BAS C. VAN FRAASSEN

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Sloughs of despond, mountains of joy

> Now I saw in my dream, that just as they had ended this talk they drew near to a very miry slough, that was in the midst of the plain; and they, being heedless, did both fall suddenly into the bog. The name of the slough was Despond. Here, therefore, they wallowed for a time, being grievously bedaubed with the dirt; and Christian, because of the burden that was on his back, began to sink in the mire.
>
> – John Bunyan, *The Pilgrim's Progress*

> They went then till they came to the Delectable Mountains, which mountains belong to the Lord of that hill of which we have spoken before; so they went up to the mountains, to behold the gardens and orchards, the vineyards and fountains of water; where also they drank and washed themselves, and did freely eat of the vineyards.
>
> – John Bunyan, *The Pilgrim's Progress*

Bunyan's pilgrim journey personifies the pattern of a life whose narrative, however wrenching in memory, can be seen in retrospect as leading up to its redemption. But how is that journey experienced? Remarkably, almost every step of the journey leaves the reader with a much stronger impression of the emotional experience than of the simplistically depicted events symbolising those emotions. That emotional experience, in contrast to the theme of ultimate and complete redemption, has been characteristic of many such life-journey narratives since then – or those of some years' journeys, or even a day's journey into night.

For a philosopher, the pilgrimage is fascinating in another way as well: as a journey of discovery, of gaining insight, of coming to know, with the redemption taking the subjective form expressed as *I once was blind, but now I see*. Coming to know is a topic for epistemology, where it is more often studied in its more mundane forms, so that understanding such a radical transition is the touchstone challenge for this discipline. I shall argue that the challenge cannot possibly be met unless we afford emotion its crucial role.

A contemporary pilgrim's progress: *Free Fall*

The narrator in William Golding's *Free Fall*,[1] who is called Sammy Mountjoy, follows his own life persistently to find out when he lost his

freedom. His name is surely an irony in view of the book taken as a whole, for a man who must, near the end, acknowledge his guilt and regret for much of what he has told us. His yesterdays walk with him, he tells us at once, they are grey faces that peer over his shoulder. Yet the book begins and ends with an account of a moment of great joy and insight, an epiphany, an emotional transformation that rendered the world glorious, shining, the moment when he 'understood how the scar becomes a star ... felt the flake of fire fall, miraculous and pentecostal'.

An epiphany involves a radical change in view, a different way of seeing we might say; hence an epistemic change: subjectively the experience of having blinders fall off, having the shells fall from one's eyes. But such a change does not happen independently of emotional impact: the impact of the EPIPHANOUS experience, but also a prior overwhelming emotional experience as the very condition of its possibility. Thus Sammy Mountjoy is reduced, in his terror in the Nazi cell – is driven down to a level below human:

> The thing that cried fled forward over those steps because there was no other way to go, was shot forward screaming as into a furnace ... The thing that screamed left all living behind and came to the entry where death is close as darkness against eyeballs.
>
> And burst that door.

This is, as it happens, also the moment when he is physically released, and walks out into the prison yard. This is the moment, late in the story, that – as we now realise – the first paragraph described, the moment when he sees people crowned with a double crown, holding in either hand the crook and flail, the power and the glory. As he walks out, the prison huts

> shone with the innocent light of their own created nature. I understood them perfectly, boxes of thin wood as they were, and now transparent, letting be seen inside their quotas of sceptred kings. I lifted my arms ... and was overwhelmed by their unendurable richness as possessions ... Huge tears were dropping from my face into dust; and this dust was a universe of brilliant and fantastic crystals, that miracles instantly supported in their being.

As it seems to him, now he sees things and people the way they really are, the reality that had been hidden from him, veiled more and more thickly as he grew up in free fall away from innocence.

There is no guarantee of truth, and a radical change in view may later, rightly or wrongly, be disavowed. What is important in this long illustration is that it instantiates the entanglement of epistemic and

emotional facets of radical changes in view. The severity of the prior emotional stage – the Slough of Despond – and the overwhelming sense of release – coming upon the Delectable Mountains – appear here to be the conditions under which alone the experienced world can change to such an extent.

Fragility and continuity through time

At this point, however, problems appear, not just for the reader of this novel, but for the view of our epistemic life so depicted. Shortly after the above passage we hear, in echo of the text's opening words, 'I was visited by a flake of fire, miraculous and pentecostal; and fire transmuted me, once and for ever'. And Sammy begins to relate how he began to learn about the new world, and about the dead thing – surely this is an echo of St Paul's death of the old man? – looking out upon its new world. But are we to trust this, in view of the narrator's subsequent history? He does express a new understanding, of what he has done to his Beatrice, of what he experienced from his two contrapuntal teachers of science and religion; but the Gerald Manley Hopkins tone when he explores his epiphany is not clearly or indubitably reflected in how we see him living thereafter.

This is the doubt: that epiphany is so fragile that it does not, cannot, survive return to one's practical pursuits, and cannot precisely because of its intricate involvement with emotion. We have a sad story of such a falling away in Graham Greene's imagined sequel to Jesus's healings, 'The Second Death'.[2]

He's no better than he ought to be now, that narrator who tells us, 'It was a long time ago since I thought of that day, ages and ages ago, when I felt a cold touch like spittle on my lids and opening my eyes had seen a man like a tree surrounded by other trees walking away'.

Once he was blind, then he saw; but that is ages and ages ago, life since then no reflection of that miracle.

The three ways of coming to know

Commenting on changes in view and ways of coming to know as they appear in literature, Martha Nussbaum[3] contrasts three forms. Beginning with Proust's Marcel, she presents that well-known scene in which he is told that Albertine has gone as instantiating the difference between two traditional forms. Marcel has examined himself objectively, as if conducting a scientific inquiry into his own feelings, and concluded that he does not love her any more. An objective scientific inquiry is certainly one way of coming to knowledge,

appropriate and effective for certain domains. But it is shown up at the moment of the news: the impact is overwhelming and overturns his conviction.

Nussbaum classifies this sudden insight with the Stoics' 'irresistible impression' that they took for the basis of all knowledge, and contrasts it with the objectifying inquiry which had seemed sufficient to Marcel.[4] But then, with Ann Beattie's story 'Learning to Fall'[5] as exemplar, she introduces a third form: one of learning, in a gradual fashion, through relaxing emotional resistance and adapting through love and sympathy. The example is particular and specific, the philosophical thesis generalises it. In the story, we follow a woman through a day trip into New York City. In contrast to the easy self -knowledge of her friend Ruth, no consciousness or deliberation is spelled out by her except in immediate retrospect on action. As we see it from the end of the story, she went into the city to meet with the man who had been her lover, with an ambiguous relationship continuing. How she sees her own situation, at least as overtly expressed, changes gradually through the day as she admits more and more to herself, and removes some of the barriers she has previously installed. The image governing this process is how Ruth is learning to fall in a dance class: 'I imagine Ruth bringing her arms in front of her, head bent, an almost penitential position, and then a loosening in the knees, a slow folding downward.'

The story ends:

> I clutch the envelope. Ray looks at me and smiles, it's so obvious that I'm holding the envelope with both hands so don't have to hold his hand. He moves in close and puts his hand around my shoulder. [. . ..] What Ruth has known all along: what will happen can't be stopped. Aim for grace.

Grace is not to be obtained by reaching or grasping, but learning to fall is an active/passive pursuit subject to the constraint of grace.

The fragility of conviction

Emotion is ostensibly absent from the first objective, 'scientific' form of coming to know. Fragility is most salient in the second form, the very form that purports to found our knowledge on a rock of certainty. The Sceptics' response to the Stoics shows this definitively: that an impression is irresistible, or a thought indubitable, does not imply that it is true. The irresistibility of the impression does not negate its lack of warrant. Carneades, among the later Sceptics, was willing to accommodate a role for those impressions, but only at the lowest level of certainty, from which they could graduate only through a process

'as in a court of law', confronting and surviving the resistances encountered from other impressions and reflections. The paralysis due to emotions that resist apparent sudden knowledge so at odds with prior orientation does not last if there is nothing else to sustain it.

What could sustain it at all? The answer, which you must have guessed I was preparing, is that it needs the third form of learning, 'learning to fall' – if Nussbaum's take on it is accurate, learning through love. No knowledge or insight remains without a further process to interiorise it. I submit that this applies equally to knowledge gained by objective, even scientific, inquiry. When a conclusion is reached, and presents itself to the spirit with irresistible force, whether through demonstration or intuition, that is a momentary thing. What sustains us in the conviction?

Modern consciousness of our identity over time is itself fragile. So in paragraph 8 of the first *Meditation*,[6] Descartes exempts the demonstrated conclusions of Arithmetic and Geometry from doubt, but in the next raises the possibility that what I remember as a demonstration may have involved an error – the past conclusion has no hold on my present beyond what I give it in trust.[7] And going further, in the *Principles of Philosophy*, part I, section 21, the very persistence of anything at all from one moment to the next cannot be necessary in itself but needs some cause to sustain it:

> [Consider] the nature of time, or the duration of things; for this is of such a kind that its parts are not mutually dependent, and never co-existent; and, accordingly, from the fact that we now are, it does not necessarily follow that we shall be a moment afterwards, unless some cause . . . shall, as it were, continually reproduce us, that is, conserve us. For we easily understand that there is no power in us by which we can conserve ourselves . . .

Not being able to conserve ourselves through time, how much less do we have the power to conserve our convictions, our knowledge, our insight – let alone anything we came to by decision, whether it was in making up our minds to believe something or to value it, or to commit ourselves to it. When all is said and done, the constraints we meant to place on our future are as gossamery as a spider's web.

Or so it will seem to us – if we relinquish ourselves to Cartesian doubt or any of its sceptical kin. The crucial word here is *relinquish*, for just as our own past insight has no hold on us that we do not now maintain, neither does the doubt have a hold that we do not collaborate in imposing on ourselves. Learning to fall, epistemically, is letting go into insight and knowledge, gradually and unresistingly.

A rock, a refuge, reason's place of safety?

What is thoroughly inadequate, though, in any view of our epistemic situation and predicament that places its reliance on any one of those three forms, is the idea that they could function apart from each other. I submit that they cannot. That may be easiest to grant with respect to the irresistible impression and the process of learning to fall, to adapt willingly to the deliverances of such an impression. For, over time, the former will not remain emotionally vivid, let alone overwhelming, while the latter is blind without input to adapt to, with grace or without. But it may take some argument to establish this for objective, scientific inquiry. Does that not stand solidly on its own feet?

So I will end with an argument that it cannot. Suppose that I have dispassionately investigated the sex life of the Ephemeroptera – the mayflies, dragonflies, damselflies, what have you. Being dispassionate, I do not reflect on how similarly fleeting is our earthly existence, how beauty diffuses so quickly into twilight. Fine. But this study was fact collection only, with perhaps some statistical smoothing, some policing of the data with a report only of the fittest curve. What happens when one morning I, born and bred in Linnaean naturalist studies, wake up to find my peers are everywhere embracing Darwin's evolutionary theory with its consequent revolution in the criteria by which the insects are taxonomised? (Perhaps I am Professor Hagen of Harvard, author in 1876 of the first American text in entomology.) Those views, so dispassionately cultivated and extended through my own empirical studies – within the traditional framework, building on writings about insects from Ulisse Aldrovandi through Linnaeus himself to the naturalist-clergymen of England and the American states in mid-century – are now suddenly revealed as the skeleton of my life's work. What does it take for me to contemplate its overturning?

That emotion can lead out of the epistemic slough of despond

Our philosophical literature on emotion contains ample suggestions for how emotion can lead us forward when reason gives no further guidance. The locus classicus is undoubtedly in the work of William James; more recently, Ronald de Sousa writes in this vein, about 'choices of strategies in the light of existing desires' – emotion will provide a lead for 'choices that no rational calculation can make, because they are between alternatives that on rational calculation turn out the same'.[8]

In a study of the rationality of scientific revolutions, I have similarly located this role for emotion as condition for the possibility of such

radical epistemic change. To explain how this can be, I drew on Sartre's theory of the emotions.[9] According to Sartre, emotion is to be characterised in terms of function, in terms of the role it plays in problem situations. When we give in to our feelings, we transform the perceived or experienced situation radically. Normally, if I want something from someone, I will not count extortion or assault among my options. But if I become angry enough, I will see that person as evil, execrable, guilty, despicable, deserving of ill treatment . . . Then the options have changed. That I see this person as thus or so, and that I am angry, are not two distinct facts, they are inextricable. Anger does not consist in a state of the cortex, blood pressure, adrenaline level – except in the simplistic sense that, for example, dancing or caressing someone consists in motions of the limbs. To become angry, that means to come to see things in a different way, as unjust, as deserving of violence and rejection. 'Anger' is a term in person-discourse, not in physics or physiology. The changes in value judgement are among anger's most distinctive identifying features.

Remarkably, this analysis places emotion's role squarely in the area of cognition. Subjectively, emotion appears as insight: insight into what is valuable, what is possible, what is likely or satisfactory, what others deserve, what others' actions signify, what the world is *really* like. Subjectively, insight is knowledge, hence subjectively emotion presents itself as a way of coming to know that just isn't there for the dispassionate.

Misgivings still with respect to the third way of knowing

Sartre's account is distinctly limited. It fits anger very well, it is stretched to cover joy – contentment too is an emotional state, as are happiness and affection, but these are not the occasions of a wish to change the world from unbearable to bearable. Yet the role Sartre describes is indeed one that emotion can and does play.

But in my summary above, I have repeated 'subjectively'. When we reflect on ways of knowing, we surely want more than the subjective appearance of insight. How can this account bridge the gap from the non-factive 'so it appears to me' to the factive (TRUTH-ENTAILING) 'I know'? Is emotion truly crucial to the process of learning, of coming to know? Specifically, what of that third way of knowing, of learning through love? Love is not (just) an emotion, but if Nussbaum's account, and the ways in which I have followed her lead, are anywhere near the mark, then love must be able to play this role of transforming the cognitive problem situation, from one of blindness to the possibility of insight.

I am very far from a point where I can answer those questions to my own satisfaction. Still, just at the point of collecting material for a prolegomenon to the study of love, emotion and knowing, I will offer some reflections on the recent, courageous, provocative studies by Harry Frankfurt, in his *The Reasons of Love* and *Taking Ourselves Seriously and Getting It Right*.[10] I will focus on the second lecture in the latter, 'Getting it Right'.

Harry Frankfurt on love and conflict

At first blush Frankfurt tantalisingly combines St Augustine with Jean-Paul Sartre. Augustine summed up the whole of the new morality he preached to the pagans as 'Love, and do what you will!' Surely he was trading, in this summary, on what Frankfurt takes to be central to love:

> It is in the nature of the lover's concern that he is *invested* in his beloved. That is, he benefits when his beloved flourishes; and he suffers when it is harmed. (para. 12)[11]

There is a sense therefore, according to Frankfurt, in which the beloved's desires become one's own – and this can explain Augustine's presupposition that the lover's doing what he will is for the good. Let's see, in a moment, how that might relate to cognition.

Meanwhile, another parallel – at first blush, anyway: Sartre rejected every possible basis of morality outside ourselves, and Frankfurt's words could have been his:

> I do not believe that anything is inherently important . . . [N]ormativity is not a feature of a reality that is independent of us. The standards of volitional rationality and of practical reason are grounded, as far as I can see, only in ourselves. (para. 6)

This combination of two parallels, with Augustine and Sartre, is surely puzzling! How can we reconcile these apparent affinities? But such appearances are deceptive.

The not-so Augustinian

Augustine is preaching. He is advocating that we approach everything and everyone, including our enemies and the people and things we can't stand, with love. This is not for him simply a moral imperative: everything he knows about what it is to come to know anything hinges on this. From the outside it appears that Augustine advocates conversion to something very hard, if not humanly impossible. But

the impossible ideal is accorded a practical role: Augustine intends that love will rescue us from the dark side and exhibit itself in care and succour for those around us. But his claim is still farther-reaching: that this is the core of salvation for ourselves, for it will free us from slavery to our blindness with respect to ourselves.[12] That is a change in cognition, a possibility of insight not to be had in any other way.

Except for the advocacy, this seems very close to Frankfurt's message about what love is, and the role it plays in one's life. But a great difference appears when we see Frankfurt content to *just register* what his loves are, with no imperative to extend them. In Frankfurt's kingdom of ends, the citizens come to be reflectively aware of what they love, and harmonise their actions and projects with their loves. But since these loves are selective and single out certain things from all there is to choose among, they can be radically at odds with those of others. So the battles of conflicting interests, conflicts in the pursuit of self-interest, are inevitable, and in the end without basis for settlement:

> So far as reason goes, the conflict between us may be irreducible. There may be no way to deal with it, in the end, other than to separate or to slug it out. This is a discouraging outcome, but it does not imply a deficiency in my theory. It is just a fact of life. (para. 17)

Perhaps Frankfurt sees this actually not as a mere fact of life. Perhaps the diversity of possible objects of love – or a similarly deep fact about love, or our human condition – implies that as long as anything at all can be loved, irreconcilable conflicts are certain to arise. But for Augustine that would not make sense; and this must surely indicate a difference in their conceptions of love after all.

How can it make sense? Suppose a latter-day Augustine told the French maquisard or al-Qaida guerrilla 'Love your enemy!' Does that imply 'Make your enemy's desires your own; start aiding and abetting the German [American] occupation'? Obviously not. But how can it not imply that, on the conception of love which I cited above from Frankfurt, and attributed to Augustine as well?

For Augustine the answer is surely that the lover *wants* the good for the beloved, while *judging* that what the beloved deeply cares about is not the good. Once again, the explanation of love is in terms of cognition: the advocacy of love *makes no sense* except with the presupposition of a veridical judgement in respect of both the loved one's concern and the good. So it is assumed that love does not distort judgement but is a condition of its possibility.

How can Frankfurt react to this? Perhaps by insisting on a more robust realism about what counts as love among us mortals, or more

likely, given that he is a philosopher, on the ambiguities besetting the command to love. Suppose X comes to love Y. We have to consider two judgements on the side of X. There is X's judgement about what really matters to Y and to Y's welfare. These are things that X deeply cares about. But what of the things that he sees Y as deeply caring about?

Who really loves the Roman soldiers: the dissident who refuses to ambush and kill them, or the dissident's neighbour who gives the dissident away?

What worries me about Frankfurt's combination of this view of love and realism about the importance of what we ourselves care about is the spectre of too much love. When C. S. Lewis depicts hell in *The Screwtape Letters*, there is no doubt about what constitutes its horror: it is the demons' *possessive love*. If we want to advocate love, we had better be able to distinguish it from love conditioned purely on what we ourselves already cared about, as well as from surrender to the beloved's pre-existing loves, the two roads through love to hell.

But of course there is a great difference between Frankfurt's conception and Augustine's. Frankfurt does not particularly advocate love. He seems content to acknowledge it – meaning, the loves *we have* – as a fact, as basis for *our judgements* about what is important, what is good, and what to do in our lives. With this point, the 'facticity' of love, we come to the differences between Frankfurt and Sartre as well.

The not-so Sartrean

Sartre and Frankfurt agree on finding no basis for value, or for what we can or should value, outside of ourselves. They agree, however, that there is such a basis within us. But for Sartre the context for his view is in the point that, for us, existence precedes essence. Perhaps a stone or acorn has a nature, and there are necessities deriving from this nature, pertaining to how it evolves in time and how it reacts when acted upon.[13] We are not like that: *what I am is what I shall have been*, and what I shall have been is entirely my creation, through choice and action.

We have here an answer to the question I raised above of what could bridge the gap between the subjective equation of emotional insight with objective knowledge. In the case of what I am, there is no independent fact of the matter: what appears subjectively as insight is the only insight to be had, and what I am is what, guided by that sense of insight, I shall have made of myself. This is the domain of Sartre's concern, and that is where the objectivity of judgement is not to be conceived as correspondence to a pre-given reality or independent fact of the matter.

Sartre's is an uncompromising attitude, it gives no moral quarter, it allows for no refuge in what we could not help: the entire burden of responsibility, not only for what we do but for what constitutes value and significance in the world we make, rests on our own shoulders. However much is felt as given while I grow up, I am constantly faced with choice, not only about what to do but about *what to value* – and so I bear total responsibility not only for what I do but for what I care about, value, or give priority to in my decisions. That is the sense in which the basis for value is within us.

Frankfurt does not see it that way. There is according to him an objective ground for love; objective not in being either outside us or universally shared,[14] but in deriving from necessities constraining our will – from what we cannot help but will. So the passage starting with 'I do not believe that anything is inherently important' continues:

> There is indeed an objective normative reality, which is not up to us and to which we are bound to conform . . . Its objectivity consists just in the fact that it is outside the scope of our voluntary control. (para. 6)

> . . . for normative guidance in understanding what we should want or what we should do, there can be no authority superior to the welcome necessities of our own nature. (para. 18)

The word 'welcome' signals the difference between these necessities and those deriving from obsessions, drugs, and *force majeure*: they are ones we accept gladly, for we identify with them as expressing our real will. (See para. 14 for the explicit contrast drawn.)

But however that may be, the introduction of our *nature* is a crucial element in the story: for Frankfurt, existence does not precede essence. We do not make our nature: we have a nature, and its relevant manifestation here is that there is much we cannot help caring about or loving. And cognition once again appears in the presuppositions: what would be the relevance of those 'welcome necessities of our own nature' if we did not know them? So the assumption is that we can know them; and how else than by their appearance in our affective responses, our entrancement or disgust, the emotions revealing our loves and hates?

Is this welcome necessity a matter of human nature in general, or is it rather that each person has a nature, with these natures differing from one to another? Since Frankfurt allows for, as far as I can see, unlimited diversity in what one may love or care for, and the loves and cares derive from one's nature, we'll have to conclude the latter. But either way, the ground of our loves is something we cannot help. I do not see, in that case, how we can be responsible for it.[15] No doubt your

loves can be objects of my contempt, and I may disdain or pity you for having them – but in the way I look with such eyes at a rotten apple.[16]

Frankfurt said at one point, in the lecture that precedes 'Getting it Right', that his initial and abiding concern had been with a metaphysical question: *who am I? what am I?* It seems that his so refreshingly non-metaphysical discourse is in the end laden with some sort of traditional metaphysics after all, quite contrary to Sartre's *existence precedes essence*. What can we make of these natures and necessities? What traditional metaphysical fantasies or doctrines lurk in the dark recesses behind all the good common sense expressed so vividly?

After all these misgivings, the Delectable Mountains?

At the beginning of this article I argued that all three ways of coming to know are crucial to our epistemic progress, given the dire and dreadful experiences we confront . . . true as much for the scientific theoretician in his study as for the pilgrim sinking into the Slough of Despond. At the least, the roles of irresistible impression and of learning to fall cannot be filled without preconditions in emotion, or without emotion carrying us over an epistemic gulf or threshold.

But if this argument is accepted, it seems it brings in its train a greater loss of epistemic security than we wistfully attributed to ourselves as objective scientific thinkers. Both the traditional epistemologists with their morbid fascination with scepticism and the philosophers of science confronting underdetermination of theories by data acknowledge the fragility of conclusions reached 'objectively'. If those conclusions cannot be reached in that way without supporting roles for emotion-involving progress, how much more threatening this spectre of our fragile sense of knowing who and what and where we are!

In learning to fall, the emotions involved are those involved in love. Scrutinising our greatest contemporary philosopher on the subject of love, we found no solace. Frankfurt begins in one way like Augustine, in whose conception love is the one possible road to the good, and in another way like Sartre, seeing the good as having no basis outside of ourselves. But, paradoxically, his inquiry into love leads us to see it as an inevitable ground of conflict, and his inquiry into the good leaves us stranded between the arbitrary and the absolute.

That is a disquieting note to end on. I confess that I feel very much at sea still with respect to every one of these perplexing topics. But I have one hunch: all our misgivings with respect to ways of coming to know seem to come from a wish that philosophy could show us that we can

after all have security, a wish to have the burden of choices which bring insecurity with them taken off our shoulders This pertains as much to choices by which we make up our minds on what is the case, as to choices as to what is good – to decisions to believe, as well as decisions to value. So I will conclude with one of my favourite lines of William James:

> he who says 'Better go without belief forever than believe a lie!' merely shows his own preponderant private horror of becoming a dupe. He may be critical of many of his desires and fears, but this fear he slavishly obeys . . . a certain lightness of heart seems healthier than this excessive nervousness [about error]. At any rate, it seems the fittest thing for the empiricist philosopher.[17]

Notes

1 William Golding, *Free Fall* (London: Faber and Faber, 1959).
2 Graham Greene, 'The Second Death', in his *Nineteen Stories* (New York: Viking/Penguin, 1947).
3 Martha Nussbaum, 'Love's Knowledge', in Brian P. McLaughlin and A. O. Rorty, *Perspectives in Self-Deception* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1988), 487–514.
4 The Stoics' term is 'cataleptic', which now retains in medical terminology only the meaning of a sudden suspension of sensation and volition.
5 Ann Beattie, 'Learning to Fall', in her *The Burning House* (New York: Random House, 1979).
6 René Descartes, *Meditations and Selections from the Principles of Philosophy* (Indianapolis: Open Court, 1968).
7 This is even clearer in *The Principles of Philosophy*, pt I, section 13: 'so long as we attend to the premises from which this conclusion and others similar to it were deduced, we feel assured of their truth; but, as the mind cannot always think of these with attention, when it has the remembrance of a conclusion without recollecting the order of its deduction . . . even in what appears most evident, it perceives that there is just ground to distrust the truth of such conclusions'.
8 Ronald de Sousa, 'The Rationality of Emotions', in A. Rorty (ed.), *Explaining Emotions* (Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1980), 136.
9 Bas C. van Fraassen, Lecture 3, in *The Empirical Stance* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 2002).
10 Harry G. Frankfurt, *The Reasons of Love*, new edn (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 2006); and *Taking Ourselves Seriously and Getting It Right*, with commentaries by Christine Korsgaard, Michael Bratman, Meir Dan-Cohen and Debra Satz (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 2006).

11 The paragraph numbers refer to the lecture 'Getting it Right', in *Taking Ourselves Seriously and Getting It Right*, 27–52, which was originally delivered as a lecture at Stanford University.
12 For textual support see Bas C. van Fraassen, 'The Peculiar Effects of Love and Desire', in Brian P. McLaughlin and A. O. Rorty, *Perspectives on Self-Deception* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1988), 123–56.
13 In *La Nausée* we see that view of nature rejected too; compare also Sartre's remarks on science in the Appendix to the French edition of 'Existentialism is a Humanism'.
14 'Not universally shared': this is contradicted by some passages, as I am well aware; I will come back to this.
15 Harry G. Frankfurt's 'Alternative Possibilities and Moral Responsibilities' (*Journal of Philosophy*, 66 (1969), 829–39) has an answer: an argument that in general we may be responsible even in cases where we could not have acted otherwise. But what his examples establish is very far from the present case.
16 That is Jonathan Edwards's example, to illustrate how a Calvinist, subscribing to predetermination, may ground his moral judgements. By going this route, I suspect, Frankfurt comes to face all the familiar objections that he avoided so well when he refused to beat the dead horses of free will vs. determinism.
17 William James, 'The Will to Believe', in his *'The Will to Believe' and 'Human Immortality'* (New York: Dover Publications, 1956), 1–31.