

## CERTAINTY

Whitcomb had a very specific idea of certainty. It did not originate in the psychology, although psychology could reference this modality. The certainty had its own particularity. It seemed to offer a ground for philosophical thought. It was not meant to be too extravagant. Certainty was not posited as an absolute. But it did have its use in thought. And it offered a critical understanding for the subject. Certainty was not so much a risk. It brought together various layers of perception. It could offer confidence to the observer. But it did not reside in this understanding. Philosophy could build from a sense of immediacy. It offered a greater connection to something urgent.

Certainty helped to chart out the present. It could link the self to other experiences. It was this critical bulwark for the mind. Without certainty, all the other philosophical connections seemed random. It penetrated the real with an unlimited insistence.

What could disrupt certainty? Certainty was a commitment, and it proceeded from immersion in experience. It provided a link to other experiences. It stilled the volatile in the world. That did not diminish the deep commitment associated with any ascription of certainty. Certainty was meant to counteract doubt on the part of the self. It offered a portal to a different kind of seeing. The success of this seeing was based on the fabric that supported the ascription of certainty. It gave momentum to the unique features of perception. It offered a connection to a sustained process of reasoning. It focused all energy on the moment. The network of explanations found its support in a unique recognition on the part of the self.

Certainty was rooted in a profound awareness. A person could not be certain without some kind of reassurance. This could be a test of authenticity. The individual could seek the key insight that offered explanation of the observed world. Certainty pushed that understanding. Certainty gave a boost to the individual. It uncovered a supportive substratum of existence.

Certainty enabled the individual to discover gold among falsity. It provided a secure foundation for knowledge. A claim to certainty was a key move. It was the dynamic for an encounter with experience. The certain seemed to be imbued with a critical importance. How could this realization provide enough of a motivation for the observer?

There was a range of gestures associated with claims of certainty. The self was exploring the world. But individual endeavors needed a stronger foundation. And certainty could lead the individual. The claim of certainty was meant to provoke more extensive concerns. This could be the basis of a call to action. Thus, certainty was a spark, which would push experience in a concerted direction. It provided the observer with a prolonged insight. The self could take a calculated risk based on this estimation.

Sometimes, certainty could be built on something very simple. There were strong consistencies in everyday experience. This was the solidity of matter. Even in transition, there was a coherence. Certainty needed to develop from this recognition. Knowledge had a structure that corresponded to key parts of personal experience. This was more than explanation. It suggested an individual in action. Risk resulted in an actual program.

Certainty could be very unassuming. The self was pulled along by the immediacy of this contact. The individual pushed against this solidity. There was a hardness to matter. Even in flux, the world had this insistence. Emotional confusion could upset the certain. Perceptions could be cloudy. That did not upset the claims of certainty. The individual needed to abide with this claim.

Certainty was a state of mind that accorded with a deep arrangement in the universe. The individual provided the connection for this sustained awareness. The universe yielded to this marvel. Certainty could not be easily overturned. The thinker recognized a lasting coherence. The motivation for the claim was based on such a grounding. That certainty might seem unstable. But remained on a firm footing.

Whitcomb had been quite clear in delimiting the circumstances. Philosophy might be concerned with the extraordinary. But this claim was quite direct in its assertiveness. The individual realized the need for this commitment. Without claims of certainty, the subject would stumble about in obscurity.

The self was extending outward. This was a need for a lasting foundation. The observer could outlast contrary claims. There was something entirely exciting about these efforts. Aina was reading Whitcomb's text. She was embellishing this act. For her certainty seemed important for further intellectual growth.

She did not see certainty as a psychological state. But it did offer an opening to other kind of thought. It proceeded from an awareness in the world of a lasting reflection. This inspiration created a particular interest for Whitcomb's exposition.

This assertiveness could be viewed systematically. But Whitcomb did not offer certainty as part of a grand philosophy. The immediate world had numerous expressions of certainty. Otherwise, philosophy would be on an endless quest. Certainty expressed simple truths. The self could feel confident to leave the house.

Philosophy was meant to empower the individual. If philosophy created these insoluble problems, it would only confuse a person. There needed to be a strengthening of the self. Any loss of awareness needed to be supplemented by a direct experience, which could guide the self. The self needed to dispel crippling doubt. That was the point of certainty. Certainty could break down the negative influences in an evident way. It brought the self back into the world.

The individual relied on these direct links. The individual needed to immerse the self in the material world. A fascination with the fantastic would only disrupt the personal quest.

Certainty endowed the self with great power. And this power offered access to other kinds of reassuring experience. The self was not afraid to venture into more prolonged obscurity.

Certainty offered lessons that could assist the self in confronting more lasting entanglements. These snares could be undone with direct contact with basic truths. That might seem to evade deeper philosophical questions. The individual needed the foundation if the self was ever going to approach the more pressing concerns. It was not all about system building.

Whitcomb was more concerned with this simple strategy. Philosophy was more than instructions to the self. It was not simply a matter of dispelling psychological confusion. There was something more needed from the thinker. But that commitment did not appear if these obsessions remained. These waves of discomfort needed to be broken down. This could mean very basic techniques; Philosophy needed to uncover these resolutions. It was not a matter of a lifetime quest. These were understandable gestures. The self was committed to this kind of resolution.

Philosophy resulted from stringing together these gestures. It gave an urgency to life. This was not extensive philosophical thoughts. This was basic knowledge. Thought could proceed from a recognition of the emergent world. It was not meant to encompass all aspects of the present.

Whitcomb was not shying away from a greater inspiration. There was no weakness to his approach. But he was not going to become lost in an endless quest for the grand system. The extensive nature of philosophic understanding was not based on such a belief. Without such a focus, the thinker would never attempt anything more. Philosophies would crash upon the rocks of human weakness. Greatness proceeded from a steadfast nature. The individual could accommodate to the smallest gestures. The self could encompass the overwhelming currents that proceeded from these tiny ebbs. The explosive was only another distraction. It developed from a fear to make actual claims of certainty.

Philosophy was rooted in a protracted struggle with these slight adjustments of matter. Aina moved beyond Whitcomb to privilege these occasions. Could there be more to this encounter? It was important not to be overwhelmed by exaggeration. Whitcomb achieved heft by his lasting efforts. He was patching up the holes. He was doing the heavy lifting. He was unwilling to let go. That was his appeal.

He could make a simple claim of certainty. He was asserting a deep connection. But there was a casualness to his claim. That made him more inspired. His philosophy was built on these basic provocations. It all functioned by its unassuming character.

She wanted to accord with his style. But she had different concerns. She was more concerned with the historical character of philosophy. She recognized the dangers of the philosophical system. But Blanchard tried to put these efforts in context. And she was following up on this perspective. Blanchard found gems in this search. And Whitcomb was equally committed to these basic treasures. She welcomed the work of Whitcomb. And it gave her another approach for dealing with the enormity of Blanchard's work.

Blanchard had a greater skepticism. He would question the claims of certainty. Philosophy was not allowed to make these exorbitant claims. If a reader took Blanchard literally, the individual would never get up in the morning. She would remain in the darkness. She would pull the covers over her head and hide from the world.

Whitcomb made it all simpler. There was direct link to the vitality of life. One could move along with the challenges of the world. Blanchard made her question her motives. At times, she felt like doing nothing. Her studies were not going to take her any further.

Whitcomb created a more urgent commitment. She was willing to give herself to these concerns. She could turn the page. She could move on to more urgent needs. What gave her project its wonder. She was still struggling with the caring universe. And the intermittent aspects of philosophy made her question this connection. She wanted urgency when there was none. She hoped for communion when she observed a fragmented universe.

As the solidity of the world impressed itself, she again felt this profound motivation. She had given her philosophy authenticity. But she did not want this awareness to be fleeting. She needed to nurture this awareness. Even in this understanding, she recognized the limits to her work. Whitcomb almost made it too easy. That luster was fading as she started to interrogate her work with more fervor. What could offer her more solace? She continued to move in and out of this confidence. She could simply accord with the chaotic, and that would give her work its confidence.

Was the systematic a product of a prolonged investigation? The feeling overtook the individual. And this became the basis of the philosophy. Whitcomb was orienting the reader to something more trifling. That did not eliminate the interest of his work.

She needed to move beyond his interest in certainty. What other concerns motivated his

work?

Although, he felt so concerned about describing the foundation for certainty, an alternative concern persisted in his work. He had first carved out this space for necessary connections. Then he seemed to veer in the opposite direction. Nothing was certain. There were only a series of conflicting gestures. On this basis, certainty was an affront to the philosophical project. He could claim certainty because that did not offer much else to the thinker. These were independent gestures without much import. They were strategic moments for the individual. Certainty could move the personal project ahead. There was not much else.

Certainty was not the result of an extensive argument. It did not advance the system in a grand gesture. It was a basic attempt to link up experience to a simple commitment. That was all.

In some respects, the claims were the end of a philosophy. One could make these practical assertions. There was little else to human endeavors. Philosophy offered false promises.

Whitcomb could finally accommodate himself to these basic commitments. He had put aside the more prolonged philosophical gestures. Certainty could provide motivation for momentary pursuits. The self was taking a chance. That was it. There was no attempt to disrupt the world. Philosophy was not offering an everlasting encounter.

What could the individual do in light of the apparent shelving of the philosophical project. Whitcomb invited simple explication of his texts. This was an addendum to his texts. She could comment on the importance of these works. She could go further in exploring her own motives. What remained unsaid? Could her commentary explain what was being left out? Did it matter?

She wanted that brevity of Whitcomb. But she was also drawn to the flair of Blanchard. She needed to develop her own style.

She may have felt that she was close. However, Whitcomb reminded her of her vanity. She was sure that she had mastered Blanchard's text. But she was now reminded of her deficiencies.

She was face to face with the limitations of philosophy. She was making her emotions into the theme of the work. Was that the failure of Whitcomb and Blanchard? They had perfected these complex poses. But they were caught up in the validity of their particular strategies. They lacked the authority that they were granting to themselves.

Who was feeding the script to these thinkers? Where was Aina supposed to fit herself in these expositions?

The claim to certainty was imbued with emotional power. That was the everything of philosophy. The individual could pull back from this emotional commitment after it had provided a lasting intuition. Aina was overwhelmed with the assertive gestures of these philosophers. She wanted to break down these emotions.

What did Whitcomb reveal about his expectations for philosophy? He seemed to be tidying up after others. As such, he evaded the extravagance of others. He offered basic goals. He didn't use philosophy as a grand explanation. He encouraged people to let go of the philosophy project. This wasn't skepticism. Instead, he was offering a basic commitment to experience. These were simple lessons. The individual could learn and build on this awareness. But there was no effort to create an elaborate system.

Even with this understanding, what happened to other kinds of formal thought? Was he

providing a limit to mathematical investigations. If that was his intention, he would not have been the first. Much of the history of mathematics had been based on trying to accord the measurements of the immediate world with the more complex arrangements of the heavens. In contrast, other formulations saw more power in explicit constructions of thought. These patterns of reasoning were grounded in a tighter exposition. And they offered deeper insight into the world. This model could reveal critical aspects of physical forces. But this model needed no external reference to progress.

That development may have seemed too extreme for Whitcomb. Whitcomb wanted science to fit in a very controlled frame. At the same time, the overall search could be fraught with confusion. He wanted to dispel the unclear.

In his efforts, Whitcomb realized that there was not an unencumbered path to awareness. He needed to proceed with a negotiation with the elements of thought. Language often provided a coherent picture. But there were these traps. And Whitcomb was making an effort to disentangle these dilemmas.

At times, he seemed to promise a resolution. But that result was not always evident. At times, he seemed unable to come to a clear conclusion. The problem remained without any sort of determination. The frayed edges remained. There was no clarity.

He was going back and forth among the alternatives. He exposed a problem and moved on from there.

What could Aina develop from this presentation? She wanted to believe that philosophy could be more persistent in its efforts. If a person made an effort to connect these examples, would there be a coherent picture?

These were not problems of the soul. The self was not trying to cast off despair. Instead, the struggle was more routine. These deeper challenges may have been part of his experience. He may have become obsessive about some of these matters. But philosophy was not supposed to feed this conflict. Philosophy offered the means to bring the struggle to an end. It was localized in the moment. The brush fire did not become a raging blaze. The self let go of the dilemma.

This caused Aina to wonder. Was Blanchard making a big deal about a trifle? Blanchard tried to adopt the same viewpoint. He was getting rid of the dire crises of faith. But his philosophy was full of this kind of wonder. He continued to take on greater exemplars of philosophical project. If one stepped back, it might seem that he was restoring the fabric of philosophy. Blanchard confirmed the philosophical quest. He made philosophy fashionable.

Whitcomb was much more hermetic. At times, he wanted to dispel the whole endeavor. He wanted to return to the island. There would be no reassurances in this place. The individual would be cut off from any resources. As such, philosophy would vanish in thin air. The self would become preoccupied with more immediate problems.

Aina liked this ascetic approach. She could accommodate quite well with this strategy. At times, she felt like a stranger in Blanchard's world. She could adopt similar gestures to Whitcomb. That was never enough. Once she got rid of one problem, she was willing to take on another. And she found that she was adopting the same strategy as Blanchard. She was beating back each dragon. She found glory in each triumph.

She may have been trying to focus philosophy to attack certain problems in her own life. But she didn't want to seem trivial. Blanchard offer the way to be more circumspect about her efforts. She was not afraid to rejoin the history of philosophy.

In this realm, she was not able to discover the desired commitment. Whitcomb offered the means to pierce the complacency of traditional philosophy. He understood where traditional philosophy had misled the individual. She put herself in the middle of this struggle. She was not afraid to engage these complex ideas. She could break them down to nothing.

Blanchard realized the similarity between his perspective and the meditations of Whitcomb. These were very different kinds of thinking. Blanchard gave more credibility to the systematic, even as he was dismantling it. It was as if he was engaging opposing systems to enhance his presentation. He was strengthening philosophy where it was weak. A reader could not arrive at this outlook without a sustained mastery of the history. Such a radical view only subsisted within this process.

Whitcomb had a great deal of appeal to those who had tired with philosophical discourse. He condensed everything in very simple terms. He seemed to eschew philosophical jargon. Philosophy could be such an evident process. He had cleaned up the operation. Thought could be evident.

The reader could turn the pages without a sense of bewilderment. This was familiar territory. And the overall experience was painless. After reading one of his books, the individual could feel satisfied.

Blanchard tugged at the soul. He questioned the balance. A feeling of upset could linger. Whitcomb offered too much reassurance. It simplified the history. It eliminated the emotional involvement. It confirmed the numbness. It could be a chore trying to read Blanchard. If one could immerse the self in the process, it became more exciting. It was not fake. It was engaging.

Blanchard reminded the reader that the simple was also a confidence game. Whitcomb was making promises. He gave a false impression to the reader. You couldn't wave away these dilemmas. Thought had more nuance.

You couldn't throw away all the major questions of philosophy by questioning the fundamentals. At times, Blanchard might seem overly traditional. Some complained about the difficulty of his works. There were so many alternative paths. The references became obscure. The voice was always deferred. Who was claiming agency?

Agency had been dispelled as a false assertion. This was the same fear expressed by Whitcomb. Blanchard added more objections. The case did not proceed, It only became weighed down by numerous motions.

Blanchard still demanded a great deal of concentration. He did not allow the reader to consume these insights. On the other side, his readers offered a simple depiction of the struggle. That might have trivialized Blanchard. But he himself shied away from the complexity. He did not want to accuse philosophy of making the message more obscure.

Blanchard held to his beliefs. He was willing to take on his detractors. But he did not want the project to seem as sparse as Whitcomb. There were too many variations here.

With each tangle, the text seemed more remote. And this remoteness advanced his message, whatever that might be. The obscurity abounded. There was not a method that allowed the resolution of the antinomies. Blanchard deferred to the history of philosophy.

Whitcomb delighted with his fragmentary approach. He made it all seem basic. Philosophical exposition only added too much padding. What was left?

In eliminating critical aspects of the philosophical inquiry, Whitcomb may have lost the thread. These problems lacked intentionality. It all seemed too simplistic.

Whitcomb's meditations invited the interpretations of Blanchard. There were evident problems in the argumentation. Blanchard saw that as well. But the philosophical questions remained. Therefore, it was necessary to be more attentive to the history.

In itself, history presented a philosophical problem. The resolution of an historical crisis might provide the present with a surplus of certainty. Historical exegesis could reveal the source of the problem. The present was overly positivistic in its beliefs. It suggested that there was a clear method that could explain time's development. At the same time, there seemed to be a justification for the present project. This ignored the full context. The present concerns could reveal something much more obscure in experience.

Blanchard was not there to reassure. He was not going to give credibility to any single methodology. Whitcomb made it much easier to dismiss problematic situations. He seemed to endorse a scientific positivism. From this perspective, philosophy was poorly framed scientific problems. Where philosophy seemed to be complex, it awaited a science to resolve its questions.

Blanchard believed that this was an exaggeration of scientific method. This attention to certainty was equally suspect in scientific discourse as it was in philosophy.

Some scientists would argue for the method. It did not appear to make the same claims as philosophy. For the user, science seemed to promise a greater resolve. At its most extreme, science would seem to offer explanation for any problem. This eliminated a connection with the human project. Such a commitment would accord with a need to dispel emotional challenges. Experience did not function in this manner. And people believed that science could break down human problems into such basic challenges. Technology would offer the answer.

Blanchard offered a needed complication. And his method went along with social thinkers, who wanted to characterize the ideological foundation of deep personal challenges. This enabled the thinker to depict personal awareness in a more accurate manner. These complications corresponded to the actual problems that people faced in their lives. Although Blanchard was obscure, he influenced others, who could use his methodology to depict the intractable aspects of human experience.

If Whitcomb's promise was applicable, it could result in a clear resolution of personal challenges. But it did not work that way. This was a form of self-actualization. However, there were these twists of experience.

In these dilemmas, Whitcomb would embrace negation. The individual would try to embrace silence. The individual would subsume these dilemmas to a lasting denial. Without this commitment, it would not be possible to carry on. Whitcomb seemed to bless the individual in one's personal efforts.

Were the specific elements of thought lost in this formulation? Life could provide this force that moved along the individual. This current would catch the self. The individual would get lost in this process.

Whitcomb invited the reader to snap her fingers. Aina was ready to oblige. Her dilemmas would be dispelled.

Whitcomb made it easier to confront Blanchard. Blanchard wanted things to seem unsolvable. He embraced the suspense. Aina found it difficult trying to make her way back. This was an endless journey. She needed a destination. How did everything become so convoluted?

Without this philosophical conflict, the individual might find greater appeal in the clarity

of her own thought. Aina wanted to see it this way. She understood her emotions. She realized the source of her discomfort. Why couldn't she yield to this awareness? Didn't she have some basic understanding that could guide her thought these challenges.

Why did she feel like a babe in the woods? Each day was a new beginning. She felt less capable. The library seemed weighty. She was never going to make her way through these works. She felt a sense of shock.

There was a more profound dismay. She was going deeper and deeper down this hile. She did not see an apparent source of escape. Everything was becoming foggier. The opacity was intense. Did she have a technique to pierce the wall. She was more immersed in her uncertainty.

She could use the evident skills of Whitcomb. He pushed her confidence. He encouraged her. She kept returning to these works. Blanchard may not have approved. She needed to remain with this outlook. She was creating her own version of Whitcomb.

She needed certainty for the short term. She was going to claim her own territory. This gave further credibility to her emotions. There was a need for such fortification. She had escaped from Blanchard dominance. She felt comfort with Whitcomb. That may not have been enough. But she accepted that temporary fix.

She saw the problem. If she tried to connect these certainties, she would only be returning to her previous doubts. There was no systematic solution to this problem. Philosophy moved in fits and starts. She could immerse herself in Blanchard. She had the means to suffer the challenges.

Where had she veered off the path? She had gained personal confidence. But she did not know how to apply it to her project. There was this immense gulf. And it was only more foreboding.

She wanted to escape. She wanted to ingest something or discover a bromide, which could assist in overcoming all these dilemmas. That was not enough. There was no place to turn. There was no substantial resolution. She had no access to a remedy.

Whitcomb made it seem too easy. She wanted that. But where was her entry. She had gone through this enormous process to get to this point. And she was crushing it all. She was making it impossible to think with confidence.

Why bother with philosophy? It was easier to surrender to the pagantry of life. All these vibrant colors surrounded her. She could work her way through this panoply. She could grasp the certain.

Life's certainties seemed more obscure. They made the individual flit around in the light. A moth bounced on the flame. She was losing purpose. She was not even sure about the world that she observed. She felt displaced. What could she share with others? Blanchard added to her isolation. This was the starting point for philosophy. What difference could it make? This kind of philosophy only added to the isolation. It made it more of a curse. It begged her to find an explanation in her emotional life.

She believed that there was some obscure crisis that paved the way for her present. She would add to this picture. She would let her fears lead her along. These experiences became worse and worse. She was lost in the horror.

Was this recognition the basis for thought? Thought did not develop from a trauma. It developed from this disembodied fear. This was a wonder. How could horror operate if it did not refer to some specific trauma? It was this uncanny feeling, which suggested the presence of



some other kind of being. This was the universe reflecting back on the individual. There was this amazing breadth to experience. And the self could become immersed in this wonder.

There was an inherent fear at the heart of this experience. The self was moved back and forth. The individual seemed to oscillate amidst these forces. There needed to be a more persistent emotion to counteract this devastation. The individual was an active participant in this experience. Philosophy became aware of these contrary emotions. This was a lovely tension.

Aina placed herself at the center of this process. That only made her seem more effervescent. She wanted to find herself deep within these forces. And there was enough evidence to continue this attribution. But there was something explosive that seemed to elude her.

This was not Blanchard. This was not Whitcomb. It was pure Aina. she had a major role in the offing. And she needed to throw herself into the maelstrom. That could only empower her more.

Others would give up. They would see the benefits offered by Whitcomb's clarity. It would be easy to close the philosophical text at this place. There would be enough living. But she had come to Whitcomb, because he offered a clear place within the conflict.

She could carry one of Whitcomb's texts and feel the resultant absolution. It was meant to offer a simple consolation. This could provide the necessary opposition to Blanchard. She was falling for the promise. It needed to be that ambitious.

She needed to consider how philosophy could express this ambition. That made her feel confident. Philosophy was blessed with a triumphant gesture. Was this a greater expression of the absolute? This kind of thought was a massive distraction.

Could a sustained application of the will offer the needed course for her? She made every effort to collect all the critical aspects of this development. She applied all the key lessons of Blanchard. She kept up this commitment. It was functioning in a positive way for her. Philosophy was this sustained endeavor. She could collect all the key insights and hammer them into a system. And she could apply her own resolve. That seemed to offer enough inspiration.

If she was this close to a resolution, she could take comfort from Whitcomb. His ideas of certainty had enabled her to break from the constraints imposed by Blanchard. That may have robbed thought of its historical foundation. It could not work any other way. She needed to take a step. She needed to assert herself.

After she had become so involved in this kind of thinking, she felt afraid. Had she done something wrong? She did not want to think that she was that vulnerable. But she had become so distracted. She had said things that she was not supposed to say.

She was again submitting to Blanchard's authority. She was supposed to find more confidence in reading Whitcomb. This was not just shame. She felt damaged. That seemed like a terrible resolution. She was so close.

Whitcomb allowed her to make philosophy into a more personal experience. She needed to thematize her shame.