

5.5 | *Dreams*

Long before dreams and dreaming became the subject of psychological investigation and psychoanalytical theory, the occurrence and content of dreams were objects of wonder, fear, and speculation. The quotations drawn from the Old Testament and from the poets, historians, and biographers of antiquity bear witness to the influence of dreams and to the importance of the role played by soothsayers and prophets as interpreters of their content. Famous dreams and famous interpretations of dreams are here reported, along with discussions by the philosophers of antiquity concerning the art of divination through dreams. The ancients were not without their skeptical doubts about the supernatural origin of dreams or about their trustworthiness as forecasters of the future. Aristotle, for example, offers some purely naturalistic explanations of dreaming and dream content.

The modern treatment of dreams stresses the relation of dreaming to the powers of the imagination, and the reader is, therefore, advised to relate this section to the preceding one on the imagination. What is ordinarily called day-dreaming or fantasy is, of course, nothing but the imagination at work under more or less conscious control or with some directive purpose. In contrast, the dreams that take place during sleep, or in the process of awakening, manifest no such control or direction. It is precisely this fact that lies at the heart of Freud's unique contribution—his interpretation of dreams as an expression of the unconscious, revealing to the interpreter wishes, emotions, or tendencies of which the dreamer was himself unaware. The significance of dreams for the diagnosis and treatment of psychic disorders connects this section with the one that follows on madness.

1 And Jacob went out from Beersheba, and went toward Haran.

And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep.

And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it.

And, behold, the Lord stood above it, and said, I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac: the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed;

And thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth, and thou shalt spread abroad to the west, and to the east, and to the north, and to the south: and in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed.

And, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of.

And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not.

Genesis 28:10–16

2 Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions.

Joel 2:28

3 *Penelope.* Two gates for ghostly dreams there are:
one gateway
of honest horn, and one of ivory.
Issuing by the ivory gate are dreams
of glimmering illusion, fantasies,
but those that come through solid polished horn
may be borne out, if mortals only know them.

Homer, Odyssey, XIX. 562

- 4 *Chorus*. It is vain, to dream and to see splendors,
and the image slipping from the arms' embrace
escapes, not to return again,
on wings drifting down the ways of sleep.
Aeschylus, *Agamemnon*, 423
- 5 *Clytaemestra*. Eyes illuminate the sleeping brain,
but in the daylight man's future cannot be seen.
Aeschylus, *Eumenides*, 104
- 6 *Jocasta*. As to your mother's marriage bed,—don't
fear it.
Before this, in dreams too, as well as oracles,
many a man has lain with his own mother.
Sophocles, *Oedipus the King*, 980
- 7 *The Second Maiden*. Oh! to see foot, if only in a
dream, in my father's home and city, a luxury
sweet sleep affords, a pleasure shared by us with
wealth!
Euripides, *Iphigenia in Tauris*, 453
- 8 *Socrates*. Let me feast my mind with the dream as
day dreamers are in the habit of feasting them-
selves when they are walking alone; for before
they have discovered any means of effecting their
wishes—that is a matter which never troubles
them—they would rather not tire themselves by
thinking about possibilities; but assuming that
what they desire is already granted to them, they
proceed with their plan, and delight in detailing
what they mean to do when their wish has come
true—that is a way which they have of not doing
much good to a capacity which was never good
for much.
Plato, *Republic*, V, 457B
- 9 *Socrates*. When the reasoning and human and rul-
ing power is asleep; then the wild beast within us,
gorged with meat or drink, starts up and having
shaken off sleep, goes forth to satisfy his desires;
and there is no conceivable folly or crime—not
excepting incest or any other unnatural union, or
parricide, or the eating of forbidden food—which
at such a time, when he has parted company with
all shame and sense, a man may not be ready to
commit.
Most true, he [Glaucón] said.
But when a man's pulse is healthy and temper-
ate, and when before going to sleep he has awak-
ened his rational powers, and fed them on noble
thoughts and enquiries, collecting himself in med-
itation; after having first indulged his appetites
neither too much nor too little, but just enough to
lay them to sleep, and prevent them and their
enjoyments and pains from interfering with the
higher principle—which he leaves in the solitude
of pure abstraction, free to contemplate and as-
pire to the knowledge of the unknown, whether in
past, present, or future: when again he has al-
layed the passionate element, if he has a quarrel
against anyone—I say, when, after pacifying the
- two irrational principles, he rouses up the third,
which is reason, before he takes his rest, then, as
you know, he attains truth most nearly, and is
least likely to be the sport of fantastic and lawless
visions.
I quite agree.
In saying this I have been running into a di-
gression; but the point which I desire to note is
that in all of us, even in good men, there is a
lawless wild-beast nature, which peers out in
sleep.
Plato, *Republic*, IX, 571B
- 10 It is not improbable that some of the presentations
which come before the mind in sleep may even be
causes of the actions cognate to each of them. For
as when we are about to act [in waking hours], or
are engaged in any course of action, or have al-
ready performed certain actions, we often find
ourselves concerned with these actions, or per-
forming them, in a vivid dream; the cause where-
of is that the dream-movement has had a way
paved for it from the original movements set up in
the daytime; exactly so, but conversely, it must
happen that the movements set up first in sleep
should also prove to be starting-points of actions
to be performed in the daytime, since the recur-
rence by day of the thought of these actions also
has had its way paved for it in the images before
the mind at night. Thus then it is quite conceiv-
able that some dreams may be tokens and causes
[of future events].
Aristotle, *Prophesying by Dreams*, 463a22
- 11 On the whole, forasmuch as certain of the lower
animals also dream, it may be concluded that
dreams are not sent by God, nor are they designed
for this purpose [to reveal the future]. They have a
divine aspect, however, for Nature [their cause] is
divinely planned, though not itself divine. A spe-
cial proof [of their not being sent by God] is this:
the power of foreseeing the future and of having
vivid dreams is found in persons of inferior type,
which implies that God does not send their
dreams; but merely that all those whose physical
temperament is, as it were, garrulous and excit-
able, see sights of all descriptions; for, inasmuch as
they experience many movements of every kind,
they just chance to have visions resembling objec-
tive facts, their luck in these matters being merely
like that of persons who play at even and odd. For
the principle which is expressed in the gambler's
maxim: 'If you make many throws your luck must
change,' holds good in their case also.
Aristotle, *Prophesying by Dreams*, 463b11
- 12 Of all animals man is most given to dreaming.
Children and infants do not dream, but in most
cases dreaming comes on at the age of four or five
years. Instances have been known of full-grown
men and women that have never dreamed at all;
in exceptional cases of this kind, it has been ob-
served that when a dream occurs in advanced life

it prognosticates either actual dissolution or a general break-up of the system.

Aristotle, *History of Animals*, 537^b14

- 13 To whatever pursuit a man is closely tied down and strongly attached, on whatever subject we have previously much dwelt, the mind having been put to a more than usual strain in it, during sleep we for the most part fancy that we are engaged in the same; lawyers think they plead causes and draw up covenants of sale, generals that they fight and engage in battle, sailors that they wage and carry on war with the winds, we think we pursue our task and investigate the nature of things constantly and consign it when discovered to writings in our native tongue. So all other pursuits and arts are seen for the most part during sleep to occupy and mock the minds of men.

Lucretius, *Nature of Things*, IV

- 14 Two gates the silent house of Sleep adorn;
Of polish'd iv'ry this, that of transparent horn:
True visions thro' transparent horn arise;
Thro' polish'd iv'ry pass deluding lies.

Virgil, *Aeneid*, VI

- 15 Darius was by this time upon his march from Susa, very confident, not only in the number of his men, which amounted to six hundred thousand, but likewise in a dream, which the Persian soothsayers interpreted rather in flattery to him than according to the natural probability. He dreamed that he saw the Macedonian phalanx all on fire, and Alexander waiting on him, clad in the same dress which he himself had been used to wear when he was courier to the late king; after which, going into the temple of Belus, he vanished out of his sight. The dream would appear to have supernaturally signified to him the illustrious actions the Macedonians were to perform, and that as he, from a courier's place, had risen to the throne, so Alexander should come to be master of Asia, and not long surviving his conquests, conclude his life with glory.

Plutarch, *Alexander*

- 16 The senses are suspended in the sleeper through certain evaporations and the escape of certain exhalations, as we read in the book on *Sleep*. And, therefore, according to the disposition of such evaporation, the senses are more or less suspended. For when the motion of the vapors is considerable, not only are the senses suspended, but also the imagination, so that there are no phantasms; and this happens especially when a man falls asleep after eating and drinking copiously. If, however, the motion of the vapors be somewhat less, phantasms appear, but distorted and without order; thus it happens in a case of fever. And if the motion be still more attenuated, the phantasms will have a certain order; thus especially does it happen towards the end of sleep, in sober men and those who are gifted with a strong imagination. If the motion of the vapors is very slight,

not only does the imagination retain its freedom, but also the common sense is partly freed, so that sometimes while asleep a man may judge that what he sees is a dream, discerning, as it were, between things and their likenesses. Nevertheless, the common sense remains partly suspended, and therefore, although it discriminates some likenesses from the reality, yet is it always deceived in some particular. Therefore, while man is asleep, according as sense and imagination are free, so the judgment of his intellect is unfettered, though not entirely. Consequently, if a man syllogizes while asleep, when he wakes up he invariably recognizes a flaw in some respect.

Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, I, 84, 8

- 17 Pandar. And all your dreams and other such like folly,

To deep oblivion let them be consigned;
For they arise but from your melancholy,
By which your health is being undermined.
A straw for all the meaning you can find
In dreams! They aren't worth a hill of beans,
For no one knows what dreaming really means.

Priests in the temples sometimes choose to say
That dreams come from the Gods as revelations;
But other times they speak another way,
And call them hellish false hallucinations!
And doctors say they come from complications,
Or fast or surfeit, or any other lie,
For who knows truly what they signify?

And others say that through impressions deep,
As when one has a purpose firm in mind,
There come these visions in one's sleep;
And others say that they in old books find,
That every season hath its special kind
Of dream, and all depends upon the moon;
But all such folk are crazy as a loon!

Dreams are the proper business of old wives,
Who draw their auguries from birds and fowls,
For which men often fear to lose their lives,
The raven's croak or mournful shriek of owls!
O why put trust in bestial shrieks and howls!
Alas, that noble man should be so brash
To implicate his mind in such like trash!

Chaucer, *Troilus and Cressida*, V, 52-55

- 18 Let us bend our course another way, and try a new sort of divination. Of what kind? asked Panurge. Of a good ancient and authentic fashion, answered Pantagruel; it is by dreams. For in dreaming, such circumstances and conditions being thereto adhibited, as are clearly enough described by Hippocrates . . . by Plato, Plotin, Iamblicus, Synesius, Aristotle, Xenophon, Galen, Plutarch, Artemidorus, Daldianus, Herophilus, Q. Calaber, Theocritus, Pliny, Athenæus, and others, the soul doth oftentimes foresee what is to come. How true this is, you may conceive by a very vulgar and familiar example; as when you see that at such a time as suckling babes, well nourished, fed

and fostered with good milk, sleep soundly and profoundly, the nurses in the interim get leave to sport themselves, and are licentiated to recreate their fancies at what range to them shall seem most fitting and expedient, their presence, sedulity, and attendance on the cradle being, during all that space, held unnecessary. Even just so, when our body is at rest, that the concoction is every where accomplished, and that, till it awake, it lacks for nothing, our soul delighteth to disport itself, and is well pleased in that frolic to take a review of its native country, which is the heavens, where it receiveth a most notable participation of its first beginning, with an imbuement from its divine source, and in contemplation of that infinite and intellectual sphere, whereof the centre is every where, and the circumference in no place of the universal world, (to wit, God, according to the doctrine of Hermes Trismegistus,) to whom no new thing happeneth, whom nothing that is past escapeth, and unto whom all things are alike present; it remarketh not only what is *preterit* and gone, in the inferior course and agitation of sublunary matters, but withal taketh notice what is to come; then bringing a relation of those future events unto the body by the outward senses and exterior organs, it is divulged abroad unto the hearing of others. Whereupon the owner of that soul deserveth to be termed a vaticinator, or prophet. Nevertheless, the truth is, that the soul is seldom able to report those things in such sincerity as it hath seen them, by reason of the imperfection and frailty of the corporeal senses, which obstruct the effectuating of that office; even as the moon doth not communicate unto this earth of ours that light which she receiveth from the sun with so much splendour, heat, vigour, purity, and liveliness as it was given her. Hence it is requisite for the better reading, explaining, and unfolding of these somniatory vaticinations, and predictions, of that nature that a dexterous, learned, skilful, wise, industrious, expert, rational, and peremptory expounder or interpreter be pitched upon.

Rabelais, *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, III, 13

- 19 Those who have compared our life to a dream were perhaps more right than they thought. When we dream, our soul lives, acts, exercises all her faculties, neither more nor less than when she is awake; but if more loosely and obscurely, still surcly not so much so that the difference is as between night and bright daylight; rather as between night and shade. There she sleeps, here she slumbers: more and less. It is always darkness, and Cimmerian darkness.

Sleeping we are awake, and waking asleep. I do not see so clearly in sleep; but my wakefulness I never find pure and cloudless enough. Moreover sleep in its depth sometimes puts dreams to sleep. But our wakefulness is never so awake as to purge and properly dissipate reveries, which are the

dreams of the waking, and worse than dreams.

Since our reason and our soul accept the fancies and opinions which arise in it while sleeping, and authorize the actions of our dreams with the same approbation as they do those of the day, why do we not consider the possibility that our thinking, our acting, may be another sort of dreaming, and our waking another kind of sleep?

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

- 20 I have no cause to complain of my imagination. I have had few thoughts in my life that have even interrupted the course of my sleep, unless they have been those of desire, which awakened me without afflicting me. I seldom dream, and then it is about fantastic things and ehimeras usually produced by amusing thoughts, more ridiculous than sad. And I hold that it is true that dreams are faithful interpreters of our inclinations; but there is an art to sorting and understanding them. . . .

Plato says, moreover, that it is the function of wisdom to draw from them instructions for divining the future. I see nothing in that, except for the marvelous experiences related by Socrates, Xenophon, and Aristotle, personages of irreproachable authority.

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

- 21 *Mercurio*. O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
 She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,
 Drawn with a team of little atomies
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
 The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
 The traeces of the smallest spider's web,
 The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,
 Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,
 Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
 Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
 Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.
 And in this state she gallops night by night
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of
 love;
 O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies
 straight,
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
 Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted
 are:
 Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
 And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
 Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,

Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five-fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frighted swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which once untangled much misfortune bodes:
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is she—

Romeo. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, I, iv, 54

- 22 *Brutus.* Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream.
Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*, II, i, 62

- 23 *Hamlet.* O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell
and count myself a king of infinite space, were it
not that I have bad dreams.
Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, II, ii, 260

- 24 The imaginations of them that sleep are those we
call *dreams*. And these also (as all other imagina-
tions) have been before, either totally or by par-
cels, in the sense. And because in sense, the brain
and nerves, which are the necessary organs of
sense, are so benumbed in sleep as not easily to be
moved by the action of external objects, there can
happen in sleep no imagination, and therefore no
dream, but what proceeds from the agitation of
the inward parts of man's body; which inward
parts, for the connexion they have with the brain
and other organs, when they be distempered do
keep the same in motion; whereby the imagina-
tions there formerly made, appear as if a man
were waking; saving that the organs of sense being
now benumbed, so as there is no new object which
can master and obscure them with a more vigor-
ous impression, a dream must needs be more
clear, in this silence of sense, than are our waking
thoughts. . . .

And seeing dreams are caused by the distemper
of some of the inward parts of the body, diverse
distempers must needs cause different dreams.
And hence it is that lying cold breedeth dreams of

fear, and raiseth the thought and image of some
fearful object, the motion from the brain to the
inner parts, and from the inner parts to the brain
being reciprocal. . . . In sum, our dreams are the
reverse of our waking imaginations; the motion
when we are awake beginning at one end, and
when we dream, at another.

Hobbes, *Leviathan*, I, 2

- 25 To say He hath spoken to him in a dream is no
more than to say he dreamed that God spake to
him; which is not of force to win belief from any
man that knows dreams are for the most part nat-
ural, and may proceed from former thoughts; and
such dreams as that, from self-conceit, and foolish
arrogance, and false opinion of a man's own good-
liness, or other virtue, by which he thinks he hath
merited the favour of extraordinary revelation. To
say he hath seen a vision, or heard a voice, is to
say that he dreamed between sleeping and wak-
ing: for in such manner a man doth many times
naturally take his dream for a vision, as not hav-
ing well observed his own slumbering.

Hobbes, *Leviathan*, III, 32

- 26 Half our days we pass in the shadow of the earth,
and the brother of death exacteth a third part of
our lives. A good part of our sleeps is peered out
with visions, and phantastical objects wherein we
are confessedly deceived. The day supplyeth us
with truths, the night with fictions and falsehoods,
which uncomfortably divide the natural account
of our beings. And therefore having passed the
day in sober labours and rational enquiries of
truth, we are fain to betake ourselves unto such a
state of being, wherein the soberest heads have act-
ed all the monstrosities of melancholy, and which
unto open eyes are no better than folly and mad-
ness.

Sir Thomas Browne, *On Dreams*

- 27 If we dreamt the same thing every night, it would
affect us as much as the objects we see every day.
And if an artisan were sure to dream every night
for twelve hours' duration that he was a king, I
believe he would be almost as happy as a king,
who should dream every night for twelve hours on
end that he was an artisan.

If we were to dream every night that we were
pursued by enemies and harassed by these painful
phantoms, or that we passed every day in differ-
ent occupations, as in making a voyage, we should
suffer almost as much as if it were real, and should
fear to sleep, as we fear to wake when we dread in
fact to enter on such mishaps. And, indeed, it
would cause pretty nearly the same discomforts as
the reality.

But since dreams are all different, and each sin-
gle one is diversified, what is seen in them affects
us much less than what we see when awake, be-
cause of its continuity, which is not, however, so

continuous and level as not to change too; but it changes less abruptly, except rarely, as when we travel, and then we say, "It seems to me I am dreaming." For life is a dream a little less inconstant.

Pascal, *Pensées*, VI, 386

28 Methought I saw my late espoused Saint
Brought to me like *Alcestis* from the grave,
Whom *Joves* great Son to her glad Husband
gave,
Rescu'd from death by force though pale and faint.

Mine as whom washt from spot of child-bed taint,
Purification in the old Law did save,
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was vail'd, yet to my fancied sight,
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O as to embrace me she inclin'd
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

Milton, *Methought I saw my late espoused Saint*

29 He [Johnson] related, that he had once in a dream a contest of wit with some other person, and that he was very much mortified by imagining that his opponent had the better of him. 'Now, (said he,) one may mark here the effect of sleep in weakening the power of reflection; for had not my judgement failed me, I should have seen, that the wit of this supposed antagonist, by whose superiority I felt myself depressed, was as much furnished by me, as that which I thought I had been uttering in my own character.'

Boswell, *Life of Johnson* (1780)

30 I would ask if dreams (from which our sleep is never free, although we rarely remember what we have dreamed), may not be a regulation of nature adapted to ends. For, when all the muscular forces of the body are relaxed, dreams serve the purpose of internally stimulating the vital organs by means of the imagination and the great activity which it exerts—an activity that in this state generally rises to psycho-physical agitation. This seems to be why imagination is usually more actively at work in the sleep of those who have gone to bed at night with a loaded stomach, just when this stimulation is most needed. Hence, I would suggest that without this internal stimulating force and fatiguing unrest that makes us complain of our dreams, which in fact, however, are probably curative, sleep, even in a sound state of health, would amount to a complete extinction of life.

Kant, *Critique of Teleological Judgement*, 67

31 Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:

Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare LIFE-IN-DEATH was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

Coleridge, *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, 190

32 Our life is twofold: Sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence: Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality.

Byron, *The Dream*, I

33 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

Keats, *Ode to a Nightingale*

34 When I was a child, I well remember a somewhat similar circumstance that befell me; whether it was a reality or a dream, I never could entirely settle. The circumstance was this. I had been cutting up some caper or other—I think it was trying to crawl up the chimney, as I had seen a little sweep do a few days previous; and my stepmother who, somehow or other, was all the time whipping me, or sending me to bed supperless,—my stepmother dragged me by the legs out of the chimney and packed me off to bed, though it was only two o'clock in the afternoon of the 21st June, the longest day in the year in our hemisphere. I felt dreadfully. But there was no help for it, so upstairs I went to my little room in the third floor, undressed myself as slowly as possible so as to kill time, and with a bitter sigh got between the sheets.

I lay there dismally calculating that sixteen entire hours must elapse before I could hope to get out of bed again. Sixteen hours in bed! the small of my back ached to think of it. And it was so light too; the sun shining in at the window, and a great rattling of coaches in the streets, and the sound of gay voices all over the house. I felt worse and worse—at last I got up, dressed, and softly going down in my stockinged feet, sought out my stepmother, and suddenly threw myself at her feet, beseeching her as a particular favour to give me a good slipper for my misbehaviour; anything indeed but condemning me to lie abed such an unendurable length of time. But she was the best and most conscientious of stepmothers, and back I had to go to my room. For several hours I lay there broad awake, feeling a great deal worse than I have ever done since, even from the greatest subsequent misfortunes. At last I must have fallen into a troubled nightmare of a doze; and slowly waking from it—half steeped in dreams—I opened my eyes, and the before sunlit room was now wrapped in outer darkness. Instantly I felt a shock running through all my frame; nothing was to be seen, and nothing was to be heard; but a supernatural hand seemed placed in mine. My arm hung over the counterpane, and the name-

less, unimaginable, silent form or phantom, to which the hand belonged, seemed closely seated by my bedside. For what seemed ages piled on ages, I lay there, frozen with the most awful fears, not daring to drag away my hand; yet ever thinking that if I could but stir it one single inch, the horrid spell would be broken. I knew not how this consciousness at last glided away from me; but waking in the morning, I shudderingly remembered it all, and for days and weeks and months afterwards I lost myself in confounding attempts to explain the mystery. Nay, to this very hour, I often puzzle myself with it.

Melville, *Moby Dick*, IV

35 In a morbid condition of the brain, dreams often have a singular actuality, vividness, and extraordinary semblance of reality. At times monstrous images are created, but the setting and the whole picture are so truthlike and filled with details so delicate, so unexpectedly, but so artistically consistent, that the dreamer, were he an artist like Pushkin or Turgenev even, could never have invented them in the waking state. Such sick dreams always remain long in the memory and make a powerful impression on the overwrought and deranged nervous system.

Dostoevsky, *Crime and Punishment*, I, 5

36 The world of dreams is our real world whilst we are sleeping, because our attention then lapses from the sensible world. Conversely, when we wake the attention usually lapses from the dream-world and that becomes unreal. But if a dream haunts us and compels our attention during the day it is very apt to remain figuring in our consciousness as a sort of sub-universe alongside of the waking world. Most people have probably had dreams which it is hard to imagine not to have been glimpses into an actually existing region of being, perhaps a corner of the "spiritual world." And dreams have accordingly in all ages been regarded as revelations, and have played a large part in furnishing forth mythologies and creating themes for faith to lay hold upon. The "larger universe" here, which helps us to believe both in the dream and in the waking reality which is its immediate reductive, is the total universe, of Nature plus the Supernatural. The dream holds true, namely, in one half of that universe; the waking perceptions in the other half.

William James, *Psychology*, XXI

37 In the dream life, the child, as it were, continues his existence in the man, with a retention of all his traits and wishes, including those which he was obliged to allow to fall into disuse in his later years. With irresistible might it will be impressed on you by what processes of development, of repression, sublimation, and reaction there arises out of the child, with its peculiar gifts and tenden-

cies, the so-called normal man, the bearer and partly the victim of our painfully acquired civilization.

Freud, *Origin and Development of Psycho-Analysis*, III

38 That all the material composing the content of a dream is somehow derived from experience, that it is reproduced or remembered in the dream—this at least may be accepted as an incontestable fact. Yet it would be wrong to assume that such a connection between the dream-content and reality will be easily obvious from a comparison between the two. On the contrary, the connection must be carefully sought, and in quite a number of cases it may for a long while elude discovery.

Freud, *Interpretation of Dreams*, I, B

39 The dream represents a certain state of affairs, such as I might wish to exist; the content of the dream is thus the fulfilment of a wish; its motive is a wish.

Freud, *Interpretation of Dreams*, II

40 The dream is not comparable to the irregular sounds of a musical instrument, which, instead of being played by the hand of a musician, is struck by some external force; the dream is not meaningless, not absurd, does not presuppose that one part of our store of ideas is dormant while another part begins to awake. It is a perfectly valid psychic phenomenon, actually a wish-fulfilment; it may be enrolled in the continuity of the intelligible psychic activities of the waking state; it is built up by a highly complicated intellectual activity.

Freud, *Interpretation of Dreams*, III

41 The dream often appears to have several meanings; not only may several wish-fulfillments be combined in it . . . but one meaning or one wish-fulfilment may conceal another, until in the lowest stratum one comes upon the fulfilment of a wish from the earliest period of childhood.

Freud, *Interpretation of Dreams*, V, B

42 In a certain sense, all dreams are convenience-dreams; they serve the purpose of continuing to sleep instead of waking. The dream is the guardian of sleep, not its disturber. . . . The wish to sleep, to which the conscious ego has adjusted itself, and which . . . represents the ego's contribution to the dream, must thus always be taken into account as a motive of dream-formation, and every successful dream is a fulfilment of this wish.

Freud, *Interpretation of Dreams*, V, C

43 It has been my experience—and to this I have found no exception—that every dream treats of oneself. Dreams are absolutely egoistic.

Freud, *Interpretation of Dreams*, VI, C

44 The inclusion of a certain content in a dream within a dream is, therefore, equivalent to the wish that

what has been characterized as a dream had never occurred. In other words: when a particular incident is represented by the dream-work in a dream, it signifies the strongest confirmation of the reality of this incident, the most emphatic *affirmation* of it. The dream-work utilizes the dream itself as a form of repudiation, and thereby confirms the theory that a dream is a wish-fulfilment.

Freud, *Interpretation of Dreams*, VI, C

- 45 The investigation of day-dreams might really have afforded the shortest and best approach to the understanding of nocturnal dreams.

Like dreams, they are wish-fulfillments; like dreams, they are largely based upon the impressions of childish experiences; like dreams, they obtain a certain indulgence from the censorship in respect of their creations. If we trace their formation, we become aware how the wish-motive which has been operative in their production has taken the material of which they are built, mixed it together, rearranged it, and fitted it together into a new whole. They bear very much the same relation to the childish memories to which they refer as many of the baroque palaces of Rome bear to the ancient ruins, whose hewn stones and columns have furnished the material for the structures built in the modern style.

Freud, *Interpretation of Dreams*, VI, I

- 46 Dreaming is on the whole an act of regression to the earliest relationships of the dreamer, a resuscitation of his childhood, of the impulses which were then dominant and the modes of expression which were then available. Behind this childhood of the individual we are then promised an insight into the phylogenetic childhood, into the evolu-

tion of the human race, of which the development of the individual is only an abridged repetition influenced by the fortuitous circumstances of life . . . and we are encouraged to expect, from the analysis of dreams, a knowledge of the archaic inheritance of man, a knowledge of psychical things in him that are innate. It would seem that dreams and neuroses have preserved for us more of the psychical antiquities than we suspected; so that psycho-analysis may claim a high rank among those sciences which endeavour to reconstruct the oldest and darkest phases of the beginnings of mankind.

Freud, *Interpretation of Dreams*, VII, B

- 47 And what of the value of dreams in regard to our knowledge of the future? That, of course, is quite out of the question. One would like to substitute the words: *in regard to our knowledge of the past*. For in every sense a dream has its origin in the past. The ancient belief that dreams reveal the future is not indeed entirely devoid of the truth. By representing a wish as fulfilled the dream certainly leads us into the future; but this future, which the dreamer accepts as his present, has been shaped in the likeness of the past by the indestructible wish.

Freud, *Interpretation of Dreams*, VII, F

- 48 Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half-light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet;
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

Yeats, *He Wishes for the Cloths of Heaven*

5.6 | Madness

Irrationality is peculiar to the so-called "rational animal." Though we sometimes refer to other animals as "mad," we do not do so in the sense in which human madness is understood as loss or disorder of mind. It is that sense of the term which runs through the quotations below, even when the word itself does not appear, but some other

word—such as "frenzy," "lunacy," "melancholy," or "insanity"—takes its place. Only in quotations drawn from comparatively recent writers do such technical terms as "neurosis," "psychosis," or "hysteria" occur, together with the medical names for the symptoms or other manifestations of mental disease. The clinical picture of one mental

disorder—epilepsy—was known to the ancients. Regarded popularly as “the sacred disease,” it was treated in a scientific manner by Hippocrates.

The reader will find in the quotations from the poets, the historians, and the biographers a wide variety of examples of human madness, together with expressions of the awe or wonder that its manifestations inspire in those who behold it. There are, in addition, observations about the role of the emotions or passions in frenzy or lunacy, about the effect of madness on the rational

processes and on the exercise of choice, and about the difference between the cogency of the insane and the lucidity of the sane. One special form of madness is often exemplified and commented on, and that is the madness of the lover—the divine madness.

The modern approach to mental disease, with its distinction between the symptoms of the illness and the disease process itself, and with its classification of neuroses and psychoses, is represented here in the quotations drawn from William James and Sigmund Freud.

1 *Orestes*. I go, an outcast wanderer from this land,
and leave

behind, in life, in death, the name of what I did.

Chorus. No, what you did was well done. Do not
therefore bind

your mouth to foul speech. Keep no evil on your
lips.

You liberated all the Argive city when
you lopped the heads of these two snakes with one
clean stroke.

Or. No!

Women who serve this house, they come like
gorgons, they

wear robes of black, and they are wreathed in a
tangle

of snakes. I can no longer stay.

Ch. Orestes, dearest to your father of all men
what fancies whirl you? Hold, do not give way to
fear.

Or. These are no fancies of affliction. They are
clear,

and real, and here; the bloodhounds of my
mother's hate.

Ch. It is the blood still wet upon your hands,
that makes

this shaken turbulence be thrown upon your
sense.

Or. Ah, Lord Apollo, how they grow and multi-
ply,
repulsive for the blood drops of their dripping
eyes.

Ch. There is one way to make you clean: let
Loxias

touch you, and set you free from these distur-
bances.

Or. You can not see them, but I see them. I am
driven

from this place. I can stay here no longer.

Aeschylus, *Libation Bearers*, 1042

2 Towards this tongue of land . . . the men to
whom the business was assigned carried out a
double bridge from Abydos; and while the Phœ-
nicians constructed one line with cables of white
flax, the Egyptians in the other used ropes made
of papyrus. Now it is seven furlongs across from
Abydos to the opposite coast. When, therefore, the
channel had been bridged successfully, it hap-
pened that a great storm arising broke the whole
work to pieces, and destroyed all that had been
done.

So when Xerxes heard of it he was full of wrath,
and straightway gave orders that the Hellespont
should receive three hundred lashes, and that a
pair of fetters should be cast into it. Nay, I have
even heard it said that he bade the branders take
their irons and therewith brand the Hellespont. It
is certain that he commanded those who scourged
the waters to utter, as they lashed them, these bar-
barian and wicked words: “Thou bitter water, thy
lord lays on thee this punishment because thou
hast wronged him without a cause, having suf-
fered no evil at his hands. Verily King Xerxes will
cross thee, whether thou wilt or no. Well dost thou
deserve that no man should honour thee with sac-
rifice; for thou art of a truth a treacherous and
unsavoury river.” While the sea was thus pun-
ished by his orders, he likewise commanded that
the overseers of the work should lose their
heads.

Herodotus, *History*, VII, 34–35

3 *Tecmessa*. In the depth of night, after the evening
flares

Had all gone out, Ajax, with sword in hand,
Went slowly groping toward the door, intent
Upon some pointless errand. I objected,
And said, “Ajax, what are you doing? Why
Do you stir? No messenger has summoned you:

You have heard no trumpet. Why, the whole
army now's asleep!"

He answered briefly in a well-worn phrase,
"Woman, a woman's deeneey is silence."

I heard, and said no more; he issued forth alone.
I don't know what horrors occurred outside,
But when he came back in, he brought with him
A mass of hobbled bulls and shepherd dogs
And woolly captives. He struck the heads off
some;

Others' he severed with an upward cut;
And some, held fast in bonds, he kept abusing
With words and blows, as though they were hu-
man beings—

And all the while he was vexing poor dumb
beasts.

At length he darted out the door and spoke
Wild, rending words, directed toward some phan-
tom,

Exulting with a harsh laugh how he'd paid them,
Odysseus and the sons of Atreus. Then
He sprang back in again, and somehow, slowly,
By painful stages came to his right mind.

Sophocles, *Ajax*, 285

4 *Messenger*. Offerings to Zeus were set before the
hearth

to purify the horse, for Heracles

had cast the body of the king outside.

There the children stood, in lovely cluster,
with Megara and the old man. In holy hush
the basket made the circle of the hearth.

And then, as Heracles reached out his hand
to take the torch and dip it in the water,
he stood stockstill. There he stood, not moving,
while the children stared. Suddenly he changed:
his eyes rolled and bulged from their sockets,
and the veins stood out, gorged with blood, and
froth

began to trickle down his bearded chin.

Then he spoke, laughing like a maniac:

"Why hallow fire, Father, to cleanse the house
before I kill Eurystheus? Why double work,
when at one blow I might complete my task?

I'll go and fetch Eurystheus' head, add it
to that other corpse, then purify my hands.

Empty your water out! Drop those baskets!

Someone fetch my bow. Put weapons in my
hands:

I march against Mycenae! Let me have
crowbars and picks: the Cyclopes built well,
cramping stone on stone with plumb and mallet,
but with my pick I'll rip them down again."

Then he fancied that his chariot stood there;
he made as though to leap its rails, and rode off,
prodding with his hand as though it held a goad.

Whether to laugh or shudder, we could not tell.

We stared at one another. Then one man asked,

"Is the master playing, or is he . . . mad?"

Up and down, throughout the house, he drove,
and riding through the great hall, claimed it was
Nisus' city, though it was, in fact, his house.

He threw himself to the floor, and acted out
a feast. He tarried there a while, then said
he was approaching Isthmus' wooded valley.
He unstrapped his buckles and stripped himself
bare,

and wrestled with no one; then called for silence
and crowned himself the victor of a match
that never was. Then raged against Eurystheus,
and said he'd come to Mycenae. His father
caught him by that muscled hand and said:

"What do you mean, my son? What is this jour-
ney
that you make? Or has the blood of those you've
slain

made you mad?" He thought Eurystheus' father
had come, trembling, to supplicate his hand;
pushed him away, and set his bow and arrows
against his sons. He thought he was killing
Eurystheus' children. Trembling with terror,
they rushed here and there; one hid beneath
his mother's robes, one ran to the shadow
of a pillar, and the last crouched like a bird
below the altar. Their mother shrieked:

"You are their father! Will you kill your sons?"
And shouts broke from the old man and the
slaves.

Around the pillar he pursued his son
in dreadful circles, then caught up with him
and pierced him to the heart. Backward he fell,
dying, and stained the flagstones with his blood.
His father shouted in triumph, exulting,
"Here is the first of Eurystheus' youngsters dead;
his death repays me for his father's hate."

He aimed his bow at the second, who crouched
below the altar's base, trying to hide.

The boy leaped first, fell at his father's knees
and held his hand up to his father's chin.

"Dearest Father," he cried, "do not murder me.
I am your own son, yours, not Eurystheus'!"

But he stared from stony gorgon eyes,
found his son too close to draw the bow,
and brought his club down on that golden head,
and smashed the skull, as though a blacksmith
smiting steel. Now that his second son lay dead,
he rushed to kill the single victim left.

But before he drew the bow, the mother
seized her child, ran within and locked the doors.

And, as though these were the Cyclopean walls,
he pried the panels up, ripped out the jambs,
and with one arrow brought down son and wife.

And then he rushed to kill his father too,
but look! a phantom came—or so it seemed to
us—

Pallas, with plumed helm, brandishing a spear.
She hurled a rock; it struck him on the chest,
stopped short his murderous rage and knocked
him

into sleep. He slumped to the floor and hit
his back against a pillar which had fallen there,
snapped in two pieces when the roof collapsed.

Delivered from the fear that made us run,
we helped the old man lash him down with ropes

against the pillar, lest when he awakes
still greater grief be added to the rest.
He sleeps now, wretched man, no happy sleep,
killer of his wife and sons. I do not know
one man alive more miserable than this.
Euripides, *Heracles*, 922

5 *Messenger*. And now the stranger worked a miracle.

Reaching for the highest branch of a great fir,
he bent it down, down, down to the dark earth,
till it was curved the way a taut bow bends
or like a rim of wood when forced about the circle
of a wheel. Like that he forced that mountain fir
down to the ground. No mortal could have done
it.

Then he seated Pentheus at the highest tip
and with his hands let the trunk rise straightly up,
slowly and gently, lest it throw its rider.
And the tree rose, towering to heaven, with my
master
huddled at the top. And now the Maenads saw
him
more clearly than he saw them. But barely had
they seen,
when the stranger vanished and there came a
great voice
out of heaven—Dionysus', it must have been—
crying: "Women, I bring you the man who has
mocked

at you and me and at our holy mysteries.
Take vengeance upon him." And as he spoke
a flash of awful fire bound earth and heaven.
The high air hushed, and along the forest glen
the leaves hung still; you could hear no cry of
beasts.

The Bacchae heard that voice but missed its
words,
and leaping up, they stared, peering everywhere.
Again that voice. And now they knew his cry,
the clear command of god. And breaking loose
like startled doves, through grove and torrent,
over jagged rocks, they flew, their feet maddened
by the breath of god. And when they saw my mas-
ter
perching in his tree, they climbed a great stone
that towered opposite his perch and showered him
with stones and javelins of fir, while the others
hurled their wands. And yet they missed their tar-
get,

poor Pentheus in his perch, barely out of reach
of their eager hands, treed, unable to escape.
Finally they splintered branches from the oaks
and with those bars of wood tried to lever up the
tree
by prying at the roots. But every effort failed.
Then Agave cried out: "Maenads, make a circle
about the trunk and grip it with your hands.
Unless we take this climbing beast, he will reveal
the secrets of the god." With that, thousands of
hands

tore the fir tree from the earth, and down, down
from his high perch fell Pentheus, tumbling
to the ground, sobbing and screaming as he fell,
for he knew his end was near. His own mother,
like a priestess with her victim, fell upon him
first. But snatching off his wig and snood
so she would recognize his face, he touched her
cheeks,

screaming. "No, no, Mother! I am Pentheus,
your own son, the child you bore to Echion!

Pity me, spare me, Mother! I have done a wrong,
but do not kill your own son for my offense."

But she was foaming at the mouth, and her crazed
eyes

rolling with frenzy. She was mad, stark mad,
possessed by Bacchus. Ignoring his cries of pity,
she seized his left arm at the wrist; then, plant-
ing

her foot upon his chest, she pulled, wrenching
away

the arm at the shoulder—not by her own strength,
for the god had put inhuman power in her hands.
Ino, meanwhile, on the other side, was scratching
off

his flesh. Then Autonoe and the whole horde
of Bacchae swarmed upon him. Shouts ev-
erywhere,

he screaming with what little breath was left,
they shrieking in triumph. One tore off an arm,
another a foot still warm in its shoe. His ribs
were clawed clean of flesh and every hand
was smeared with blood as they played ball with
scraps
of Pentheus' body.

The pitiful remains lie scattered,
one piece among the sharp rocks, others
lying lost among the leaves in the depths
of the forest. His mother, picking up his head,
impaled it on her wand. She seems to think it is
some mountain lion's head which she carries in
triumph
through the thick of Cithaeron. Leaving her sis-
ters
at the Maenad dances, she is coming here, gloat-
ing
over her grisly prize. She calls upon Bacchus:
he is her "fellow-huntsman," "comrade of the
chase,
crowned with victory." But all the victory
she carries home is her own grief.

Euripides, *Bacchae*, 1063

6 *Socrates*. Of madness there were two kinds; one
produced by human infirmity, the other . . . a
divine release of the soul from the yoke of custom
and convention.

Phaedrus. True.

Soc. The divine madness was subdivided into
four kinds, prophetic, initiatory, poetic, erotic,
having four gods presiding over them; the first
was the inspiration of Apollo, the second that of

Dionysus, the third that of the Muses, the fourth that of Aphrodite and Eros. In the description of the last kind of madness, which was also said to be the best, we spoke of the affection of love in a figure, into which we introduced a tolerably credible and possibly true though partly erring myth, which was also a hymn in honour of Love, who is your lord and also mine, Phaedrus, and the guardian of fair children, and to him we sung the hymn in measured and solemn strain.

Plato, *Phaedrus*, 265A

- 7 A disaster followed, whether accidental or treacherously contrived by the emperor, is uncertain, as authors have given both accounts, worse, however, and more dreadful than any which have ever happened to this city by the violence of fire. It had its beginning in that part of the circus which adjoins the Palatine and Cælian hills, where, amid the shops containing inflammable wares, the conflagration both broke out and instantly became so fierce and so rapid from the wind that it seized in its grasp the entire length of the circus. For here there were no houses fenced in by solid masonry, or temples surrounded by walls, or any other obstacle to interpose delay. The blaze in its fury ran first through the level portions of the city, then rising to the hills, while it again devastated every place below them, it outstripped all preventive measures; so rapid was the mischief and so completely at its mercy the city, with those narrow winding passages and irregular streets, which characterised old Rome. . . . And no one dared to stop the mischief, because of incessant menaces from a number of persons who forbade the extinguishing of the flames, because again others openly hurled brands, and kept shouting that there was one who gave them authority, either seeking to plunder more freely, or obeying orders.

Nero at this time was at Antium, and did not return to Rome until the fire approached his house, which he had built to connect the palace with the gardens of Mæcenas. It could not, however, be stopped from devouring the palace, the house, and everything around it. However, to relieve the people, driven out homeless as they were, he threw open to them the Campus Martius and the public buildings of Agrippa, and even his own gardens, and raised temporary structures to receive the destitute multitude. Supplies of food were brought up from Ostia and the neighbouring towns, and the price of corn was reduced to three sesterces a peck. These acts, though popular, produced no effect, since a rumour had gone forth everywhere that, at the very time when the city was in flames, the emperor appeared on a private stage and sang of the destruction of Troy, comparing present misfortunes with the calamities of antiquity.

Tacitus, *Annals*, XV, 38–39

- 8 Every man prefers to grieve in a sane mind, rather than to be glad in madness.

Augustine, *City of God*, XI, 27

- 9 To suffer ecstasy means to be placed outside oneself. This happens as to the apprehensive power and as to the appetitive power. As to the apprehensive power, a man is said to be placed outside himself when he is placed outside the knowledge proper to him. This may be due to his being raised to a higher knowledge; thus, a man is said to suffer ecstasy because he is placed outside the connatural apprehension of his sense and reason, when he is raised up so as to comprehend things that surpass sense and reason. Or it may be due to his being cast down into a state of debasement; thus a man may be said to suffer ecstasy when he is overcome by violent passion or madness. As to the appetitive part, a man is said to suffer ecstasy when the appetite is borne towards something else, so that it goes forth out from itself, as it were.

The first of these ecstasies is caused by love by way of disposition, in so far, namely, as love makes the beloved to dwell in the lover's mind; and the more we give our mind to one thing, the less we think of others. The second ecstasy is caused by love directly; by love of friendship, absolutely, by love of concupiscence, not absolutely but in a relative sense. Because in love of concupiscence, the lover is taken out from himself, in a certain sense; in so far, namely, as not being satisfied with enjoying the good that he has, he seeks to enjoy something outside himself. But since he seeks to have this extrinsic good for himself, he does not go out from himself absolutely, and this affection remains finally within him. On the other hand, in the love of friendship, a man's affection goes out from itself absolutely, because he wishes and does good to his friend, as it were, caring and providing for him, for his sake.

Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, I–II, 28, 3

- 10 Of what is the subtlest madness made, but the subtlest wisdom? As great enmities are born of great friendships, and mortal maladies of vigorous health, so are the greatest and wildest manias born of the rare and lively stirrings of our soul; it is only a half turn of the peg to pass from the one to the other. In the actions of the insane we see how neatly madness combines with the most vigorous operations of our soul. Who does not know how imperceptibly near is madness to the lusty flights of a free mind and the effects of supreme and extraordinary virtue?

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

- 11 Is there not some rashness in philosophy to consider that men produce their greatest deeds and those most closely approaching divinity when they are out of their minds and frenzied and mad? We

improve by the privation and deadening of our reason. The two natural ways to enter the cabinet of the gods and there foresee the course of destinies are madness and sleep. This is amusing to think about: by the dislocation that the passions bring about in our reason, we become virtuous; by the extirpation of reason that is brought about by madness or the semblance of death, we become prophets and soothsayers. I never was more willing to believe philosophy. It is a pure transport that the sacred truth inspired in the philosophical spirit, which wrests from it, against its intention, the admission that the tranquil state of our soul, the sedate state, the healthiest state that philosophy can acquire for her, is not her best state. Our waking is more asleep than sleep; our wisdom less wise than madness. Our dreams are worth more than our reasonings. The worst position we can take is in ourselves.

But does not philosophy think that we have enough sense to notice that the voice which makes the spirit when it is detached from man so clairvoyant, so great, so perfect, and while it is in man so earthly, ignorant, and shadowed, is a voice coming from the spirit which is a part of earthly, ignorant, and shadowed man, and for that reason a voice not to be trusted or believed?

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

- 12 *Malvolio*. I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.
Clown. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.
Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused.
 Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, IV, ii, 44
- 13 *Polonius*. How now, Ophelia! What's the matter?
Ophelia. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!
Pol. With what, i' the name of God?
Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet, Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraced; No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd, Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle; Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other; And with a look so piteous in purport As if he had been loosed out of hell To speak of horrors—he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Oph. My lord, I do not know; But truly, I do fear it.
Pol. What said he?
Oph. He took me by the wrist and held me hard; Then goes he to the length of all his arm; And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow, He falls to such perusal of my face
- As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so; At last, a little shaking of mine arm And thrice his head thus waving up and down, He raised a sigh so piteous and profound As it did seem to shatter all his bulk And end his being. That done, he lets me go; And, with his head over his shoulder turu'd, He seem'd to find his way without his eyes; For out o'doors he went without their helps. And, to the last, bended their light on me.
Pol. Come, go with me: I will go seek the King. This is the very ecstasy of love, Whose violent property fordoes itself And leads the will to desperate undertakings As oft as any passion under heaven That does afflict our natures. I am sorry. What, have you given him any hard words of late?
Oph. No, my good lord, but, as you did command, I did repel his letters and denied His access to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad.
 Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, II, i, 74
- 14 *Hamlet*. I am but mad north-north-west. When the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.
 Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, II, ii, 396
- 15 *Ophelia*. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown! The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword, The expectancy and rose of the fair state, The glass of fashion and the mould of form, The observed of all observers, quite, quite down! And I, of ladies most deject and wretched, That suck'd the honey of his music vows, Now see that noble and most sovereign reason, Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh; That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me, To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!
 Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, II, i, 158
- 16 *Queen*. To whom do you speak this?
Hamlet. Do you see nothing there?
Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.
Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?
Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.
Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away! My father, in his habit as he lived! Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!
 [Exit Ghost]
Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain. This bodiless creation ecstasy Is very cunning in.
Ham. Ecstasy! My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time, And makes as healthful music. It is not madness That I have utter'd. Bring me to the test,

And I the matter will re-word; which madness
 Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
 Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
 That not your trespass, but my madness speaks.
 Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, III, iv, 131

- 17 *Laertes*. O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven
 times salt,
 Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!
 By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with
 weight,
 Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
 Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
 O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
 Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
 Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine,
 It sends some precious instance of itself
 After the thing it loves.
Ophelia. [Sings]
 "They bore him barefaced on the bier;
 Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;
 And in his grave rain'd many a tear"—
 Fare you well, my dove!
Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade
 revenge,
 It could not move thus.
Oph. [Sings] "You must sing a-down a-down,
 An you call him a-down-a."
 O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false stew-
 ard, that stole his master's daughter.
Laer. This nothing's more than matter.
Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance,
 pray, love, remember; and there is pansies, that's
 for thoughts.
Laer. A document in madness, thoughts and re-
 membrance fitted.
 Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, IV, v, 155

- 18 *Lear*. You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
 As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
 If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
 Against their father, fool me not so much
 To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,
 And let not women's weapons, water-drops,
 Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnatural hags,
 I will have such revenges on you both,
 That all the world shall—I will do such things—
 What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
 The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
 No, I'll not weep.
 I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
 Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
 Or ere I'll weep. O Fool, I shall go mad!
 Shakespeare, *Lear*, II, iv, 275

- 19 *Lear*. Pray, do not mock me.
 I am a very foolish fond old man,
 Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;
 And, to deal plainly,
 I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
 Shakespeare, *Lear*, IV, vii, 60

20 *Doctor*. I have two nights watched with you, but
 can perceive no truth in your report. When was it
 she last walked?

Gentlewoman. Since his Majesty went into the
 field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her
 nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth
 paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal
 it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a
 most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive
 at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of
 watching! In this slumbry agitation, besides her
 walking and other actual performances, what, at
 any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me; and 'tis most meet you
 should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one; having no
 witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise;
 and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand
 close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her. She has light by her
 continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she
 rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to
 seem thus washing her hands. I have known her
 continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady Macbeth. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks. I will set down what
 comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the
 more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say! One;
 two. Why, then 'tis time to do't. Hell is murky!
 Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What
 need we fear who knows it, when none can call
 our power to account? Yet who would have
 thought the old man to have had so much blood
 in him.

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife. Where is
 she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean?
 No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that! You
 mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you
 should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am
 sure of that. Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still! All
 the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little
 hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely
 charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bo-
 som for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well—

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice. Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale. I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed! [Exit.]

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, V, i, 1

- 21 *Macbeth*. How does your patient, doctor?

Doctor. Not so sick, my lord.
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.
Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, V, iii, 37

- 22 Having thus lost his Understanding, he unluckily stumbled upon the oddest Fancy that ever enter'd into a Madman's Brain; for now he thought it convenient and necessary, as well for the Increase of his own Honour, as the Service of the Publick, to turn Knight-Errant, and roam through the whole World arm'd Cap-a-pee, and mounted on his Steed, in quest of Adventures; that thus imitating those Knight-Errants of whom he had read, and following their Course of Life, redressing all manner of Grievances, and exposing himself to Danger on all Occasions, at last, after a happy Conclusion of his Enterprizes, he might purchase everlasting Honour and Renown.

Cervantes, *Don Quixote*, I, 1

- 23 As they were thus discoursing, they discover'd some thirty or forty Wind-mills, that are in that Plain; and as soon as the Knight had spy'd them, Fortune, cry'd he, directs our Affairs better than we our selves could have wish'd: Look yonder, Friend *Sancho*, there are at least thirty outrageous Giants, whom I intend to encounter; and having depriv'd them of Life, we will begin to enrich our selves with their Spoils: For they are lawful Prize; and the Extirpation of that cursed Brood will be an acceptable Service to Heaven. What Giants,

quoth *Sancho Pança*? Those whom thou see'st yonder, answer'd Don *Quixote*, with their long-extended Arms; some of that detested Race have Arms of so immense a Size, that sometimes they reach two Leagues in Length. Pray look better, Sir, quoth *Sancho*; those things yonder are no Giants, but Wind-mills, and the Arms you fancy, are their Sails, which being whirl'd about by the Wind, make the Mill go. 'Tis a Sign, cry'd Don *Quixote*, thou art but little acquainted with Adventures! I tell thee, they are Giants; and therefore if thou art afraid, go aside and say thy Prayers, for I am resolv'd to engage in a dreadful unequal Combat against them all. This said, he clapp'd Spurs to his Horse *Rozinante*, without giving Ear to his Squire *Sancho*, who bawl'd out to him, and assur'd him, that they were Wind-mills, and no Giants. But he was so fully possess'd with a strong Conceit of the contrary, that he did not so much as hear his Squire's Outcry, nor was he sensible of what they were, although he was already very near them: Far from that, Stand, Cowards, cry'd he as loud as he could; stand your Ground, ignoble Creatures, and fly not basely from a single Knight, who dares encounter you all. At the same Time the Wind rising, the Mill-Sails began to move, which, when Don *Quixote* spy'd, Base Miscreants, cry'd he, though you move more Arms than the Giant *Briareus*, you shall pay for your Arrogance. He most devoutly recommended himself to his Lady *Dulcinea*, imploring her Assistance in this perilous Adventure; and so covering himself with his Shield, and couching his Lance, he rush'd with *Rozinante's* utmost Speed upon the first Wind-mill he could come at, and running his Lance into the Sail, the Wind whirl'd it about with such Swift-ness, that the Rapidity of the Motion presently broke the Lance into Shivers, and hurl'd away both Knight and Horse along with it, till down he fell rolling a good Way off in the Field. *Sancho Pança* ran as fast as his Ass could drive to help his Master, whom he found lying, and not able to stir, such a Blow he and *Rozinante* had receiv'd. Merely o'me! cry'd *Sancho*, did not I give your Worship fair Warning? Did not I tell you they were Wind-mills, and that no Body could think otherwise, unless he had also Wind-mills in his Head? Peace, Friend *Sancho*, reply'd Don *Quixote*: There is nothing so subject to the Inconstancy of Fortune as War. I am verily perswaded, that cursed Necromancer *Freston*, who carry'd away my Study and my Books, has transform'd these Giants into Wind-mills, to deprive me of the Honour of the Victory; such is his inveterate Malice against me: But in the End, all his pernicious Wiles and Stratagems shall prove ineffectual against the prevailing Edge of my Sword. Amen, say I, reply'd *Sancho*; and so heaving him up again upon his Legs, once more the Knight mounted poor *Rozinante*, that was half Shoulder-slipp'd with his Fall.

Cervantes, *Don Quixote*, I, 8

- 24 Know then, my most faithful Squire, that *Amadis de Gaul* was one of the most accomplish'd Knights-Errant, nay, I should not have said, he was one of them, but the most perfect, the chief, and Prince of them all. And let not the *Belianises*, nor any others, pretend to stand in Competition with him for the Honour of Priority; for, to my Knowledge, should they attempt it, they would be egregiously in the wrong. I must also inform thee, that when a Painter studies to excel and grow famous in his Art, he takes care to imitate the best Originals; which Rule ought likewise to be observ'd in all other Arts and Sciences that serve for the Ornament of well-regulated Commonwealths. . . . Now, *Sancho*, I find that among the things which most display'd that Champion's Prudence and Fortitude, his Constancy and Love, and his other Heroick Virtues, none was more remarkable than his retiring from his disdainful *Oriana*, to do Penance on the *Poor Rock*, changing his Name into that of *Beltenebros*, or *The Lovely Obscure*, a Title certainly most significant, and adapted to the Life which he then intended to lead. So I am resolv'd to imitate him in this, the rather because I think it a more easy Task than it would be to copy his other Achievements, such as cleaving the Bodies of Giants, cutting off the Heads of Dragons, killing dreadful Monsters, routing whole Armies, dispersing Navies, and breaking the Force of Magick Spells. And since these Mountainous Wilds offer me so fair an Opportunity, I see no Reason why I should neglect it, and therefore I'll lay hold on it now. Very well, quoth *Sancho*; but pray, Sir, what is it that you mean to do in this Fag-end of the World? Have I not already told thee, answer'd Don *Quixote*, that I intend to copy *Amadis* in his Madness, Despair, and Fury? Nay, at the same time I imitate the valiant *Orlando Furioso's* Extravagance, when he ran mad, after he had found the unhappy Tokens of the fair *Angelica's* dishonourable Commerce with *Medoro* at the Fountain; at which time, in his frantick Despair, he tore up Trees by the Roots, troubled the Waters of the clear Fountains, slew the Shepherds, destroy'd their Flocks, fir'd their Huts, demolish'd Houses, drove their Horses before him, and committed a hundred thousand other Extravagancies worthy to be recorded in the eternal Register of Fame. . . . Sir, quoth *Sancho*, I dare say the Knights who did these Penances had some Reason to be mad; but what need have You to be mad too? What Lady has sent you a packing, or so much as slighted you? When did you ever find that my Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso* did otherwise than she should do, with either *Moor* or *Christian*? Why, there's the Point, cry'd Don *Quixote*; in this consists the singular Perfection of my Undertaking: For, mark me, *Sancho*, for a Knight-Errant to run mad upon any just Occasion, is neither strange nor meritorious; no, the Rarity is to run mad without a Cause, without the least Constraint or Necessity.
- Cervantes, *Don Quixote*, I, 25
- 25 At length he wak'd, and with a loud Voice, Blessed be the Almighty, cry'd he, for this great Benefit he has vouchsafed to do me! Infinite are his Mercies; they are greater, and more in Number than the Sins of Men. The Niece hearkening very attentively to these Words of her Uncle, and finding more Sense in them than there was in his usual Talk, at least since he had fallen ill; What do you say, Sir, said she, has any Thing extraordinary happen'd? What Mercies are these you mention? Mercies, answer'd he, that Heaven has this Moment vouchsafed to shew me, in spite of all my Iniquities. My Judgment is return'd clear and undisturb'd, and that Cloud of Ignorance is now remov'd, which the continual Reading of those damnable Books of Knight-Errantry had cast over my Understanding. Now I perceive their Nonsense and Impertinence, and am only sorry the Discovery happens so late, when I want Time to make Amends by those Studies that shou'd enlighten my Soul, and prepare me for Futurity. I find, Niece, my End approaches; but I wou'd have it such, that though my Life has got me the Character of a Mad-man, I may deserve a better at my Death. Dear Child, continu'd he, send for my honest Friend the Curate, the Batchelor *Carasco*, and Master Nicholas the Barber, for I intend to make my Confession, and my Will. His Niece was sav'd the Trouble of sending, for presently they all three came in; which Don *Quixote* perceiving, My good Friends, said he, I have happy News to tell you; I am no longer Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, but *Alonso Quixano*, the same whom the World for his fair Behaviour has been formerly pleas'd to call *the Good*. I now declare my self an Enemy to *Amadis de Gaul*, and his whole Generation; all profane Stories of Knight-Errantry, all Romances I detest. I have a true Sense of the Danger of reading them, and of all my pass'd Follies, and through Heaven's Mercy, and my own Experience, I abhor them. His three Friends were not a little surprized to hear him talk at this rate, and concluded some new Frenzy had possess'd him. What now, said *Sampson* to him? What's all this to the Purpose, Signor Don *Quixote*? We have just had the News that the Lady *Dulcinea* is dishanted; and now we are upon the point of turning Shepherds, to sing, and live like Princes, you are dwindl'd down to a Hermit.
- Cervantes, *Don Quixote*, II, 74
- 26 If men were all to become even uniformly mad, they might agree tolerably well with each other.
- Bacon, *Novum Organum*, I, 27
- 27 That madness is nothing else but too much appearing passion may be gathered out of the effects of wine, which are the same with those of the evil disposition of the organs. . . . For the effect of the wine does but remove dissimulation, and take from them the sight of the deformity of their passions. For, I believe, the most sober men, when

they walk alone without care and employment of the *mind*, would be unwilling the vanity and extravagance of their thoughts at that time should be publicly seen, which is a confession that passions unguided are for the most part mere madness.

Hobbes, *Leviathan*, I, 8

- 28 Men are so necessarily mad that not to be mad would amount to another form of madness.

Pascal, *Pensées*, VI, 414

- 29 A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleas'd with the danger, when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands, to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

Dryden, *Absalom and Achitophel*, 159

- 30 Madmen . . . do not appear to me to have lost the faculty of reasoning, but having joined together some ideas very wrongly, they mistake them for truths; and they err as men do that argue right from wrong principles. For, by the violence of their imaginations, having taken their fancies for realities, they make right deductions from them. Thus you shall find a distracted man fancying himself a king, with a right inference require suitable attendance, respect, and obedience: others who have thought themselves made of glass, have used the caution necessary to preserve such brittle bodies. Hence it comes to pass that a man who is very sober, and of a right understanding in all other things, may in one particular be as frantic as any in Bedlam; if either by any sudden very strong impression, or long fixing his fancy upon one sort of thoughts, incoherent ideas have been cemented together so powerfully, as to remain united. But there are degrees of madness, as of folly; the disorderly jumbling ideas together is in some more, and some less. In short, herein seems to lie the difference between idiots and madmen: that madmen put wrong ideas together, and so make wrong propositions, but argue and reason right from them; but idiots make very few or no propositions, and reason scarce at all.

Locke, *Concerning Human Understanding*,
Bk. II, XI, 13

- 31 The diseases of the mind do in almost every particular imitate those of the body. For which reason, we hope, that learned faculty, for whom we have so profound a respect, will pardon us the violent hands we have been necessitated to lay on several words and phrases, which of right belong to them, and without which our descriptions must have been often unintelligible.

Now there is no one circumstance in which the

distempers of the mind bear a more exact analogy to those which are called bodily, than that aptness which both have to a relapse. This is plain in the violent diseases of ambition and avarice. I have known ambition, when cured at court by frequent disappointments (which are the only physic for it), to break out again in a contest for foreman of the grand jury at an assizes; and have heard of a man who had so far conquered avarice, as to give away many a sixpence, that comforted himself, at last, on his deathbed, by making a crafty and advantageous bargain concerning his ensuing funeral, with an undertaker who had married his only child.

In the affair of love, which, out of strict conformity with the Stoic philosophy, we shall here treat as a disease, this proneness to relapse is no less conspicuous.

Fielding, *Tom Jones*, IV, 12

- 32 Johnson, upon the first violent attack of this disorder, strove to overcome it by forcible exertions. He frequently walked to Birmingham and back again, and tried many other expedients, but all in vain. His expression concerning it to me was "I did not then know how to manage it." His distress became so intolerable, that he applied to Dr. Swinfen, physician in Lichfield, his god-father, and put into his hands a state of his case, written in Latin. Dr. Swinfen was so much struck with the extraordinary acuteness, research, and eloquence of this paper, that in his zeal for his godson he shewed it to several people. His daughter, Mrs. Desmoulins, who was many years humanely supported in Dr. Johnson's house in London, told me, that upon his discovering that Dr. Swinfen had communicated his case, he was so much offended, that he was never afterwards fully reconciled to him. He indeed had good reason to be offended; for though Dr. Swinfen's motive was good, he inconsiderately betrayed a matter deeply interesting and of great delicacy, which had been entrusted to him in confidence; and exposed a complaint of his young friend and patient, which, in the superficial opinion of the generality of mankind, is attended with contempt and disgrace.

But let not little men triumph upon knowing that Johnson was an HYPOCHONDRIACK, was subject to what the learned, philosophical, and pious Dr. Cheyne has so well treated under the title of "The English Malady." Though he suffered severely from it, he was not therefore degraded. The powers of his great mind might be troubled, and their full exercise suspended at times; but the mind itself was ever entire. As a proof of this, it is only necessary to consider, that, when he was at the very worst, he composed that state of his own case, which shewed an uncommon vigour, not only of fancy and taste, but of judgement. I am aware that he himself was too ready to call such a complaint by the name of *madness*; in conformity with which notion, he has traced its gradations, with

exquisite nicety, in one of the chapters of his *Rasselas*. But there is surely a clear distinction between a disorder which affects only the imagination and spirits, while the judgement is sound, and a disorder by which the judgement itself is impaired. This distinction was made to me by the late Professor Gaubius of Leyden, physician to the Prince of Orange, in a conversation which I had with him several years ago, and he expanded it thus: "If (said he) a man tells me that he is grievously disturbed, for that he *imagines* he sees a ruffian coming against him with a drawn sword, though at the same time he is *conscious* it is a delusion, I pronounce him to have a disordered imagination; but if a man tells me that he *sees* this, and in consternation calls to me to look at it, I pronounce him to be *mad*."

Boswell, *Life of Johnson* (1729)

- 33 Dr. Johnson and I had a serious conversation by ourselves on melancholy and madness; which he was, I always thought, erroneously inclined to confound together. Melancholy, like "great wit," may be "near allied to madness"; but there is, in my opinion, a distinct separation between them. When he talked of madness, he was to be understood as speaking of those who were in any great degree disturbed, or as it is commonly expressed, "troubled in mind." Some of the ancient philosophers held, that all deviations from right reason were madness. . . .

Johnson said, "A madman loves to be with people whom he fears; not as a dog fears the lash; but of whom he stands in awe." I was struck with the justice of this observation. To be with those of whom a person, whose mind is wavering and dejected, stands in awe, represses and composes an uneasy tumult of spirits, and consoles him with the contemplation of something steady, and at least comparatively great.

He added, "Madmen are all sensual in the lower stages of the distemper. They are eager for gratifications to sooth their minds, and divert their attention from the misery which they suffer: but when they grow very ill, pleasure is too weak for them, and they seek for pain. Employment, Sir, and hardships, prevent melancholy. I suppose in all our army in America there was not one man who went mad."

Boswell, *Life of Johnson* (Sept. 20, 1777)

- 34 Who in the rainbow can draw the line where the violet tint ends and the orange tint begins? Distinctly we see the difference of the colors, but where exactly does the one first blendingly enter into the other? So with sanity and insanity.

Melville, *Billy Budd*

- 35 Human madness is oftentimes a cunning and most feline thing. When you think it fled, it may have

but become transfigured into still subtler form. Ahab's full lunacy subsided not, but deepeningly contracted; like the unabated Hudson, when that noble Northman flows narrowly, but unfathomably through the Highland gorge. But, as in his narrow-flowing monomania, not one jot of Ahab's broad madness had been left behind; so in that broad madness, not one jot of his great natural intellect had perished. That before living agent, now became the living instrument. If such a furious trope may stand, his special lunacy stormed his general sanity, and carried it, and turned all its concentrated cannon upon its own mad mark; so that far from having lost his strength, Ahab, to that one end, did now possess a thousand-fold more potency than ever he had sanely brought to bear upon any one reasonable object.

Melville, *Moby Dick*, XLI

- 36 Often, when forced from his hammock by exhausting and intolerably vivid dreams of the night, which, resuming his own intense thoughts through the day, carried them on amid a clashing of frenzies, and whirled them round and round in his blazing brain, till the very throbbing of his life-spot became insufferable anguish; and when, as was sometimes the case, these spiritual throes in him heaved his being up from its base, and a chasm seemed opening in him, from which forked flames and lightnings shot up, and accursed fiends beckoned him to leap down among them; when this hell in himself yawned beneath him, a wild cry would be heard through the ship; and with glaring eyes Ahab would burst from his stateroom, as though escaping from a bed that was on fire. Yet these, perhaps, instead of being the unsuppressable symptoms of some latent weakness, of fright at his own resolve, were but the plainest tokens of its intensity. For, at such times, Ahab, the scheming, unappeasably steadfast hunter of the White Whale; this Ahab that had gone to his hammock, was not the agent that so caused him to burst from it in horror again. The latter was the eternal, living principle or soul in him; and in sleep, being for the time dissociated from the characterising mind, which at other times employed it for its outer vehicle or agent, it spontaneously sought escape from the scorching contiguity of the frantic thing, of which, for the time, it was no longer an integral. But as the mind does not exist unless leagued with the soul, therefore it must have been that, in Ahab's case, yielding up all his thoughts and fancies to his one supreme purpose; that purpose, by its own sheer inveteracy of will, forced itself against gods and devils into a kind of self-assumed, independent being of its own; nay, could grimly live and burn, while the common vitality to which it was conjoined, fled horror-stricken from the unbidden and unfeathered birth. Therefore, the tormented spirit that

glared out of bodily eyes, when what seemed Ahab rushed from his room, was, for the time but a vacated thing, a formless somnambulistic being, a ray of living light, to be sure, but without an object to colour, and therefore a blankness in itself. God help thee, old man, thy thoughts have created a creature in thee; and he whose intense thinking thus makes him a Prometheus; a vulture feeds upon that heart for ever; that vulture the very creature he creates.

Melville, *Moby Dick*, XLIV

- 37 Man's insanity is heaven's sense; and wandering from all mortal reason, man comes at last to that celestial thought, which, to reason, is absurd and frantic; and weal or woe, feels then uncompromised, indifferent as his God.

Melville, *Moby Dick*, XCIII

- 38 There is something both contemptible and frightful in the sort of evidence on which, of late years, any person can be judicially declared unfit for the management of his affairs; and after his death, his disposal of his property can be set aside, if there is enough of it to pay the expenses of litigation—which are charged on the property itself. All the minute details of his daily life are pried into, and whatever is found which, seen through the medium of the perceiving and describing faculties of the lowest of the low, bears an appearance unlike absolute commonplace, is laid before the jury as evidence of insanity, and often with success; the jurors being little, if at all, less vulgar and ignorant than the witnesses; while the judges, with that extraordinary want of knowledge of human nature and life which continually astonishes us in English lawyers, often help to mislead them. These trials speak volumes as to the state of feeling and opinion among the vulgar with regard to human liberty. So far from setting any value on individuality—so far from respecting the right of each individual to act, in things indifferent, as seems good to his own judgment and inclinations, judges and juries cannot even conceive that a person in a state of sanity can desire such freedom. In former days, when it was proposed to burn atheists, charitable people used to suggest putting them in a madhouse instead: it would be nothing surprising now-a-days were we to see this done, and the doers applauding themselves, because, instead of persecuting for religion, they had adopted so humane and Christian a mode of treating these unfortunates, not without a silent satisfaction at their having thereby obtained their deserts.

Mill, *On Liberty*, III

- 39 His mind was not in a normal state. A healthy man usually thinks of, feels, and remembers innumerable things simultaneously, but has the power and will to select one sequence of thoughts or

events on which to fix his whole attention. A healthy man can tear himself away from the deepest reflections to say a civil word to someone who comes in and can then return again to his own thoughts. But Prince Andrew's mind was not in a normal state in that respect. All the powers of his mind were more active and clearer than ever, but they acted apart from his will. Most diverse thoughts and images occupied him simultaneously. At times his brain suddenly began to work with a vigor, clearness, and depth it had never reached when he was in health, but suddenly in the midst of its work it would turn to some unexpected idea and he had not the strength to turn it back again.

Tolstoy, *War and Peace*, XI, 32

- 40 Madness is rare in individuals—but in groups, parties, nations, and ages it is the rule.

Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*, IV, 156

- 41 In the eyes of the general public, the symptoms are the essence of a disease, and to them a cure means the removal of the symptoms. In medicine, however, we find it important to differentiate between symptoms and disease, and state that the disappearance of the symptoms is by no means the same as the cure of the disease. The only tangible element of the disease that remains after the removal of the symptoms, however, is the capacity to form new symptoms. Therefore for the moment let us adopt the lay point of view and regard a knowledge of the foundation of the symptoms as equivalent to understanding the disease.

The symptoms—of course we are here dealing with mental (or psychogenic) symptoms, and mental disease—are activities which are detrimental, or at least useless, to life as a whole; the person concerned frequently complains of them as obnoxious to him or they involve distress and suffering for him. The principal injury they inflict lies in the expense of mental energy they entail and, besides this, in the energy needed to combat them. Where the symptoms are extensively developed, these two kinds of effort may exact such a price that the person suffers a very serious impoverishment in available mental energy, which consequently disables him for all the important tasks of life. This result depends principally upon the amount of energy taken up in this way, therefore you will see that illness is essentially a practical conception. But if you look at the matter from a theoretical point of view and ignore this question of degree you can very well say that we are all ill, i.e., neurotic; for the conditions required for symptom-formation are demonstrable also in normal persons.

Freud, *General Introduction to Psycho-Analysis*, XXIII

- 42 If we throw a crystal to the ground, it breaks, but

it does not break haphazard; in accordance with the lines of cleavage it falls into fragments, whose limits were already determined by the structure of the crystal, although they were invisible. Psychotics are fissured and splintered structures such as these. We cannot deny them a measure of that awe with which madmen were regarded by the peoples of ancient times. They have turned away from external reality, but for that very reason they know more of internal psychic reality and can tell us much that would otherwise be inaccessible to us.

Freud, *New Introductory Lectures on Psycho-Analysis*, XXXI

- 43 Every actual animal is somewhat dull and somewhat mad. He will at times miss his signals and stare vacantly when he might well act, while at other times he will run off into convulsions and raise a dust in his own brain to no purpose. These imperfections are so human that we should hardly recognise ourselves if we could shake them off altogether. Not to retain any dulness would mean to possess untiring attention and universal interests, thus realising the boast about deeming nothing human alien to us; while to be absolutely without folly would involve perfect self-knowledge and self-control. The intelligent man known to history flourishes within a dullard and holds a lunatic in leash. He is encased in a protective shell of ignorance and insensibility which keeps him from being exhausted and confused by this too complicated world; but that integument blinds him at the same time to many of his nearest and highest interests. He is amused by the antics of the brute dreaming within his breast; he gloats on his passionate reveries, an amusement which sometimes costs him very dear. Thus the best human intelligence is still decidedly barbarous; it fights in heavy armour and keeps a fool at court.

Santayana, *Life of Reason*, I, 2

- 44 Philosophers have sometimes said that all ideas come from experience; they never could have been poets and must have forgotten that they

were ever children. The great difficulty in education is to get experience out of ideas. Shame, conscience, and reason continually disallow and ignore what consciousness presents; and what are they but habit and latent instinct asserting themselves and forcing us to disregard our midsummer madness? Idiocy and lunacy are merely reversion to a condition in which present consciousness is in the ascendant and has escaped the control of unconscious forces. We speak of people being "out of their senses," when they have in fact fallen back into them; or of those who have "lost their mind," when they have lost merely that habitual control over consciousness which prevented it from flaring into all sorts of obsessions and agonies. Their bodies having become deranged, their minds, far from correcting that derangement, instantly share and betray it. A dream is always simmering below the conventional surface of speech and reflection. Even in the highest reaches and serene meditations of science it sometimes breaks through. Even there we are seldom constant enough to conceive a truly natural world; somewhere passionate, fanciful, or magic elements will slip into the scheme and baffle rational ambition.

A body seriously out of equilibrium, either with itself or with its environment, perishes outright. Not so a mind. Madness and suffering can set themselves no limit; they lapse only when the corporeal frame that sustains them yields to circumstances and changes its habit. If they are unstable at all, it is because they ordinarily correspond to strains and conjunctions which a vigorous body overcomes, or which dissolve the body altogether. A pain not incidental to the play of practical instincts may easily be recurrent, and it might be perpetual if even the worst habits were not intermittent and the most useless agitations exhausting. Some respite will therefore ensue upon pain, but no magic cure. Madness, in like manner, if pronounced, is precarious, but when speculative enough to be harmless or not strong enough to be debilitating, it too may last for ever.

Santayana, *Life of Reason*, I, 2