

Although I have a body to which I am very closely united, nevertheless, because on the one hand, I have a clear and distinct idea of myself in so far as I am only a thinking and unextended thing, and because on the other hand I have a distinct idea of the body in so far as it is only an extended thing but that does *not* think, it is certain that I, that is to say my mind, by which I am what I am, is entirely and truly distinct from my body, and may exist without it.

By these feelings of pain, hunger, thirst, etc., I am not only lodged in my body, like a pilot in his ship, but am joined to it very closely, and indeed so compounded and intermingled with my body, that I form, as it were, a single whole with it ... I am composed of body *and* mind. It is the function of the mind alone, and not of the composition of mind *and* body, to know the truth.

There is a great difference between mind and body, in that body, by its nature, is always divisible and mind is entirely *indivisible*. For in truth, when I consider my mind, that is to say myself in so far as I am only a thinking thing, I can distinguish no parts, but conceive myself as one single and complete thing. And although the whole mind seems to be united with the whole body, yet, if a foot, or an arm, or any other part is separated from my body, it is certain that nothing has been taken away from my mind. Nor can the faculties of wishing, feeling, perceiving, etc., properly be called its parts, for it is the same mind that is occupied, whole and entire, in willing, perceiving, conceiving, etc.