

The Casanova File



Jack Ellis

Introduction

Hello!

Thanks for buying THE CASANOVA FILE.

I look forward to installing Casanova's views, knowledge and attitude into your seduction skill-set.

This work isn't presented in a linear format so it's not important to read everything in order. Feel free to skip around and read whatever you feel like.

I look at this work as a sort of "tool kit" – by using the language one may construct an endless amount of seduction patterns. Some that I've made (e.g. *The Greek Slave Pattern*) are included.

As always I look forward to your feedback. You can reach me at forbiddenpatterns@gmail.com any time.

The Success of Casanova Explained

The “formula” used by Casanova can be broken down into four acts:

Act 1: Find an attractive woman with a jealous or abusive lover

Act 2: Help her out of some difficulty

Act 3: After she shows her gratitude he seduces her

Act 4: When things started to get serious Casanova would say he was unworthy of her and set her up with a new man, then exit the scene

One writer used these words to describe Casanova’s success:

“(Casanova’s success) had nothing more esoteric in it than [offering] what every woman who respects herself must demand: all that he had, all that he was, with the dazzling

attraction of the lump sum over what is more regularly doled out in a lifetime of installments.”

When you want to seduce a woman quickly you must employ this “lump sum” technique, and the way to do it is to drive their emotions in different directions.

I’ve done this myself countless times without even realizing what exactly I was doing or having a name for it – but it amounts to “compressing” time.

One of the greatest quotes by Casanova is something I like to call the “Golden Rule.” It is:

“A man who makes known his love by words is a fool...”

Some things never change!

Casanova felt – and he was right – that words of love/attraction must be implied, not stated outright. If you don't believe this go to your local bar, eavesdrop on some conversations, and see what happens.

The most important thing to take away from Casanova is his attitude. Routines and patterns can help, but if your fundamental attitude toward women is one of subservience you'll never achieve lasting success.

One last thing – negs seem to have gone out of style, or at least their importance seems to have been de-emphasized.

In case you're unaware "negs" are negative statements made to a woman in order to lower her value and raise yours - and/or to simply tease her.

Casanova went all the way with negs – for example, if a woman made a statement he disagreed with, he'd come right out and call her "stupid."

The end results of this – surprise, surprise – is that the woman would end up being more attracted to him than before and he'd end up sleeping with her.

Don't be afraid to use negs early on in your conversations with the opposite sex when it's warranted – the greatest of all time sure did!

25 Casanova Power Words

Add these to your speech – especially language patterns and watch the effect they have!

acutely

amorously

astonishment

begged

courage

determination

disconnected

ecstasy

embraced

engaging

enthusiasm

forbidden

freedom

imagination

impending

indiscretion

intimate

overwhelm

passion

pleasure

superior

transgressing

unexpected

unreserved

whispered

From Book I, Chapter II - My First Love Affair

“One morning she came to me as I was in bed and brought me a pair of white stockings of her own knitting. After dressing my hair, she asked my permission to try the stockings on herself, in order to correct any deficiency in the other pairs she intended to knit for me. The doctor had gone out to say his mass. As she was putting on the stocking, she remarked that my legs were not clean, and without any more ado she immediately began to wash them. I would have been ashamed to let her see my bashfulness; I let her do as she liked, not foreseeing what would happen. Bettina, seated on my bed, carried too far her love for cleanliness, and her curiosity caused me such intense voluptuousness that the feeling did not stop until it could be carried no further. Having recovered my calm, I bethought myself that I was guilty and begged her forgiveness. She did not expect this, and, after considering for a few moments, she told me kindly that the fault was entirely her own, but that she never would again be guilty of it. And she went out of the room, leaving me to my own thoughts.

They were of a cruel character. It seemed to me that I had brought dishonor upon Bettina, that I had betrayed the confidence of her family, offended against the sacred laws of hospitality, that I was guilty of a most wicked crime, which I could only atone for by marrying her, in case Bettina could make up her mind to accept for her husband a wretch unworthy of her."

**From Chapter VIII - Venetian Years — A Cleric in Naples
(the “Greek Slave” pattern follows this excerpt)**

“The only pleasure left me was to spend my time on the balcony overlooking the yard. I soon saw a Greek slave, a girl of dazzling beauty, for whom I felt the deepest interest. She was in the habit of spending the whole day sitting near the door with a book or some embroidery in her hand. If she happened to raise her eyes and to meet mine, she modestly bent her head down, and sometimes she rose and went in slowly, as if she meant to say, “I did not know that somebody was looking at me.” Her figure was tall and slender, her features proclaimed her to be very young; she had a very fair complexion, with beautiful black hair and eyes. She wore the Greek costume, which gave her person a certain air of very exciting voluptuousness.

I was perfectly idle, and with the temperament which nature and habit had given me, was it likely that I could feast my eyes constantly upon such a charming object without falling desperately in love? I had heard her

conversing in Lingua Franca with her master, a fine old man, who, like her, felt very weary of the quarantine, and used to come out but seldom, smoking his pipe, and remaining in the yard only a short time. I felt a great temptation to address a few words to the beautiful girl, but I was afraid she might run away and never come out again; however, unable to control myself any longer, I determined to write to her; I had no difficulty in conveying the letter, as I had only to let it fall from my balcony. But she might have refused to pick it up, and this is the plan I adopted in order not to risk any unpleasant result.

Availing myself of a moment during which she was alone in the yard, I dropped from my balcony a small piece of paper folded like a letter, but I had taken care not to write anything on it, and held the true letter in my hand. As soon as I saw her stooping down to pick up the first, I quickly let the second drop at her feet, and she put both into her pocket. A few minutes afterwards she left the yard. My letter was somewhat to this effect:

“Beautiful angel from the East, I worship you. I will remain all night on this balcony in the hope that you will come to me for a quarter of an hour, and listen to my voice through the hole under my feet. We can speak softly, and in order to hear me you can climb up to the top of the bale of goods which lies beneath the same hole.”

The Greek Slave Pattern:

“You know, you remind me of a woman from the stories of Casanova.

He was looking out from a balcony and felt this energy. When she raised her eyes to look at his she would quickly look down.

She was tall and slender, with a fair complexion and dark hair and eyes. *(change the details here to suit the girl you're speaking to)*

He dropped her a letter calling her an “angel” and just when he’d given up hope she appeared in his bedroom late at night.

Have you ever surprised someone like that late at night?”
(kiss her now if she doesn’t kiss you first)

From Book I, Chapter IV (my adventure with Lucie at Pasean)

“I rang the bell, and pretty Lucie came in, simple and natural as before, with her easy manners and wonderful remarks. Her candor, her innocence shone brilliantly all over her person. I could not conceive how, with her goodness, her virtue and her intelligence, she could run the risk of exciting me by coming into my room alone, and with so much familiarity. I fancied that she would not attach much importance to certain slight liberties, and would not prove over- scrupulous, and with that idea I made up my mind to shew her that I fully understood her. I felt no remorse of conscience on the score of her parents, who, in my estimation, were as careless as herself; I had no dread of being the first to give the alarm to her innocence, or to enlighten her mind with the gloomy light of malice, but, unwilling either to be the dupe of feeling or to act against it, I resolved to reconnoitre the ground. I extend a daring hand towards her person, and by an involuntary movement she withdraws, blushes, her cheerfulness disappears, and, turning her head aside as if she were in

search of something, she waits until her agitation has subsided. The whole affair had not lasted one minute. She came back, abashed at the idea that she had proved herself rather knowing, and at the dread of having perhaps given a wrong interpretation to an action which might have been, on my part, perfectly innocent, or the result of politeness. Her natural laugh soon returned, and, having rapidly read in her mind all I have just described, I lost no time in restoring her confidence, and, judging that I would venture too much by active operations, I resolved to employ the following morning in a friendly chat during which I could make her out better.

In pursuance of that plan, the next morning, as we were talking, I told her that it was cold, but that she would not feel it if she would lie down near me.

“Shall I disturb you?” she said.

“No; but I am thinking that if your mother happened to come in, she would be angry.”

“Mother would not think of any harm.”

“Come, then. But Lucie, do you know what danger you are exposing yourself to?”

“Certainly I do; but you are good, and, what is more, you are a priest.”

“Come; only lock the door.”

“No, no, for people might think.... I do not know what.”
She laid down close by me, and kept on her chatting, although I did not understand a word of what she said, for in that singular position, and unwilling to give way to my ardent desires, I remained as still as a log.

Her confidence in her safety, confidence which was certainly not feigned, worked upon my feelings to such an extent that I would have been ashamed to take any advantage of it. At last she told me that nine o'clock had struck, and that if old Count Antonio found us as we were, he would tease her with his jokes. “When I see that man,”

she said, "I am afraid and I run away." Saying these words, she rose from the bed and left the room.

Book I, Chapter IV - With Nanette and Marton (The Two Sisters)

I said no more, and pretended to be very sleepy. They exchanged a few words, whispering to each other, and Marton told me to go to bed, that they would follow me as soon as I was asleep. Nanette made me the same promise, I turned my back to them, undressed myself quickly, and wishing them good night, I went to bed. I immediately pretended to fall asleep, but soon I dozed in good earnest, and only woke when they came to bed. Then, turning round as if I wished to resume my slumbers, I remained very quiet until I could suppose them fast asleep; at all events, if they did not sleep, they were at liberty to pretend to do so. Their backs were towards me, and the light was out; therefore I could only act at random, and I paid my first compliments to the one who was lying on my right, not knowing whether she was Nanette or Marton. I find her bent in two, and wrapped up in the only garment she had kept on. Taking my time, and sparing her modesty, I compel her by degrees to acknowledge her defeat, and convince her that it is better to feign sleep and to let me

proceed. Her natural instincts soon working in concert with mine, I reach the goal; and my efforts, crowned with the most complete success, leave me not the shadow of a doubt that I have gathered those first-fruits to which our prejudice makes us attach so great an importance. Enraptured at having enjoyed my manhood completely and for the first time, I quietly leave my beauty in order to do homage to the other sister. I find her motionless, lying on her back like a person wrapped in profound and undisturbed slumber. Carefully managing my advance, as if I were afraid of waking her up, I begin by gently gratifying her senses, and I ascertain the delightful fact that, like her sister, she is still in possession of her maidenhood. As soon as a natural movement proves to me that love accepts the offering, I take my measures to consummate the sacrifice. At that moment, giving way suddenly to the violence of her feelings, and tired of her assumed dissimulation, she warmly locks me in her arms at the very instant of the voluptuous crisis, smothers me with kisses, shares my raptures, and love blends our souls in the most ecstatic enjoyment.

Guessing her to be Nanette, I whisper her name.

“Yes, I am Nanette,” she answers; “and I declare myself happy, as well as my sister, if you prove yourself true and faithful.”

“Until death, my beloved ones, and as everything we have done is the work of love, do not let us ever mention the name of Angela.”

The Two Sisters Pattern

(Notice the story above references Casanova deflowering two virgins within minutes of each other. That idea is the basis for The Two Sisters Pattern.)

“I was reading some old books recently and came across the biography of Casanova.

I knew he was a womanizer and had some wild times, but I didn't expect him to be as wild as he was.

One time he visited a family while he was engaged. There were two attractive sisters at who lived there and had dinner with him.

Since there was no guest room he ended up sleeping in the same room as the two sisters – I guess that was common back then, believe it or not.

Anyways, after pretending to be asleep he came on to one of them and she let him have sex with her – he didn't realize until after he was done that she was a virgin!

It doesn't end there, since the other sister was sleeping in the same bed and he tried for her next! She, too, had sex with him – and she, too, was a virgin.

Have you two ever done anything wild like that?"

From Book I, Chapter XVIII - The Young Countess

“I spent the evening with the young countess, who entertained no doubt either of her father’s indulgence or of the entire confidence she could repose in me.

What delight the charming girl experienced when she heard that I would dine the next day with her father and brother, and that I would tell her every word that would be said about her! But what happiness it was for me to see her convinced that she was right in loving me, and that, without me, she would certainly have been lost in a town where the policy of the government tolerates debauchery as a solitary species of individual freedom. We congratulated each other upon our fortuitous meeting and upon the conformity in our tastes, which we thought truly wonderful. We were greatly pleased that her easy acceptance of my invitation, or my promptness in persuading her to follow and to trust me, could not be ascribed to the mutual attraction of our features, for I was masked, and her hood was then as good as a mask. We

entertained no doubt that everything had been arranged by Heaven to get us acquainted, and to fire us both, even unknown to ourselves, with love for each other.

“Confess,” I said to her, in a moment of enthusiasm, and as I was covering her hand with kisses, “confess that if you found me to be in love with you you would fear me.”

“Alas! my only fear is to lose you.”

That confession, the truth of which was made evident by her voice and by her looks, proved the electric spark which ignited the latent fire. Folding her rapidly in my arms, pressing my mouth on her lips, reading in her beautiful eyes neither a proud indignation nor the cold compliance which might have been the result of a fear of losing me, I gave way entirely to the sweet inclination of love, and swimming already in a sea of delights I felt my enjoyment increased a hundredfold when I saw, on the countenance of the beloved creature who shared it, the expression of

happiness, of love, of modesty, and of sensibility, which enhances the charm of the greatest triumph.”

The Young Countess Pattern

“Have you ever dreamed of being royalty? Not necessarily a princess or anything but upper class – like a countess?

I understand that the nobility back in the old days were the only people who lived life to the fullest.

They had all sorts of games they would play – with seduction, intriguing, gossip, and so on.

There are lots of stories of countesses having flings with men they barely knew. Sometimes they were even married but would still fool around with other men when their husbands weren't looking.

I guess that's one of the luxuries people who have money get to enjoy.

Are you the type of girl who would enjoy having lots of money and fooling around whenever you felt like it?
(smile)

From Book I, Chapter XIV – Madame F.

This section should be studied to understand how one must deal with a woman who's in a superior position relative to you.

"The lady who was then most eminent for beauty and gallantry was Madame F—. Her husband, captain of a galley, had come to Corfu with her the year before, and madam had greatly astonished all the naval officers. Thinking that she had the privilege of the choice, she had given the preference to M. D— R—, and had dismissed all the suitors who presented themselves. M. F— had married her on the very day she had left the convent; she was only seventeen years of age then, and he had brought her on board his galley immediately after the marriage ceremony.

I saw her for the first time at the dinner-table on the very day of my installation at M. D— R—'s, and she made a great impression upon me. I thought I was gazing at a supernatural being, so infinitely above all the women I had

ever seen, that it seemed impossible to fall in love with her. She appeared to me of a nature different and so greatly superior to mine that I did not see the possibility of rising up to her. I even went so far as to persuade myself that nothing but a Platonic friendship could exist between her and M. D—— R——, and that M. F—— was quite right now not to shew any jealousy. Yet, that M. F—— was a perfect fool, and certainly not worthy of such a woman. The impression made upon me by Madame F—— was too ridiculous to last long, and the nature of it soon changed, but in a novel manner, at least as far as I was concerned.

In everything I did, in every word I uttered, in the presence of Madame F——, the only aim I had was to please her, but I did not wish her to suppose so, and I never looked at her unless she spoke to me. I wanted to force her curiosity, to compel her to suspect nay, to guess my secret, but without giving her any advantage over me: it was necessary for me to proceed by slow degrees. In the mean time, and until I should have a greater happiness, I was glad to see that my money, that magic talisman, and my good conduct, obtained me a consideration much greater than I could

have hoped to obtain either through my position, or from my age, or in consequence of any talent I might have shown in the profession I had adopted.

When I returned to the palace I found Madame F—— alone, M. D—— R—— being engaged with his correspondence. She asked me to sit near her, and to tell her all my adventures in Constantinople. I did so, and I had no occasion to repent it. My meeting with Yusuf's wife pleased her extremely, but the bathing scene by moonlight made her blush with excitement. I veiled as much as I could the too brilliant colors of my picture, but, if she did not find me clear, she would oblige me to be more explicit, and if I made myself better understood by giving to my recital a touch of voluptuousness which I borrowed from her looks more than from my recollection, she would scold me and tell me that I might have disguised a little more. I felt that the way she was talking would give her a liking for me, and I was satisfied that the man who can give birth to amorous desires is easily called upon to gratify them it was the reward I was ardently longing for, and I dared to hope it

would be mine, although I could see it only looming in the distance."

From Book I, Chapter XIX - I Fall in Love with Christine

This section shows the importance of patience and timing in any seduction. Also check out the group theory tactics Casanova uses later on.

"I looked at the young girl with astonishment. She seemed to me a princess in the disguise of a peasant girl. Her dress, made of 'gros de Tours' and all embroidered in gold, was very handsome, and cost certainly twice as much as the finest dress of a Venetian lady. Her bracelets, matching the neckchain, completed her rich toilet. She had the figure of a nymph, and the new fashion of wearing a mantle not having yet reached her village, I could see the most magnificent bosom, although her dress was fastened up to the neck. The end of the richly-embroidered skirt did not go lower than the ankles, which allowed me to admire the neatest little foot and the lower part of an exquisitely moulded leg. Her firm and easy walk, the natural freedom of all her movements, a charming look which seemed to say, "I am very glad that you think me pretty," everything, in short, caused the ardent fire of amorous desires to circulate through my veins. I could not conceive how such a

lovely girl could have spent a fortnight in Venice without finding a man to marry or to deceive her. I was particularly delighted with her simple, artless way of talking, which in the city might have been taken for silliness.

Absorbed in my thoughts, and having resolved in my own mind on rendering brilliant homage to her charms, I waited impatiently for the end of the mass.

After breakfast I had great difficulty in convincing the curate that my seat in the carriage was the last one, but I found it easier to persuade him on our arrival in Treviso to remain for dinner and for supper at a small, unfrequented inn, as I took all the expense upon myself. He accepted very willingly when I added that immediately after supper a carriage would be in readiness to convey him to P—, where he would arrive in an hour after a peasant journey by moonlight. He had nothing to hurry him on, except his wish to say mass in his own church the next morning.

I was seated opposite to Christine during the dinner, and discovered fresh charms in her every minute, but, fearing I might lose her confidence if I tried to obtain some slight favor, I made up my mind not to go to work too quickly, and to contrive that the curate should take her again to Venice. I thought that there only I could manage to bring love into play and to give it the food it requires.

I looked towards the other bed, Christine was asleep. I wished her good morning, she opened her eyes, and leaning on her elbow, she smiled sweetly.

“My uncle has gone. I did not hear him.”

“Dearest Christine, you are as lovely as one of God’s angels. I have a great longing to give you a kiss.”

“If you long for a kiss, my dear friend, come and give me one.”

I jump out of my bed, decency makes her hide her face. It was cold, and I was in love. I find myself in her arms by one of those spontaneous movements which sentiment alone can cause, and we belong to each other without having thought of it, she happy and rather confused, I delighted, yet unable to realize the truth of a victory won without any contest.

Group Theory from this chapter – notice how Casanova handles a new group of people and isolates his target:

“Those gondoliers,” said the elderly priest, addressing me in order to begin the conversation, “are very fortunate. They took us up at the Rialto for thirty soldi, on condition that they would be allowed to embark other passengers, and here is one already; they will certainly find more.”

“When I am in a gondola, reverend sir, there is no room left for any more passengers.”

So saying, I give forty more soldi to the gondoliers, who, highly pleased with my generosity, thank me and call me excellency. The good priest, accepting that title as truly belonging to me, entreats my pardon for not having addressed me as such.

“I am not a Venetian nobleman, reverend sir, and I have no right to the title of Eccellenza.”

“Ah!” says the young lady, “I am very glad of it.”

“Why so, signora?”

“Because when I find myself near a nobleman I am afraid. But I suppose that you are an illustrissimo.”

“Not even that, signora; I am only an advocate’s clerk.”

“So much the better, for I like to be in the company of persons who do not think themselves above me. My father was a farmer, brother of my uncle here, rector of P——, where I was born and bred. As I am an only daughter I inherited my father’s property after his death, and I shall

likewise be heiress to my mother, who has been ill a long time and cannot live much longer, which causes me a great deal of sorrow; but it is the doctor who says it. Now, to return to my subject, I do not suppose that there is much difference between an advocate's clerk and the daughter of a rich farmer. I only say so for the sake of saying something, for I know very well that, in travelling, one must accept all sorts of companions: is it not so, uncle?"

"Yes, my dear Christine, and as a proof you see that this gentleman has accepted our company without knowing who or what we are."

"But do you think I would have come if I had not been attracted by the beauty of your lovely niece?"

At these words the good people burst out laughing. As I did not think that there was anything very comic in what I had said, I judged that my travelling companions were rather simple, and I was not sorry to find them so.

“Why do you laugh so heartily, beautiful ‘demigella’? Is it to shew me your fine teeth? I confess that I have never seen such a splendid set in Venice.”

“Oh! it is not for that, sir, although everyone in Venice has paid me the same compliment. I can assure you that in P—
— all the ‘girls have teeth as fine as mine. Is it not a fact, uncle?”

“Yes, my dear niece.”

“I was laughing, sir, at a thing which I will never tell you.”

“Oh! tell me, I entreat you.”

“Oh! certainly not, never.”

“I will tell you myself,” says the curate.

“You will not,” she exclaims, knitting her beautiful eyebrows. “If you do I will go away.”

“I defy you to do it, my dear. Do you know what she said, sir, when she saw you on the wharf? ‘Here is a very handsome young man who is looking at me, and would not

be sorry to be with us.' And when she saw that the gondoliers were putting back for you to embark she was delighted."

While the uncle was speaking to me, the indignant niece was slapping him on the shoulder.

"Why are you angry, lovely Christine, at my hearing that you liked my appearance, when I am so glad to let you know how truly charming I think you?"

From Book I, Chapter XXV

One of the greatest statements ever written about men and women:

“When I hear women talking about the bad faith and inconstancy of men, and maintaining that when men make promises of eternal constancy they are always deceivers, I confess that they are right, and join in their complaints. Still it cannot be helped, for the promises of lovers are dictated by the heart, and consequently the lamentations of women only make me want to laugh. Alas! we love without heeding reason, and cease to love in the same manner.”

From Book III, Chapter I

This section will give you a better understanding of why women play “hard to get” than any “pick-up artist” workshop in the world. You can even work this into a pattern as I have.

“I was in love with Mdlle. de la Meure, but Silvia’s daughter, whose company at supper was all I had of her, weakened a love which now left nothing more to desire.

We complain of women who, though loving us and sure of our love, refuse us their favors; but we are wrong in doing so, for if they love they have good reason to fear lest they lose us in the moment of satisfying our desires. Naturally they should do all in their power to retain our hearts, and the best way to do so is to cherish our desire of possessing them; but desire is only kept alive by being denied: enjoyment kills it, since one cannot desire what one has got. I am, therefore, of opinion that women are quite right to refuse us. But if it be granted that the passions of the two sexes are of equal strength, how comes it that a man

never refuses to gratify a woman who loves him and entreats him to be kind?

We cannot receive the argument founded on the fear of results, as that is a particular and not a general consideration. Our conclusion, then, will be that the reason lies in the fact that a man thinks more of the pleasure he imparts than that which he receives, and is therefore eager to impart his bliss to another. We know, also, that, as a general rule, women, when once enjoyed, double their love and affection. On the other hand, women think more of the pleasure they receive than of that which they impart, and therefore put off enjoyment as long as possible, since they fear that in giving themselves up they lose their chief good — their own pleasure. This feeling is peculiar to the sex, and is the only cause of coquetry, pardonable in a woman, detestable in a man.

Silvia's daughter loved me, and she knew I loved her, although I had never said so, but women's wit is keen. At the same time she endeavored not to let me know her

feelings, as she was afraid of encouraging me to ask favors of her, and she did not feel sure of her strength to refuse them; and she knew my inconstant nature. Her relations intended her for Clement, who had been teaching her the clavichord for the last three years. She knew of the arrangement and had no objection, for though she did not love him she liked him very well. Most girls are wedded without love, and they are not sorry for it afterwards. They know that by marriage they become of some consequence in the world, and they marry to have a house of their own and a good position in society. They seem to know that a husband and a lover need not be synonymous terms."

Quotes from Casanova:

"A man never argues well except when his purse is well filled."

"Accepted the compliment for what it was worth."

"Advantages of a great sorrow is that nothing else seems painful."

"Age, that cruel and unavoidable disease."

"All women, dear Leah are for sale."

"All-powerful lever, gold."

“Alms given in public are sure to be accompanied by vanity.”

“Anger and reason do not belong to the same family.”

“Angry man always thinks himself right.”

“At my age I could not be allowed to have any opinions.”

“Augurs could never look at each other without laughing.”

“Awkward or miserly, and therefore unworthy of love.”

“Axiom that "neglected right is lost right."

“Beauty is the only unpardonable offence in your eyes.”

“Beauty without wit offers love nothing.”

“Bed is a capital place to get an appetite.”

“Best plan in this world is to be astonished at nothing.”

“Beware of the man of one book.”

“Calumnies are easy to utter but hard to refute.”

“Cherishing my grief.”

“Clever man deceives by telling the truth.”

“Commissaries of Chastity...”

“Contempt of life...”

“Could tell a good story without laughing...”

“Criticism only grazed the skin and never wounded deeply.”

“Delights are in proportion to the privations we have suffered.”

“Desire is only kept alive by being denied.”

“Desire to make a great fuss like a great man.”

“Despair which is not without some sweetness.”

“Despised ignoramus becomes an enemy.”

“Diminish the tale of your years instead of increasing it.”

“Distance is relative.”

“Divinities--novelty and singularity.”

“Do not mind people believing anything, provided it is not true.”

“Do their duty, and to live in peace and sweet ignorance.”

“Economy in pleasure is not to my taste.”

“Emotion is infectious.”

“Essence of freedom consists in thinking you have it.”

“Everything hung from an ‘if.’”

“Exercise their reason to avoid the misfortunes which they fear.”

“Fanaticism, no matter of what nature, is only the plague.”

“Fatal desire for luxury and empty show spoils all.”

“Favorite passion has always been vengeance.”

“First motive is always self-interest.”

“Foolish enough to write the truth.”

“For in the night, you know, all cats are grey.”

“For is love anything else than a kind of curiosity?”

“Fortune flouts old age.”

“Found him greater at a distance than close at hand.”

“Girl who gave nothing must take nothing.”

“Give yourself up to whatever fate offers to you...”

“Government ought never to destroy ancient customs abruptly.”

“Happiness is purely a creature of the imagination.”

“Happiness is not lasting--nor is man.”

“Happy or unhappy from a merely cursory inspection.”

“Happy ignorance!”

“Happy age when one's inexperience is one's sole misfortune.”

“Hasty verses are apt to sacrifice wit to rhyme.”

“He won't be uneasy--he is a philosopher.”

“Hobbes: of two evils choose the least.”

“Honest old man will not believe in the existence of rascals”

“If this and if that, and every other if...”

“If I could live my life over again...”

“If history did not lie...”

“Ignorance is bliss.”

“Imagine that what they feel themselves others must feel.”

“It is only fools who complain.”

“It's too much for honor and too little for love.”

“Jealousy leads to anger, and anger goes a long way.”

“Knowing that he would not be regretted after his death.”

“Last thing which we learn in all languages is wit.”

“Laugh out of season.”

“Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth.”

“Lie a sufficient number of times, one ends by believing it.”

“Light come, light go.”

“Love always makes men selfish.”

“Look on everything we don't possess as a superfluity.”

“Love fills our minds with idle visions.”

“Love makes no conditions.”

“Made a point of forgetting everything unpleasant.”

“Made a parade of his Atheism.”

“Man needs so little to console him or to soothe his grief.”

“Marriage without enjoyment is a thorn without roses.”

“Marriage state, for which I felt I had no vocation.”

“Married a rich wife, he repented of having married at all.”

“Mere beauty does not go for much.”

“Most trifling services are assessed at the highest rates.”

“My spirit and my desires are as young as ever.”

“My time was too short to write so little.”

“Mystical insinuations...”

“Negligent attire...”

“Never to pass an opinion on any subject...”

“Never wearied himself with too much thinking...”

“Nobody read his books, but everybody agreed he was learned.”

“Now I am too old to begin curing myself.”

“Obscenity disgusts, and never gives pleasure.”

“Oh! wonderful power of self-delusion.”

“One never knows enough.”

“Owed all its merits to antithesis and paradox.”

“Pardonable weakness, most of us prefer "mine" to
"thine"”

“Passing infidelity, but not inconstancy...”

“Passion and prejudice cannot reason.”

“People did not want to know things as they truly were.”

“People want to know everything, and they invent.”

“Pigmies mimicking a giant.”

“Pity to sell cheaply what would have to be replaced dearly.”

“Pleasures are realities, though all too fleeting.”

“Pope, whom no Roman can believe to be infallible.”

“Prejudices which had the sanction of the law.”

“Pride is the daughter of folly.”

“Privately indulged in every luxury that he forbade to others.”

“Privilege of a nursing mother...”

“Promising everlasting constancy...”

“Proud nation, at once so great and so little.”

“Rather be your debtor than for you to be mine.”

“Reading innumerable follies one finds written in such places.”

“Repentance for a good deed.”

“Reproached by his wife for the money he had expended.”

“Rid of our vices more easily than of our follies.”

“Rome the holy, which thus strives to make all men pederasts.”

“Rumor is only good to amuse fools.”

“Sad symptom of misery which is called a yawn.”

“Sadness is a disease which gives the death-blow to affection.”

“Scold and then forgive.”

“Scrupulously careful not to cheat you in small things.”

“Seldom praised and never blamed.”

“Selfishness, then, the universal motor of our actions?”

“Showed his contempt by saying nothing.”

“Sin concealed is half pardoned.”

“Sleep--the very likeness of non-existence.”

“Snatching from poor mortal man the delusions.”

“Softened the hardships of the slow but certain passage to the grave.”

“Stupid servant is more dangerous than a bad one.”

“Submissive gaze of a captive who glories in his chain.”

“Surface is always the first to interest.”

“Talent of never appearing to be a learned man.”

“Tell me whether that contempt of life renders you worthy of it.”

“There is no cure for death.”

“There's time enough for that.”

“Time that is given to enjoyment is never lost.”

“Time that destroys marble and brass destroys also the very memory.”

“Time is a great teacher.”

“Timidity is often another word for stupidity.”

“To know ill is worse than not to know at all.”

“Vengeance is a divine pleasure.”

“Verses which, like parasites, steal into a funeral oration.”

“Victims of their good faith.”

“Wash their dirty linen in private.”

“When we can feel pity, we love no longer.”

“When one is in an ill humor, everything is fuel for the fire.”

“Whims of the mob and the fancies of the Republic...”

“Wife worthy of being a mistress.”

“Wish is father to the thought.”

“Wit cannot stand before stupidity.”

“Woman has in her tears a weapon.”

“Women are always as old as they look.”

“Women would be either tyrants or slaves.”

“Women often do the most idiotic things out of sheer obstinacy.”

“World of memories, without a present and without a future...”

“Would like to shape the laws according to their needs...”

“Wretch treats me so kindly that I love him more and more.”

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