4.1 Pepy’s kama muta when he imagines his future self feeling kama muta reading his diary

From 1660 to 1669 Samuel Pepys (pronounce ‘Peeps’) kept a now famous diary about his sentiments and everyday affairs (in all sense of the word) in London (Pepys 2003). He faithfully and forthrightly recorded his actions, qualms, guilt and shame. Writing about Pepys’ Diary, Robert Louis Stevenson (1881/1923) reflects on why Pepys keeps such a full, careful, and honest account of his life, including actions that his is ashamed of: mostly his frequent dalliances with women, and accepting ‘gifts’ in return for services rendered in the course of his public duties in naval administration. Stevenson recognizes an intriguing aspect of Pepys’ character: Pepys is motivated to keep this frank diary by the kama muta he feels at the prospect of his future self’s kama muta upon later reading it! That is, when he writes, Pepys feels kama muta when he imagines himself in the future reading the entries, which, he currently anticipates, will then suddenly intensify his CS relationship with his remembered present self.

In Pepys you come upon good, substantive misdemeanors; beams in his eye of which he alone remains unconscious; healthy outbreaks of the animal nature, and laughable subterfuges to himself that always command belief and often engage the sympathies.

Pepys was a young man for his age, came slowly to himself in the world, sowed his wild oats late, took late to industry, and preserved till nearly forty the headlong gusto of a boy. So, to come rightly at the spirit in which the Diary was written, we must recall a class of sentiments which with most of us are over and done before the age of twelve. In our tender years we still preserve a freshness of surprise at our prolonged existence; events make an impression out of all proportion to their consequence; we are unspeakably touched by our own past adventures; and look forward to our future personality with sentimental interest. It was something of this, I think, that clung to Pepys. Although not sentimental in the abstract, he was sweetly sentimental about himself. His own past clung about his heart, an evergreen. He was the slave of an association. He could not pass by Islington, where his father used to carry him to cakes and ale, but he must light at the “King’s Head” and eat and drink “for remembrance of the old house sake.” He counted it good fortune to lie a night at Epsom to renew his old walks, “where Mrs. Hely and I did use to walk and talk, with whom I had the first sentiments of love and pleasure in a woman’s company, discourse and taking her by the hand, she being a pretty woman.” He goes about weighing up the Assurance, which lay near Woolwich under water, and cries in a parenthesis, “Poor ship, that I have
been twice merry in, in Captain Holland's time; and after revisiting the *Naseby*, now changed into the *Charles*, he confesses “it was a great pleasure to myself to see the ship that I began my good fortune in.” The [kidney] stone that he was [surgically] cut for he preserved in a case; and to the Turners he kept alive such gratitude for their assistance that for years, and after he had begun to mount himself into higher zones, he continued to have that family to dinner on the anniversary of the operation. Not Hazlitt nor Rousseau had a more romantic passion for their past, although at times they might express it more romantically; and if Pepys shared with them this childish fondness, did not Rousseau, who left behind him the *Confessions*, or Hazlitt, who wrote the *Liber Amoris*, and loaded his essays with loving personal detail, share with Pepys in his unwearied egotism? For the two things go hand in hand; or, to be more exact, it is the first that makes the second either possible or pleasing.

But, to be quite in sympathy with Pepys, we must return once more to the experience of children. I can remember to have written, in the fly-leaf of more than one book, the date and the place where I then was—if, for instance, I was ill in bed or sitting in a certain garden; these were jottings for my future self; if I should chance on such a note in after years, I thought it would cause me a particular thrill to recognize myself across the intervening distance. Indeed, I might come upon them now, and not be moved one title—which shows that I have comparatively failed in life, and grown older than Samuel Pepys. For in the Diary we can find more than one such note of perfect childish egotism; as when he explains that his candle is going out, “which makes me write thus slobberingly”; or as in this incredible particularity, “To my study, where I only wrote thus much of this day’s passage to this, and so out again”; or lastly, as here, with more of circumstance: “I staid up till the bellman came by with his bell under my window, *as I was writing of this very line*, and cried, ‘Past one of the clock, and a cold, frosty, windy morning.’” Such passages are not to be misunderstood. The appeal to Samuel Pepys years hence is unmistakable. He desires that dear, though unknown, gentleman keenly to realize his predecessor; to remember why a passage was uncleanly written; to recall (let us fancy, with a sigh) the tones of the bellman, the chill of the early, windy morning, and the very line his own romantic self was scribing at the moment. The man, you will perceive, was making reminiscences—a sort of pleasure by ricochet, which comforts many in distress, and turns some others into sentimental libertines: and the whole book, if
you will but look at it in that way, is seen to be a work of art to Pepys’ own address. Stevenson 1923:256–259 (originally published 1881)

Pepys is motivated to write the diary by the kama muta that writing it evokes at the thought of his own future kama muta when reading the entries. And if Stevenson or I, or you, feel kama muta at this, then that’s a further recursion of kama muta.
Since I can remember music has been a very central part of my day. Ever since I was little; when I didn’t sing myself, I listened to it. When I was about ten, I only took off my headphones during meals with my family. Other than that the music was constant. The iPod became a revolution for me. You were able to have all of your music on this little device that could fit in your pocket. It made music even more accessible. I made myself addicted to music, I could barely do anything without it. Couldn’t exercise, couldn’t study and I especially couldn’t sleep.

One time I was writing an essay for school, and as always I had music in the background. I wasn’t consciously listening to any of the lyrics, since I was really focused on the writing I was doing. But suddenly I noticed that I had some problems with my vision, it was all blurry. And then suddenly I had a lump in my throat. I had absolutely no reason to be sad, so I put down the pencil to try and find out why I was sad. And suddenly I realized that I had reacted to the music playing. Even though I didn’t even listen to it, and wasn’t really aware that it was playing; my subconscious had related to the lyrics and the moving performance at the end of Ingrid Michaelson’s cover of "Can’t help falling in love with you". I thought that was really fascinating. I was about 16 at that point.

I continued to do music, going to a high school of performing arts. Music became a bigger and bigger part of who I was. Around Christmas time last year me and my dad decided to record some songs to my mom as a Christmas present. We recorded three songs, two I knew well and one I knew a little. The one I only knew a little was Radka Tonef’s cover of "The moon’s a harsh mistress". Christmastime is always a time where there’s a lot that needs to be done, and not that much time to do it. I hadn’t really had the time to study "the moons a harsh mistress", but since I already knew the melody I decided to just print the lyrics and look at them at the studio. We had already recorded a couple of takes, when I suddenly feel that I had problems singing. I again feel a lump in my throat, without having any reason to cry. I finished the verse, but still with a need to cry without really having any reason to. Then I looked at the lyrics, and even though I hadn’t really studied the lyrics, as one should do before singing it, it seemed my brain had processed the lyrics and what they mean to me - while my consciousness was only focused on singing the words without really putting any meaning to it.
4.3 *Emotion* is a vernacular lexeme that does not correspond to a definite class of mental phenomena

Perhaps it would be best to explicitly reserve the technical term *emotion* for patterns of vernacular usage (whether or not usage is based on concepts). In contrast, we are not lexicographers—we are not writing a dictionary entry. What we are studying is a culturally informed psychological process that responds to sudden intensification of culturally propitious CS relationships, generating a state, out of which grow motives to devote and commit to CS in culturally efficacious ways. Call this systemic process, or the event that it generates, a \( \mu \) (mu), if that avoids the confusion that comes with the ambiguity of the vernacular English lexeme, *emotion*. We think there are other kinds of \( \mu \)'s that mediate other transitions in CS, and still others that mediate specific transitions in other fundamental social relationships. In any case, we are not studying an *emotion* as many emotion researchers use the term to denote the labeling of personal states; we are studying *kama muta*, a \( \mu \). However, to make the book readable, we continue to use the term ‘emotion’, meaning \( \mu \).

Granted, then, that scientific research that aims to study psychosocial cultural systems beyond lexical usage should not feel bound by the rough, ever changing and inconsistent taxonomies provided by the lexicon of English, or any particular language (Wierzbicka 1999). Chapter 7 exposes the trap that we get stuck in if we rely on vernacular lexemes in any language, or set of languages. We must introduce technical terms to denote the conceptually-defined and empirically-distinguished entities that we study. But how fine or how inclusive are the emotional entities that we should delineate and name? Are emotions like animals, with hierarchically inclusive natural kinds such as kingdoms, phyla, classes, orders, families, genera, species, and populations? We know that some psychological entities have this sort of hierarchical nesting of natural kinds: for example, memory systems are divided into declarative and non-declarative types, each with subtypes (Schacter & Tulving 1994, Squire & Knowlton 1995). Some categories of emotions have been proposed, such as “self-transcendent,” “self-conscious,” “other praising,” “basic” and non-basic, “primary” and “secondary,” but there is neither clarity nor consensus about these taxonomies. For our present purposes, we don’t have to work out how individual emotions should be grouped into larger sets, but we do have to figure out whether *kama muta* is one emotion, part of a larger emotion, a set of distinct emotions, or some sort of mixture of emotions. In Chapter 10 we characterize *kama muta* as a natural kind, showing why it is. Is that natural kind “an” “emotion”? In a sense that isn’t a scientifically meaningful question, since we don’t know exactly what makes something a distinct emotion. And in any case, *emotion* is a vernacular English term, adopted by philosophes, psychologists, and even many anthropologists without much consideration of its scientific validity, let alone rigorous conceptual or empirical grounds for a taxonomy of distinct emotions. In some respects, we would be better off avoiding fruitless irresolvable debates by simply declaring that *kama muta* is a \( \mu \) (mu), where a \( \mu \) is evoked by a sudden change in a social relationship, resulting in a
psychological process generating an experienced state; a distinct $\mu$ results from each type of change of each fundamental type of relationship. To use this definition beyond kama muta, we would then have to work out what the basic types of relationship changes are, which we sketch in a preliminary way in Chapter 19. But if we posit that sudden intensification of CS is one basic type of relationship change, then we can comfortably and clearly say that kama muta is the $\mu$ that occurs due to the sudden intensification of a CS relationship. Then we don’t have to have pointless arguments about whether the kama muta construct as we conceptualize it is “an emotion”, or argue about whether the instances discussed in this book are all empirical tokens of precisely “one emotion”. We just say that we are presenting a $\mu$. But doing so would make the book less appealing, so we continue to use the term ‘emotion’ where we mean $\mu$. However, readers should keep in mind that kama muta may not correspond to their personal intuitions or cultural folk theories of what ‘an’ ‘emotion’ is—nor is there any reason why it should correspond. We are not doing English semantics. There is no more need for kama muta to mesh with anyone’s intuition or ethnopsychology than there is for subitizing, the analog magnitude system, the fundamental attribution error, cognitive dissonance, the bystander effect, bipolar disorder, frontotemporal dementia, or any other valid psychological construct to match everyday language and folk concepts. Should we, as scientists, base our taxonomy of memory systems on the English language, folk theory, and intuition—or on data from research on how memory systems operate?