

Chapter 1 : Read The Grip Of Desire Light Novel Online

"In the Grip of Desire was written as an armchair chat for professionals in other mental and physical health fields, informative as to what sex therapists can do, and how they can help a team of health providers guide patients towards wellbeing.

Lysias was a rhetorician and a sophist whose best-known extant work is a defense speech, " On the Murder of Eratosthenes. The outcome of this speech is unknown. Summary[edit] The dialogue consists of a series of three speeches on the topic of love that serves as the subject to construct a discussion on the proper use of rhetoric. They encompass discussions of the soul , madness , divine inspiration, and the practice and mastery of an art. As they walk out into the countryside, Socrates tries to convince Phaedrus to repeat the speech of Lysias which he has just heard. Phaedrus makes several excuses, but Socrates suspects strongly that Phaedrus has a copy of the speech with him. Saying that while Lysias is present, he would never allow himself to be used as a training partner for Phaedrus to practice his own speech-making on, he asks Phaedrus to expose what he is holding under his cloak. Beginning with "You understand, then, my situation: You will not be giving your favor to someone who is "more sick than sound in the head" and is not thinking straight, overcome by love. He explains that it is best to give your favor to one who can best return it, rather than one who needs it most. He concludes by stating that he thinks the speech is long enough, and the listener is welcome to ask any questions if something has been left out. Socrates then proceeds to give Phaedrus credit for leading him out of his native land: Phaedrus warns him that he is younger and stronger, and Socrates should "take his meaning" and "stop playing hard to get". We are all ruled, he says, by two principles: Following your judgment is "being in your right mind", while following desire towards pleasure without reason is "outrage" hubris. The desire to take pleasure in beauty, reinforced by the kindred beauty in human bodies, is called Eros. The problem, he explains, is that one overcome with this desire will want to turn his boy into whatever is most pleasing to himself, rather than what is best for the boy. Phaedrus believes that one of the greatest goods given is the relationship between lover and boy. Because the boy has a lover as such a valuable role model, he is on his best behavior to not get caught in something shameful. To get caught in something shameful would be like letting down his lover, therefore the boy is consistently acting his best. The non-lover, he concludes, will do none of this, always ruled by judgment rather than desire for pleasure. Socrates, fearing that the nymphs will take complete control of him if he continues, states that he is going to leave before Phaedrus makes him "do something even worse". A voice "from this very spot" forbids Socrates to leave before he makes atonement for some offense to the gods. Socrates states that he is a "seer". While he is not very good at it, he is good enough for his purposes, and he recognizes what his offense has been: Second speech of Socrates a€"b [edit] Madness a€"c [edit] Socrates begins by discussing madness. If madness is all bad, then the preceding speeches would have been correct, but in actuality, madness given as a gift of the gods provides us with some of the best things we have. As they must show that the madness of love is, indeed, sent by a god to benefit the lover and beloved in order to disprove the preceding speeches, Socrates embarks on a proof of the divine origin of this fourth sort of madness. It is a proof, he says, that will convince "the wise if not the clever". A soul is always in motion and as a self-mover has no beginning. A self-mover is itself the source of everything else that moves. So, by the same token, it cannot be destroyed. Bodily objects moved from the outside have no soul, while those that move from within have a soul. Moving from within, all souls are self-movers, and hence their immortality is necessary. Hackworth the "centrepiece" of Phaedrus, and "the famous and moving account of the vision, fall and incarnation of the soul. While the gods have two good horses, everyone else has a mixture: When a soul sheds its wings, it comes to earth and takes on an earthly body that then seems to move itself. However, foulness and ugliness make the wings shrink and disappear. All the gods, except for Hestia , follow Zeus in this procession. While the chariots of the gods are balanced and easier to control, other charioteers must struggle with their bad horse, which will drag them down to earth if it has not been properly trained. Feeling wonderful, they are taken around until they make a complete circle. On the way they are able to see Justice, Self-control, Knowledge, and other things as they are in themselves, unchanging. When they

have seen all things and feasted on them, coming all the way around, they sink back down inside heaven. They see some things and miss others, having to deal with their horses; they rise and fall at varying times. Other souls, while straining to keep up, are unable to rise, and in noisy, sweaty discord they leave uninitiated, not having seen reality. Where they go after is then dependent on their own opinions, rather than the truth. Any soul that catches sight of any true thing is granted another circuit where it can see more; eventually, all souls fall back to earth. Those that have been initiated are put into varying human incarnations, depending on how much they have seen; those made into philosophers have seen the most, while kings, statesmen, doctors, prophets, poets, manual laborers, sophists, and tyrants follow respectively. It generally takes 10, years for a soul to grow its wings and return to where it came, but philosophers, after having chosen such a life three times in a row, grow their wings and return after only 3, years. This is because they have seen the most and always keep its memory as close as possible, and philosophers maintain the highest level of initiation. They ignore human concerns and are drawn towards the divine. While ordinary people rebuke them for this, they are unaware that the lover of wisdom is possessed by a god. This is the fourth sort of madness, that of love. When reminded, the wings begin to grow back, but as they are not yet able to rise, the afflicted gaze aloft and pay no attention to what goes on below, bringing on the charge of madness. This is the best form that possession by a god can take, for all those connected to it. While all have seen reality, as they must have to be human, not all are so easily reminded of it. Those that can remember are startled when they see a reminder, and are overcome with the memory of beauty. Some have not been recently initiated, and mistake this reminder for beauty itself and only pursue desires of the flesh. The recent initiates, on the other hand, are overcome when they see a bodily form that has captured true beauty well, and their wings begin to grow. When this soul looks upon the beautiful boy it experiences the utmost joy; when separated from the boy, intense pain and longing occur, and the wings begin to harden. Caught between these two feelings, the lover is in utmost anguish, with the boy the only doctor for the pain. The charioteer is filled with warmth and desire as he gazes into the eyes of the one he loves. The good horse is controlled by its sense of shame, but the bad horse, overcome with desire, does everything it can to go up to the boy and suggest to it the pleasures of sex. As he gets closer to his quarry, and the love is reciprocated, the opportunity for sexual contact again presents itself. If the lover and beloved surpass this desire they have won the "true Olympic Contests"; it is the perfect combination of human self-control and divine madness, and after death, their souls return to heaven. He apologizes to the gods for the previous speeches, and Phaedrus joins him in the prayer. Yet Socrates does not dismiss the art of speechmaking. Rather, he says, it may be that even one who knew the truth could not produce conviction without knowing the art of persuasion; [Note 39] on the other hand, "As the Spartan said, there is no genuine art of speaking without a grasp of the truth, and there never will be". And yet, they agree, the art of making these divisions is dialectic, not rhetoric, and it must be seen what part of rhetoric may have been left out. After Theuth remarks on his discovery of writing as a remedy for the memory, Thamus responds that its true effects are likely to be the opposite; it is a remedy for reminding, not remembering, he says, with the appearance but not the reality of wisdom. Future generations will hear much without being properly taught, and will appear wise but not be so, making them difficult to get along with. The dialectician chooses a proper soul and plants and sows within it discourse accompanied by knowledge—discourse capable of helping itself as well as the man who planted it, which is not barren but produces a seed from which more discourse grows in the character of others. Such discourse makes the seed forever immortal and renders the man who has it happy as any human being can be. It was believed that spirits and nymphs inhabited the country, and Socrates specifically points this out after the long palinode with his comment about listening to the cicadas. After originally remarking that "landscapes and trees have nothing to teach me, only people do", [Note 54] Socrates goes on to make constant remarks concerning the presence and action of the gods in general, nature gods such as Pan and the nymphs, and the Muses, in addition to the unusually explicit characterization of his own daemon. The importance of divine inspiration is demonstrated in its connection with and the importance of religion, poetry and art, and above all else, love. Eros, much like in the Symposium, is contrasted from mere desire of the pleasurable and given a higher, heavenly function. Unlike in the Ion, a dialogue dealing with madness and divine inspiration in poetry and literary criticism, madness here must go firmly hand in hand

with reason, learning, and self-control in both love and art. It is a very great safeguard to learn by heart instead of writing. What are now called his are the work of a Socrates embellished and modernized Sokratous estin kalou kai neou gegonotos. Read this letter now at once many times and burn it. In addition to theme of love discussed in the speeches, seeming double entendres and sexual innuendo is abundant; we see the flirtation between Phaedrus and Socrates as Phaedrus encourages Socrates to make his first speech, Phaedrus makes a remark at noon-time that Socrates should not leave as the heat has not passed and it is "straight-up, as they say," Socrates wishes to know what Phaedrus is holding under his cloak, and so on. The relationships discussed in the speeches are explicitly pederastic. And yet, this is tempered in various ways; role reversals between lover and beloved are constant, as they are in the Symposium. Notably, Socrates sees the pederastic relationship as ideally devoid of sexual consummation; rather than being used for sexual pleasure, the relationship is a form of divine madness, helping both lover and beloved to grow and reach the divine. Rhetoric, philosophy, and art[edit] The Phaedrus also gives us much in the way of explaining how art should be practiced. To practice the art, one must have a grasp of the truth and a detailed understanding of the soul in order to properly persuade. Moreover, one must have an idea of what is good or bad for the soul and, as a result, know what the soul should be persuaded towards. To have mastered the tools of an art is not to have mastered the art itself, but only its preliminaries. This is much like the person who claims to have mastered harmony after learning the highest and lowest notes of the lyre. To practice an art, one must know what that art is for and what it can help one achieve. The role of divine inspiration in philosophy must also be considered; the philosopher is struck with the fourth kind of madness, that of love, and it is this divine inspiration that leads him and his beloved towards the goodâ€”but only when tempered with self-control. Writing, examined separately but ultimately equated with philosophy and rhetoric, is somewhat deprecated; it is stated that writing can do little but remind those who already know. When attacked it cannot defend itself, and is unable to answer questions or refute criticism. As such, the philosopher uses writing "for the sake of amusing himself" and other similar things rather than for teaching others. A writer, then, is only a philosopher when he can himself argue that his writing is of little worth, among other requirements. This final critique of writing with which the dialogue concludes seems to be one of the more interesting facets of the conversation for those who seek to interpret Plato in general; Plato, of course, comes down to us through his numerous written works, and philosophy today is concerned almost purely with the reading and writing of written texts.

Chapter 2 : The Grip of Desire by Hector France

*Read story The Grip of Desire by gutenberg with reads. classics, france, hector. THE GRIP OF DESIRE*** This file was produced by Carlo Traverso, Relka Biha.*

One afternoon, while returning to the village, the Cure chanced to meet a young girl who was unknown to him. She was but poorly dressed, and her shoes were white with dust; but youth and gaiety shone forth beneath the glow of her cheeks, her blue eye sparkled under the dark arch of her eyebrows, and the voluptuous opulence of her shape made one forget the poverty of her dress. From her straw hat with its faded ribbons escaped heavy tresses which shone like gold. Bending over his breviary, the Cure passed, casting a sidelong look, one of those priestly looks which see without being seen; but the stranger compelled him to raise his head. She had stood still and was fixing on him smiling a bright and confident look. On seeing this, the Cure stood still also. Certainly, in the white flock of his congregation he counted just as lovely creatures every Sunday, he encountered just as provoking smiles. Nevertheless, he was troubled; he felt a secret flame course through his veins; a kind of charm emanated from this girl. He remembered reading that magnetic currents flow forth from certain women which inflame the senses, and he took a step backwards; but the charm operated in spite of himself, his eyes remained fixed on the seductive outlines of the figure of the unknown. In pointing it out to her the Cure perhaps displayed more earnestness than was necessary, he even took a few steps with her as far as the entrance to the village, then he returned home, thinking of this pretty girl. During supper his servant told him that some mountebanks had arrived in the village, and that they were going to give a performance the same evening in the market-place. In fact a drum was heard beating the call, and the hoarse voice of the clown announcing "a grand acrobatic spectacle, accompanied with dances and followed by a pantomime. As he expected, the pretty girl was there, and seen from this distance in the night, half-lighted by a few smoky lamps, with her little bodice of velvet, her gauze skirt spangled with gold, her flesh-coloured tights, she was really charming. At that moment she was dancing, with wonderful lightness and grace, some lascivious fandango, while she accompanied herself with the castanets. She was smiling at the crowd, delighting in the effect which she knew how to produce with her sparkling eye and her white teeth and her rosy lips, and the Cure was intoxicated by that smile. Then he cast his eyes over the rough crowd, and he was grieved at so much cost for such an audience: In order to admire her better, he had taken a field-glass and lost none of her gestures. Her bosom was boldly bared, and he feasted his eyes upon the sweet furrow of her breasts, he followed the delicious outline of her leg, and found his heart melting before the undulating movements of her graceful bust and her sturdy hips. He abruptly left the window, took up a book at random and tried to read. But this was in vain; his eyes only were reading, his thoughts were elsewhere; they were in the market-place which was in frolic with the dancer. He wished to stop this libertine thought; he read aloud: The soul risen so high in heroism and holiness falls very heavily to the earth Sick and embittered it plunges into evil with a savage hunger, as though to avenge itself for having believed. He returned to the window. All was over; the lamps were put out, the crowd was slowly dispersing; five or six inquisitive ones were standing round the heavy carriage of the company, from which some gleam of light escaped. He remained a long time leaning on his elbow at his window, looking at the stars and listening mechanically to all the noises outside. The market-place became empty. Only the stamping of the horses was to be heard fastened near by, in the thick shade of the old lime-trees. A slender thread of light again filtered up to him. He could not withdraw it thence, and armed with his glass he tried to reach the bottom of the mysterious light. Two or three times he saw a figure which he thought he recognized, pass and repass in the lighted square. Then the devil tempted him, like Jesus on the mountain. He did not show him the kingdoms of the earth, but he gave him a glimpse of the mountebank undressed. But the Cure turned a deaf ear; he went down noiselessly from his room and ventured into the market-place. In order to approach the carriage, he displayed all the strategy of a skilful general; he first walked the length of the parsonage, then crossed the market-place, then little by little, artfully, disappeared beneath the lime-trees. No one could have detected him plunging his burning gaze into the depth of the little room where the fair dancer, stripped of her tights, appeared to him half-naked. Within those ten

feet of planks was perceptible an excess of lives, passions, miseries, joys, of comedies and dramas; quite a world in miniature. Breathings and rustlings issued now and then from this living coffin. It was the heavy slumber of fatigue, of fever, or of drink. One window was lighted still, and the half-drawn curtain allowed a room to be seen the size of a sentry-box. He passed slowly by, and gave a look. A strange emotion seized him: He looked round him with alarm; he was quite alone. No one had detected him, no one could have detected him, plunging his burning gaze into the depth of the little room where the fair dancer, stripped of her tights, appeared to him half-naked and dazzling like a goddess of Rubens. The limpid look of her azure eyes beguiled near as much as her half-closed lip. The next day, from break of dawn, the strolling players were already making their preparations for departure. He saw the fair dancer again. No longer had she on her gauze dress with golden spangles, nor the tights which displayed her shape, nor her glittering diadem, nor the imitation pearls in her hair. She had resumed her poor dress of printed cotton, her darned stockings and her coarse shoes; but there was still her blue eye with its strange light, her pleasant face, her silky hair falling in thick tresses on her sunburnt neck, and beneath her cotton bodice the figure of an empress was outlined with the same opulence. A knot of women was there, laughing and talking scandal. What were these stupid peasants laughing at? At length the heavy vehicle began to move, drawn by two broken-winded horses. The fair girl is at the little window and watches, inquisitive and smiling, the silly scoffing crowd. They scorn and hate you, because they have not your splendid hair, nor the brightness of your eyes, nor your white teeth, nor your fresh smile, nor your suppleness, grace and vigour, nor your bewitching shape; despise them in your turn, but envy them not, them who despise and envy you. She is there still at her little window, like a youthful picture by Greuze. She lifts her eyes and recognizes the priest, and bows with that smile which has already so affected him. What grace in that simple gesture! What promises in those gentle eyes! In the midst of the hostile scornful looks of that foolish crowd she has met a friendly face; she has read sympathy and perhaps a secret admiration on the intelligent countenance of the priest. The Cure replied to her salute, and for a long while his gaze pursued the carriage. Meanwhile the good ladies whispered among themselves, and said to one another with a scandalized air: He bowed to the mountebank! It seemed to him that it was a portion of himself which was going away for ever. No, it was not she whom he loved, but she had just made the over-full cup run over. She or another, it was indifferent to him. His altered feelings of desire needed at length to drink freely. He was thirsty, what signified to him the vessel? Hitherto he had only felt that ordinary confusion which the chaste man experiences in presence of the woman, for hitherto his sight had only paused complacently upon pretty fresh faces, and if his thought wandered beyond, he drove it back with care to his very inmost being; but now that he had seen the naked breast of a pretty girl, that he had relished it with his gaze, embraced it with his desire, that he had yielded to a fatal forgetfulness, his flesh, so long subdued and humiliated, profited by that moment of error, and subdued him in its turn. A kind of frenzy had taken possession of his being in a moment, and in the sleepless night which he had just passed, he had given himself up to an absolute orgy in his over-excited imagination. That wandering girl who had just disappeared, had carried away his modesty. He felt his heart beating for her; but he felt that his heart was beating for all alike; girls or women, he wanted them all, he defiled them all with his thoughts. And so, after ten years of struggles, the virtue of the Cure of Althausen dissolved one evening before the naked breast of a rope-dancer, like snow before the sun. That day was a Sunday, and, as he did not come downstairs, his servant came to warn him that the time for Mass was drawing near. She stood struck with the strange look on his countenance, at the fatigue displayed on his features, and anxiously enquired of him the cause. The Cure assured her that she was mistaken, that he had never felt better; but at the same time he gave a glance at his mirror. He was frightened at his face and he remained a long time thoughtful, contemplating the gloomy fire of his own look. That sinister countenance seemed to him to presage some approaching calamity. Thus, there are men whom fate has marked on the forehead with a fatal stamp. The mysterious sign is not displayed at every time and before all; but at certain epochs of life, when the unknown breath caresses the predestinated or cursed head, the mark all at once appeals, like a tawny light in the depth of night. Is it that of reprobation which God has stamped upon my face? No, simpleton that thou art, it is the phosphorus of thy brain, which catches fire from time to time. He went up into the pulpit, and preached a sermon on this text: What could he say to these good people about

hearts pure and chaste? He tried, all the same, and said some excellent things. He spoke above all about temptation, which, following the expression of a Father of the Church, "is only, to commence with, an ant which tickles, and finishes by becoming a devouring lion. An old woman wept, and several members of the congregation appeared to sigh and think that it was a long time since they had been devoured thus. He had an inclination to laugh, as he came down from the pulpit, at the words which he had just uttered on purity of heart, and he wondered that he had been able to bring so much conviction and warmth to bear upon a subject to which he was henceforth completely a stranger. His own scepticism terrified him, and he saw that he had taken a long step into evil Nevertheless he did concern himself at that, and from his place near the pulpit he turned his impassioned gaze with more assurance on the group of young girls. Passion is a brutal level which equalizes us all. There remained in him nothing more of the priest, there only remained the man full of desires, and he flung his desires in riot upon that gynecium which he thought belonged to him. In certain village churches, all the young girls are placed apart, near the choir, sometimes even in the choir itself, under the eyes of the priest, as if they wished to leave the most convenient choice to that never satiated Priapus. The handsome Cure of Althausen made his choice therefore at his ease and without the least shame. This one was fair and pale, that other dark and high in colour; this one was thin and delicate, that one fat and plump; this one was prettier, that other more graceful. He knew not upon which to stop. He would have wished for them all, for they all had that provoking beauty which pleases the devil so much: And he could not grow weary of contemplating all these fresh faces; his look, more than once, encountered sweet looks, and then he experienced a delicious shock which stirred his heart. It was not only the faces which excited his longings. He had tried to drive away these abominable desires, but it was in vain: As he tried to escape from this diabolical hallucination, he remarked all at once in the gallery set apart for the wives of the principal inhabitants, a young girl, a stranger, whose beauty struck him.

Chapter 3 : The Grip of Desire by Hector France - Full Text Free Book (Part 1/6)

The Grip of Desire has 4 ratings and 0 reviews. It was not only the faces which excited his longings. In spite of himself, the opulent breast of the fair.

Art thou Great Love, to whom all must yield, for whom heroes sacrificed more than life their very heart Ah, if thou art he, let the door be opened wide. You have seen my father? I believe that he is well. I was passing by in my walk, I saw the light, I observed you, your window was partly open. I stopped and said to myself: Perhaps I can make a sign to Mademoiselle Durand that I am going away. I am glad of it on your account. You will have distractions there which you have not here. I almost envy you. I am sorrowful as Christ at Golgotha. I spoke to you of ambition. It is false, I have no ambition. Other motives than miserable calculations compel me to depart. But from the day I saw you, I have felt myself drawn towards you by an invincible sympathy. Oh, be not disturbed. Let not my words offend you; it is the fondness which I should have felt for a dearly-loved sister, if God had given me one. Believe it truly, Mademoiselle, the spotless calyx of the lily, the emblem of purity, is not more chaste than my thoughts when they fly towards you, for when I think of you, I think of the queen of angels; that is why I wished to see you again and bid you farewell. I go away, but tell me, not if I may ask to see you sometimes again--I dare not ask so great a favour--but if I shall have the right to mingle my memory with yours, my thought with your thought; tell me if you wish me to remain your friend though far away. We leave one another, we separate, but is that a reason why all should end? May we not write, give one another advice, follow one another from afar on the arduous road of life? It is so sweet, when we are alone, when the heart is sad, when the heaven is dark and the tears come slowly to the eyes, to dream that away there, in a little corner behind the horizon, there is a sister-soul to our soul, which perhaps, at that very moment, leaps towards us also and murmurs across space: Tell me, will you? Are you willing that we should follow one another thus in life? You do not answer Yes, there are footsteps. I must not be seen here That would be the means of compromising us both, for they must have heard our voices, and your departure would attract suspicions. I cannot remain here. Under this arbour you will be safe from any gaze. This village is full of evil-minded people. It is more prudent for both of us. She turned the key, and Marcel glided like a shadow through the half-open gate, quickly crossed the borders, and threw himself under the arbour. Suzanne closed the gate again and rejoined him. They were standing up under the dark arbour. One close to the other, excited, panting: Does their heart beat so hard because there is someone in the path? The cricket, just by their side, sends forth from under the grass his soft monotonous cry, and down there in the neighbouring ditch the toad lifts his harsh voice. A noise in the road, faint at first as the murmur of the wind, increases. It is the cautious hesitating step of someone listening. It comes nearer and stops. The philosopher cricket continues his song, the amorous toad his poem. Behind the branches of honeysuckle they watch attentively, and can see without being seen. A shadow passes slowly by, with its head turned towards the dark arbour. Suzanne made a movement of surprise;--Your servant, she said. Veronica slowly walked on. When she reached the gate, she pushed it as if to assure herself if it was open. Who can have made her suspect that you were here? Marcel, for reply, pressed the hand which he was holding. Finding the gate closed, the servant continued her road, then all at once returned, stopped for a few seconds facing the arbour, and at length disappeared behind the chestnut-trees. They followed the sound of her footsteps, which was soon lost in the silence, and found themselves alone, hearing nothing but the beatings of their own heart. Really, that is the most impertinent creature I have ever seen. By what right does she spy on you thus? She will have noticed our frequent interviews, and has imagined a world of iniquities. Nevertheless, I bless her, yes, I bless her, since I owe to her the joy of finding myself in this tete-a-tete with you. See, dear child, how strange is destiny, which is none other but the hand of God--for we must be blind not to recognize in all these things the finger of divine Providence--it is precisely the efforts made to put an obstacle between us, to prevent us, me from fulfilling my duties of a pastor, you those of a Christian, which have been the cause of our sweet intimacy. Your father forbids you to assist at the Holy Sacrifice, and you come to me to ask for counsel. This servant pursues us with her envious hate, and obliges us to take refuge like guilty lovers beneath this dark arbour. Almighty God,

thanks, thanks. But what a strange situation! If anyone were to surprise us, the whole world would accuse us, and yet what is surer than our conscience? You see plainly, dear child, that we cannot separate thus, and that, whatever happens, we must not remain strangers to one another. Suzanne did not answer, and he, emboldened by this silence, pressed between his the hand which she abandoned to him. You were the most charming and the chastest ornament of it. When I went up into the pulpit, it was for you that I preached, and when I turned towards my flock to bless them, it was you alone, sweet lamb, that I blessed in the name of the Father. You understand now, why I shall go away enveloped in sorrow. With the memory of you, I lull myself in the Infinite. I see Heaven and the angels, I dream of Seraphims who resemble you, who bear me on their diaphanous wings into the abode where all is joy and love. You see, you have no reasons to be offended with my dreams. You are not offended at them, are you? Can one be offended with dreams? I have often blushed at it I have blushed at it, because I thought that you might have mistaken that respectful kiss. And his lips rested on that little warm, quivering, feverish hand, and they could no more be separated from it. And, when at length he withdrew his mouth from it, he found that Suzanne was so near to him that he heard the beatings of her heart. Oh, why are you doing that? And she tried with vain efforts to loosen herself from the embrace. But he murmured softly: Leave you, dear Suzanne, sweet mystic rose, chosen vessel. See, there is something stronger than all the laws and all the proprieties; it is a look from you. Why do you repulse me? I speak to you as to the Virgin, and I kiss your knees. Chaste betrothed of the Levite, let me espouse you before God. She struggled with all her might, excited and maddened. But what can the dove do in the talons of the hawk! Pressed to his breast by his vigorous arms, it was in vain that she asked for pity. Hell might have opened, ere he would have dropped his prey. The struggle lasted several minutes, passionate, silent, ardent. Soon nothing was heard. The startled cricket was silent, and it alone might have counted the sighs, while in the neighbouring ditch the toad unwearied continued its love-song. If you have done well, have satisfaction. Marcel reached the parsonage without hindrance. Veronica had not yet returned. He congratulated himself on that, and went up the stair-case which led to his room with the light step of a happy man, locked his door, and began to laugh like a madman. Everything was safe; only there was down there in a corner of the village, an honour lost. And he laughed, and he rubbed his hands, and he would willingly have danced a wild saraband, if he had not been afraid of making a noise. He listened in the next room where his uncle was in bed, and heard his loud breathing. And the father who is at Vic, and who, I doubt not, is snoring too. Come, all goes well!

Chapter 4 : Phaedrus (dialogue) - Wikipedia

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Nearly everyone is in the grip of at least one desire, sometimes many. Desire is a natural part of the human condition. It comes from a sense of lack that is created by the ego, the false self. It comes from the belief that we need something outside of ourselves to be happy, which is the lie that makes the world go round. Chasing after what we want only results in more wanting, not in satiation, because the ego is in the business of manufacturing desires, not peace and happiness. Getting off this unending wheel of desire requires seeing the truth about desire, and there are actually many truths that need to be seen. One of them, which was just mentioned, is that fulfilling desires leads to more desires, not happiness. They are part of the human condition, the human ego, but not part of our true nature. We take them as indicators of what will be personally meaningful to us if they are fulfilled, but all of humanity has the same basic desires: Another truth to be seen about desire is that it is fed by our attention and disappears without our attention. Have you ever longed for something very deeply, and then some other desire came along that captured your attention, and you forgot completely about that first desire? Desires have no intrinsic power except the power we give them through our attention. So if you want to be without desire, then withdraw your attention from thoughts about what you desire. Focus on something else, preferably on what is real in the present moment, rather than on a thought. Life will be what it will be regardless of what we desire. They cause us to be dissatisfied and unhappy with the way things are, and that is a negative state and, consequently, a less effective and attractive state. Contentment, peace, and love, on the other hand, are extremely attractive and tend to draw to us what life intends for us. Notice I said "what life intends for us," not what we want, because sometimes what we want is not what life intends for us. There is a higher order in life than our desires. The Whole operates in support of the Whole, and we can trust it to bring us the experiences we need that will ultimately benefit the Whole. Seeing desires for what they are and not getting involved with them mentally will lead to a much happier and productive life. But these deeper desires are not experienced the same way and do not cause suffering, unless the mind gets hold of them. Gina Lake is a spiritual teacher who is devoted to helping others wake up and live in the moment through her books, counseling, and intensives. Living in the Now, and Getting Free. Her website offers information about her books and consultations, free e-books, book excerpts, a free monthly newsletter, a blog, and audio and video recordings: [Post new comment](#) [Please Register or Login to post new comment](#).

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