Radical Hope
Jonathan Lear

Wittgenstein’s thought that meaning is inherently bound up with forms of life has been extensively examined — to a significant extent in Cambridge — for the light it sheds on language, mind and action. But there is an ethical question that has not been paid the attention it deserves. If forms of life are vulnerable to the vagaries of historical and natural change, it would seem that meaningfulness somehow inherits that vulnerability. What would it be to live well with this vulnerability? I take this question to be ethical in the broadly Socratic sense of trying to figure out how one should live. And though it may become most pressing in times of crisis, the question confronts us insofar as we are human. For even at a time when a form of life is robust, it remains vulnerable. To figure out what it would be to live well with this possibility, whether it is actualized or not, would be to face up to the ethical dimension of Wittgenstein’s insight.

My thought was captured by a haunting phrase of Plenty Coups, the last great Chief of the Crow Nation. Speaking of the painful transition from the Crow’s traditional nomadic-hunting-warrior way of life to the as-yet inchoate forms of reservation life, Plenty Coups said, “After the buffalo went away, the hearts of my people fell to the ground and they could not lift them up again. After this, nothing happened.” Were I an anthropologist, I might have wanted to figure out what he meant. But as a philosopher, I wanted to carry out a historically and anthropologically informed thought-experiment: what might he have meant if he were not speaking metaphorically, but trying to stand witness to things ceasing to happen? Here I was influenced by two philosophers who are not much studied in the Cambridge curriculum, Kierkegaard and Heidegger. In different ways, each is interested in the philosophical significance of a figure willing to take responsibility for a form of life, by articulating what its limit conditions are. Plenty Coups, as I interpret him, is saying not merely that it is no longer possible to hunt and battle, but that these activities had ceased to be intelligible ways to live. A young
member of the tribe might get on a
horse, take a bow and arrow and sneak
off the reservation, but it wouldn’t
matter: neither that nor anything else
would make sense as going into battle
or going on a hunt. But then neither
would anything make sense as
preparing to go into battle or on a
hunt. But hitherto everything in Crow
life — all customs and rituals as well as
all aspects of daily life — could be
understood either as going into battle
or on a hunt or preparing to do so. So
if there were a moment when all of
these happenings ceased to make sense
as ways to live, and if one were trying
within that form of life to stand witness
to its demise, one might well say, “After
this, nothing happened.”

This raises a painful, yet challenging
question for virtue ethics. If we think of
young men and women brought up on
a traditional understanding of, say,
courage, we think of them as being
trained to face courageously a whole
range of possibilities that life may
throw their way. A capacity for dealing
well with possibilities is instilled within
their souls. But what if one has to face
the possibility that this range of
possibilities itself collapses or is
destroyed? How might one face
courageously the collapse of courage as
it has been instilled in one’s soul from
early youth? One might say that there
are no virtues other than as they appear
in particular cultural embeddings, and
thus that there is no way virtuously to
face the collapse of virtue. But another
course, which I favor, is to hold that the
cultural understandings of the virtues can
point beyond themselves – not
necessarily to a transcendent Platonic
idea, but to imaginative and virtuous
ways of going on that transcend the
particular embedding from which they
arose. Anyone who would like to bring
Platonic or Aristotelian-inspired ethics
into the twenty-first century ought to
be thinking about how this is possible.

I call hope radical when one
maintains it through a period in which
one lacks the concepts to know what to
hope for. It is a period in which, one
might say, a form of life is itself in
abeyance. This is one way in which
humans can embrace their finite
condition: acknowledging that their
form of life’s conception of the good
might not exhaust the subject. How
this is possible is a fascinating
psychological story which gives
imagination a crucial role in ethical life.
How it might differ from reprehensible
forms of collaboration and acceptance
is a crucial moral issue. And, more
generally, what might legitimize it is in
a tradition of questions about the
standing of hope that works its way
back through Kant to Plato.

Ironically, the Crow themselves
started reading Radical Hope and I was
invited to the reservation, to Little Big
Horn College, to talk to faculty and
students about it. My visits have been
moving in many ways, but what
fascinates me is that what students and
faculty want to talk about is
philosophy. They are pleased I am not
there to study them, but to talk with
them. And what they want to talk
about is an analogy I made between
Socrates’ daimon — who gives no
positive advice — and the figure of the
Chickadee, an ideal in Crow culture of
learning from the wisdom of others,
while leaving it entirely open what
counts as wisdom and who are the
others who have it. Imagine spending
an afternoon discussing Republic 505e
with Crow who feel they know from
vivid experience what it is like to be
trying to aim one’s life towards the
good, while only having the dimmest
glimmer of what that good could
possibly be. It is not that the Crow
want to assimilate to western culture,
but they do want to have a
conversation with it. They are very
proud of being Crow; but also proud
that their experience might fit into a
larger conversation. Above all, they do
not want the current fashion for
identity politics to isolate them from
that conversation. The idea that simply
by studying Plato they might be subject
to cultural hegemony, they find
patronizing.

My studies in Cambridge, first as a
student, then as a Lecturer in the
Philosophy Faculty have been the sine
qua non for everything that has come
since. I learned much from my
teachers, then colleagues, about how to
read and think carefully; but, most
importantly, I was able to see from
their example that philosophy could be
a living activity. This is a life-time gift.

Jonathan Lear (Clare) was in
Cambridge 11 years, between 1970
and 1985. He is the John U. Nef
Distinguished Service Professor at
the Committee on Social Thought
and in the Department of Philosophy
at the University of Chicago.

Future Events

ALUMNI WEEKEND 2008
Saturday 27 September

G.E. Moore: a Lecture and an Exhibition
Speaker: Professor Tom Baldwin, York University
Location and time TBA

For more information please contact Mrs Jenni Lecky-Thompson
Faculty of Philosophy; phone +44 1223 331889;
email: jel52@cam.ac.uk

A buffet lunch will be served in the Faculty from 12:30pm to 1:30pm.
Please see Alumni Weekend 2008 booklet for details about booking and cost.

FESTIVAL OF IDEAS IN ARTS, HUMANITIES AND
SOCIAL SCIENCES
22 October — 2 November 2008

Baroness Onora O’ Neill,
President of the British Academy, Honorary Professor of
Ethical and Political Philosophy, formerly Principal
and now Honorary Fellow of Newnham College, will
deliver a lecture on ‘Conceptions of Press Freedom’ on
Wednesday 22 October 2008. Location TBA

THIRD ROUTLEDGE LECTURE
Thursday 30 October 2008

Professor Richard Moran, the Brian D. Young Professor of
Philosophy at Harvard University, will deliver the third
Routledge Lecture. Title and location TBA

Further details about these lectures will be available on the Faculty
website: http://www.phil.cam.ac.uk
In September 2007, as part of the University’s Alumni Weekend, the Faculty mounted an exhibition charting the history of philosophy in Cambridge. We began with Henry Sidgwick, at the time that the board which regulated study in the Moral Sciences was evolving into something similar to the Faculty today. We traced the story through Hegelian idealism, represented by McTaggart, and its overthrow by Russell, Moore and Wittgenstein, who between them made Cambridge the centre of Anglophone philosophy. The inter-war years were represented by Broad, Braithwaite and Wisdom. Wittgenstein’s influence was marked by his three successors as Professor—von Wright, Wisdom, and Elizabeth Anscombe—with Braithwaite and Lewy as the healthy dissenters. We concluded the exhibition with Anscombe and Bernard Williams, two of the most important philosophers of the second half of the 20th century.

We wanted to recognise that the influence of Cambridge philosophers has not been limited to academic philosophy. Frank Ramsey wrote some of the finest philosophy in Cambridge, but also produced important work in mathematics and economics. John Maynard Keynes also went on to economics, revolutionising it both in theory and in practice. A little later, Alan Turing took his results in mathematical logic and laid the foundations for the modern science of computing.

There is an extraordinary amount of material concerning the history of philosophy in Cambridge, only a fraction of which we ended up using. Some exhibits were rather famous, e.g. the minutes of the Moral Sciences Club meeting in which Wittgenstein and Popper had an altercation involving a poker. Others have remained buried in various Cambridge archives for decades. How many people, I wonder, have seen Moore’s comments on Keynes’ undergraduate essay on consequentialism? (Moore wrote in irritable red pencil, ‘You have missed the main point!’) Visitors to the exhibition were especially delighted by an exchange of letters between Lewy and Braithwaite, in which Braithwaite wrote a letter which so incensed his colleague that Lewy scribbled annotations in the margin: ‘Oh!’ ‘Oh!’ ‘Confusion!’ and so on. Braithwaite later admitted ‘My remark … was blague — to get a rise out of you!’ Such treasures from the vaults — and Patricia Williams’ generosity in lending us some items from Bernard Williams — brought the personal history of the Faculty to life, and allowed us to celebrate not only the great philosophical work that has been done in Cambridge, but also the great philosophical characters who have done it.

Ben Colburn
Temporary Lecturer in Philosophy
I used to be a commercial lawyer working for a large City firm. When I decided to go back to studying philosophy I was coming towards the end of a two year stint in the firm’s very hectic Tokyo office. I’m now in my third year of study for a PhD in philosophy here at Cambridge, supervised by Jane Heal. Maybe some people drift into doing a PhD while they work out what they “really” want to do, but that wasn’t the case with me. It wasn’t a decision taken lightly. So why did I make the change? My first degree was in philosophy and I’ve always found the subject compelling and fascinating, especially problems centred around the self — What is it? Is it real? — which are what I’m working on here. Although I did a law conversion course, and went on to work as a lawyer, I suppose philosophy never really lost its grip on me and I was always curious to know how it might have turned out if I’d carried on with it. My legal work was often very interesting too, with a buzz driven by adrenaline a lot of the time, but I came to realise it wasn’t what I fundamentally wanted to do. In the intervening years I did try to keep up with philosophy through reading, but there’s no substitute for real philosophical dialogue, and I missed that. So here I am — I hope it’s the first stage in a career change.

Of course there were some difficulties: philosophical skills get rusty no matter how interested in the subject you are. It can take a while to get up to speed if you’ve been out of formal education for a while. Legal work tends to be a series of focused, self-contained tasks, but trying to grapple with a philosophical problem in a sustained way needs a different kind of focus. Philosophical problems are not like other problems…!

Cambridge is a great place to be studying philosophy. Am I glad I made the change? Certainly.
We were honeymooning on the Playa del Carmen when we decided. “Let’s not go back.” “OK.” “Seriously.” “Yes seriously.” “Seriously?” Like everyone else, we went back. But a few weeks later we quit for real.

Tammy and I were lawyers in the same office on 53rd Street, specialising in structured finance. The work was challenging and (usually) interesting, and delightfully well paid, and all-consuming. (The great thing about an office romance in New York is that you actually see each other.) It wasn’t a bad life, but you have to live and breathe it, and we realised on honeymoon that we really didn’t want to look back from our deathbeds on lives spent helping rich people get slightly richer. (Or as it’s turned out, since our firm was heavily involved in US mortgage securitisations, rather poorer.) And we wanted to know our children.

So Tammy moved into international public health, and, ten years after my BA, I was going back to philosophy. Getting back to university was easier than I’d feared. I called an old teacher, expecting “Who?” but getting an encouraging “Good!” A couple of people remembered me well enough to give references. My undergraduate philosophy essays being both ten years old and well lost, I manufactured writing samples in a series of Asian hotel rooms.

Getting back into philosophy was harder. Lawyering had kept my analytical skills alive, and to my relief I still found the material absorbing. But I’d forgotten much more than I’d realised, and my “insights” often turned out to be obvious errors, or old news. The field has moved on. And some things are just done differently in phlegmatic English climes. For example, the Canberra Plan metaphysics that seemed so cutting-edge in New Zealand in the early 1990’s has come to look rather battle-weary. Great thanks are due to my supervisors, who went well beyond their statutory duties to nurse me through the MPhil and onto the PhD.

Social life was also a concern. I was going to be a very mature student, twice the age of the average first-year. But I was more worried about the age gap than anyone else was, and our little boy now has a collection of twenty-something “uncles” and future piano teachers.

So was it a good decision? Ask me again in a couple of years. Getting a job in philosophy is tough, and this could yet turn out to be just a very long honeymoon. But so far both Tammy and I have enjoyed our new lives, and even if I end up back in tax law, I’ll be glad I did it.
In the catalogue of my solo exhibition *RoadMovies*, at Edinburgh University’s Talbot Rice Art Gallery, in 2002, I suggested that my art was the ‘pursuit of philosophy by other means’. That sums up happily enough the influence reading Moral Sciences has had on my creative life.

At school ‘creative life’ had consisted mainly of writing music — poor organ fugues, crass concertos — whose quality was less vital than the valve music provided. My hope to do a PhD under Ross Harrison, comparing the linguistics of music-language and word-language, was scuttled by my lazy performance in Part II. In the meantime, however, I had met David Hockney and followed his suggestion that I should paint and draw. He is a wordful, thoughtful artist, in a verbal tradition (too little heeded) that includes most spectacularly the van Gogh of the *Letters*, a tradition that cannot divorce visual art from a certain philosophical urgency, invoking in particular moral thought but also including epistemological curiosity.

This is neither hard-core Quine or soft-porn Bergson, but more akin to the spiritual challenge represented for me most of all by the Wittgenstein who writes both pertinently and evocatively: ‘How can one learn the truth by thinking? As one learns to see a face better if one draws it.’ (Zettel, 255) Wittgenstein’s ferreting “method” — wrestling with trails of thought such as the ‘field of vision’ — hails from Nietzsche at least and neither author is ever far from my desk or bed. But the same method also characterises the Cubist rationale, if only because we, things and mutual parameters are all in time, and shift.

For representational artists in the last hundred years this is the compelling truth and challenge. So, when it was suggested to me a couple of years ago that I do a set of *Stations of the Cross* for a church in London, a to-and-fro discussion with the parish priest about Nietzsche’s epistemology blended with the spatial workings of my *RoadMovies* and, aided by a bottle of Bowmore, led me to the idea of doing these not as views of Jesus, a bearded chap over yonder bent double lugging His log, but as if we see what He would be seeing. This version, ‘as from the eyes of Jesus’, serves to create a theological precedent — be that a time-bomb or not — in that it suggests something pre-textual, ‘pre-church’, not an official vision of *How You Are To See Him*, but an inquisitive and intimate vision of *What If You Were He?* This is a shift of textual perspective at once simple and sudden and perhaps, in a world dangerously polarised by texts, potently textless...
The Moral Sciences Club

Barbara Kay

The meeting of the Moral Sciences Club — but the science was singular in my day — as depicted in the third issue of the Newsletter, inspired me to visit the attic in search of the Programme Cards for the academic year 1943–44, when as Barbara Hopkins I was the Club’s honorary secretary. What I write now is based on these cards, on my scant memories, and the additional archive material sent to me by Professor Heal.

I find it difficult to write about the Moral Sciences Club without reference to the Faculty in general during the wartime years. Most undergraduates were conscripted or drafted into work ‘of national importance’ before the end of their course. Thus, the Faculty was very small, so that the teaching staff, together with the postgraduate students, appeared at times to outnumber the undergraduates. As I recall, the Faculty had no headquarters of its own apart from the library, so that the lectures, or challenging conversations as they often were, sometimes with refreshments in the shape of tea served in soup-bowls, took place in the lecturers’ own rooms. This engendered a spirit of informality, which was entirely lacking in the experience of my college friends who belonged to the larger and more popular faculties. I never set foot in the Mill Lane lecture rooms, since I chose the Psychology option for Part II of the Tripos and the Psychology Laboratory, in which research on behalf of the armed services also took place.

In retrospect, I feel that some of the teaching was decidedly eccentric, and this applies also to some of the staff and students, about whom many interesting rumours were circulated.

To revert to the Moral Science Club, although the Faculty was so limited in number, the list of those to whom Programme Cards were sent is impressive, and reflects the fact that some of the London Colleges, such as Bedford and the LSE, were evacuated to Cambridge during the war. The list includes eminent names from the period such as Thouless, Mace, von Hayek, and Stebbings as well as some of their students. There were also sporadic attendances from the theological colleges such as Ridley Hall.

During my year in office, Professor Broad was President. The Chairman, Professor Wittgenstein, I saw but once and was never formally introduced to him, although Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus, without which no philosophy student could expect to be taken seriously, spent many years on my bookshelves. I missed the curious incident of the red-hot poker by two or three years.

My predecessor as Secretary was Margaret Milbanke, the first person in Cambridge to welcome me into the Faculty. She later became an educational psychologist in North Yorkshire, when we renewed a friendship that lasted for the rest of her life.

There were sixteen meetings during the academic year of 1942–43, and twelve in the year 1943–44. Three were joint meetings with the Aristotelian Society, and two were ‘starred’ meetings at which a paper was read by an undergraduate and was open to all members ‘except professors and lecturers’. They were usually chaired by Richard Braithwaite, and held in his rooms at King’s. The speakers were drawn from the resident staff, from the pool of London evacuees, and from outside visitors, although because of restricted travel in wartime, there were perhaps fewer of these than would be expected today. The subjects ranged from the straightforward (MacKinnon on Kant’s Theory of Truth) to the more controversial (Wisdom on Must Philosophers Disagree?), to some more wide-ranging (von Hayek on the Facts of the Social Sciences), and some plain incomprehensible (Maxwell on Does Modern Deontology rest on a Mistake?). For planning of the year’s programme, I relied on the help and guidance of Casimir Lewy, whose memory I invoke with gratitude and without whom there would have been no programme at all.

When I was in office, the annual subscription was three shillings and sixpence, but at the AGM it was found necessary to impose an additional charge of one shilling in order to balance the books. At this point I must acknowledge the kindly intervention of Professor Broad, who insisted on my collecting the money without delay. The main expenditure was on printing the programme cards (four pounds and two shillings) and postage (fifteen shillings and two pence).

My memories of the actual meetings, and their content, are very faint. My predecessor wrote excellent summaries of the papers; my own minutes are sparse. Nonetheless, I am proud to have played a part in what I know to be a prestigious institution, and even more, to have belonged to a Faculty whose size made contact between its members so much more informal than was possible in larger Faculties. Where else could one of the lecturers (who happened also to be one of the examiners) have written to an ‘anonymous’ candidate that he had ‘enjoyed reading your examination papers’, and another lecturer have sent a postcard saying that ‘I think you are pleased with the result. I am’. And Casimir Lewy, addressing me as Miss Hopkins in the manner of the era, wrote me a postcard hoping that ‘you won’t find Psychology too boring’. I didn’t!

Barbara Kay read Moral Sciences at Newnham (1941–44)

Faculty News

This year the Faculty welcomed Ben Colburn and Karen Nielsen as temporary lecturers. Raymond Geuss was promoted to a personal Chair.

Several of our graduate students have been appointed to academic jobs. Among them, Ben Colburn will be Research Fellow at Corpus Christi, Cambridge; Florian Steinberger will be Research Fellow at Queens’, Cambridge; Neil Sinclair has secured a lectureship at Nottingham University and Katherine Harloe one at Reading University.

Tim Button has been awarded a Kennedy Scholarship to study at Harvard University next year.

Last August Simon Blackburn gave the Gavin David Young lectures at the University of Adelaide in Australia. He also gave the Hägerström lectures in Uppsala and in May he will give the address at the Annual Balzan Symposium in Lugano.
From the Editor

I have been delighted with the responses, comments and suggestions, which I have received from many readers. Please keep them coming.

I wish Jenni Lecky-Thompson every success with editing the Newsletter.

Mariella Pellegrino

Please contact:
MRS Jenni Lecky-Thompson
Faculty of Philosophy
University of Cambridge
Sidgwick Avenue
Cambridge
CB3 9DA
U.K.
Phone: +44 1223 331889
Fax: +44 1223 335091
email: jel52@cam.ac.uk

A downloadable version of the Newsletter is available from the Faculty website: http://www.phil.cam.ac.uk/