

beliefs, and at bottom there are some basic beliefs which are not justified in terms of any others. On the moderate empiricist's view, these are the beliefs about the meanings of our words. On BonJour's view, these are the truths we just see with our rational insight. The moderate empiricist can say that we know that nothing can be red and green all over ultimately because we know certain truths about the meanings of the words 'red' and 'green', etc.; the rationalist, on the other hand, says that we can 'just see' that it is necessarily true. (And the radical empiricist will say, in Quine's words, that 'there is no real difference between these two pseudo-doctrines'.)

An apparent advantage of the moderate empiricist picture as I have described it is that (like the foundationalist about empirical knowledge) it tries to tell a story about the structures or mechanisms by which we are justified in believing things. The appeal to rational insight, by contrast, seems to give out a little too soon. BonJour does a good job of persuading us that we should free ourselves of the prejudice that rational insight is 'mysterious'. But a genuinely articulated account should be able to say more about this insight than the relatively few remarks BonJour offers. For example, we are not told in any principled way *which* kinds of necessary truth can be justified by rational insight (except that not all of them can, given the existence of empirical necessities). It would be good to hear more from BonJour about the 'moving parts' of rational insight—especially given his conviction that knowledge of meaning contributes nothing to a priori justification. Without this, we can throw his question back to him: 'How exactly does rational insight contribute to a priori justification in the way that knowledge of meaning does not?'

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The Heart of What Matters: The Role for Literature in Moral Philosophy, by Anthony Cunningham. Berkeley, Los Angeles and London: University of California Press, 2001. Pp. x + 296. H/b £40.00, \$60.00, P/b £17.95, \$24.95.

This book makes the case that literature has a significant role to play in moral philosophy. It makes that case first in the abstract, and then through in-depth case studies of four relatively popular modern novels. Cunningham engages deftly in the practice of using literature for the purpose of attaining moral insight, and this achievement alone makes his book very worthwhile reading for anyone interested in literature, or indeed morality—as arguably all of us must be.

Cunningham is, I think, on balance a more effective philosophical reader of literature than his famous predecessors (for example, Nussbaum, Rorty). For instance, his account of Kazuo Ishiguro's *The Remains of the Day*—as a tragedy of failure to open up to the possibility of love, as a subtle 'argument' for the moral vitalness of vitality and passion in life, as a rejoinder to Kantian derogations of the moral significance of intimacy, and especially as making possible a balanced but nevertheless stark view of the weaknesses of Stoicism as an ethical (and yet viably and distinctively human) way of life—is novel and almost faultless.

One could take issue with the criticism Cunningham makes (pp. 104 f.) of Stevens (the quasi-Stoical protagonist of the novel) concerning the latter's blind faith in his employer, Lord Darlington (who will later be judged severely by history, as a Nazi-appeaser). Cunningham urges that the novel teaches us that Stevens's failure to even consider allowing any place in his life for passion is a moral failing. But if Stevens has a *ruling passion* (albeit a professional one), it is perhaps for serving Darlington, whom Stevens judges to embody all that he finds noble and admirable. That's the potential trouble with passion—it can lead one to support Nazism, openly or at least indirectly, as easily as it can lead one to the passions (and hazards) of romantic love.

One could also take issue with Cunningham's (similar) failure to notice the one domain in Stevens's life, the one element in his story, in which we see him directly ruled (though even here, fairly unknowingly) by ordinary human love or something resembling it: for if Stevens shows *love* for anyone by his actions, it is for his father—for 'Mr Stevens senior', as Miss Kenton (the woman who would love Stevens if he let her) is coldly forced to call him. This love is the one thing that Stevens allows to get in the way of his utter professional flawlessness. Through this loving respect for his father, Stevens cannot bring himself to see that his father is increasingly unable to carry out his duties; but, tragically, Stevens allows himself to love his father only by giving him an exceptional degree of latitude to continue in his duties even when he is manifestly not up to them, and not by more conventional means (such as responding to his father's questions as to whether he has been a good father, or by attending his deathbed, or in fact by showing him any normal human warmth whatsoever).

These are perhaps important difficulties with Cunningham's reading of *The Remains of the Day*—but they are absolutely the only difficulties I could find with it. As a case-study to back up Cunningham's central contentions, this one is manifestly successful. (Moreover, the fact that this book, like the others that Cunningham reads here, is fairly widely read, makes his book perhaps more useful for teaching purposes than comparable work by, say, Nussbaum or Diamond.)

Furthermore, Cunningham's 'case studies' are not simply an extended list, coming after an 'in principle' argument. They genuinely flesh out the more abstract considerations of the first part of the book; and they follow on one from another in a concerted fashion. Objections remaining to Cunningham's

account of *The Remains of the Day* (concerning in particular Cunningham's counter-intuitive but impressive account of the *desirability* on occasion of psychological or characterological breakdown) are finally despatched in his account of *Beloved*. The book has no concluding chapter, but one is not necessary—the closing account of Zora Neal Hurston's novels efficaciously concludes the book's discussion in and of itself. This is a crucial point: Cunningham has *a view of the complex nature of our emotional life*, an anti-Stoical post-Kantian view *which he develops through reading novels*, and that view is of real interest. The view needs literature in order for it to be developed, because only something as complex as literature can yield such a subtle view—the trolley-case just won't do. (For reasons which may therefore be obvious, Cunningham's view of the emotions, etc., resists easy summary—and so I will not attempt such summary. If you want to know more, you'll have to read the book, I'm afraid.)

If there is a real difficulty with this book—and I am not certain that there is—then it lies in a different quarter. It lies in the question of what its primary audience is. Who now—in the wake of the recently influential arguments of intellectuals as diverse as J. M. Coetzee, Richard Rorty, Martha Nussbaum, Hillis Miller and Emmanuel Levinas, and in the face, moreover, of the abiding obviousness of the widespread moral functioning (in places as diverse as schools and prisons) of literary art—really needs convincing that the appreciation of literature can contribute to moral philosophy? Cunningham does not try to argue the more radical case that literature can contribute substantively to, for instance, epistemology. He does not try to prove that literature is more valuable to moral philosophy than is, say, autobiography or history. He does not try to prove that all literature, or even all good literature, has moral relevancy. He tries to prove only that some good novels can provide moral enlightenment and can help to grow moral knowledge in a manner hard to attain by writing standard philosophical treatises alone.

This is a *much* less radical cause now than it was 20 years ago, even in the academy. I found this book very persuasive—but that is hardly surprising, given that I, like many others, am already in all essentials persuaded. The onus is now perhaps on those—such as, perhaps, Richard Posner, Alexander Nehamas and Stanley Fish—who would resist 'Ethical Criticism' in particular and the relevancy of literature to ethics in general, to fight for *their* corner, rather than on the likes of Cunningham to make his case.

In short, it is to this reviewer not absolutely obvious that a book like this—however thorough and excellent, and even faultless (as this book very largely is)—is necessary.

However, I may well be being over-optimistic. Perhaps there are still legions of benighted philosophers out there, philosophers who still dismiss Wittgenstein or virtue ethics, philosophers who feel that only a systematic moral theory can possibly teach us anything true about Socrates's question of how to live. And perhaps English departments still harbour many theorists who shud-

der at words like 'value' or 'heart', and who long for the continued right to practise those varieties of post-Post-Structuralism which are undisturbed and unconvinced by the claim that literature's role in ethical life is real and worthy of academic attention.

In short, perhaps it is not the interesting arguments of Posner et al., but the broad mass of the professions of Philosophy and Literary Studies which would resist Cunningham's case. Cunningham certainly provides some important criticisms in his book of those contemporary Kantians (such as Guyer, Korsgaard, Herman) who *would* so resist.

I hope that the high tides of Moral Theory and Literary Theory are enough on the wane that Cunningham's book might be left stranded on fertile and growing golden sands, protesting rather too much. I hope that the heart of the resistance to the relatively modest claims for literature that Cunningham makes has in reality long since given out. But, judging on the one hand by the continuing difficulty in defending 'quality' and 'value' in literature in the academy, and judging on the other by the enduring power of Kantianism and of 'systematic' ethics, which are still sometimes alleged to be the only available antidotes to relativism, I may be wrong.

Either way, it remains the case that Cunningham's readings remain of great intrinsic value, especially in that they do a rare degree of philosophic justice to the complex life of our emotions. Returning again to *The Remains of the Day*: I think that much of what Cunningham finds in Ishiguro's wonderful novel will have been clear to any attentive reader not blinded by pre-existing theoretical commitments or the like. But still, Cunningham's own clear and yet subtle reading of the novel, and his engagement with those who might continue to appraise Stevens on more or less Kantian or Stoical grounds, is likely to serve to deepen one's appreciation of the novel's moral themes and tasks. Rather than the increasingly obvious (even unarguable?) role for literature in moral philosophy needing to be argued for, the role for (a 'post-theoretical?') moral philosophy in (the detailed and extended appreciation of) literature is perhaps the real and concretely exemplified lesson of Cunningham's intelligent and wise writing.

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Time and Space, by Barry Dainton. Chesham: Acumen Publishing Ltd, 2001. Pp. xiv + 386. H/b £45.00, P/b £18.95.

Time and Space by Barry Dainton is intended to introduce the reader to the contemporary debate in the philosophy of time over the status of temporal