

VIRTUE AND VICE, Section 9.11 on COURAGE AND COWARDICE, and Section 9.12 on TEMPERANCE AND INTemperance.

These remarks about the subject matter of Chapter 4 as a whole make it unnecessary to append forewords to each of its sections.

4.1 | *The Passions*

THE RANGE OF THE EMOTIONS

- 1 Since things that are found in the soul are of three kinds—passions, faculties, states of character, virtue must be one of these. By passions I mean appetite, anger, fear, confidence, envy, joy, friendly feeling, hatred, longing, emulation, pity, and in general the feelings that are accompanied by pleasure or pain; by faculties the things in virtue of which we are said to be capable of feeling these, for example, of becoming angry or being pained or feeling pity; by states of character the things in virtue of which we stand well or badly with reference to the passions, for example, with reference to anger we stand badly if we feel it violently or too weakly, and well if we feel it moderately; and similarly with reference to the other passions.

Now neither the virtues nor the vices are *passions*, because we are not called good or bad on the ground of our passions, but are so called on the ground of our virtues and our vices, and because we are neither praised nor blamed for our passions (for the man who feels fear or anger is not praised, nor is the man who simply feels anger blamed, but the man who feels it in a certain way), but for our virtues and our vices we are praised or blamed.

Aristotle, *Ethics*, 1105b19

- 2 The emotions are all those feelings that so change men as to affect their judgements, and that are also attended by pain or pleasure. Such are anger, pity, fear and the like, with their opposites.

Aristotle, *Rhetoric*, 1378a20

- 3 Now I assert that the mind and the soul are kept together in close union and make up a single nature, but that the directing principle which we call mind and understanding, is the head so to speak and reigns paramount in the whole body. It has a fixed seat in the middle region of the breast: here throb fear and apprehension, about these

spots dwell soothing joys; therefore here is the understanding or mind. All the rest of the soul disseminated through the whole body obeys and moves at the will and inclination of the mind. It by itself alone knows for itself, rejoices for itself, at times when the impression does not move either soul or body together with it. And as when some part of us, the head or the eye, suffers from an attack of pain, we do not feel the anguish at the same time over the whole body, thus the mind sometimes suffers pain by itself or is inspirited with joy, when all the rest of the soul throughout the limbs and frame is stirred by no novel sensation. But when the mind is excited by some more vehement apprehension, we see the whole soul feel in unison through all the limbs, sweats and paleness spread over the whole body, the tongue falter, the voice die away, a mist cover the eyes, the ears ring, the limbs sink under one; in short we often see men drop down from terror of mind; so that anybody may easily perceive from this that the soul is closely united with the mind, and, when it has been smitten by the influence of the mind, forthwith pushes and strikes the body.

Lucretius, *Nature of Things*, III

- 4 Every disturbance is the disruption of a mind either devoid of or contemptuous of reason, or disobedient to reason. Such a disruption is provoked in two ways, either by an idea of good or by an idea of evil. So we end up with four types of mental disruption. Two of them proceed from an idea of good. One of these is exultant pleasure, in other words, extreme joy brought on by the presence of some great good. The counterpart of this is an excessive longing for some great good. Such a longing is contrary to reason, and it may rightly be called desire or lust. These two instances, exultant pleasure and lust deriving from some idea of a good, both disrupt the soul. So do their two op-

posites, fear and distress, also cause such disruptions because of the idea of evil. Fear is the imagining of a threatened evil, and distress is occasioned by the presence of a serious evil. Distress is really the strong awareness of an evil real enough to cause genuine anguish. Thus the man who feels pain is convinced that he is meant to feel pain. With all our power we must strive to resist these disturbances, loosed as they are by folly coupled with a kind of evil spirit over the life of mankind, if we want to pass our days in peace and quiet.

Cicero, *Disputations*, III, 11

- 5 In our ethics, we do not so much inquire whether a pious soul is angry, as why he is angry; not whether he is sad, but what is the cause of his sadness; not whether he fears, but what he fears. For I am not aware that any right thinking person would find fault with anger at a wrongdoer which seeks his amendment, or with sadness which intends relief to the suffering, or with fear lest one in danger be destroyed. The Stoics, indeed, are accustomed to condemn compassion. But how much more honourable had it been in that Stoic we have been telling of had he been disturbed by compassion prompting him to relieve a fellow-creature than to be disturbed by the fear of shipwreck! . . . However, it may justly be asked, whether our subjection to these affections, even while we follow virtue, is a part of the infirmity of this life? For the holy angels feel no anger while they punish those whom the eternal law of God consigns to punishment, no fellow-feeling with misery while they relieve the miserable, no fear while they aid those who are in danger; and yet ordinary language ascribes to them also these mental emotions, because, though they have none of our weakness, their acts resemble the actions to which these emotions move us.

Augustine, *City of God*, IX, 5

- 6 The character of the human will is of moment; because, if it is wrong, these motions of the soul will be wrong, but if it is right, they will be not merely blameless, but even praiseworthy. For the will is in them all; yea, none of them is anything else than will. For what are desire and joy but a volition of consent to the things we wish? And what are fear and sadness but a volition of aversion from the things which we do not wish? But when consent takes the form of seeking to possess the things we wish, this is called desire; and when consent takes the form of enjoying the things we wish, this is called joy. In like manner, when we turn with aversion from that which we do not wish to happen, this volition is termed fear; and when we turn away from that which has happened against our will, this act of will is called sorrow. And generally in respect of all that we seek or shun, as a man's will is attracted or re-

pelled, so it is changed and turned into these different affections.

Augustine, *City of God*, XIV, 6

- 7 The sensitive appetite is one generic power, and is called sensuality; but it is divided into two powers, which are species of the sensitive appetite—the irascible and the concupiscible. . . . Therefore . . . there must be two appetitive powers in the sensitive part—one through which the soul is inclined absolutely to seek what is suitable according to the senses, and to fly from what is hurtful, and this is called the concupiscible; and another by which an animal resists these attacks that hinder what is suitable and inflict harm, and this is called the irascible. . . .

Now these two are not to be reduced to one principle, for sometimes the soul busies itself with unpleasant things against the inclination of the concupiscible appetite in order that, following the impulse of the irascible appetite, it may fight against obstacles. Hence also the passions of the irascible appetite seem to go against the passions of the concupiscible appetite, since concupiscence, on being roused, diminishes anger, and anger being roused, diminishes concupiscence in many cases. This is clear also from the fact that the irascible is, as it were, the champion and defender of the concupiscible, when it rises up against what hinders the acquisition of the suitable things which the concupiscible desires, or against what inflicts harm, from which the concupiscible flies. And for this reason all the passions of the irascible appetite rise from the passions of the concupiscible appetite and terminate in them; for instance, anger rises from sadness, and having wrought vengeance, terminates in joy.

Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, I, 81, 2

- 8 All the irascible passions imply movement towards something. Now this movement in the irascible part towards something may be due to two causes: one is the mere aptitude or proportion to the end, and this pertains to love or hatred; the other is the presence of good or evil, and this pertains to sadness or joy. . . .

Since then in the order of generation or sequence, proportion or aptitude to the end precedes the achievement of the end, it follows that, of all the irascible passions, anger is the last in the order of generation. And among the other passions of the irascible part which imply a movement arising from love of good or hatred of evil, those whose object is good, namely, hope and despair, must naturally precede those whose object is evil, namely, daring and fear. . . . In like manner fear, through being a movement from evil, precedes daring. . . .

And if we wish to know the order of all the passions in the way of generation, love and hatred are first; desire and aversion, second; hope and despair, third; fear and daring, fourth; anger,

fifth; sixth and last, joy and sadness, which follow from all the passions . . . yet so that love precedes hatred; desire precedes aversion; hope precedes despair; fear precedes daring; and joy precedes sadness.

Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, I-II, 25, 3

- 9 Joy relates to present good, sadness relates to present evil, hope regards future good, and fear, future evil. As to the other passions that concern good or evil, present or future, they all culminate in these four. For this reason have some said that these four are the principal passions, because they are general passions. And this is true, provided that by hope and fear we understand the common tendency of the appetite to desire or aversion for something.

Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, I-II, 25, 4

- 10 All passions that allow themselves to be savored and digested are only mediocre.

Montaigne, *Essays*, I, 2, Of Sadness

- 11 Ambition can teach men valor, and temperance, and liberality, and even justice. Greed can implant in the heart of a shop apprentice, brought up in obscurity and idleness, the confidence to cast himself far from hearth and home, in a frail boat at the mercy of the waves and angry Neptune; it also teaches discretion and wisdom. Venus herself supplies resolution and boldness to boys still subject to discipline and the rod, and arms the tender hearts of virgins who are still in their mothers' laps. . . .

In view of this, a sound intellect will refuse to judge men simply by their outward actions; we must probe the inside and discover what springs set men in motion. But since this is an arduous and hazardous undertaking, I wish fewer people would meddle with it.

Montaigne, *Essays*, II, 1, Of the Inconsistency

- 12 *Hamlet*. O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I! Is it not monstrous that this player here, But in a fiction, in a dream of passion, Could force his soul so to his own conceit That from her working all his visage wann'd, Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect, A broken voice, and his whole function suiting With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing! For Hecuba! What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, That he should weep for her? What would he do, Had he the motive and the cue for passion That I have? He would drown the stage with tears And cleave the general ear with horrid speech, Make mad the guilty and appal the free, Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed The very faculties of eyes and ears. Yet I, A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,

Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the
throat,
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
Ha!
'Swounds, I should take it: for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy, villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless vil-
lain!
O, vengeance!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon't! foh!

Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, II, ii, 576

- 13 *Hamlet*. Blest are those
Whose blood and judgement are so well commin-
gled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart.

Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, III, ii, 73

- 14 I note . . . that we do not observe the existence of any subject which more immediately acts upon our soul than the body to which it is joined, and that we must consequently consider that what in the soul is a passion is in the body commonly speaking an action; so that there is no better means of arriving at a knowledge of our passions than to examine the difference which exists between soul and body in order to know to which of the two we must attribute each one of the functions which are within us.

Descartes, *Passions of the Soul*, II

- 15 The number of [passions] which are simple and primitive is not very large. For, in making a review of all those which I have enumerated, we may easily notice that there are but six which are such, that is, wonder, love, hatred, desire, joy and sadness; and that all the others are composed of some of these six, or are species of them.

Descartes, *Passions of the Soul*, LXIX

- 16 Whoever has lived in such a way that his conscience cannot reproach him for ever having failed to perform those things which he has judged

to be the best (which is what I here call following after virtue) receives from this a satisfaction which is so powerful in rendering him happy that the most violent efforts of the passions never have sufficient power to disturb the tranquillity of his soul.

Descartes, *Passions of the Soul*, CXLVIII

- 17 The soul may have pleasures of its own, but as to those which are common to it and the body, they depend entirely on the passions, so that the men whom they can most move are capable of partaking most of enjoyment in this life. It is true that such men may also find most bitterness when they do not know how to employ them well, or fortune is contrary to them. But the principal use of prudence of self-control is that it teaches us to be masters of our passions, and to so control and guide them that the evils which they cause are quite bearable, and that we even derive joy from them all.

Descartes, *Passions of the Soul*, CCXII

- 18 By knowing each man's ruling passion, we are sure of pleasing him; and yet each has his fancies, opposed to his true good, in the very idea which he has of the good. It is a singularly puzzling fact.

Pascal, *Pensées*, II, 106

- 19 There is internal war in man between reason and the passions.

If he had only reason without passions . . .

If he had only passions without reason . . .

But having both, he cannot be without strife, being unable to be at peace with the one without being at war with the other. Thus he is always divided against and opposed to himself.

This internal war of reason against the passions has made a division of those who would have peace into two sects. The first would renounce their passions and become gods; the others would renounce reason and become brute beasts. But neither can do so, and reason still remains, to condemn the vileness and injustice of the passions and to trouble the repose of those who abandon themselves to them; and the passions keep always alive in those who would renounce them.

Pascal, *Pensées*, VI, 412-413

- 20 The forms of speech by which the passions are expressed are partly the same and partly different from those by which we express our thoughts. And first generally all passions may be expressed *indicatively*; as, *I love, I fear, I joy, I deliberate, I will, I command*: but some of them have particular expressions by themselves, which nevertheless are not affirmations, unless it be when they serve to make other inferences besides that of the passion they proceed from. Deliberation is expressed *subjunctively*; which is a speech proper to signify suppositions, with their consequences; as, *If this be done, then this will follow*; and differs not from the language of

reasoning, save that reasoning is in general words, but deliberation for the most part is of particulars. The language of desire, and aversion, is *imperative*; as, *Do this, forbear that*; which when the party is obliged to do, or forbear, is *command*; otherwise *prayer*; or else *counsel*. The language of vainglory, of indignation, pity and revengefulness, *optative*: but of the desire to know, there is a peculiar expression called *interrogative*; as, *What is it, when shall it, how is it done, and why so?* Other language of the passions I find none: for cursing, swearing, reviling, and the like do not signify as speech, but as the actions of a tongue accustomed.

Hobbes, *Leviathan*, I, 6

- 21 The mind is subject to passions in proportion to the number of inadequate ideas which it has, and . . . it acts in proportion to the number of adequate ideas which it has.

Spinoza, *Ethics*, III, Prop. 1, Corol.

- 22 Of joy, sorrow, and desire, and consequently of every effort which either, like vacillation of mind, is compounded of these, or, like love, hatred, hope, and fear, is derived from them, there are just as many kinds as there are kinds of objects by which we are affected.

Spinoza, *Ethics*, III, Prop. 56

- 23 *Envy* and *anger*, not being caused by pain and pleasure simply in themselves, but having in them some mixed considerations of ourselves and others, are not therefore to be found in all men, because those other parts, of valuing their merits, or intending revenge, is wanting in them. But all the rest [of the passions], terminating purely in pain and pleasure, are, I think, to be found in all men. For we love, desire, rejoice, and hope, only in respect of pleasure; we hate, fear, and grieve, only in respect of pain ultimately. In fine, all these passions are moved by things, only as they appear to be the causes of pleasure and pain, or to have pleasure or pain some way or other annexed to them.

Locke, *Concerning Human Understanding*,
Bk. II, XX, 14

- 24 Modes of Self-love the Passions we may call;
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all;
But since not every good we can divide,
And Reason bids us for our own provide;
Passions, tho' selfish, if their means be fair,
List under Reason, and deserve her care;
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some Virtue's name.

Pope, *Essay on Man*, Epistle II, 93

- 25 Strength of mind is Exercise, not Rest:
The rising tempest puts in act the soul,
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,

Reason the card, but Passion is the gale.

Pope, *Essay on Man*, Epistle II, 104

- 26 On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike;
Hence diff'rent Passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak, the organs of the frame;
And hence one master Passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength:

So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The Mind's disease, its rulling Passion came.

Pope, *Essay on Man*, Epistle II, 128

- 27 Nothing can oppose or retard the impulse of passion, but a contrary impulse; and if this contrary impulse ever arises from reason, that latter faculty must have an original influence on the will, and must be able to cause, as well as hinder any act of volition. But if reason has no original influence, 'tis impossible it can withstand any principle, which has such an efficacy, or ever keep the mind in suspense a moment. Thus it appears, that the principle, which opposes our passion, cannot be the same with reason, and is only call'd so in an improper sense. We speak not strictly and philosophically when we talk of the combat of passion and of reason. Reason is, and ought only to be the slave of the passions, and can never pretend to any other office than to serve and obey them. As this opinion may appear somewhat extraordinary, it may not be improper to confirm it by some other considerations.

Hume, *Treatise of Human Nature*,
Bk. II, III, 3

- 28 Reason is the discovery of truth or falshood. Truth or falshood consists in an agreement or disagreement either to the *real* relations of ideas, or to *real* existence and matter of fact. Whatever, therefore, is not susceptible of this agreement or disagreement, is incapable of being true or false, and can never be an object of our reason. Now 'tis evident our passions, volitions, and actions, are not susceptible of any such agreement or disagreement; being original facts and realities, compleat in themselves, and implying no reference to other passions, volitions, and actions. 'Tis impossible, therefore, they can be pronounced either true or false, and be either contrary or conformable to reason.

Hume, *Treatise of Human Nature*, Bk. III, I, 1

- 29 *Emotions* and *passions* are essentially distinct; the former belong to *feeling* insofar as this coming before reflection makes it more difficult or even impossible. Hence emotion is called *hasty* (*animus praeceps*). And reason declares through the notion

of virtue that a man should *collect* himself; but this weakness in the life of one's understanding, joined with the strength of a mental excitement, is only a *lack of virtue* (*Untugend*), and as it were a weak and childish thing, which may very well consist with the best will, and has further this one good thing in it, that this storm soon subsides. A propensity to emotion (for example, *resentment*) is therefore not so closely related to vice as passion is. *Passion*, on the other hand, is the sensible *appetite* grown into a permanent inclination (for example, *hatred* in contrast to *resentment*). The calmness with which one indulges it leaves room for reflection and allows the mind to frame principles thereon for itself; and thus when the inclination falls upon what contradicts the law, to brood on it, to allow it to root itself deeply, and thereby to take up evil (as of set purpose) into one's maxim; and this is then specifically evil, that is, it is a true *vice*.

Kant, *Introduction to the Metaphysical Elements of Ethics*, XVI

- 30 The lower animals, like man, manifestly feel pleasure and pain, happiness and misery. Happiness is never better exhibited than by young animals such as puppies, kittens, lambs, &c., when playing together, like our own children. Even insects play together, as has been described by that excellent observer, P. Huber, who saw ants chasing and pretending to bite each other, like so many puppies.

The fact that the lower animals are excited by the same emotions as ourselves is so well established, that it will not be necessary to weary the reader by many details. Terror acts in the same manner on them as on us, causing the muscles to tremble, the heart to palpitate, the sphincters to be relaxed, and the hair to stand on end. Suspicion, the offspring of fear, is eminently characteristic of most wild animals. It is, I think, impossible to read the account given by Sir E. Tennent, of the behaviour of the female elephants, used as decoys, without admitting that they intentionally practise deceit, and well know what they are about. Courage and timidity are extremely variable qualities in the individuals of the same species, as is plainly seen in our dogs. Some dogs and horses are ill-tempered, and easily turn sulky; others are good-tempered; and these qualities are certainly inherited. Every one knows how liable animals are to furious rage, and how plainly they shew it. Many, and probably true, anecdotes have been published on the long-delayed and artful revenge of various animals.

The love of a dog for his master is notorious; as an old writer quaintly says, "A dog is the only thing on this earth that loves you more than he loves himself."

In the agony of death a dog has been known to caress his master, and every one has heard of the dog suffering under vivisection, who licked the

hand of the operator; this man, unless the operation was fully justified by an increase of our knowledge, or unless he had a heart of stone, must have felt remorse to the last hour of his life. . . .

Most of the more complex emotions are common to the higher animals and ourselves. Every one has seen how jealous a dog is of his master's affection, if lavished on any other creature; and I have observed the same fact with monkeys. This shews that animals not only love, but have desire to be loved. Animals manifestly feel emulation. They love approbation or praise; and a dog carrying a basket for his master exhibits in a high degree self-complacency or pride. There can, I think, be no doubt that a dog feels shame, as distinct from fear, and something very like modesty when begging too often for food. A great dog scorns the snarling of a little dog, and this may be called magnanimity. Several observers have stated that monkeys certainly dislike being laughed at; and they sometimes invent imaginary offences. In the Zoological Gardens I saw a baboon who always got into a furious rage when his keeper took out a letter or book and read it aloud to him; and his rage was so violent that, as I witnessed on one occasion, he bit his own leg till the blood flowed. Dogs shew what may be fairly called a sense of humour, as distinct from mere play; if a bit of stick or other such object be thrown to one, he will often carry it away for a short distance; and then squatting down with it on the ground close before him, will wait until his master comes quite close to take it away. The dog will then seize it and rush away in triumph, repeating the same manœuvre, and evidently enjoying the practical joke.

We will now turn to the more intellectual emotions and faculties, which are very important, as forming the basis for the development of the higher mental powers. Animals manifestly enjoy excitement, and suffer from ennui, as may be seen with dogs, and, according to Rengger, with monkeys. All animals feel *Wonder*, and many exhibit *Curiosity*. They sometimes suffer from this latter quality.

Darwin, *Descent of Man*, I, 3

- 31 In speaking of the instincts it has been impossible to keep them separate from the emotional excitements which go with them. Objects of rage, love, fear, etc., not only prompt a man to outward deeds, but provoke characteristic alterations in his attitude and visage, and affect his breathing, circulation, and other organic functions in specific ways. When the outward deeds are inhibited, these latter emotional expressions still remain, and we read the anger in the face, though the blow may not be struck, and the fear betrays itself in voice and color, though one may suppress all other sign. *Instinctive reactions and emotional expressions thus shade imperceptibly into each other. Every object that*

excites an instinct excites an emotion as well. Emotions, however, fall short of instincts, in that the emotional reaction usually terminates in the subject's own body, whilst the instinctive reaction is apt to go farther and enter into practical relations with the exciting object.

William James, *Psychology*, XXV

- 32 Our natural way of thinking about these coarser emotions is that the mental perception of some fact excites the mental affection called the emotion, and that this latter state of mind gives rise to the bodily expression. My theory, on the contrary, is that *the bodily changes follow directly the perception of the exciting fact, and that our feeling of the same changes as they occur is the emotion.* Common-sense says, we lose our fortune, are sorry and weep; we meet a bear, are frightened and run; we are insulted by a rival, are angry and strike. The hypothesis here to be defended says that this order of sequence is incorrect, that the one mental state is not immediately induced by the other, that the bodily manifestations must first be interposed between, and that the more rational statement is that we feel sorry because we cry, angry because we strike, afraid because we tremble, and not that we cry, strike, or tremble, because we are sorry, angry, or fearful, as the case may be. Without the bodily states following on the perception, the latter would be purely cognitive in form, pale, colorless, destitute of emotional warmth. We might then see the bear, and judge it best to run, receive the insult and deem it right to strike, but we should not actually *feel* afraid or angry.

William James, *Psychology*, XXV

- 33 If one should seek to name each particular [emotion] of which the human heart is the seat, it is plain that the limit to their number would lie in the introspective vocabulary of the seeker, each race of men having found names for some shade of feeling which other races have left undiscriminated. If then we should seek to break the emotions, thus enumerated, into groups, according to their affinities, it is again plain that all sorts of groupings would be possible, according as we chose this character or that as a basis, and that all groupings would be equally real and true. The only question would be, does this grouping or that suit our purpose best? The reader may then class the emotions as he will, as sad or joyous, sthenic or asthenic, natural or acquired, inspired by animate or inanimate things, formal or material, sensuous or ideal, direct or reflective, egoistic or non-egoistic, retrospective, prospective or immediate, organismally or environmentally initiated, or what more besides. All these are divisions which have been actually proposed. Each of them has its merits, and each one brings together some emotions which the others keep apart.

William James, *Psychology*, XXV

- 34 I think we shall gain a great deal by following the suggestion of a writer who, from personal motives, vainly insists that he has nothing to do with the rigours of pure science. I am speaking of Georg Groddeck, who is never tired of pointing out that the conduct through life of what we call our ego is essentially passive, and that, as he expresses it, we are "lived" by unknown and uncontrollable forces.

Freud, *Ego and Id*, II

- 35 The ego has the task of bringing the influence of the external world to bear upon the id and its tendencies, and endeavours to substitute the reality-principle for the pleasure-principle which reigns supreme in the id. In the ego, perception plays the part which in the id devolves upon in-

stinct. The ego represents what we call reason and sanity, in contrast to the id which contains the passions. . . .

The functional importance of the ego is manifested in the fact that normally control over the approaches to motility devolves upon it. Thus in its relation to the id it is like a man on horseback, who has to hold in check the superior strength of the horse; with this difference, that the rider seeks to do so with his own strength while the ego uses borrowed forces. The illustration may be carried further. Often a rider, if he is not to be parted from his horse, is obliged to guide it where it wants to go; so in the same way the ego constantly carries into action the wishes of the id as if they were its own.

Freud, *Ego and Id*, II

4.2 | Fear

- 1 The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

Psalms 27:1

- 2 *Chorus*. There are times when fear is good. It must keep its watchful place at the heart's controls. There is advantage in the wisdom won from pain. Should the city, should the man rear a heart that nowhere goes in fear, how shall such a one any more respect the right?

Aeschylus, *Eumenides*, 517

- 3 *Xerxes*. Fear not all things alike, nor count up every risk. For if in each matter that comes before us thou wilt look to all possible chances, never wilt thou achieve anything. Far better is it to have a stout heart always, and suffer one's share of evils, than to be ever fearing what may happen, and never incur a mischance.

Herodotus, *History*, VII, 50

- 4 *Peloponnesian Commanders*. A faint heart will make all art powerless in the face of danger. For fear takes away presence of mind, and without valour art is useless.

Thucydides, *Peloponnesian War*, II, 87

- 5 *Nicias*. I do not call animals or any other things which have no fear of dangers, because they are ignorant of them, courageous, but only fearless and senseless. Do you [Laches] imagine that I should call little children courageous, which fear no dangers because they know none? There is a difference, to my way of thinking, between fearlessness and courage.

Plato, *Laches*, 197A

- 6 *Socrates*. In my opinion the terrible and the hopeful are the things which do or do not create fear, and fear is not of the present, nor of the past, but is of future and expected evil.

Plato, *Laches*, 198A

- 7 Fear may be defined as a pain or disturbance due to a mental picture of some destructive or painful evil in the future. Of destructive or painful evils only; for there are some evils, for example, wickedness or stupidity, the prospect of which does not frighten us: I mean only such as amount to great pains or losses. And even these only if they appear not remote but so near as to be imminent: we do not fear things that are a very long way off: for instance, we all know we shall die, but we are not troubled thereby, because death is not close at hand. From this definition it will follow that fear is caused by whatever we feel has great power of destroying us, or of harming us in ways

that tend to cause us great pain.

Aristotle, *Rhetoric*, 1382^a21

- 8 Of those we have wronged, and of our enemies or rivals, it is not the passionate and outspoken whom we have to fear, but the quiet, dissembling, unscrupulous; since we never know when they are upon us, we can never be sure they are at a safe distance.

Aristotle, *Rhetoric*, 1382^b19

- 9 If fear is associated with the expectation that something destructive will happen to us, plainly nobody will be afraid who believes nothing can happen to him; we shall not fear things that we believe cannot happen to us, nor people who we believe cannot inflict them upon us; nor shall we be afraid at times when we think ourselves safe from them. It follows therefore that fear is felt by those who believe something to be likely to happen to them, at the hands of particular persons, in a particular form, and at a particular time. People do not believe this when they are, or think they are, in the midst of great prosperity, and are in consequence insolent, contemptuous, and reckless—the kind of character produced by wealth, physical strength, abundance of friends, power: nor yet when they feel they have experienced every kind of horror already and have grown callous about the future, like men who are being flogged and are already nearly dead—if they are to feel the anguish of uncertainty, there must be some faint expectation of escape.

Aristotle, *Rhetoric*, 1382^b29

- 10 Even as children are flurried and dread all things in the thick darkness, thus we in the daylight fear at times things not a whit more to be dreaded than what children shudder at in the dark and fancy sure to be. This terror therefore and darkness of mind must be dispelled not by the rays of the sun and glittering shafts of day, but by the aspect and law of nature.

Lucretius, *Nature of Things*, VI

- 11 If one were successful in getting rid of all fear, then we would also be rid of that judicious manner of living that is most highly evidenced in those who fear the laws, magistrates, poverty, disgrace, and pain.

Cicero, *Disputations*, IV, 20

- 12 *Aeneas*. Mute and amaz'd, my hair with terror stood;

Fear shrunk my sinews, and congeal'd my blood.
Mann'd once again, another plant I try:
That other gush'd with the same sanguine dye.
Then, fearing guilt for some offense unknown,
With pray'rs and vows and Dryads I atone,
With all the sisters of the woods, and most
The God of Arms, who rules the Thracian coast,

That they, or he, these omens would avert,
Release our fears, and better signs impart.
Clear'd, as I thought, and fully fix'd at length
To learn the cause, I tugged with all my strength:
I bent my knees against the ground; once more
The violated myrtle ran with gore.
Scarce dare I tell the sequel: from the womb
Of wounded earth, and caverns of the tomb,
A groan, as of a troubled ghost, renew'd
My fright, and then these dreadful words ensued:
'Why dost thou thus my buried body rend?
O spare the corpse of thy unhappy friend!
Spare to pollute thy pious hands with blood:
The tears distil not from the wounded wood;
But ev'ry drop this living tree contains
Is kindred blood, and ran in Trojan veins.
O fly from this unhospitable shore,
Warn'd by my fate; for I am Polydore!
Here loads of lances, in my blood embrued,
Again shoot upward, by my blood renew'd.'

"My falt'ring tongue and shiv'ring limbs declare

My horror, and in bristles rose my hair.

Virgil, *Aeneid*, III

- 13 To be feared is to fear: no one has been able to strike terror into others and at the same time enjoy peace of mind himself.

Seneca, *Letters to Lucilius*, 105

- 14 There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love.

I John 4:18

- 15 It is irrational and poor-spirited not to seek conveniences for fear of losing them, for upon the same account we should not allow ourselves to like wealth, glory, or wisdom, since we may fear to be deprived of all these; nay, even virtue itself, than which there is no greater nor more desirable possession. . . . It is weakness that brings men, unarmed against fortune by reason, into these endless pains and terrors; and they indeed have not even the present enjoyment of what they dote upon, the possibility of the future loss causing them continual pangs, tremors, and distresses. We must not provide against the loss of wealth by poverty, or of friends by refusing all acquaintance, or of children by having none, but by morality and reason.

Plutarch, *Solon*

- 16 The strangeness of things often makes them seem formidable when they are not so; and . . . by our better acquaintance, even things which are really terrible lose much of their frightfulness.

Plutarch, *Caius Marius*

- 17 We are . . . in the condition of deer; when they flee from the huntsmen's feathers in fright, whith-

er do they turn and in what do they seek refuge as safe? They turn to the nets, and thus they perish by confounding things which are objects of fear with things that they ought not to fear. Thus we also act: in what cases do we fear? In things which are independent of the will. In what cases, on the contrary, do we behave with confidence, as if there were no danger? In things dependent on the will. To be deceived then, or to act rashly, or shamelessly or with base desire to seek something, does not concern us at all, if we only hit the mark in things which are independent of our will. But where there is death, or exile or pain or infamy, there we attempt to run away, there we are struck with terror. Therefore, as we may expect it to happen with those who err in the greatest matters, we convert natural confidence into audacity, desperation, rashness, shamelessness; and we convert natural caution and modesty into cowardice and meanness, which are full of fear and confusion. For if a man should transfer caution to those things in which the will may be exercised and the acts of the will, he will immediately, by willing to be cautious, have also the power of avoiding what he chooses: but if he transfer it to the things which are not in his power and will, and attempt to avoid the things which are in the power of others, he will of necessity fear, he will be unstable, he will be disturbed. For death or pain is not formidable, but the fear of pain or death.

Epictetus, *Discourses*, II, 1

- 18 In this abode of weakness, and in these wicked days, . . . anxiety has also its use, stimulating us to seek with keener longing for that security where peace is complete and unassailable.

Augustine, *City of God*, XIX, 10

- 19 Fear is twofold . . . one is filial fear, by which a son fears to offend his father or to be separated from him; the other is servile fear, by which one fears punishment. Now filial fear must increase when charity increases, even as an effect increases with the increase of its cause. For the more one loves a man, the more one fears to offend him and to be separated from him. On the other hand servile fear, as regards its servility, is entirely cast out when charity comes, although the fear of punishment remains as to its substance. . . . This fear decreases as charity increases, chiefly as regards its act, since the more a man loves God, the less he fears punishment; first, because he thinks less of his own good, to which punishment is opposed; secondly, because, the faster he clings, the more confident he is of the reward, and consequently, the less fearful of punishment.

Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, II-II, 19, 10

- 20 [The prince] ought to be slow to believe and to act, nor should he himself show fear, but proceed in a temperate manner with prudence and hu-

manity, so that too much confidence may not make him incautious and too much distrust render him intolerable.

Upon this a question arises: whether it be better to be loved than feared or feared than loved? It may be answered that one should wish to be both, but, because it is difficult to unite them in one person, it is much safer to be feared than loved, when, of the two, either must be dispensed with. Because this is to be asserted in general of men, that they are ungrateful, fickle, false, cowardly, covetous, and as long as you succeed they are yours entirely; they will offer you their blood, property, life, and children, as is said above, when the need is far distant; but when it approaches they turn against you. And that prince who, relying entirely on their promises, has neglected other precautions, is ruined; because friendships that are obtained by payments, and not by greatness or nobility of mind, may indeed be earned, but they are not secured, and in time of need cannot be relied upon; and men have less scruple in offending one who is beloved than one who is feared, for love is preserved by the link of obligation which, owing to the baseness of men, is broken at every opportunity for their advantage; but fear preserves you by a dread of punishment which never fails.

Nevertheless a prince ought to inspire fear in such a way that, if he does not win love, he avoids hatred; because he can endure very well being feared whilst he is not hated, which will always be as long as he abstains from the property of his citizens and subjects and from their women.

Machiavelli, *Prince*, XVII

- 21 The thing I fear most is fear. . . . Those who have been well drubbed in some battle, and who are still all wounded and bloody—you can perfectly well bring them back to the charge the next day. But those who have conceived a healthy fear of the enemy—you would never get them to look him in the face. Those who are in pressing fear of losing their property, of being exiled, of being subjugated, live in constant anguish, losing even the capacity to drink, eat, and rest; whereas the poor, the exiles, and the slaves often live as joyfully as other men. And so many people who, unable to endure the pangs of fear, have hanged themselves, drowned themselves, or leaped to their death, have taught us well that fear is even more unwelcome and unbearable than death itself.

Montaigne, *Essays*, I, 18, Of Fear

- 22 Fear sometimes arises from want of judgment as well as from want of courage. All the dangers I have seen, I have seen with open eyes, with my sight free, sound, and entire; besides, it takes courage to be afraid.

Montaigne, *Essays*, III, 6, Of Coaches

- 23 He who fears he will suffer, already suffers from his fear.

Montaigne, *Essays*, III, 13, Of Experience

- 24 As to the significance of fear or terror, I do not see that it can ever be praiseworthy or useful; it likewise is not a special passion, but merely an excess of cowardice, astonishment and fear, which is always vicious, just as bravery is an excess of courage which is always good, provided that the end proposed is good; and because the principal cause of fear is surprise, there is nothing better for getting rid of it than to use premeditation and to prepare oneself for all eventualities, the fear of which may cause it.

Descartes, *Passions of the Soul*, CLXXVI

- 25 Being assured that there be causes of all things that have arrived hitherto, or shall arrive hereafter, it is impossible for a man, who continually endeavoureth to secure himself against the evil he fears, and procure the good he desireth, not to be in a perpetual solicitude of the time to come; so that every man, especially those that are overprovident, are in an estate like to that of Prometheus. For as Prometheus (which, interpreted, is the prudent man) was bound to the hill Caucasus, a place of large prospect, where an eagle, feeding on his liver, devoured in the day as much as was repaired in the night: so that man, which looks too far before him in the care of future time, hath his heart all the day long gnawed on by fear of death, poverty, or other calamity; and has no repose, nor pause of his anxiety, but in sleep.

Hobbes, *Leviathan*, I, 12

- 26 True fear comes from faith; false fear comes from doubt. True fear is joined to hope, because it is born of faith, and because men hope in the God in whom they believe. False fear is joined to despair, because men fear the God in whom they have no belief. The former fear to lose Him; the latter fear to find Him.

Pascal, *Pensées*, IV, 262

- 27 Fear was given us as a monitor to quicken our industry, and keep us upon our guard against the approaches of evil; and therefore to have no apprehension of mischief at hand, not to make a just estimate of the danger, but heedlessly to run into it, be the hazard what it will, without considering of what use or consequence it may be, is not the resolution of a rational creature, but brutish fury.

Locke, *Some Thoughts Concerning Education*, 115

- 28 There is no passion so distressing as fear, which gives us great pain and makes us appear contemptible in our own eyes to the last degree.

Boswell, *London Journal* (Nov. 18, 1762)

- 29 Fear is in almost all cases a wretched instrument of government, and ought in particular never to be employed against any order of men who have the smallest pretensions to independency. To attempt to terrify them serves only to irritate their bad humour, and to confirm them in an opposition which more gentle usage perhaps might easily induce them either to soften, or to lay aside altogether.

Adam Smith, *Wealth of Nations*, V, 1

- 30 Fear has been the original parent of superstition, and every new calamity urges trembling mortals to deprecate the wrath of their invisible enemies.

Gibbon, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, XI

- 31 And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

Coleridge, *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, 442

- 32 They [the Norsemen] understood in their heart that it was indispensable to be brave; that Odin would have no favour for them, but despise and thrust them out, if they were not brave. Consider too whether there is not something in this! It is an everlasting duty, valid in our day as in that, the duty of being brave. *Valour* is still *value*. The first duty for a man is still that of subduing *Fear*. We must get rid of Fear; we cannot act at all till then. A man's acts are slavish, not true but specious; his very thoughts are false, he thinks too as a slave and coward, till he have got Fear under his feet.

Carlyle, *The Hero as Divinity*

- 33 In civilized life . . . it has at last become possible for large numbers of people to pass from the cradle to the grave without ever having had a pang of genuine fear. Many of us need an attack of mental disease to teach us the meaning of the word. Hence the possibility of so much blindly optimistic philosophy and religion.

William James, *Psychology*, XXIV

- 34 *Napoleon*. There is only one universal passion: fear. Of all the thousand qualities a man may have, the only one you will find as certainly in the youngest drummer boy in my army as in me, is fear. It is fear that makes men fight: it is indifference that makes them run away: fear is the mainspring of war. Fear! I know fear well, better than you, bet-

ter than any woman. I once saw a regiment of good Swiss soldiers massacred by a mob in Paris because I was afraid to interfere: I felt myself a coward to the tips of my toes as I looked on at it. Seven months ago I revenged my shame by

pounding that mob to death with cannon balls. Well, what of that? Has fear ever held a man back from anything he really wanted—or a woman either?

Shaw, *The Man of Destiny*

4.3 | Anger

- 1 He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

Proverbs 16:32

- 2 *Oedipus*. And as I journeyed I came to the place where, as you say, this king met with his death. Jocasta, I will tell you the whole truth. When I was near the branching of the crossroads, going on foot, I was encountered by a herald and a carriage with a man in it, just as you tell me. He that led the way and the old man himself wanted to thrust me out of the road by force. I became angry and struck the coachman who was pushing me. When the old man saw this he watched his moment, and as I passed he struck me from the carriage, full on the head with his two pointed goad. But he was paid in full and presently my stick had struck him backwards from the car and he rolled out of it. And then I killed them all.

Sophocles, *Oedipus the King*, 799

- 3 *Syracusan generals and Gylippus*. The fortune of our greatest enemies [the Athenians] having . . . betrayed itself, and their disorder being what I have described, let us engage in anger, convinced that, as between adversaries, nothing is more legitimate than to claim to sate the whole wrath of one's soul in punishing the aggressor; and nothing more sweet, as the proverb has it, than the vengeance upon an enemy, which it will now be ours to take. That enemies they are and mortal enemies you all know, since they came here to enslave our country, and if successful had in reserve for our men all that is most dreadful, and for our children and wives all that is most dishonourable.

Thucydides, *Peloponnesian War*, VII, 68

- 4 *Athenian Stranger*. Let this, then, be the law about

abuse, which shall relate to all cases:—No one shall speak evil of another; and when a man disputes with another he shall teach and learn of the disputant and the company, but he shall abstain from evil-speaking; for out of the imprecations which men utter against one another, and the feminine habit of casting aspersions on one another, and using foul names, out of words light as air, in very deed the greatest enmities and hatreds spring up. For the speaker gratifies his anger, which is an ungracious element of his nature; and nursing up his wrath by the entertainment of evil thoughts, and exacerbating that part of his soul which was formerly civilized by education, he lives in a state of savageness and moroseness, and pays a bitter penalty for his anger. And in such cases almost all men take to saying something ridiculous about their opponent, and there is no man who is in the habit of laughing at another who does not miss virtue and earnestness altogether, or lose the better half of greatness.

Plato, *Laws*, XI, 934B

- 5 The man who is angry at the right things and with the right people, and, further, as he ought, when he ought, and as long as he ought, is praised. This will be the good-tempered man, then, since good temper is praised. For the good-tempered man tends to be unperturbed and not to be led by passion, but to be angry in the manner, at the things, and for the length of time, that the rule dictates.

Aristotle, *Ethics*, 1125^b32

- 6 Anger seems to listen to argument to some extent, but to mishear it, as do hasty servants who run out before they have heard the whole of what one says, and then muddle the order, or as dogs bark if there is but a knock at the door, before looking to see if it is a friend; so anger by reason of the warmth and hastiness of its nature, though it hears does not hear an order, and springs to take

revenge. For argument or imagination informs us that we have been insulted or slighted, and anger, reasoning as it were that anything like this must be fought against, boils up straightway.

Aristotle, *Ethics*, 1149a25

- 7 Anger may be defined as an impulse, accompanied by pain, to a conspicuous revenge for a conspicuous slight directed without justification towards what concerns oneself or towards what concerns one's friends. If this is a proper definition of anger, it must always be felt towards some particular individual . . . and not 'man' in general. It must be felt because the other has done or intended to do something to him or one of his friends. It must always be attended by a certain pleasure—that which arises from the expectation of revenge. For since nobody aims at what he thinks he cannot attain, the angry man is aiming at what he can attain, and the belief that you will attain your aim is pleasant. . . . It is also attended by a certain pleasure because the thoughts dwell upon the act of vengeance, and the images then called up cause pleasure, like the images called up in dreams.

Aristotle, *Rhetoric*, 1378a31

- 8 Enmity is anger waiting for a chance for revenge.
Cicero, *Disputations*, IV, 9

- 9 She [Armata] flew to rage; for now the snake possess'd
Her vital parts, and poison'd all her breast;
She raves, she runs with a distracted pace,
And fills with horrid howls the public place.
And, as young striplings whip the top for sport,
On the smooth pavement of an empty court;
The wooden engine flies and whirls about,
Admir'd, with clamors, of the beardless rout;
They lash aloud; each other they provoke,
And lend their little souls at ev'ry stroke:
Thus fares the queen; and thus her fury blows
Amidst the crowd, and kindles as she goes.
Nor yet content, she strains her malice more,
And adds new ills to those contriv'd before:
She flies the town, and, mixing with a throng
Of madding matrons, bears the bride along,
Wand'ring thro' woods and wilds, and devious ways,
And with these arts the Trojan match delays.

Virgil, *Aeneid*, VII

- 10 Aghast he [Turnus] wak'd; and, starting from his bed,
Cold sweat, in clammy drops, his limbs o'erspread.
"Arms! arms!" he cries: "my sword and shield prepare!"
He breathes defiance, blood, and mortal war.
So, when with crackling flames a caldron fries,
The bubbling waters from the bottom rise:

Above the brims they force their fiery way;
Black vapors climb aloft, and cloud the day.

Virgil, *Aeneid*, VII

- 11 He who will not curb his passion. will wish that undone which his grief and resentment suggested, while he violently plies his revenge with unsated rancour. Rage is a short madness. Rule your passion, which commands, if it do not obey; do you restrain it with a bridle, and with fetters.

Horace, *Epistles*, I, 2

- 12 Hesitation is the best cure for anger. Seek this concession from anger right away, not to gain its pardon, but that it may evidence some discrimination. The first blows of anger are heavy, but if it waits, it will think again. Do not try to destroy it immediately. Attacked piecemeal, it will be entirely overcome.

Seneca, *On Anger*, II, 29

- 13 Marcius alone, himself, was neither stunned nor humiliated. In mien, carriage, and countenance he bore the appearance of entire composure, and, while all his friends were full of distress, seemed the only man that was not touched with his misfortune. Not that either reflection taught him, or gentleness of temper made it natural for him, to submit; he was wholly possessed, on the contrary, with a profound and deepseated fury, which passes with many for no pain at all. And pain, it is true, transmuted, so to say, by its own fiery heat into anger, loses every appearance of depression and feebleness; the angry man makes a show of energy, as the man in a high fever does of natural heat, while, in fact, all this action of soul is but mere diseased palpitation, distension, and inflammation.

Plutarch, *Coriolanus*

- 14 If any have offended against thee, consider first: What is my relation to men, and that we are made for one another. . . .

Second, consider what kind of men they are . . . and particularly, under what compulsions in respect of opinions they are; and as to their acts, consider with what pride they do what they do.

Third, that if men do rightly what they do, we ought not to be displeased; but if they do not right, it is plain that they do so involuntarily and in ignorance. . . .

Fourth, consider that thou also doest many things wrong, and that thou art a man like others; and even if thou dost abstain from certain faults, still thou hast the disposition to commit them, though either through cowardice, or concern about reputation, or some such mean motive, thou dost abstain from such faults.

Fifth, consider that thou dost not even understand whether men are doing wrong or not, for many things are done with a certain reference to

circumstances. And in short, a man must learn a great deal to enable him to pass a correct judgment on another man's acts.

Sixth, consider when thou art much vexed or grieved, that man's life is only a moment, and after a short time we are all laid out dead.

Seventh, that it is not men's acts which disturb us, for those acts have their foundation in men's ruling principles, but it is our own opinions which disturb us. . . .

Eighth, consider how much more pain is brought on us by the anger and vexation caused by such acts than by the acts themselves. . . .

Ninth, consider that a good disposition is invincible, if it be genuine, and not an affected smile and acting a part. For what will the most violent man do to thee, if thou continuest to be of a kind disposition towards him, and if, as opportunity offers, thou gently admonishest him and calmly correctest his errors at the very time when he is trying to do thee harm. . . .

Remember these nine rules, as if thou hadst received them as a gift from the Muses, and begin at last to be a man while thou lives.

Marcus Aurelius, *Meditations*, XI, 18

- 15 Anger does not arise except on account of some pain inflicted, and unless there be the desire and hope of revenge. . . . If the person who inflicted the injury excel very much, anger does not ensue, but only sorrow.

Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, I-II, 46, 1

- 16 Unmerited contempt more than anything else is a provocative of anger. Consequently deficiency of littleness in the person with whom we are angry tends to increase our anger, insofar as it adds to the unmeritedness of being despised. For just as the higher a man's position is, the more undeservedly he is despised, so the lower it is the less reason he has for despising. Thus a nobleman is angry if he be insulted by a peasant; a wise man, if by a fool; a master, if by a servant.

Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, I-II, 47, 4

- 17 We crossed the circle, to the other bank, near a fount, that boils and pours down through a cleft, which it has formed.

The water was darker far than perse; and we, accompanying the dusky waves, entered down by a strange path.

This dreary streamlet makes a Marsh, that is named Styx, when it has descended to the foot of the grey malignant shores.

And I, who stood intent on looking, saw muddy people in that bog, all naked and with a look of anger.

They were smiting each other, not with hands only, but with head, and with chest, and with feet; maiming one another with their teeth, piece by piece.

The kind Master said: "Son, now see the souls of those whom anger overcame; and also I would have thee to believe for certain,

that there are people underneath the water, who sob, and make it bubble at the surface; as thy eye may tell thee, whichever way it turns.

Fixed in the slime, they say: 'Sullen were we in the sweet air, that is gladdened by the Sun, carrying lazy smoke within our hearts; now lie we sullen here in the black mire.' This hymn they gurgled in their throats, for they cannot speak it in full words."

Dante, *Inferno*, VII, 100

- 18 When I am angry I can write, pray, and preach well, for then my whole temperament is quickened, my understanding sharpened, and all mundane vexations and temptations depart.

Luther, *Table Talk*, H319

- 19 Aristotle says that anger sometimes serves as a weapon for virtue and valor. That is quite likely; yet those who deny it answer humorously that it is a weapon whose use is novel. For we move other weapons, this one moves us; our hand does not guide it, it guides our hand; it holds us, we do not hold it.

Montaigne, *Essays*, II, 31, Of Anger

- 20 *Norfolk.* Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
A full hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him.

Shakespeare, *Henry VIII*, I, i, 129

- 21 To seek to extinguish anger utterly is but a bravery of the Stoics.

Bacon, *Of Anger*

- 22 Anger is . . . a species of hatred or aversion which we have towards those who have done some evil to or have tried to injure not any chance person but more particularly ourselves. Thus it has the same content as indignation, and all the more so in that it is founded on an action which affects us, and for which we desire to avenge ourselves, for this desire almost always accompanies it; and it is directly opposed to gratitude, as indignation is to favour. But it is incomparably more violent than these three other passions, because the desire to repel harmful things and to revenge oneself, is the most persistent of all desires.

Descartes, *Passions of the Soul*, CXCIX

- 23 We can distinguish two kinds of anger: the one which is very hasty and manifests itself very much on the surface, but which yet has little effect and can be easily appeased; the other which does not

show itself so much to begin with, but which all the more powerfully gnaws the heart and has more dangerous effects. Those who have much goodness and much love are most subject to the first, for it does not proceed from a profound hatred, but from an instant aversion, which surprises them, because, being impelled to imagine that all things should go in the way which they judge to be best, so soon as it happens otherwise, they wonder and frequently are displeased, even although the matter does not affect them personally, because, having much affection, they interest themselves for those whom they love in the same way as for themselves. . . .

The other kind of anger in which hatred and sadness predominate, is not so apparent at first if it be not perhaps that it causes the face to grow pale; but its strength is little by little increased by the agitation of an ardent desire to avenge oneself excited in the blood, which, being mingled with the bile which is sent towards the heart from the lower part of the liver and spleen, excites there a very keen and ardent heat. And as it is the most generous souls who have most gratitude, it is those who have most pride, and who are most base and infirm, who most allow themselves to be carried

away by this kind of anger; for the injuries appear so much the greater as pride causes us to esteem ourselves more, and likewise the more esteem the good things which they remove; which last we value so much the more, as our soul is the more feeble and base, because they depend on others.

Descartes, *Passions of the Soul*, CCI–CCII

- 24 *Betty*. They are gone, sir, in great anger.

Petulant. Enough, let 'em trundle. Anger helps complexion, saves paint.

Congreve, *Way of the World*, I, ix

- 25 I was angry with my friend:

I told my wrath, my wrath did end.

I was angry with my foe:

I told it not, my wrath did grow.

Blake, *A Poison Tree*

- 26 If you strike a child, take care that you strike it in anger, even at the risk of maiming it for life. A blow in cold blood neither can nor should be forgiven.

Shaw, *Man and Superman*, Maxims for Revolutionists

4.4 | Desire

- 1 *Socrates*. In every one of us there are two guiding and ruling principles which lead us whither they will; one is the natural desire of pleasure, the other is an acquired opinion which aspires after the best; and these two are sometimes in harmony and then again at war, and sometimes the one, sometimes the other conquers. When opinion by the help of reason leads us to the best, the conquering principle is called temperance; but when desire, which is devoid of reason, rules in us and drags us to pleasure, that power of misrule is called excess. Now excess has many names, and many members, and many forms, and any of these forms when very marked gives a name, neither honourable nor creditable, to the bearer of the name. The desire of eating, for example,

which gets the better of the higher reason and the other desires, is called gluttony, and he who is possessed by it is called a glutton; the tyrannical desire of drink, which inclines the possessor of the desire to drink, has a name which is only too obvious, and there can be as little doubt by what name any other appetite of the same family would be called;—it will be the name of that which happens to be dominant. And now I think that you will perceive the drift of my discourse; but as every spoken word is in a manner plainer than the unspoken, I had better say further that the irrational desire which overcomes the tendency of opinion towards right, and is led away to the enjoyment of beauty, and especially of personal beauty, by the desires which are her own kin-

dred—that supreme desire, I say, which by leading conquers and by the force of passion is reinforced, from this very force, receiving a name, is called love.

Plato, *Phaedrus*, 237B

- 2 *Socrates*. Might a man be thirsty, and yet unwilling to drink?

Yes, he [Glaucón] said, it constantly happens.

And in such a case what is one to say? Would you not say that there was something in the soul bidding a man to drink, and something else forbidding him, which is other and stronger than the principle which bids him?

I should say so.

And the forbidding principle is derived from reason, and that which bids and attracts proceeds from passion and disease?

Clearly.

Then we may fairly assume that they are two, and that they differ from one another; the one with which a man reasons, we may call the rational principle of the soul, the other, with which he loves and hungers and thirsts and feels the flutterings of any other desire, may be termed the irrational or appetitive, the ally of sundry pleasures and satisfactions?

Yes, he said, we may fairly assume them to be different.

Then let us finally determine that there are two principles existing in the soul. And what of passion, or spirit? Is it a third, or akin to one of the preceding?

I should be inclined to say—akin to desire.

Well, I said, there is a story which I remember to have heard, and in which I put faith. The story is, that Leontius, the son of Aglaion, coming up one day from the Piræus, under the north wall on the outside, observed some dead bodies lying on the ground at the place of execution. He felt a desire to see them, and also a dread and abhorrence of them; for a time he struggled and covered his eyes, but at length the desire got the better of him; and forcing them open, he ran up to the dead bodies, saying, Look, ye wretches, take your fill of the fair sight.

I have heard the story myself, he said.

The moral of the tale is, that anger at times goes to war with desire, as though they were two distinct things.

Yes; that is the meaning, he said.

And are there not many other cases in which we observe that when a man's desires violently prevail over his reason, he reviles himself, and is angry at the violence within him, and that in this struggle, which is like the struggle of factions in a State, his spirit is on the side of his reason—but for the passionate or spirited element to take part with the desires when reason decides that she should not be opposed, is a sort of thing which I believe that you never observed occurring in your-

self, nor, as I should imagine, in any one else?

Plato, *Republic*, IV, 439A

- 3 *Athenian Stranger*. The class of men is small—they must have been rarely gifted by nature, and trained by education—who, when assailed by wants and desires, are able to hold out and observe moderation, and when they might make a great deal of money are sober in their wishes, and prefer a moderate to a large gain. But the mass of mankind are the very opposite: their desires are unbounded, and when they might gain in moderation they prefer gains without limit.

Plato, *Laws*, XI, 918B

- 4 These two at all events appear to be sources of movement: appetite and mind (if one may venture to regard imagination as a kind of thinking; for many men follow their imaginations contrary to knowledge, and in all animals other than man there is no thinking or calculation but only imagination).

Both of these then are capable of originating local movement, mind and appetite: (1) mind, that is, which calculates means to an end, i.e. mind practical (it differs from mind speculative in the character of its end); while (2) appetite is in every form of it relative to an end: for that which is the object of appetite is the stimulant of mind practical; and that which is last in the process of thinking is the beginning of the action. It follows that there is a justification for regarding these two as the sources of movement, i.e. appetite and practical thought; for the object of appetite starts a movement and as a result of that thought gives rise to movement, the object of appetite being to it a source of stimulation. So too when imagination originates movement, it necessarily involves appetite.

That which moves therefore is a single faculty and the faculty of appetite; for if there had been two sources of movement—mind and appetite—they would have produced movement in virtue of some common character. As it is, mind is never found producing movement without appetite (for wish is a form of appetite; and when movement is produced according to calculation it is also according to wish), but appetite can originate movement contrary to calculation, for desire is a form of appetite.

Aristotle, *On the Soul*, 433a8

- 5 The primary objects of desire and of thought are the same. For the apparent good is the object of appetite, and the real good is the primary object of rational wish. But desire is consequent on opinion rather than opinion on desire; for the thinking is the starting-point.

Aristotle, *Metaphysics*, 1072a27

- 6 The avarice of mankind is insatiable; at one time two obols was pay enough; but now, when this sum has become customary, men always want more and more without end; for it is of the nature of desire not to be satisfied, and most men live only for the gratification of it.

Aristotle, *Politics*, 1267^a42

- 7 That which *all* desire is good, as we have said; and so, the more a thing is desired, the better it is.

Aristotle, *Rhetoric*, 1365^a1

- 8 Whilst what we crave is wanting, it seems to transcend all the rest; then, when it has been gotten, we crave something else, and ever does the same thirst of life possess us, as we gape for it open-mouthed.

Lucretius, *Nature of Things*, III

- 9 To you everything appears small that you possess: to me all that I have appears great. Your desire is insatiable; mine is satisfied. To (children) who put their hand into a narrow-necked earthen vessel and bring out figs and nuts, this happens; if they fill the hand, they cannot take it out, and then they cry. Drop a few of them and you will draw things out. And do you part with your desires; do not desire many things and you will have what you want.

Epictetus, *Discourses*, III, 9

- 10 There is no profit from the things which are valued and eagerly sought to those who have obtained them; and to those who have not yet obtained them there is an imagination that when these things are come, all that is good will come with them; then, when they are come, the feverish feeling is the same, the tossing to and fro is the same, the satiety, the desire of things which are not present; for freedom is acquired not by the full possession of the things which are desired, but by removing the desire.

Epictetus, *Discourses*, IV, 1

- 11 Remember that you must behave as at a banquet. Is anything brought round to you? Put out your hand and take a moderate share. Does it pass by you? Do not stop it. Is it not yet come? Do not yearn in desire toward it, but wait till it reaches you. So with regard to children, wife, office, riches; and you will some time or other be worthy to feast with the gods. And if you do not so much as take the things which are set before you, but are able even to forego them, then you will not only be worthy to feast with the gods, but to rule with them also.

Epictetus, *Encheiridion*, XV

- 12 Theophrastus, in his comparison of bad acts—

such a comparison as one would make in accordance with the common notions of mankind—says, like a true philosopher, that the offences which are committed through desire are more blameable than those which are committed through anger. For he who is excited by anger seems to turn away from reason with a certain pain and unconscious contraction; but he who offends through desire, being overpowered by pleasure, seems to be in a manner more intemperate and more womanish in his offences. Rightly then, and in a way worthy of philosophy, he said that the offence which is committed with pleasure is more blameable than that which is committed with pain; and on the whole the one is more like a person who has been first wronged and through pain is compelled to be angry; but the other is moved by his own impulse to do wrong, being carried towards doing something by desire.

Marcus Aurelius, *Meditations*, II, 10

- 13 All things in their own way are inclined by appetite towards good, but in different ways. Some are inclined to good by their natural inclination, without knowledge, as plants and inanimate bodies. Such inclination towards good is called a natural appetite. Others, again, are inclined towards good, but with some knowledge: not that they know the aspect of goodness, but that they know some particular good; as the sense, which knows the sweet, the white, and so on. The inclination which follows this knowledge is called a sensitive appetite. Other things, again, have an inclination towards good, but with a knowledge whereby they know the aspect of good itself; this is proper to the intellect. This is most perfectly inclined towards good; not, indeed, as if it were merely guided by another towards good, like things devoid of knowledge, nor towards some particular good only, as things which have only sensitive knowledge, but as inclined towards good universal in itself. Such inclination is termed will.

Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, I, 59, 1

- 14 Between two foods, distant and appetising in like measure, death by starvation would ensue ere a free man put either to his teeth.
So would a lamb stand still between two cravings of fierce wolves, in equipoise of dread; so would a dog stand still between two hinds.

Dante, *Paradiso*, IV, 1

- 15 Desires are either natural and necessary, like eating and drinking; or natural and not necessary, like intercourse with females; or neither natural nor necessary. Of this last type are nearly all those of men; they are all superfluous and artificial. For it is marvelous how little Nature needs to be content, how little she has left us to desire. The dressings of our cooking have nothing to do with her

ordaining. The Stoics say that a man could stay alive on one olive a day. The delicacy of our wines is no part of her teaching, nor the embellishments that we add to our amorous appetites. . . .

These extraneous desires, which ignorance of the good and a false opinion have insinuated into us, are in such great number that they drive out almost all the natural ones; neither more nor less than if there were such a great number of foreigners in a city that they put out the natural inhabitants, or extinguished their ancient authority and power, completely usurping it and taking possession of it.

Montaigne, *Essays*, II, 12,
Apology for Raymond Sebond

- 16 That passion which they say is produced by idleness in the hearts of young men, although it makes its way with leisure and a measured step, very evidently shows, to those who have tried to oppose its strength, the power of that conversion and alteration that our judgment suffers.

I attempted at one time to keep myself tensed to withstand it and beat it down: for I am so far from being one of those who invite vices, that I do not even follow them, unless they drag me away. I would feel it come to life, grow, and increase in spite of my resistance, and finally seize me, alive and watching, and possess me, to such an extent that, as from drunkenness, the picture of things began to seem to me other than usual. I would see the advantages of the object of my desire visibly expanding and growing, and increasing and swelling from the breath of my imagination; the difficulties of my undertaking growing easy and smooth, my reason and my conscience withdrawing. But, this fire having vanished all in an instant like a flash of lightning, I would see my soul regain another kind of sight, another state, and another judgment; the difficulties of the retreat would seem to me great and invincible, and the same things would appear in a light and aspect very different from that in which the heat of desire had presented them to me.

Montaigne, *Essays*, II, 12,
Apology for Raymond Sebond

- 17 It is an amusing conception to imagine a mind exactly balanced between two equal desires. For it is indubitable that it will never decide, since inclination and choice imply inequality in value; and if we were placed between the bottle and the ham with an equal appetite for drinking and for eating, there would doubtless be no solution but to die of thirst and of hunger.

Montaigne, *Essays*, II, 14, How Our Mind

- 18 *Salarino*. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont

To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gratiano. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast

With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, II, vi, 5

- 19 *Troilus*. This is the monstrosity in love, lady, that the will is infinite and the execution confined, that the desire is boundless and the act a slave to limit.

Shakespeare, *Troilus and Cressida*, III, ii, 87

- 20 The passion of desire is an agitation of the soul caused by the spirits which dispose it to wish for the future the things which it represents to itself as agreeable. Thus we do not only desire the presence of the absent good, but also the conservation of the present, and further, the absence of evil, both of that which we already have, and of that which we believe we might experience in time to come.

Descartes, *Passions of the Soul*, LXXXVI

- 21 That which men desire they are also said to love, and to hate those things for which they have aversion. So that desire and love are the same thing; save that by *desire*, we always signify the absence of the object; by *love*, most commonly the presence of the same. So also by *aversion*, we signify the absence; and by *hate*, the presence of the object.

Hobbes, *Leviathan*, I, 6

- 22 Continual success in obtaining those things which a man from time to time desireth, that is to say, continual prospering, is that men call *felicity*; I mean the felicity of this life. For there is no such thing as perpetual tranquillity of mind, while we live here; because life itself is but motion, and can never be without desire, nor without fear, no more than without sense.

Hobbes, *Leviathan*, I, 6

- 23 *Elmira*. The declaration is extremely gallant, but, to say the truth, it is a good deal surprising. Methinks you ought to have fortified your mind better, and to have reasoned a little upon a design of this nature. A devotee as you are, whom every one speaks of as—

Tartuffe. Ah! being a devotee does not make me the less a man; and when one comes to view your celestial charms, the heart surrenders, and reasons no more. I know, that such language from me,

seems somewhat strange; but, madam, after all, I am not an angel, and should you condemn the declaration I make, you must lay the blame upon your attractive charms.

Molière, *Tartuffe*, III, iii

- 24 We do not desire a thing because we adjudge it to be good, but, on the contrary, we call it good because we desire it, and consequently everything to which we are averse we call evil. Each person, therefore, according to his affect judges or estimates what is good and what is evil, what is better and what is worse, and what is the best and what is the worst. Thus the covetous man thinks plenty of money to be the best thing and poverty the worst. The ambitious man desires nothing like glory, and on the other hand dreads nothing like shame. To the envious person, again, nothing is more pleasant than the misfortune of another, and nothing more disagreeable than the prosperity of another. And so each person according to his affect judges a thing to be good or evil, useful or useless.

Spinoza, *Ethics*, III, Prop. 39, Schol.

- 25 *Desire* is the essence itself of man insofar as it is conceived as determined to any action by any one of his affections.

Spinoza, *Ethics*, III, Prop. 59, Def. 1

- 26 That desire is a state of uneasiness, every one who reflects on himself will quickly find. Who is there that has not felt in desire what the wise man says of hope, (which is not much different from it), that it being "deferred makes the heart sick"; and that still proportionable to the greatness of the desire, which sometimes raises the uneasiness to that pitch, that it makes people cry out, "Give me children," give me the thing desired, "or I die." Life itself, and all its enjoyments, is a burden cannot be borne under the lasting and unremoved pressure of such an uneasiness.

Locke, *Concerning Human Understanding*, Bk. II, XXI, 32

- 27 The Stoical Scheme of supplying our Wants, by lopping off our Desires, is like cutting off our Feet when we want Shoes.

Swift, *Thoughts on Various Subjects*

- 28 Every desire is a viper in the bosom, who, while he was chill, was harmless; but when warmth gave him strength, exerted it in poison.

Johnson, *Letter to James Boswell* (Dec. 8, 1763)

- 29 The desire of food is limited in every man by the narrow capacity of the human stomach; but the desire of the conveniences and ornaments of building, dress, equipage, and household furni-

ture, seems to have no limit or certain boundary.

Adam Smith, *Wealth of Nations*, I, 11

- 30 The desire of a man for a woman is not directed at her because she is a human being, but because she is a woman. That she is a human being is of no concern to him.

Kant, *Lecture at Königsberg* (1775)

- 31 Sooner murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires.

Blake, *Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, 10

- 32 The evening arrived; the boys took their places. The master, in his cook's uniform, stationed himself at the copper; his pauper assistants ranged themselves behind him; the gruel was served out; and a long grace was said over the short commons. The gruel disappeared; the boys whispered each other, and winked at Oliver, while his next neighbors nudged him. Child as he was, he was desperate with hunger, and reckless with misery. He rose from the table; and advancing to the master, basin and spoon in hand, said: somewhat alarmed at his own temerity:

"Please, sir, I want some more."

The master was a fat, healthy man; but he turned very pale. He gazed in stupefied astonishment on the small rebel for some seconds, and then clung for support to the copper. The assistants were paralysed with wonder; the boys with fear.

"What!" said the master at length, in a faint voice.

"Please, sir," replied Oliver, "I want some more."

The master aimed a blow at Oliver's head with the ladle; pinioned him in his arms; and shrieked aloud for the beadle.

Dickens, *Oliver Twist*, II

- 33 Ah, Love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,

Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Remold it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

FitzGerald, *Rubáiyát*, XCIX

- 34 *Mendoza*. There are two tragedies in life. One is to lose your heart's desire. The other is to gain it.

Shaw, *Man and Superman*, IV

- 35 *Lady*. Haven't you noticed that people always exaggerate the value of the things they haven't got? The poor think they need nothing but riches to be quite happy and good. Everybody worships truth, purity, unselfishness, for the same reason: because they have no experience of them. Oh, if they only knew!

Shaw, *The Man of Destiny*

4.5 | *Hope and Despair*

1 And Job spake, and said,

Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, There is a man child conceived.

Let that day be darkness; let not God regard it from above, neither let the light shine upon it.

Let darkness and the shadow of death stain it; let a cloud dwell upon it; let the blackness of the day terrify it.

As for that night, let darkness seize upon it; let it not be joined unto the days of the year, let it not come into the number of the months.

Lo, let that night be solitary, let no joyful voice come therein.

Let them curse it that curse the day, who are ready to raise up their mourning.

Let the stars of the twilight thereof be dark; let it look for light, but have none; neither let it see the dawning of the day:

Because it shut not up the doors of my mother's womb, nor hid sorrow from mine eyes.

Why died I not from the womb? why did I not give up the ghost when I came out of the belly?

Why did the knees prevent me? or why the breasts that I should suck?

For now should I have lain still and been quiet, I should have slept: then had I been at rest,

With kings and counsellors of the earth, which built desolate places for themselves;

Or with princes that had gold, who filled their houses with silver:

Or as an hidden untimely birth I had not been; as infants which never saw light.

Job 3:2-16

2 My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, and are spent without hope.

Job 7:6

3 My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? why art thou so far from helping me, and from the words of my roaring?

O my God, I cry in the daytime, but thou hearest not; and in the night season, and am not silent.

But thou art holy, O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel.

Our fathers trusted in thee: they trusted, and thou didst deliver them.

They cried unto thee, and were delivered: they trusted in thee, and were not confounded.

But I am a worm, and no man; a reproach of men, and despised of the people.

Psalms 22:1-6

4 *Odysseus*. Then Sisyphos in torment I beheld

being roustabout to a tremendous boulder.

Leaning with both arms braced and legs driving, he heaved it toward a height, and almost over, but then a Power spun him round and sent the cruel boulder bounding again to the plain.

Whereon the man bent down again to toil, dripping sweat, and the dust rose overhead.

Homer, *Odyssey*, XI, 594

5 *Athenians*. Hope, danger's comforter, may be indulged in by those who have abundant resources, if not without loss at all events without ruin; but its nature is to be extravagant, and those who go so far as to put their all upon the venture see it in its true colours only when they are ruined.

Thucydides, *Peloponnesian War*, V, 103

6 *Aeneas*. "Endure, and conquer! Jove will soon dispose

To future good our past and present woes.

With me, the rocks of Scylla you have tried;

Th' inhuman Cyclops and his den defied.

What greater ills hereafter can you bear?

Resume your courage and dismiss your care,

An hour will come, with pleasure to relate

Your sorrows past, as benefits of Fate.

Thro' various hazards and events, we move

To Latium and the realms foredoom'd by Jove.

Call'd to the seat (the promise of the skies)

Where Trojan kingdoms once again may rise,

Endure the hardships of your present state;

Live, and reserve yourselves for better fate."

These words he spoke, but spoke not from his heart;

His outward smiles conceal'd his inward smart.

Virgil, *Aeneid*, I

7 And he left them, and went out of the city into Bethany; and he lodged there.

Now in the morning as he returned into the city, he hungered.

And when he saw a fig tree in the way, he came to it, and found nothing thereon, but leaves only, and said unto it, Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward for ever. And presently the fig tree withered away.

And when the disciples saw it, they marvelled, saying, How soon is the fig tree withered away!

Matthew 21:17-20

8 And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eli, Eli, lā-mā sā-bāch-thā-nī? that

is to say, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?

Matthew 27:46

- 9 For we are saved by hope: but hope that is seen is not hope: for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for?

But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it. . . .

What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us?

He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things? . . .

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

As it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.

Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.

For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Romans 8:24-39

- 10 The species of a passion is taken from the object. Now, in the object of hope, we may note four conditions. First, that it is something good, since, properly speaking, hope regards only the good; in this respect, hope differs from fear, which regards evil. Secondly, that it is future, for hope does not regard that which is present and already possessed. In this respect, hope differs from joy which regards a present good. Thirdly, that it must be something arduous and difficult to obtain, for we do not speak of any one hoping for trifles, which are in one's power to have at any time; in this respect, hope differs from desire or cupidity, which regards the future good absolutely. Therefore it belongs to the concupiscible, while hope belongs to the irascible part. Fourthly, that this difficult thing is something possible to obtain, for one does not hope for that which one cannot get at all; and, in this respect, hope differs from despair. It is therefore evident that hope differs from desire, as the irascible passions differ from the concupiscible. For this reason, moreover, hope presupposes desire, just as all the irascible passions presuppose the passions of the concupiscible part.

Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, I-II, 40, 1

- 11 Every mortal sin takes its principal malice and gravity from the fact of its turning away from God, for if it were possible to turn to a changeable good, even inordinately, without turning away from God, it would not be a mortal sin. Conse-

quently a sin which, first and of its very nature, includes turning away from God, is most grievous among mortal sins.

Now unbelief, despair and hatred of God are opposed to the theological virtues; and among them, if we compare hatred of God and unbelief to despair, we shall find that, in themselves, that is, in respect of their proper species, they are more grievous. For unbelief is due to a man not believing God's own truth, while the hatred of God arises from man's will being opposed to God's goodness itself; but despair consists in a man ceasing to hope for a share of God's goodness. Hence it is clear that unbelief and hatred of God are against God as He is in Himself, while despair is against Him according as His good is shared in by us. Therefore strictly speaking it is a more grievous sin to disbelieve God's truth or to hate God than not to hope to receive glory from Him.

If, however, despair be compared to the other two sins from man's point of view, then despair is more dangerous, since hope withdraws us from evils and induces us to seek for good things, so that when hope is given up, men rush headlong into sin, and are drawn away from good works.

Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, II-II, 20, 3

- 12 The good Master to me: "Thou askest not what spirits are these thou seest? I wish thee to know, before thou goest farther, that they sinned not; and though they have merit, it suffices not: for they had not Baptism, which is the portal of the faith that thou believest; and seeing they were before Christianity, they worshipped not God aright; and of these am I myself.

For such defects, and for no other fault, are we lost; and only in so far afflicted, that without hope we live in desire."

Great sadness took me at the heart on hearing this; because I knew men of much worth, who in that Limbo were suspense.

Dante, *Inferno*, IV, 31

- 13 "Hope," said I, "is a certain expectation of future glory, the product of divine grace and precedent merit."

Dante, *Paradiso*, XXV, 67

- 14 May heaven bring relief for all this sorrow!
There's ground for hope, for such is heaven's way;
For I have seen on many a misty morning
Following oft a merry summer's day,
And after winter, comes along the May.
'Tis known, and vouched for by authorities,
That storms are presages of victories.

Chaucer, *Troilus and Cressida*, III, 152

- 15 Now enters despair, which is despair of the mercy of God, and comes sometimes of too extravagant

sorrows and sometimes of too great fear: for the victim imagines that he has done so much sin that it will avail him not to repent and forgo sin; because of which fear he abandons his heart to every kind of sin, as Saint Augustine says. This damnable sin, if it be indulged to the end, is called sinning in the Holy Ghost. This horrible sin is so dangerous that, as for him that is so desperate, there is no felony or sin that he hesitates to do; as was well showed by Judas. Certainly, then, above all other sins, this sin is most displeasing to Christ, and most hateful.

Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*: Parson's Tale

- 16 Everything that is done in the world is done by hope. No husbandman would sow one grain of corn if he hoped not it would grow up and become seed; no bachelor would marry a wife if he hoped not to have children; no merchant or tradesman would set himself to work if he did not hope to reap benefit thereby.

Luther, *Table Talk*, H298

- 17 *Richmond*. True hope is swift and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods and meaner creatures kings.

Shakespeare, *Richard III*, V, ii, 23

- 18 Hope is a disposition of the soul to persuade itself that what it desires will come to pass: and this is caused by a particular movement of the spirits, i.e. by that of joy and that of desire mingled together; and fear is another disposition of the soul which persuades it that the thing hoped for will not come to pass; and it must be observed that, although these two passions are contrary, we can nevertheless have them both at the same time, that is to say, when we represent to ourselves different reasons at the same time, some of which cause us to judge that the accomplishment of desire is easy, while the others make it seem difficult.

Descartes, *Passions of the Soul*, CLXV

- 19 When I see the blindness and the wretchedness of man, when I regard the whole silent universe and man without light, left to himself and, as it were, lost in this corner of the universe, without knowing who has put him there, what he has come to do, what will become of him at death, and incapable of all knowledge, I become terrified, like a man who should be carried in his sleep to a dreadful desert island and should awake without knowing where he is and without means of escape. And thereupon I wonder how people in a condition so wretched do not fall into despair.

Pascal, *Pensées*, XI, 693

- 20 *Elder Brother*. Where an equall poise of hope and fear

Does arbitrate th'event, my nature is
That I encline to hope, rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.

Milton, *Comus*, 410

- 21 *Satan*. Me miserable! which way shall I flie
Infinite wrauth, and infinite despaire?
Which way I flie is Hell; my self am Hell;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heav'n.

Milton, *Paradise Lost*, IV, 73

- 22 *Samson*. Promise was that I
Should *Israel* from *Philistian* yoke deliver;
Ask for this great Deliverer now, and find him
Eyeless in *Gaza* at the Mill with slaves,
Himself in bonds under *Philistian* yoke.

Milton, *Samson Agonistes*, 38

- 23 *Samson*. O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O worse then chains,
Dungeon, or beggery, or decrepit age!
Light the prime work of God to me is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annul'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,
Inferiour to the vilest now become
Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me,
They creep, yet see, I dark in light expos'd
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse and wrong,
Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more then half.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total Eclipse
Without all hope of day!

Milton, *Samson Agonistes*, 67

- 24 *Despair* is sorrow arising from the idea of a past or future object from which cause for doubting is removed. Confidence, therefore, springs from hope and despair from fear, whenever the reason for doubting the issue is taken away; a case which occurs either because we imagine a thing past or future to be present and contemplate it as present, or because we imagine other things which exclude the existence of those which made us to doubt.

Spinoza, *Ethics*, III, Prop. 59, Def. 15

- 25 *Hope* is that pleasure in the mind, which every one finds in himself, upon the thought of a probable future enjoyment of a thing which is apt to delight him.

Locke, *Concerning Human Understanding*, Bk. II, XX, 9

- 26 *Despair* is the thought of the unattainableness of any good, which works differently in men's minds,

sometimes producing uneasiness or pain, sometimes rest and indolency.

Locke, *Concerning Human Understanding*, Bk. II, XX, 11

- 27 Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never Is, but always To be blest:
The soul, uneasy and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Pope, *Essay on Man*, Epistle I, 95

- 28 I have many years ago magnified in my own mind, and repeated to you, a ninth beatitude, added to the eighth in the Scripture: "Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed."

Pope, *Letter to John Gay* (Oct. 16, 1727)

- 29 It is necessary to hope, though hope should always be deluded; for hope itself is happiness, and its frustrations, however frequent, are yet less dreadful than its extinction.

Johnson, *Idler* No. 58

- 30 Hope is itself a species of happiness, and, perhaps, the chief happiness which this world affords: but, like all other pleasures immoderately enjoyed, the excesses of hope must be expiated by pain; and expectations improperly indulged, must end in disappointment. If it be asked, what is the improper expectation which it is dangerous to indulge, experience will quickly answer, that it is such expectation as is dictated not by reason, but by desire; expectation raised, not by the common occurrences of life, but by the wants of the expectant; an expectation that requires the common course of things to be changed, and the general rules of action to be broken.

Johnson, *Letter* (June 8, 1762)

- 31 *Faust*. Look up!—The peaks, gigantic and supernal,
Proclaim the hour most solemn now is nearing.
They early may enjoy the light eternal
That later to us here below is wended.
Now on the alpine meadows, sloping, vernal,
A clear and lavish glory has descended
And step by step fulfils its journey's ending.
The sun steps forth!—Alas, already blinded,
I turn away, the pain my vision rending.

Thus is it ever when a hope long yearning
Has made a wish its own, supreme, transcending,
And finds Fulfilment's portals outward turning;
From those eternal deeps bursts ever higher
Too great a flame, we stand, with wonder burning.

To kindle life's fair torch we did aspire.
And seas of flame—and what a flame!—embrace us!

Is it Love? Is it Hate? that twine us with their fire,
In alternating joy and pain enlase us,
So that again toward earth we turn our gazing,
Baffled, to hide in youth's fond veils our faces.

Goethe, *Faust*, II, 1, 4695

- 32 Hopes, what are they?—Beads of morning
Strung on slender blades of grass;
Or a spider's web adorning
In a strait and treacherous pass.

Wordsworth, *Inscription Supposed to be Found in and Near a Hermit's Cell*

- 33 The concept of the sickness unto death must be understood . . . in a peculiar sense. Literally it means a sickness the end and outcome of which is death. Thus one speaks of a mortal sickness as synonymous with a sickness unto death. In this sense despair cannot be called the sickness unto death. But in the Christian understanding of it death itself is a transition unto life. In view of this, there is from the Christian standpoint no earthly, bodily sickness unto death. For death is doubtless the last phase of the sickness, but death is not the last thing. If in the strictest sense we are to speak of a sickness unto death, it must be one in which the last thing is death, and death the last thing. And this precisely is despair.

Yet in another and still more definite sense despair is the sickness unto death. It is indeed very far from being true that, literally understood, one dies of this sickness, or that this sickness ends with bodily death. On the contrary, the torment of despair is precisely this, not to be able to die. So it has much in common with the situation of the moribund when he lies and struggles with death, and cannot die. So to be sick *unto* death is, not to be able to die—yet not as though there were hope of life; no, the hopelessness in this case is that even the last hope, death, is not available. When death is the greatest danger, one hopes for life; but when one becomes acquainted with an even more dreadful danger, one hopes for death. So when the danger is so great that death has become one's hope, despair is the disconsolateness of not being able to die.

It is in this last sense that despair is the sickness unto death, this agonizing contradiction, this sickness in the self, everlastingly to die, to die and yet not to die, to die the death. For dying means that it is all over, but dying the death means to live to experience death; and if for a single instant this experience is possible, it is tantamount to experiencing it forever. If one might die of despair as one dies of a sickness, then the eternal in him, the self, must be capable of dying in the same sense that the body dies of sickness. But this is an impossibility; the dying of despair transforms itself constantly into a living.

Kierkegaard, *The Sickness Unto Death*, I, I, C

- 34 *Ida*. Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more. . . .

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more!
Tennyson, *The Princess*, IV, 21

- 35 The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation.
What is called resignation is confirmed desperation.
From the desperate city you go into the desperate
country, and have to console yourself with
the bravery of minks and muskrats. A stereotyped
but unconscious despair is concealed even under
what are called the games and amusements of
mankind. There is no play in them, for this comes
after work. But it is a characteristic of wisdom not
to do desperate things.
Thoreau, *Walden*: Economy

- 36 The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone.
FitzGerald, *Rubáiyát*, XVI

- 37 Not, I'll not, carrion comfort, Despair, not feast
on thee;
Not untwist—slack they may be—these last
strands of man

In me or, most weary, cry *I can no more*. I can;
Can something, hope, wish day come, not choose
not to be.

G. M. Hopkins, *Carrion Comfort*

- 38 Zeus did not wish man, however much he might
be tormented by the other evils, to fling away his
life, but to go on letting himself be tormented
again and again. Therefore he gives man hope,—
in reality it is the worst of all evils, because it
prolongs the torments of man.

Nietzsche, *Human, All-Too-Human*, 71

- 39 As for despair, the term has a very simple meaning.
It means that we shall confine ourselves to
reckoning only with what depends upon our will,
or on the ensemble of probabilities which make
our action possible. When we want something, we
always have to reckon with probabilities. I may be
counting on the arrival of a friend. The friend is
coming by rail or streetcar; this supposes that the
train will arrive on schedule, or that the streetcar
will not jump the track. I am left in the realm of
possibility; but possibilities are to be reckoned
with only to the point where my action comports
with the ensemble of these possibilities, and no
further. The moment the possibilities I am considering
are not rigorously involved by my action, I
ought to disengage myself from them, because no
God, no scheme, can adapt the world and its possibilities
to my will. When Descartes said, "Conquer yourself
rather than the world," he meant essentially the same thing.

Sartre, *Existentialism*

4.6 | Joy and Sorrow

- 1 And if ye take this also from me, and mischief
befall him, ye shall bring down my gray hairs
with sorrow to the grave.

Genesis 44:29

- 2 Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh
in the morning.

Psalms 30:5

- 3 It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to
go to the house of feasting: for that is the end of
all men; and the living will lay it to his heart.
Sorrow is better than laughter: for by the sad-

ness of the countenance the heart is made better.

The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning;
but the heart of fools is in the house of mirth.

It is better to hear the rebuke of the wise, than
for a man to hear the song of fools.

For as the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is
the laughter of the fool: this also is vanity.

Ecclesiastes 7:2-6

- 4 *Achilleus*. There is not
any advantage to be won from grim lamentation.
Such is the way the gods spun life for unfortunate
mortals,