God in society, came out during Napoleon's

time. And there's a few excerpts here we'll quote from him:

"One of the gravest errors of a century which embraced them all," see how immediately he leaps on the eighteenth century, "was to believe that a political constitution could be written and created *a priori*, whereas reason and experience agree that a constitution is a divine work and that it is precisely the most fundamental and most essentially constitutional elements in the a nation's laws that cannot be written."^{xliv}

[This] quote is very profound because obviously these countries of Europe had an orderly government, their own traditions. An absolute monarch is, of course, not absolute because he is always hedged about, first of all by the church, then by his nobles, then by what the people want; and no absolute monarch was ever just some kind of absolute despot except for the revolutionary despots, who have no kind of tradition to stop them. And, of course, the constitution is not a piece of paper. It's something which comes out of the experience of a whole nation, based largely on religion. Again he says, "Everything therefore brings us back to the general rule: *Man cannot make a constitution, and no legitimate constitution can be written.* [Emphasis in original] The corpus of fundamental laws that must constitute a civil or religious society have never been written and never will be written. This can only be done when a society is already constituted, yet it is impossible to spell out or explain in writing certain individual articles; but almost always these declarations are the effect or the cause of very great evils and always cost the people more than they are worth."^{xlv} From that point of view, he's quite wise. These people, who think they're all of a sudden going to put down a whole new government on paper, always end up by creating despotism, having to revise the constitution, finally abolishing the constitution, [and] establishing some kind of new monarch like Napoleon.

But we see in this DeMaistre, who was the most fanatical anti-revolutionary, we see a very interesting thing. Because he was so very anti-revolutionary and the same time was very rational, he came to new conclusions which were not in the European philosophy of the past. He saw that revolution was a very strong movement, and you had to have something very strong to oppose it. And therefore, he became the apologist for the Pope. And in fact, he said, "Without the Pope [Sovereign Pontiff] there is no [real] Christianity."^{xlvi} In fact, he said, "The Pope *in himself* is Christianity,"^{xlvii} as if the Pope in himself entirely represents Christianity.

So his position of being an anti-traditional, being menaced by the revolution, leads him to a new kind of rationalist absolutism -- the absolutism of the Pope. In fact, he was one of the chief people whose ideas related to, lead to the doctrine of papal infallibility, proclaimed in 1870, which is something new. The Catholics didn't have it before. They say it developed out of the past. It was only then against the Revolution that they had to proclaim something new: that is, the Pope himself is the one outward standard you can see, which will protect you from the Revolution. It is quite a long book. I have the French edition of the book on the Pope by DeMaistre.

He talks about all kinds -- the Russian Church also is

here. And we'll see what he said about the Russian Church here. But this is one of the leading textbooks of "Ultramontanism," so-called, that is, the absolute infallibility of the Pope. But it's something new even in Catholic tradition as an outward, absolutely external and clear standard which you can oppose to revolution, because he saw the tradition is dying off, the Catholic tradition's dying off, and you have to have some kind of a absolute monarch to save it. And it's very logical. We'll see later on what Dostoyevsky has to say about this.

This book of his, on the Pope, was conceived as an answer to another book which was printed at that time 1816 by the Russian minister Sturdza, S-T-U-R-D-Z-A, in which he printed in French, declaring, to the great chagrin of DeMaistre, that the Roman Church was schismatic and only the Orthodox Church was the true Church of Christ. And he was so upset by this, because for him Catholicism is the one thing which is against revolution. And these Russians, this barbarous country, dares to say that they are the one Church. In fact, he described Russia as a country constantly lying in laziness, which only wakes up, stirs once in a while, in order to throw out some kind of blasphemy against the Pope. He felt that the Western peoples -- in fact, he accused the Russians of having missed the whole development of Western civilization. And he does not see that that whole development is what led to the Revolution, because he puts it back only to the Renaissance. The Middle Ages is fine; that's the very peak as far as he is concerned. And he says the one big thing missing in Russia is the idea of *universalism*, which is represented by the Pope. We'll see what Dostoyevsky says -- [a] very profound thing -- about this very universalism.

Tsar Nicholas I

Now we have a different kind of thing, because now we discuss the question of the traditionalism, anti-revolutionism in Russia. We'll start first with Nicholas I, and later on have some more general comments on this anti-revolutionary tradition in Russia.

As I said in the last lecture, Nicholas I was an exemplary monarch in the pure tradition of Russian absolutism. There is no constitution, no parliament. The king reigns supreme, Tsar reigns supreme. He was familiar with the Revolution. He went to see Owen, his experiment. He was very interested in making better the lot of the people. In this time [the] Industrial Revolution was even slightly coming to Russia, but much more in the West. And he studied the Revolution carefully and studied the doings of Louis XVI and already had a quite conscious view of what he was going to do.

We will quote some of the statements here from this book by [Nicholas] Talberg, who was a late professor in Jordanville. And as we now come to Russia, we'll see something different because these Western thinkers, they're all in the Catholic tradition or even Anglican tradition, and they're very clear thinkers. They see through the Revolution pretty well, but they're still participating in this Western atmosphere which is rather rationalistic. And they're lacking some kind of deeper rootedness in tradition. And these people, even this person [Talberg] who died just some years ago, you can see by what he writes, that he is himself deeply rooted in Orthodox tradition. And therefore his conclusions are not just conclusions of somebody who has thought the thing through, but are conclusions of somebody who *feels* what is the tradition of religion, Orthodox religion and the tradition, of the political tradition also.

Most of what he says will come of quotes from contemporaries of Nicholas I, who, when he's writing also you can see that he's very deeply conservative, not just in mind but his whole life, his whole heart is that way. And there are many Russians like this left.

"For Emperor Nicholas I," he writes, "in the very first

hours of his reign, there began his ardor” (striving) “to manfully hold up Russia against those frightful misfortunes which were threatening it by the criminal light-mindedness of the so-called Decembrists. This enthusiasm” struggling “of the Tsar ended thirty years later” (when he defended the Fatherland -- this time from external enemies -- who hated Russia) “in the Crimean War when he died.”^{xlvi}

He was above all a man of principle and duty. “Emperor Nicholas was entirely penetrated with the consciousness of duty. During the time of the war for the fatherland,” that is, Napoleon’s invasion, “when he was sixteen years old, he was terribly anxious to go to the army. ‘I am ashamed,’ he said, ‘to see myself useless, a useless creature on the earth, not even fit to be able to die a brave death.’”^{xlix}

“Six years before he ascended the throne, he was terribly distressed to the point of tears when Emperor Alexander,” his older brother, “told him of his intention to leave the throne which he would hand over to Nicholas,” although there was one brother older than Nicholas, Constantine, “as a consequence of the fact that Tsarevitch Constantine did not wish to reign. Nicholas [Pavlovitch] wrote in his diary later,” the emperor, ““This conversation finished, but my wife and I were left in the situation which may be likened...to the feeling which must strike a man who is going peacefully along a pleasant road which is sown everywhere with flowers and from which one sees everywhere the most pleasant views, when all of a sudden an abyss opens up before his feet, towards which an unconquerable power is pushing him without allowing him to step aside or to turn [back].”^l

This is the way he felt from the very beginning that he was going to be Tsar. And he felt this was a terrible burden; he did not want to be the Tsar. You see the difference already: revolutionaries struggled just to beat everybody else off so they can be the head; and here this government which is based upon hereditary authority -- the person who does not want the kingdom gets it, and he has to rule. But we see already there’s a much better possibility for a just rule under such conditions.

His kingdom, his reign began with the rebellion of the Decembrists, who were infected by the revolutionary ideas. “This is the way he spoke to the senior officers of the guard gathered by him on the morning of December 14th when the rebellion had become known already, and he said to them, “I am peaceful since my conscience is clear. You know, sirs, that I did not seek the crown. I do find that I have neither the experience nor the needful talents to bear such a heavy burden, but since the Lord entrusted this to me, and as it is likewise the will of my brothers and the fundamental laws of the land, therefore I shall dare to defend it, and no one in the world will be able to wrest it away from me. I know my obligations and I shall be able to fulfill them. The Russian emperor in case of misfortune must die with his sword in his hand. But, in any case, without foreseeing by what means we will be able to come out of this crisis, I will in that case entrust my son [to you].”^{li}

[During] this rebellion of the Decembrists, which was not a bloody thing like happened in France -- just a number of officers who began to demand a constitution and was easily dispersed because of the boldness of the Tsar -- [he] went right out in the midst of them at the head of his troops. I believe the five ring leaders were hanged and the rest were sent into exile. And when he was asked about having mercy on them, he said, ““The law dictates punishment for them, and I will not make use of the right of mercy that belongs to me regarding them. I will be unwavering, I am obliged to give this lesson to Russia and to Europe.”^{lii} Studying history in his youth, he was especially interested in the French Revolution. At that time he said, ““King Louis XVI did not understand his obligations, and for this he was punished. To be merciful does not mean to be weak. The sovereign does not have the right to forgive the enemies of the

government.”^{liii} And in 1825 these enemies were the Decembrists. And so the emperor subjected them to punishment. “But at the same time that he kept a strictness, the Sovereign revealed also great concern with regard to these rebels, which was bound up...with the general laws concerning prisoners.”^{liv}

We’ll see now what a contrast is here between this, [and] not only revolutionaries who simply kill people off without mercy, but even the liberals.

“In his own handwriting the emperor gave to the commandant of the Peter-Paul Fortress prison...the following words: ‘The prisoner Ryleyev should be placed in the Alexeyevsky Prison, but his hands should not be bound. He should be given paper for writing, and whatever he will write to me in his own hand is to be given to me every day. The prisoner Karhovsky is to be kept better than ordinary prisoners. He’s to be given tea and everything else that he wants. I will undertake the keeping of Karhovsky on my own income. Since Batenkov is sick and wounded, his condition is to be made as easy as possible. Sergei Muraviev is to be kept under strict arrest according to your judgment; he is wounded and weak. He is to be given everything he needs. There is to be every day a doctor’s examination of him and his wounds are to be rebound.’ Then all the arrested and prisoners were ordered by the Tsar to be given a better type of food, tobacco, books of religious content, and a priest was to be allowed to come to them for spiritual conversation. They were not to be forbidden to write to their relatives, of course, only through the commandant,” that is, he would read the letters. “On nineteenth of December the Sovereign sent the wife of” one of these revolutionaries, “Ryleyev two thousand rubles and a [reassuring] letter from her husband. She wrote to Ryleyev,” that is, her husband, ““My friend, I do not know with what feelings [or words] to express the unutterable mercy of our monarch. Three days ago the emperor sent your letter and right after it two thousand rubles. Teach me how to thank the father of our homeland.’ After the guilty ones were condemned, in a year, he made their condition even easier. The chief means of his mercy was through secret decrees. The fulfilling of them he entrusted to his authorized agent, General Leparsky. ‘Go with the commandant to Nerchinsk”” Serbia ““and ease the lot of the unfortunate ones there,’ he told him. ‘I give you full authority in this. I know that you will be able to harmonize the duty of service,”” that is, the fact that they’re prisoners, ““with Christian compassion.’ Leparsky fulfilled exactly the directions of the Sovereign and by this earned the love of the Decembrists and their wives. And all the good things which he did [for] the prisoners and their wives [they] thought were owing to his own good heart without understanding that he was only doing with great joy what had been commanded him by the Sovereign.”^{lv}

We see here a spirit of Christian compassion which is totally foreign to Communism, to socialism, to liberalism, and to these even these ordinary monarchs in the West.

There were a few incidents in the life of Tsar Nicholas which reveal a different attitude to the whole process of governing and the attitude of the king toward his subjects. There was in 1849 “during the month of May a parade in which 60,000 troops took part. Many spectators were present. When at the time of the ceremonial march” -- of course, the Tsar is standing there ready to salute the soldiers -- “the second battalion of the Yegersky legion in which Lvov was the leader, the Sovereign with his inimitable voice, which was quite loud, commanded, ‘Parade stop!’ The whole regiment stopped dead in their tracks. The Sovereign with a sign of his hand stopped the music and called Lvov,” the leader, “out of the ranks. In the hearing of all, he turned to him and said, ‘Lvov, by an unfortunate mistake, you have unjustly and completely innocently suffered.’” Because earlier he had accused him of taking part in this very conspiracy that Dostoyevsky was caught in: these people studying the writings of Fourier and talking about the overthrow of the government. And he was mistaken for somebody else by the

Sovereign. And here and before sixty thousand troops and many thousands of spectators, he apologizes. "I beg forgiveness of you before the soldiers and the people. For the sake of God, forget all that has happened to you and embrace me." With these words bending down from his horse, the Sovereign three times kissed Lvov strongly. Having kissed the hand of the emperor, Lvov, who was thus made so happy, returned to his place. At the command of the Sovereign the march again began. "This moment," says a eye witness, "for those who saw it and heard the voice of their Sovereign, the feelings that filled their heart at that time cannot be called ecstasy. This was something beyond ecstasy. The blood stopped in one's veins"^{lvi} to see the Sovereign of all Russia stop and ask forgiveness of simple officer.

But we see on another occasion what happened. There was a certain woman whose husband was imprisoned also in... [a] revolutionary affair of some kind. And she stopped him some place where he was looking at various institutions, and he allowed her to come and present a petition to him, and he began to read it. There was here a request to have mercy upon her husband who had taken an active part in the Polish rebellion which had occurred recently and for this had been sent to Siberia. And by the way, they were sent to Siberia under very easy conditions. They had their own houses, were well fed and everything else.

"-The Sovereign listened heedfully and the woman sobbed. Having read the petition the sovereign returned it to the petitioner and sharply declared, 'Neither the forgiveness nor even a lightening of the punishment of your husband can I give.' And he cried out to the chauffeur to go further. When he returned the Sovereign withdrew into his office. Immediately after his return, there was a need for" this one officer "Bibikov to go to the Tsar with a report. There was a double door into this office. Having opened the first door and intending to go into the second, Bibikov stepped back in indescribable astonishment. In the small corridor between the two doors, the Sovereign was standing and was all shaking from stifled sobs coming out of him. Great tears were coming out of his eyes. 'What is wrong with you, your majesty?' Bibikov mumbled. 'Oh, Bibikov,' he said, 'If you only knew how difficult [, how terrible] it is to be "unable to forgive"! I cannot forgive now this man, that would be weakness, but after some time make another report to me about him."^{lvii}

We see here the combination of absolute strictness because he knows that weakness leads to overthrow of government. And that's exactly what the revolutionaries are feeding upon, this liberalism which creeps into their governments and allows them to constantly say, "Well, we really believe the same thing as you -- almost. We're working for the same end, and we'll forgive you and everything will be fine." And instead he was very strict, at the same time very merciful. And when the conditions were such that this weakness would not cause a temptation to people to say that he's soft on the revolutionaries -- and therefore the revolutionaries can develop themselves -- then he's extremely kind. And you can see his heart is filled with compassion for them; but his sense of duty would not allow him to do what would be for the harm of the whole people.

His attitude towards his whole people is not like in the West where they let the representatives have [an] entirely cold relation to the subjects, to the citizens, or even the Western kings who are obviously governing people of all kinds of different beliefs, and there's no kind of particular warmth. In some Western states there still was -- in the monarchies perhaps. This is rapidly being lost.

But the reign of Nicholas I "was something quite like a family, very patriarchal. And from him there was something paternal in his relationship towards his subjects. Being very severe and threatening towards the enemies of the kingdom, he was at the same time merciful and filled with love for his good and faithful subjects. In his addresses to the people and his soldiers, he would often address them as 'my children.'^{lviii}

Once, he was travelling, he wanted to have a special word to say to certain troops. "He came to the tents where they were and he commanded, 'My troops, my children, come to me, everyone just as he dressed.' This order was fulfilled precisely: some in their dress uniforms, some in overcoats, and some just in their underwear. And many of them lined up around the Sovereign and the tsarevitch. 'And where is Conon Zabuga?' the Tsar asked. This was a non-commissioned officer...who had recently distinguished himself. 'Here I am, your imperial majesty,' resounded over the head of the Sovereign the loud voice of Zaboga, who, dressed only in his underwear, had climbed a tree to see the Tsar better. The Sovereign ordered him to climb down. And when he almost fell head over heels to the ground and stood up in the front, the emperor kissed him on the head and said, 'Give this to all your companions for their brave service.' The captain of the general headquarters, Philipson,...who was an eyewitness of this, said, 'This whole scene, so sincere and unprepared, produced upon the troops a much deeper impression than any kind of eloquent speech would have.'^{lix}

Of course, under the old fashioned system, this was possible, that there's such a humane relationship between the king and his subjects. Of course, the main thing about his spiritual makeup was his Orthodox faith. Here he describes in his diary, the Tsar's own diary, what he did on the 14th of December when he was faced with the rebellion of the Decembrists. "Being left alone, I asked myself what to do and, crossing myself, I gave myself over to the hands of God, and decided to go myself wherever the danger threatened greatest.' And he admitted later that at this time besides this decision, he had no definite plan of action, but to trust in God."^{lx}

Another time he was traveling and fell down off his horse and broke his shoulder and he was left with only one of his orderlies. And this is what he said to the orderly. "I feel that I've broken my shoulder. This is good; this means God is waking me up. That one does not need to make any kind of plans without asking His help first."^{lxi} For a king to be thinking like this, of course, shows that he places -- he is absolute ruler, theoretically, but above him is God.

Concerning his heir, Alexander, who became Alexander II, he says, "-'We were speaking [also] about Shasha,'" Alexander, "and we both thought that he was showing great weakness in his character, and was allowing himself to be easily given over to distractions. I am hoping all the time that this will pass as he grows up so that, because the foundations of his character are so good, one can expect a great deal. But without this," strength of character, "he will fall; for his work" as emperor "will be no lighter than mine. And what is it that saves me? Of course, not my talents. I am a simple man, but my hope in God and my firm will to act -- that is all I have."^{lxii}

And when he was celebrating the 25th anniversary of his reign, and when people were surrounding him and giving him glory, his daughter went up to him and said, "Aren't you happy now, papa? Aren't you satisfied with yourself?" And he said, 'With myself?' And pointing his hand to heaven, he said, 'I am just a splinter of wood.'^{lxiii} That is, this very thing that we Americans have so strong -- satisfaction with ourselves -- the Tsar himself did not even have it. He is so aware that he is serving something else.

I have here the comments of a certain Spanish writer in the 1850's writing about Tsar Nicholas, a certain Vidal. "In general," he says, "the Eastern question," which the Western diplomats were so occupied with then, the question of Turkey, "it is not strange that this question cannot be solved by those who so often allow themselves to be blinded by the disorderly theories of our so-called government representatives. But if we look with some heedfulness and dispassion at the character of Russian diplomacy, we will immediately see an enormous contrast which has always been presented, on the one hand, by the ability of the

Moscow government, and on the other hand, by the paradoxes of our own government people.

“Intrigues and money are the agents which, more than anything else, affect our own governments.”^{lxiv} And we know at that time all the English, French -- everybody was so filled with sending agents, and being bought up and everything else, thinking only about their narrow national interests, and breaking treaties as though they're nothing, yet if there is a chance to get away with it, “Because we everywhere and always see such complete nonentities, with a few exceptions, in the higher places of administration, at the head of the armies, at the governance of the diplomatic corps, and even in the professorships of our universities. The Russian government does not follow this very poor example. They use in their service all the best people, without paying attention to” special “[their] political opinions, their origins,” and so forth. “In a word, the Russian government has always followed in this case, the most liberal politics which our representatives do not know anything about....”

“After having fought against Islam for so many centuries, Christian Europe goes to it for assistance and has taken it under its protection when it was ready to fall apart, and, under the pretext of placing a barrier to despotism, it is sharpening its sword for the defense of another despotism.”^{lxv}

This refers, of course, to the fact that, considering the Tsar is in this great peril, that they're only trying to expand; the Western powers are constantly supporting Turkey. And [it] even happened that, during the Crimean War, the Tsar was kind, he did it only for the sake of the Orthodox peoples of the Balkans and Greece. And he knew that the English and French would take the side of the Turks just to oppose him. And he was counting on his, I think it was his cousin, the Emperor of Austria and of Germany. And they guaranteed that they would be on his side. But they found that it was diplomatically better to be on the other side because the balance was better that way, and therefore they broke their promises. And he wrote to the Emperor of Austria and he said, “Don't tell me that you too are going to fight under the sign of the Turkish crescent. It's enough for this barbarian English and French do it, but you my own cousin, you're supposed to be standing for monarchy.”^{lxvi} And that hurt him very much when someone had given him a promise, his fellow monarch had given a promise, and would not keep it for the sake of politics. And he always was faithful to his promises.

This Spanish writer continues, “-A spirit of prejudice forces our journalists to speak about the Emperor Nicholas as of some despot, and one in love with his own honor, who by his personal caprices and his unrestrained pride is supposedly bringing the blood of his own people as a sacrifice, and also is sacrificing the balance of power in Europe and the good state of the whole world. But in actual fact there are not today many such sovereigns who are really worthy of praise, both for their gifts as for their personal and public virtues. Emperor Nicholas was a devoted man, a gentle and caring father, a faithful friend and monarch, who with all his power was concerned for the happiness of his subjects. All his daughters and grandchildren lived in his court, with the exception of the Grand Duchess Olga.... The people blessed his name and one must acknowledge that the whole of Europe is obliged to him for the preservation of the order, which is now being threatened by the senselessness and arrogance of this fierce Emperor Napoleon III.”^{lxvii}

This is interesting as a testament from outside of Russia. Of course, inside of Russia he was greatly loved by all except the revolutionaries. Now let us examine how such a one as this dies. I have a full account of his last days. The doctor who attended him said the following: “From the time when I began my medical practice, I have never seen a death anything like this death. I did not even consider it possible that the consciousness of precisely fulfilled duty joined with an unwavering firmness of will should to such an extent be dominant even at the fatal moment when the

soul is freed from its earthly shell, so as to go to eternal repose and happiness. I repeat, I would have considered this impossible if I have had not had the misfortune to live to see all this man die.’

“The Empress Alexandra Feodorevna offered to the Tsar,” as he was dying, “that he should receive Holy Communion. He was disturbed that he should have to receive the Holy Gifts lying down and not fully clothed. His confessor, the Protopresbyter Vasilli Vazhanoff, said that in his life he had instructed many poor people as they were dying, but never had he seen such a one, such faith as in Emperor Nicholas I, which triumphed over the approaching death. Another eyewitness of the last hours of the life of the Sovereign expressed the opinion that had an atheist been brought into the room of the Tsar then, he would have become a believer. After Communion the Sovereign pronounced the words, ‘O Lord accept me in peace.’ The Empress recited ‘Our Father.’ After the pronouncing of the Emperor's favorite words, ‘Thy will be done,’ he said, ‘Always, always.’ Several times he then repeated the prayer, ‘Now lettest thou Thy servant depart in peace, O Master, according to Thy word.’

“Then the Sovereign gave all necessary instructions concerning his burial. He demanded that there be as little expense as possible for the funeral. He forbade that the hall be decked with black where his body would be,” for this was not according to Orthodox custom, “He asked that there be placed in the coffin with him, the icon of the Mother of God Hodigitrea, [with] which at his baptism the Empress Catherine had blessed him,” that is, his grandmother Catherine II. “He blessed his children and those who were absent, he blessed from a distance. Grand Duchess Olga Nicholaevna, whom he loved so much, felt his paternal blessing at her place in Stuttgart. He called his nearest friends. To the heir to the throne he specially recommended Count Alderburg saying, ‘This counselor has been a close friend to me for forty years.’ Concerning Count Orloff, he said, ‘You yourself know everything that needs to be done. I don't need to recommend anything to you.’ He gave his great thanks to the Empress' favorite maid, Madame Rorburg for her care for the Empress in her recent, which he shared with her. And in his bidding farewell to her, he said, ‘Greet my dear Peterhof for me....’

“All the reports which came from the army he commanded to be given over to the tsarevitch. Then he asked that he be left alone for a while. ‘Now,’ he said, ‘I must be left alone so as to prepare myself for the final moment. I will call you when the time comes,’ he said.

“Later the Emperor called certain of the grenadiers, bade farewell to them, asking them to give his final greeting to those who were not there. He asked the tsarevitch to give his greetings also to the guards, to the army, and especially to those who had been defending Sebastopol,” because he was dying at the very time when Russia was losing the Crimean War. “‘Tell them that I will continue to pray for them in the other world.’ He commanded that final telegrams be sent to Sebastopol and to Moscow with these words, ‘The Emperor is dying and bids farewell to Moscow.’ At 8:20 his confessor, Father Boris began to read the prayer of the departure of the soul from the body. The Sovereign listened attentively to [the words of] these prayers, making the sign of the Cross over himself [from time to time]. When the priest blessed him and gave him the Cross to kiss, the dying Sovereign said, ‘I think that I never did evil in my life consciously.’”

Notice how Francis says, “I do not recognize any sin in myself,” and he says, “I *think* that I never consciously did evil,” that is, he confessed all his sins and realizes that he is full of sins but he thinks that he never actually did evil consciously.

“He held the hand of the Empress in his and the tsarevitch also, and when he could no longer speak he bid farewell to them with a glance. At ten o'clock the Sovereign lost the capability of speaking. But before his repose he began to speak

again. He commanded the tsarevitch to raise one of the princesses from her knees since this was bad for her health. Some of his last words were, speaking to the tsarevitch, 'Hold on to everything, Hold on to everything,' accompanying this with a decisive gesture. Then the agony began and the Liturgy ended in the palace church.

"The wheezing before his death,' wrote Tyucheveva, kept getting stronger. His breathing became more and more difficult and sporadic. Finally, convulsions passed across his face and his head was thrown back. They thought that this was the end and already those around let out a cry of despair. But the Emperor opened his eyes, raised them to heaven, smiled and then it was all over. Seeing this death, so firm and so pious, one must think that the Emperor had for a long time foreseen it and had prepared himself for it."^{lxviii}

Archbishop Nicanor of Cherson, about the death of the Emperor said, "His death was the image of the death of a Christian, for he was a man of repentance, in full possession of his faculties and of unwavering manliness."^{lxix}

In his testament he wrote, "I die with a grateful heart for all the good things by which God has been pleased to reward me in this world which passes away, with ardent love for our glorious Russia which I have served to my last to the best of my understanding with faith and righteousness. I regret that I could not do the good things which I so sincerely desired. My son will take my place. I shall entreat God that He will bless him for such a difficult work unto which he now enters, and will grant him to confirm Russia on the firm foundation of the fear of God. O, grant her," that is, Russia "to come to fulfill its inward good order and he will push away all danger from without. In Thee, O Lord, I have hoped; let me not be ashamed unto the ages."^{lxx}

Again he tells in his will to the tsarevitch, "Keep strictly all that our Church proscribes. You are young and inexperienced, and you are in those years when the passions are developing, but always remember that you must be an example of piety, and conduct yourself in such a way that by your life you might serve as a living example" to the people. "Be merciful and accessible to all the unfortunate ones, but do not spend money above the treasury." Very pious. "Despise all kinds of slanders and rumors, but fear to go against your conscience. May the All merciful God bless you. Place all your hope in Him [alone]. He will not leave you as long as you will constantly turn to Him."^{lxxi}

Tsar Nicholas,...

Orthodox Tsar, anti- Revolution 200.

"He faithfully comprehended and precisely defined the triune origin of our historical existence: Orthodoxy, autocracy and nationality. He strictly and consistently steered it in his personal politics -- not only internal, but external as well. He believed in Holy Russia, in her calling in the world, he labored for her benefit and stood untiring on the guard of her honor and dignity.Æ -- the historian, S. S. Tatishchev.

ôT. I. Tyutchev, in his notes, *Russia and Revolution*, wrote, æAt this opportunity, allow me to make the observation: In what way could it have happened that, among all the sovereigns of Europe, and equally among the political figures that guided her in recent times, only one could be found who, from the very beginning recognized and proclaimed the great delusion of 1830 and who, from that time alone in Europe, and perhaps alone amongst all those around him who constantly refused to yield to it. At that time (1848) fortunately, there was a Sovereign on the Russian throne in whom was embodied ôthe Russian idea,ö and in the present world situation it was ôthe Russian ideaö alone that was so distinct from the revolutionary environment, and which could evaluate the facts that manifested themselves in it. Had Nicholas died in 1850 he would not have lived until the

disastrous war with France and England which cut short his life and cast a gloomy shadow over his reign. But this shadow exists only for contemporaries. In the light of dispassionate history it vanishes, and Nicholas stands in the ranks of the most celebrated and valiant kings in history.Æö (Russ. Arch. 1873)^{lxxii}

Helped Austria without reward 201,

"In his *Thoughts and Recollections* prince Otto Bismark says, æIn the history of European states one can barely find another example of a monarch of a great power showing a neighboring state favor like that which Emperor Nicholas showed to Austria. Seeing the dangerous situation in which she found herself in 1849 he came to her aid with 150,000 troops, suppressed Hungary, reestablished the kingÆs power and recalled his troops, without demanding for this from Austria any kind of concessions, any kind of compensation, and without even touching upon the disputed Eastern or Polish questions.

ôIn Hungary and in Olmutz(?) Emperor Nicholas acted with the conviction that he, as a representative of the monarchist principle, was called by fate to declare war on the revolution, which approached from the West. He was an idealist and remained faithful to himself in all historical moments.ö^{lxxiii}

idealist 202.

"The famous general A. o. Dyugamel wrote: æThe throne had never yet been occupied by a more noble knight, by a more honorable man. He never consented to any trace whatever of the revolution, and even liberalism aroused his suspicion. In his capacity as the autocrat of all Russia, Emperor Nicholas came early to the conviction that there was no other salvation for the Empire than a union with conservative principles, and in the course of his thirty-year reign he never deviated from his pre-ordained path.Æö^{lxxiv}

Recognized Louis Phil. 203.

"Confirmation of what has been said may be found in the SovereignÆs relationship to the July revolution of 1830 in France and to the seizure of the throne by King Louis-Phillipe of Orleans, in violation of the lawful rights of the grandson of King Carl X. The Emperor for a long time did not agree to recognize him despite the arguments of the ambassador in France, Count Pozzo-Di-Bobro. Finally, to the arguments of the latter were joined those of the Minister of Internal Affairs, Count Nesselrode, who presented the Tsar with a corresponding report. On it the resolution was placed by the Sovereign: æI know not which is more to be preferred -- a republic, or a similar so-called monarchy.Æ Then he added, æI surrender to your arguments, but I call Heaven to witness that this is and always will be against my conscience, and that this is the most painful effort I have ever made.Æö^{lxxv}

b. Gogol: Andreyev 135, 6, 7 (158-9?)

"æWe are in possession of a treasure which cannot be valued,Æ -- he thus characterizes the Church, and continues: æThis Church which, like a chaste virgin, is the only one that has preserved itself from the time of the Apostles in its innocent original purity; this Church which, complete with its profound dogmas and its most minute external rituals, was as it were brought down from Heaven for the Russian peopleÆ which alone has the power to resolve all the intricacies of our perplexities and questions. And this Church, which was created for life, we, even up to now, have not brought into our life.Æö^{lxxvi}

ôGogol loudly and with conviction declared that the Truth is in Orthodoxy and in the Orthodox Russian autocracy; that the historical æto be or not to beÆ is resolved by Orthodox Russian culture, and that the immediate fate of the whole world depends on its preservation. The world is at the point of death

and we are entering the pre-apocalyptic period of world history.ö^{lxxvii}

ôHaving been made indignant by the fact that Gogol dared to see the salvation of Russia in religio-mystical, inward activities, in ascetic podvigs and prayer; and that he therefore considered the work of preaching to be higher than all the works - Belinsky, in this connection, wrote in his letter: æRussia sees salvation neither in mysticism, nor in asceticism, nor in pietism, but in the success of civilization, enlightenment, and humanity. She needs neither sermons (she has heard enough of them) nor prayers (she has had enough of their endless repetitions), but the awakening in her people of a sense of human worth.Æö^{lxxviii}

C. Alexander III:

a. His tutor Pobedonostsev -- gave him straight Orthodox, anti-revolutionary education, acquainted him with past(?) in Revolution -- Rachinsky (developed parish schools), Dostoyevsky, Melinkov and Pechersky.

b. Voices calling him to anti-liberal course [Talberg] p. 229.

From a letter of Pobedonostsev to Alexander, March 6, 1881, 5 days after the murder of Tsar Alexander II: “æI am resolving to write again, because things are terrible, and there is no time to lose. If they will sing you the old siren song, that you need to be calm, that you need to continue in a liberal direction, that you need to yield to so-called public opinion -- O, for GodÆs sake, donÆt believe them, Your Majesty; donÆt listen. This would be ruin -- the ruin of Russia and of you. This is as clear as day to me. Your safety would not be protected by this, but would be further diminished. The insane villains that killed your father will not be satisfied with any concessions, and will only become more violent. And it can be suppressed -- the evil seed can be torn up -- only by fighting against it to the death, by iron and blood. To be victorious is not difficult -- until now all have wished to flee the struggle and have deceived the reposed Sovereign, you, themselves, and everyone and everything in the world, because they were not people of reason, power and heart, but flaccid eunuchs and conjurers. No, Your Majesty -- the only one sure, direct way is to stand on your feet and begin, not slumbering for a moment, a most holy fight, as there has only been in Russia. The whole nation awaits this authoritative decision and as soon as they sense the sovereign will, all will rise up, all will be revived and will regain their healthy color in the air.Æ

ôOn that day he received a note from the Sovereign: æI thank you from my whole soul for your heartfelt letter, with which I am in full agreement. Drop by to see me tomorrow at 3 oÆclock and I shall be happy to have a talk with you. All my hope is in God.

ôæA.Æö^{lxxix}

[This is not included in the outline, but the last half of it is marked by Fr. Seraphim in his copy of TalbergÆs book, and one sentence is even underlined. This is from a letter of Pobedonostsev published in a magazine called *Russian Archive*.]

ôLoris-Melikov had the intention to do Russia the ôfavorö of giving it a constitution or by setting a beginning to it by summoning deputies from all Russia.Æ In this connection a conference took place in February with Emperor Alexander II. æOn March 2 the Council of Ministers was appointed to be at the SovereignÆs for a final decision, but in the meantime Loris-Melikov had already prepared the triumphant publication of this, which was to have appeared in the ôGovernment Heraldö on the 5th. And suddenly the catastrophe. From the 2nd of March the magazines began, in connection with the regicide, to demand a constitution. Loris-Melikov sent to ask them that they be silent, if only for fifteen days. And then they gathered us in the Council of

Ministers with the Sovereign on Sunday at 2 p.m. They invited me, the elderly S. G. Stroganov, and the grand dukes. The Sovereign, having declared what the business was, added that it had not been decided by the reposed and that it was in doubt and he asked all to speak without constraint. Loris-Melikov began to read the protocol and the draft declaration already prepared in the name of the new Sovereign in which he considered it as it were his sacred duty to fulfill the testament of his father. And imagine -- they had the shamelessness to leave in this declaration now all the same motives that had been placed in the previous one: that public order had been established everywhere, the uprising had been suppressed, the exiles had returned, and so on. There is no time to describe all this in detail. The first one to come out against it was Stroganov, briefly but energetically. Then Valuyev, Abaza and Milyutin gave bombastic speeches about how all Russia is waiting for this blessing. Milyutin at this time made a slip of the tongue, referring to the people as irrational masses. Valuyev, instead of the word æpeople,Æ used the word æpeoples.Æ There further spoke Nabokov, Saburov, and the rest. Only Posyet and Makov came out against it. But when they turned to me, I could no longer hold back the waves of my indignation. Having explained all the falseness of the institution, I said that shame and disgrace covered my face when thinking of what a time we were discussing this, when the body of our Sovereign lay still unburied. And who was guilty in this? His blood was on us and on our children. We were all guilty in his death. What had we been doing all this time and during his reign? We talked and talked, listened to ourselves and to one another and everything from his institution was turned under our hands into a lie, and the freedom granted by him had become false. And in recent years, in years of explosions and mines, what had we done to protect him? We talked -- and only that. All of our senses should have been concentrated in the fear that he might be murdered, but we allowed into our souls so many base, despicable fears and began to tremble before *public opinions, that is, the opinions of contemptuous journalists, and what Europe would say*. And we know that through magazines.

ôæYou can imagine with what thunder my words fell. Those adjacent to me, Abaz and Loris-Melikov, could barely contain their fury at me. Abaz replied quite sharply: ôFrom what the Ober-procurator of the Synod has said, it would follow that everything done in the past reign was of no use whatever -- the freeing of the serfs and the rest -- and that the only thing left for us to do after this is to request our dismissal.ö The Sovereign, who at my words ôHis blood is on usö interrupted me with the exclamation, ôThis is true,ö supported me, saying that really all were guilty, and that he did not exclude himself. We spoke further. Pitiful words were heard, that something should be done, but that something meant the institution (constitution).Æö^{lxxx}

c. Most ministers were for ôliberalism,ö reforms in government, but Pobedonostsev and others were for autocracy. Alex, resolved to go against the spirit of the times, not give himself over to ôunrealizable fantasies and scabby liberalism.ö Against Constitution ù why? nationalism; Russian already had a constitution in Orthodoxy, ancient institution and trust of Tsar and people.

d. Pobedonostsev stands up against liberalism and constitutionalism, TsarÆs mournful, 232. Disturbances disappeared ù but heavy weight on the Tsar 233.

ô-On April 29, 1881 the decisive word of the Tsar rang out in a manifest, in which it was said: æThe voice of God commands us to embark vigorously upon the matter of governance, hoping in Divine Providence, with faith in the power and truth of autocratic rule, which we are called to uphold and preserve from any encroachment upon it, for the good of the people.

ôæMay the hearts of our faithful subjects -- of all who

love the fatherland and are dedicated to the royal authority, inherited from generation -- who have been confounded by anxiety and terror, be encouraged. Under itÆs protection, and in indissoluble union with it, our land has more than once survived great strife and has reached a state of power and glory in the midst of grievous trials and misfortunes, with faith in God, Who establishes her fate. Dedicating ourselves to our great service, we summon all our faithful subjects to serve us and the state in faith and righteousness in uprooting the revolts which have disgraced the Russian Land, in the confirmation of faith and morality, in the good upbringing of children, in the annihilation of falsehood and thievery, in the establishment of truth in the activities of the institutions granted Russia by its benefactor, our beloved father.

ôÆAnd here the darkness of sedition, cut through by the light, bright as lightning, of the TsarÆs words, began quickly to disperseÆ -- writes Nazarevsky. æThe revolt, which seemed invincible, melted like wax before the face of fire, vanished like smoke under the wings of the wind. Sedition in peopleÆs minds began quickly to be replaced by Russian sensibility; dissoluteness and self-will gave way to order and discipline. Freethinking no longer trampled upon Orthodoxy like some kind of ultramontaniam, or upon our dear Church like clericalism. The authority of the indisputable and hereditary national Supreme rule stood again upon its historical, traditional height.Æ

ôBut it was not easy for the Autocrat to bear this difficult yoke for the benefit of Russia. On December 31, 1881, in a letter of reply to Pobedonostsev, the Sovereign wrote: æI thank you, most gracious Constantine Petrovich, for your kind letter and all your wishes. A terrible, frightful year is coming to a close; a new one is beginning, and what awaits us ahead? It is so frightfully difficult at times, that were it not for my faith in God and His limitless mercy, of course, I would have no other choice than to put a bullet through my head. But I am not fainthearted, and the chief thing is that I have faith in God and I believe that there will come, at last, happy days for our dear Russia. Often, very often I recall the words of the Holy Gospel: *Let not your heart be troubled; believe in God and believe in Me.* These powerful words act salutarly upon me. With full hope in GodÆs mercy, I close this letter: ôThy will be done, o Lord.öÆ^{lxxxix}

St. John of Kronstadt at deathbed.

Repose of Tsar Alexander III

ôA description of his last days is given by Nazarevsky, who was able to receive proper notification. æOn the 5th of October a bulletin carefully composed by Zakharyn and Professor Leiden (who was recalled from Berlin), concerning the serious illness of the Sovereign, made not only all Russia, but even the whole world wince. Everyone, in fear for the life of the Emperor, who had gained a powerful influence absolutely everywhere, began to pray for his recovery. It became clear to everyone, and to the sufferer himself, that the end was approaching. The bright mood and manly calmness of the sick Tsar were striking. Despite his weakness, insomnia and heart palpitations, he still did not wish to take to his bed and strove to continue his occupation with matters of state, of which the last were written reports concerning matters in the Far East, and Korea in particular.

ôÆBy the 9th of October the invalid told his confessor for certain that he sensed the closeness of death and with great joy heard his suggestion that he receive the Holy Mysteries. He was only sorry for one thing -- that he could not as before, as is usually done during Great Lent, prepare himself for this great Sacrament. At his confession, which took place soon thereafter, the Sovereign knelt and made full prostrations like a healthy man. But for Communion he was now no longer able to raise himself up. He was raised up by the Empress and his confessor. With profound reverence the Sovereign communed the Body and Blood of Christ.

ôÆOn the next morning, on October 10, the Sovereign

cheerfully and sincerely met Fr. John of Kronstadt, who had arrived at Livadia; and in the evening, he met the fiancø of his firstborn, Princess Alix of Hesse, who had hastened to the Crimea.

ôÆWhen he greeted the respected pastor the Sovereign, with the meekness that distinguished him, said: ôI myself did not dare to invite you to take such a long journey, but when Grand Duchess Alexandra Iosifovna suggested that I invite you to Livadia, I happily agreed to it, and I thank you for coming. I implore you to pray for me -- IÆm quite unwell.ö As Fr. John related, ôThen he went into the other room and asked me to pray together with him. He knelt, and I began to recite the prayers. His Majesty was praying with deep feeling; his head was bowed and he was immersed within himself. When I had finished, he arose and asked me to pray in the future.ö

ôÆIn the evening, to meet his sonÆs bride, he gave order to be given his dress coat and put it on and, despite the swelling in his feet, went to meet her. He expressed his paternal feelings to her, accepting her as a dear daughter, close to his heart.

ôÆThe excitement of that day evidently had a good effect on him, and he began to feel better. This continued until October 18. This kindled the hope in those around him that the Sovereign would recover.

ôÆOn a memorable day, October 17, Fr. John of Kronstadt gave the Sovereign the Holy Mysteries for the second time. After the Liturgy he went in to the sick man with the Holy Chalice in his hands. The Tsar firmly, clearly, and with deep feeling repeated the words of the priest: *I believe, o Lord, and I confess that Thou art truly the Christ* and he reverently received Communion from the Chalice. Tears of contrition fell upon his breast. He again felt an upsurge of energy, and the Sovereign was just about to set about his business again and even to work at night. But he became worse and an inflammatory process of the lungs came to light, along with expectoration of blood. The dying man manfully struggled with his infirmity and displayed the power of his will. On the 18th a courier was sent to Petersburg for the last time with resolved business. On the following day once again he endeavored to work on several reports and wrote for the last time: æIn Livadia. Read.Æ But this was already his last day of service to Russia -- the great toiler of the Russian Land became severely weakened and now awaited his approaching passage to the other world.

ôÆThe Sovereign spent the night without sleep, earnestly waiting for the dawn and, arising from his bed, sat in an armchair. The day came, dismal and cold. A strong wind came up; the sea groaned with violent choppiness.

ôÆAt seven o'clock the Sovereign sent for the Tsarevich and spoke privately with him for about an hour. After this he summoned the Empress, who found him in tears. He told her: ôI sense my end.ö The Empress said, ôFor GodÆs sake, donÆt say that -- youÆll be well.ö ôNo,ö the Sovereign firmly replied, ôthis has dragged on too long. I feel that death is close. Be at peace. IÆm absolutely at peace.ö At 10 oÆclock his relatives gathered around the dying man and he, fully conscious, tried to say an amiable word to each one. Recalling that the twentieth was the birthday of Grand Duchess Elizabeth Feodorovna, the Sovereign wanted to congratulate her. Conversing with his close ones, he did not forget about his soul and asked that his confessor be summoned to say prayers and desired again to commune the Holy Mysteries.

ôÆHaving communed the Sovereign, the confessor wished to withdraw so as to leave the dying man among his family, but the Sovereign detained him and thanked him sincerely. The pastor, leaning towards the Sovereign, thanked him on behalf of the Holy Church, for the fact that he was always her unwavering son and faithful defender, on behalf of the

Russian people, for whom he sacrificed all his strength and, finally, he expressed the firm hope that in the heavenly dwelling places there would be prepared for him an imperishable kingdom of glory and blessedness with all the saints.

At 11 o'clock the condition of the sick man became especially difficult; shortness of breath increased, the activity of his heart declined, and he asked that Fr. John of Kronstadt be summoned who, having come, anointed the body of the Sovereign with oil from the lampada and, in accordance with his request, placed his hands upon his head. Fearing that the respected pastor was becoming tired, the dying man asked him to rest, and when the latter asked him whether he was tiring him by holding his hands on his head, he heard, on the contrary, it's very easy for me when you hold them there. And he added, touchingly, the Russian people love you. With his weakening voice the Sovereign began to express his farewell affection, first to the Empress, then to the children. They stood near him and the Empress held his hand. At 2 o'clock his pulse increased. The last minutes had come. The royal sufferer, held up by the shoulders by the Tsarevich, leaned his head upon the Empress's shoulder, closed his eyes and quietly reposed. It was 2:15 in the afternoon. So ended his life this good sufferer for the Russian Land, as in ancient Rus they called his holy heavenly protector, the Right-believing Alexander Nevsky.

The ever-memorable Fr. John thus described these sorrowful days: On October 17, by the wish of the reposed-in-God Sovereign Emperor he was given communion of the Holy Mysteries by me. I celebrated the Liturgy daily, either in the Livadia church, or occasionally in Oreand, and on the aforementioned day, directly after celebrating the Liturgy in the latter church, I hastened with the Cup of life to the August (sick one), who received with reverent feelings, from my hands, the life-creating Mysteries.

On October 20, the Sovereign Emperor again wished to see me. I hastened to appear immediately after celebrating the Liturgy and remained in the Imperial presence right up to the blessed repose of the Sovereign. By wish of the Empress I read the prayer for healing for the sick one and anointed his feet and other parts of his body with oil. This oil from the lampada of a revered miracle-working icon, by wish of zealous people, was provided by one of the priests of Yalta, Fr. Alexander, for the anointing of the August (sick one), which was done. Receiving with sincere faith this reverent zeal, the Sovereign Emperor expressed the wish that I lay my hands on his head, and when I held them there, His Majesty said to me, The people love you. Yes, said I, Your Majesty, your people love me. Then he deigned to say, Yes -- because they know who you are and what you are. (His exact words). After this, the August (sick one) felt a strong attack of shortness of breath, and oxygen was continually pumped into his mouth. He was in great pain. On the left of the August (sick one) was the Empress; before him stood his two eldest sons and the bride of the Tsarevich; on the right were Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovich and Olga Alexandrovna; and I stood by the headrest of the armchair. Is it not painful for Your Imperial Majesty that I'm holding my hands on your head? No, the Sovereign deigned to answer, It's easier for me when you hold your hands over me. This was because I had appeared immediately after serving Liturgy, and in the palms of my hands held the Most Pure Body of the Lord and had been a partaker of the Holy Mysteries.

Kronstadt

November 8, 1894

Archpriest John Sergiev

d. Pobedonostsev

[Notes from Fr. S's Revolution chapter of Anarchism manuscript: Only, however, in the supremely reactionary

autocratic Russian Empire did the political order itself retain -- for all its weakening in the period of Westernization -- some sense of its old, absolute foundation; and even in Russia it was only, perhaps, a very few statesmen like Pobedenostsev who were seriously concerned to preserve this foundation. Also in his notes for the Empire, Old Order chapter, Fr. S. lists a quote by Pobedenostsev: Russia has been strong thanks to autocracy, thanks to the unlimited mutual trust between the people and its tsars.]

(1) Russian tradition unique to not influenced by Revolution or liberalism: Viereck 84-5.

(2) Quotes 120-3.

(3) Watched over new literature and philosophy and art, admired Tsar against Solneyei(?), Tolet, blasphemous paintings of Ge, Opera during Lent to against what is revolting and propagandistic.

e. Dostoyevsky

(1) Radical youth to caught in Fourierist group, condemned, Siberia, then became Tsarist. Having himself been deeply infected by revolutionary disease, he saw deeper than anyone its meaning and end.

[Taken from Fr. Seraphim's "Russian Literature" taped lecture]

Dostoyevsky lived, well he died 1881 or 2, and his life was, in his youth he was at the very time when Gogol was being converted, in the 1840's, Dostoyevsky was taking part in discussion groups. There was one group called Petrochevsky Group, which was discussing the socialist ideas of Fourier. But this group was not serious as a, they were not trying to overthrow the government, whenever they talked about things like that, it was on a very naive level. They had no organization, no thought at all about overthrowing the government or taking over. They just had idealistic notions about how wonderful it would be if everybody was peaceful and harmonious, it were a perfect government and nobody oppressed anybody else, and Fourier seemed to point to that.

Fourier was just a crazy man who lived in the West, crazy, that is, according to, but he was in the spirit of the times. And later on he bequeathed this to people like Marx who made this whole idea much more serious, made it so-called "scientific." But Fourier was dreaming about paradise with lemonade fountains and all kinds of images like that. But this spirit of egalitarianism and socialism sort of was in the air, that was the way the Western ideas were largely coming in from Europe.

And Dostoyevsky was discussing these and dreaming about the bright future, already writing novels. And then he was caught. That is, this group was found out by the Tsar's police. They broke in and arrested him together with other people from his group. And he was then sentenced to death. They thought it was a serious thing; they were going to execute them and cut off the revolution at the root. But the Tsar had in mind -- Tsar Nicholas I who had a very patronizing attitude towards his subjects -- that is, he had a very personal interest in the fate of each subject. And he did this, he allowed this death sentence to be given, intending to, not to carry it through, so that his people would -- when they found themselves in front of the executioners and then the sentence was postponed or abrogated -- come to their senses and repent.

And in the case of Dostoyevsky, it had just that effect. The other ones, I don't know how they ended up. But he went through, of course, his whole life comes to an end -- he's still a young man in his 30's, even late 20's, and he sees the rifles drawn in front of him -- his life comes to its end. What has he done? He

hasn't thought much about religion up till then. And then all of a sudden they say the Tsar has pardoned you. You will have eight years in Siberia instead.

So he went to Siberia, and he's written in some of his books his experiences in Siberia. He lived eight years in Siberia, he lived a very hard life. They slept on hard boards, many people in a room. The food was poor, although Solzhenitsyn makes a point of comparing accounts like the ones Dostoyevsky describes with accounts of Communist prisons. And what sounds to us like a terrible time, after he describes Communist prisons, then he describes Tsarist prisons -- it's obvious that the Tsarist prisons were quite luxurious compared to the Communist prisons. Of course, Dostoyevsky, being a lower class, did not have a comfortable exile that many of the upper class people did, who just lived like free citizens in exile. But he went through this experience which, from the political side, made him, after eight years in Siberia under very difficult times under a difficult regime, come out a Tsarist, Orthodox Christian, and converted to the whole idea of Tsarism. It means that there was something deep happening in him, and he reformed his whole ideas about life, about Christianity, about where he was going, about the meaning of life. But at the same time, that's from the philosophical side, his whole ideas are going to about the Grand Inquisitor and the meaning of modern history and so forth. On the Christian side, I'd like to emphasize today, he went through some kind of a special thing. He was converted to Christianity, Christian ideas, and he began to write stories....[End 1980 Russian Literature Tape passage]

Quote *The Possessed* analyzes revolutionary mentality, both its stupidities and deep thinkers: pp. 397-400 on Quintetsö;

öVirginsky himself was rather unwell that evening, but he came in and sat in an easy chair by the tea table. All the guests were sitting down too, and the orderly way in which they were ranged on chairs suggested a meeting. Evidently all were expecting something and were filling up the interval with loud but irrelevant conversation. When Stavrogin and Verkovensky appeared there was a sudden hush.

öBut I must be allowed to give a few explanations to make things clear.

öI believe that all these people had come together in the agreeable expectation of hearing something particularly interesting, and had notice of it beforehand. They were the flower of the reddest Radicalism of our ancient town, and had been carefully picked out by Virginsky for this meeting. I may remark, too, that some of them (though not very many) had never visited him before. Of course most of the guests had no clear idea why they had been summoned. It was true that at that time all took Pyotr Stepanovitch for a fully authorized emissary from abroad; this idea had somehow taken root among them at once and naturally flattered them. And yet among the citizens assembled ostensibly to keep a name-day, there were some who had been approached with definite proposals. Pyotr Verkovensky had succeeded in getting together a quintet amongst us like the one he had already formed in Moscow and, as appeared later, in our province among the officers. It was said that he had another X province. This quintet of the elect were sitting now at the general table, and very skillfully succeeded in giving themselves the air of being quite ordinary people, so that no one could have known them. They were -- since it is no longer a secret -- Liputin, then Virginsky himself, then Shigalov (a gentleman with long ears, the brother of Madame Virginsky), Lyamshin, and lastly a strange person called Tolkatchenko, a man of forty, who was famed for his vast knowledge of the people, especially of thieves and robbers. He used to frequent the taverns on purpose (though not only with the object of studying the people), and plumed himself on his shabby clothes, tarred boots, and crafty wink and a flourish of peasant phrases. Lyamshin had once or twice brought him to Stepan Trofimovitch's gatherings, where,

however, he did not make a great sensation. He used to make his appearance in the town from time to time, chiefly when he was out of a job; he was employed on the railway.

öEvery one of these five champions had formed this first group in the fervent conviction that their quintet was only one of hundreds and thousands of similar groups scattered all over Russia, and that they all depended on some immense central but secret power, which in its turn was intimately connected with the revolutionary movement all over Europe. But I regret to say that even at that time there was beginning to be dissension among them. Though they had ever since the spring been expecting Pyotr Verkovensky, whose coming had been heralded first by Tolkatchenko and then by the arrival of Shigalov, though they had expected extraordinary miracles from him, and though they had responded to his first summons without the slightest criticism, yet they had no sooner formed the quintet than they all somehow seemed to feel insulted; and I really believe it was owing to the promptitude with which they consented to join. They had joined, of course, from a not ignoble feeling of shame, for fear people might say afterwards that they had not dared to join; still they felt Pyotr Verkovensky ought to have appreciated their heroism and have rewarded it by telling them some really important bits of news at least. But Verkovensky was not at all inclined to satisfy their legitimate curiosity, and told them nothing but what was necessary; he treated them in general with great sternness and even rather casually. This was positively irritating, and Comrade Shigalov was already egging the others on to insist on his explaining himself. I thought, of course, not at Virginsky's, where so many outsiders were present.

öI have an idea that the above-mentioned members of the first quintet were disposed to suspect that among the guests of Virginsky's that evening some were members of other groups, unknown to them, belonging to the same secret organization and founded in the town by the same Verkovensky; so that in fact all present were suspecting one another, and posed in various ways to one another, which gave the whole party a very perplexing and even romantic air. Yet there were persons present who were beyond all suspicion. For instance a major in the service, a near relation of Virginsky, a perfectly innocent person who had not been invited but had come of himself for the name-day celebration, so that it was impossible not to receive him. But Virginsky was quite unperturbed, as the major was incapable of betraying them; for in spite of his stupidity he had all his life been fond of dropping in wherever extreme Radicals met; he did not sympathize with their ideas himself, but was very fond of listening to them. What's more, he had even been compromised indeed. It had happened in his youth that whole bundles of manifestoes and of numbers of *The Bell* had passed through his hands, and although he had been afraid even to open them, yet he would have considered it absolutely contemptible to refuse to distribute them -- and there are such people in Russia even to this day.

öThe rest of the guests were either types of honorable amour-propre crushed and embittered, or types of the generous impulsiveness of ardent youth. There were two or three teachers, of whom one, a lame man of forty-five, a master in the high school, was a very malicious and strikingly vain person; and two or three officers. Of the latter, one very young artillery officer who had only just come from a military training school, a silent lad who had not yet made friends with anyone, turned up now at Virginsky's with a pencil in his hand, and scarcely taking any part in the conversation, continually made notes in his notebook. Everybody saw this, but every one pretended not to. There was, too, an idle divinity student who had helped Lyamshin to put indecent photographs into the gospel-woman's pack. He was a solid youth with a free-and-easy though mistrustful manner, with an unchangeably satirical smile, together with a calm air of triumphant faith in his own perfection. There was also present, I don't know why, the mayor's son, that unpleasant and prematurely exhausted youth to whom I have referred already in telling the story of the lieutenant's little wife. He was silent the

whole evening. Finally there was a very enthusiastic and tousle-headed schoolboy of eighteen, who sat with the gloomy air of a young man whose dignity has been wounded, evidently distressed by his eighteen years. This infant was already the head of an independent group of conspirators which had been formed in the highest class of the gymnasium, as it came out afterwards to the surprise of every one.

“I haven’t mentioned Shatov. He was there at the farthest corner of the table, his chair pushed back a little out of the row. He gazed at the ground, was gloomily silent, refused tea and bread, and did not for one instant let his cap go out of his hand, as though to show that he was not a visitor, but had come on business, and when he liked would get up and go away. Kirillov was not far from him. He, too, was very silent, but he did not look at the ground; on the contrary, he scrutinized intently every speaker with his fixed, lustreless eyes, and listened to everything without the slightest emotion or surprise. Some of the visitors who had never seen him before stole thoughtful glances at him. I can’t say whether Madame Virginsky knew anything about the existence of the quintet. I imagine she knew everything and from her husband. The girl-student, of course, took no part in anything; but she had an anxiety for her own: she intended to stay only a day or two and then to go on farther and farther from one university town to another to show active sympathy with the sufferings of poor students and to rouse them to protest. She was taking with her some hundreds of copies of a lithographed appeal, I believe of her own composition. It is remarkable that the schoolboy conceived an almost murderous hatred for her from the first moment, though he saw her for the first time in his life; and she felt the same for him. The major was her uncle, and met her today for the first time after ten years. When Stavrogin and Verkovensky came in, her cheeks were as red as cranberries: she had just quarreled with her uncle over his views on the woman question.”^{lxxxv}

409-413, 415 on Shigalov.

“Shigalov went on.

“Dedicating my energies to the study of the social organization which is in the future to replace the present condition of things, I’ve come to the conviction that all makers of social systems from ancient times up to the present year, 187-, have been dreamers, tellers of fairy-tales, fools who contradicted themselves, who understood nothing of natural science and the strange animal called man. Plato, Rousseau, Fourier, columns of aluminum, are only fit for sparrows and not for human society. But, now that we are all at last preparing to act, a new form of social organization is essential. In order to avoid further uncertainty, I propose my own system of world-organization. Here it is. He tapped the notebook. I wanted to expound my views to the meeting in the most concise form possible, but I see that I should need to add a great many verbal explanations, and so the whole exposition would occupy at least ten evenings, one for each of my chapters. (There was the sound of laughter.) I must add, besides, that my system is not yet complete. (Laughter again.) I am perplexed by my own data and my conclusion is a direct contradiction of my original idea with which I start. Starting from unlimited freedom, I arrive at unlimited despotism. I will add, however, that there can be no solution of the social problem but mine.”

“The laughter grew louder and louder, but it came chiefly from the younger and less initiated visitors. There was an expression of some annoyance on the faces of Madame Virginsky, Liputin, and the lame teacher.

“If you’ve been unsuccessful in making your system consistent, and have been reduced to despair yourself, what could we do with it?” one officer observed warily.

“You are right, Mr. Officer,” Shigalov turned sharply to him -- especially using the word despair. Yes, I am reduced to

despair. Nevertheless, nothing can take the place of the system set forth in my book, and there is no other way out of it; no one can invent anything else. And so I hasten without loss of time to invite the whole society to listen for ten evenings to my book and then give their opinions of it. If the members are unwilling to listen to me, let us break up from the start -- the men to take up service under government, the women to their cooking; for if you reject my solution you’ll find no other, none whatever! If they let the opportunity slip, it will simply be their loss, for they will be bound to come back to it again.”

“There was a stir in the company. ‘Is he mad, or what?’ voices asked.

“So the whole point lies in Shigalov’s despair,” Lyamshin commented, “and the essential question is whether he must despair or not?”

“Shigalov’s being on the brink of despair is a personal question,” declared the schoolboy.

“I propose we put it to a vote how far Shigalov’s despair affects the common cause, and at the same time whether it’s worth while listening to him or not,” an officer suggested gaily.

“That’s not right.” The lame teacher put in his spoke at last. As a rule he spoke with a rather mocking smile, so that it was difficult to make out whether he was in earnest or joking. “That’s not right, gentlemen. Mr. Shigalov is too much devoted to his task and is also too modest. I know his book. He suggests as a final solution of the question the division of mankind into two unequal parts. One-tenth enjoys absolute liberty and unbounded power over the other nine-tenths. The others have to give up all individuality and become, so to speak, a herd, and, through boundless submission will by a series of regenerations, attain primeval innocence, something like the Garden of Eden. They’ll have to work, however. The measures proposed by the author for depriving nine-tenths of mankind of their freedom and transforming them into a herd through the education of whole generations are very remarkable, founded on the facts of nature and highly logical. One may not agree with some of the deductions, but it would be difficult to doubt the intelligence and knowledge of the author. It’s a pity that the time required -- ten evenings -- is impossible to arrange for, or we might hear a great deal that’s interesting.”

“Can you be in earnest?” Madame Virginsky addressed the lame gentleman with a shade of positive uneasiness in her voice, “when that man doesn’t know what to do with people and so turns nine-tenths of them into slaves? I’ve suspected him for a long time.”

“You say that of your own brother?” asked the lame man.

“Relationship? Are you laughing at me?”

“And besides, to work for aristocrats and to obey them as though they were gods is contemptible!” observed the girl-student fiercely.

“What I propose is not contemptible; it’s paradise, an earthly paradise, and there can be no other on earth,” Shigalov pronounced authoritatively.

“For my part,” said Lyamshin, “if I didn’t know what to do with nine-tenths of mankind, I’d take them and blow them up into the air instead of putting them in paradise. I’d only leave a handful of educated people, who would live happily ever afterwards on scientific principles.”

“No one but a buffoon can talk like that!” cried the girl, flaring up.

“He is a buffoon, but he is of use,” Madame Virginsky whispered to her.

“And possibly that would be the best solution of the problem,” said Shigalov, turning hotly to Lyamshin. “You certainly don’t know what a profound thing you’ve succeeded in saying, my merry friend. But as it’s hardly possible to carry out your idea, we must confine ourselves to an earthly paradise, since that’s what they call it.”

“That’s pretty thorough rot,” broke, as though involuntarily, from Verkovensky. Without even raising his eyes, however, he went on cutting his nails with perfect nonchalance.

“Why is it rot? The lame teacher took it up instantly, as though he had been lying in wait for his first words to catch at them. “Why is it rot? Mr. Shigalov is somewhat fanatical in his love for humanity, but remember that Fourier, still more Cabet and even Proudhon himself, advocated a number of the most despotic and even fantastic measures. Mr. Shigalov is perhaps far more sober in his suggestions than they are. I assure you that when one reads his book it’s almost impossible not to agree with some things. He is perhaps less far from realism than anyone and his earthly paradise is almost the real one -- if it ever existed -- for the loss of which man is always sighing.”

“I knew I was in for something,” Verkovensky muttered again.

“Allow me,” said the lame man, getting more and more excited. “Conversations and arguments about the future organization of society are almost an actual necessity for all thinking people nowadays. Herzen was occupied with nothing else all his life. Byelinsky, as I know on very good authority, used to spend whole evenings with his friends debating and settling beforehand even the minutest, so to speak, domestic, details of the social organization of the future.”

“Some people go crazy over it,” the major observed suddenly.

“We are more likely to arrive at something by talking, anyway, than by sitting silent and posing as dictators,” Liputin hissed, as though at last venturing to begin the attack.

“I didn’t mean Shigalov when I said it was rot,” Verkovensky mumbled. “You see, gentlemen -- he raised his eyebrows a trifle -- to my mind all these books, Fourier, Cabet, all this talk about the right to work, and Shigalov’s theories -- are all like novels of which one can write a hundred thousand -- an aesthetic entertainment. I can understand that in this little town you are bored, so you rush to ink and paper.”

“Excuse me,” said the lame man, wriggling on his chair, although we are provincials and of course objects of commiseration on that ground, yet we know that so far nothing has happened in the world new enough to be worth our weeping at having missed it. It is suggested to us in various pamphlets made abroad and secretly distributed that we should unite and form groups with the sole object of bringing about universal destruction. It’s urged that, however much you tinker with the world, you can’t make a good job of it, but that by cutting off a hundred million heads and so lightening one’s burden, one can jump over the ditch more safely. A fine idea, no doubt, but quite as impractical as Shigalov’s theories, which you referred to just now so contemptuously.”

“Well, but I haven’t come here for discussion,” Verkovensky let drop this significant phrase, and, as though quite unaware of his blunder, drew the candle nearer to him that he might see better.

“It’s a pity, a great pity, that you haven’t come for discussion, and it’s a great pity that you are so taken up just

now with your toilet.”

“What’s my toilet to you?”

“To remove a hundred million heads is as difficult as to transform the world by propaganda. Possibly more difficult, especially in Russia,” Liputin ventured again.

“It’s Russia they rest their hopes on now,” said an officer.

“We’ve heard they are resting their hopes on it,” interposed the lame man. “We know that a mysterious finger is pointing to our delightful country as the land most fitted to accomplish the great task. But there’s this: by the gradual solution of the problem by propaganda I shall gain something, anyway -- I shall have some pleasant talk, at least, and shall even get some recognition from government for my services to the cause of society. But in the second way, by the rapid method of cutting off a hundred million heads, what benefit shall I get personally? If you begin advocating that, your tongue might be cut out.”

“Yours certainly would be,” observed Verkovensky.

“You see. And as under the most favorable circumstances you would not get through such a massacre in less than fifty or at the best thirty years -- for they are not sheep, you know, and perhaps they would not let themselves be slaughtered -- wouldn’t it be better to pack one’s bundle and migrate to some quiet island beyond calms seas and there close one’s eyes tranquilly? Believe me -- he tapped the table significantly with his finger -- you will only promote emigration by such propaganda and nothing else!”

“He finished evidently triumphant. He was one of the intellects of the province....”^{ö^{lxxxvi}}

415 on Shigalov.

[Verkovensky speaking]...To cut the matter short -- for we can’t go on talking for another thirty years as people have done for the last thirty -- I ask you which you prefer: the slow way, which consists in the composition of socialistic romances and the academic ordering of the destinies of humanity a thousand years hence, while despotism will swallow the savory morsels which would almost fly into your mouths of themselves if you’d take a little trouble; or do you, whatever it may imply, prefer a quicker way which will at last untie your hands, and will let humanity make its own social organization in freedom and in action, not on paper? They shout a hundred million heads; that may be only a metaphor; but why be afraid of it if, with the slow day-dreams on paper, despotism in the course of some hundred years will devour not a hundred but five hundred million heads? Take note too that an incurable invalid will not be cured whatever prescriptions are written for him on paper. On the contrary, if there is delay, he will grow so corrupt that he will infect us too and contaminate all the fresh forces which one might still reckon upon now, so that we shall all at last come to grief together. I thoroughly agree that it’s extremely agreeable to chatter liberally and eloquently, but action is a little trying.... However, I am no hand at talking; I came here with communications, and so I beg all the honorable company not to vote, but simply and directly to state which you prefer: walking at a snail’s pace in the marsh, or putting on full steam to get across it?”

“I am certainly for crossing at full steam!” cried the schoolboy in an ecstasy.

“So am I,” Lyamshin chimed in.

“There can be no doubt about the choice,” muttered an officer, followed by another, then by some one else. What

struck them all most was that Verkovensky had come æwith communicationsÆ and had himself just promised to speak.

ôæGentlemen, I see that almost all decide for the policy of the manifestoes,Æ he said, looking round at the company.

ôæAll, all!Æ cried the majority of voices.ö^{lxxxvii}

ôæShigalov is a man of genius! Do you know he is a genius like Fourier, but bolder than Fourier; stronger. IÆll look after him. HeÆs discovered ôequalityö!Æ

ôæHe is in a fever; he is raving; something very queer has happened to him,Æ thought Stavrogin, looking at him once more. Both walked on without stopping.

ôæHeÆs written a good thing in that manuscript,Æ Verkovensky went on. æHe suggest a system of spying. Every member of the society spies on the others. and itÆs his duty to inform against them. Every one belongs to all and all to every one. All are slaves and equal in their slavery. In extreme cases he advocates slander and murder, but the great thing about it is equality. To begin with, the level of education, science, and talents is lowered. A high level of education and science is only possible for great intellects, and they are not wanted. The great intellects have always seized the power and been despots. Great intellects cannot help being despots and theyÆve always done more harm than good. They will be banished or put to death. Cicero will have his tongue cut out, Copernicus will have his eyes put out eyes, Shakespeare will be stoned -- thatÆs Shigalovism. Slaves are bound to be equal. There has never been either freedom or equality without despotism, but in the herd there is bound to be equality and thatÆs Shigalovism. Ha ha ha! Do you think it strange? I am for Shigalovism.Æ...

ôæListen, Stavrogin. To level the mountains is a fine idea, not an absurd one. IÆm all for Shigalov! Down with culture. WeÆve had enough science! Even Without science we have material enough to go on for a thousand years, but one must have discipline. The one thing wanting in the world is discipline. The thirst for culture is an aristocratic thirst. The moment you have family ties or love you get the desire for property. We will destroy that desire; we make use of drunkenness, slander, spying; weÆll make use of incredible corruption; weÆll stifle every genius in its infancy. WeÆll reduce all to a common denominator! Complete equality! ôWeÆve learned a trade; and we are honest men; we need nothing more,ö that was an answer given by English working-men recently. Only the necessary is necessary, thatÆs the motto of the whole world henceforward. But it needs a shock. ThatÆs for us, the directors, to look after. Slaves must have directors. Absolute submission, absolute loss of individuality, but once in thirty years Shigalov would let them have a shock and they would all suddenly begin eating one another up, to a certain point, simply as a precaution against boredom. Boredom is an aristocratic sensation. The Shigalovians will have no desires. Desire and suffering are our lot, but Shigalovism is for the slaves.Æ

ôæYou exclude yourself?Æ Stavrogin broke in again.

ôæYou, too. Do you know, I have thought of giving up the world to the Pope. Let him come forth on foot, and barefoot, and show himself to the rabble, saying, ôSee what they have brought me to!ö and they will all rush after him, even the troops. The Pope at the head, with us around him, and below us --

Shigalovism. All thatÆs needed is that the *Internationale* should come to an agreement with the Pope, so it will. And the old chap will agree at once. ThereÆs nothing else he can do.Æö^{lxxxviii}

Kirillov ù later on new religion.

[Taken from 1980 Survival Course Lecture on Nietzsche]

And then he has this man, this character Kirillov, who is the philosopher who came to the conclusion since there's no God, I must be god. And if I'm god, I have to do something that proves I'm god. And you can't just live an ordinary life. Therefore, you must do something which is spectacular. It must be something which is absolute and proves that you have authority over yourself. 'Course the main proof that you have authority is over your own life -- therefore to prove that I am god -- I must kill myself. That's the logic. To us it makes no sense. That man is crazy. But it makes perfect sense, and once you reject Christianity, that's very logical. [End 1980 quote]

“-æI am bound to show my unbelief,Æ said Kirillov, walking about the room. æI have no higher idea than disbelief in God. I have all the history of mankind on my side. Man has done nothing but invent God so as to go on living, and not kill himself; thatÆs the whole of universal history up till now. I am the first one in the whole of human history who would not invent God. let them know it once for all.Æ

ôæ...Do you understand now that the salvation for consists in proving this idea to every one? Who will prove it? I! I canÆt understand how an atheist could know that there is no God and not kill himself on the spot. To recognize that there is no God and not to recognize at the same instant that one is God oneself is an absurdity, else one would certainly kill oneself. If you recognize it you are sovereign, and then you wonÆt kill yourself but will live in the greatest glory. But one, the first, must kill himself, for else who will begin and prove it? So I must certainly kill myself, to begin and prove it. Now I am only a god against my will and I am unhappy, because I am *bound* to assert my will. All are unhappy because all are afraid to express their will. Man has hitherto been so unhappy and so poor because he has been afraid to assert his will in the highest point and has shown his self-will only in little things, like a schoolboy. I am awfully unhappy, for I am awfully afraid. Terror is the curse of man.... But I will assert my will. I am bound to believe that I donÆt believe. I will begin and make an end of it and open the door, and will save. ThatÆs the only thing that will save mankind and will recreate the next generation physically; for with this present physical nature man canÆt get on without his former God, I believe. For three years IÆve been seeking for the attribute of my godhead and IÆve found it; the attribute of my godhead is self-will! ThatÆs all I can do to prove in the highest point my independence and my new terrible freedom. For it is terrible. I am killing myself to prove my independence and my new terrible freedom.Æö^{lxxxix}

[Taken from 1980 Survival Course Lecture on Nietzsche] Therefore, finally, since he has human nature, he's scared of killing himself and he's constantly hesitating, then along comes a character like Lenin, who's this Verkhovensky, who uses this, tries to persuade him to kill himself and then blame it on somebody else in order to gain some kind of a disorder so that his revolutionary circle could begin to take over. And he finally persuades him. He says, "All right, go on, kill yourself. Sign this paper that says that you'll down with the capitalists and so forth, and then kill yourself. I'll stand right here and hold the door open for you." And he says, "No, I can't. I must do it on a big scale. I must do it in front of everybody." He says, "No, no, just do it quiet here. And the note is all written here." And I think he finally pushes him, finally kills himself. These kind of people are with us. They're all over the place. [End 1980 quote]

(2) Crime and Punishment: on man who want to be beyond good and evil, kills for an idea ù Napoleon ù Superman. But ends in repentance and opening of Christian life.

[Taken from Fr. S's taped lecture on Russian literature] ...although a large part of the book [*Crime and Punishment*] is before he kills the woman, he is constantly thinking that he should do it, and he goes through these, it's basically Nietzsche's idea that if there is no God, then everything is permitted. And this of course has its philosophical, political form, but from the

Christian point of view this means that I can do anything. And he keeps thinking of Napoleon. Here's a man who comes from the ranks, and he goes out, becomes the leader of a country. And he's allowed to kill whoever he wants, just because he's the head of the country. That means there must be a class of Supermen.

It's based upon entirely, in fact, this is, the kingdoms of this world vs. the kingdom of Christ. According to the kingdom of Christ we all must humble ourselves before God. And according to the philosophy of the world, of the power of this world, there are some people who are strong. If you're strong you have the right to trample on others. He's Machiavellian: government can do ups(?) as long as the prince has the power. Or Nietzsche: that you can do anything you want as long as you are one of these Supermen.

And so he's going through these agonizing dialogues with himself. He goes and visits the woman. He sees how she behaves. He's casing the joint, seeing how he will do it, where she goes, where she keeps the money. And there's a second woman, her sister, it is? And the one he begins to build in his mind an image that she's hateful, she's just like an insect. All these actually un-Christian things that they come from rationalistic ideas which were coming from the West. And you look at what Marx came up with in the West, actually the idea that you can go and do whatever you want just as long as you take over, make people violent. It's part of the idea that while the revolution goes on when people kill somebody else, it makes them violent. And therefore they can be tools for the revolution. In other words people are to be used as things. That's exactly the opposite of Christianity.

But his conscience is there; he can't help it. And therefore he keeps hesitating, and he condemns himself, "Are you so weak, you can't do it?" He's accusing himself. "You're supposed to be a Superman and you can't do it, you can't go through with it!" And finally he gets the nerve, and goes and hits, I think debates whether he should kill them both or just one. Finally he gets...

...[The other woman] comes in or something at the last minute. He didn't want to kill her and he gets all upset by that, and decides he has to kill her too. And then he's stuck. I think he takes hardly any money -- just a little. He gets so hysterical he goes and hides it someplace. And then begins his torments. If he's Superman he should feel absolutely cool and calm. She's just a flea, some kind of insect. She doesn't need to live, and I'm the Superman. I'm going to prepare myself by college education so I can help the Western ideas to come to enlighten Russia. But meanwhile his conscience begins to operate and he cannot understand why he's not at peace. For one thing he faults himself because he didn't get enough money. But then, something happens inside of him, and shows this Christianity cannot be, the conscience planted by God and developed by the Christian Church cannot be silenced. And then begins this terrible duel between him and this interrogator who is investigating the case, and he never knows whether he knows he did it, suspects he did it, whether he suspects somebody else, but is constantly...if he didn't have a bad conscience, he wouldn't have any problem.

And in the end it turns out that this interrogator is just waiting for him to confess. And he finally says, "Who do you think it is? Tell me." And he said, "Why, it's you, Rodya Romanovitch. You killed her. But I'm waiting for you to come by yourself and tell us." And so he almost goes crazy. What should he do? Should he run away?

And then he meets this girl Sonya, who is a prostitute, that is the lowest element of society, and outside Christianity, Christian sympathy or anything. Why is she a prostitute? Because she has to support her mother. And she didn't want to do it; she has Christian faith. But she has to; it's the only way she can get money. In other words this absolutely helpless, pitiful creature. And she's going to be the one that saves this man who is deluded

by these Western ideas. And he begins to talk to her. She shows the Gospel. "Oh. Gospel, anything but the Gospel!" And she begins to talk about Jesus Christ. And gradually his heart begins to soften. And finally he goes to her, I think at the end, to decide whether he should give himself up. And he says, "What shall I do? They'll send me to Siberia and finished." And she said, "Oh, I'll come with you to Siberia." And he went, how can this be someone like that, the lowest dregs of society? And she, she loves me? That she'll come to Siberia to be with me?" And he finally is so crushed, he finally got, he gets on his knees before the police station and says, "I DID IT! Kill me, take me away!"

And this is a very strong thing, by the way, in the Russian temperament.

Well, with [Sophia], the case was that she preserved her Orthodoxy, her Christianity, even though externally she was a sinner, she couldn't receive Communion, she was constantly in a state of sin. And he of his own free will went away from it, and therefore this purity, actually the purity of Christianity remained in her even though she was, in fact, the fact that she was a sinner probably even increased it because she knew that she was no good, the last dregs of society, she was a hopeless case. And yet she retained Jesus Christ, and therefore she could preach the Gospel to this sophisticated, although he wasn't too sophisticated, just a student, but still he had these high ideas, and eventually melt his heart and convert him. And then it says they went to Siberia, and he begins I think to describe a little of it, and then he says the rest of the story is a different story. He doesn't tell you what happened in Siberia. Because he went to Siberia and came back a converted man himself.

That's probably the, the most perfect as a work of art of Dostoyevsky -- it's all complete in one, one volume; he doesn't just sort of go over his head. [End Russian Literature Lecture passage]

(3) Grand Inquisitor:

[Taken from the 1980 Survival Course Lecture on Nietzsche] *The Brothers Karamozov* presents the same cold, calculating Western mentality. Ivan Karamazov is theorizing about sort of his ideas of the Grand Inquisitor, it's presented as his idea. By the way Dostoyevsky makes clear there that's there's some kind of a little man in the stove pipe who keeps coming to him, it's an image of the devil, the fact that he was in contact with some other power, who gives him his wonderful ideas and he comes up with this idea about -- he keeps thinking Christianity can't, he has a debates with Alyosha, the young brother who's supposed to be the hero. Alyosha wants true Christianity, and he sees his brothers are tormented. They don't have peace, and his father's a rascal, old-type devoshid(?), and his children are, this Ivan who is cold, calculating type, no faith in Christ, he can't believe everything Alyosha says about Christ.

(a) Ivan Karamazov's philosophy: 245-8,

“To begin with, for the sake of being Russian. Russian conversations on such subjects are always carried on inconceivably stupidly. And secondly, the stupider one is, the closer one is to reality. The stupider one is the clearer one is. Stupidity is brief and artless, while intelligence wriggles and hides itself. Intelligence is a knave, but stupidity is honest and straightforward. I've led the conversation to my despair, and the more stupidly I have presented it, the better for me.”

“You will explain why you don't accept the world?” said Alyosha.

“To be sure I will, it's not a secret, that's what I've been leading up to. Dear little brother, I don't want to corrupt you or to turn you from your stronghold, perhaps I want to be healed by you.” Ivan smiled suddenly quite like a gentle child. Alyosha had never seen such a smile on his face before.

ô4. Rebellion

ôæI must make you one confession,Æ Ivan began. æI could never understand how one can love oneÆs neighbors. ItÆs just oneÆs neighbors, to my mind, that one canÆt love, though one might love those at a distance. I once read somewhere of John the Merciful, a saint, that when a hungry, frozen beggar came to him, he took him into his bed, held him in his arms, and began breathing into his mouth, which was putrid and loathsome from some awful disease. I am convinced that he did that from ôself-laceration,ö from the self-laceration of falsity, for the sake of the charity imposed by duty, as a penance laid on him. For any one to love a man, he must be hidden, for as soon as he shows his face, love is gone.Æ

ôæFather Zossima has talked of that more than once,Æ observed Alyosha, æhe, too, said that the face of a man often hinders many people not practiced in love, from loving him. But yet thereÆs a great deal of love in mankind, and almost Christ-like love. I know myself, Ivan.Æ

ôæWell, I know nothing of it so far, and canÆt understand it, and the innumerable mass of mankind are with me there. The question is, whether thatÆs due to menÆs bad qualities or whether itÆs inherent in their nature. To my thinking, Christ-like love for men is a miracle impossible on earth. He was God. But we are not gods. Suppose I, for instance, suffer intensely. Another can never know how much I suffer, because he is another and not I. And whatÆs more, a man is rarely ready to admit anotherÆs suffering (as though it were a distinction). Why wonÆt he admit it, do you think? Because I smell unpleasant, because I have a stupid face, because I once trod on his foot. Besides there is suffering and suffering; degrading, humiliating suffering such as humbles me -- hunger, for instance, -- my benefactor will perhaps allow me; but when you come to higher suffering -- for an idea, for instance -- he will very rarely admit that, perhaps because my face strikes him as not at all what he fancies a man should have who suffer for an idea. And so he deprives me instantly of his favor, and not at all from badness of heart. Beggars, especially genteel beggars, ought never to show themselves, but to ask for charity through the newspapers. One can love oneÆs neighbor in the abstract, or even at a distance, in the ballet, where if beggars come in, they wear silken rags and tattered lace and beg for alms dancing gracefully, then one might like looking at them. But even then we should not love them. But enough of that. I simply wanted to show you my point of view. I meant to speak of the suffering of mankind generally, but we had better confine ourselves to the sufferings of the children. That reduces the scope of my argument to a tenth of what it would be. Still weÆd better keep to the children, though it does weaken my case. But, in the first place, children can be loved even at close quarters, even when they are dirty, even when they are ugly (I fancy, though, children never are ugly). The second reason why I donÆt speak of grown-up people is that, besides being disgusting and unworthy of love, they have a compensation -- theyÆve eaten the apple and know good from evil, and they have become ôlike god.ö They go on eating it still. But the children havenÆt eaten anything, and are so far innocent. Are you fond of children, Alyosha? I know you are, and you will understand why I prefer to speak of them. If they, too suffer horribly on earth, they must suffer for their fathersÆ sins, they must be punished for their fathers, who have eaten the apple; but that reasoning is of the other world and is incomprehensible for the heart of man here on earth. The innocent must not suffer for anotherÆs sins, and especially such innocents! You may be surprised at me, Alyosha, but I am awfully fond of children, too. And observe, cruel people, the violent, the rapacious, the Karamazovs are sometimes very fond of children. Children while they are quite little -- up to seven, for instance -- are so remote from grown-up people; they are different creatures, as it were, of a different species. I knew a criminal in prison who had, in the course of his career as a burglar, murdered whole families, including several children. But when he was in prison, he had a strange affection for them. He spent all his time at his

window, watching the children playing in the prison yard. He trained one little boy to come up to his window and made great friends with him.... You donÆt know why I am telling you all this, Alyosha? My head aches and I am sad.Æ

ôæYou speak with a strange air,Æ observed Alyosha uneasily, æas though you were not quite yourself.Æ

ôæBy the way, a Bulgarian I met lately in Moscow,Æ Ivan went on, seeming not to hear his brotherÆs words, ætold me about the crimes committed by Turks and Circassians in all parts of Bulgaria through fear of a general rising of the Slavs. They burn villages, murder, outrage women and children, they nail their prisoners by the ears to the fences, leave them so till morning, and in the morning they hang them -- all sorts of things you canÆt imagine. People talk sometimes of bestial cruelty, but thatÆs a great injustice and insult to the beasts; a beast can never be so cruel as a man, so artistically cruel. The tiger only tears and gnaws, thatÆs all he can do. He would never think of nailing people by the ears, even if he were able to do it. These Turks took a pleasure in torturing children, too; cutting the unborn child from the mothersÆ womb, and tossing babies up in the air and catching them on the points of their bayonets before their motherÆs eyes. Doing it before the motherÆs eyes was what gave zest to the amusement. Here is another scene that I thought very interesting. Imagine a trembling mother with her baby in her arms, a circle of invading Turks around her. TheyÆve planned a diversion; they pet a baby, laugh to make it laugh. They succeed, the baby laughs. At that moment a Turk points a pistol four inches from the babyÆs face. The baby laughs with glee, holds out its little hands to the pistol, and he pulls the trigger in the babyÆs face and blows out its brains. Artistic, wasnÆt it? By the way, Turks are particularly fond of sweet things, they say.Æ

ôæBrother, what are you driving at?Æ asked Alyosha.

ôæI think if the devil doesnÆt exist, but man has created him, he has created him in his own image and likeness.Æ

ôæJust as he did God, then?Æ observed Alyosha.

ôæôItÆs wonderful how you can turn words,ö as Polonius says in *Hamlet*,Æ laughed Ivan. æYou turn my words against me. Well, I am glad. Yours must be a fine God, if man created Him in His image and likeness. You asked just now what I was driving at. You see, I am fond of collecting certain facts, and, would you believe, I even copy anecdotes of a certain sort from newspapers and books, and IÆve already got a fine collection. The Turks, of course, have gone into it, but they are foreigners. I have specimens from home that are even better than the Turks. You know we prefer beating -- rods and scourges -- that æs our national institution. Nailing ears is unthinkable for us, for we are, after all, Europeans. But the rod and the scourge we have always with us and they cannot be taken from us. Abroad now they scarcely do any beating. Manners are more humane, or laws have been passed, so that they donÆt dare to flog men now. But they make up for it in another way just as national as ours. And so national that it would be practically impossible among us, though I believe we are being inoculated with it, since the religious movement began in our aristocracy. I have a charming pamphlet, translated from the French, describing how, quite recently, five years ago, a murderer, Richard, was executed -- a young man. I believe, of three and twenty, who repented and was converted to the Christian faith at the very scaffold. This Richard was an illegitimate child who was given as a child of six by his parents to some shepherds on the Swiss mountains. They brought him up to work for them. He grew up like a little wild beast among them. The shepherds taught him nothing, and scarcely fed or clothed him, but sent him out at seven to herd the flock in cold and wet, and no one hesitated or scrupled to treat him so. Quite the contrary, they thought they had every right, for Richard had been given to them as a chattel, and they did not even see the necessity of feeding him. Richard himself describes how in those years, like the Prodigal Son in the Gospel, he longed to eat of the mash given

to the pigs, which were fattened for sale. But they wouldn't even give him that, and beat him when he stole from the pigs. And that was how he spent all his childhood and his youth, till he grew up and was strong to go away and be a thief. The savage began to earn his living as a day laborer in Geneva. He drank what he earned, he lived like a brute, and finished by killing and robbing an old man, He was caught, tired, and condemned to death. They are not sentimentalists there. And in prison he was immediately surrounded by pastors, members of Christian brotherhoods, philanthropic ladies, and the like. They taught him to read and write in prison, and expounded the Gospel to him. They exhorted him, worked upon him. drummed at him incessantly, till at last he solemnly confessed his crime.ö^{xc}

253-5.

ôæWhat comfort is to me that there are none guilty and that cause follows effect simply and directly, and that I know it -- I must have justice, or I will destroy myself. And not justice in some remote infinite time and space, but here on earth, and that I could see myself. I have believed in it. I want to see it, and if I am dead by then, let me rise again, for if it all happens without me, it will be too unfair. Surely I haven't suffered, simply that I, my crimes and my sufferings, may manure the soil of the future harmony for somebody else. I want to see with my own eyes the hind lie down with the lion and the victim rise up and embrace his murderer. I want to be there when every one suddenly understands what it has all been for. All the religions of the world are built on this longing, and I am a believer. But then there are the children, and what am I to do about them? That's a question I can't answer. For the hundredth time I repeat, there are numbers of questions, but I've only taken the children, because in their case what I mean is so unanswerably clear. Listen! If all must suffer to pay for the eternal harmony, what have children to do with it, tell me, please? It's beyond all comprehension why they should suffer, and why they should pay for the harmony. Why should they, too, furnish material to enrich the soil for the harmony of the future? I understand solidarity in sin among men. I understand solidarity in retribution, too; but there can be no such solidarity with children. And if it is really true that they must share responsibility for all their fathers' crimes, such a truth is not of this world and is beyond my comprehension. Some jester will say, perhaps, that the child would have grown up and have sinned, but you see he didn't grow up, he was torn to pieces by dogs, at eight years old. Oh, Alyosha, I am not blaspheming! I understand, of course, what an upheaval of the universe it will be, when everything in heaven and earth blends in one hymn of praise and everything that lives and has lived cries aloud: ôThou art just, O Lord, for Thy ways are revealed.ö When the mother embraces the fiend who threw her child to the dogs, and all three cry aloud with tears, ôThou art just, O Lord!ö then, of course, the crown of knowledge will be reached and all will be clear. But what pulls me up here is that I can't accept that harmony. And while I am here on earth, I make haste to take my own measures. You see, Alyosha, perhaps it really may happen that if I live to that moment, or rise again to see it, I, too, perhaps may cry aloud with the rest, looking at the mother embracing the child's torturer, ôThou art just, O Lord!ö but I don't want to cry aloud then. While there is still time, I hasten to protect myself and so I renounce the higher harmony altogether., It's not worth the tears of that one tortured child who beat itself on the breast with its little fist and prayed in its stinking outhouse, with its unexpiated tears to ôdear kind God! It's not worth it, because those tears are unatoned for. They must be atoned for, or there can be no harmony. But how? How are you going to atone for them? Is it possible? By their being avenged? But what do I care for avenging them? What do I care for a hell for oppressors? What good can hell do, since those children have already been tortured? And what becomes of harmony, if there is hell? I want to forgive. I want to embrace. I don't want more suffering. And if the sufferings of children go to swell the sum of sufferings which was necessary to pay for truth, then I protest that the truth is not worth such a price. I don't want the mother to embrace the oppressor who threw her son to the dogs! She dare not forgive

him! Let her forgive him for herself, if she will, let her forgive the torturer for the immeasurable suffering of her mother's heart. But the sufferings of her tortured child she has no right to forgive; she dare not forgive the torturer, even if the child were to forgive him! And if that is so, if they dare not forgive, what becomes of harmony? Is there in the whole world a being who would have the right to forgive and could forgive? I don't want harmony. From love for humanity I don't want it. I would rather be left with the unavenged suffering. I would rather remain with my unavenged suffering and unsatisfied indignation, *even if I were wrong.* Besides, too high a price is asked for harmony; it's beyond our means to pay so much to enter on it. And so I hasten to give back my entrance ticket, and if I am an honest man I am bound to give it back as soon as possible. And that I am doing. It's not God that I don't accept, Alyosha, only I most respectfully return Him the ticket.Æ

ôæThat's rebellion,Æ murmured Alyosha, looking down.

ôæRebellion? I am sorry you call it that,Æ said Ivan earnestly. æOne can hardly live in rebellion, and I want to live. Tell me yourself, I challenge you -- answer. Imagine that you are creating a fabric of human destiny with the object of making man happy in the end, giving them peace and rest at last, but that it was essential and inevitable to torture to death only one tiny creature -- that baby beating its breast with its fist, for instance -- and to found that edifice on its unavenged tears, would you consent to be the architect on those conditions? Tell me, and tell the truth.Æ

ôæNo, I wouldn't consent,Æ said Alyosha softly.

ôæAnd can you admit the idea that men for whom you are building it would agree to accept their happiness on the foundation of the unexpiated blood of a little victim? And accepting it would remain happy for ever?Æ

ôæNo, I can't admit it. Brother,Æ said Alyosha suddenly, with flashing eyes, æyou said just now, is there a being in the whole world who would have the right to forgive and could forgive? But there is a Being and He can forgive everything, all and for all, because He gave His innocent blood for all and everything, You have forgotten Him, and on Him is built the edifice, and it is to Him they cry aloud, ôThou art just, O Lord, for Thy way are revealed!öÆ

æAh! the One without sin and His blood! No, I haven't forgotten Him; on the contrary I've been wondering all the time how it was you did not bring Him in before, for usually all arguments on your side put Him in the foreground. Do you know. Alyosha -- don't laugh! I made a poem about a year ago. If you can waste another ten minutes on me, I'll tell it to you.Æ

ôæYou wrote a poem?Æ

ôOh, no, I didn't write it,Æ laughed Ivan, æand I've never written two lines of poetry in my life. But I made up this poem in prose and I remembered it. I was carried away when I made it up. You will be my first reader -- that is, listener. Why should an author forego even one listener?Æ smiled Ivan. æShall I tell it to you?Æ

ôæI am all attention,Æ said Alyosha.

ôæMy poem is called ôThe Grand Inquisitorö; it's a ridiculous thing, but I want to tell it to you.ö^{xi}

(b) Grand Inquisitor

[Taken from the 1980 Survival Course Lecture on Nietzsche] Therefore he devises this idea of the Grand Inquisitor which is meant to be the idea of Antichrist, but based upon the ideas of the Roman Church, and that is all the bad ideas of the Roman Church

which produced the Inquisition and this whole idea of calculation, taking over from the true Christianity of the heart. So he produces this very somehow, sort of revolutionary idea of a dictatorship in which people are given bread and circuses with, and maybe even given religion but there's no reality behind it, that is, there's no eternal life, no God. And the people are fooled to keep them quiet...

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ôæHe came in softly, unobserved, and yet, strange to say, every one recognized Him. That might be one of the best passages in the poem. I mean, why they recognize Him. The people are irresistibly drawn to Him, they surround Him, they flock about Him, follow Him. He moves silently in their midst with a gentle smile of infinite compassion. The sun of love burns in His heart, light and power smile from His eyes, and their radiance, shed on people, stirs their hearts with responsive love. He holds out His hands to them, blesses, them, and a healing virtue comes from contact with Him, even with His garments. An old man in the crown, blind from childhood, cries out, ôO Lord, heal me and I shall see Thee!ö and, as it were, scales fall from his eyes and the blind man see Him. The crowd weeps and kisses the earth under His feet. Children throw flowers before Him, sing, and cry hosannah. ôIt is He -- it is He!ö all repeat. ôIt must be He, it can be no one but Him!ö He stops at the steps of the Seville cathedral at the moment when the weeping mourners are bringing in a little open white coffin. In it lies a child of seven, the only daughter of a prominent citizen. The dead child lies hidden in flowers. ôHe will raise your child,ö the crowd shouts to the weeping mother. The priest, coming to meet the coffin, looks perplexed, and frowns, but the mother of the dead child throws herself at His feet with a wail. ôIf it Thou, raise my child!ö she cries, hold out her hands to Him. The procession halts, the coffin is laid on the steps at His feet. He looks with compassion, and His lips once more softly pronounce, ôMaiden, arise!ö and the maiden arises. The little girl sits up in the coffin and looks around, smiling with wide-open wondering eyes, holding a bunch of white roses they had put in her hand.

ôæThere are cries, sobs, confusion among the people, and at that moment the cardinal himself, the Grand Inquisitor, passes by the cathedral. He is an old man, almost ninety, tall and erect, with a withered face and sunken eyes, in which there is still a gleam of light. He is not dressed in his gorgeous cardinalÆs robes, as he was the day before, when he was burning the enemies of the Romans Church -- at that moment he was wearing his coarse, old, monkÆs cassock. At a distance behind him come his gloomy assistants and slaves and the ôholy guard.ö He stops at the sight of the crown and watches it from a distance. He sees everything; he sees them see the coffin down at His feet, sees the child rise up, and his face darkens. He knits his thick grey brows and his eyes gleam with a sinister face. He holds out his finger and bids the guards take Him. And such is his power, so completely are the people cowed into submission and trembling obedience to him, that the crowd immediately make way for the guards, and in the midst of deathlike silence they lay hands on Him and lead Him away. The crowd instantly bows down to the earth, like one man, before the old inquisitor. He blesses the people in silence and passes on. The guards lead their prisoner to the close, gloomy vaulted prison in the ancient palace of the Holy Inquisition and shut Him in it. The day passes and is followed by the dark, burning ôbreathlessö night of Seville. The air is ôfragrant with laurel and lemon.ö In the pitch darkness the iron door of the prison is suddenly opened and the Grand Inquisitor himself comes in with a light in his hand. He stands in the doorway and for a minute or two gazes into His face. At last he goes up slowly, sets the light on the table and speaks.

ôæôIs it Thou? Thou?ö but receiving no answer, he adds at once, ôDonÆt answer, be silent. What canst Thou say, indeed? I know too well what Thou wouldst say. And Thou hast no right to add anything to what Thou hadst said of old. Why, then, art Thou come to hinder us? For Thou hast come to hinder us, and Thou

knowest that. But dost Thou know what will be tomorrow? I know not who Thou art and care not to know whether it is Thou or only a semblance of Him, but tomorrow I shall condemn Thee and burn Thee at the stake as the worst of heretics. And the very people who have today kissed Thy feet, tomorrow at the faintest sign from me will rush to heap up the embers of Thy fire. Knowest Thou that? Yes, maybe Thou knowest it,ö he added with thoughtful penetration, never for a moment taking his eyes off the Prisoner.Æ

ôæI donÆt quite understand, Ivan. What does it mean?Æ Alyosha, who had been listening in silence, said with a smile. æIs it simply a wild fantasy, or a mistake on the part of the old man -- some impossible *qui pro quo*?Æ

ôæTake it as the last,Æ said Ivan laughing, æif you are so corrupted by modern realism and canÆt stand anything fantastic. If you like it to be a case of mistaken identity, let it be so. It is true,Æ he went on laughing, æthe old man was ninety, and he might well be crazy over his set idea. He might have been struck by the appearance of the Prisoner. It might, in fact, be simply his ravings, the delusion of an old man of

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ninety, over-excited by the *auto-da-fé* of a hundred heretics the day before. But does it matter to us after all whether it was a mistake of identity or a wild fantasy? All that matters is that the old man should speak out, should speak openly of what he has thought in silence for ninety years.Æ

ôæAnd the Prisoner too is silent? Does He look at him and not say a word?Æ

ôæThatÆs inevitable in any case,Æ Ivan laughed again. æThe old man has told Him He hasnÆt the right to add anything to what He has said of old. One may say it is the most fundamental feature of Roman Catholicism, in my opinion at least. [Fr. SÆs notes in ôAnarchismö on the Grand Inquisitor begin here:] ôAll has been given by Thee to the Pope,ö they say, ôand all, therefore, is still in the PopeÆs hands, and there is no need for Thee to come now at all.ö [Not in Fr. SÆs notes:] Thou must not meddle for the time at least.ö ThatÆs how they speak and write too -- the Jesuits, at any rate. I have read it myself in the works of their theologians. ôHast Thou the right to reveal to us one of the mysteries of that world from which Thou hast come?ö my old man asks Him, and answers the question for Him. ôNo, Thou hast not; that Thou mayest not add to what has been said of old, and mayest not take from men the freedom which Thou didst exalt when Thou wast on earth. Whatsoever Thou revealest anew will encroach on menÆs freedom of faith; for it will be manifest as a miracle, and the freedom of their faith was dearer to Thee than anything in those days fifteen hundred years ago. Didst Thou not often say then, ôI will make you freeö? But now Thou has seen these æfreeÆ men,ö the old man add suddenly, with a pensive smile. ôYes, weÆve paid dearly for it,ö he goes on, looking sternly at Him,ö but at last we have completed that work in Thy name. For fifteen centuries we have been wrestling with Thy freedom, but now it is ended and over for good. Dost Thou not believe that itÆs over for good? Thou lookest meekly at me and deignest not even to be wroth with me. But let me tell Thee that now, today, people are more persuaded than ever that they have perfect freedom, yet they have brought their freedom to us and laid it humbly at our feet. But that has been our doing. Was this what Thou didst? Was this Thy freedom?öÆ

ôæI donÆt understand again,Æ Alyosha broke in. æIs he ironical, is he jesting?Æ

ôæNot a bit of it! He claims it as a merit for himself and his Church that at last they have vanquished freedom and have done so to make men happy. ôFor nowö (he is speaking of the Inquisition, of course) ôfor the first time it has become possible to

think of the happiness of men. Man was created a rebel; and how can rebels be happy? Thou wast warned, ð he says to Him. ðThou hast no lack of admonitions and warnings, but Thou didst not listen to those warnings; Thou didst reject the only way by which men might be made happy. But, fortunately, departing Thou didst hand the work on to us. Thou hast promised, Thou hast established by Thy word, Thou hast given to us the right to bind and to unbind, and now, of course, Thou canst not think of taking it away. Why, then, hast Thou come to hinder us? ðÆ

ðÆAnd what is the meaning of ðno lack of admonitions and warnings? ðÆ asked Alyosha.

ðÆWhy, thatÆs the chief part of what the old man must say.Æ

ðÆðThe wise and dread Spirit, the spirit of self-destruction and non-existence, ð the old man goes on, ð the great spirit talked with Thee in the wilderness, and we are told in the books that he ætemptedÆ Thee. Is that so? And could anything truer be said than what he revealed to Thee in three questions and what Thou didst reject, and what in the books is called ætemptationÆ? And yet if there has ever been on earth a real stupendous miracle, it took place on that day, on the day of the three temptations. The statement of those three questions was itself the miracle. If it were possible to imagine simply for the sake of argument that those three questions of the dread spirit had perished utterly from the books, and that we had to restore them and to invent them anew, and to do so had gathered together all the wise men of the earth -- rulers, chief priests, learned men, philosophers, poets -- and had set them the task to invent three questions, such as would not only fit the occasion, but express in three words, three human phrases, the whole future history of the world and of humanity -- dost Thou believe that all the wisdom of the earth united could have invented anything in depth and force equal to the three questions which were actually put to Thee then by the wise and mighty spirit in the wilderness? From those questions alone, from the miracle of their statement, we can see that we have here to do not with the fleeting human intelligence, but with absolute and eternal. For in those three questions the whole subsequent history of mankind is, as it were, brought together into one whole, and foretold, and in them are united all the unsolved historical contradictions of human nature. At the time it could not be so clear, since the future was unknown; but now that fifteen hundred years have passed, we see that everything in those three questions was so justly divined and foretold, and has been so truly fulfilled, that nothing can be added to them or taken from them. ðxcii

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ðÆJudge Thyself who was right -- Thou or he who questioned Thee then? Remember the first question; its meaning, in other words, was this: æThou wouldst go into the world, and art going with empty hands, with some promise of freedom which men in their simplicity and their natural unruliness cannot even understand, which they fear and dread -- for nothing has ever been more insupportable for a man and a human society than freedom. But seest Thou these stones in this in this parched and barren wilderness? Turn them into bread, and mankind will run after Thee like a flock of sheep, grateful and obedient, though for ever trembling, lest Thou withdraw Thy hand and deny them Thy bread. ð [Fr. SÆs notes continue:] But Thou wouldst not deprive man of freedom and didst reject the offer, thinking, what is that freedom if obedience is bought with bread? Thou didst reply that man lives not by bread alone. But dost Thou know that for the sake of that earthly bread the spirit of the earth will rise up against Thee and will strive with Thee and overcome Thee, and all will follow him, crying, æWho can compare with this beast? He has given us fire from heaven!Æ Dost Thou know that the ages will pass, and humanity will proclaim by the lips of their sages that there is no crime, and therefore no sin; there is only hunger? æFeed men, and then ask of them virtue!Æ thatÆs what theyÆll write on the banner, which they will raise against Thee, and with

which they will destroy Thy temple. Where Thy temple stood will rise a new building; the terrible tower of Babel will be built again, [not in Fr. SÆs notes:] and though, like the one of old, it will not be finished, yet Thou mightest have prevented that new tower and have cut short the sufferings of men for a thousand years; for they will come back to us after a thousand years of agony with their tower. [Fr. SÆs notes continue:] They will seek us again, hidden underground in catacombs, [not in Fr. SÆs notes:] for we shall be again persecuted and tortured. [Fr. SÆs notes continue:] They will find us and cry to us, æFeed us, for those who have promised us fire from heaven havenÆt given it!Æ And then we shall finish building their tower, for he finishes the building who feeds them. And we alone shall feed them in Thy name, [not in Fr. SÆs notes:] Oh, never, never can they feed themselves without us! [Fr. SÆs notes continue:] No science will give them bread so long as they remain free. In the end they will lay their freedom at our feet, and say to us, ðMake us your slaves, but feed us. ð They will understand themselves, at last, that freedom and bread enough for all are inconceivable together, for never, never will they be able to share between them! [not in Fr. SÆs notes:] They will be convinced, too, that they can never be free, for they are weak, vicious, worthless and rebellious. Thou didst promise them the bread of Heaven, but, I repeat again, can it compare with earthly bread in the eyes of the weak, ever sinful and ignoble race of man? And if for the sake of the bread of Heaven thousands and tens of thousands shall follow Thee, what is to become of the millions and tens of thousands of millions of creatures who will not have the strength to forego the earthly bread for the sake of the heavenly? Or dost Thou care only for the tens of thousands of the great and strong, while the millions, numerous as the sands of the sea, who are weak but love Thee, must exist only for the sake of the great and strong? No, we care for the weak too. They are sinful and rebellious, but in the end they too will become obedient. They will marvel at us and look on us as gods, because we are ready to endure the freedom which they have found so dreadful and to rule over them -- so awful it will seem to them to be free. But we shall tell them again, for we will not let Thee come to us again. That deception will our suffering, for we shall be forced to lie.

[not in Fr. SÆs notes:] ðÆðThis is the significance of the first question in the wilderness, and this is what Thou hast rejected for the sake of that freedom which Thou hast exalted above everything. Yet in this question lies hid the great secret of this world. [Fr. SÆs notes continue:] Choosing æbread,Æ Thou wouldst have satisfied the universal and everlasting craving of humanity -- to find someone to worship. So long as man remains free he strives for nothing so incessantly and so painfully as to find someone to worship. But man seeks to worship what is established beyond dispute, so that all men would agree at once to worship it. [not in Fr. SÆs notes:] For these pitiful creatures are concerned not only to find what one or the other can worship, but to find something that all would believe in and worship; what is essential is that all may be *together* in it. This craving for *community* of worship is the chief misery of every man individually and of all humanity from the beginning of time. For the sake of common worship theyÆve slain each other with the sword. They have set up gods and challenged one another, æPut away your gods and come and worship ours, or we will kill you and your gods!Æ And so it will be to the end of the world, even when gods disappear from the earth; they will fall down before idols just the same. Thou didst know, Thou couldst not but have known, this fundamental secret of human nature, but [Fr. SÆs notes continue:] Thou didst reject the one infallible banner which was offered Thee to make all men bow down to Thee alone -- the banner of earthly bread; and Thou hast rejected it for the sake of the freedom and the bread of Heaven. [not in Fr. SÆs notes:] Behold what Thou didst further. And all again in the name of freedom! I tell Thee that man is tormented by no greater anxiety than to find someone quickly to whom he can hand over that gift of freedom with which the ill-fated creature is born. But [Fr. SÆs notes continue:] only one who can appease their conscience can take over their freedom. [not in Fr. SÆs notes:] In bread there was offered Thee an invincible banner; [Fr. SÆs notes continue:]

give bread, and man will worship thee, for nothing is more certain than bread. But if someone else gains possession of his conscience -- oh! then he will cast away Thy bread and follow after him who has ensnared his conscience. In that Thou wast right. For the secret of manÆs being is not only to live but to have something to live for. Without a stable conception of the object of life, man would not consent to go on living, and would rather destroy himself than remain on earth, though he had bread in abundance. [not in Fr. SÆs notes:] That is true. But what happened? Instead of taking menÆs freedom from them, Thou didst make it greater than ever! Didst Thou forget that man prefers peace, and even death, to freedom of choice in the knowledge of good and evil? Nothing is more seductive for man than his freedom of conscience, but nothing is a greater cause of suffering. And behold, instead of giving a firm foundation for setting the conscience of man at rest for ever, Thou didst choose all that is exceptional, vague and enigmatic; [Fr. SÆs notes continue:] Thou didst choose what was utterly beyond the strength of men, acting as though Thou didst not love them at all [not in Fr. SÆs notes:] - - Thou who didst come to give Thy life for them! Instead of taking possession of menÆs freedom, Thou didst increase it, and burdened the spiritual kingdom of mankind with its sufferings for ever. [Fr. SÆs notes continue:] Thou didst desire manÆs free love, that he should follow Thee freely, enticed and taken captive by Thee. In place of the rigid ancient law, man must hereafter with free heart decide for himself what is good and what is evil, having only Thy image before him as his guide. [not in Fr. SÆs notes:] But didst Thou not know he would at last reject even Thy image and Thy truth, if he is weighed down with the fearful burden of free choice? They will cry aloud at last that the truth is not in Thee, for they could not have been left in greater confusion and suffering than Thou hast caused, laying upon them so many cares and unanswerable problems.

ôæôSo that, in truth, Thou didst Thyself lay the foundation for the destruction of Thy kingdom, and no one is more to blame for it. Yet what was offered Thee? [Fr. SÆs notes continue:] There are three powers, three powers alone, able to conquer and to hold captive for ever the conscience of these impotent rebels for their happiness -- those forces are miracle, mystery and authority. [not in Fr. SÆs notes:] Thou hast rejected all three and hast set the example for doing so. When the wise and dread spirit set Thee on the pinnacle of the temple and said to Thee, æIf Thou wouldst know whether Thou art [end of p. 264, but Fr. SÆs Anarchism notes continue:] Man seeks not so much God as the miraculous. And as man cannot bear to be without the miraculous, he will create new miracles of his own for himself, and will worship deeds of sorcery and witchcraft, though he might be a hundred times a rebel, heretic and infidel.... Thou wouldst not enslave man by a miracle, and didst crave faith given freely, not based on miracle.... Man is weaker and baser by nature than Thou hast believed him!... By showing him so much respect, Thou didst, as it were, cease to feel for him, for Thou didst ask far too much from him -- Thou who hast loved him more than Thyself! Respecting him less, Thou wouldst have asked less of him. That would have been more like love, for his burden would have been lighter.... Canst Thou have simply come to the elect and for the elect? But if so, it is a mystery and we cannot understand it.... We have corrected Thy work and have founded it upon *miracle, mystery and authority*.... Did we not love mankind, so meekly acknowledging their feebleness, lovingly lightening their burden, and permitting their weak nature even sin with our sanction? ...we took from him what Thou didst reject in scorn, that last gift he offered Thee, showing Thee all the kingdoms of the earth. We took from him Rome and the sword of Caesar, and proclaimed ourselves sole rulers of the earth,... but we shall triumph and shall be Caesars, and then we shall plan the universal happiness of man.... all that man seeks on earth -- that is, someone to worship, someone to keep his conscience, and some means of uniting all in one unanimous ant-heap, for the craving for universal unity is the third and last anguish of men. Mankind as a whole has always striven to organize a universal state.... Oh, the ages are yet to come of the confusion of free thought, of their science and cannibalism. For having begun to

build their tower of Babel without us, they will end, of course, with cannibalism. But then the beast will crawl to us and lick our feet.... And we shall sit upon the beast and raise the cup, and on it will be written, ôMystery.ö But then, and only then, the reign of peace and happiness will come for men. Thou art proud of Thine elect, while we give rest to all. And besides, how many of those elect, those mighty ones who could become elect, have grown weary waiting for Thee, and have transferred and will transfer the powers of their spirit and the warmth of their heart to the other camp, and end by raising their *free* banner against Thee.... Freedom, free thought, and science will lead them into such straights and will bring them face to face with such marvels and insoluble mysteries, that some of them, the fierce and rebellious, will destroy themselves, others, rebellious but weak, will destroy one another, while the rest, weak and unhappy, will crawl fawning to our feet and whine to us: ôYes, you were right, you alone possess His mystery, and we come back to you, save us from ourselves!ö

...And all will be happy, all the millions of creatures except the hundred thousand who rule over them. For only we, we who guard the mystery, shall be unhappy.... Peacefully they will die, peacefully they will expire in Thy name, and beyond the grave they will find nothing but death. But we shall keep the secret, and for their happiness we shall allure them with the reward of heaven and eternity.

ôæ[The Grand Inquisitor will] lead men consciously to death and destruction, and yet deceive them all the way so that they may not notice where they are being led, that the poor blind creatures may at least on the way think themselves happy.Æö^{xciii}

[Continued from Nietzsche lecture tape:] The Grand Inquisitor says, how can you love humanity? It's just awful, or, loathsome kind of creature, this fallen creature? You can take care of them and give them everything they need, but how can you love them? And Christ is the one who loves humanity.