

4.8 | *Pity and Envy*

1 Now Israel loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age: and he made him a coat of many colours.

And when his brethren saw that their father loved him more than all his brethren, they hated him, and could not speak peaceably unto him.

And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it his brethren: and they hated him yet the more.

And he said unto them, Hear, I pray you, this dream which I have dreamed:

For, behold, we were binding sheaves in the field, and, lo, my sheaf arose, and also stood upright; and, behold, your sheaves stood round about, and made obeisance to my sheaf.

And his brethren said to him, Shalt thou indeed reign over us? or shalt thou indeed have dominion over us? And they hated him yet the more for his dreams, and for his words.

And he dreamed yet another dream, and told it his brethren, and said, Behold, I have dreamed a dream more; and, behold, the sun and the moon and the eleven stars made obeisance to me.

And he told it to his father, and to his brethren: and his father rebuked him, and said unto him, What is this dream that thou hast dreamed? Shall I and thy mother and thy brethren indeed come to bow down ourselves to thee to the earth?

And his brethren envied him; but his father observed the saying.

And when they saw him afar off, even before he came near unto them, they conspired against him to slay him.

And they said one to another, Behold, this dreamer cometh.

Come now therefore, and let us slay him, and cast him into some pit, and we will say, Some evil beast hath devoured him: and we shall see what will become of his dreams.

And Reuben heard it, and he delivered him out of their hands; and said, Let us not kill him.

And Reuben said unto them, Shed no blood, but cast him into this pit that is in the wilderness, and lay no hand upon him; that he might rid him out of their hands, to deliver him to his father again.

And it came to pass when Joseph was come unto his brethren, that they stripped Joseph out of his coat, his coat of many colours that was on him;

And they took him, and cast him into a pit: and the pit was empty, there was no water in it.

And they sat down to eat bread: and they lifted up their eyes and looked, and, behold, a company of Ish-mee-lites came from Gil'e-ad with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt.

And Judah said unto his brethren, What profit is it if we slay our brother, and conceal his blood?

Come, and let us sell him to the Ish-mee-lites, and let not our hand be upon him; for he is our brother and our flesh. And his brethren were content.

Then there passed by Midianites merchantmen; and they drew and lifted up Joseph out of

the pit, and sold Joseph to the Ish-mée-lites for twenty pieces of silver: and they brought Joseph into Egypt.

Genesis 37:3-28

2 *Agamemnon*. In few men is it part of nature to respect

a friend's prosperity without begrudging him, as envy's wicked poison settling to the heart piles up the pain in one sick with unhappiness, who, staggered under sufferings that are all his own,

winces again to the vision of a neighbor's bliss.

Aeschylus, *Agamemnon*, 832

3 *Periander*. How much better a thing it is to be envied than pitied.

Herodotus, *History*, III, 52

4 *Pericles*. Men can endure to hear others praised only so long as they can severally persuade themselves of their own ability to equal the actions recounted: when this point is passed, envy comes in and with it incredulity.

Thucydides, *Peloponnesian War*, II, 35

5 Pity may be defined as a feeling of pain caused by the sight of some evil, destructive or painful, which befalls one who does not deserve it, and which we might expect to befall ourselves or some friend of ours, and moreover to befall us soon. In order to feel pity, we must obviously be capable of supposing that some evil may happen to us or some friend of ours. . . . It is therefore not felt by those completely ruined, who suppose that no further evil can befall them, since the worst has befallen them already; nor by those who imagine themselves immensely fortunate—their feeling is rather presumptuous insolence, for when they think they possess all the good things of life, it is clear that the impossibility of evil befalling them will be included, this being one of the good things in question. Those who think evil *may* befall them are such as have already had it befall them and have safely escaped from it; elderly men, owing to their good sense and their experience; weak men, especially men inclined to cowardice; and also educated people, since these can take long views. Also those who have parents living, or children, or wives; for these are our own, and the evils mentioned above may easily befall them. And those who are neither moved by any courageous emotion such as anger or confidence (these emotions take no account of the future), nor by a disposition to presumptuous insolence (insolent men, too, take no account of the possibility that something evil will happen to them), nor yet by great fear (panic-stricken people do not feel pity, because they are taken up with what is happening to themselves); only those feel pity who are between these two extremes. In order to feel pity we must

also believe in the goodness of at least some people; if you think nobody good, you will believe that everybody deserves evil fortune. And, generally, we feel pity whenever we are in the condition of remembering that similar misfortunes have happened to us or ours, or expecting them to happen in future.

Aristotle, *Rhetoric*, 1385^b13

6 Envy is pain at the sight of such good fortune as consists of the good things already mentioned; we feel it towards our equals; not with the idea of getting something for ourselves, but because the other people have it. We shall feel it if we have, or think we have, equals; and by 'equals' I mean equals in birth, relationship, age, disposition, distinction, or wealth. We feel envy also if we fall but a little short of having everything; which is why people in high place and prosperity feel it—they think every one else is taking what belongs to themselves. Also if we are exceptionally distinguished for some particular thing, and especially if that thing is wisdom or good fortune. Ambitious men are more envious than those who are not. So also those who profess wisdom; they are ambitious—to be thought wise. Indeed, generally, those who aim at a reputation for anything are envious on this particular point. And small-minded men are envious, for everything seems great to them.

Aristotle, *Rhetoric*, 1387^b22

7 We envy those who are near us in time, place, age, or reputation. . . . Also our fellow-competitors, who are indeed the people just mentioned—we do not compete with men who lived a hundred centuries ago, or those not yet born, or the dead, or those who dwell near the Pillars of Hercules, or those whom, in our opinion or that of others, we take to be far below us or far above us. So too we compete with those who follow the same ends as ourselves: we compete with our rivals in sport or in love, and generally with those who are after the same things; and it is therefore these whom we are bound to envy beyond all others. . . . We also envy those whose possession of or success in a thing is a reproach to us: these are our neighbours and equals; for it is clear that it is our own fault we have missed the good thing in question; this annoys us, and excites envy in us. We also envy those who have what we ought to have, or have got what we did have once. Hence old men envy younger men, and those who have spent much envy those who have spent little on the same thing. And men who have not got a thing, or not got it yet, envy those who have got it quickly. We can also see what things and what persons give pleasure to envious people, and in what states of mind they feel it: the states of mind in which they feel pain are those under which they will feel pleasure in the contrary things. If therefore we

ourselves with whom the decision rests are put into an envious state of mind, and those for whom our pity, or the award of something desirable, is claimed are such as have been described, it is obvious that they will win no pity from us.

Aristotle, *Rhetoric*, 1388a6

- 8 Emulation is pain caused by seeing the presence, in persons whose nature is like our own, of good things that are highly valued and are possible for ourselves to acquire; but it is felt not because others have these goods, but because we have not got them ourselves. It is therefore a good feeling felt by good persons, whereas envy is a bad feeling felt by bad persons.
- Aristotle, *Rhetoric*, 1388a30
- 9 The envious person wastes at the thriving condition of another: Sicilian tyrants never invented a greater torment than envy.
- Horace, *Epistles*, I, 2
- 10 When you hear the name of someone who has become famous on account of a particular merit or achievement, you yap like puppies when they encounter strangers.
- Seneca, *On the Happy Life*, XIX
- 11 Folly has habituated us to live with a view to others rather than to ourselves, and our nature holds so much envy and malice that our pleasure in our own advantages is not so great as our distress at others.
- Plutarch, *Contentment*
- 12 When a man has done thee any wrong, immediately consider with what opinion about good or evil he has done wrong. For when thou hast seen this, thou wilt pity him, and wilt neither wonder nor be angry.
- Marcus Aurelius, *Meditations*, VII, 26
- 13 The proud are without pity, because they despise others, and think them wicked, so that they account them as suffering deservedly whatever they suffer.
- Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, II-II, 30, 2
- 14 *Falcon*. That pity wells up soon in gentle heart,
Feeling its likeness in all pains that smart,
Is proved, and day by day, as men may see,
As well by deeds as by authority;
For gentle heart can spy out gentleness.
- Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*: Squire's Tale
- 15 He who asks for pity without reason is a man not to be pitied when there is reason. To be always lamenting for ourselves is the way never to be lamented; by continually putting on a pitiful act, we become pitiable to no one. He who acts dead when still alive is subject to be thought alive when
- dying. I have seen it get some people's goat to be told that their color was good and their pulse even; I have seen them restrain their laughter because it betrayed their recovery, and hate health because it was not pitiable. What is more, they were not women.
- Montaigne, *Essays*, III, 9, Of Vanity
- 16 *Caesar*. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights;
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous;
Antony. Fear him not, *Caesar*; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman and well given.
Caes. Would he were fatter! But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men; he loves no
plays,
As thou dost, *Antony*; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear; for always I am *Caesar*.
- Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*, I, ii, 192
- 17 *Othello*. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned
to-night; for she shall not live. No, my heart is
turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand.
O, the world hath not a sweeter creature! She
might lie by an emperor's side and command him
tasks.
Iago. Nay, that's not your way.
Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is: so
delicate with her needle; an admirable musician:
O! she will sing the savageness out of a bear. Of so
high and plenteous wit and invention—
Iago. She's the worse for all this.
Oth. O, a thousand thousand times. And then,
of so gentle a condition!
Iago. Ay, too gentle.
Oth. Nay, that's certain; but yet the pity of it,
Iago! O *Iago*, the pity of it, *Iago*!
- Shakespeare, *Othello*, IV, i, 191
- 18 *Macbeth*. This Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,

That tears shall drown the wind.

Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, I, vii, 16

19 Envy keeps no holidays.

Nothing but death can reconcile envy to virtue.

Bacon, *Advancement of Learning*,
Bk. VI, III, 16

20 Deformed persons, and eunuchs, and old men, and bastards, are envious. For he that cannot possibly mend his own case, will do what he can to impair another's.

Bacon, *Of Envy*

21 The consideration of the present good excites joy in us, and that of evil, sadness, when it is a good or an evil which is represented as belonging to us. . . . But when it is represented to us as pertaining to other men, we may esteem them either as worthy or unworthy of it; and when we esteem them worthy, that does not excite in us any other passion but joy, inasmuch as it is some satisfaction to us to see that things happen as they should. There is only this difference, that the joy that comes from what is good is serious, while what comes from evil is accompanied by laughter and mockery. But if we esteem them unworthy of it, the good excites envy and the evil pity, which are species of sadness.

Descartes, *Passions of the Soul*, LXI–LXII

22 Pity is a species of sadness, mingled with love or good-will towards those whom we see suffering some evil of which we consider them undeserving. It is thus contrary to envy by reason of its object, and to scorn because it considers its objects in another way. . . . Those who feel themselves very feeble and subject to the adversities of fortune appear to be more disposed to this passion than others, because they represent the evil of others as possibly occurring to themselves; and then they are moved to pity more by the love that they bear to themselves than by that which they bear to others.

Descartes, *Passions of the Soul*,
CLXXXV–CLXXXVI

23 Pity is imagination or fiction of future calamity to ourselves, proceeding from the sense of another man's calamity. But when it lighteth on such as we think have not deserved the same, the compassion is greater, because there then appeareth more probability that the same may happen to us; for the evil that happeneth to an innocent man may happen to every man.

Hobbes, *Human Nature*, IX

24 A man who lives according to the dictates of reason endeavours as much as possible to prevent himself from being touched by pity.

The man who has properly understood that ev-

erything follows from the necessity of the divine nature, and comes to pass according to the eternal laws and rules of nature, will in truth discover nothing which is worthy of hatred, laughter, or contempt, nor will he pity any one, but, so far as human virtue is able, he will endeavour to do well, as we say, and to rejoice. We must add also, that a man who is easily touched by the affect of pity, and is moved by the misery or tears of another, often does something of which he afterward repents, both because from an affect we do nothing which we certainly know to be good, and also because we are so easily deceived by false tears. But this I say expressly of the man who lives according to the guidance of reason. For he who is moved neither by reason nor pity to be of any service to others is properly called inhuman; for he seems to be unlike a man.

Spinoza, *Ethics*, IV, Prop. 50, Corol.; Schol.

25 It is a secret well known to great men, that, by conferring an obligation, they do not always procure a friend, but are certain of creating many enemies.

Fielding, *Tom Jones*, I, 9

26 It is good proverb which says that "it is better to be envious than to have pity." Let us be envious, therefore, as hard as we can.

Voltaire, *Philosophical Dictionary*: Envy

27 Most of the misery which the defamation of blameless actions, or the obstruction of honest endeavours brings upon the world, is inflicted by men that propose no advantage to themselves but the satisfaction of poisoning the banquet which they cannot taste, and blasting the harvest which they have no right to reap.

Johnson, *Rambler No. 183*

28 Johnson. Pity is not natural to man. Children are always cruel. Savages are always cruel. Pity is acquired and improved by the cultivation of reason.

Boswell, *Life of Johnson* (July 20, 1763)

29 Johnson. If a madman were to come into this room with a stick in his hand, no doubt we should pity the state of his mind; but our primary consideration would be to take care of ourselves. We should knock him down first, and pity him afterwards.

Boswell, *Life of Johnson* (Apr. 3, 1776)

30 Once, when midnight smote the air,
Eunuchs ran through Hell and met
On every crowded street to stare
Upon great Juan riding by:
Even like these to rail and sweat
Staring upon his sinewy thigh.

Yeats, *On Those That Hated 'The
Playboy of the Western World,'* 1907

31 True pity consists not so much in fearing suffering as in desiring it. The desire is a faint one and we should hardly wish to see it realized; yet we form it in spite of ourselves, as if Nature were commit-

ting some great injustice and it were necessary to get rid of all suspicion of complicity with her.

Bergson, *Time and Free Will*, I

4.9 | Greed and Avarice

1 He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver; nor he that loveth abundance with increase: this is also vanity.

Ecclesiastes 5:10

2 He who will be covetous, will also be anxious; but he that lives in a state of anxiety, will never in my estimation be free.

Horace, *Epistles*, I, 16

3 And he said unto them, Take heed, and beware of covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth. . . . Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat; neither for the body, what ye shall put on.

The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment. . . .

Consider the lilies how they grow: they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

If then God so clothe the grass, which is to day in the field, and tomorrow is cast into the oven; how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith?

And seek not ye what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, neither be ye of doubtful mind.

For all these things do the nations of the world seek after: and your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things.

But rather seek ye the kingdom of God; and all these things shall be added unto you.

Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.

Sell that ye have, and give alms; provide yourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens that faileth not, where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth.

For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

Luke 12:15-34

4 Here saw I too many more than elsewhere, both on the one side and on the other, with loud howlings, rolling weights by force of chests; they smote against each other, and then each wheeled round just there, rolling aback, shouting "Why holdest thou?" and "Why throwest thou away?"

Thus they returned along the gloomy circle, on either hand, to the opposite point, [again] shouting [at each other] their reproachful measure.

Then every one, when he had reached it, turned through his half-circle towards the other joust.

And I, who felt my heart as it were stung, said: "My Master, now shew me what people these are; and whether all those tonsured on our left were of the clergy."

And he to me: "In their first life, all were so squint-eyed in mind, that they made no expenditure in it with moderation.

Most clearly do their voices bark out this, when they come to the two points of the circle, where contrary guilt divides them.

These were Priests, that have not hairy covering on their heads, and Popes and Cardinals, in whom avarice does its utmost."

And I: "Master, among this set, I surely ought to recognise some that were defiled by these evils."

And he to me: "Vain thoughts combinest thou: their undiscerning life, which made them sordid, now makes them too obscure for any recognition.

To all eternity they shall continue butting one another; these shall arise from their graves with closed fists; and these with hair shorn off.

Ill-giving, and ill-keeping, has deprived them of the bright world, and put them to this conflict; what a conflict it is, I adorn no words to tell."

Dante, *Inferno*, VII, 25

5 I stand up like a scholar in pulpit,
And when the ignorant people all do sit,

I preach, as you have heard me say before,
And tell a hundred false japes, less or more.
I am at pains, then, to stretch forth my neck,
And east and west upon the folk I beck,
As does a dove that's sitting on a barn.
With hands and swift tongue, then, do I so yarn
That it's a joy to see my busyness.
Of avarice and of all such wickedness
Is all my preaching, thus to make them free
With offered pence, the which pence come to me.
For my intent is only pence to win,
And not at all for punishment of sin.

Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*:
Pardoner's Tale, Prologue

6 I preach no sermon, save for covetousness.

For that my theme is yet, and ever was,
'*Radix malorum est cupiditas.*'
Thus can I preach against that self-same vice
Which I indulge, and that is avarice.

Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*:
Pardoner's Tale, Prologue

7 The wish to acquire is in truth very natural and
common, and men always do so when they can,
and for this they will be praised not blamed; but
when they cannot do so, yet wish to do so by any
means, then there is folly and blame.

Machiavelli, *Prince*, III

8 *Shylock*. How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa?
hast thou found my daughter?

Tubal. I often came where I did hear of her, but
cannot find her.

Shy. Why, there, there, there! a diamond
gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort!
The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I
never felt it till now: two thousand ducats in that;
and other precious, precious jewels. I would my
daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in
her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and
the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? Why,
so: and I know not what's spent in the search:
why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so
much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfac-
tion, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but
what lights on my shoulders; no sighs but of my
breathing; no tears but of my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too: Antonio,
as I heard in Genoa—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from
Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God. Is't true, is't
true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that es-
caped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal: good news, good
news! ha, ha! where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard,
in one night fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stickest a dagger in me: I shall never
see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting!
fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in
my company to Venice, that swear he cannot
choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll
torture him: I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring that he had
of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal:
it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was
a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wil-
derness of monkeys.

Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, III, i, 85

9 *Brutus*. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm.

Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*, IV, iii, 9

10 It almost always happens that the man who grows
rich changes his notions of poverty, states his
wants by some new measure, and from flying the
enemy that pursued him bends his endeavours to
overtake those whom he sees before him. The
power of gratifying his appetites increases their
demands; a thousand wishes crowd in upon him,
importunate to be satisfied, and vanity and ambi-
tion open prospects to desire, which still grow
wider as they are more contemplated.

Johnson, *Rambler No. 38*

11 Many there are who openly and almost professed-
ly regulate all their conduct by their love of mon-
ey, who have no reason for action or forbearance,
for compliance or refusal, than that they hope to
gain more by one than by the other. These are
indeed the meanest and cruellest of human
beings, a race with whom, as with some pestifer-
ous animals, the whole creation seems to be at
war, but who, however detested or scorned, long
continue to add heap to heap, and when they
have reduced one to beggary are still permitted to
fasten on another.

Johnson, *Rambler No. 175*

12 *Johnson*. No man was born a miser, because no
man was born to possession. Every man is born
cupidus—desirous of getting; but not *avarus*—de-
sirous of keeping.

Boswell, *Life of Johnson* (Apr. 25, 1778)

13 All for ourselves and nothing for other people,
seems, in every age of the world, to have been the
vile maxim of the masters of mankind.

Adam Smith, *Wealth of Nations*, III, 4

14 Avarice is an insatiate and universal passion;
since the enjoyment of almost every object that
can afford pleasure to the different tastes and tem-

pers of mankind may be procured by the possession of wealth.

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

15 Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster.

Dickens, *A Christmas Carol*, I

16 With the very earliest development of the circulation of commodities, there is also developed the necessity, and the passionate desire, to hold fast the product of the first metamorphosis. This product is the transformed shape of the commodity, or its gold chrysalis. Commodities are thus sold not for the purpose of buying others, but in order to replace their commodity form by their money form. From being the mere means of effecting the circulation of commodities, this change of form becomes the end and aim. The changed form of the commodity is thus prevented from functioning as its unconditionally alienable form, or as its merely transient money form. The money becomes petrified into a hoard, and the seller becomes a hoarder of money.

Marx, *Capital*, Vol. I, I, 3

17 With the possibility of holding and storing up exchange value in the shape of a particular commodity arises also the greed for gold. Along with the extension of circulation, increases the power of money, that absolutely social form of wealth ever ready for use. "Gold is a wonderful thing! Whoever possesses it is lord of all he wants. By means of gold one can even get souls into Paradise." (Columbus in his letter from Jamaica, 1503.) Since gold does not disclose what has been transformed into it, everything, commodity or not, is convertible into gold. Everything becomes saleable and buyable. Circulation becomes the great social resort into which everything is thrown, to come out again as crystallized gold. Not even are the bones of Saints, and still less are more delicate *res sacrosanctae extra commercium hominum* able to withstand this alchemy. Just as every qualitative difference between commodities is extinguished in money, so money, on its side, like the radical leveller that it is, does away with all distinctions. But money itself is a commodity, an external object, capable of becoming the private property of any individual. Thus social power becomes the private power of private persons. The ancients therefore denounced money as subversive of the economic and moral order of things. Modern society, which, soon after its birth, pulled Plutus by the hair of his head from the bowels of the earth, greets gold as its Holy Grail, as the glittering incarnation of the

very principle of its own life.

Marx, *Capital*, Vol. I, I, 3

18 Capital has not invented surplus labour. Wherever a part of society possesses the monopoly of the means of production, the labourer, free or not free, must add to the working time necessary for his own maintenance an extra working time in order to produce the means of subsistence for the owners of the means of production, whether this proprietor be the Athenian [nobleman], Etruscan theocrat, [Roman citizen], Norman baron, American slave owner, Wallachian boyard, modern landlord or capitalist. It is, however, clear that in any given economic formation of society, where not the exchange value but the use-value of the product predominates, surplus labour will be limited by a given set of wants which may be greater or less, and that here no boundless thirst for surplus labour arises from the nature of the production itself. Hence, in antiquity overwork becomes horrible only when the object is to obtain exchange value in its specific independent money form; in the production of gold and silver. Compulsory working to death is here the recognized form of overwork. Only read Diodorus Siculus. Still, these are exceptions in antiquity. But as soon as people, whose production still moves within the lower forms of slave-labour, corvée-labour, etc., are drawn into the whirlpool of an international market dominated by the capitalistic mode of production, the sale of their products for export becoming their principal interest, the civilized horrors of overwork are grafted on the barbaric horrors of slavery, serfdom, etc. Hence, the negro labour in the Southern States of the American Union preserved something of a patriarchal character, so long as production was chiefly directed to immediate local consumption. But in proportion, as the export of cotton became of vital interest to these states, the overworking of the negro and sometimes the using up of his life in seven years' of labour became a factor in a calculated and calculating system. It was no longer a question of obtaining from him a certain quantity of useful products. It was now a question of production of surplus labour itself.

Marx, *Capital*, Vol. I, III, 10

19 It is self-evident that the labourer is nothing else, his whole life through, but labour power, that, therefore, all his disposable time is by nature and law labour time, to be devoted to the self-expansion of capital. Time for education, for intellectual development, for the fulfilling of social functions and for social intercourse, for the free play of his bodily and mental activity, even the rest time of Sunday (and that in a country of Sabbatarianism!)—moonshine! But in its blind unrestrainable passion, its werewolf hunger for surplus labour, capital oversteps not only the moral, but even the

merely physical maximum bounds of the working day. It usurps the time for growth, development, and healthy maintenance of the body. It steals the time required for the consumption of fresh air and sunlight. It higgles over a meal time, incorporating it where possible with the process of production itself, so that food is given to the labourer as to a mere means of production, as coal is supplied to the boiler, grease and oil to the machinery. It reduces the sound sleep needed for the restoration, reparation, refreshment of the bodily powers to just so many hours of torpor as the revival of an organism, absolutely exhausted, renders essential. It is not the normal maintenance of the labour power which is to determine the limits of the working day; it is the greatest possible daily expenditure of labour power, no matter how dis-

eased, compulsory, and painful it may be, which is to determine the limits of the labourers' period of repose. Capital cares nothing for the length of life of labour power. All that concerns it is simply and solely the maximum of labour power that can be rendered fluent in a working day. It attains this end by shortening the extent of the labourer's life, as a greedy farmer snatches increased produce from the soil by robbing it of its fertility.

Marx, *Capital*, Vol. I, III, 10

- 20 From its first day to this, sheer greed was the driving spirit of civilization; wealth and again wealth and once more wealth, wealth, not of society, but of the single scurvy individual—here was its one and final aim.

Engels, *Origin of the Family*, IX

4.10 | Jealousy

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

Song of Solomon 8:6

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

Plutarch, *Lysander*

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

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

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

Thank God, and all your grieving and your
plaint,
I call it an illusive lover's taint
From love's excess, and from anxiety."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Shakespeare, *Othello*, III, iii, 165

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

Othello. Ha! ha! false to me?

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

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

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

Iago. How now, my lord!

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

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

Iago. Is't possible, my lord?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a
whore,
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;
Or, by the worth of man's eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog

Than answer my waked wrath!

Iago. Is't come to this?

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

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

Iago. My noble lord—

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

Shakespeare, *Othello*, III, iii, 330

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

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

Shakespeare, *Othello*, III, iv, 158

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

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

For to a vision so apparent rumour
Cannot be mute—or thought—for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think—

My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
Or else be impudently negative,

To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then say
My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name

As rank as any flax-wench that puts to
Before her troth-plight; say't and justify't.

Camillo. I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without

My present vengeance taken. 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less

Than this; which to reiterate were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?

Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh?—a note infallible

Of breaking honesty—horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?

Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only,

That would unseen be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why, then the world and all that's in't is nothing;

The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these noth-
ings,

If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes;

For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie.

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

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

Descartes, *Passions of the Soul*, CLXVII

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

Fielding, *Tom Jones*, VII, 4

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

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

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