212 | *Chapter 3. Love*

3.2 *Hate*

In almost all the traditional enumerations of the emotions, love and hate are joined to­gether as contraries, along with such paired opposites as hope and desire, pleasure and pain, desire and aversion, and so on. If there are kinds of love that are either not emo­tional at all or involve bodily passion as just

one, and perhaps even a minor, component, then it may be the case that there are also kinds of hate that are pure acts of will with­out passion or involve will as well as emo­tion. The reader should have this in mind as he discovers that there may be as many vari­eties of hate as there are of love. He should

*3.2. Hate* 213

also explore related passages in Section 4.10 on Jealousy in the following chapter.

Where passages treat love and hate to­gether, they are usually quoted here rather than under love. Also included here are pas­sages from Freud that deal with instinctual aggressiveness, even though the word "hate" does not appear in them; in addition, of course, there are other passages from Freud

in which his theory of love-hate ambiva­lence is set forth.

One of the major subjects covered in this section is misanthropy—hatred for man­kind. The reader may wonder about the type of love that is its opposite. Is it friend­ship or charity or both? Comparing the texts with passages in Sections 3.4 and 3.5 may help him to arrive at an answer.

1 Terror drove them, and Fear, and Hate whose

wrath is relentless,

she the sister and companion of murderous Ares, she who is only a little thing at the first, but there­after

grows until she strides on the earth with her head striking heaven.

Homer, *Iliad,* IV, 440

2 *Socrates.* I have said enough in answer to the
charge of Meletus: any elaborate defence is un­
necessary; but I know only too well how many are
the enmities which I have incurred, and this is
what will be my destruction if I am destroyed;—
not Meletus, nor yet Anytus, but the envy and
detraction of the world, which has been the death
of many good men, and will probably be the
death of many more; there is no danger of my
being the last of them.

Plato, *Apology,* 28A

3 *Socrates.* Misanthropy arises out of the too great
confidence of inexperience;—you trust a man and
think him altogether true and sound and faithful,
and then in a little while he turns out to be false
and knavish; and then another and another, and
when this has happened several times to a man,
especially when it happens among those whom he
deems to be his own most trusted and familiar
friends, and he has often quarrelled with them, he
at last hates all men, and believes that no one has
any good in him at all. . . . Experience would
have taught him the true state of the case, that
few are the good and few the evil, and that the
great majority are in the interval between them.

Plato, *Phaedo,* 89B

4 Enmity and Hatred should clearly be studied by
reference to their opposites. Enmity may be pro­
duced by anger or spite or calumny. Now whereas
anger arises from offences against oneself, enmity
may arise even without that; we may hate people
merely because of what we take to be their char­
acter. Anger is always concerned with individuals,
. . . whereas hatred is directed also against

classes: we all hate any thief and any informer. Moreover, anger can be cured by time; but hatred cannot. The one aims at giving pain to its object, the other at doing him harm; the angry man wants his victims to feel; the hater does not mind whether they feel or not. All painful things are felt; but the greatest evils, injustice and folly, are the least felt, since their presence causes no pain. And anger is accompanied by pain, hatred is not: the angry man feels pain, but the hater does not. Much may happen to make the angry man pity those who offend him, but the hater under no cir­cumstances wishes to pity a man whom he has once hated: for the one would have the offenders suffer for what they have done; the other would have them cease to exist.

Aristotle, *Rhetoric,* 1382al

5 What I am most apprehensive about concerning
you is this: because you are unaware of the real
pathway to fame, you may think it is really glori­
ous to have more power than anyone else and to
lord it over your fellow citizens. If this is your
opinion, you really are blind when it comes to
knowing real fame. What really is glorious is to be
a citizen held in high regard by all, deserving well
of the republic, one who is praised, courted, and
loved. But to be feared and hated is obnoxious. It
is a proof of weakness and degeneracy.

Cicero, *Philippics,* I, 14

6 Injuries done to us by those of higher rank must
be endured, and not only with composure, but
with the appearance of good cheer. They will
commit the same offense again if they are con­
vinced they got away with it once. Those whose
spirit has become overbearing because of good for­
tune have this serious fault: they hate those whom
they have injured.

Seneca, *On Anger,* II, 33

7 He that saith he is in the light, and hateth his
brother, is in darkness even until now.

He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him.

214 *Chapter 3. Love*

But he that hateth his brother is in darkness, and walketh in darkness, and knoweth not whith­er he goeth, because that darkness hath blinded his eyes.

*I John* 2:9-11

8 For this is the message that ye heard from the
beginning, that we should love one another.

Not as Cain, who was of that wicked one, and slew his brother. And wherefore slew he him? Be­cause his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous.

Marvel not, my brethren, if the world hate you.

*I John* 3:11-13

9 If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother,
he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother
whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom
he hath not seen?

*I John* 4:20

10 Benefits received are a delight to us as long as we
think we can requite them; when that possibility
is far exceeded, they are repaid with hatred in­
stead of gratitude.

Tacitus, *Annals,* IV, 18

11 It is, indeed, human nature to hate the man
whom you have injured.

Tacitus, *Agricola*

12 It is strange that we should not realise that no
enemy could be more dangerous to us than the
hatred with which we hate him, and that by our
efforts against him we do less damage to our ene­
my than is wrought in our own heart.

Augustine, *Confessions,* I, 18

13 It is impossible for an effect to be stronger than its
cause. Now every hatred arises from some love as
its cause. . . . Therefore it is impossible absolutely
for hatred to be stronger than love.

But furthermore, love must be stronger, abso­lutely speaking, than hatred. Because a thing is moved to the end more strongly than to the means. Now turning away from evil is ordered as a means to the gaining of good, as to amend. Therefore, absolutely speaking, the soul's move­ment in respect of good is stronger than its move­ment in respect of evil.

Nevertheless hatred sometimes seems to be stronger than love, for two reasons. First, because hatred is more keenly felt than love. . . . Second­ly, because comparison is made between a hatred and a love which do not correspond to one anoth­er.

Aquinas, *Summa Theologica,* I—II, 29, 3

14 1 saw two frozen in one hole so *closely,* that the one

head was a cap to the other; and as bread is chewed for hunger, so the upper-

most put his teeth into the other there where the brain joins with the nape.

Not otherwise did Tydeus gnaw the temples of Menalippus for rage, than he the skull and the other parts.

"O thou! who by such brutal token shewest *thy* hate on him whom thou devourest, tell me why," I said; "on this condition,

that if thou with reason complainest of him, I, knowing who ye are and his offence, may yet repay thee in the world above, if that, where­with I speak, be not dried up."

From the fell repast that sinner raised his mouth, wiping it upon the hair of the head he had laid waste behind.

Then he began: "Thou wiliest that I renew des­perate grief, which wrings my heart, even at the very thought, before I tell thereof.

But if my words are to be a seed, that may bear fruit of infamy to the traitor whom I gnaw, thou shalt see me speak and weep at the same time.

I know not who thou mayest be, nor by what mode thou hast come down here; but, when I hear thee, in truth thou seemest to me a Floren­tine.

Thou hast to know that I was Count Ugolino, and this the Archbishop Ruggieri; now I will tell thee why I am such a neighbour *to him.*

That by the effect of his ill devices I, confiding in him, was taken and thereafter put to death, it is not necessary to say.

But that which thou canst not have learnt, that is, how cruel was my death, thou shalt hear—and know if he has offended me.

A narrow hole within the mew, which from me has the title of Famine, and in which others yet must be shut up,

had through its opening already shewn me several moons, when I slept the evil sleep that rent for me the curtain of the future.

This *man* seemed to me lord and master, chasing the wolf and his whelps, upon the mountain for which the Pisans cannot see Lucca.

With hounds meagre, keen, and dexterous, he had put in front of him Gualandi with Sismondi, and with Lanfranchi.

After short course, the father and his sons seemed to me weary; and methought I saw their flanks torn by the sharp teeth.

When I awoke before the dawn, I heard my sons [who were with me, weeping in their sleep, and] asking for bread.

Thou art right cruel, if thou dost not grieve al­ready at the thought of what my heart forebod­ed; and if thou weepest not, at what are thou used to weep?

They were now awake, and the hour approaching at which our food used to be brought us, and each was anxious from his dream,

and below I heard the outlet of the horrible tower

*3.2. Hate* 215

locked up: whereat I looked into the faces of my sons, without uttering a word.

I did not weep: so stony grew I within; they wept; and my little Anselm said: 'Thou lookest so, father, what ails thee?'

But I shed no tear, nor answered all that day, nor the next night, till another sun came forth upon the world.

When a small ray was sent into the doleful prison, and I discerned in their four faces the aspect of my own,

I bit *on* both my hands for grief. And they, think­ing that I did it from desire of eating, of a sud­den rose up,

and said: 'Father, it will give us much less pain, if thou wilt eat of us: thou didst put upon us this miserable flesh, and do thou strip it off.'

Then I calmed myself, in order not to make them more unhappy; that day and the next we all were mute. Ah, hard earth! why didst thou not open?

When we had come to the fourth day, Gaddo threw himself stretched out at my feet, saying: 'My father! why don't you help me?'

There he died; and even as thou seest me, saw I the three fall one by one, between the fifth day and the sixth: whence I betook me,

already blind, to groping over each, and for three days called them, after they were dead; then fasting had more power than grief."

When he had spoken this, with eyes distorted he seized the miserable skull again with his teeth, which as a dog's were strong upon the bone.

Dante, *Inferno,* XXXII, 124

15 The prince must consider . . . how to avoid those
things which will make him hated or contempt­
ible; and as often as he shall have succeeded he
will have fulfilled his part, and he need not fear
any danger in other reproaches.

It makes him hated above all things, as I have said, to be rapacious, and to be a violator of the property and women of his subjects, from both of which he must abstain. And when neither their property nor honour is touched, the majority of men live content, and he has only to contend with the ambition of a few, whom he can curb with ease in many ways.

Machiavelli, *Prince,* XIX

16 Hatred is acquired as much by good works as by
bad ones.

Machiavelli, *Prince,* XIX

17 *Gloucester.* Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

Now are our brows bound with victorious

wreaths; Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;

Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings, Our dreadful marches to delightful measures. Grim-visaged War hath smooth'd his wrinkled

front;

And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds To fright the souls of fearful adversaries, He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber To the lascivious pleasing of a lute. But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks, Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass; I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's

majesty

To strut before a wanton ambling nymph; I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion, Cheated of feature by dissembling nature, Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time Into this breathing world, scarce half made up, And that so lamely and unfashionable That dogs bark at me as I halt by them; Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace, Have no delight to pass away the time, Unless to spy my shadow in the sun And descant on mine own deformity: And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover, To entertain these fair well-spoken days, I am determined to prove a villian And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

Shakespeare, *Richard III,* I, i, 1

18 *Lady Anne.* Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!

Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood! Be it lawful that I invocate thy ghost, To hear the lamentations of poor Anne, Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son, Stabb'd by the selfsame hand [Richard's] that

made these wounds!

Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life, I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes. Cursed be the hand that made these fatal holes! Cursed be the heart that had the heart to do it! Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence! More direful hap betide that hated wretch That makes us wretched by the death of thee Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads, Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives! If ever he have child, abortive be it, Prodigious, and untimely brought to light, Whose ugly and unnatural aspect May fright the hopeful mother at the view; And that be heir to his unhappiness! If ever he have wife, let her be made As miserable by the death of him As I am made by my poor lord and thee!

Shakespeare, *Richard III,* I, ii, 5

19 *Shylock.* You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
But say it is my humour: is it answer'd?

What if my house be troubled with a rat

216 | *Chapter 3. Love*

And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats

To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?

Some men there are love not a gaping pig;

Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;

And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,

Cannot contain their urine: for affection,

Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood

Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer:

As there is no firm reason to be render'd,

Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;

Why he, a harmless necessary cat;

Why he, a woollen bag-pipe; but of force

Must yield to such inevitable shame

As to offend, himself being offended;

So can I give no reason, nor I will not,

More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing

I bear Antonio, that I follow thus

A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

*Bassanmo.* This is no answer, thou unfeeling

man, To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

*Shy.* I am not bound to please thee with my answers.

*Bass.* Do all men kill the things they do not love?

*Shy.* Hates any man the thing he would not kill? Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice,* IV, i, 40

20 *Iago.* That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;
That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit.
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,

Is of constant, loving, noble nature,

And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona

A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too;

Not out of absolute lust, though peradventure

I stand accountant for as great a sin,

But partly led to diet my revenge,

For that I do suspect the lusty Moor

Hath leap'd into my seat; the thought whereof

Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;

And nothing can or shall content my soul

Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife,

Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor

At least into a jealousy so strong

That judgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,

If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash

For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,

I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,

Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb—

For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too—

Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward

me,

For making him egregiously an ass And practising upon his peace and quiet Even to madness.

Shakespeare, *Othello,* II, i, 295

21 *Timon.* Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!
Obedience fail in children! slaves and fools,

Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the bench, And minister in their steads! To general filths Convert o' the instant, green virginity! Do't in your parents' eyes! Bankrupts, hold fast; Rather than render back, out with your knives And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants,

steal!

Large-handed robbers your grave masters are, And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed; Thy mistress is o' the brothel! Son of sixteen, Pluck the lined crutch from thy old limping sire, With it beat out his brains! Piety, and fear, Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth, Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood, Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades, Degrees, observances, customs, and laws, Decline to your confounding contraries, And let confusion live! Plagues, incident to men, Your potent and infectious fevers heap On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica, Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth, That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive, And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains, Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath, That their society, as their friendship, may Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee, But nakedness, thou detestable town! Take thou that too, with multiplying bans! Timon will to the woods; where he shall find The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind. The gods confound—hear me, you good gods

all—

The Athenians both within and out that wall! And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow To the whole race of mankind, high and low! Amen.

Shakespeare, *Timon of Athens,* IV, i, 1

22 As for the passions, of hate, lust, ambition, and
covetousness, what crimes they are apt to produce
is so obvious to every man's experience and un­
derstanding as there needeth nothing to be said of
them, saying that they are infirmities, so annexed
to the nature, both of man and all other living
creatures, as that their effects cannot be hindered
but by extraordinary use of reason, or a constant
severity in punishing them. For in those things
men hate, they find a continual and unavoidable
molestation; whereby either a man's patience
must be everlasting, or he must be eased by re­
moving the power of that which molesteth him:
the former is difficult; the latter is many times
impossible without some violation of the law.

Hobbes, *Leviathan,* II, 27

23 All men naturally hate one another. They employ
lust as far as possible in the service of the public
weal. But this is only a *[pretence]* and a false image

*3.2. Hate* 217

of love; for at bottom it is only hate.

Pascal, *Pensies,* VII, 451

24 *Love* is nothing but joy accompanied with the idea
of an external cause, and *hatred* is nothing but sor­
row with the accompanying idea of an external
cause. We see too that he who loves a thing neces­
sarily endeavours to keep it before him and to
preserve it, and, on the other hand, he who hates
a thing necessarily endeavours to remove and de­
stroy it.

Spinoza, *Ethics,* III, Prop. 13, Schol.

25 Every one endeavours as much as possible to
make others love what he loves, and to hate what
he hates. And so we see that each person by na­
ture desires that other persons should live accord­
ing to his way of thinking; but if every one does
this, then all are a hindrance to one another, and
if every one wishes to be praised or beloved by the
rest, then they all hate one another.

Spinoza, *Ethics,* III, Prop. 31, Corol.

26 No one can hate God. . . .

The idea of God which is in us is adequate and perfect, and therefore insofar as we contemplate God do we act, and consequently no sorrow can exist with the accompanying idea of God; that is to say, no one can hate God. . . .

Love to God cannot be turned into hatred. . . .

But some may object, that if we understand God to be the cause of all things, we do for that very reason consider Him to be the cause of sor­row. But I reply, that insofar as we understand the causes of sorrow, it ceases to be a passion, that is to say, it ceases to be sorrow; and therefore insofar as we understand God to be the cause of sorrow do

we rejoice.

Spinoza, *Ethics,* V, Prop. 18

27 *Zara.* Heav'n has no Rage like Love to hatred

turn'd, Nor Hell a Fury like a Woman scorn'd.

Congreve, *The Mourning Bride,* III, ii

28 My wife and family received me with great sur­
prize and joy, because they concluded me certain­
ly dead; but I must freely confess, the sight of
them filled me only with hatred, disgust and con­
tempt; and the more, by reflecting on the near
alliance I had to them. For, although since my
unfortunate exile from the Houyhnhnm country,
I had compelled my self to tolerate the sight of
Yahoos, and to converse with Don Pedro de Men-
dez; yet my memory and imaginations were per­
petually filled with the virtues and ideas of those
exalted Houyhnhnms. And when I began to con­
sider, that by copulating with one of the Yahoo-
species, I had become a parent of more, it struck
me with the utmost shame, confusion, and horror.

Swift, *Gulliver's Travels,* IV, 11

29 I have ever hated all nations, professions and
communities, and all my love is toward individu­
als. . . . But principally I hate and detest that
animal called man; although I heartily love John,
Peter, Thomas, and so forth.

Swift, *Letter to Pope (Sept. 29, 1725)*

30 The body of Jonathan Swift, Doctor of Divinity,
dean of this cathedral church, is buried here,
where fierce indignation can no longer lacerate
his heart. Go, passerby, and imitate if you can one
who strove with all his strength to serve human
liberty.

Swift, *Epitaph in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin*

31 In this, we have said, he [Mr. Airworthy] did not
agree with his wife; nor, indeed, in anything else:
for though an affection placed on the under­
standing is, by many wise persons, thought more
durable than that which is founded on beauty, yet
it happened otherwise in the present case. Nay,
the understandings of this couple were their prin­
cipal bone of contention, and one great cause of
many quarrels, which from time to time arose be­
tween them; and which at last ended, on the side
of the lady, in a sovereign contempt for her hus­
band; and on the husband's, in an utter ab­
horrence of his wife.

Fielding, *Torn Jones,* II, 7

32 One situtation only of the married state is exclud­
ed from pleasure: and that is, a state of indiffer­
ence: but as many of my readers, I hope, know
what an exquisite delight there is in conveying
pleasure to a beloved object, so some few, I am
afraid, may have experienced the satisfaction of
tormenting one we hate. It is, I apprehend, to
come at this latter pleasure, that we see both sexes
often give up that ease in marriage which they
might otherwise possess, though their mate was
never so disagreeable to them. Hence the wife of­
ten puts on fits of love and jealousy, nay, even
denies herself any pleasure, to disturb and prevent
those of her husband; and he again, in return,
puts frequent restraints on himself, and stays at
home in company which he dislikes, in order to
confine his wife to what she equally detests.
Hence, too, must flow those tears which a widow
sometimes so plentifully sheds over the ashes of a
husband with whom she led a life of constant dis­
quiet and turbulency, and whom now she can
never hope to torment any more.

Fielding, *Tom Jones,* II, 7

33 "If I was not as great philosopher as Socrates him­
self," returned Mrs. Western, "you would over­
come my patience. What objection can you have
to the young gentleman?"

"A very solid objection, in my opinion," says Sophia—"I hate him."

"Will you never learn a proper use of words?"

218 *Chapter 3. Love*

answered the aunt. "Indeed, child, you should consult Bailey's Dictionary. It is impossible you should hate a man from whom you have received no injury. By hatred, therefore, you mean no more than dislike, which is no sufficient objection against your marrying of him. I have known many couples, who have entirely disliked each other, lead very comfortable genteel lives. Believe me, child, I know these things better than you. You will allow me, I think, to have seen the world, in which I have not an acquaintance who would not rather be thought to dislike her husband than to like him. The contrary is such out-of-fashion romantic nonsense, that the very imagination of it is shocking."

Fielding, *Tom Jones,* VII, 3

34 *Johnson.* A man will please more upon the whole
by negative qualities than by positive; by never
offending, than by giving a great deal of delight.
In the first place, men hate more steadily than
they love; and if I have said something to hurt a
man once, I shall not get the better of this, by
saying many things to please him.

Boswell, *Life of Johnson (1777)*

35 *Ahab.* "All visible objects, man, are but as paste­
board masks. But in each event—in the living act,
the undoubted deed—there, some unknown but
still reasoning thing puts forth the mouldings of its
features from behind the unreasoning mask. If
man will strike, strike through the mask! How can
the prisoner reach outside except by thrusting
through the wall? To me, the white whale is that
wall, shoved near to me. Sometimes I think there's
naught beyond. But 'tis enough. He tasks me; he
heaps me; I see in him outrageous strength, with
an inscrutable malice sinewing it. That inscruta­
ble thing is chiefly what I hate; and be the white
whale agent, or be the white whale principal, I
will wreak that hate upon him. Talk not to me of
blasphemy, man; I'd strike the sun if it insulted
me."

Melville, *Moby Dick,* XXXVI

36 His three boats stove around him, and oars and
men both, whirling in the eddies; one captain,
seizing the line-knife from his broken prow, had
dashed at the whale, as an Arkansas duellist at his
foe, blindly seeking with a six-inch blade to reach
the fathom-deep life, of the whale. That captain
was Ahab. And then it was, that suddenly sweep­
ing his sickle-shaped lower jaw beneath him,
Moby Dick had reaped away Ahab's leg, as a
mower a blade of grass in the field. No turbaned
Turk, no hired Venetian or Malay, could have
smote him with more seeming malice. Small rea­
son was there to doubt, then, that ever since that
almost fatal encounter, Ahab had cherished a
wild vindictiveness against the whale, all the more
fell for that in his frantic morbidness he at last

came to identify with him, not only all his bodily woes, but all his intellectual and spiritual exasper­ations. The White Whale swam before him as the monomaniac incarnation of all those malicious agencies which some deep men feel eating in them, till they are left living on with half a heart and half a lung. That intangible malignity which has been from the beginning; to whose dominion even the modern Christians ascribe one-half of the worlds; which the ancient Ophites of the east rev­erenced in their statue devil;—Ahab did not fall down and worship it like them; but deliriously transferring its idea to the abhorred white whale, he pitted himself, all mutilated, against it. All that most maddens and torments; all that stirs up the lees of things; all truth with malice in it; all that cracks the sinews and cakes the brain; all the sub­tle demonisms of life and thought; all evil, to cra­zy Ahab, were visibly personified, and made prac­tically assailable in Moby Dick. He piled upon the whale's white hump the sum of all the general rage and hate felt by his whole race from Adam down; and then, as if his chest had been a mortar, he burst his hot heart's shell upon it.

Melville, *Moby Dick,* XLI

37 Enmity or hatred seems also to be a highly persis­
tent feeling, perhaps more so than any other that
can be named. . . . Dogs are very apt to hate
both strange men and strange dogs, especially if
they live near at hand, but do not belong to the
same family, tribe, or clan; this feeling would thus
seem to be innate, and is certainly a most persis­
tent one. It seems to be the complement and con­
verse of the true social instinct. From what we
hear of savages, it would appear that something of
the same kind holds good with them. If this be so,
it would be a small step in any one to transfer
such feelings to any member of the same tribe if
he had done him an injury and had become his
enemy. Nor is it probable that the primitive con­
science would reproach a man for injuring his en­
emy; rather it would reproach him, if he had not
revenged himself. To do good in return for evil, to
love your enemy, is a height of morality to which
it may be doubted whether the social instincts
would, by themselves, have ever led us. It is neces­
sary that these instincts, together with sympathy,
should have been highly cultivated and extended
by the aid of reason, instruction, and the love or
fear of God, before any such golden rule would
ever be thought of and obeyed.

Darwin, *Descent of Man,* I, 4, fn. 27

38 *The hunting instinct* has [a] ... remote origin in the
evolution of the race. The hunting and the fight­
ing instinct combine in many manifestations.
They both support the emotion of anger; they
combine in the fascination which stories of atroci­
ty have for most minds; and the utterly blind ex­
citement of giving the rein to our fury when our

*3.2. Hate* 219

blood is up (an excitement whose intensity is greater than that of any other human passion save one) is only explicable as an impulse aboriginal in character, and having more to do with immediate and overwhelming tendencies to muscular dis­charge than to any possible reminiscences of ef­fects of experience, or association of ideas. I say this here, because the pleasure of disinterested cruelty has been thought a paradox, and writers have sought to show that it is no primitive attri­bute of our nature, but rather a resultant of the subtile combination of other less malignant ele­ments of mind. This is a hopeless task. If evolution and the survival of the fittest be true at all, the destruction of prey and of human rivals *must* have been among the most important of man's primi­tive functions, the fighting and the chasing in­stincts *must* have become ingrained. Certain per­ceptions *must* immediately, and without the intervention of interferences and ideas, have prompted emotions and motor discharges; and both the latter must, from the nature of the case, have been very violent, and therefore, when un­checked, of an intensely pleasurable kind. It is just because human bloodthirstiness is such a primi­tive part of us that it is so hard to eradicate, espe­cially where a fight or a hunt is promised as part of the fun.

William James, *Psychology,* XXIV

39 I will put the following case: Let there be a person near me whom I hate so strongly that I have a lively impulse to rejoice should anything happen to him. But the moral side of my nature does not give way to this impulse; I do not dare to express this sinister wish, and when something does hap­pen to him which he does not deserve I suppress my satisfaction, and force myself to thoughts and expressions of regret. Everyone will at some time have found himself in such a position. But now let it happen that the hated person, through some transgression of his own, draws upon himself a well-deserved calamity; I shall now be allowed to give free rein to my satisfaction at his being visited by a just punishment, and I shall be expressing an opinion which coincides with that of other impar­tial persons. But I observe that my satisfaction proves to be more intense than that of others, for it has received reinforcement from another source—from my hatred, which was hitherto pre­vented by the inner censorship from furnishing the affect, but which, under the altered circum­stances, is no longer prevented from doing so. This case generally occurs in social life when antipa­thetic persons or the adherents of an unpopular minority have been guilty of some offence. Their punishment is then usually commensurate not with their guilt, but with their guilt plus the ill-will against them that has hitherto not been put into effect.

Freud, *Interpretation of Dreams,* VI, H

40 It is noteworthy that in the use of the word *hate* no
. . . intimate relation to sexual pleasure and the
sexual function appears: on the contrary, the
painful character of the relation seems to be the
sole decisive feature. The ego hates, abhors, and
pursues with intent to destroy all objects which
are for it a source of painful feelings, without tak­
ing into account whether they mean to it frustra­
tion of sexual satisfaction or of gratification of the
needs of self-preservation. Indeed, it may be as­
serted that the true prototypes of the hate-relation
are derived not from sexual life, but from the
struggle of the ego for self-preservation and self-
maintenance.

Freud, *Instincts and Their Vicissitudes*

41 The relation of hate to objects is older than that of
love. It is derived from the primal repudiation by
the narcissistic ego of the external world whence
flows the stream of stimuli. As an expression of the
pain-reaction induced by objects, it remains in
constant intimate relation with the instincts of
self-preservation, so that sexual and ego-instincts
readily develop an antithesis which repeats that of
love and hate.

Freud, *Instincts and Their Vicissitudes*

42 Almost every intimate emotional relation between
two people which lasts for some time—marriage,
friendship, the relations between parents and chil­
dren—leaves a sediment of feelings of aversion
and hostility, which have first to be eliminated by
repression. This is less disguised in the common
wrangles between business partners or in the
grumbles of a subordinate at his superior. The
same thing happens when men come together in
larger units. Every time two families become con­
nected by a marriage, each of them thinks itself
superior to or of better birth than the other. Of
two neighbouring towns, each is the other's most
jealous rival; every little canton looks down upon
the others with contempt. Closely related races
keep one another at arm's length; the South Ger­
man cannot endure the North German, the Eng­
lishman casts every kind of aspersion upon the
Scotchman, the Spaniard despises the Portuguese.
We are no longer astonished that greater differ­
ences should lead to an almost insuperable repug­
nance, such as the Gallic people feel for the Ger­
man, the Aryan for the Semite, and the white
races for the coloured.

Freud, *Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego,* VI

43 In our unconscious we daily and hourly deport all
who stand in our way, all who have offended or
injured us. The expression: "Devil take him!"
which so frequently comes to our lips in joking
anger, and which really means "Death take him!"
is in our unconscious an earnest, deliberate death-
wish. Indeed, our unconscious will murder even

220 | *Chapter 3. Love*

for trifles; like the ancient Athenian law of Draco, it knows no other punishment for crime than death; and this has a certain consistency, for every injury to our almighty and autocratic ego is at bottom a crime of *lese-majeste.*

And so, if we are to be judged by the wishes in our unconscious, we are, like primitive man, sim­ply a gang of murderers. It is well that all these wishes do not possess the potency which was attributed to them by primitive men; in the cross­fire of mutual maledictions, mankind would long since have perished, the best and wisest of men and the lovliest and fairest of women with the rest. Freud, *Thoughts on War and Death,* II

44 Men clearly do not find it easy to do without satis­faction of this tendency to aggression that is in

them; when deprived of satisfaction of it they are ill at ease. There is an advantage, not to be under­valued, in the existence of smaller communities, through which the aggressive instinct can find an outlet in enmity towards those outside the group. It is always possible to unite considerable numbers of men in love towards one another, so long as there are still some remaining as objects for ag­gressive manifestations. . . . The Jewish people, scattered in all directions as they are, have in this way rendered services which deserve recognition to the development of culture in the countries where they settled; but unfortunately not all the massacres of Jews in the Middle Ages sufficed to procure peace and security for their Christian contemporaries.

Freud, *Civilization and Its Discontents,* V