

Invidia

Larsen James Close

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Abstract

A world that has lost the ground of absolute worth levels its own height by reflex, and the reflex is visible whole in one feeling: to look upon another's excellence and feel diminished. Invidia, the hostile looking, is sorrow at a good that takes nothing from you. The wound needs no scarcity; nothing is removed, and one is lessened anyway. What must hold, then, for the other's good, subtracting nothing, to subtract? Only that worth has gone positional, a matter of rank, and worth goes positional exactly when no absolute, non-comparative ground of it remains. Strip that ground and another's rise is your fall by arithmetic, not misfortune. Excellence encountered is a summons, and a summons admits two answers and no third: rise toward it, drawn in recognition, the friend another self; or cut it down until the call goes quiet, the leveling that at its limit murders the one who summoned. The pivot is not chosen but read off the register. Where worth is absolute — activity complete in itself, *energeia*, non-rival — the summons can be answered, and the other's having it takes nothing from you. Where the absolute is missing, the summons arrives as indictment, and the sole move left is to silence it. Same call: gift to the one who can rise, scandal to the one who cannot. At scale the reflex is a civilization's, and that is the crisis: a world selecting against the very excellence that could raise it. The proof is reason itself. Rivalry indexes contingency, not reason; relative worth is a restriction laid over a non-rival good; run to its limit, the measure inverts and prices the unintelligible above the theorem. Value is primary: whether anything is rivalrous cannot be settled before whether worth is absolute or relative. The loneliness of excellence is therefore historical, not metaphysical, excellence being by its nature the most befriending thing there is. A truth whose mode of being is actualization cannot be transmitted, only summoned — the door held open, no more, for whoever has looked upon excellence and felt the fork.

The wound on looking

You stand before another's excellence — a proof, a performance, a made thing, or simply what someone *is* — and what should arrive as admiration arrives instead as subtraction. Nothing has been taken from you. The excellence sits there complete, costing you nothing, and you are smaller for having seen it. This is not the fear of losing what you hold to a rival; that is jealousy, triadic and defensive, and it at least has the dignity of a reason: there was something to lose. This is the older and purer thing, and it has no such alibi: pain at another's good *as such*, sorrow at a height that took nothing from you to reach.

invidia. From *in-* and *videre*: to look upon, against. The Latin names the affect by its gesture — the hostile glance, the evil eye that withers what it sees. Not the wish to possess the other's good, which at least concedes the good is good, but sorrow that the good exists at all; ill-will toward a thing that subtracts nothing. The scholastics fixed it precisely: *tristitia de bono alieno*, sadness at another's good, gravest of the disorders because it sorrows at the good precisely as good, and so hates the best most of all.¹ The strict case is the clean one: it requires no scarcity. Nothing is removed, and one is diminished anyway. At scale: the standing reflex of a world that has lost the ground of absolute worth, the disposition to meet height with leveling and to experience the leveling as realism.

The purity is what makes it diagnostic. Jealousy can be discharged into a story about loss; *invidia* cannot, because there is no loss to point to. The other's good is not in transit, not toward me and not away from me. It is simply there, and its being there lessens me. So the question it forces is transcendental in the exact sense: not *why do people envy*, a question biology or status or temperament may each answer in its own way, but *what must already be true of me* for the bare existence of another's good to register as my own subtraction. Take the wound as given — you have felt it — and reason backward. The condition it requires is not a mood. It is a structure, and it is precise.

The condition is that my worth is *positional*, constituted by rank, by where I stand in relation to others, so that any rise above me is a fall in me by arithmetic and not by misfortune. Under that constitution the inference is *valid*: the envious person reasons correctly. Given that worth is rank, the other's excellence really is my diminishment, and the sorrow is the readout of a sound deduction. The error is not in the feeling and not in the logic. It is one step upstream, in the premise that worth is rank — a premise no one adopts on purpose, and no one keeps who has anywhere else to stand.

Two registers

No one chooses the positional premise. It is what remains when something else has been removed. Set worth on rank and you have set it on the one ground another person can take from you simply by being good; no one would build there who had anywhere else to stand. The envious are not wicked. They are stranded, left with relative worth because the absolute kind has gone missing, and relative worth is zero-sum the way a ladder is: every rung above you is a measure of how far down you are.

So the whole matter turns on whether there is anywhere else to stand. There is, and it is not exotic; it is the most ordinary thing, mislaid. Some activity is worth doing for what comes of it: you build in order to have built, and the building is only the means, unfinished until the house stands. But some activity is the good entire while you do it. The geometer following the proof is not getting somewhere; she is already there, the whole worth of the thing present in the doing, nothing deferred. Understand, and you have understood in the

¹Thomas Aquinas, *Summa Theologiae* II-II, q. 36, a. 1–3: envy as *tristitia de bono alieno*, sorrow at another's good apprehended as one's own evil — distinguished from zeal, from jealousy, and from righteous indignation, and counted among the capital vices.

same motion. This is not a higher grade of the same coin. It is the other register: worth that is the activity itself, not the activity's yield.

energeia. Aristotle's name for activity complete in itself: that whose end lies within its own exercise, lacking nothing while it lasts (*Metaphysics* Θ.6).² Against it, *kinesis*, the motion made for a product beyond itself and so unfinished until the product arrives — not yet thin while you slim, not yet built while you build. The mark is in the tenses. Of a motion you cannot say *I am doing it* and *I have done it* at once; of an activity you can, *I see* and *I have seen*, because nothing is outstanding. At scale: a world that recognizes only *kinesis*, every act a means and every worth deferred to its outcome, has built itself nowhere to stand that another's outcome cannot threaten.

Worth of that second kind cannot be taken, because there is no possession to seize — only an act, yours while you enact it, and another's enacting subtracts nothing from it. Here the question that stalls every attempt at self-worth dissolves. Is the value conferred, made an end by my deciding it so? Then it is arbitrary, and the next bad day revokes it. Is it recognized, a worth already sitting there to be perceived? Then a gap opens between the seeing and the seen, and the gap is where doubt gets its grip. Neither. It is actualized, or it is not. The worth has the mode of being of an act: it is only in the doing, is nothing apart from the doing, and so leaves no seam — no fact to confer, no object to perceive, no day on which a rival's better proof makes your own understanding less the act it was.

In the moment the thing is binary; across a life it comes in degrees. One afternoon in act is whole; a character that rests there reliably is built slowly, by doing the thing until standing there is simply where you stand. The envious person is not someone who has never been in act — everyone has — but someone whose act keeps collapsing back into rank, who cannot hold the register and so meets each new excellence from the ladder. This is why the open library was always beside the point. The words that would tell you all of this are everywhere, free, and a sentence read is not a state attained. What is rare was never the information. It is the formation, and formation cannot be handed across, only undergone.

The summons

Excellence is the one thing you cannot meet with indifference. A landscape you can ignore, a fact you can file; but watch someone do the thing well — really well, at the edge of what you had thought possible — and something in you is already moving before you have decided anything. The height has addressed you. It discloses a good that is real, and in disclosing it asks: *and you?* That is what excellence is, beneath both admiration and envy — a summons, the disclosed good calling the one who sees it to rise.

A summons admits two answers and no third. You can rise. Drawn by the height, you begin to climb toward it, and the drawing is not passive, not the receipt of another's achievement handed over; it is your own act starting. To be pulled by a proof you do not yet hold, by a craft you cannot yet do, is to have already begun to hold it, begun to do it. Met so, the other's height is continuous with yours, a rung you find you are already on, and you leave the encounter larger than you came to it.

Or you can cut it down. If the height will not be climbed, it can be lowered: talked smaller, explained away, the achievement written off to luck or trick or credential, the one who reached it recast as someone who only seems to have. These are not arguments; they are not even aimed at the thing. They are labor spent on the summons itself, to make it quieter, until the indictment is faint enough to live beside.

Everything turns on the asymmetry hidden here: these are not two moods on a dial, two postures you might talk yourself between. They are answer and silence, and silence is not a kind of answer. To rise is to answer a

²Aristotle, *Metaphysics* Θ.6, 1048b18–35: the distinction between *energeia* (complete activity, *praxis teleia*) and *kinesis* (incomplete motion), drawn by the test of the tenses — whether one can, at the same moment, be doing and have done.

call you can answer. To level is what remains when the call cannot be answered at all — when there is no register in you from which a rising could begin, and the only relation left to the height is to make it stop.

So which answer comes is not chosen. It is read off the worth you stand in. Held in the absolute register, your own activity complete in itself, you lose nothing to the other's having: the good is non-rival, and the summons is answerable. Answerable is not effortless. The climb is labor and the distance can sting; rising costs. What it does not do is subtract. The register sets the direction of the answer, not its price: met from the absolute register, the sting is distance still to close; met from the positional, it is a verdict delivered, the exact measure of how far short you fall. A distance can be closed. A verdict can only be silenced.

skandalon. The Greek for the stone in the path, the trigger of the trap: the thing one strikes against and falls. One stone, two travelers. To the first a marker, read and stepped past; to the second the very thing he trips on. So with a height set before two who behold it. To the one who can rise it is gift; to the one who cannot it is *skandalon*, offense — not because the height has altered but because of what stands before it. At scale: where the positional register is the default, every height is a stone in the common path, and excellence as such is met as an offense.

Silence, pressed, has a limit, and the limit is not a figure of speech. Words are the first instrument: the height talked down, the witness made small in the description. But words sometimes fail; the indictment will not go quiet; the excellent thing keeps standing there, keeps rising. Then the silencing does not stop. It reaches for the only thing left.

The first death in the book is this death. Two brothers bring what they have made; one offering is received and one is not. The unreceived brother is not told he is worthless. He is shown, once, what received looks like, and told even then that he may yet master what crouches in him.³ He does not raise his offering. He raises his hand. Not greed, not lust, not revenge for a wrong done him — Abel did him none — but a man who cannot bear that another's gift rose, ending the one whose rising showed him his own. Leveling carried all the way down is murder, and the witness dies for no crime but excellence.

One brother, one field. Multiply it — the reflex spread across a civilization, a whole world disposed to meet height with leveling and to feel the leveling as good sense — and the private wound becomes the public weather: a world quietly clearing from its path the heights that might have raised it.

At scale

One field does not make a world. A civilization is not one man enlarged, and a structure that fells a single brother need not fell an age; the step from the field to the world is the one a careful reader should refuse to be hurried across. So take it slowly.

It holds, and the way it holds is simple and bleak. Let the positional register become the default — the water everyone is raised in, the only measure of worth a child is ever habituated into — and every encounter with height is, for almost everyone, an injury. Each time the inference is valid; each time the sorrow is rational; and the rational response to an injury is to end it. So the aggregate motion of such a world is neither neutral nor random. It runs against its own heights, by construction. No one need intend it. A society of positional valuers sheds its excellence the way a slope sheds water: not from malice, from shape. And here the condition seals itself shut. What gets leveled first and most reliably is the witness who stands in the other register and could disclose it — the one whose excellence is the single piece of evidence that another register exists at all.

³Genesis 4:3–8: the LORD's regard for Abel's offering and not for Cain's; the warning that sin "coucheth at the door," and that Cain may yet rule over it (4:7) — the ascent held open even there; and the killing in the field. Later scripture names the motive plainly: Cain slew Abel "because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous" (1 John 3:12). The first death in the canon follows directly upon the first encounter with a rising the witness cannot match.

The world removes its own cure. That is the whole difference between a misfortune and a crisis. A misfortune is a wound; a crisis is a wound that has disabled the body's power to close it.

hexis. The settled state: a disposition worked so deep into the grain of a person that the doing becomes what one is (*Nicomachean Ethics* II.1).⁴ Not knowledge held but character formed — one becomes just by doing just acts and brave by braving, until the act comes without a war. The absolute register is a *hexis* of just this kind: not a thesis one is argued into but a standing readiness to find one's worth in the act, laid down only by long habituation inside an order that treats the act as worth something in itself. At scale: a world that treats every activity as a means to an outcome cannot form that readiness in anyone, and then names the positional default it manufactured "human nature."

And the condition does not merely hold; it reproduces. Once the register is the default it takes over the places where the young are formed: what earns praise and what earns correction, which reach is rewarded and which punished. Where positional valuers run the room, the bold attempt is the dangerous one and the safe echo the prudent one, so each new arrival is habituated into the positional register before the other could form, and inherits as native what was never more than a default. The register builds the formation that builds the register. One person's stranding becomes a world's settled capacity to make more of the same — and the very institutions raised up to find excellence and lift it become, by that same training, the ones least able to see it when it comes.

This is what "at scale" buys, and it is the entire primacy claim. Virtue was always rare; the absolute register was always an achievement, and Aristotle never thought otherwise. But there is a difference between an order that fails to guarantee something and an order that dismantles the means of making it — between a field that yields little and a field sown with salt. The crisis is not that absolute value went missing on some morning. It is that the formative ground has been hollowed until the positional register is what nearly everyone defaults into and takes for reality. Once that is in view, the long roll of our crises — of meaning, of trust, of attention, of the bare capacity to hold a world in common — stops reading as a list. They are one collapse seen from several sides; meta-crisis is only a name for the suspicion that they are one. You cannot so much as raise the question *what is wrong* except from inside some register of worth; the very sense that something is wrong is already a value reaching for its ground. So value is not one crisis standing among the others. It is the aspect under which the rest first become legible, the upstream condition whose failure they are. That is what calling it primary means, and nothing less earns the word.

A world in this state keeps a measure that points the wrong way. It scores its own diminishment as safety and another's height as danger; it prices a leveled world above a raised one, and so prizes most the arrangement worth least. Of the soul, that is a grave thing to say, and hard to pin down. But the same measure governs something colder and more exact, where the inversion can be caught in the open and driven all the way to a contradiction: reason itself.

Is reason rivalrous?

The cleanest test is the coldest case, the one least like the soul: reason. Set the warm vocabulary of envy aside and put the question as flatly as it will go. A made thing — a proof, a result, a line of thought carried to its end — can be owned. It can be written down and locked away, sold or withheld; trade secrets are real, and patents, and the plain fact that some things are known to a few and not the many. So reason looks rivalrous after all: a result is worth the more the fewer can reach it, and another mind's arrival at the same place erodes

⁴Aristotle, *Nicomachean Ethics* II.1, 1103a14–b25: virtue as *hexis*, a settled state acquired neither by nature nor by teaching but by habituation — "we become just by doing just acts, temperate by doing temperate acts, brave by doing brave acts."

precisely that worth. Pressed to its sharpest form — *a reason is yours to the degree that another could not have reached it without you* — it sounds not merely true but obvious.

It is wrong, and it goes wrong on a single word: *where*. Where, the objection asks, does a proof actively exist if not on the page? The question has already made the proof a thing with a location, something that sits and so can be held. But the page is the proof in its most inactive state — a score, silent, inert until some mind plays it, ownable and portable precisely because it is dead. The living existence of a proof is a mind reasoning it through, the understanding actually under way: act, not potency, and the act is the prior way of being. What goes in the drawer is the dormant trace. What cannot be the act, for an act is never carried from place to place, only enacted, each time, by whoever enacts it. The drawer holds the score; the music is performed, or it is nowhere.

Once that line is drawn, the single thing the objection ran together falls into three. There is the understanding, re-actualized whole in every mind that reaches it, taken from no one, never moved. There is the artifact — the written path, genuinely dormant, genuinely ownable and controllable; here the objection is simply right, and intellectual property is its monument. And there is the advantage — the contingent fact of having gotten there first, the head start, the edge. *Another could not have arrived without you* is true of the advantage, half true of access to the artifact, and flatly false of the understanding. Handed the finished path, you must still walk it yourself; the page does not understand on your behalf. What can be subsidized is the saving of the search. The grasp is never subsidized; it is only ever performed. Dead as it is, the artifact is indispensable all the same — the score without which no second performance occurs; necessary as the occasion, never sufficient as the act, which is exactly why it can be owned and the understanding cannot. Nor is the division special to proofs. Every excellence carries the same three: the performance, the recording, the acclaim; the craft, the object, the edge in the market. Artifact and advantage behave just as the objection says. The act never does.

theoria. Contemplation: not the gathering of facts but the actualized seeing of what is, the knowing complete in the moment of knowing and aimed at nothing past itself — Aristotle's highest activity and the purest *energeia*, making nothing, leaving no residue to own.⁵ At scale: the one good a people cannot run short of, since each mind that reaches it takes the whole and leaves the whole for the next. Which is exactly why a world built around scarcity cannot see it, and prices it at the worth of its husk, the artifact.

Which locates the rivalry exactly, and the location is the thing the objection never saw: rivalry tracks contingency, not reason. A result is rivalrous in the measure that it encodes a contingent selection from a vast space, findable only by redoing the search — a formula that is *that* formula for no reason at all, recoverable only by the labor that first hit upon it. It is non-rival in the measure that it is necessary: reconstructible by anyone who walks the path, because the path is open and the reasons compel. The trade secret, the objection's strongest card, proves the point against it. The secret is rivalrous because it is not *theoria*, because it bottoms out in contingency rather than necessity. Rivalry rises exactly as reason falls. The best example of rivalrous reason marks the pole farthest from reason itself.

Now the measure can be run to its limit, where it snaps. Take *a reason is worth the more the fewer can reach it* and follow it out. The most valuable reason is then the one nobody could ever re-reason, its worth maximal precisely where its reachability is nil, where no path leads back to it and it dawns on no one. But a reason that can dawn on no one is indistinguishable from a mark that means nothing. At the limit the measure prices an unintelligible scratch above the Pythagorean theorem. Run it the other way and the absurdity completes: every truth we most value loses worth the instant it spreads, so the theorem was most precious the morning before the second person grasped it and has been depreciating for twenty-five centuries, by now nearly worthless

⁵Aristotle, *Nicomachean Ethics* X.7, 1177a12–b26: *theoria* as the highest, most continuous and self-sufficient activity, loved for its own sake and issuing in nothing beyond itself.

because anyone at all can have it. The most secure good we possess is scored as the thing that has lost the most. Both ends agree, and both are unthinkable. The measure runs backwards along its whole length.

What the wreck leaves standing is the part worth keeping. The curve the objection drew is a real curve, but it is the curve of the advantage, not of the understanding. Share the path and the edge falls to nothing as access spreads. The understanding does not fall — and not because it holds its level while the other drops. It was never on the scale. To call it flat, invariant, a constant beneath the falling curve, would already be the mistake: the absolute made a magnitude, plotted on the advantage's axis so that the one can be read against the other, which is the positional move in miniature, committed at the exact point of formalizing the difference. Only one of the two is a quantity at all. The advantage is a rate — the closing speed of a foreclosure. The understanding is what the foreclosure forecloses, and that is the whole dependence, running one way: a foreclosure cannot be stated without the good it closes off, while the good owes the foreclosure nothing, not even a mention. Weld the two into one measure and it runs backwards, as it just did. Hold them apart and everything stands in order. The primacy is fixed not as a preference but as a necessity: the relative case cannot so much as be stated without the absolute it restricts.

One question outlives the proof. If understanding is never handed over but only ever re-performed, how is anyone drawn toward it before holding it — and how could that drawing be trusted to point at something real and not a glittering nothing? The drawing is the answer. To be pulled toward a truth not yet grasped, pulled in recognition, is one's own grasping already under way; the pull is the first motion of an arrival wholly one's own. You are *informed* of a contingent fact and left cold; you are *drawn* by a necessary one, and the being-drawn is reason soliciting its own actualization in you.⁶ The false pull, the elegance that promises and pays nothing, is unmasked in the only way it can be: it arrives nowhere, and a drawing that leads to no act undoes itself. So the very thing the objection misread — another's reasoning, met and felt as a height — is no debt to whoever got there first. It is the start of your own ascent toward what stood open all along. The impulse to seat reason's worth in foreclosure, in the *could-not* of others, was the positional register in the mask of epistemology; and the answer to it is the one the encounter keeps offering on its own: another's arrival at the truth, far from subtracting from yours, is the rare good that grows by being held together.

Another self

Cain was the first, and the pattern did not end in his field. It runs through the founding texts as their darkest thread — not doctrine handed down but the structure caught early and set down plainly — and it scales: the greater the height, the more unbearable the indictment, the more surely the witness is put down. Athens kept its gadfly. Socrates' whole work was to stand in the marketplace and show the confident that they did not know what they took themselves to know. He took nothing, claimed nothing, owned no doctrine anyone could envy; he only made the ignorance visible, and to men whose worth was their standing, the making-visible could not be borne. So the city reached for the instrument that ends an indictment: it voted him the hemlock, and the questioning stopped.⁷ Further along the same thread stands the height that indicts most and is therefore leveled most completely — gift to those who could receive it, and to those who could not, the stone they struck against and cleared away: *skandalon* carried to its end.⁸ No one hid the motive: Socrates says it is envy, not his accusers, that will convict him; the Gospel says outright that they handed

⁶Plato, *Meno* 80d–86b: the paradox that one can seek neither what one knows nor what one wholly does not, resolved as recollection — knowledge drawn out from within and recognized, not received from without.

⁷Plato, *Apology* 30e–31a, Socrates as the gadfly set on the city to sting it awake; 28a–b, where he names what will convict him — not Meletus or Anytus but the envy (*phthonos*) and slander of the many, which have undone good men before him; 38c–39b, the sentence of death. The indictment is silenced by killing the one who delivers it.

⁸1 Corinthians 1:23, “we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumblingblock [*skandalon*], and unto the Greeks foolishness” — the height received as offense by those who could not receive it as gift. The motive is named in the Passion itself: Pilate “knew that for envy [*dia phthonon*] they had delivered him” (Matthew 27:18; Mark 15:10).

the other over for envy.⁹ The rule holds with a terrible steadiness: leveling rises to meet excellence, and the highest are silenced most surely of all.

But see what the killing kills. It is never only the man. What the murder forecloses is a whole world: the one in which that excellence would have been received and multiplied, the height raising everyone who stood near it. The dark pole and the bright are a single teaching read from its two ends. The friend as another self is exactly what Cain and Athens and the cross destroy. To strike the witness down is not merely to end a life; it is to foreclose the joint act his excellence was an opening toward — the larger activity that two who could rise would have made together.

philia. The friendship Aristotle set at the summit of the human things: not the bond of use or pleasure but the love between two who are each good, each willing the other's good for the other's own sake. Its mark is the strangest phrase in the ethics — the friend is *allos autos*, another self — for in the friend's activity one perceives and shares one's own, and a life's activity grows more continuous and more complete for being enacted together (*Nicomachean Ethics* IX.4, IX.9).¹⁰ At scale: the shape a world takes when height is met with ascent, each enlarged by what the others are; the very world that leveling forecloses.

So the oldest joke about excellence turns out to be true, and the same reading heals it. Being good at the thing does cost you friends; the excellent are lonely, and they are not imagining it. But the loneliness is historical, not metaphysical — a fact about the world they were born into, never a fact about excellence. By its nature excellence is the most befriending thing there is: non-rival, shareable, the very stuff two selves actualize together. Among absolute-valuers the excellent one would be the most surrounded of all, each person larger for his being there. That he is instead alone is the essay reading, the measure of how far the positional register has become the default — until the ordinary answer to a height is to step back from it, and the one who has it learns to dim himself for company. The loneliness of the excellent is the meta-crisis arrived in a single life, small enough to hold in the hand.

And so it stands before you again. Another's excellence — a proof, a performance, a made thing, or simply what someone is — and something in you moves before you have decided anything. You know now what the motion is. It is a summons, and what you feel as it lands is not a verdict on your worth but a reading of the register you stand in: the same height that subtracts from you in the one is, in the other, a rung you find you are already on. Which it will be is not given, and not quite chosen in the moment either. It is read off what the long doing has made of you — the slow habituation that settles, before any single encounter, whether the next height comes as gift or as wound. No telling can install it; a summons can only be answered, and only from somewhere, and only by the one it singles out. The next excellence is already on its way to you. What it meets in you when it comes is the one thing in all of this that was ever yours to set.

⁹René Girard read the same pair of texts — Cain, the Passion — as the rare founding stories that name the persecutors' motive and the victim's innocence instead of mythologizing them (*Things Hidden Since the Foundation of the World; I See Satan Fall Like Lightning*), and Max Scheler's *Ressentiment* remains the fullest prior study of leveling as a revaluation of values carried out at civilizational scale. Both describe the same wreckage; the mechanism here is different. Mimetic rivalry is triangular, two desires converging on one object, and resentment is a thwarted impulse turned inversion of values. The strict case of invidia is dyadic and wants nothing: no object is contested, and the other's good offends simply by standing there. Resentment presupposes the positional register outright: the revaluation answers a comparison already found unbearable. Mimetic rivalry as such does not — two children fighting over one toy need only scarcity and borrowed desire — but it meets the present account where the contested good is standing itself: favor, regard, precedence. There the rivalry presupposes the register rather than explains it. The Cain case sits exactly there: acceptance stays open (4:7), so the scarcity is supplied by the register, not the good. The founding texts enter here as the tradition's earliest recognitions of the structure, not as reports on the contents of any particular heart.

¹⁰Aristotle, *Nicomachean Ethics* IX.4, 1166a30–32 (the friend as *allos autos*, another self) and IX.9, 1169b–1170b (why even the self-sufficient need friends: joint activity is more continuous and complete, and in the friend one perceives one's own activity).