HARPER'S

But, like the other six, envy is a state of mind: it does not require you to do anything. This strikes me as extraordinary, that you could commit a deadly sin—indeed all seven—without moving a muscle. After all, if you had to come up with seven modern sins the chances are that you would choose actions rather than thoughts. Drunkenness might qualify; fancying a few pints would seem a bit weak. But envy is an unpleasant thought wrapped in an unwanted emotion, and that explains the place that it occupies in medicine.

It was Sigmund Freud's view that envy was the state of mind that explained women. But not just any envy. Everything from women's neuroses to their ambitions, including the desire for psychoanalysis itself, was put down to penis envy. It all begins, said Freud, with the infant girl's realisation that she is different from her father in what advertisements for depilatory creams call the bikini area. Not only does she never quite forgive her mother, who on fairly circumstantial evidence is held responsible for her deficiency (Freud's word, not mine), but she spends the rest of her life trying to get back what she has lost. Not consciously, however—we are dealing here with the father of psychoanalysis, not John Wayne Bobbitt.

It is easy to mock Freud, and envious people have not been slow to do so. One of the towering figures of 20th century thought he may have been, but women, it is said, were his blind spot. But looked at more simply, stripped of the theory that nowadays is hard to swallow, Freud's view of women is uncontroversial, unoriginal even. Take out the penis and what you are left with is sociological envy, women's discomfort at the status, influence, and job success that men can attain and yet not deserve. The fact that it comes with more alcoholism, heart disease, and suicide has never made the penis less enviable.

It is not envy that modern psychiatrists worry about but its mirror image, jealousy. I had been in the specialty no more than a few days when I met my first case of delusional jealousy—Othello syndrome. He was a musician who had treated his premature ejaculation with amphetamines to which he had ready access. The drugs had turned him paranoid and he had accused his girlfriend of infidelity, confronting her with half baked evidence. When she denied it he beat her badly—it may be Othello's syndrome but it was Desdemona's neck.

Jealousy of this intensity is a male preserve. In some cases, you find men who fear their own inadequacies,

who need to possess women in compensation, and who cannot accept that women have other ideas—morbid jealousy tells us more about attitudes between the sexes than penis envy ever could. And, unlike envy, jealousy is more than thought: it leads to action. Men with Othello syndrome sometimes kill their women and occasionally kill themselves. Jealousy may not have made it into the top seven sins but no one can say that it is not deadly.

Wrath

Simon Chapman

Wrath has had a shocking press since the Old Testament. The writer of *Ecclesiastes*, a neglected epidemiologist, apparently had unpublished data showing that "envy and wrath shorten the life."¹ As many found out, God was just full of it, promising to deliver it by the chariot load for the slightest misdemeanour ("Let no man deceive you with vain words; for because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience").

Today wrath sits alone in the back row in the den of sins, spurned and feared by all the others as they indulge their pleasures and neuroses. The greedy might be contemptible, the gluttonous unsightly, the envious tedious, and the lustful, well...envied. But the wrathful are simply terrifying and reviled. I mean, who would you rather have to your party? Eros, Bacchus or Dionysius? An orgy, a banquet or brachioprocitic red hot pokers?

Sour grapes?

But is this really fair—a sort of sour grapes of wrath? Certainly, the easy part is agreeing that many wrathful people throughout history have been distinctly nasty pieces of work, having caused untold misery and suffering to millions. Between them, this year's killers at Dunblane and Port Arthur ended the lives of 52 people. The continuing genocide in Rwanda doubtless cloaks dozens more unspeakable examples. The community's memory holds a special place for the wrathful, with these sort of events being mileposts in the archaeology of human

HARPER'S

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punishment—in this world in *The Canterbury Tales*, in the next in Dante's *Inferno*.

Justice and comeuppance

But what about slow roasting, beginning, middle, and end, hung out to dry wrath that is turned to good purpose? I'm talking about the sort of community sanctioned wrath that's veiled in the codified values of judicial process. Or the life force driving an orchestrated strategy to publicly shame those bastards in power whose deeds or conscious omissions indisputably hurt others. Wrath dealt out to villains by the vilified and their advocates is called other things: punishment, justice, or plain old comeuppance. If wrath can be channelled into acts against a few of these types and is calculated to produce a better quality of life for maybe millions, might not there be something noble about wrath after all?

St James counselled that we should be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath.³ This sort of quietist stuff is all very well if your worst problems are children who play rap music or share Michael Jackson's view of himself as HiStory. But in public health we often deal with rather more portentous nonsense. St Matthew advised his local "generation of vipers" that they had wax in their ears and hadn't heard warnings "to flee the wrath to come."⁴ I'm no theologian, but this looks rather like a bit of moral thumbs up for wrath to me.

So who are today's human death adders (*Acanthopis antarcticus*) on whom doctors and public health workers might rightfully vent a little spleen? Surely, with currently three million deaths a year to their names,⁵ it's hard to pass by the strategists within the tobacco industry as exemplary candidates for our collective wrath. The recent revelations about over 30 years of lying, scientific palm greasing, and every manner of deceit and cover up in the international tobacco industry,⁶ for the purposes of keeping as many people smoking as possible, showed that these people have all the ethics of a cash register.

In March it was announced that Britain's most prominent tobacco industry lobbyist, the urbane Clive Turner, will retire within a year. The *Sunday Telegraph* reported that during his career "Mr Turner has had human faeces and used condoms sent through the post. Then there was the witch who put a curse on him, saying his hair would fall out, his eyes would be gouged out and his teeth drawn. Two days later he was mugged and lost a tooth." OK, all right—we all know this is reprehensible...and so on.

But if you laughed *at* Mr Turner when you read that, perhaps wrath is the handmaiden of the delight many feel when the community and the press pillory such people. Let's wrath and roll!

By the Age of Enlightenment pride was beginning to regain its, well, pride. David Hume first hinted that it may have had a bad press—"The term pride is commonly taken in a bad sense—but this sentiment seems indifferent, and may either be good or bad, according as it is well or ill formed, and according to other circumstances which accompany it."² Hume accepted that it could be a positive emotion: "It is a sentiment of conscious worth, the self satisfaction proceeding from a review of a man's own character." He also drew attention to the difference between happiness and pride—I am happy to read a good editorial in the *BMJ*, but proud to have written one myself. I am familiar, sometimes, with the former emotion but still await the latter.

The modern clergy continues to keep faith with the Church fathers. When a theologian turned counsellor carried out a survey asking clergy to rank the deadly sins in the order of seriousness, pride came fourth on the list.³ Not as high as Pope Gregory would have wished, but still above greed, anger, gluttony, and envy. I know this makes eight, but apparently there are good theological grounds for considering melancholy as the eighth deadly sin. Women were thought to be particularly prone to pride. The author concluded that "for the clergy there is something suspicious about wanting praise for one's accomplishments."³

Back in fashion?

It is the staple of the better class of journalists to bemoan how out of touch with modern mores are the clergy. Theological attitudes to pride are as up to date as the judge who asked: "Who are the Beatles?" In contrast to their pastors, the God fearing natives of New Jersey placed pride at the bottom of their sin list.¹ For the rest of us it does not even rate a place. Pride is "in." Psychologists see it as a positive emotion—Richard Lazarus, one of the most influential of contemporary psychologists, lists it with love, joy, and gratitude.⁴ Sociologists regard pride along with self worth and note how it leads to the ultimate social nirvana—high social status.⁵ Pride is classified with happiness, satisfaction, loving, and being loved.³

In most psychological texts pride is a rather archaic word, yielding few references on a quick trawl through

Pride

Simon Wessely

The early fathers of the Church had it in for pride—Pope Gregory the Great, the one who considered us to be Angels and not Angles—considered it the worst of the Deadly Sins.¹ In consequence the proud merchant or priest could be relied on to get his

It's Time To Start Feeling Good About Yourself—Really Good!

"PRIDE goeth before a fall"—we've all heard it. But what *TRUE* is it?

It's mostly *BUNK*, agree today's top mental health experts.

Pride: the sin you can feel good about

You've heard it all the bad things you can

do. At least, in Sunday school. In their exegeses, "Pride is sin" they join a long list of other sins.

Pride, given a bad rap, was your anti-neighborhood neighbor.

It's time this country's wackiness and fakes take *Pride* in behavior, credit, in health, and counsel. The psychiatric community is in complete agreement on this point:

It's OK to feel good about yourself, but *not* to brag about it. *PRIDE*...it's bad, it's *boast* word for mental doctors.

Henry VIII

Feudal, after romantic, before, it was Henry, pride that kept him searching for the right girl. He had his heart broken—the lovely Catherine Parr.

William F. Buckley Jr.
Editor of National Review

The most misused word in the English language is, of course, *pride*. It is a word that's often being used in its original, or "prideful," sense. The concept of "prideful" people is not a bad one, people who are proud of their accomplishments.

Dictionary editor, William F. Buckley Jr., of course, comes in to his from a different angle. He says that *pride* is a word that's often being used in its original, or "prideful," sense. The concept of "prideful" people is not a bad one, people who are proud of their accomplishments.

Next time you run across *pride*, it's the *prideful* sense, it's a word or phrase, not a feeling. You'll be better off doing so.

A poet celebrates pride and on the jobless this week, again

My name is Shakespeare,

King of kings,

Look at me, look at me, look at me,

*—Poet, *My Name is Shakespeare**

Shakespeare was an actor, scholar, and one of the best of his time. He was a man who was proud of his accomplishments, and he was a man who was proud of his country.

Shakespeare was a man who was proud of his accomplishments, and he was a man who was proud of his country. He was a man who was proud of his accomplishments, and he was a man who was proud of his country.

the extraordinary. Her novel *Hugh*, which has a classic celebration of a doctor's pride in his work, is a larger than life story.

The *Prize* movie is a pride in the work of a human being, a pride in the work of a human being, a pride in the work of a human being.

Putting yourself on a pedestal—It's never been more convenient

But here's one thing you can be sure of: It's never been so hard.

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