

ANGER:

THE SHORT MADNESS:

SHOULD IT BE THE SCOURGE OF RIGHT-THINKING MAN ?

Of all the passions of man, anger stands out as the most-outrageous, brutal, dangerous and intractable.

Anger is, also, the most loathsome and unmannerly of all passions in man – as well as being the most ridiculous of all passions, too!

It appears, also, that there is no known medical (or other) antidote in respect of congenital ferity, that short madness that has plagued man since he first emerged upon the world stage with his erect posture and his predominant bipedal means of locomotion (*homo erectus*).

It should be very obvious to any man or woman, who has an ounce of perspicacity, that the subduing of the monstrous passion, anger, could go a long way to the establishment of peace and tranquillity toward neighbours as well as between diametrically opposing political policies of sovereign states.

It may be held that distempers of the mind are not completely unlike those distempers that invade the bodies of mammals, although distempers of the body manifest themselves in very different forms to that of the distempers of the mind.

Thus, logically, it could be held that diagnoses of distempers of the mind could well lead to the beginning of the cure, or arrestation, of distempers of the body.

It has well been agreed that the illumination of the moral roots of a sovereign state's seeming '*distemper*' is

likely to be among the first important and lasting steps, leading to the cure that, in part or in whole, could shine the light to the way forward in the establishment of peace among men.

The passion, anger, is often thought to be, simply put, a strong desire to punish for some injury, perceived to have been done.

This is not, always, the case for oftentimes a man or a woman might vent his/her anger against a person or persons that has never done him/her harm: A perceived injury, precipitant to a thought, and little else, alone, may have its roots in immoderate conceit without the need for injury per se.

Anger is a turbulent humour that, at first dash, calls off all shame without regard of all order, measure or good manners, transporting one into misbecoming violence – with tongue and hands, and then, any and all parts of one's (then) misshapen body.

There are no greater slaves than those that serve anger.

Anger has – only too often – the innate propensity to spare none, neither friend nor foe; it casts human nature into a perpetual state of war; it dissolves the bond of mutual society inasmuch that companions and relations dare not draw close as before.

Anger Personified

This brings this medium to the matter of the seemingly long-running feud between a large number of the present members of the Democratic Party and the Republican Party, the two, major political parties of The United States of America.

The anger, voiced of late by stentorian Democrats in public statements in attempts to malign certain prominent Republicans and/or their stated political beliefs or policies, has now reached ferocious proportions – more often than not, as recently has been proven, to the detriment of large swaths of the general public of the country.

Such outbursts of malignity do more harm than good, as history has proved.

Such outbursts are the spawns of the unbridled passion, anger, because, inter alia, there can be no political gain when the passion, anger, is the preferred medium of exchange.

At the core of the Democrat Party's anger, displayed almost daily by one or more of their members, is not any matter, based upon a specific political need, or dire suggestion thereon – as should be the *raison d'être* of the Democratic Party's Members of The House of Representatives – but on factors that must boggle the imagination of mature, right-minded people.

Fanning the flames of animosity and acrimony of the Members of the Democratic Party of The United States House of Representatives is the present Leader of the Democratic Party, Mrs Nancy Patricia D'Alesandro Pelosi, a lady of 78 years.

She, by her actions and her many inflammatory statements, seems to take delight in firing multiple barbs of discontent in the direction of the White House, the seat of political power in the second-largest economy of the world, wherein sits Mr Donald John Trump, the elected, 45th President of the country.

Very often, standing by the side of Mrs Nancy Patricia D'Alesandro Pelosi, in times of pith and moment, is the 68 year-old, Mr Charles Ellis Schumer.

What is very apparent in the espousing of the statements by this political duo is of their extravagance in displaying their anger and hatred of President Donald John Trump.

They make no bones about this and they have stated their desire, vehemently, to find ways to bring down the House of President Donald John Trump.

Yet, the elected President of The United States of America has done no harm to anybody in the two years that he has served as, unquestionably, the most-powerful leader of the Western World.

Far from it, in fact.

Yet the anger of Mrs Nancy Patricia D'Alesandro Pelosi and Mr Charles Ellis Schumer and, recently, come to the fore of certain muddled-minded and pretentious members of the Democratic Party, continues to be manifested, now, whenever and where-ever the spirit moves them.

It would not be unfair to state that unbounded conceit is the fuel that feeds these people's passion for anger.

Their anger does not stop at the almost daily utterances of ire about President Donald John Trump and

certain members of his Administration's stated plans for the future of the country because, inter alia, as is, also, very apparent, the political duo of Mrs Nancy Patricia D'Alesandro Pelosi and Mr Charles Ellis Schumer require, earnestly, the support of the majority of the Democratic Party members who sit in The House of Representatives.

Their anger is, without question, contagious, as all manifestations of anger tend to become.

The duo's fervent hope is that, as with all mammals, endowed with a low levels of Intelligent Quotients, the herd accepts, blindly, that it should follow its leaders, rightly or wrongly.

And, to some extent, at least, Mrs Nancy Patricia D'Alesandro Pelosi and Mr Charles Ellis Schumer are correct because when anger is manifest, it tends to infect not only those who have been previously inducted, but to others who may be pedestrian philistines, as well as to those, planning to try to obtain future patronage in one incarnation or another.

By so doing, Mrs Nancy Patricia D'Alesandro Pelosi and Mr Chuck Ellis Schumer both desire to demonstrate to the hoi polloi, numbering about 330 million, men, women and children, that they, and the Democratic Party, must be seen as being in the right.

It follows, by this duo's impeccable logic, that President Donald John Trump and the Members of the Republican Party, who embrace the President and his determinations, must be in the wrong.

This Brouhaha That Should Have No Place In Man

Mr Donald John Trump was never atypical of the kind of person that the electorate of The United States of America had been, in the past, accustomed to consider as their future elected leader of the most-successful form of government to which the world has been witness.

This was due, in large part, to Mr Donald John Trump's demeanour and brusqueness, among other things.

To cast a vote in favour of this businessman and previous television personality, it could result in this political '*upstart*', with a somewhat chequered, personal history, to become amongst the most-powerful – and feared – men of the world.

Many of the electorate, who chose not to vote for this outwardly egotistical man, could never have envisaged, prior to January 20, 2017, when Mr Donald John Trump was inaugurated as the President of The

United States of America, that this multi-million-dollar businessman, with no political or military background, at all, could win, in a free-and-fair election, the right to sleep in the White House in Washington, District of Columbia.

But he did win!

And this caused an uproar, especially from the political diehards of days of yore.

Negative and invective name-calling from the outset of Mr Donald John Trump's ascension to the most-prestigious seat of power in the Western World came from many directions, not just from sitting, envious American politicians, past and present, but from famous film stars of the day, from many members of the popular American media, some of whom were (and still are), unashamedly, very biased, and from certain television presenters that took delight to slinging hurtful comments in the President's direction.

But, today, from a very large percentage of the blue-collar workers of the country, there is admiration at that which, in the first 24 months of his tenure of office, President Donald John Trump has accomplished.

President Donald John Trump, however, is also, very controversial, being, in some cases, morally suspect, and, in other cases, having been, in the distant past, downright dishonourable if not despicable with regard to certain statements that he has aimed at the fairer sex (not the type of utterance that one should expect from a God-fearing gentleman who, today, ranks amongst the most-powerful men in the world).

It is well known that, in the past, he has had casual affairs with a number of ladies, some of whom, one would surmise, it would be difficult to believe that he would consider inviting most of them to the White House for a luncheon.

His history is, very often, thrown in his face in order to suggest that he is unfit for the high office that he presently holds.

But which virile man, in his youth, has not perpetrated acts that, in maturity, he regrets?

President Donald John Trump is known to have shocked many people by the many statements that he has uttered since assuming the role of the political leader of the most-powerful nation in the world.

As American cowboys are not loath to state in respect of a person, such as President Donald John Trump: *'He shoots from this hip.'*

He is narcissistic and makes no bones about this side of his character for it would be terribly difficult for him to deny this part of his basic nature.

All the above and a great deal more have made President Donald John Trump the talk of his many enemies ... as well as the outpouring of quite a number of raucous guffaws for those who tend to forgive him his trespasses.

But his enemies, grudgingly, find it difficult to criticise his many successes over the past two years, try as they might.

An increasing number of politicians, of well-heeled gentlemen and film stars, have stated, openly, that they would like to see President Donald John Trump thrown out of office in a most-ignominious manner, one that would be unprecedented in history of the country.

However, there is almost no chance of this taking place unless there is strong evidence, forthcoming, that the Senate and The House of Representatives would care to endorse.

He who, out of anger, attempts to denigrate another is in peril of denigrating himself.

Put another way, when a man digs a grave for one person, that man must be careful that he does not fall into that grave, himself.

How Does Anger Evince Itself ?

Carnivores in the wild prey on the slow, the weak, and the partially crippled.

Wild animals do not take their actions of killing prey out of anger, but out of the requirement to obtain sustenance.

The actions of carnivores in the wild result in prey animals, becoming healthier, faster and stronger, leading to predators, having to try to keep abreast of the physical attributes, their modifications/embellishments, made only too manifest in prey animals.

There is no anger in the mind of a lioness as she runs down a gazelle, killing it by suffocation, and then, along with other lionesses, eating to satiation of the flesh of this slender antelope.

A defending lion will fight fiercely on noting the presence of an uninvited male in his territory.

This act by the defending lion is not out of anger, but for reasons of dire need in respect of its hunting territory and the sanctity of the pride for which the lion feels he has an innate obligation to defend against all would-be intruders.

In nature, there is not anger in the mind of a predator, only the requirement to locate a sufficiency of sustenance, defend its territory against would-be interlopers, if needs be such, and to procreate.

Only man kills for pleasure.

Only man has the ability to have the desire to pay sorrow for sorrow.

Anger is unquestionably a vice; and, it is vice against nature.

If one equates anger with vice, then, virtue – showing high moral standards – must, surely, be the absence of anger in the same manner that health is devoid of sickness or injury in man.

Anger has the propensity to divide rather than unify.

Anger is the causes of destruction; it destroys strong friendships; love suffers at its hand.

Anger, as with any vice, carries with it neither pleasure nor profit, neither honour nor security, but, on the contrary, it destroys man of all the comfortable and glorious purposes of his reasonable being.

Anger often discharges itself upon the innocent, instead of the guilty.

Whereas nature is bountiful, anger is pernicious.

Reason deliberates before it passes judgment, but anger, more often than not, passes sentence without deliberation.

It is a sad fact that many of man's quarrels are of his own making, either by gross errors of judgement or by oblique design.

If one is infused with anger at the sight of wickedness, then, it follows that the greater the wickedness, the greater must be the anger.

Anger spills over when man, unthinkingly, fails to cause his mental processes to make a determination with regard to the gravity of his acts or statements and as to their future effect upon neighbours and friends, alike.

The experienced, professional boxer has been taught never to display anger when his opponent knocks him to the ground with a single, unexpected punch, and so, as he stands, once more in order to face his adversary, he makes an unconscious determination to prevent the reoccurrence of the blow that caused him to be knocked down, without any thought of retribution: A boxer of any merit knows that retribution – punishment inflicted on another for an act, deemed as having been wrongfully executed – is fully associated with the passion, anger, and if anger is allowed to fester, it shall, always, lose him the fight.

Could There Ever Be An Angry Philosopher ?

The word, philosopher, is derived from Greek philosophos, '*lover of wisdom*', from philein, '*to love*', plus sophos, '*wise*'.

Thus, it stands to reason that the term, '*angry philosopher*', must be an aporia – a logical disjunction in a text, argument, or theory.

The most-celebrated example of an aporia is that which was, supposedly, uttered by a Cretan who declared that all Cretans to be liars.

Anger, without question, is a turbulent state of mind that, at first dash, casts off all shame without any regard for order, measure, or good manners.

It transports a person into misbecoming violence, with his tongue, his hands and, if needs be such, every part of his body.

As one man rages against another in the vain attempt to think that he who could never be drowned, but the aggressor, himself, he may become the companion of the act.

Of all the passions of man, anger is the most-powerful since, among other things, it renders a man incapable of discourse or other common duties; it causes a man who is in love to kill the one that he loves; the ambitious man to trample upon his honour; and, with the covetous, to throw away his fortune.

Anger, as with epidemical contagion, sweeps us, all: Men, women and children, princes and beggars, alike, all carry it away as one man.

Anger, itself, is much more hurtful than the injury that provoked it, initially,

There is no greater slave than the man who serves, without sufficient introspection, his acknowledged master of the moment, anger, and, in his servitude, he, ultimately, improves his misfortunes by an impatience more insupportable than the calamity that caused the anger.

For what reason does not a right-thinking man make the best of his short life, rendering himself amiable to all while he lives; making himself desirable upon his death.

Knowledge of the mortality of man should strongly suggest that not a tiny bit of one's greatest asset, time, must needs be wasted.

Time is much-too expensive to be wasted upon determinations in respect of executing animosities and feuds.

Is it not better to enjoy the pleasures that life has to offer than to be conniving how to gall and torment another?

Mortal man, as with the strongest and most-savage of predators, meets the same end in due course so that there is little reason to hasten his last breath.

A man's last breath cannot go beyond his demise: Death is one's final bed and, undoubtedly, it shall be the most-comfortable of all.

Time lost may never be retrieved for the moving finger knows not of retraction from that which must be written in the annals of history.

As death approaches, anger pales to insignificance and one may, inevitably, ask oneself:

'For what reason did this passion ever take possession of my mind?

'Now, too late, I am gone.'

-- End --

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