

Yuriy Kootcherook. **Some visions on the emotional impact.**

Life starts with an emotion. A newborn child's scream is the indication of its manifestation. Many scholars in various fields of knowledge have already investigated the nature of emotions with humans and even animals. There exist several theories and suggestions how emotions sway the moods and refer to the maturity of a persona. This article aims to pursue some issues relating to how emotions had been working on the lengthy itinerary of civilization and what they had led it to. For the positive emotions contain the fundamental components or 'vitamins' to generate a healthy social and cultural environment, or in simple terms 'societal happiness', the policy of spreading and adopting them in different times, in singular spheres is to be traced.

For it is rather a tough task to pursue and seize all the links in the course of time of the civilization chronologically and documentary but it seems to be essential to point out those trends that had been on the stage, visible and audible, and thus influential.

The fairy-tales and fables put forward the emotions all we get in the childhood. They undoubtedly have some national and universal references. If to take into a specific concern the men of renown who were in the industry of telling fairy-tales to the world one can recollect some such as Hans Christian Andersen (the Danish), The Brothers Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm (the German), Charles Perrault (the French). What emotional impact had they left and whether they still do? Let's consider.

Hope is the first in line that can be infused with the fairy-tales. Remarkably that Mr. Andersen started mostly of his ones in quite a gloomy, weather-like way and then changed into a hopeful-like as in '*The Story Of The Year*':

"It was near the end of January, and a terrible fall of snow was pelting down, and whirling through the streets and lanes; the windows were plastered with snow on the outside, snow fell in masses from the roofs. Every one seemed in a great hurry; they ran, they flew, fell into each other's arms,

holding fast for a moment as long as they could stand safely. Coaches and horses looked as if they had been frosted with sugar. The footmen stood with their backs against the carriages, so as to turn their faces from the wind. The foot passengers kept within the shelter of the carriages, which could only move slowly on in the deep snow. At last the storm abated, and a narrow path was swept clean in front of the houses; when two persons met in this path they stood still, for neither liked to take the first step on one side into the deep snow to let the other pass him. There they stood silent and motionless, till at last, as if by tacit consent, they each sacrificed a leg and buried it in the deep snow. Towards evening, the weather became calm. The sky, cleared from the snow, looked more lofty and transparent, while the stars shone with new brightness and purity.” [1]

Or diversely and contrary (seasonally though) to the above in the *‘The Ugly Duckling’*:

“It was lovely summer weather in the country, and the golden corn, the green oats, and the haystacks piled up in the meadows looked beautiful. The stork walking about on his long red legs chattered in the Egyptian language, which he had learnt from his mother. The corn-fields and meadows were surrounded by large forests, in the midst of which were deep pools. It was, indeed, delightful to walk about in the country. In a sunny spot stood a pleasant old farm-house close by a deep river, and from the house down to the water side grew great burdock leaves, so high, that under the tallest of them a little child could stand upright. The spot was as wild as the centre of a thick wood. In this snug retreat sat a duck on her nest, watching for her young brood to hatch; she was beginning to get tired of her task, for the little ones were a long time coming out of their shells, and she seldom had any visitors. The other ducks liked much better to swim about in the river than to climb the slippery banks, and sit under a burdock leaf, to have a gossip with her.” [2]

It sounds even more dramatic in the beginning of *‘Hansel and Greta’* by Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm when under the circumstances and poor conditions of life parents take a resolution to bring the two children out into the thickest part of the woods and leave them by themselves there. Hansel had known about the intentions of their parents but his *"Don't worry, Gretel. Sleep well. God will not forsake us"* somehow suggests hope and the happy outcome:

“... and finally they saw the father's house in the distance. They began to run, rushed inside, and threw their arms around the father's neck. The man had not had even one happy hour since he had

left the children in the woods. However, the woman had died. Gretel shook out her apron, scattering pearls and precious stones around the room, and Hansel added to them by throwing one handful after the other from his pockets. Now all their cares were at an end, and they lived happily together.” [3]

As one can see the story line denotes such feelings as for punishment, remorse, shame and finally kindness and forgiveness.

We carry these emotions with us for quite a long time if not for the whole life. Let me recite an emotional passage of one woman, an acquaintance of mine, to confirm it:

“I was talking with someone recently who’s been learning of my girlhood on a very regular basis and I shared that I have been uncertain about how to take reactions and non reactions to my revelations about what my life was truly like. As our conversation transpired we spoke on relativity and detachment/desensitization and attempted to give me some perspective on it. We are all sentient beings, feeling, perceiving and experiencing things subjectively. We are individuals and relate everything to our entirely unique experiences, for there is not another with exactly the same everything as we have and therefore will never experience and feel in the way we have. What touches us deeply can only touch us deeply and in the retelling of the deep effect, it is simply that...a telling, and oral overview of a thing. Another hears it, absorbs it at whatever level is capable and then reacts to it, retaining only a minimal amount of it for future access or reference. Because it’s ours, our feeling, our experience, our thing.”

Thus the emotional experience tends to be subjective and objective if shared and concurrent. If this affect is false and represented in some distorted forms one may express his/her bewilderment or an absolute non-acceptance, rejection and protest for the faked origin of it. But one needs to possess the emotional power gained in past so that to evaluate or make the right analysis with no moderations but weighed, mindful, emotionally-based and not hysterical. The contemporary world is teemed with this kind of emotional and abusive hysteria exhibited in the samples of modern literature, music and art, the fields traditionally responsible for our perceptions. On one hand it may be attractive as an anomaly, abnormal phenomena, something rudimental but on the other hand it ruins the emotional stability and leads to some mental upsets.

Certainly, nowadays they cannot fully regulate the process of spreading it by means of censorship or banning like it was before. Because that depends on who have a control over it and what motives and purposes they have when allowing some to be popularized and others not to be. The old good-working mechanism was almost destroyed in the last decades owing to the moral substitutions 'invented' by some institutions. But there still exists that objective public and personal opinion, so far non-belligerent and eternally unbiased. It is clearly observed in the solicitous and intelligent ways of telling. In his '*The Sense Of Beauty*' George Santayana indicates:

"The main effect of language consists in its meaning, in the ideas which it expresses. But no expression is possible without a presentation, and this presentation must have a form. This form of the instrument of expression is itself an element of effect, although in practical life we may overlook it in our haste to attend to the meaning it conveys. It is, moreover, a condition of the kind of expression possible, and often determines the manner in which the object suggested shall be apperceived. No word has the exact value of any other in the same or in another language. But the intrinsic effect of language does not stop there. The single word is but a stage in the series of formations which constitute language, and which preserve for men the fruit of their experience, distilled and concentrated into a symbol." [4]

That means that language, not exclusively but as no other symbolic system, possesses these tools to translate the right and needed at the moment emotions and the tools work and sound with the 'craftsmen' in the state of inspiration. This period can be flashy, brief or long. But exactly at this string of time they have this 'occasion of emotions' drizzling and pouring into their minds. However, it's complex to explain it to the one who had not been attended by those feelings or doesn't need it. Emotions *are ready* to find the one who is all set to accept them and interact. For instance, by means of reading and commenting, listening and commenting, saying and hearing what others say. Eventually they will probably choose the one who is the most influential and the least 'infectious' and intrusive.

Paradoxically but the language infections and language viruses do exist and one may easily catch them and spread into a society. Imitation, simulation and reproduction of the erroneous and off-beam samples of sayings, speeches, ideas by

pseudo representatives of the language and thus emotions in their best limit the minds, shorten their capabilities and do not create the auspicious conditions for the cultural and evolutionary development of this or that community. It just accumulates stagnation. It can become rather a serious problem. Here we have to deal with the emotional carriers whose perception can be rather complex to evaluate immediately. It is consistent with their life, origin, social environment and many other aspects forcing them to explicit or implicit their own visions and experiences. It's all personal and intimate and not necessarily has to be fully and unconditionally accepted. If it confuses someone or leaves him or her in a state of incomprehension it's better to refer to the skilled connoisseurs in the field. Otherwise, if this familiarity had occurred and unsolved, it may bring the percipient to a distorted idea of what was intended to communicate to him or her. The latent intentions of an author are unknown until he or she explains them. Frequently they cannot even explain the reasons by themselves. Then their emotions were provoked and can provoke others into these involuntary moods. It sounds like a hypnosis but it's true. Music, art, language, all they possess these hypnotic, mesmerizing, rhythmic elements, allegro and energetic, andante and soothing, larghissimo and idle. Sounds, words, colors, the length and the saturation of such make the participants and the bystanders acquire either harrowing and unnerving or rejuvenating and copacetic empiricisms.

The contemporary avalanche of the emotional and disorganized stuff bothers the minds of the humanity in its attractively distracting way. Partly or wholly it can explicate the nature of the mentality of the nations and the mental and singular activity of the individuals no matter what nationality or race he or she belongs to. But there must be a reference to a certain group these personalities ascribe themselves to because they share the same emotions no matter what profession or occupation they have. Though the national and occupational and even gender constituencies are not to be neglected. They can show the depths and peculiarities of an emotional acuity that can be natural or increased and advanced. What one could say about a lake for instance?

William Wordsworth wrote in his poetic *'I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud'*(1807):

“I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze... “ [5]

Mary Shelley's sentimental piece in *'Frankenstein'* (1818) is:

“My journey was very melancholy. At first I wished to hurry on, for I longed to console and sympathise with my loved and sorrowing friends; but when I drew near my native town, I slackened my progress. I could hardly sustain the multitude of feelings that crowded into my mind. I passed through scenes familiar to my youth, but which I had not seen for nearly six years. How altered every thing might be during that time! One sudden and desolating change had taken place; but a thousand little circumstances might have by degrees worked other alterations, which, although they were done more tranquilly, might not be the less decisive. Fear overcame me; I dared no advance, dreading a thousand nameless evils that made me tremble, although I was unable to define them. I remained two days at Lausanne, in this painful state of mind. I contemplated the lake: the waters were placid; all around was calm; and the snowy mountains, 'the palaces of nature,' were not changed. By degrees the calm and heavenly scene restored me, and I continued my journey towards Geneva.

The road ran by the side of the lake, which became narrower as I approached my native town. I discovered more distinctly the black sides of Jura, and the bright summit of Mont Blanc. I wept like a child. "Dear mountains! my own beautiful lake! how do you welcome your wanderer? Your summits are clear; the sky and lake are blue and placid. Is this to prognosticate peace, or to mock at my unhappiness?"

I fear, my friend, that I shall render myself tedious by dwelling on these preliminary circumstances; but they were days of comparative happiness, and I think of them with pleasure. My country, my beloved country! who but a native can tell the delight I took in again beholding thy streams, thy mountains, and, more than all, thy lovely lake!" [6]

Let's see how descriptive, literary and culturally cognitive it is with James F. Cooper in *'The Last of the Mohicans'* (1826):

“While writing this book, fully a quarter of a century since, it occurred to us that the French name of this lake was too complicated, the American too commonplace, and the Indian too unpronounceable, for either to be used familiarly in a work of fiction. Looking over an ancient map, it was ascertained that a tribe of Indians, called *"Les Horicans"* by the French, existed in the neighborhood of **this beautiful sheet of water**. As every word uttered by Natty Bumppo was not to be received as rigid truth, we took the liberty of putting the *"Horican"* into his mouth, as the substitute for *"Lake George."* The name has appeared to find favor, and all things considered, it may possibly be quite as well to let it stand, instead of going back to the House of Hanover for the **appellation of our finest sheet of water**. We relieve our conscience by the confession, at all events leaving it to exercise its authority as it may see fit.” [7]

And a visionary sample of Henry James in *'The Turn Of The Screw'* (1898) suggests mystery:

“My attention to them all really went to seeing them amuse themselves immensely without me: this was a spectacle they seemed actively to prepare and that engaged me as an active admirer. I walked in a world of their invention - they had no occasion whatever to draw upon mine; so that my time was taken only with being, for them, some remarkable person or thing that the game of the moment required and that was merely, thanks to my superior, my exalted stamp, a happy and highly distinguished sinecure. I forget what I was on the present occasion; I only remember that I was something very important and very quiet and that Flora was playing very hard. We were on the edge of the lake, and, as we had lately begun geography, the lake was the Sea of Azof.

Suddenly, in these circumstances, I became aware that, on the other side of the Sea of Azof, we had an interested spectator. The way this knowledge gathered in me was the strangest thing in the world - the strangest, that is, except the very much stranger in which it quickly merged itself. I had sat down with a piece of work - for I was something or other that could sit - on the old stone bench which overlooked the pond; and in this position I began to take in with certitude, and yet without direct vision, the presence, at a distance, of a third person. The old trees, the thick shrubbery, made a great and pleasant shade, but it was all suffused with the brightness of the hot, still hour. There was no ambiguity in anything; none whatever, at least, in the conviction I from one moment to another found myself forming as to what I should see straight before me and across the lake as a consequence of raising my eyes.” [8]

All the authors put into words something personal and emotional about the places they had obviously been to and with different gradations relating to the story, characters and the event in question. Undoubtedly, they leave some kind of minute impressions that can touch someone or leave someone apathetic. It depends on what kind of emotionality and intelligence one wields to cleave to another's expressive utterances.

Thus the emotions can be considered as popular or less popular. The question is whether they are sufficient and crucial to shape the outlooks of present generations and ensure the success and evolution of the personalities in the contemporary societies.

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