

of loving, together with all the consequences entailed by this creative emotion: I mean the appearance of living creatures in which this emotion finds its complement; of an infinity of other beings without which they could not have appeared, and lastly of the unfathomable depths of material substance without which life would not have been possible.

Bergson, *Two Sources of Morality and Religion*, III

93 To be omnivorous is one pole of true love: to be exclusive is the other. A man whose heart, if I may say so, lies deeper, hidden under a thicker coat of mail, will have less play of fancy, and will be far from finding every charm charming, or every sort of beauty a stimulus to love. Yet he may not be less prone to the tender passion, and when once smitten may be so penetrated by an unimagined tenderness and joy, that he will declare himself incapable of ever loving again, and may actually be so. Having no rivals and in deeper soil, love can ripen better in such a constant spirit; it will not waste itself in a continual patter of little pleasures and illusions. But unless the passion of it is to die down, it must somehow assert its universality: what it loses in diversity it must gain in applicability. It must become a principle of action and an influence colouring everything that is dreamt of; otherwise it would have lost its dignity and sunk into a dead memory or a domestic bond.

True love, it used to be said, is love at first sight. Manners have much to do with such incidents, and the race which happens to set, at a given time, the fashion in literature makes its temperament public and exercises a sort of contagion over all men's fancies. If women are rarely seen and ordinarily not to be spoken to; if all imagination

has to build upon is a furtive glance or casual motion, people fall in love at first sight. For they must fall in love somehow, and any stimulus is enough if none more powerful is forthcoming. When society, on the contrary, allows constant and easy intercourse between the sexes, a first impression, if not reinforced, will soon be hidden and obliterated by others. Acquaintance becomes necessary for love when it is necessary for memory. But what makes true love is not the information conveyed by acquaintance, not any circumstantial charms that may be therein discovered: it is still a deep and dumb instinctive affinity, an inexplicable emotion seizing the heart, an influence organising the world, like a luminous crystal, about one magic point. So that although love seldom springs up suddenly in these days into anything like a full-blown passion, it is sight, it is presence, that makes in time a conquest over the heart; for all virtues, sympathies, confidences will fail to move a man to tenderness and to worship, unless a poignant effluence from the object envelop him, so that he begins to walk, as it were, in a dream.

Santayana, *Life of Reason*, II, 1

94 If to create was love's impulse originally, to create is its effort still, after it has been chastened and has received some rational extension. The machinery which serves reproduction thus finds kindred but higher uses, as every organ does in a liberal life; and what Plato called a desire for birth in beauty may be sublimated even more, until it yearns for an ideal immortality in a transfigured world, a world made worthy of that love which its children have so often lavished on it in their dreams.

Santayana, *Life of Reason*, II, 1

## 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

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 unnecessary; 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 produced 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 character. 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*, 1382<sup>a</sup>1

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 glorious 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 convinced they got away with it once. Those whose spirit has become overbearing because of good fortune 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.

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 instead 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 enemy 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 I 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, where-with 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 willest 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 shown me several moons, when I slept the civil 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 Lucea.

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

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 contemptible; 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 discount  
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 alarms 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 determin'd to prove a villain

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 Laneaster!  
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!  
Be it lawful that I invoke 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

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?

*Bassanio.* 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 erop  
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 baus!  
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

of love; for at bottom it is only hate.

Pascal, *Pensées*, VII, 451

- 24 *Love* is nothing but joy accompanied with the idea of an external cause, and *hatred* is nothing but sorrow with the accompanying idea of an external cause. We see too that he who loves a thing necessarily 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 destroy 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 nature desires that other persons should live according 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 surprize and joy, because they concluded me certainly dead; but I must freely confess, the sight of them filled me only with hatred, disgust and contempt; 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 Mendez; yet my memory and imaginations were perpetually filled with the virtues and ideas of those exalted Houyhnhnms. And when I began to consider, 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 individuals. . . . 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. Allworthy] did not agree with his wife; nor, indeed, in anything else: for though an affection placed on the understanding 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 principal bone of contention, and one great cause of many quarrels, which from time to time arose between them; and which at last ended, on the side of the lady, in a sovereign contempt for her husband; and on the husband's, in an utter abhorrence of his wife.

Fielding, *Tom Jones*, II, 7

- 32 One situation only of the married state is excluded from pleasure: and that is, a state of indifference: 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 often 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 disquiet and turbulence, 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 himself," returned Mrs. Western, "you would overcome 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?"

answered the aunt. "Indced, 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 inscrutable 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 sweeping 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 reason 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 revered 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 persistent 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 persistent one. It seems to be the complement and converse 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 conscience would reproach a man for injuring his enemy; 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 necessary 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 fighting instinct combine in many manifestations. They both support the emotion of anger; they combine in the fascination which stories of atrocity have for most minds; and the utterly blind excitement of giving the rein to our fury when our

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 subtle 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 taking into account whether they mean to it frustration of sexual satisfaction or of gratification of the needs of self-preservation. Indeed, it may be asserted 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 children—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 connected 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 German cannot endure the North German, the Englishman casts every kind of aspersion upon the Scotchman, the Spaniard despises the Portuguese. We are no longer astonished that greater differences should lead to an almost insuperable repugnance, such as the Gallic people feel for the German, 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



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 *lèse-majesté*.

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 cross-fire of mutual maledictions, mankind would long since have perished, the best and wisest of men and the loveliest 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

## 4.10 | Jealousy

- 1 Jealousy is cruel as the grave: the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame.

*Song of Solomon* 8:6

- 2 With ambitious natures, otherwise not ill qualified for command, the feeling of jealousy of those near them in reputation continually stands in the way of the performance of noble actions; they make those their rivals in virtue, whom they ought to use as their helpers to it.

Plutarch, *Lysander*

- 3 *Cressida*. "Another shame is this, that folk abuse True love and say, 'Yea, jealousy is love!' A bushel of venom such folk will excuse If but a grain of love therein they shove. But God knows this, who lives and reigns above, If it be liker love or liker hate, And by its name we should it designate.

"Some sorts of jealousy, I will confess,  
Are more excusable than other kinds,  
As when there's cause, or when folk long repress  
Some harsh fantastic notion in their minds,  
Which in expression no free outlet finds,  
And on itself it thus doth grow and feed;  
For such repression is a gentle deed.

"And some are filled with fury and despite  
So full that it surpasses all restraint—  
But, sweetheart, you are not in such plight,

Thank God, and all your grieving and your plaint,

I call it an illusive lover's taint  
From love's excess, and from anxiety."

Chaucer, *Troilus and Cressida*, III, 147-149

- 4 Whatever justice there may be in jealousy, it still remains to be seen whether its agitation is really useful. Is there someone who thinks to shackle women by his ingenuity? . . . What occasion will not be enough for them in so knowing an age?

Curiosity is vicious in all things, but here it is pernicious. It is folly to want to be enlightened about a disease for which there is no medicine that does not make it worse and aggravate it; the shame of which is increased and made public principally by jealousy; revenge for which wounds our children more than it cures us. You dry up and die in quest of a proof so obscure.

Montaigne, *Essays*, III, 5, On Some Verses of Virgil

- 5 *Iago*. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;  
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock  
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss  
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;  
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er  
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves!  
*Othello*. O misery!  
*Iago*. Poor and content is rich and rich enough,

But riches fineless is as poor as winter  
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.  
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend  
From jealousy!

*Oth.* Why, why is this?  
Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,  
To follow still the changes of the moon  
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt  
Is once to be resolved. Exchange me for a goat,  
When I shall turn the business of my soul  
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,  
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jeal-

ous  
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,  
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;  
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous.  
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw  
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;  
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago;  
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;  
And on the proof, there is no more but this—  
Away at once with love or jealousy!

Shakespeare, *Othello*, III, iii, 165

6 *Iago.* Not poppy, nor mandragora,  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep  
Which thou owedst yesterday.

*Othello.* Ha! ha! false to me?

*Iago.* Why, how now, general! no more of that.

*Oth.* Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack.

I swear 'tis better to be much abused  
Than but to know 't a little.

*Iago.* How now, my lord!

*Oth.* What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust?  
I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me.  
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;  
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips.  
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,  
Let him not know 't, and he's not robb'd at all.

*Iago.* I am sorry to hear this.

*Oth.* I had been happy, if the general camp,  
Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body,  
So I had nothing known. O, now, for ever  
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!  
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,  
That make ambition virtuous! O, farewell!  
Farewell the weighing steed, and the shrill trump,  
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
The royal banner, and all quality,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!  
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats  
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,  
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

*Iago.* Is't possible, my lord?

*Oth.* Villain, be sure thou prove my love a  
whore,

Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;  
Or, by the worth of man's eternal soul,  
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog

Than answer my waked wrath!

*Iago.* Is't come to this?

*Oth.* Make me to see't; or, at the least, so prove  
it

That the probation bear no hinge nor loop  
To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life!

*Iago.* My noble lord—

*Oth.* If thou dost slander her and torture me,  
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;  
On horror's head horrors accumulate;  
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed;  
For nothing canst thou to damnation add  
Greater than that.

Shakespeare, *Othello*, III, iii, 330

7 *Desdemona.* Alas the day! I never gave him cause.

*Emilia.* But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;  
They are not ever jealous for the cause,  
But jealous for they are jealous. 'Tis a monster  
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Shakespeare, *Othello*, III, iv, 158

8 *Leontes.* Ha' not you seen, Camillo—

But that's past doubt, you have, or your eyeglass  
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn—or heard—

For to a vision so apparent rumour

Cannot be mute—or thought—for cogitation

Resides not in that man that does not think—

My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,

Or else be impudently negative,

To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then say

My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name

As rank as any flax-wench that puts to

Before her troth-plight; say't and justify't.

*Camillo.* I would not be a stander-by to hear

My sovereign mistress clouded so, without

My present vengeance taken. 'Shrew my heart,

You never spoke what did become you less

Than this; which to reiterate were sin

As deep as that, though true.

*Leon.* Is whispering nothing?

Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?

Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career

Of laughter with a sigh?—a note infallible

Of breaking honesty—horsing foot on foot?

Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?

Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes

Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only,

That would unscen be wick'd? Is this nothing?

Why, then the world and all that's in't is nothing;

The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;

My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these noth-

ings,

If this be nothing.

*Cam.* Good my lord, be cured

Of this diseased opinion, and betimes;

For 'tis most dangerous.

*Leon.* Say it be, 'tis true.

*Cam.* No, no, my lord.

*Leon.* It is; you lie, you lie.

Shakespeare, *Winter's Tale*, I, ii, 267

9 Jealousy is a species of fear which is related to the desire we have to preserve to ourselves the possession of some thing; and it does not so much proceed from the strength of the reasons that suggest the possibility of our losing that good, as from the high estimation in which we hold it, and which is the cause of our examining even the minutest subjects of suspicion, and taking them to be very considerable reasons for anxiety.

Descartes, *Passions of the Soul*, CLXVII

10 It is, indeed, very possible for jealous persons to kill the objects of their jealousy, but not to hate them.

Fielding, *Tom Jones*, VII, 4

11 It is hard to imagine what some jealous men can make up their mind to and overlook, and what they can forgive! The jealous are the readiest of all to forgive, and all women know it. The jealous man can forgive extraordinarily quickly (though, of course, after a violent scene), and he is able to forgive infidelity almost conclusively proved, the

very kisses and embraces he has seen, if only he can somehow be convinced that it has all been "for the last time," and that his rival will vanish from that day forward, will depart to the ends of the earth, or that he himself will carry her away somewhere, where that dreaded rival will not get near her. Of course the reconciliation is only for an hour. For, even if the rival did disappear next day, he would invent another one and would be jealous of him. And one might wonder what there was in a love that had to be so watched over, what a love could be worth that needed such strenuous guarding. But that the jealous will never understand. And yet among them are men of noble hearts. It is remarkable, too, that those very men of noble hearts, standing hidden in some cupboard, listening and spying, never feel the stings of conscience at that moment, anyway, though they understand clearly enough with their "noble hearts" the shameful depths to which they have voluntarily sunk.

Dostoevsky, *Brothers Karamazov*,  
Pt. III, VIII, 3