Some Example Quotes with Citations

<$>Simon, Bennett {Mind and Madness in Ancient Greece} Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 1978.

Thus the state of psychiatry today: the musicians do not play the same instrument, they could never form a symphony orchestra (who could agree on the conductor?), but there is not complete cacophony. p. 21

first sentence of Chapter 1: “On the Babel of Tongues in Contemporary Psychiatry” -jmr

The science of mental disease, as it would develop in the asylum, would always be only of the order of observation and classification. It would not be a dialogue. It could not be that until psychoanalysis had exorcised this phenomenon of observation … and substituted for its silent magic the powers of language. P. 31

>>> Michel Foucault

{Madness and Civilization}%%

<https://plato.stanford.edu/entries/foucault/>

epigraph to Chapter 2: “The Development of Models of Mental Illness” –jmr

<$> Dodds, E.R. {The Greeks and the Irrational} University of California Press, 1951

“An erudite, readable, and uncommonly interesting book” according to Scientific American -nb.

this complete anthropomorphic system has *of course* no relation to real religion or to morality. These gods are a delightful, gay invention of poets. p. 2

>>> Maurice Bowra

{Tradition and Design in the Illiad} p. 222 %%

It was above all Sophocles, the last great exponent of the archaic world-view, who expressed the full tragic significance of the old religious themes in their unsoftened, unmoralised forms—the overwhelming sense of human helplessness in the face of the divine mystery, and of the *ate* that waits on all human achievement—and who made these thoughts part of the cultural inheritance of Western Man. p. 49

^s: Sophocles ; tragedy

///Blessed is he whose life has not tasted of evil.

When God has shaken a house, the winds of madness

Lash its breed till the breed is done:

Even so the deep-sea swell

Raked by wicked Thracian winds

Scours in its running the subaqueous darkness,

Churns the silt black from sea-bottom;

And the windy cliffs roar as they take its shock.

Here on the Labdacid house long we watched it piling,

Trouble on dead men’s trouble: no generation

Frees the next from the stroke of God:

Deliverance does not come.

The final branch of Oedipus

Grew in his house, and a lightness hung above it:

To-day they reap it with Death’s red sickle,

The unwise mouth and the tempter who sits in the brain.

The power of God man’s arrogance shall not limit:

Sleep who takes all in his net takes not this,

Nor the unflagging months of Heaven—ageless the Master

Holds for ever the shimmering courts of Olympus.

For time approaching, and time hereafter,

And time forgotten, one rule stands:

That greatness never

Shall touch the life of man without destruction.

Hope goes fast and far: to many it carries comfort,

To many it is but the trick of light-witted desire—

Blind we walk, till the unseen flame has trapped our footsteps.

“Of a mind that God leads to destruction

The sign is this—that in the end

Its good is evil.”

Not long shall that mind evade destruction. pp. 49-50

>>>Sophocles

{Antigone}%%