

Sexual E4: A Competitive Arrogance

Just as the conservation E4 is a long-suffering person and the social E4 a sufferer (who amplifies his suffering to attract affection and protection), the sexual E4 is rather one who makes others suffer, and it seems appropriate to me to evoke, at entering this topic, the famous Marquis de Sade, an E4 who not only caught the attention of his time for his sadistic pleasure, but as a notable novelist and playwright who challenged the prudishness of his time. And like him, also other E4, aggressive in fulfilling their wishes, are people who like to shock, that is, to shock or scandalize through their violation of conventional limits.

It seems to me that the oldest literary echo of this character, both sensitive and aggressive, is provided by Dante, and not so much in a specific character, but in what we can call the "Dantean character" of his hell. In my chapter on Dante in "Songs of Awakening" I have argued that Dante was a sexual E4 despite his own opinion that his most intense passions were anger, pride, and lust, and I have commented on how it is this character that constitutes, precisely, what we sometimes call "Dante" in its infernal combination of cruelty, revenge, and drama, which perhaps culminates in the image of a soul that bites the skull of another in the lower hell in which the story of the "Count Ugolino."

Richard III. If we are looking for a well-rounded portrait of this type of person, however, perhaps the oldest is that of Shakespeare's Richard III: the hunchbacked nobleman who feels entitled to revenge for the malformation with which life has mistreated him. One of Freud's last works, collected in his complete works, is a few-page essay on that form of character of those who feel they have special rights, and he cites Richard III as an example: feeling that life gives him owes one something that justifies aggressively taking what has not been given is one of the prominent features of this aggressive and demanding form of expression of envy, in which the person manifests to the fullest extent what psychoanalysis has called "aggressive orality": the gesture of the baby who, feeling frustrated by the mother, does not settle for suckling but bites the breast.

More broadly, it can be said that the sexual E4 is a demanding and insistent character as well as frustrated and intense that acts as if responding to an implicit thought that the best way to satisfy oneself is a joint exaggeration of desire and demanding behavior. But this is not all, because the demanding and aggressive are also contemptuous, competitive, and persuasive, and in the case of Ricardo III, the capacity for persuasion entails a histrionic capacity.

Attention has been drawn to how this Shakespearean character is not just a usurper who seizes the kingdom through intrigue and murder, but rather a great actor who enjoys his ability to triumph through his dramatic talent. Also, it has been noted that, in his soliloquies, Ricardo III is not one who talks to himself so that we can feel that we are entering his privacy, but one who talks to the public about what he intends to do or what is coming to achieve, like an actor who congratulates himself on his good performance.

It can be said that Ricardo III is also a great scoundrel in the etymological sense of the word, a brazen man who seems to derive pleasure from his independence with respect to what people will say and public opinion; This is evidenced by his feat of seduction with Lady Ana, knowing that she well understands that it is by order of her that her father has been murdered. It seems inconceivable to us that, after having committed something so horrible, one would claim something so contrary to hatred that his action has unleashed the most victimized of people, but he achieves his objectives through a combination of rhetorical intelligence, impudence and, perhaps, time, practicality. Here is the corresponding passage, which also shows how one of Richard III's advantages is his indifference to the hatred he inspires, which makes it possible for him to allow his victim emotional relief:

ANA: Dirty demon, for God's sake, get out of here and don't bother us! For you have made your hell on earth happy, filling it with cries of curses and deep cries. If you take pleasure in watching your horrendous deeds, watch this model of your butcheries. Ah, gentlemen, see, see! Dead Enrique's wounds open their curdled mouths and bleed again! Redden, redden, lump of dirty deformity; for it is your presence that makes that blood come out of cold and empty veins, where there is no blood left. Your action, inhumane and against nature, causes this overflow against nature. Oh, God, that you made this blood, avenge his death! Oh earth, that you drink this blood, avenge his death! Oh, heaven let the murderer die with lightning, or the earth open its mouth and swallow him alive, as you swallow the blood of this good king, whose arm, ruled by hell, has murdered!

GLOUCESTER: Lady, you know not the rules of charity, which returns good for evil, blessings for curses.

ANA: Villain, you don't know the law of God or man: there is no animal so ferocious that it doesn't know some touch of mercy.

GLOUCESTER: Well, I don't know him, so I'm not an animal.

ANA: What a miracle that demons tell the truth!

GLOUCESTER: More wonder that angels are so wrathful. Deign, divine perfection of a woman, to give me permission to apologize in detail for those supposed evils.

ANA: Deign, deformed contagion of man, to give me permission so that I curse you in your accursed being for those well-known evils.

GLOUCESTER: YOU, fairer than tongue can tell you, leave me a little patience to excuse myself.

ANA: YOU, more vile than what the heart can think of you, cannot give another valid excuse but to hang yourself.

GLOUCESTER: In such desperation, I would accuse myself.

ANA: And, despairing, you would be excused for taking worthy revenge on yourself, you who gave an unworthy violent death to others.

GLOUCESTER: And if I hadn't killed them?

ANA: Well, then they wouldn't be dead, but they are dead, and for you, devilish slave.

GLOUCESTER I did not kill your husband.

ANA: So he's alive.

GLOUCESTER: No, he is dead, and dead by Edward's hand.

ANA: You lie with all your filthy mouth: Queen Margaret saw your criminal scimitar smoking from her blood, which you directed at her against her breast, although your brothers deflected the point.

GLOUCESTER: I was provoked by your slanderous tongue, which laid the blame on my innocent shoulders.

ANA: You were provoked by your bloodthirsty mood, which never dreamed of anything other than massacres: didn't you kill this King?

GLOUCESTER: I grant you.

ANA: Will you grant it to me, hedgehog? So, may God grant that you may also be condemned for that wickedness! Ah, he was kind, kind and virtuous!

GLOUCESTER: More fitting for the King of Heaven, who has him.

ANA: He's in Heaven, where you'll never go.

GLOUCESTER: May he thank me, since I helped him get thither; because he was more useful for that place than for the earth.

ANA: And you are good for no other place but for hell.

GLOUCESTER: YES, for another site, if you let me name it.

ANA: Some dungeons.

GLOUCESTER: YOUR bedroom.

ANA: Bad sleep in the room where you lie down!

GLOUCESTER: It will be SO, lady, until you lie with me.

ANA: I hope so.

GLOUCESTER I know. But, illustrious Lady Anne, to leave this sharp combat of our wits, and come down a little, to a slower method: is not the cause of the untimely deaths of those Plantagenets, Henry and Edward, as guilty as the executioner?

ANA: YOU were the cause and the damnedest executor.

GLOUCESTER: THY beauty was the cause of that effect: thy beauty, that harassed me in my sleep to commit the death of the whole world, that I might live an hour in your sweet bosom.

ANA: If you thought so, I'll tell you, murderer, that these nails will tear that beauty from my cheeks.

GLOUCESTER: My eyes cannot bear the ruin of that beauty; You will not insult her, if I am present: everyone is happy to see the sun, as I am with her: it is my day, my life.

ANA: Black night gives shadow to your day, and death to your life!

GLOUCESTER: Do not curse yourself, fair creature: you are both.

ANA: I would like to get back at you.

GLOUCESTER: It is a quarrel against nature: revenge against the one who loves you.

ANA: It is a fair and reasonable complaint, to take revenge on the one who killed my husband.

GLOUCESTER: He who deprives you of your husband, madam, did it to help you to have a better husband.

ANA: Better than him, no other breathes on earth.

GLOUCESTER: There lives one who loves you better than he knew.

ANA: Nómbrale.

GLOUCESTER: Plantagenet.

ANA: Oh, that was him.

GLOUCESTER: Another of the same name, but of a better nature.

ANNA: Where is he?

GLOUCESTER: Here. (She spits it out) Why are you spitting on me?

ANA: I wish I were deadly poison for you!

GLOUCESTER: Poison never came from such a sweet home.

ANA: Poison never covered a dirtier toad. Get out of my sight! You make my eyes sick.

GLOUCESTER: YOUR eyes, sweet lady, have sickened mine.

ANA: I wish they were basilisks, to leave you dead!

GLOUCESTER: I wish they were, that I should die at once, for now they kill me with a living death. Those eyes of yours have brought salty tears to mine, and shamed her countenance with plenty of childish drops: these eyes, which never shed tears of remorse, not even when my father York and Edward wept at Rudand's sad wail when Clifford, the one with the black face, plunged his sword into it, nor when your warlike father, as a child, told the sad story of my father's death, stopping twenty times to sob and weep, in such a way that everyone present wet their cheeks, like rain-spattered trees; in that sad time, my virile eyes despised any humble tear; and what those sorrows could not get out of them, your beauty has been able to, blinding them with tears. I never requested, neither friend nor enemy; my tongue could never learn sweet softening words; but, now that your beauty is presented as my payment, my proud heart requests, and points to my tongue to speak. (She looks at him with contempt) Do not show such contempt to your lips, for they were made for kissing, lady, not for such contempt. If your vengeful heart cannot forgive, look, here I lend you this sharp sword, and if it pleases to hide it in this faithful chest, letting the soul that adores you escape, I offer it naked to the mortal blow, humbly begging death on my knees. (He presents his open chest: she is about to wound him with her sword) No, don't stop: for I killed King Henry, but it was your beauty that provoked me. Yes, finish now: it was I who stabbed young Eduardo, but your heavenly face who led me to it. (She drops the sword) Take the sword again, or take me.

ANA: Get up, pretender: although I want your death, I don't want to be your executioner.

GLOUCESTER: Then ask me to kill myself, and I will.

ANNA: I already said it.

GLOUCESTER: It was in your fury: say it again, and, only with the word, this hand that, for your love, killed your love, will kill for your love a more faithful love: you will be an accomplice of his two deaths.

ANA: I would like to know your heart.

GLOUCESTER: It is traced on my tongue.

ANA: I'm afraid they're both fake.

GLOUCESTER: Then there never was a truthful man.

ANA: Fine, fine, take up your sword again. Gloucester: Say then that my peace is made.

ANA: You'll find out about that later.

GLOUCESTER: But shall I live in hope?

ANA: My hope is that all men live like this.

GLOUCESTER: Deign to wear this ring.

ANA: Taking is not giving.

GLOUCESTER: See, as this ring encircles my finger, so thy bosom encloses my poor heart; take them one and the other, for both are yours. And if your poor devoted servant can ask a single favor from your gracious hand, confirm his happiness forever.

ANNA: What is it?

GLOUCESTER. May you please leave these sad thoughts to him who has the most reason to mourn, and go at once to Crosby Place, where, after I solemnly bury this illustrious King in Chertsey Monastery, and wet his grave with my tears of repentance, I will come to see you with all the proper ceremonies. For various unknown reasons, grant me this gift.

ANA: With all my heart, and I'm very happy, you're also so sorry. Tressel and Berkeley, come with me.

GLOUCESTER: Bid me good-bye.

ANA: IT IS more than you deserve; but since you teach me to flatter you, imagine that I have already said goodbye to you. (Lady Anne, Tressel and Berkeley leave)

GLOUCESTER: Gentlemen, take away the body.

KNIGHT: To Chertsey, noble sir?

GLOUCESTER: No, to White-Friars: wait there for my arrival. (All but Gloucester leave.) Has a woman ever been courted in such a mood? Has a woman ever been won in such a mood? I have conquered it, but I will not keep it for long. What! I, who killed her husband and her father, seize her in the greatest hatred of her heart, with curses in my mouth, and tears in my eyes, next to the bloodied witness of her hatred; having God against me, his conscience and these obstacles, and no friends to back my claim at the same time, but the devil himself and the pretending face, and yet win her: the whole world against nothing. Ha ha! Have you already forgotten that brave Prince, Edward, your lord, whom I, about three months ago, stabbed in my rage at Tewksbury? The spacious world cannot again offer a sweeter and kinder gentleman, formed in the prodigality of nature, young, brave and wise, undoubtedly truly distinguished; and yet does she look down upon me, who mowed down that sweet Prince's golden spring, and left her a widow on a bed of groans; even me, who doesn't equal the whole of Eduardo's half; even me, who am so limping and deformed? I bet my ducat against a beggar's eighth, who had hitherto deceived me about my person: by my life, though I cannot, she finds me a wonderfully agreeable man. I will spend some on a mirror, and employ a score or two of tailors in studying fashions with which to adorn my body: since I have come to intrude on my own behalf, I will keep it in the grave, and then return lamenting to my love. Shine, beautiful sun, until I buy myself a mirror, so that I can see my shadow as I walk. (He goes).

In the course of the play, Shakespeare shows us how Richard's monstrous insensitivity makes him less and less acceptable in his environment, until the moment when court intrigues are resolved on the battlefield where he is defeated. But Shakespeare also shows us the beginnings of the awakening of his own conscience when, on the night before the battle of Bosworth, he dreams of the reproach of the souls of those he has murdered, who prophesy his defeat.

Iago. Another great portrait Shakespeare has bequeathed to us of a competitive envier (which is what we can call the sexual subtype) is Iago, the quasi-demonic intriguer who leads Othello to the murder of his beloved Desdemona. Commentators have called attention to how Shakespeare leaves Iago's motivation unexplained in the usual way. Although it is clear that Richard III is actuated by a desire to usurp power, and Macbeth as much by ambition as by Lady Macbeth's encouragement, in the case of Iago, Shakespeare offers us not one or two reasons for the crime, but but four or five, without any of them being very explained: a rivalry with Casio whom Othello has preferred to promote, etc.

Faced with this difficulty of interpretation, critics have proposed that Iago is an echo of what in medieval theater constituted an undifferentiated personification of vice, and psychoanalytic interpretations have also been offered according to which, for example, Iago would have been animated by an attraction unconfessable homosexual towards Othello that, precisely because he could not admit even to himself, he would have displaced towards Desdemona. But simpler than the interpretation of Iago as the incarnation of vice, it seems to me that he sees him as the personification of envy. And isn't a passion like envy a motivation that can be expressed in many different ways?

Such are the actions and characteristics of Iago throughout this Shakespearean tragedy, which he distinguishes from his other three great tragedies (Hamlet, Macbeth, and King Lear) by not involving a kingdom, but simply the domestic sphere of a couple, and already this seems significant to me when it comes to envy—because what does an envious person envy more than love.

Heathcliff. In the realm of the novel, surely the most famous portrait of malignant envy is that of the hero of “Wuthering Heights,” the famous novel written by Emily Brontë in the mid-nineteenth century. Heathcliff has often been described as the typical “Byronic hero” as one in whom passion is exalted and idealized over rationality and the ideals of civilized life. Its very name alludes to a surly, rocky, and wild place, which serves as the setting for the novel itself in the confines between England and Scotland.

His story is that of a little orphan who is adopted by the owner of the estate called Wuthering Heights, Mr. Earnshaw, in this lonely place that has no neighbors except those of another mansion a few kilometers away. The boy forms a strong bond with Catherine, the owner's daughter, who is around the same age, but is never accepted by the older brother, Hindley, so his feeling of orphanhood is compounded by one of chronic exclusion that coexists in him with his increasingly passionate love for Catherine.

Already as teenagers, Heathcliff and the girl take one of their usual walks and find themselves next to the land of the neighbors, the Lintons, where she is bitten on the ankle by a dog, and that elegant family helps her while Heathcliff is expelled because of his “gypsy” appearance. The time during which they house her, while her recovery lasts, is long enough for the young man of the house, Edgar, to fall in love with her, and for Catherine, faced with the experience of a refined social world, to come to perceive her old man playmate as an inferior. The boys shared the joy of nature and dreams, and communicated intuitively, in such a way that it seemed that they were destined for eternal love, but everything changes after this experience.

Later, Heathcliff seeks the company of his dear friend, but is disowned by the Lintons as an uneducated man and a busybody. This, coupled with the fact that the owners of the house despise Heathcliff as a vagabond, exacerbates his chronic feeling of exclusion and resentment into a violent, cruel, and vindictive person.

The situation worsens with the death of Catherine's father, Mr. Earnshaw, who had welcomed Heathcliff into his home and continued to be his main protector. Now that Hindley, the older brother, assumes the role of homeowner, Heathcliff is relegated to the role of a servant. Also, Heathcliff overhears a conversation in which Catherine confesses to being in love with him, but admits that she will marry Edgar because marrying Heathcliff would “lower her.” And so his days go by, until, in an explosion of violence, Heathcliff walks away from the place.

The story continues three years later, when our hero returns enriched by shady deals and buys the impoverished ranch of those who mistreated him. However, now he has become violent and wants revenge both on his former abuser, Hindley, and on Catherine herself, who hurt him with what he feels was a betrayal of his values, since she has been assimilated with the others' aristocratic values.

Catherine ends up getting sick and dies the night of the delivery of her daughter, who will also be called Catherine. Meanwhile, Hindley dies drunk and Heathcliff now takes care of Hareton, Hindley's son, raising him wildly, keeping him illiterate, thus taking revenge on Hindley. In addition, Heathcliff marries Isabella Linton, Edgar's sister, and they have a son, Linton. But Isabella will die soon, and Heathcliff will despise his son for being weak and sickly.

Many years pass, and Catherine visits her cousin Linton. Heathcliff conspires for the cousins to marry, with which he will achieve, upon Edgar's death, seize the Linton mansion and thus culminate his revenge on the two families that despised him, but he will die convinced that the ghost of his beloved Catherine has come back looking for him.

Cyrano de Bergerac. Another character from the 19th century, comic this time, deserves to be included in this review because of its significance: Cyrano de Bergerac, in Edmond Rostand's play of the same name. It is about a big-nosed swordsman who obsessively challenges anyone who insults him with allusions to his deformity.

It could be said that, by highlighting these two characteristics of his character, Rostand also makes us see the dynamic relationship between the feeling of ugliness and the desire for superiority with which one tries to overcompensate for it.

But not only does Cyrano try to triumph over whoever gets ahead of him with his sword; he also tries to satisfy his longing for love through poetic improvisation. Only, unable to claim to be loved because of his grotesque appearance, he puts his talent at the service of Christian, a friend in love who sings to his beloved Roxana from the garden in front of his balcony, while Cyrano himself declaims his compliments from the shade of the foliage. This attempt to overcome a bad image through the cult of beauty reflects another typical dynamic of the character in question—which makes the person not only angry and vengeful, but also sensitive, in love and, above all, highly oriented towards aesthetic values. All this has already been present in what we know about the person of Dante, but it has been specifically caricatured by Canetti in a character who, in the Spanish translation of “El testigo oidor” is called the Calosaurio:

The Calosaurio, whom some call Casaurio for short, seeks all the beauty that has been, is, and will be in the world, and finds it in palaces, museums, temples, churches and caves. He doesn't care if something that once was beautiful has become a little stale in the meantime, for him it remains what it was; although new beautiful works appear daily, each one is beautiful in itself, none excludes others, all waiting for him, in a reverent attitude, to stop in passing and admire them. It is enough to see him before the Sistine Madonna or the naked Maja: he approaches from different angles, stops at different distances, remains immobile for a long time—or sometimes for a short time, constantly changing position—and laments when he sees that it is impossible to approach for a long time behind.

The Calosaurio or Casaurio refrains from uttering words that could harm their ritual. It opens completely and remains mute, it does not compare, it does not reason, it does not refer to times, styles—or customs. He prefers to ignore how the creator of the beautiful work lived and even more what he thought. Everyone lives in some way, it doesn't matter if his life was difficult, it wouldn't have been excessively difficult, either, because the work would not be there, and the simple fact of carrying it inside is a joy for which one should envy him, if anything they can serve such subjective futility.

Personally, Casaurio is doing very well, he has no difficulties looking for beauties on his own and consecrating himself to them. It is well guarded against buying them to remain impartial; Furthermore, it would be vain to attempt it at this point, since most of the beautiful works are already in safe hands. He has a small amount of money and uses it sparingly in his perpetual travels. In them he disappears and is never seen on the way, it is as if he traveled with the invisible cloak. On the other hand, it can be seen before the beautiful works, and whoever has seen it once in Arezzo or in La Brera will surely see it again in Borobudur and Nara.

Casaurio is ugly and everyone shies away from him: it would be indelicate to describe his disgusting appearance. Let's just say he never had a nose. His bulging eyes, his hooked ears, his goiter, his black and rotten teeth, the evil breath that emanates from his mouth, his voice between croaking and high-pitched, his wet and spongy hands, what do they matter? Gives them and invariably finds its place before any beautiful work?

Steinbeck characters. In the twentieth century I found three magisterial treatments of competitive and aggressive envy. The first of these corresponds to Steinbeck's novel "East of Eden," an almost epic work that covers three generations, in the first part of which we see the two sons of Cyrus grow up—an individual described by Steinbeck as a kind of devil, wild, drinker, gambler, lustful, violent, and cheater. His son Adam is a good person, and although his father treats him harshly by assigning him to a military career (which he has enjoyed despite having lost a leg in the process), he is the object of envy from Charles, his brother. Charles, the first representative of the sexual E4 in the novel, is more agile and stronger than his brother, and his intelligence is quick, but he feels that Adam is the father's favorite.

This envy reaches a dramatic expression one day when the father celebrates his birthday and Charles gives him a penknife, while Adam presents him with a little dog that he has picked up somewhere; the father throws the penknife in a drawer and forgets it, but he will keep the little dog for many years. As a result of the envy that his brother has awakened in him through this episode, Charles brutally assaults him one night, leaving him severely beaten and unconscious on the ground, with the intention of returning with an ax to kill him; and would have if Adam hadn't managed to slip away in time—just the day before he left to join his regiment.

The second personification of sexual envy to appear in the book is a woman who Steinbeck introduces at the beginning of his eighth chapter with the comment that just as there are physical monsters, there are also mental ones. He then proceeds to speak more specifically of Cathy Ames, commenting that, in another time, the girl would have been called demon possessed.

Her expressions were innocent, her golden hair, her heart-shaped face, her shapely but small mouth, which made her compare to a rosebud, and she always maintained, even after growing up, her childish appearance. Before reaching puberty her nipples turned inward, the pretty girl developed into a beautiful woman whose voice could be irresistibly sweet, she moved slowly and spoke little, but she only had to walk into a room for everyone to look at her.

Unlike other children who try to be like others, Cathy never conformed in the way she dressed or acted, and was followed by others; and there was something strange about her that made groups of boys or girls avoid her. She was lying, and her lies were not innocent; sometimes she lied to avoid punishment, work, or responsibility; other times it brought her advantages and she did not forget what she said, and she stayed close enough to the truth to create confusion between the truth and the lie; she became an expert in manipulating others and despised those who adopted helpless attitudes.

On one occasion her parents heard children's voices in the barn and sneaked up to discover their daughter with her dress up and stripped to the waist in the company of two adolescent boys kneeling beside her. They were harshly punished by the community. No word could be extracted from her, however, she seemed to have lost her voice and even her memory.

At fourteen she entered school and her Latin teacher, who had studied religious studies, fell in love with her. One night there was a knock on the Ames's door and Cathy's father got up with a candle in his hand to open it. "I have to talk to her," said the lover hoarsely, but Mr. Ames insisted that this was not the time to start a conversation, despite the boy's insistence that he could not wait; Cathy's father insisted that he return the next day, but before dawn he had committed suicide.

After her sixteenth birthday, Cathy declared that she was not interested in going back to school, and as a result of the conflict between her parents, she received a severe beating. She avenged herself by burning down the house with her parents in it, and dyeing a ribbon that bound her hair with the blood of a chicken to suggest that after some violence she had been abducted.

In chapter nine Steinbeck goes on to tell us about a Mr. Edward, who ran his business of prostitution houses in an orderly and emotionless manner; and then goes on to describe how Cathy showed up at his office under a different name, looking for a job; and despite the fact that Edward was not used to confusing his business with his personal pleasures, he fell in love with this girl who presented herself as an orphan. Then, increasingly passionate for her, he needed to buy her loyalty with money and gifts that she knew how to obtain by driving him to the brink of imbalance or anger. There comes a time when he buys her an apartment, and another when she changes the lock, keeping the only key for herself. Then it becomes common for Cathy to steal money from his pockets at each meeting (which he stores in a hidden box), but the story changes course when he invites her to drink, and by forcing her to get drunk, he leads her to lose control about his assault. Her expression turns cold and her words insulting; and finally, breaking the glass from which she was drinking with the edge of the table, she threatens his cheek until Edwards flees from her violence.

Later, he plots an exemplary revenge. The first step is to take her with him on a trip to a secluded place. In his travel case he carries a whip with which he intends to reduce her to impotence, to later confine her in one of his brothels. In the course of the physical punishment that he inflicts on her, first with the whip and then with his hands, and while she lies on the ground in a little wood, the violence leads Edward to finish off his attack with a stone, with which he hits Cathy's face until she no longer felt her victim's heartbeat; leaving her then for dead, he flees. It was an accident that she did not succumb, and that after lying unconscious for a long time, she managed to drag herself (despite a billed arm) towards an inhabited place to which the noise of a chicken coop guides her.

Cathy arrives in a pitiful state at the home of brothers Adam and Charles, who by then had reunited after Adam's return from the army. They lived in a love-hate relationship punctuated by fits of violence, but Adam no longer feared Charles, and had acquired the ability to defend himself in hand-to-hand combat in the army. Despite Charles's lack of enthusiasm, Adam insisted on taking in the battered and bloodied woman, who had lost several teeth; and little by little he fell in love with his protégé. Charles insisted that as soon as she could move, she should go; but the brother preferred to marry the stranger in order to have the right to continue hosting her without reporting what happened to the authorities. On one occasion, when Adam is out shopping, Catherine and Charles are talking, and the latter has no qualms about directly declaring his distrust of Adam. She feels recognized in his malignancy and likes to feel that Charles was like her, because she is not fooled, and on the last day, already on the eve of the newlyweds' departure, Catherine gives Adam soporific tea to drink (prepared with a large dose of morphine that had been prescribed for him), and while he sleeps in a deep unconsciousness, she shows up at Charles's bed, to which she simply says: "Move over there." And that is how she conceived the twins of whom Adam would always believe he was the father.

Adam decides that they will go to California, and when his beloved wife tells him that she doesn't want to go there, he doesn't listen. With great enthusiasm, he looks for a farm to buy with part of his father's inheritance, and enthusiastically dedicates himself to building a new house on it and drilling a well for irrigation; and while he is absorbed in the many jobs in the place, his wife's pregnancy progresses—who because of this declared herself sexually inaccessible and secludes herself in her bedroom. Finally, the moment of childbirth arrives and she gives birth to twins, identical, but very different. After a difficult and painful birth, Cathy remains isolated in her bedroom until the moment when, feeling capable of leading a normal life, she says a surprise goodbye to Adam, who, incredulous, tries to block her way while asking for explanations. Unwilling to give any, and determined that nothing interferes with her will, Cathy grabs a revolver and shoots Adam, leaving him prostrated. She also leaves behind the twins, who from the very moment of birth she had never wanted to see again.

Catherine later appears before the regent of one of the two brothels in Queen City, and she, given the lack of information about her, takes the precaution of consulting with the sheriff. This, having learned of the disappearance of Adam's wife, wants to interview her. He understands her identity and agrees to leave her alone on the condition that she doesn't cause trouble in the future, and that she dyes her hair to better disguise her identity. And there she remains for many years, earning the trust and affection of the generous black woman who had welcomed her, until she (moved by her fidelity) adopts her as her daughter and writes a will leaving her everything that belongs to her. After that, and at the same celebration party, Kate (which is her name now) manages to poison her without anyone suspecting it.

I must now introduce the third envious aggressive in the novel: Caleb, one of the twins, and for this it is convenient that I previously mentioned that, although Adam gradually recovered from the bullet that had broken his shoulder blade, he did not recover from the trauma of the inexplicable aggression that he had been subjected to by his beloved wife. Steinbeck describes him as disconnected from life and apathetic, and to such an extent as to completely disengage from his children, who are cared for by a Chinese servant he had hired on his arrival in California and who turned out to be a man of great intelligence and good spirit and heart. And it was another wise person (whom he had hired to drill a well) who took the initiative to name the twins when they were several years old. This man, named Samuel, came one day with a Bible in his hand as a source of inspiration and solemnly read from it a passage from the story of Cain and Abel, from which the original name of the novel is taken, "East of Paradise," for it is said there of Cain that he "dwelt in the land of Nod, east of Eden."

After Samuel had read all sixteen verses of that Bible passage, Adam said that it seemed unfair that God condemned Cain, to which Samuel replied that God did not truly condemn him. "Suppose that God liked lamb more than vegetables, it happens to me like that; Cain brought him a bunch of carrots, maybe, and God said, 'Try again, bring me something I like, and I'll put you right up there with your brother,' but Cain got angry, his feelings were hurt, and when he was asked, they hurt the feelings of someone who wants to hit, and there was Abel." Later, the same wise peasant recounts that, despite his violence, the mark that Cain receives is not of condemnation, but for his protection, and that we are all the children of Cain.

The reader would expect the scene to end with the choice of the names Cain and Abel for the twins, but it does not; However, to one who has finished reading the novel, it is clear that the pattern of the two brothers—one good and one bad—is repeated in the two successive generations that the story covers, first between Adam and his envious brother Charles, then between Aaron and his envious brother Caleb. Why Caleb, then? In the book of Exodus Caleb appears as a spy sent by the Hebrews to spy out the promised land, and in the novel this name prefigures the fact that Caleb, at last, goes through a transformation. But I won't include the story of Caleb's development in this account, which can be found magnificently developed in the film "East of Eden."

Limonov. I will also include Limonov among the literary characters, about whom Emmanuel Carreé wrote a biography in 2011. Although I have generally excluded the repertoire of biographies of famous people from this book, I make an exception in this case, partly because of the outstanding literary quality of this book and partly because Limonov, who illustrating a deep pathology, he came to live an illuminating experience—and this, simply, by doing some cleaning work during his years in prison.

Limonov is a revolutionary in a world that has come to persecute revolutionaries, and he is accepted in Russia because of his prestige as a poet, and also because of Putin's feeling that “whoever wants to restore communism has no head; He who does not miss him has no heart.” Limonov was ten years old at Stalin's death, a kind and sensitive boy who dreamed of being a whale harpooner; he was the son of a Russian officer, and was disappointed that, because of his poor eyesight, he was not considered fit for the army. But, already as a teenager, he began to see his father as an honest man but a bit of an imbecile, and he did not want to be like him, but to lead a free and dangerous life.

One day he fights with a boy from his class who gives him a bad beating, and as a consequence, he decides that he will be a man that no one hits, because he will be willing to kill. He then meets a stoic and distinguished man on death row, who is considered especially dangerous, who becomes a hero to him; he dreams of imitating him one day and going to jail too, and impressing the cops, poor low-paid jerks like his father, and also the women, the criminals—the real men—and he will. He acquires the ability to drink a liter of vodka an hour, and with this social talent he leaves even muggers dumbstruck. When he is first put in jail, he gets impressive tattoos that establish his rank among criminals, and he sets out to be the king of crime, but for that he needs a gang; then he learns the cult of clothing from a friend and begins to read, and thus becomes a poet—in a country where poets are as popular as variety singers are in other parts. His poetry attracts the friendship of a hard man who leads a band of thugs, and in that environment he meets a woman with whom he loses his virginity. But years later he feels like a failed thug and a failed poet, and he wonders if it isn't better to die alive than to live dead. He carries out a suicide attempt and is admitted to the asylum; he flees, but is apprehended by the police. He meets a psychiatrist who likes him and connects him with interesting people who sell books. There, he got to know the work of the poets of that time, including Brodsky, whose personality is similar to his own. He develops a style that makes him an identifiable poet, and he adopts the name Limonov, which alludes not only to the lemon, but to a type of hand grenade. He establishes a relationship with Anna and then reads Solzhenitsyn, and thanks to this he understands that telling the forbidden truths can change the course of history.

He is even compared to Brodsky, who has achieved great popularity, although Limonov treats him with contempt, referring to “the trial of this Jewish pygmy in corduroy pants, this down jacket of poems where gibberish rivals pornography.” He has acquired the habit of showing sarcastic hostility to the dissent that was born in the sixties. After about three years of living in bohemia, he has the sensation of knowing it thoroughly and of having surpassed all those who impressed him; he thinks that none of those who have transformed him into a poet has anything to teach him anymore and he moves to Moscow. Speaking of the years that followed, Carré says:

I am aware that this mixture of contempt and envy does not make my character more likeable, and I know people in Moscow who rubbed shoulders with him at that time and remember him as unrepresentable, those same people recognize, however, that he was a skilful tailor, a gifted poet, and in his own way an honest fellow, arrogant, but unfailingly loyal.

He was a man you could count on, who didn't leave you in the lurch, who, even though he cursed some, took care of them if they were sick or unhappy, and I think that many of those who proclaim themselves friends of humanity and of whose lips only sprout words of benevolence, are actually more selfish and indifferent than Eduard, the boy who spent his life describing himself with the traits of a villain.

Eduard and Anna have integrated into Moscow, orders for pants are raining down and they lead a rather pleasant bohemian life. But then she falters, they put her in a psychiatric hospital and send her to rest in Latvia, and then Eduard meets Elena, a very beautiful and promiscuous woman. He tries to make her his, but the woman has many lovers, is jealous, and her passion devours him. He finally wins her love and they get married. But then life separates them. In New York he meets many Russian émigrés living in poverty and getting drunk, and finally earns a comfortable living as a butler for an appreciative millionaire. He is sometimes absent from the house for seasons and then Limonov sleeps in his bed and smokes joints in his bathtub, later describing it in one of his autobiographical books. Later he travels to Paris, where he begins to achieve some fame, and finally returns to Russia, where he finds his country betrayed by criminal capitalism, and now that communism is not allowed, he becomes an underground revolutionary. He is accepted to a certain extent, but they end up sending him to Altai, and finally they lock him up in Lefortovo and then in a place called Saratov accused of terrorism and for participation in an armed gang. When the judge informs him of the charges and the harsh penalties that come with them, he defends himself, but he is also proud.

Within a week of his arrival, everyone agrees that "he's a good guy." Carrete says that prison may have been the culminating moment of his life, when he was closest to being what he always, with bravery, with childish stubbornness, strove to be: a hero, a truly great man. The other inmates are there for serious crimes, and he is proud that he forced them to respect him. He has reached the underworld aristocracy he dreamed of so much as a teenager, and in the three books he writes during his time in prison he talks less about himself than about others. A yoga practitioner considers him a sage and teaches him to meditate, which allows him to use his jail time very well. There Eduard has an illuminating experience that occurs while he is cleaning the aquarium in the office of a superior officer: he has transferred the fish and the water to a vat and is cleaning the walls of the aquarium with a sponge while working with his breathing and attending to his experience of the moment without expecting anything in particular.

And suddenly everything stops, time, space: it is not death, however, nothing that surrounds him has changed its appearance, neither the aquarium nor the fish in the tank, nor the officer's office nor the sky above. It is seen through the office windows, but it is as if all this had been nothing more than a dream until now and suddenly it became something absolutely real... sucked into a void fuller than everything in the world, an absence more present than everything that fills the world with its presence... it no longer exists and has never been so alive.

Carrère says that Eduard agreed to what Buddhists call nirvana, pure reality without a filter, and tells us that Eduard wrote in his notebook: "I expected this from myself, no punishment can reach me, I will know how to transform it into happiness. A person like me can take joy even from death, I will never have the emotions of the common man again." Soon after he is released and treated like a VIP.

Good cinematographic illustrations of this character can be found in "The Devil's Advocate" (Taylor Hackford, 1997), "Good Will Hunting" (Gus Van Sant, 1997), "The Silence of the Lambs" (Jonathan Demme, 1991) and "The Stranger" (Orson Welles, 1942), but I have chosen "Scent of a woman."

At the beginning of the film we see the beautiful building of an American college and shortly after we realize that it is the end of the course; the protagonist first appears looking at a billboard where he inspects the job ads for his weekend. Meanwhile, a small group of his classmates make plans to spend the holidays together in a very expensive place, and they invite him to come with them, but Charlie can't afford such a big expense. In another scene we see him appear at the home of someone who has posted a job ad: she is a lively young woman who is about to go out for a few days with her husband and needs someone to accompany her during her absence. Uncle Frank, a retired and blind army lieutenant colonel, who receives him aggressively and insultingly and after a while tells him to leave. Charlie is already leaving when the woman begs him to stay and tells him that the guy, although violent, is a good person, and Charlie accepts her request, and we already perceive him as an empathetic and well-intentioned boy.

Before he sees the colonel again, however, the film introduces us to another scene of him at the college where he is working as a librarian, and a boy asks him for a book that is reserved, because many will need it before an exam, but his partner insists that he will only need it for one night and Charlie is convinced by one through whose style we recognize as a cheater. They are leaving the library together, then, when they see that other boys have put up some stairs to climb a high lamppost where they are tying something. They are the friends of the one who has obtained the book, who now that a teacher is approaching takes care of distracting her so that she does not look in that direction, only that a noise leads her to wonder what is happening while she sees how the boys run away in a hurry. The next day, we will understand what was happening, because before the many students enter the building for the beginning of their classes, the director of the college appears in a brand new Jaguar that the school has given him, and while the gang of those who were at the top of the lamppost they now distract him with a sarcastic speech in which they question his merits and his right to the magnificent car that comes to park under the lamppost, they inflate a balloon that hangs from it with an insulting caricature. When the director finally looks back and sees the balloon, he tries to break it and finally succeeds, but a shower of white paint falls on him and on the car. We then see Charlie and fellow cheater, named George, in the principal's office, who wants to know who was responsible for this aggressive act, but both refuse to name names. The principal tells George to leave, but he insists on learning the truth from Charlie, bribing him. First he reminds him that he is in school as a scholarship holder and tells him that he has even thought of recommending him especially to enter Harvard because of his talent, and then he confirms that he is willing to give him that recommendation in exchange for the required information, but Charlie just repeats, "I

couldn't tell." The scene ends with the director asking him: "Think about it over the weekend," having previously said that the alternative for them will be expulsion.

George is waiting for him outside the director's office, eager to know how the meeting developed, but Charlie tells him nothing about the bribery attempt and the scene ends in which George, a conservation E7, explains to him that the policy of his group is to protect each other without ever opening their mouths, and that's how they'll act in this case too.

Charlie returns to the lieutenant, who is waiting for his relatives to leave so he can go on a trip to New York with Charlie himself. He resists, feeling insecure before a task of greater responsibility than a simple escort at home, but ends up giving in, and then we see him on a flight, in first class seats, and shortly after in front of the door of the Waldorf Astoria, the most luxurious hotel in the city. During the trip we perceive the great sensitivity of Frank, who recognizes the perfumes that the stewardess is wearing and from this guesses things about her personality; He also shares Charlie's great passion for women (by the way, it's that sentimental and romantic aspect of his that reveals that he's not an E8, as one might later think due to his level of aggressiveness). Frank also senses a heaviness in Charlie's mood and asks him what's wrong, and thus begins to learn what has happened at his school. Little by little he will find out more about it and he will end up helping Charlie in his dilemma, but for now the film leads us to other things.

Apparently, Frank has a plan that we learn as it unfolds, and the first thing the next day is a visit to his family. Already upon arriving in New York, he has told Charlie that he can return to New Hampshire, but Charlie is not allowed to leave him alone, and the next morning a seamstress comes to his room to take his measure to make him a suit. From there, Frank will go to the hairdresser's to arrive very elegant and well cared for at the house of his brother and other relatives. He insists on taking Charlie as a chaperone, and the young man finds it very difficult to bear Frank's rudeness to them, shocking them with his anecdotes and insulting them with his personal observations. We see throughout dinner that there they share Frank's strong desire to beat him, rudely scandalizing the social conventions of his youthful environment, and his nephew responds by remembering the scene in which Frank was blinded by recklessly activating a grenade with which he was making a balancing act. Finally, they leave and the family is relieved by it; Nobody wanted him there, and when he said goodbye to his brother, he said: "I'm bad, I've never been good for anything." Indeed, a sexual E4 is one who has chosen to be bad in a world where the good guys are losers, but we will see how this self-concept will change through his interaction with the young man who accompanies him, and who is so inexperienced for now it seems

The next day, Charlie shares with Frank his doubt about what he has to do at school, and reveals that there has been an attempt to bribe him by the principal. Upon hearing this news, Frank predicts that he will be victimized unless he does something about it, and advises him to opt for Harvard rather than be such a slave to his automatic moral conscience, as this would ruin his life by condemning him to work in a small store like his mother and stepfather.

Frank invites him to have a drink at the bar, and as soon as they have sat down, he smells a perfume of soap that makes him detect the presence of a woman nearby. Charlie describes her to him, sharing the pleasure of her beauty, and Frank asks him to invite her to his table.

Charlie forces himself to do it despite his shyness, and it is Frank who speaks to the stranger asking her if she is waiting for someone; and when she says yes, Frank asks her if she'd mind having them as companions at her table while he arrives. She, smiling, accepts the proposition, and soon they talk about tango, which she says she hasn't learned to dance well because her boyfriend doesn't like it. Frank persuades her to go out on the track with him, offering her a lesson, and she, who seems particularly open to the unexpected, accepts. And so, after a brief conversation in which Charlie informs them about the dimensions of the dance space, they go out into the arena and dance with growing passion before everyone's interested gaze. As soon as they return to their seats, this woman's boyfriend arrives, and Frank insists on covering the cost of the drink she consumed while waiting.

Among Frank's plans was also to sleep with a notable prostitute, and at night we see him go to an elegant building while Charlie and the driver wait for him in a luxury limousine. When he gets back to the car, Frank seems to still be in a trance and celebrates the beauty of the woman he's been with. Charlie's situation with the college is getting tough, but Charlie can't turn to Frank now because he's so sleepy. Charlie then encourages him to go for a walk, to which Frank responds with their next adventure together, which begins at a Ferrari car dealership—Frank's greatest passion after women. Frank manages to persuade the seller to allow him to test drive a car despite his visible blindness and his friend's minority, and we witness a scene in which Charlie, concerned about his friend's depressive state, gives him the wheel and Frank accelerates more and more recklessly. Finally, a policeman stops them, and that ends the episode, but that same night Frank sends Charlie to buy cigarettes, and when Charlie returns shortly after suspecting that Frank has only wanted to get rid of him, he sees him dressed in his impressive uniform as a lieutenant and a chest full of decorations. He's been playing with a gun and makes no secret of his intent to blow his brains out, and Charlie insists that he return the loaded gun. Frank claims to be worthless, in the dark and has no real life, and Charlie urges him to accept what life is giving him; and although Frank initially despises what such an inexperienced boy can tell him, he is impressed by the courage with which Charlie insists on taking the gun from him even at the risk of his own life. He sees him as upright, kind, and committed, and he no longer despises him, but rather would like to adopt him: "I'll kill you or I'll adopt you," he tells him, but Charlie only tells him to give him back the gun. "Tell me something I'd be worth living for," Frank replies, and Charlie replies, "I'll tell you two things: the way you tango and the way you drive a Ferrari." Shortly after, Charlie suggests that even his desire to have a woman who wakes up next to him in the morning would be achievable, since he is an intelligent and elegant man, compassionate and kind. Now Frank asks, "Are you kidding me?" With this, Frank no longer feels alone in the world or a bad person, except in his apparent behavior.

After dropping Charlie off at his college, we see how Frank shows up by surprise at the assembly that will deal with Charlie's misconduct. The room is practically full, when Frank appears elegantly dressed, and has a defense in store for his friend. Frank approaches the stand and Charlie finds him a chair so that he can sit next to him, in what is practically a prisoner's box. When the principal asks who Frank is, Charlie replies that he has come at his parents' request, and it doesn't take much explaining for this to be accepted. George is first

heard, who has apparently promised his father to reveal the names of the perpetrators of the wrongdoing, but fails to do so at all, only offering their names as people who might be suspected. Then it's Charlie's turn and he doesn't go any further than he's already said: "I couldn't say." The director then offers a condemnatory judgment, but Frank has yet to be heard, who begins a long and brilliant speech in a sonorous voice, which more than once seems to have come to an end when he resumes it by saying: "I have not yet finished." His point of view is that this college that prides itself on training virtuous young people wants to educate youth in the mediocrity of turning them into people without integrity, and that Charlie is not the least ethical person here, but precisely the one with the greatest coherence, as to risk his own future rather than betray his companions to the authorities.

Such is the impact of his speech among the teachers who will have to issue a judgment, that they immediately start talking to each other, and decide that the three suspects will receive a sanction for being the object of suspicion, George will not obtain any credit for his collaboration and Charlie will be held harmless in the matter. The verdict is enthusiastically approved by the applause of those present, and those involved then begin to disperse; but when Charlie and Frank go to the car, Frank is introduced to a political science professor who expresses her appreciation for what he has said. He surprises her with the name of the perfume she's wearing, and we sense how delighted she is at his sensitivity and that they will meet again, and that Charlie was right to tell his friend that there was no reason why he shouldn't find a partner someday.

The film ends when the car leaves Frank at his house and he is reunited with his little niece of three or four years, with whom we had seen at the beginning that they got along very badly; but now it costs him nothing to reconcile with her. And we also understand that Frank and Charlie will see each other again, since the soldier has adopted a paternal and protective relationship towards him.

Not only does violence describe Frank's character, but it is his vital choice to be evil that allows him aggression and going for what he wants, but this attitude is what changes when he sees Charlie as a person of true integrity that gives him love and appreciation. This could not have happened through a simple exchange, but in the situation of threatening him with his gun pointed at his head, and it is then that the presumably inexperienced boy gains value in his eyes. But Frank's transformation did not end until he felt the desire to become a good person towards his protégé, and then we can say that he found a way to put love in his life.