

there has been over-simplification and misrepresentation on both sides, and that the argument for and against 'cognitivism' in Ethics has been particularly misleading. Much of the blame for this he lays at the door of Moore, who started philosophers off on a wild goose chase for a non-natural quality called Goodness, and for 'Intuition', the faculty by which it could be detected. When it began to be suspected that there was no such animal, and the chase was called off, Stevenson and Ayer were on hand to draw the moral: a science without an object is no science. Better to salvage what we may for Psychology, Sociology and the like, and declare ethical statements as non-negotiable except when changed into the currency of these sciences.

Interestingly enough, however, the backbone of the author's argument is an appeal to Ordinary Language, which would surely have interested and appealed to Moore. Indeed one would expect Moore to have approved of the conclusions reached. These are, briefly, that the commonest patterns of everyday ethical discourse reveal a consistent concern with knowledge, with knowing that this ethical decision or judgment was right or wrong—and that it would still be so even if one's mood, circumstances or society's conventions should change. Ordinary Language, therefore, provides *prima facie* evidence for there being such an animal as Ethical Knowledge.

Two possible objections to this appeal to ordinary usage, one ethical and the other philosophical, receive careful consideration. The argument in each case is that the assumptions implicit in ordinary ethical usage are dangerous (ethically) or confused (philosophically), and that ordinary language should

accordingly be reformed, by analysis, or ignored. Consideration of the first involves the author in a useful discussion of Relativism, its merits and philosophical flaws. But it is with the second, the philosophical objection, that he is preoccupied throughout the book.

Stevenson and Ayer have, he argues, made too much of the differences and not enough of the similarities between ethical and what they are pleased to call cognitive or scientific discourse. His critique of Ayer is particularly good, in that he refuses the dilemma which Ayer's over-simplifications enable him to urge. Instead of debating the possibilities of verifying ethical judgments empirically, he explores the role actually accorded experience in the formulation, acceptance or rejections of ethical judgments in a variety of everyday situations; and concludes that experience can and does support the claim to know the rights and wrongs of decisions taken, etc. Likewise, instead of recommending Ethics to Ayer as a different kind of logic (as in their different ways Toulmin and Baier have done) he explores the scope of reason in a suitably varied range of examples; and concludes that in some cases it has a major role, in other cases hardly any part at all.

This is a painstaking and modest book which will be welcomed by all philosophers interested in its subject matter. It is, however, intended for a wider public inasmuch as it deals with a problem which, as he observes in the Preface, 'is perhaps the one most relevant to the life of the average unphilosophical man'. Such a reader will find the discussion heavy going in places, but the movement of the argument is always clear; and his interest, once caught, is likely to be held.

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CULTURE AND ANARCHY: AN ESSAY IN POLITICAL AND SOCIAL CRITICISM, by Matthew Arnold, edited by Ian Gregor. *Bobbs-Merrill*, Indianapolis and New York, 1971. 281 + xlv pp. \$2.95.

Why does the benign Victorian hawk on this paperback's cover avert his eyes? The real man is elusive. Yet he exudes from his work (when we read him, E. M. Forster said, 'he seems to be in the room'), and sometimes he exudes from what he wrote and later cancelled. 'I remember my father', Matthew Arnold declared approvingly in the first edition of *Culture and Anarchy*, in 1869 '... thus: "As for rioting ... flog the rank and file, and fling the ring leaders from the Tarpeian Rock!"'

That sits oddly with Sweetness and Light. ('The most odiously irrational, advice . . .', fumed J. M. Robertson, forgetting, perhaps,

that when Dr Arnold of Rugby flogged or flung bad boys, he always made amends to them.) Even if Matthew intended a rather paternal and hyperbolic effect, however, the Tarpeian Rock says something about him.

And it seems to me that Professor Ian Gregor's best point, in his generally illuminating introduction to the great social 'essay', is that a 'personal' quality of Arnold's keeps *Culture and Anarchy* alive. What is important in *Culture and Anarchy* is Matthew Arnold. One re-reads it thinking it will be a bore. It isn't. Not that its circular arguments, vague generalizations, or self-advertising catch phrases in themselves

appeal. 'Barbarians, Philistines, Populace' is naughtily grand. 'Sweetness and Light' remains fodder for satirists. Of course, what Arnold had to argue was best argued a little vaguely. The book came at the end of a decade of his writing on social and educational issues. It challenged directly those critics who had been carping about his 'gospel of culture'. Tensions in his own complex psyche must have reinforced his sense of 'this strange disease', the 'sick hurry' and 'divided aims' of modern life; but inside and outside the railway carriages he travelled in over England, in the newspapers, the cities, the schools, he could see the chaos of politics, religion, and education. 'The Emperor'—as Clough and Tom Arnold called Matthew—might have remained aloof from politics and religion (safe with Spinoza) had it not been for his father and the schools. 'Rugby', as Professor Gregor says, had been 'a society preparing its members for a greater society'. Victorian schools often prepared their pupils for nothing. The schools would have to come under the firm, central control of the state to be improved at all. Hence, for Arnold, the enemy is 'Anarchy'—the lack of any organizing principle for life, or merely self-assertive individualism, behaviour that has no sense of the community's needs. He hardly defines it more precisely than that. 'Culture' is an even vaguer concept. Sometimes it seems to be a benign virus in the air. Thus: 'if a man without books or reading' (well!) 'gets nevertheless' (but how?) 'a fresh and free play of the best thoughts' (about ploughing or shoe-repair?) 'upon his stock notions and habits, he has got culture' (thousands of people must have been 'getting' Culture in the oddest ways, one might think).

Still, Culture is something that will help us 'out of our present difficulties'. The help seems to consist of 'a study of perfection' or 'the harmonious expansion of all our powers'. These phrases, as Ian Gregor says, 'numb the spirit of inquiry' if we look at them closely. But if they mean little out of context, when we read *Culture and Anarchy* we seem to know what they mean. Really they are no more extractable than Emily Brontë's message or view-of-life is from *Wuthering Heights*. Culture is not quite Homer, Bach, or Chartres, but a 'way' (as Gregor puts it) of responding to Anarchy and the world. The kind of 'free play' of thinking that it involves cannot be argued for in a direct, logically impeccable manner.

But it can be shown. 'And it is here that

Arnold creates an "I" for himself in his essay, much as a novelist might employ an "alter ego" through which to mediate his narrative.' This insight of Gregor's is excellent: it seems enough to justify his editing the book even though Dover Wilson's edition is still available in the Cambridge paperback. The 'Matthew Arnold' who shows what Culture is through his own performance in *Culture and Anarchy* is as complex as his message. He also seems invulnerable.

That Alcibiades, the editor of the *Morning Star*, taunts me as [the 'religion of culture's'] promulgator, with living out of the world and knowing nothing of life and men. That great austere toiler, the editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, upbraids me,—but kindly, and more in sorrow than in anger—for trifling with aesthetics and poetical fancies, while he himself, in that arsenal of his in Fleet Street, is bearing the burden and heat of the day. . . . It is impossible that all these remonstrances and reproofs should not affect me.

And this is the essence of *Culture and Anarchy*. To allude with drollery to a 'religion' of culture is to show that culture isn't one's religion; the suavity displays a man who cannot possibly know 'nothing' of men. The 'I' goes on to show, especially in Chapters 2 and 3, a *temperament* that has become sensible of 'the needs of the community' (and hence of 'the idea of the state') as well as sensible of its own 'best self'. The style, as Gregor says, expresses 'a tolerance of spirit and a self-criticism which can be thought of as inextricably social and personal'. The strong implication is that as Anarchic individualism dies, the sensible, Cultural idea of a powerful State will flower in men's minds.

Well, it has already flowered (with a few apocalyptic results). We read the grand essay for Matthew Arnold's performance. Gregor's notes are good; and anyone writing a biography of Arnold (as this reviewer is trying to do) will be grateful for a suggestion about Arnold's 'horror of the fragmentary'. One wishes that Gregor had pursued even further the contrast between Arnold the man and Arnold in the book. He *suggests* that the book uses fictional strategies. It would be interesting to see in detail how much of a 'non-fiction novel' (as Capote or Mailer might say) it really is.

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