

Sunday, November 25, 2018

The mirror of the soul.

There is no passion that any particular action of the eyes does not declare.

And this is so manifest in a few, that even the most stupid valets can notice from their master's eye whether he is angry at them or not.

Descartes here alludes to this species of prompt and manifest anger, but which can easily be appeased.

It's because the master behaves like when we do not want to take revenge otherwise than by mines.

But this relation is eminently problematic: at the same time, Descartes integrates the mines as external signs of the passions, he shows that a question remains in suspense: the most stupid or the most intelligent valets will never know if the master declares his anger or feigns anger.

The founder of the School of Courtesy and Protocol reminds us that the mastery of the codes is an essential element of the business life.

That reminding me that politeness is de rigueur in the face of general rudeness in order to keep the affect at bay.

Mine:

Indicator facial expression. Physiognomy (Minauderies)

Posted by [Veronica IN DREAM](#) at 5:43 PM