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Bouwsma's 1949-1951 Commonplace Book (selections)

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O.K. Bouwsma

BOUWSMA'S 1949-1951 COMMONPLACE BOOK

INTRODUCTION

In the academic years of 1949-51, O.K. Bouwsma was on an extended sabbatical leave from the University of Nebraska. The two, back-to-back leave years were arranged allowing him time to spend time with Ludwig Wittgenstein, under whom three of Bouwsma's former students and friends had come to study after heading to Cambridge to work with G.E. Moore: Norman Malcolm, Morris Lazerowitz, and Alice Ambrose. In the summer of 1949, Malcolm arranged for Wittgenstein to lecture and discuss philosophy at Cornell and, simultaneously, for Bouwsma to teach in the summer session. In the fall, Lazerowitz and Ambrose, both professors at Smith College, made similar arrangements for Bouwsma while Wittgenstein visited there. Earlier, Ambrose had shown Bouwsma her copy of the *Blue Book* that Wittgenstein dictated to her. By the summer and fall of 1949, Bouwsma had worked through those *Blue Book* notes – the effect of which was to help in developing his re-orientation from Bradley's Idealism and its lingering skepticism through Moore's Commonsense Realism to a place of his own. What Bouwsma attributed to Wittgenstein was an understanding of the priority of sense that resided in ordinary language, the comparison to which served as a filter through which philosophical investigations could be passed.

After the 1949-50 sabbatical year, Bouwsma won a Fulbright Fellowship to lecture at Oxford's, Magdalene College, again allowing him more time to discuss philosophy with Wittgenstein. From meeting Wittgenstein at Cornell until Wittgenstein's death in 1951, the Bouwsma-Wittgenstein friendship resulted in frequent walks, meetings, and discussions in which Wittgenstein opened himself to Bouwsma, informally and at times in confessional ways.

At Oxford, Gilbert Ryle invited Bouwsma to give the first in the series of the now famous John Locke Lectures. Wittgenstein previously turned down Ryle's invitation to give these lectures. Bouwsma was asked to replace him, representing the legacy of Wittgenstein's work in what was known then as the "Ordinary Language School." The idea of replacing Wittgenstein and of representing a "school" of philosophy was a source of embarrassment to Bouwsma, but he nevertheless accepted the invitation and gave the lectures.

During the two-year period, Bouwsma worked in the midst of prominent American and British philosophers. At Cornell and Smith, in addition to his conversations with Wittgenstein, he discussed philosophy with Malcolm, Ambrose, Lazerowitz, and Max Black as well as others graduate students present. And, at Oxford, he was introduced to Elizabeth Anscombe and Yorick Smythies through Wittgenstein, with whom he developed friendships and had frequent discussions. There also, he came to be acquainted with and discuss ideas with J.L. Austin, H.L.A. Hart, Patrick Nowell-Smith, Gilbert Ryle, G.J. Warnoc, D.F. Pears, Peter Winch, Rush Rhees, and others mentioned in these notes. Some of these friendships may have come through Bouwsma's Nebraska student, Elmer Sprague, who was currently studying with Gilbert Ryle. As was his life-long custom, Bouwsma kept track of such discussions in his journals. The records of these discussions surround the accounts of his discussions with Wittgenstein. Bouwsma later culled the latter discussions from the larger notebook records and showed them occasionally and selectively to a few friends, he thought would be interested in Wittgenstein. These latter selected conversations were published posthumously by his editors Ronald E. Hustwit and J.L. Craft under the title – *Wittgenstein Conversations, 1949-51*. The recorded discussions published in this text

contain the entire 1949-51 notebook entries including the entries on Wittgenstein as well as the surrounding entries now arranged in chronological order.

What you are about to read are Bouwsma's notes made in what may be called his "Commonplace Book." Throughout his academic life, he wrote nearly every day – from his first days in 1925 at the University of Nebraska to his death in 1977. In 1949, he continued the same practice, but in different surroundings with new friends and philosophers at Cornell, Smith College, and Oxford. Most of the entries are reflective recollections of discussions he had the same day with or about some philosopher. In this regard, the notes reveal the atmosphere of British-American philosophy of the period, which had recently transitioned from the Idealism of the 19th century by means of Russell and Moore, and permeated with an atmosphere created by Wittgenstein's presence. The entries begin July 8, 1949 at Cornell. Wittgenstein has not yet arrived and Bouwsma has been discussing hedonism with Norman Malcolm and Max Black. Earlier entries show that topic arising out of his summer session class at Cornell. Three weeks later on July 29, entries show Bouwsma driving from Ithaca to Syracuse to pick up Malcolm and Wittgenstein at the train station. The notes refer to Wittgenstein as "W". "Norman" is Norman Malcolm; "Alice" is Alice Ambrose; "Morris" is Alice's husband Morris Lazerowitz; "G" is Bouwsma's wife Gertrude; and "L" is Malcolm's wife Lee. Later, at Oxford, "A" is Elizabeth Anscombe and "Smythies" is Yorick Smythies. At both Cornell and Oxford, some of Bouwsma's students show up in the discussions: "Elmer" is Elmer Sprague and "Cal" is Cal Rollins. Several other names appear who are students attending classes at Oxford. Most of the other professor's names are recognizable from their reputations. Interestingly, Paul Tillich and Gregory Vlastos show up in discussions while Bouwsma is still in the United States. Rush Rhees must have visited Wittgenstein in Oxford from Swansea while Bouwsma was there, as he is mentioned as well. Ideas from a joint class of J.L. Austin and H.L.A. Hart on responsibility are discussed through students who attended them. However many interesting discussions Bouwsma had with recognizable philosophers at Oxford, the longest running accounts of discussions were with three people: Wittgenstein and two of his students Elizabeth Anscombe and Yorick Smythies, both of whom Wittgenstein had introduced to Bouwsma.

The value in reading these notebooks is that they may evoke admiration of Bouwsma the thinker. He is not writing for another's consumption, but only for himself. Much of it he does simply as a record for his own remembrance. And, in doing this, he not only has a record of what was said but has forced himself to get clear on what was said. The process of writing one's thoughts requires that we put them into words and sentences and moves us from the feeling that we have an idea of what to say to actually formulating the idea – perhaps, in some cases, articulating what the other is saying more clearly than what was actually said. The discipline of writing, recording memories of conversations, and reflecting on them, all merely for one's self, shows the seriousness of one's commitment to becoming and being a thinker in general and a philosopher in particular. The point of doing so is not to advance in the academic profession of philosophy – whether it be for the good of the whole or personal advancement – but to pursue truth, understanding, and clarity for oneself. Bouwsma expresses his admiration of this seriousness of purpose in a remark he makes about Elizabeth Anscombe:

Part, in any case, of the bareness of philosophy consists in this, that it does not touch those who teach. The problems are all dead. This is what gives it the aspect of work with a cadaver. One does not have the feeling that a teacher is concerned with his own puzzlement, that it is his toothache. And even when it is another man's toothache, it is still treated lightly, as tho it were a

bit of foolishness. This is the difference, I think between what I hear, and such an essay as that of Miss Anscombe. She is struggling with herself. Language, her own, has her in its tangles and she is trying to free herself.

The spirit of this seriousness pervades Bouwsma's notes, not only in his admiration of this in others when he finds it, but in exhibiting it himself. He exhibited this seriousness in his disciplined journaling – remembering, reflecting, and thinking through the day's encounters with others not only in these two years, but throughout his fifty-plus years as a professor of philosophy.

Another aspect of these notes to be admired, and perhaps copied, is Bouwsma's humility. This is not to say that he was not a severe judge of another nor that he lacked confidence in his own abilities. Rather, he shows the necessity of evaluating for himself what was said. He continually presses the question: What is the core of what another is getting at? What is the unconscious motivation or the hidden analogy that led the person to say what he or she said? He recognized that he may have those same motives and analogies. Then, too, there was his recognition of the depth and seriousness in some special people that he came across – Anscombe and Smythies, for example.

Of course, of those at Oxford that year, Wittgenstein is the standout instance of that person. And, before him, Bouwsma was completely humbled in a way that anyone who knew Bouwsma is struck by. Here was a man of fifty-two with a reputation as a distinguished university professor and member of the philosophical community, who was eager to listen humbly and learn from another. The notes of their conversations show Bouwsma prompting Wittgenstein with topics for discussions, noticing some offhand remark, or asking Wittgenstein to go on with something. We do not find him challenging Wittgenstein nor trying to impress him with a remark of his own. Sometimes he says that he does not understand something or has reached a dead end. There is, however, no dialectic other than what would lead to an understanding of what Wittgenstein said. On occasion, Bouwsma notes appreciation of what he is gaining from his discussions with Wittgenstein. He speaks of the power of clarity that Wittgenstein brings to any topic they discuss. Later, in a letter to a former student, Kenneth Johnson, he wrote that in Wittgenstein he "saw what struck me as the height of perspicuity, the most intense intellectual activity, the swiftest and keenest mind I have ever met. It was like a miracle. His words were like a beam of light through a fog in almost any conversation." Bouwsma was an established philosopher himself, not a student of Wittgenstein, and much closer in age to Wittgenstein. With others, Bouwsma would be the judge, but with Wittgenstein he listened – not uncritically, but he listened and absorbed. It was a mark of Bouwsma's humility that he listened so.

Bouwsma extracted the discussions with Wittgenstein from his commonplace book, edited them slightly, and had them typed. They were eventually published with an introduction by J.L. Craft and Ronald E. Hustwit through Hackett Publishing Co. under the title *Wittgenstein Conversations 1949-51*. The current collection of the 1949-51 notes presented here is a nearly complete typescript, with editing, made from Bouwsma's handwritten commonplace book. The conversations with Wittgenstein, previously published, are re-inserted in chronological with other entries. They are, that is, interspersed with the other daily notes made with discussions with others – most frequently those he had with Anscombe and Smythies, who were also meeting with Wittgenstein separately. The notes read in sequence, then, give one a sense for an inner circle of Wittgenstein's acquaintances, also for Wittgenstein's influence at Oxford and for the philosophical climate of Oxford at the time.

The reader familiar with Bouwsma's work can see his philosophical development in the notes from these two years. In the larger story of Bouwsma's pilgrimage, one can see the imprint

of the immediate presence of Wittgenstein. He had been reading the *Blue Book* notes for ten years by the time he actually met Wittgenstein in 1949. Alice Ambrose had shown them to him in one of the several summers the Bouwsma family spent with Alice and Morris at their farm in Massachusetts. There, he was able to make a hand copy them, which he poured through relentlessly, absorbing their significance for his own work. Eventually he published the striking paper in *The Journal of Philosophy*– "The Blue Book" – perhaps the best characterization of the force of that book for being a philosopher. In those years, Bouwsma's persistent attention to the first pages of the *Blue Book* on "the meaning of a word" and on the temptation of generalization re-oriented his struggles with Idealism's skepticism, realism, and naturalism. In that ten-year period of feeding on the *Blue Book*, Bouwsma found in Wittgenstein an understanding of his own work – of why he was simultaneously attracted to Moore's commonsense instincts yet found them wanting. He now came to resist skepticism by examining expressions and analogies, primarily those arising in Descartes and Berkeley, comparing them to everyday uses. Bouwsma instinctively returned to our common language, but had not explicitly realized why, until the orientation he gained from Wittgenstein. His instincts of following the leads of everyday language, uncovering hidden analogies, and his amusement with word play were already in place. One can see them in his several essays on Descartes' *Meditations* and in "Notes On Berkeley's Idealism." However, actually meetings and having talks with Wittgenstein markedly changed his ways of writing and discussing philosophy. His essays and finished papers disappear. His work is all pointed play, not aimed at conclusions, but with forceful though elusive points. He identifies the exact right word or phrase used in a discussion and pounces on it like a cat playing with a mouse. The play takes the form of comparing the philosophical expression to its uses outside of philosophy where he makes its sense jump out in humorous ways. Wittgenstein remarked that a whole book of philosophy could be written that consisted of nothing but jokes. Bouwsma did that, not in a book, but in discussions and papers. So, his work changed, having spent these two years with Wittgenstein. The work reflected a new and definite attitude toward philosophy – that philosophy was not going anywhere – not producing results. There are no arguments to be made for conclusions to be accepted. There is no finishing in philosophy. Once nonsense has been exposed, philosophy is not over. There is no end. The temptation of Platonism to search for the essence will continually arise to direct our attention to find it. But, Platonism is not the only source of temptation. Sources are bountiful for a philosopher entangled in language: "The envelope appears darker in the shade"; "'on the' must name something as do book and "table""; "Where is the past?" – "When is the present?"; "Is 'is' a predicate?"; "A nail 'cannot' scratch glass." There is never resolution. Philosophy is a never-ending activity always prompted by a word or expression that an intelligent, observant person will wonder about. "What is the meaning of a word?" "How is it possible that …?" Philosophy, for Bouwsma, was now a battle against the bewitchment of our intelligence brought on by the ever-flowing springs in language.

It is not clear how much lecturing Bouwsma did at Oxford apart from the John Locke Lectures. The notes often record, then follow up on discussions with Oxford tutors and professors who were lecturing or holding classes and with students attending those classes. Elmer Sprague and Cal Rollins were two of Bouwsma's young friends from Nebraska, now graduate students at Oxford. Such discussions give a flavor for the atmosphere at Oxford. Such topics as responsibility, space and time, and self-referential paradoxes were presented for discussion at tea or evening gatherings in someone's rooms or house. There, Bouwsma listened, probed for what was meant, and added his own thoughts, after noting with interest the Oxford topics for classes.

But, it was with Anscombe and Smythies that he met most frequently in addition to his walks and meetings with Wittgenstein.

From Anscombe he received a jaded impression of philosophy at Oxford and one that reflected Wittgenstein's influence. She saw professors teaching other men's thoughts and problems rather than philosophers occupied with their own problems and ideas. Bouwsma reports that she was easily upset with the work of others and judgmental. Though she understood and was motivated by Wittgenstein's work, she worked on her own problems and in ways very much different than Wittgenstein's. Bouwsma took interest in her accounts of Wittgenstein and in her reflections on the state of philosophy at Oxford. He valued her work, her critical reflections on his work, and the time she afforded him for discussion. His notes show him discussing his paper in progress on what it means to say that music expresses emotion. How can music express sadness? She was helpful, displaying her familiarity with music and literature relevant to the issue. Of course, music and literature were an important part of Bouwsma's life as well. The piece arose out of Bouwsma's love of these art forms and he very likely read Collingwood's book *The Principles of Art*, published in 1938. Eventually, he published the paper with the title "The Expression Theory of Art." There was nothing superficial about their discussions and in them one can see Bouwsma tuning his ideas over against Anscombe's counters and insights.

In another set of entries on whether we have souls, Bouwsma tries to follow her thought and then notes with some surprise that it appears that not all Catholics (meaning Anscombe) adhere to orthodoxy on this subject. In all, they have respect for each other which surely stemmed from their shared grasp of the work of Wittgenstein and from their shared acceptance of the compatibility of Christian faith with their philosophical investigations. Anscombe had taken on C.S. Lewis in a debate at the Socratic Club with objections to an argument that Lewis made attacking Naturalism's direct opposition to Christianity. Anscombe's taking on Lewis at the Socratic Club was unsettling to Lewis, as he expected that a Catholic, who shared the perspective of Christian faith, would have approved of his charging Naturalism with a self-referential paradox. Perhaps Anscombe bolted at Lewis's straight-forward refutation of Naturalism's claims, missing the subtleties of the argument. Bouwsma had made his own and unusually direct case against Naturalism in an earlier essay with that simple title "Naturalism," perhaps bearing a similarity to Lewis's work: that the Naturalist's claim that we are rid of metaphysics includes a metaphysical claim of its own. After his time at Oxford, Bouwsma remarked that he regretted never having met Lewis while there. Later, too, he had his own falling out with Anscombe over the subject of faith, when he responded to her paper "Faith," presented in a colloquium at the University of Oregon. Bouwsma responded with his own paper "Miss Anscombe on Faith," in which he ponders her claim that "faith is believing God." Bouwsma's work, as usual, was replete with examples showing differences in the uses of "faith" and "belief." It was certainly not a refutation of her paper, but a display of differences and similarities between her uses of those words and their uses in Biblical cases. This time, Anscombe took umbrage, expecting a sympathetic reading from another person of faith. Of course, what makes Bouwsma so interesting is his persistent pressing for the sense of the expressions of thought no matter the source. At a later gathering, they made amends.

The third party to Bouwsma's smaller circle was Yorick Smythies. Smythies, a student of Wittgenstein's at Cambridge in the late 1930s, worked in a forestry library connected to Oxford. There in 1950-51, he met often with Anscombe and weekly with Wittgenstein. Anscombe described him as the only devoted student of Wittgenstein, who would disagree with him, yet have Wittgenstein take him seriously. About Smythies, Wittgenstein said he was too serious to get an

academic job – simultaneously a complement to Smythies and a display of Wittgenstein's low estimation of academic philosophy. When Smythies was enrolled as a student at Cambridge, he took detailed notes on Wittgenstein's lectures, recopied them, and checked and discussed them with Wittgenstein. Smythies' notes are reliable and a significant contribution to Wittgenstein's published lectures. Among the class notes taken by Smythies were Wittgenstein's lectures on religious belief and on the foundations of mathematics. Recently, Volker Munz published an entire volume of Smythies' lecture notes taken from courses in the academic years 1938 to 1941 together with some of Smythies' responses under the title *Wittgenstein's Whewell Court Lectures*. The lecture topics range over "necessity," "meaning," "belief," and "volition." Bouwsma began meeting with Smythies for lunch and then in the evenings in each other's homes. They attracted each other by their appreciation of the other's seriousness and the shared natural instinct each had for probing the depths of grammatical investigations beyond the immediate language-game. Each grasped the significance of Wittgenstein's insights and each wanted to explore what was unspoken as well as spoken – Smythies in the unconscious psyche that leads one to speak and present oneself as one does and Bouwsma in his appreciation of the magnificence of everyday language which provides the basis for judging sense and non-sense in philosophical "language on holiday.". Their shared appreciation for what lay unspoken also allowed space for religious belief – Smythies finding it in his conversion to the Catholic Church and Bouwma in his upbringing in the Christian Reformed Church of his Dutch heritage. Notice the occasional entry that begins "In church on Sunday, the minister said …" At home in Nebraska, Bouwsma was known to write such notes on sermons too, which he sometimes shared with a chagrined minister.

Bouwsma's early entries on Smythies begin with "Today, I had lunch with Smythies …" Over lunch, they discover a common interest in Kierkegaard, whom Bouwsma had been reading since the 1930s soon after his departure from British Idealism – perhaps even as a part of that departure. They discussed the value of reading Kierkegaard. Bouwsma suggested that Kierkegaard wrote to understand what it means to be a Christian. Smythies will not let that stand. It would be wrong-headed to attempt to summarize what Kierkegaard was doing in a sentence or two. This pushed Bouwsma to think harder about what to say. In the process, he asks Smythies for the reason Kierkegaard wrote, adding that surely it was not because Kierkegaard is clever. But, Smythies says "Yes, that would be part of it." This exchange is typical of Smythies' contrariness in discussion. He objects to claims put forward and resists generalizations and theories. Bouwsma, in return, is not put off but persists in trying to understand the points that Smythies is trying to make. With Smythies, it is always something deeper than the initial propositions presented. His interests to lie in the subterranean – in a kind of "psychoanalysis." Their conversations turn to Dostoievski's underground man in *Notes From Underground*. What could explain such self-loathing? Again, in this context, there was a reference to Kierkegaard's *The Concept of Dread*. Interestingly, Bouwsma re-reads that book to help with understanding Dostoievski's *Notes from Underground*, recognizing that both have to do with the consciousness of sin. In another series of discussions, they turn their attention to the idea of responsibility – of blaming oneself and holding oneself responsible. All again in the same atmosphere of Smythies' digging deeper into the psyche – going below the surface of our everyday exchanges. Smythies objections to Wittgenstein are related to this probing of the psyche for a deeper examination of the language-game. He found something lacking in Wittgenstein. It was that Wittgenstein's turning to meaning as use in the language-game and calling the learning and use of language a "technique" made his investigations into the meaning of what was said, in a way, superficial. The investigations did not go deep enough to show the real – the underlying – reasons for why one said what he said. Smythies wanted

Wittgenstein to include what was unsaid in the language exchange – what the reasons were for speaking of which he was not fully aware. These motives of which one is only partially conscious, contribute to a kind of intentional falsity in representing oneself. Later, Smythies sent Bouwsma an unpublished paper – "Non-Logical Falsity" – carefully laying out techniques for self-examination that help to expose and even to correct for such falsity.

Bouwsma carried on a correspondence with Wittgenstein for many years after these conversations in 1950-51. Sometime later, he showed Smythies the notes on his conversations with Wittgenstein. In his typical psychoanalytic vein, Smythies, in turn, asked: What do the notes with Wittgenstein's voice coming through Bouwsma's voice say about Bouwsma the writer of the notes? – Again, the question of why someone is saying what was said and representing himself as he does, turns attention inward to what lies in the subconscious motives. In 1956, on another sabbatical leave from Nebraska, Bouwsma returned to Oxford. Why Oxford, as Wittgenstein had since died? He could write anywhere. It was to see Smythies again and discuss philosophy with him. And he did. Over time in their acquaintance, in addition to the letter on the Bouwsma-Wittgenstein conversations, Smythies sent him two papers – "Non-Logical Falsity," and a paper loosely headed "Action-Reaction" that included a section on the concept of an object – and a dozen poems. As usual, Bouwsma was fascinated with Smythies' projects and wrote much in his commonplace book on them. While he wrote nothing on Smythies poetry, he thought often on the Bouwsma-Wittgenstein letter and absorbed appreciatively the "Non-Logical Falsity" paper. Bouwsma wrote tirelessly, even obsessively, trying to organize his thoughts on the "Action-Reaction" paper. He copied phrases from the paper and worked on those phrases one at a time hoping to catch a glimpse of the whole. Although he never could satisfy himself with that glimpse, Bouwsma had these handwritten notes typed, as if he wanted to write a larger piece on Smythies. The typescript is over 100 pages and reads like the work-book of someone consumed with untangling a knot that will not untangle. He was convinced, nevertheless, that one could learn something, if only from the untangling. Throughout the remainder of his life, Bouwsma kept this engagement with Smyties, mentioning him frequently in his commonplace book and to his graduate students at Nebraska and Texas. He did not follow up on the discussions with Anscombe in that way nor with any other acquaintances from Oxford in those years. He did pay attention to the work a few others there such as the published writings of Ryle and Wisdom, but nothing like the attention to Smythies. Of course, he continued to feed on Wittgenstein's work, especially the *Philosophical Investigations*, which was published two years later in 1953. Wittgenstein died 1951 while Bouwsma was in Oxford. Entries record discussions he had with Wittgenstein on visits in his last days in Oxford before going to live with Doctor Bevans, his physician, in Cambridge. It was from Smythies that he received the telegram dated April 30, 1951: "Wittgenstein died last night."

Reassembling the Notebook Entries

From 1925, when Bouwsma began keeping philosophical notebooks, through the early 1950s, Bouwsma wrote in small, 4"x6" notepads, which could be carried easily in a coat pocket. These small notepads were noticeably different in size from the legal pads he used from then on. But, one can also see a difference in the way in which Bouwsma kept notebooks. Put briefly, the later notes reflect a mature independent thinker who had appropriated Wittgenstein's insights to his own philosophical projects and development. The earlier, smaller notepads are more observational and lack the developed techniques of analysis based on his grasp of "meaning as use." During the 1949-51 period from which these notes were taken, Bouwsma used both the small notepads and the larger legal pads that now make up the collection at the Humanities Research Center at The University of Texas. The selections presented here, are taken exclusively from the small notepads, which were kept separated by the family because of entries of a personal nature. They were microfilmed by Bouwsma's son and historian William Bouwsma and added to the collection later. Bouwsma kept several pads active simultaneously, so discussions with one person might be recorded in one pad while discussions with another or notes on a reading or preparations for lectures would go in another. This means that the sequential dates of entries from different notepads overlap with each other.

I reassembled selected entries from the microfilmed small pads into sequential order for the years 1949-51. I removed many pages of notes that Bouwsma made preparing for his teaching in those years and notes for his paper, "The Expression Theory of Art." Some traces of these removed pages, especially his discussions of art with Elizabeth Anscombe, can still be found in what remains. What does remain is a chronologically ordered collection of Bouwsma's notes made after discussions he had with philosophers at Cornell, Smith College, and Oxford, with Wittgenstein as the central character. Bouwsma had pulled out most of his notes on discussions with Wittgenstein and had them typed. They have since been published by Hackett Publishing Co. with the title *Wittgenstein Conversations, 1949-51*. The present collection of notes restores those conversations with Wittgenstein to their original surroundings in Bouwsma's active philosophical life in those years.

COMMONPLACE BOOK
1949 – 1951

July 8, 1949

This evening Norman and Black came over, and we discussed Hedonism. A few suggestions which may be helpful came along. This one is, I think especially enlightening. I must try to imagine what a human being would be like who pursued pleasure only: Breakfast, an hour of music, a warm bath, 9 holes of golf, lunch, a cozy nap, riding a horse, driving with a beauty, a walk in the garden, theatre, home, James [Joyce]. This, at any rate, might be an instance of the sort of life which a Hedonist might be supposed to regard as ideal. Of course, he might allow that some drudgery would be required since provision must be made. Nature is not a pillow. Men desire pleasure only, but might then suppose that the pattern of such a life might be discerned in the lives of men who do not need to work. They do as they please. They are the play-boys of the world, the heirs and heiresses of means. This is not, I suppose, the way in which Epicurus conceived of the life of pleasure.

Perhaps this would be better: The Hedonist may be understood as saying this: "Conduct your life in such a way, that of as much of what you do in life as is possible, you may say 'I enjoy doing this'; 'I like to do this.' What you may like to do or enjoy is not specified. You may have to study your own rich-nature in order to decide rightly about practical matters. This is something like the purpose of aptitude and other guidance tests given in schools. Being cheerful, sunny, good-natured, having a good time, etc.

Our main contention centered about the meaning of the expression: "He does it (goes to N.Y.) for pleasure." He goes for enjoyment, to enjoy himself, for fun. I tried to say this. That a man sings for enjoyment means simply that he likes to sing. That a man goes to the Stork Club for pleasure, rather than for business, means that he goes to see, to hear, to take in the scene, the people, the girls, the music. This is what interests him. What does a man want? What does a man go for? For these things and something else, namely pleasure or enjoyment. The question is: What does the man go for? When you say for pleasure, my contention is that this means that you are not going to serve any purpose beyond that of the activities immediately engaged at the Stork Club.

The point came out, I think, more clearly when we hit upon the use of the word "satisfaction." The word "satisfaction" is relative to the word "desire," but what satisfies is what one desires. And one does not want satisfaction, except as in general this means that one wants what he wants. One does of course want what satisfies, but this describes nothing. What one wants is to see, to hear, to ride, to play, to eat, etc. One may, of course, also want pleasure, but this is relatively rare.

But according to Malcolm and Black what one may then want is to chuckle, to clap one's hands, to shout, to smile, to light up, etc. Certainly, too, such desires are exceedingly rare and quite unwholesome. Perhaps this is a little like: He wants to laugh. He wants to be amused. (Perhaps I'd better hesitate over this.) I want to have my spirits lifted. I want some fun. I want to be diverted, tickled.

I enjoyed the movie. So there were two things. The movie and the enjoyment. Did I also want two things – the movie and the enjoyment? I say "What I wanted was to see a movie of a certain kind." If I see such a movie, then, of course, I will enjoy it. If I want to see the movie and want the enjoyment, then do I enjoy both the movie and the enjoyment of the movie? The movie I enjoy wanting the movie. The enjoyment I also enjoy wanting the enjoyment.

July 29, 1949

On Tuesday of this week we drove to Syracuse to meet Norman and Wittgenstein, who had just arrived from Europe. After all the stories about him he struck me as a very attractive man with an easy and friendly manner.

And last evening, Thursday, he came with Norman and Black and Brown for discussion. And I heard and saw him perform. He uses his hands and his head a great deal, and walks about too. But what characterizes his talk is the ready availability of example and imaginary situation to clarify the uses of expressions. There is an intensity and an impatience about him which are enough, certainly, to frighten one, and there was once, when Norman was floundering, going on talking, perhaps in order to get W. to go on, when he was nearly violent. No wonder so many people have found him too difficult. At any rate, I can imagine that he cannot bear idle talk and unintelligibility gladly, and he shows it. So many of us must be uncomfortable.

The subject was Ethics. Brown introduced the subject, the idea that duties and insights are correlative. It seemed to Brown that a man might very well have a duty where no other man could claim a right to the performance of that duty. W. seized upon the use of "It seems …" "Why it seems …?" "Of course, a man may … . Why not? A child may be brought up … : Never, never, steal. Resist tyranny," etc. He does not then owe that duty to his parents. He must simply do or not do. A man may owe his duty on the other hand to God, or as we see to nothing at all. How then do people come to say that all duties are owed to someone? Perhaps simply out of a habit of speech in this context. Some duties are owed to someone. Perhaps most are. This now establishes the pattern of the language, and the expectation in connection with it. So, duties are owed, and to someone.

(It occurred to me now that this also reflects the contract theory of morals.)

This issue was fairly easily disposed of. Then Norman took up the use of "absolute and universal." What would you do with: Everyone ought to be honest. There was some confusion here. Black suggested something like this that this conjunction was the pre-supposition of all morality. The use of the word "dogmatic" was used here, and so was "categorical." Black and Brown didn't exactly like this. They were wanting to say that something could be said, one could argue for this statement. But this also was confused. You certainly could not prove any such statements. Here talk was begun by W. about the two tribes, he being reformer to one and Malcolm being to the other. Each now would have a different morality, and each might be immoral to the other. These might now be said to be different moral principles, but one can see in the way in which they come to be held that argument, and proof have nothing to do with it. I introduced the illustration: Pride is an evil, with which I worked in my ethics class, and said that all that happened was that the idea was clarified, and sometimes I won some students. The point was that one can exhibit the sort of thing one has in mind, and that is all.

Later in the living room – our conversation was in the garden – the subject was resumed. How did I exhibit "pride"? By reading from the Brothers Karamazov. W. seemed to approve of this but he made some objection which I did not understand. He said somebody else might write a different book, apparently exhibiting pride in a different light. The point seemed to be that what is relevant is patterns of life which are enmeshed with all sorts of other things, and so this makes the matter much more complex than an at first it seemed. Perhaps this is it. Pride is, in anyone's life always only a part. No man is pride alone. Pride is specified in a context of other interests and of other human beings. It is this total situation in which pride infects with evil. Pride is like an infection, a fever. It isn't located like a sore thumb. The fever permeates the whole body. So pride too. This is nice. I was glad to be reminded of this.

From this point we went on from a suggestion of Norman's: Suppose Borgia said: "This is my ethical principle: "I trample on other men's toes all I can." Norman was fascinated by his having stuck pins into people. At this W. frowned. "Ethical principle! Not everything is an ethical principle." How is an ethical principle identified? This took us into the use of the expression "ethical." Nothing precise of course. A principle is ethical by virtue of its surroundings? You could imagine "surroundings." What surroundings? You could imagine "surroundings" where one was justified and enjoined upon to enjoy sufferings – the sufferings of the wicked, for instance. At any rate, there are limits surely as to what is an "ethical" principle. It reminds me now of Feigl's "choosing principles."

July 31

This afternoon we went to Norman and Lee's. I thought for tea. It turned out that I had been invited alone, and this was for discussion. I had tea in the garden, but G. and L. had none in the house. W. has no use for social chit-chat.

This was for discussion and so I brought up a remark of W.'s on Thursday evening. W. had said in response to my saying that I had read some of the *Brothers* to show what I meant by "pride," "but a man might have written a quite different sort of thing." I wanted to get the point of that. Apparently what he meant was that pride might be represented as a part of an heroic scene, and it wouldn't do at all. (I suggested Audrey seizing the banner at Austerlitz.) In this connection – no later – he brought up "No man likes to appear ridiculous." This came up after I was pressed more about the point of my saying "Pride is an evil." So, I had to try again. I said, well, I came to say it in some such way as this. The love of one's neighbor is good. Whatever in us keeps us from or hinders us in loving our neighbor is evil. Now, then, what does? Well, pride is such a hindrance. Here it was, I think, that he said that no one likes to appear ridiculous, and this is certainly motivated by pride, but it helps one to get on with people. I did not see this clearly at the time, but apparently he meant to object to the general statement "Pride is a hinderance … ."

Well we drifted. What did I do? There were readings: Epicurus, the Stoics, etc. In discussing Epicurus, I came to ask whether or not we could criticize our desires. Are there evil desires? Oh, yes, revenge is evil. The students agreed with me. Well, what of it? What next?" I had no next. How pointless. I was desperate. See, I said, Solomon said: "The love of money is the root of evil. Pascal said: "Most of troubles for men arise from this … . Now, I said, my statement is something like these. (I could not think of Plato's statement – the love of luxury is the cause of war. … etc.) Now do statements like these have any meaning? Wittgenstein said that they did not, apart from context. Then I said that my sentence is like Moore's sentences where Moore answers his question: What things are good? And how about these: Well, W. was ready for that too. So my sentence was like Moore's and so what?

It came finally to something like this. I came to see and admitted that what I do in part is to try to understand what some of these philosophers have said – Epicurus, Zeno, etc, and to acquaint the students with this. But I also preach. The first would be on the whole futile, trifling; the second would be risky. Perhaps it ought not to be done at all.

All through this W. was talking. He made such remarks as that some people are interested in a system; others are interested in preaching. He makes the distinction clear between something up in the air – he uses his hands – the talk of philosophers, and now someone saying: Don't be revengeful. Let not the sun go down on thy wrath, etc. This is the distinction between non-sense and exhortation.

There were also remarks about Dostoievski. Dostoievski certainly wants to preach. But he did not succeed too well. Notice that Alyosha is represented as attractive. Smerdyakov as not. This shows mixed motive. He has an aesthetic interest in it too. There was some puzzling about Dostoievski's project: The Great Sinner. Any decent man might fall into the perpetration of some crime. Why not?

I have found W. a great tome, like a purge, and how I need it. How unemancipated I am! How soiled with the habits of long non-sense! I must do what I can to subject myself to his drubbing and to learn to speak freely so that I may expose my rags to him. If I can only speak!

August 1, 1949

I said: Pride is an evil. I got into trouble about that. What was I doing? It seemed so simple. Pride is an evil – that's it, that's all there is to it. It's like Moore's: Beauty is good, or the contemplation of beauty is good. Simple. W. corrected me: It is as tho he said: The word "pride" is used in this way is meaningless. It isn't the name of anything. Consider how the idea of a word's being like a family relationship enters here. So, what do you mean by "pride"? All right, your illustrations, I said: Pride makes people cruel. But pride doesn't always make people cruel – unless you mean only that by pride. Audrey's pride did not make him cruel. You might say that pride keeps people cold. And then there's the matter of it being an evil. If I said quite simply that pride hinders, is a barrier against a tender regard for one's neighbor, that is clear enough. Speak intelligibly. Say what you know. Never say: Pride is an evil.

Now I'd like to consider Kant. Kant said something about the will. Only the will can be regarded as good without limitation. He distinguished the will from intelligence, from courage, from such things as health and wealth. Now one might suppose that Kant in this case is telling us how he re-acted to, how he treats people he meets. He knows a man who is rich. He knows a man who fights a bear. He knows a man who is bright as sparks. And he also knows a man who keeps his promises to his own hurt. The rich man he may find useful. The brave man he may admire. The man who is so bright may fascinate him. And the fourth man? It's as tho before this man he would bow down, and call him blessed. Now if then Kant had said: Give me that man who always keeps his promises. He's like the glorious stars above me. I would gladly wash his feet – all of this would have been clear enough. On him my soul would feed!

But Kant is not satisfied with this. He first of all wants to be precise, and to describe the man who always keeps his promises, in a peculiar way. It isn't simply that he wants to press the point that this man keeps his promises no matter how much this costs him or costs the man to whom he made the promise. It isn't simply that he's known the man for many years and has never found this man did not keep a promise, and that whenever anyone tried to dissuade him to his own advantage, he always said: "But I promised." Kant talks about this man as tho there was something behind all this; a kind of hidden machinery – a will, a pure reason, a law, etc. Kant, of course, may have had this same regard for this man or another man, who never lied at any time, or who never stole, or committed suicide at any time. In all these cases a man would make his theft or his lie or his violent act an act of advantage or of ease to himself. Perhaps I should add this that the man is always described in such a way that Kant can never be sure that the man is moral in his sense. If the man, for instance, always protests that he doesn't lie, doesn't steal, etc., because it is his duty not to, one can never be sure that he is after all not honest, or perhaps does not himself know his motives. He warns against any attempt to be guided by experience – but this may be a different point. One can never know about any human being, that is, whether he is moral or not. Is he reverent? Is his action motivated by this reverence? Would he know? I take it not.

Perhaps this will do. What is Kant doing? Kant is constructing *the* Ethics. The Ethics is defined as The Ethics which all men sought to obey. Let's see what this consists of: There are certain rules. There are criteria for determining what these rules are. A rational man is one who knows the rules. A moral man is one who obeys the rules.

August 5

This evening, after last night's discussion at Black's, W. came to see me. I have been quite uneasy, overwhelmed, with W., and here he was coming to see me, and I would be with him alone. I walked down the street to meet him and soon he appeared at the corner with his cane and a rather ungainly, stiff and yet fairly vigorous walk. I greeted him, saying that he seemed to be a good walker. Curiously such pleasantries he treats seriously. Oh, no. He was not a good walker at all, etc. Then he soon turned to me to explain why he had come to see me. He wanted to talk to about our meeting of the night before. Was it any good and did I get anything out of it? He had talk to Malcolm in the morning and had asked whether I would be alright to talk to me about it. As we turned into the yard, he asked where the road led, and would I like to walk. I said I would, but proposed we ride, and then I'd show him. Perhaps we could sit in the car and talk. That suited him. So we went off. On the way, he said he would like to go to the suspension bridge. There were a few remarks about the meeting but not much. We parked near the engineering building and found the path to the bridge. As we walked, he began talking, and as his custom is, he would stop and then talk. He hardly knew how to tell me. It was absurd, etc. "I am a very vain person." The talk wasn't good. Intellectually it may have been, but that isn't the point. It was obviously Black that bothered him and himself with Black. Clearly, he felt the tension of pride in talking with Black. "My vanity, my vanity." There we were talking as if we understood things, talking, talking." Black is intelligent, surely, but not serious. I suppose he means by this that Black talks to be heard, and to be clever. Nothing really bothers him. Not like Anscombe and Smythies. In any case, Black is a temptation to his vanity, and he prefers to avoid it. I remember how Alice said that years ago he had confided in her too that he was unworthy. At any rate, he has his inner struggles. I asked him after we had crossed the bridge (where the cracks in the bridge bothered him, made him uncomfortable) whether such evenings robbed him of his sleep, and he said that they did not. But then he added in all seriousness and with the kind of smile Dostoievski would suggest in such a circumstance: "No, but do you know, I think I may go nuts." This is almost certainly one of his fears. And he is fearing too his age, his weakness, his poor health. "You know, he said I resigned my position at Cambridge for two reasons. "First I wanted to finish my book." Then he talked a little about the book – began 18 years ago. "Second why should I teach? What good is it for X to listen to me? Only the man who thinks gets any good out of it." He made an exception for a few students, who had a certain obsession, and were serious. "But most of them come to me because I am clever, and I am clever, but it's not important. And they just want to be clever." W. had taken me to be his confidante. "So the rope-walker is clever too."

(Earlier he had also said that science or electronics was aseptic and such talk was too. But philosophy … .)

We walked along the bridge by the road, and looked over towards the lake, when there was a ball-game under the lights. There was an iron floor on the bridge, all holes. He'd never seen a bridge like that. Neither had I. We walked back along the other side of the gorge, and sat down on a bench there.

Here he talked to me about his career. He studied engineering at Berlin, and Manchester. Got interested Schopenhauer thro his brother. Went to talk with Frege at Jena, during which the

figure of the lamp in talking about cogito-ergo sum, first occurred to him. Studied at Cambridge, heard Russell. After the first world war, he taught in Austria. It was there that Schlick visited him for discussions. Later he did go and met with Schlick, Waissman, Feigl, and some woman whom he thought Feigl had later married. Then he talked a little about Smythies. Smythies will never get a lectureship. He is too serious.

As we were walking he spoke too of the way he worked in spurts. There were times when he was so dull that he could scarcely believe he had written what he had written. And he had been ill since March, and now for the first time since, he was beginning to do something.

By the time we left our bench, it was dark, and we groped our way back along the path – got off once, going down into the gorge, to the road above the gorge. As we approached the car he asked me whether I had ever had any acquaintance with the Mormons. They fascinated him. They are a fine illustration of what faith will do. Something in the heart takes hold. And yet to understand them! To understand a certain obtuseness is required. One must be obtuse to understand. He likened it to needing big shoes to cross a bridge with cracks in it. One mustn't ask questions.

Later in the car he mentioned a chapter in Dicken's *Uncommericial Traveler* – an account of Dicken's visit to an immigrant ship of Mormon's and his amazement at finding it all so clean, and so orderly and contrary to everything he had expected. The account of a prejudice. I should read it. He also had read a history of the Mormons. Edward Meier. In the midst of this I mentioned Ivan as wishing he were a woman of seven stone lighting a candle before the ikon. This was wrong, of course, not like Dickens at all. But this led him to talk of the *Brothers*. He must have read every sentence there 50 times. Alyosha faded, but Smerdyakov, he was deep. This character Dostoievski knew. He was real. Then he said the book did not interest him much anymore. But to *Crime and Punishment* he should like to return. And he talked about the detail in that book, the house of the murder, the room, the hall-way, staircase, etc. But what struck him as most magnificent was Raskolnakov's having forgotten to lock the door. That was tremendous! After all his planning. (It occurs to me now – like the fly on Pascal's nose).

(Earlier, on the bench he also said that all the years of his teaching had done more harm than good. And he compared it to Freud's teachings. The teachings, like wine, had made people drunk. They did not know how to use the teaching soberly. Did I understand? Oh, yes. They had found a formula. Exactly.)

Then we rode to the top of the hill near the library and looked over the town. The moon was in the sky. "If I had planned it, I should never have make the sun at all. See! How beautiful! The sun is too bright and too hot." Later, he said, "And if there were only the moon there would be no reading and writing."

It was a memorable evening.

August 6
Romans IX: 21
"One vessel unto honor; another unto dishonor."
"vessels of wrath"
"vessels of mercy"

Isaiah 45: 9
"For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."

Both of these texts arose in Wittgenstein's discussions last evening.

Aug. 7

On Thursday evening we met at Black's. It was my turn to introduce the subject. I introduced: Cogito, ergo sum. After I had finished, W. took it up. "Of course, if Malcolm, now told me of such a thing, I should say: Rubbish! But the real question is something different. How did Descartes come to do this? I suggested did he mean what leads up to it in Descartes' thinking, and the answer was: "No. One must do this for oneself." Then he went on to discourse. "I always think of it as like the cinema. Before you see the picture on the screen, but behind me up there in the operator, and he has a roll here on this side unto which he is winding. The present is the picture which is before the light, but the future is still on the roll to pass, and the past is on this roll, it's gone through already. Now imagine that there is only the present. There is no future roll, and no past roll. And now further imagine what language there could be in such a situation. One could just gape. This!"

Now let me see if I can digest this. I think I see now that this is an interpretation, a way of showing how Descartes' "I think" could seem to him to mean something. If you begin as Descartes does eliminating everything which his arguments are supposed to render doubtful, then see what goes. There is nothing, no sun, no earth, no fire, no dressing-gown, etc. Of course, these seem to be there would be seemings. So too there would be no past things, no past earth, no past fire, friends, etc. And no future. Now there is nothing. But there is now something which is comparable to the pictures on the screen. Now a scrupulously honest Descartes will not say: There goes my horse. Ah! A bird singing up in the tree, etc. There's a woman holding an umbrella. Neither is there, of course, a screen, or man with a machine. So, Descartes can assert nothing. One can say that he might say: Ah! or This! or Awareness! But if he now said anything of this sort, his words would have no meaning. There would be nothing to provide a contrast. "I think" is or would be like: Ah! (Uttered by Wittgenstein leaning forward.)

W. then went on with "I exist." Imagine a lamp on a post and a light in the lamp. Sometimes there is no light. But go on now to imagine not a light, but a steady succession of lights passing thro the lamp-frame. This is James' stream of consciousness. Now one might say: See, there is not only the lights, there is also the lamp. The lamp is the I that exists for the lights to pass thro. This is something like what Descartes might have imagined.

There were comments and suggestions as we went along, on the past and the future where all is given, on Descartes' treatment of $2 + 3 = 5$, language, etc. W. said: We may compare language to money (counters), but then we think of money in terms of something you can get for it and can carry away: a cabbage, a chair, a cigar, etc. But you can also get a seat at the cinema which you cannot carry away at all.

The latter part of the evening was taken up with a nice question of Black's. He agreed with the disposition of "I think" and "I exist," but he wanted to know what I would do if a student said not: I think, but "I see something." I went on to say that I would treat it in the same way. At this point, W. took it over. The argument was about a very important point. When does a sentence make sense? There was talk about Moore's sentence: I am here. Moore thought one could decide that I am here, made sense, by some introspective questioning. Does it make sense? Now, of course, all these sentences have a use. The question is as to whether, if one shouted such a sentence under any circumstances whatever, it had a use. I can see what moves Black. Black says that the sentence obviously has no particular point, nobody gets any information by it. But if it were a

question in a true-false questionnaire, you would clearly answer "true" or "yes," if asked: Yes or no. Wittgenstein said: "No! No! Of course, not, etc. Context determines use."

Aug. 8

On Saturday evening the Malcolms and W. were out to dinner, and after dinner Malcolm, W., and I began our discussion in the garden. The subject was determinism and free-will. It was a subject I had already discussed with the students on Wednesday evening.

The discussion began much as I had taken it up on Wednesday. We know how we use such expressions as "responsible," "free," "can't help it," etc. Now the uses of these expressions are quite independent of whether there are laws of nature.

I noticed that a part of the difficulty, the puzzle, arises from the use of the word cause" in the statement of the problem. All my acts are caused – muscles, ligaments, electricity. If my act is caused, then it appears that I am like a clock. And I am. But clocks are not responsible. So, if we are all like clocks, that settles it.

I am not very sure or very clear about this discussion. This seems to be it. Holding oneself responsible, holding another responsible – these are attitudes. So, the attitude one takes toward a drunk – praising – blaming is different from that one takes towards a sober man who may do what the drunk does. In such cases, we might say it's a difference in chemistry and one does not blame alcohol. It may be, of course, that in the case of the sober man it's also a matter of chemistry. But when we hold him responsible we suppose that there is a difference. One of the lessons drawn from this is that we should perhaps never judge another. The man may be like the drunkard. But yourself you must judge. Conscience involves this. Calvin. St. Paul. Roman's IX. If you think of man as a pot and of God as the potter, then holding the man, the pot, responsible is what? Then God is responsible? "The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children." Wittgenstein would not judge."

These are the facts: We do not hold a drunk responsible. The alcohol makes a difference. We do hold the sober man who does what the drunk does, responsible who knows, however, that this is not also a matter of chemistry. There may be something in his body which makes the temptation irresistible. It is conceivable that you would not, following some such suggestion, hold any man responsible. You simply would not know whether to hold him responsible or not. So with any man. But each man would now hold himself responsible – not to do this would mean that one would cease to be human. In all these cases, we take an attitude. Taking an attitude is blaming, passing, defending, etc. And these are the facts about attitude.

And now this is one way in which the problem may be stated further. Would your attitude towards your friend, or towards anyone remain the same if when he lies to you, you could have observed the course of electrical impulses over a period of five minutes in slow motion as the culminated in his speaking. Would you still be inclined to blame him? Now imagine that your friend is only a cog or a certain part only of a grand electrical system, Schopenhauer's Will, then would not you contemplate that with horror? It may not now matter that what you see is flowers and birds, or heroic men or bloody villain's or men in fear and terror. What would your attitude be? Omar Khayyam's: "As impotently moves as you or I."

Kant, as I remember, asked: Can there be uncaused events? And he said: Yes. In this way, he made way for freedom. Freedom is possible. This makes the question two-fold: Is man free, responsible, guilty, etc? This is the ordinary sense. The other question is a metaphysical question. Is man free? Meaning: Does man cause uncaused events?

It takes some time for the motion of the locomotion to be communicated to the last box-car.

W. said, I think, that the problem is crucial – he maybe, meant serious and not simply speculative – when in respect to something which you yourself have done, you cannot now make up your mind whether you could help it or not, whether you were responsible. In this case your attitude towards your own self as, I suppose, a small horror might make you anxious. Here the uncertainty, the problem, invades ones' own personality. But I do not now understand this. I need some illustrations. Ivan doesn't know whether he is guilty or not. He decides, I suppose, that in respect to the universe or in respect to another human being this question may be left in suspense. But in respect to oneself the issue is suffered, in an agony of spirit. Am I a living horror?

How "must," "had to," "couldn't be otherwise" come to be associated with "cause"? Thro the law, and now the use of the law as premise. If one asks: Are my decisions caused, is there any way of telling?

Aug. 10

Yesterday in the afternoon I went to Norman's. We had tea and talk in the basement. First W. gave a restatement of what he had said on Saturday. First of all, there is no opposition between freedom and causality. But there may be a conflict of attitudes toward some person or towards some person or towards ourselves where, let us say, I have a toothache and am irritable and say things. In any case as I see it now, the real puzzle is this – that our attitudes, holding people responsible, praising, blaming, might be quite different from what it is, if we could actually see the succession of causes at work. And this is about all there is to say. As it is now we do have these attitudes. What would our attitudes be if we knew so-and-so? Who knows? We do not praise and blame a man who is drunk, who is insane, etc. If we say that we do not because in these cases we know the causes of the actions, then what if there were causes in all cases, and we knew them?

I suggested then the subject of an ideal language in which all the temptations to philosophy would be avoided, but Norman remarked that it would be better to take that us in connection with some problem. So, we passed on to reading Frege, W. in his German version.

The subject was: Identity. Is this a relation? And what is a relation? Cousin of, on the table, birds in the tree – etc. Now consider identity where it is the identity of two expression as they are involved in definition: Herman is Norman. Now this means that these two names are used in the same way. But isn't it curious now to say that there is a relation between them?

Here Norman introduced a puzzle of Moore's about analysis. An occultist is an eye-doctor. Now Moore said: If these are the same things one means what the other means and all that is said in: An occultist is an occultist. W. said: We must distinguish between the rule for the use of these words and sentences in which these words are used. In such sentences, such substitution may accordingly be made. But not in the rule.

This however turned out not to be the issue. The issue is rather this: In an analysis the sentence which you get analyzing sentence S, is more complex than S, and yet is to mean just what S means. There are concepts in the analyzing sentences which are not in S. This is a puzzle. If we say that they both mean the same proposition, then it appears that two propositions are the same proposition.

Norman is 6 feet tall.

Norman is 7–1 feet tall.

W. first pointed out that if Moore had talked about sentences instead of propositions, he would have had no trouble. It is the idea of the proposition as intermediary which gives the trouble. The intermediary won't help. "See," W. said," in this way I can tell you that Norman has set his cup in his saucer up-side down." And he set his own in his saucer. What I did is like a sentence. But no intermediary is required. This led us into the question as to how language works. How are we to understand? A sentence has meaning or there is the sentence and the thought. The thought or the meaning is said to be something. In the case of some words, proper names, there is commonly something to point to in explaining the use of the word. This is what misleads. You want to point to something in the case of Norman: Norman is 4 feet tall, there is nothing to point to, but there is *something* – a proposition. *This is very important!* When we do point to something to explain, the effectiveness of pointing depends upon a very complex technique. Suppose Norman says: This is Wittgenstein. Wittgenstein is sitting. Then W. got up. Is this what he meant? The he stretched his arm up. This? Then sideways. This? Etc. Then he did something of the same sort pointing at his cup: This is Max. What is Max? And at the plate: This is red. These operations are terribly complicated

"I said in my book: The sentence is the picture."

Aug. 14

Certainly one can plan to do certain things. But so many things happen which one cannot plan at all. They are not things one does. They are things one does to one or things which happen to one. Perhaps one could plan to be prepared no matter what happens, prepared to steel oneself, prepared to give way. Certainly if one sets great store on or by what one is to do, one must live precariously. For little mice run away with men's plans. Perhaps the main point is that no matter what happens and whether it is flawed or not, one cannot plan his attitudes – hope, fear, joy, despair, etc. and these are what matter.

On Thursday evening we met at Malcolm's. Black read some paragraphs for Aristotle's *De Interpretattione* on necessity, possibility, etc. The problem turned out to be a problem about the use of "if-then." W. first distinguished Russell's use of the expression "material implication" which excludes but one possibility.

p and ~q is impossible

Then he went on to say something about if-then. "If-then" states a law. Black said: If I throw this penny in the next 4 seconds, it will come up heads – and then I throw it not. I don't throw it. One might say: See, I told you. This in any case was supposed to illustrate "if-then" – no law. W. struggled over this. He said: "There is a picture here," and then he would pause as tho trying to get the picture. He would begin again and hesitate. "I am just terribly sorry." Finally he got up after making certain abortive suggestions about Providence. The he said: Imagine I'm an invisible engineer. You who are about to throw the dice see me, and know that I will be present for four seconds, and will control the fall of the dice. This is one sort of picture which may go with your sentence.

This took quite a while. Later we got onto such a sentence as: If the horse has run, he will have won. This look like the past of If the horse runs, he will win, so that if the first is true, the second will be true, after the event. But this is not the case. The second sentence does not involve any of these at all. The first sentence has a use but its use cannot be figured out from the use of the first. Actually it is used only when we are ignorant of whether or not the condition has been realized. Once we know, the sentence has no use.

There was also some talk concerning the contrary-to-fact conditional: If you had taken the money, you would now be well. This is the subjunctive, and I expect is based on the law: If he takes the money, he will be well. All that is added in this case is the information that he did not take the money.

Black also wanted to distinguish between the conditional statement, and the conditioned statement. This led to such sentences as:

If he comes, open the door.

If Malcolm rises to the ceiling, open the door.

If Wittgenstein grows a beard a yard long, I will too.

Jump to New York.

The issue turned to this: Is a man giving a command when he knows that the command cannot be executed. Black said he could not. Or rather: Can a man give a command which cannot be executed? I suggested the case of a man who is commanded to do what he has boasted he can do, but which others believe he cannot do. Malcolm elaborated this into the case of the king who commands the boaster to do the rope trick. He says "I command you to do the rope trick."

Black was quite confused and suggested what he regarded as a similar sentence: I am the husband of this man. Wittgenstein preferred to work with this sentence:

He is his husband – or something like this.

Aug. 15

This afternoon W. talked with us again. He began again to speak of the temptation to think of the intermediary. Two things tempt us. First there are false propositions. Here then we are likely to talk as tho, since there is no fact to correspond to the sentence, there must be something else. Second there is this: Even when there is a fact, we say that along with the sentence there is a thought.

Now in connection with a sentence there may be a picture. Whether or not it is in our minds does not now matter. Imagine that Norman tells me how to go to Mr. Bouwsma's house. Then I may, as he talks, draw the route which he describes. So I have a picture. But clearly I could dispense with the picture, I could simply remember his words as I walked. The words themselves serve as a picture. The picture I drew is unnecessary.

All this was however introductory. What Wittgenstein wished to say was that learning a language is learning a technique. In understanding the word "raining," we learn how to use all sorts of sentences containing that word. The technique is implied in such question as: What does the word "raining" mean? A small child cannot ask that question. A child may, when it sees the rain, say "raining," but that is a different thing. It is merely making a noise.

The whole point of this emphasis upon technique is to help us to get rid of the common impression that language is like a mirror, and that whenever a sentence has meaning, there is something, a proposition, corresponding to it. Using language is exercising a technique.

He said: You cannot know the meaning of any sentence without knowing the whole language. Knowing the whole language means, I think, knowing how it fits in with other sentences, and the permutations of it in respect to tense, modifiers, etc. Is it perhaps, the same as the grammar? In any case, words are used, sentences are used, perhaps we should say only sentences are used. Use is technique.

W. tried to explain by the analogy with a map. "In a map, squares may represent houses and lines may represent streets, and this now may be explained to a child. This is a house and this is a street. Now it's as though everything on the map represents something," W. said, but

"representing is not represented on the map." The map we may say represents. That it is a map is used in a certain way. Its use is what makes it a map. In the same way it is the use of a sentence which makes it intelligible.

When one learns map-reading, we learn how to use a certain configuration of marks on a paper. So a map is certain way of using. And the map does not show one how it is to be used. One must come to it treating it as a map. A map is something to be used in a certain way. And so with sentences.

Get what is implied in this: The meaning of some words may be shown by pointing, but the meaning of a sentence cannot be shown. This once more may be what misleads us. As some words have ostensive definition, so we suppose sentences do. In this way we come to suppose that there are propositions, which as it were, this sentence points to.

So a map reader is one who knows how to use maps. And one who speaks a language is one who knows how to use sentences. (noises, etc.)

W. really struggled to make this point. He considers it extremely important. To understand sounds or marks as a sentence is to be able to use them in a certain way. To say that certain sounds are a sentence is to say that they have a certain use. So too to say that a sheet of paper is a map is to say that it has a certain use. This does strike me as very important. I certainly did not get this this afternoon.

W. went on to read Frege. We struggled over: "the same meaning" but not "the same sense."

The evening star is the morning star.

The son of Mary is the son of John.

The end of this way thro the woods is the same as the end of this way thro the woods.

The puzzle here lies in the use of these expressions: "same meaning", "same sense." Wittgenstein's point in part is that the meaning of a proper name is never an object. For tho Mary may die, the meaning of the word "Mary" does not die. But Wittgenstein was a "stupid ass," and the discussion was ended. "I'm so sorry."

I meant this tree. What tree did you mean? I meant the same tree.

Aug. 17

This afternoon W. and I rode out to Taughannoch and took the path down the gorge to the falls. W. noticed the leaves again of the tulip tree. He had noticed them before with Norman on Tuesday and sought out the tree after finding a leaf. And here now were others unsought. We picked a few thimble berries. Also new and also some trees which I thought were sycamores but which Wittgenstein identified as plum trees, white bark, scaling in patches. On the way back he also noticed a caterpillar-like creature, walking along our path on twenty-four short legs, a dark brown tractor with some place to go. W.'s curiosity is wide. He is eager seeing everything. He was especially intent on identifying a sugar-maple. He would break the leaf-stem to find sap. But he failed. Did I know that that was not a sugar-maple?

On the way he had begun to talk about the difficulty of discussing Frege, and explained how Frege had come from the problems of mathematics and not talked and wrote about all sorts of problems without making the proper distinctions. So, pointing to a house along Cayuga Heights Road: The couple who live in that house – well, there may be no such couple. But we know how to find out. We'll stop and see. But in mathematics there are expressions of the same sort – the least convergent series and we may show that there is no such convergent series. But this is not an empirical matter. Frege did not make that sort of distinction. By this time we had gotten into

town, and he said maybe I wasn't interested etc. Then I said that I too had been thinking about Frege's saying that the meaning of two expressions may be the same, tho their sense is different, and offered an account of what led Frege to say this. We worked with: The son of Mary is the son of John. When I had finished, he said: I was perfectly right, perfectly right – but he added some comment. After an interval – we were driving along – he began again talking about Frege's original question: Is equality a relation? and showed how he would deal with it. If you can express what is meant by a=b, without using the word at all, dispensing with what gives use to the question – that is all that is necessary. It went something like this: If there is an a, then whatever is *a* is also *b*. And about this time we got to the falls where we walked.

When we got to the end of the gorge, he wanted particularly to avoid some women who were sitting there, and suggested we cross over and sit down on the rocks. He talked. He was surprised and amused at a remark of Raymond. Raymond is twelve. R. said: "He wondered whether when people taste something – a lemon, they taste sour just as he does." Here is philosophy without artifice. Harmless, for it makes no difference. It has no consequences. W. wondered whether Norman would go on and be contented with teaching philosophy when he was older. When he first met him, he had advised him against it, and did so often. Later after he made up his mind to it, W. left off. But now? I suggested that W. himself had not always felt this way about his teaching. And here I think he wished to make a distinction between his doing it and somebody else's doing it. He said that he once had a student – now a lecturer at Melbourne – (Gaskins?). To him he said: Now suppose I knew the truth – white and hot – and could teach it to you. Would it now follow that you too could teach it – now cold or warmed over? Of course, not. But the poor fellow is now a teacher, and a very poor one. In any case, now W. could not stand teaching teachers. Those students of his whom he is now fairly certain he did some good, are not philosophers at all. One is a doctor, Dr. Drury in Dublin, and several are mathematicians. He did not mention his otherwise good friends in philosophy. In this way, philosophy – studying it, is simply thinking – clearing away confusions. Once these are cleared away one is prepared for other work.

He made other remarks. This is the age of popular science, and so this cannot be the age of philosophy. He was not objecting to this. In fact he recommended Faraday's *The Chemical History of the Candle* as an illustration of fine popular science. He objected to the sensationalism, and what he called the cheating. Eddington and Jeans cheat. A fine work in this order would have to be very careful; analogies would have to be well chosen and nicely worked out. In fact the consummation of philosophy might well be such fine popular science, work which does not cheat and where the confusions have been cleared up. He was especially resentful of philosophy on the radio – more sensationalism.

On the way returning – he has quite a job now getting back on his feet after sitting on a slab of rock. He began talking too about Schillp's volume. Perfectly silly! He had never read any of these – had opened the Moore volume – read about Moore's boyhood, very nice, but the shoe-maker also had a boyhood, very nice. Dewey – was Dewey still living? Yes. Ought not to be. Russell was once very good. Once did some hard work. Cambridge kicked him out when he was good. Invited him back when he was bad. R. lectured in 1945. These auditoriums were full of women and American soldiers. The last lecture was on Russell. It was dreadful, horrible. But when W. first came to Cambridge, R. was fine in discussion. Saw R. last about three years ago at Moral Science Club. Passed each other but did not speak. No profit. He knew Whitehead too, and discussed with him. Very good before he became a charlatan.

He wondered what happened to such men. They do good work for some years, hard work. They have talent too, especially Russell. But then it is as tho they said: I've done enough. Then they relax. They do philosophy. This has happened to other men in science too. They rest, coast, do philosophy. Hertz, he mentioned, as one who did not relax.

As I look back on these talks it strikes me more and more that W. is a thoroughly honest man, whose conception of good work he carries thro with rigor. In terms of it he keeps the reigns tight on himself, and what is more striking perhaps, he is merciless in his judgment of others. This is, at least, in part what motivates his scorn and his unrelenting severity in respect to all who have pretensions. He does know how to judge, and is sensitive to all shoddiness and cheating. No wonder he has enemies. He cannot suffer fools gladly. What surprises me is his patience and his friendliness towards me. Perhaps he sees that I do have no pretensions – at least in his presence.

Aug. 20

Today, Saturday, Norman and W. came about 4 o'clock for discussion. The subject was Moore's: "I know that this is a hand." And the background was Norman's article and Moore's letter. Norman proposed the question: What view is it that Moore is opposing? It is, of course, some view which involves the denial that Moore knows this is a hand, some form of Idealism, or Skepticism.

W. began by distinguishing the nature of sentences which are used in a physics laboratory and those which are used in a psychological laboratory. Sentences of the latter type are such as these: This looks yellow. These appear to be … There seems … etc. such sentences as these permit of no doubt. To doubt them makes no sense. I doubt that this seems yellow – is without sense. This is now not true of the sentences in the other class. It may make sense to say: I doubt that there is a light there. But that this sentence does make sense does not mean that the sentence in some special circumstance is doubtful. If now the first type of sentence is regarded as a kind of standard, this is knowledge, then obviously one never "knows" any sentence of the other type to be true. And this now leads some philosophers to talk about all such sentences as: This is a hand, This is a tree – etc., as hypotheses.

So we get this gradation of sentences:

This appears yellow.
This is yellow.
The moon is spherical.

And a fourth, which should be third:

This is a hand.

The gradation is unmistakable, and now it may be clear that: The moon is spherical, is an hypothesis, and so also is: This is a tree.

I am not sure about all this, but a part of what is meant with respect to: The moon is spherical, is an hypothesis, is that one can never see that it is a sphere. One sees only a face. It might be a cylinder or a cone, etc. or like a disc. This is how the moon is spherical is different from: The ball is spherical. The difference in the sort of game in which it enters is what is meant by its being an hypothesis. A part is seen but another part is not seen and cannot be seen.

In trying to make this plain, W. tried such analogies as these. You would have something like an hypothesis about what is in this room, if you gave a list, and then added; "and a rabbit which disappeared whenever anyone looks." What makes it like the hypothesis is that something is now included which as one can see or imagine: There is a chair in here which grows a protuberance when nobody is present, and it disappears when anyone comes. If you had sentences

like this; then you might say that you were maintaining an hypothesis. The point, of course, is that sentences like: This is a chair, This is a tree, etc., are not hypotheses at all. W's point is that the differences is not clear-cut, is a matter of gradations, and that this is what leads to the trouble.

Now then is Moore simply pointing our here that: This is a hand, This is a tree, etc, is not an hypothesis? This approach did not turn out to be very fruitful in relation to Moore's sentence.

So W. returned to Moore's sentence: A man squinting, closing one eye, might say: I don't know about this and I don't know about this, but I know this is a tree.

Y: What is it?

X: That's a tree.

Y: That's What you say, but you don't know.

X: We'll.

They walk in the direction of what they saw. Then

X: No, now do I know that's a tree?

Here the contrast is between just saying that's a tree, and knowing that's a tree. In the first case it's between the case in which you try to distinguish and fail, and that in which you try and succeed.

What W. tries to do is to consider uses of the phrases in Moore's sentence in order to show either that they do or do not have an ordinary sense. What is the ordinary sense? Ordinary sense can be seen only in examples. This must be brought out in order to compare Moore's sentence. One must see this difference.

W. got interested in the use of "this" in "This is a hand," "This is a tree." Here again he imagined: he squinted, looking across the rug. "What is this?" Now "this" doesn't mean: a package of cigarettes, and "this" need not mean a physical object. on the table? "This" may mean: what I am seeing. What is this I am seeing? It may be a package of cigarettes, a shadow, or the play of the light on the floor. So he walks over, picks it up: "It's a package of cigarettes." Of course, one may say: What is that on the table? meaning: I can see there's something on the table, but what is it?

Again he stood up. Imagine this as a game. He went to his chair and said: Here is a chair, (turning) Here is a vaas, Here is a lamp – then he turned about to go into the dining-room, "And now I advance into the next room and go on drawing my map of this room. This also shows how these expressions fit into a situation." A way which is forbidden to man himself. Surely God instructs man, but as a man can be instructed.

What is the difference between the feeling and the attitude towards the world as between that of the atheist and the believer? Here I am echoing something of John Wisdom's. Atmosphere! Hope! Promise! More! Glory! And now, its all given, you see what there is, that's all, nothing wonderful, nothing terrible! Just so-so.

Aug 22.

Today I walked again with W. above the gorge at Taughannock.

On the way as we passed the Jewish synagogue he remarked that he did not understand modern Judaism. He did not see what could be left of it since sacrifice is longer practiced. Sacrifice is central and no longer practiced. And now? What was left was too abstract. Prayers and some singing. Later I suggested that in Zionism there was perhaps some intention to restore the temple and the old rites. He thought very few Jews had such an interest.

Later on our walk I suggested that from what he had said it must be that with the destruction of the temple the head of Judaism was gone. Now nothing is left but the body. But he checked

me. The spirit may have gone out long before this. And even after this sects, very strict sects, most likely continued. The passing of Greek religion illustrates the same point. I was reminded of the allegorizing of Greek myth. But W. protested he was perhaps talking rubbish. In any case a religion is bound up with a culture with certain externals in a way of life, and when these change, well, what remains?

Then he went on to cite the Oxford Movement as a symptom of the same hollowness, lifelessness, in the Anglican Church. I didn't understand all these things. I suppose that the point is that once the sacrifices, whatever there was in Greek religion, and the ceremonies and ritual in Anglicanism were entered into with earnestness and serious intent, with spirit. At a later time, they were done listlessly, mechanically, and as unessential. Once this happens it is finished. But religion without ceremony, without ritual – this is impossible. W. stresses here, I think, the precise forms and practices, the very words to be spoken – creeds, sacraments, etc.

Later he asked me, had I read Newman? He was much impressed by Newman. Kingsley accused him of insincerity. But Newman was sincere. He, W., had read *Grammar of Assent* too. That was puzzling. How a man of such learning and culture could believe such things! Newman had a queer mind.

Later I pressed him for an explanation. Did he mean by "queer" that a man like N. should have become a Catholic? Oh, no. My best friends and the best students I had are both converts. What is queer about N. is his kind of reasons he gives for becoming a Catholic. On miracles, N. cites the case of Christians, who taken by savages had their tongues cut out, and yet they could speak. He gives a natural explanation for this – if the tongue is only half cut off a man cannot speak, but if wholly cut off a man still can – but N. then goes on to say that it may nevertheless have been a miracle. Again: The Pope excommunicated Napolean. Napolean said he didn't care so long as his soldiers' weapons did not fall out of their hands. Some years later in Moscow, in Russia, this is literally what happened.

What was N. doing? He argued that miracles occur still? How? What God has done once he continues to do – usually. This is the sort of thing that is so queer in Newman.

Later when we were sitting he remarked that twenty years ago he would have regarded Newman's action as incomprehensible, as insincere perhaps. But no more. When I prodded him about this, what changed him, he pondered, and then he said that he came gradually to see that life is not what it seems. He was quiet for several minutes. Then he said: It's like this: In the city streets are nicely laid out and you drive on the right and you have traffic lights, etc. There are rules. When you leave the city, there are still roads, but no traffic lights. And when you get far off there are no roads, no lights, no rules, nothing to guide you. It's all woods. And when you return to the city you may feel that the rules are wrong, that there should be no rules, etc.

This did not enlighten me much. Later as we were walking he said. "It comes to something like this. If you have a light, I say: Follow it. It may be right. Certainly life in the city won't do." I think I understand this. And I think I understand too something about that earlier figure. The city is the life of external action. Here we have simple guides. But outside the city is the wilderness of motives, desires, emotions, and now what shall we do? And isn't the city a superficial place?

Later as he was sitting on the ledge, which made me very uneasy, for he was very infirm and had a hard time getting to his feet again – he began speaking of my plans Northampton, England, etc, and I told him Alice and Morris were coming tomorrow. Then he began talking about Alice. Alice had come to England and wished him to supervise her work. So W. advised her that someone else could supervise her better. He sent her to Moore. She continued however to visit his lectures, and after the term, he congratulated her on how well she had done. She invited

him to dinner. The next year she came again to the lectures. He lectured to two students – Alice and Skinner. Then the next year she became ambitious – wanted to write a paper which Moore later published in Mind. Well, she messed up some of W's ideas and recognized him in a footnote, where she attributed a word to him. He was angry, told her the paper was no good, and should not be published. He also had a dispute with Moore about it. But Moore was fond of Alice, and when Moore is fond, Moore is blind. Otherwise he is sharp enough. Several times he said that Moore had done her some good in the sense in which a guide might do some one good, leading one along this path above the forge. But then one leaps from the height of the falls!

Then he began talking about how bad philosophy talk and teaching is. I know now what he has in mind when he says this: He is thinking especially of John Wisdom. W. himself talked about philosophy as in certain ways like psycho-analysis, but in the same way in which he might say that it was like a hundred other things. When he became a professor at Cambridge he submitted a type-script to the committee. Keynes was a member of the committee. Of the 140, pages 72 pages was devoted to the idea that philosophy is like psycho-analysis. And so it goes.

A man has a certain way of thinking. It fascinates some people. So he tries to teach it to them. But what can he do? They stay with him 2 years and so they hear what he says during those years. But this is only a chapter in the long process of his thought. Now they leave him and they want to go further. But they cannot go further. And now what happens? They may use what they have heard as a rigimarole or they may give up and feel cheated. They cannot carry on. And the teacher is stuck. He fails. I am quite sure that in reflections like this W. is thinking especially of Wisdom. Freud, of course, also did incalculable harm, much as W. himself has done. Of Wisdom he says "And they say that he hates me …"

He also spoke of W.E. Johnson. Johnson wanted always to be explaining to W. what W. was not interested in. What W. wanted explained, J. could not explain. So W. would ask a question, and J. would answer a different one, one he could answer. He'd talk about the syllogism. Later W. came to know J. much better, a man deep and with a deep love of music too. So they talked about music. And he was so delighted to have someone argue with him. About a color, for instance. He never came to Moral Science Club.

Moore lectured – puzzled endlessly, but it wasn't fertile. W. stood it for two terms.

McTaggart he saw over at a squash at McTaggart's. Came with Russell. R. badgered McT. about his argument for immortality of the soul. McT. answered, but W. understood not a word of it. "Of course, a man need not argue his religious beliefs. Newman did. Once he does he must argue clearly – soundly. But he must believe without argument.

And so we got back to the car, down by the way of the road – not by the path along the gorge.

Aug. 20. '49

On Thursday evening Black, Brown, and Malcolm were here. Malcolm introduced the question: What is the distinction between: Criteria for the use of a sentence and meaning of the sentence? I tried at the beginning to suggest that the phrase "criteria …" was recent, and that its use was determined by certain writers who were especially interested in describing science. I didn't get very far. It was assumed that there was a fairly ordinary use of the expression. So we started. What are the criteria for the use of the word "chair," for the use of the word "Bouwsma," etc.? This didn't seem right to Malcolm. Of the word "chipmonk"? Finally M. hit upon the sort of thing he wanted when he hit upon words like "intelligent" and "stupid" in a schoolmaster's ratings, like Pippin and MacIntosh when it comes to sorting apples. The conclusion seemed to be

that the expression "criteria" is used only in respect to certain technical or semi-technical words or to special uses of other words.

There was in the midst of this an attempt to distinguish between "criteria" of use, and "evidence for." The expression: "This chair weighs 102 lbs" has a certain use – criteria. But the stamp on the chair "Wgt 102 lbs." is evidence. And this: That six people who were present said that I drank coffee last night would be criteria for the truth of – not evidence. The doctor's blood test would be evidence.

Either, I take it, the term "criteria" is a technical term and the criteria for its use have been stated in the context of its use, or it is not technical and whether you are to regard a definition or an explanation as criteria is a matter of choice. The clear cases, where we should agree about the use is in the controlled or stipulated use – technical terms.

Aug. 22

Saturday evening we visited at the Vlastos. There was a Clark there from Colby with his wife.

The Clark's apparently never say: You are a bad girl! You are a bad boy! This is a bad thing, because it has such a bad effect. They are apparently concerned that their children should not feel guilty, and feeling guilty is a very bad thing. Mr. Clark admitted that he himself did sometimes feel guilty and that he feared retribution. But apparently he wished to spare Susan and Willy. I took this to mean that he wanted no religious instruction at all. No, not quite. If there was God, at any rate he was not concerned about human beings, holding them responsible, judging, punishing, etc. Vlastos also. He did however want to save something in the Christian tradition. He believed in love. I tried to develop the idea that in that case all that he could save was guilt and despair.

In connection with this and what W. said about freedom, etc. it is clear that religious teachings take the world and man, and the quite plain facts about both granted. These are all given. The teachings are not designed to instruct us concerning what we can see with our eyes and hear with our ears. The religion's teachings do cultivate in us attitudes. There is an attitude towards "the world." "Nature is not a temple, but a workshop." There we have an alternative attitude. There are attitudes towards other human beings: forbearance, kindness, withholding of judgment, bearing one another's infirmities, – these attitudes are possible if human-beings are represented in a certain light – the creatures of God, God's mysteries, precious in his sight. There is above all the attitude one takes toward oneself. You too are not a bubble, a waif in a desert, mere spawn of earth. You must be careful of your life, of what you do, and not because tomorrow too you must eat, but because what is precious is precisely obedience to the creator.

I think I see now how central those first verses of the Bible are: "In the beginning …" To see and to regard the world as creation and to have one's eyes opened with this as a peculiar light – this is terribly important. This is the note of seriousness, of what is sacred, what does the creator care? – for once we allow this, where should such a creature as man discover what his attitude should be, or how should he attain such an attitude for himself? How but in this way that God himself should instruct him, and more, communicate that attitude. So God, the creator, came one day, and did teach, and did give his attitude to men.

The earth, the sea, the stars, and flowers and tiny things that fly or crawl – these manifest his power and his handiwork. "The heavens declare …" It is in Christ's attitude towards man that everything crucial is revealed. The lilies surely, the swallows surely ... Solomon in all his glory.

God loves the lily and the swallows as these are to be loved, but man too, but man he loves, in a way which is forbidden to man himself. Surely God instructs man, but as a man can be instructed.

What is the difference between the feeling and attitude towards the world, as between that of the atheist and the believer? Here I am echoing something of John Wisdom's. Atmosphere! Hope! Promise! Glory! And now it's all given, you see what there is, it's all given, you see what there is, that's all, nothing wonderful, nothing terrible!

Aug. 25

Morris and Alice came on Tuesday. Last night we met here – Black, Malcolm, Brown, Morris – Brown introduced the subject. Does the ought imply can. It seemed clear that in certain cases it does. It strikes me now that one would not say that one ought to write his father a letter if he could not do so, if he could not write for instance. Small children have no such duties. I suggested as a case: I ought not to have said that but I could not help it – which would have implied that I ought tho I cannot. But what did I mean by: I couldn't help it? I explained that I meant that "I blurted it out. I had not deliberated, had not anticipated at all" etc. But couldn't I help it then? This did not seem to satisfy. I could help it. What is meant by "I couldn't help it?" Being pushed, being drugged, muscular cramps, hypnosis, not strength enough, insecurity, etc. The doubtful cases will be: Inordinate desire (the drunkard), sudden rage, etc. But in these cases the degree of responsibility may be less, but still present. At the other extreme are cases of ordinary choice, deliberation, voluntary action.

He ought –means – He is responsible, he will be blamed or praised, etc. The issue now: What is meant by blaming? Malcolm seemed to me to be especially good in speaking of these distinctions. How would you teach someone what blaming is like? Reprimanding – tone of voice, facial expression – penalty. But there is also blaming in thought, expressing one's feelings privately.

Aug. 28

On Thursday afternoon W. and I went for a walk exploring the falls at Taughannock. He loved it. "This is the finest walk you've taken me on."

On the way he asked me what we had discussed the evening before, and I told him: "I ought implies I can." As his manner is, he started out immediately. He said he thought that the Christian orthodox position was that this was not so. "Be ye perfect." Still someone in deep earnest had said to him: But it is commanded. So it must be possible. Now "possible" or "can" has two different contexts: It is not possible to grow pears on an apple tree. This only means that there is a law, the law says simply that apples grow on apple trees and pears grow on pear trees. And if someone makes a chemical analysis of the apple-tree and of the pear, and one says: So it is impossible, this is really no different. There is simply another law. On the other hand, "I can," "it is possible" means something like: "I'll try" or "I'm still trying," just as "I can't" means "I give up." One tugs at something, to lift and finally says: "I can't" – and this means I give up. Now when it comes to: "Be humble," there is no law. And one may try. That man cannot is more like a prophecy and the prophecy is that man cannot try be humble, not that one cannot try. So the command in such cases may imply, not I can, but I can try. So one can try to be humble.

Later when I pointed out that trying to be humble may not be clear at all in the way in which trying to lift a weight is, he said you are completely right. Then he went on with an analogy. It may be something like the doctor who does not pretend he can cure you, but he tells you to rest and not to eat certain foods, and sit in the sun – and as for the rest nature must do the work. So

too, tho he did not develop this, a priest might say: "Read the scriptures, say your prayers down on your knees, watch yourself – and God must do the rest."

On our walk we did not talk much. A forest of sumacs delighted him and he asked the name of some tall stalks which in German are called "Kings Candles." I didn't know. He loved the scene from the bridge, wanted to know why the cars blew their horns below. He said that there was room enough on the bridge; he would be terrified if a train should pass while we were on the bridge. He was reminded of Kolya [in The Brothers Karamazov]. He also scrambled down a steep height, a narrow stony path, clinging to twigs and branches on the way down – he with his neuritis and only one good arm, encumbered too with his cane. Game!

On Friday afternoon I took him to the doctor. Afterwards I asked him to have a dish of ice-cream and he was glad to. Just before we sat down to our dishes he began remarking about the changes in our way of life since the days of his parents in Vienna. "they would scarcely recognize this as the same world." It is the machines of course which are so obvious. But he had in mind certain changes in the kind of human beings we are, incidental to all these changes in our surroundings. There was a time when our lives were furnished rather simply, a house, a place, tools so many, a beast, and a circle of people. In this stability one grew attached to a limited environment. This gave life a certain quality – roots. Now not only are people transient, but neighborhoods do not remain the same. We live in surroundings to which we are not sentimentally attached. Most of what we use and own can be replaced by something just as good. He had once heard John Dewey talk about the kind of human being he wished by education to produce. But I was a human being fitted into the old environment. How could he make such a human being in an altogether different environment? On the way out he was interested in the juke-box. Juke? What's that word? On the way out to the car we talked about the bicycle – when was it invented? I remembered my father riding one before 1910. Early French models. He talked about his father's first automobile about 1900.

W. was born in 1889.

On Saturday afternoon – after the morning and picnic at Taughannock, I met with M. and W. It was my privilege to suggest a subject. I suggested that we discuss the difficulties involved in attempts to define "good."

W. sat back and considered. Then he began. Suppose that a certain people – (the Jews, perhaps) have a prophet and he lays down the law to them: Thou shalt not … etc. Now the people either obey such laws or when they do not, they feel guilty. No one questions the authority of such laws. Here no one asks: What is meant by "good," or What kinds of things are good? They all say: So and so is a good man. He keeps the law. Such another is a bad man. He disobeys. But now imagine another reformer-prophet arises and he lays down another law. He wins a following. And now comes another and another. In this process, the authority of the law is shaken and we may sincerely ask: What is good? What must I do? But W. hesitated. Would someone in such a case ask for a definition? If he asked for a definition, to what end would he do this? Guidance? How could it guide him? W. pointed out – he worried on this for some time – that in order for it to serve him, it would have to do so as a resolution by which he would come to alter attitudes. (Good is whatever is conducive to the general welfare.)

Definition of good? What would one do with this? Law courts have a use for definitions. Physics has a use for definitions. It is hard in any case to see what a definition here could be like. What one can do is describe certain aspects of the uses of the word "good." If you start out with: "X is good" means "I approve of X" – well there is a common part of most uses of the word. But

the use is infinitely complex. The use of a word in such a case is like the use of a piece in a game, and you cannot understand the use of a queen unless you understand the uses of the other pieces. What you do with one sort of piece is intelligible only in terms of what you do with it in relation to what is done with the other pieces as "ought to do," "conscience," "shame," "guilt," "bad," etc. And there are now no strict rules for the use of any and yet the uses are interdependent. Even such phrases as: "I approve" or "Someone approves" might not always apply. I approve but the law says so and so – a good Jew might say this.

Consider the use of the word "good" in the nursery and in the school, when we use it to encourage, as a part of the moral training. Contrast this use with that in the New Testament or in the Old. Here we find: "Why callest thou me good?" At one point W. was asking whether it made sense to speak of "good in the Christian sense." He finally decided that it didn't unless it meant good by Christian standards which is something else.

Towards the end of our discussion which had lasted several hours, W. spoke of Ewing's definition in a Moral Science lecture, "Good is what it is right to admire." Then he shook his head over it. The definition throws no light. There are these concepts all of them vague. Imagine three solid pieces of stone. You pick them up, fit them together and you get a ball. What you've now got tells you something about the three shapes. Now consider you have three balls or lumps of soft mud or putty – formless. Now you put the three together and mold out of them a ball. Ewing makes a soft ball out of three pieces of mud.

Here is another formulation of the issue. Imagine a tribe who when they viewed things horrible, loathsome to us, clapped their hands, their faces bright, and now they always uttered the word "doog." And now you are to translate the word "doog." How will you translate it? Will you translate it "good," or will you hesitate about this? W. was trying here to bring out the unsatisfactory character of "I approve." The tribe certainly approves. Will "good" do? I suppose that this involves that the use of the word "good" is affected in some such way as this that in reference to "goods" the use of the word "good" comes to serve also as naming the things that are good. One might be horrified not simply at people's regarding such things as good but also at their calling them "good." Simply perhaps this. If we were to translate "doog" into "good" we should be suggesting not simply that they approve of certain things but also that these are justified by our law, etc.

Plato's Euthydemus, Protagoras, Philebus, Republic.

The use of the word "good" is too complicated. Definition is out of the question.

….

Sept. 15

Morris is occupied – misled perhaps, with the analogy between psycho-analysis and philosophy. This is what Wittgenstein warned against. There is, of course, a similarity. Let me try now to understand this. In the case of neurosis and of philosophy there is a certain odd, abnormal behavior, the neurotic does something and the philosopher says something. In the case of a neurosis the peculiar behavior is connected with some past incident, usually some frustration. Now, there is a certain technique for ridding people of odd behavior. The neurotic is led to recollect or in some other way to associate his odd behavior with the connected event. In this way comes relief.

Now notice the philosopher. He too is an odd one. He says: Motion is impossible. This is like the odd behavior of the neurotic. Now how relieve him? By studying the language which

has led him to do this. It is clear that in this case too is their odd behavior and a certain way of providing relief.

Now one might suppose that in certain stubborn cases at any rate more than this will be required. But this is to suppose that "this" is definite, as tho one knew just how much of this playing with the language is required. But there is no limit to this. One cannot tell how much of this will be required. Morris tried last night tried to draw something out of Freud's saying: The sleeper insofar as he dreams does not sleep. When we did not follow him, he said that in order to convince us he would have to review thousands of cases. This obviously would require great patience. So to make psycho-analytic theory convincing requires great patience. But so does this account of how to deal with philosophical statements. One must deal not simply with a single case. That may encounter only resistance. One must go about patiently exhibiting the peculiarities of language and the confusions which are generated by these interplays of various usages. In this way one gets the point in respect to one or more cases, and is thus prepared to see other cases.

[skipped paragraphs of Morris Lazerowitz's puzzles]

Sept. 21

This evening Morris and Alice stopped in. Morris was occupied with the distinction between appearance and reality. I can't quite figure out what bothers him. Bradley says space involves a contradiction and therefore is appearance, yet he does not "see" or say that since it involves contradiction/appearance therefore it cannot appear. Morris wants, of course, to say about this distinction – appearance and reality – something which will now apply generally in all the use of these expressions from Parmenides on. But I again cannot get a hold. I incline rather to making a nice study of Bradley's language in order to follow out the threads.

It occurs to me now that if a philosopher starts our saying: "All is one," and "All is rational," then in defense of these statements he will try, whenever all breaks up or seems to break into many, to exhibit some irrationality in this. Zeno seized upon motion in this way. Bradley seized upon relation. Spinoza upon relativity. Kant upon infinity. Etc.

[skipped 8 pages of Bouwsma's notes on Epicurus and Hedonism]

Oct. 11

Wittgenstein has been with us now for two days. Monday evening we went to Springfield to meet him and to bring him to Northampton. He is quite weak but still exceedingly keen and vigorous intellectually.

Yesterday about noon we went for a ride to Art-Zoar reservation. On the way up he began talking about teaching ethics. Impossible! He regards ethics as telling someone what he should do. But how can anyone counsel another? Imagine someone advising another who was in love and about to marry, and pointing out to him all the things he cannot do if he marries. The idiot! How can one know how these things are in another man's life?

I suggested: No man is wise from another man's woe, nor scarcely from his own. But he said: Oh, no, not quite that. I can only imagine a teacher who is in some way higher than those in respect to whose suffering he is to give counsel. (Who was this teacher, but Jesus Christ?) And the taught must confess to him the innermost secrets of his life, holding nothing back. This would be teaching in ethics.

Later as we stopped on the hill looking down over the city, he asked us: Had I read any Kierkegaard? I had. He had read some. K. is very serious. But he could not read him much. He got hints. He did not want another man's thoughts all chewed. A word or two was sometimes enough. But K. struck him as almost a snob, too high, for him, not touching the details of common like. Take his prayers. They left him unmoved. But he once read the prayers and meditations of Samuel Johnson. They were his meat. "The violent incursion of evil thoughts." (I'm not sure about his judgment here of K.)

Later walking in the hills, he returned to the way in which we borrow – hints. He had seen a play, a third rate, poor play, when he was 22. One detail in that play had made a powerful impression upon him. It was a trifle. But here some peasant, ne'er-do-well, says in the play: "Nothing can hurt me." That remark went thro him and now he remembers it. It started things. You can't tell, the most important things just happen to you.

In the way home he asked me whether I had ever read the letter of Francois Fenelon to the French Academy, against their purist rules. Admit other words, if only they are sweet. Sweet! How is sweetness judged? Later he spoke of a friend of his who was an Esperanto enthusiast. *He* could not stand it. A language without any feeling, without richness. Strange, he said. Like a man's being offended, repelled by another man's spittle.

This is a fine illustration of the richness of his mind. For all this came about through what? Through seeing a sign advertising "cheeseburgers." That offended him! He loathed it. That was no way to derive words. And what happens? Fenelon.

The vigor, the clarity, the resource! He is a fountain.

That evening at the table Gretchen told about some of her classes, her French, her history, her Shakespeare. W. immediately sees through what is happening and is seriously concerned. She should be learning a few facts in history, not ideas and ideals, centuries! And for Shakespeare he hasn't much use. Some for Lear. Such vigor again, and such concern.

After dinner he looked at her French book. It too was all wrong. The exercises were thoroughly unsuitable. What foreigner coming to France would say: "Hello, old man!" She should learn her grammar and some simple French in reading. Moliere's *Le Medicin malgre lui*. He seems so generally to get things right.

How he hated Truman – a new low. "The Sermon on the Mount! Indeed, that crook, that gangster. And telling the journalists to read it. Awful!"

He talked about his sister in New York and his mother, a fine musician, but she had no patience. He had a brother in New York, a pianist, whom he did not even expect to see. One of eight children.

How do you pronounce Van Gogh? How do you pronounce "gas"? Some Dutchman had coined that word and W. was pretty sure it was derivative by similarity from the word "chaos." He is very likely right, I should think.

He also talked about having spent two weeks as a nurse at the bedside of a nephew injured in a motorcycle accident. He and an old German woman servant took turns. This was in Rosermond, Holland. There were the finest nurses he had ever met. Catholic nurses, sleepless for days, yet diligent and cheerful. This again struck him, I could tell, like the Mormons, people who are moved by faith. They've got something.

Oct. 21

On Tuesday W. and I walked through the greenhouses and again he showed his amazing interest and knowledge. He thought the place not well kept and that the labels were not well

placed. He wanted to speak to someone about it. We saw the banana trees with bananas high and the great green stalk and the flower, and the coffee tree, and a Brazil rubber plant about which he was doubtful. He had never seen the moon flower. Afterward we walked along the path to Paradise Pond. He was quite weak and we sat down on a stump there. I felt quite at ease with him. He had previously spoke of Lewy, and of Margret MacDonald – both of whom, according to him, had sat in his classes … . (He had asked me before about my acquaintance with Moore, and this introduced Margret MacDonald.) … I asked him whether (taking up a hint of his on Monday) teaching consisted of giving hints. He hesitated. He distinguished good hints and bad, and then he pointed out that one gives hints only to people who are looking for something, to people who are eagerly set to follow a hint. Then I asked him whether the pursuit of philosophy required any special gifts. At first he was sure not. What is required is a passionate interest and one that does not fail … a philosopher is someone with a head full of question marks. This seemed to him the essence. He rather enjoyed the question, I think. He went on. Moore is a man who is full of questions but he has no talent for disentangling things. It is one thing when you have a tangle of thread to lay it down that some threads run so: = and some: || and some: // but it is quite another thing to take an end and follow it through, pulling it out, and looping it on, etc. Moore could not do this. He was barren. Now Russell was a different in his good days. He was wonderful. W. did not explain this talent any further. Later on he talked about Whitehead. Whitehead was good once too, before he became high-priest, charlatan. The first world-war ruined him. During that war, W. had corresponded with Russell and asked to be remembered to Whitehead. But Russell never said a word about W. after the war. Russell explained that he could not mention W. to Whitehead because W. was Teutonic, spoke German, etc. The war ruined so many people. Then he went on to talk of another incident which took place in Cambridge after the war. There had been at Cambridge a Hungarian student who when war broke out was sent home. He was killed as a Hungarian soldier. When now the war was ended, a plaque was to be erected, set in the wall, with the names of all those who had died for their country. This man's name was on the list too. There was a meeting about it. And who now should protest this name in the list but the Professor of Ethics, Professor Sorley in the name of his own son who had died. Bloody! Fool! The Professor of Ethics! So there is now at Cambridge, in Christ Chapel, a plate bearing the name of this Hungarian student, set off by itself, away from all the rest. In death!
He talked about this almost at the end of the walk, when we turned back.

He had also spoken of Moore, when he was in Norway and Moore came to visit him, for two weeks, he had once fallen into a terrible rage with him. This was provoked by Moore's not understanding what he was writing. Moore is so naïve W. said that when he goes to see him now he (W.) is inexpressibly sad, just hopeless, and can scarcely say a word. Yet he is fond of Moore. The last time he went with Von Wright and that made it quite easy.

He spoke of Ryle. Ryle had been good when he was young. Now he just borrowed other men's thoughts. I suggested that this was due to the burden of administration duties. But W. said it was much worse.

He spoke Tuesday of his great surprise at seeing the Northern Lights in Ithica – so far south! In Norway he had seen them, but there they were all color in the sky – some bright red.

Oct. 23

On Wednesday – no Tuesday – W. shaking his head over Plato' and teaching ethics, was trying to figure out what he could make of it. First he said: Now when it comes to those early dialogues, one on courage for instance, one might read and say: See, see, we know nothing! This would, I

take it, be wholesome. Later he thought of the description of Socrates as outwardly a monster and all beauty within. (This he referred to the *Phaedrus*, but I think he meant the *Symposium*.) Of this, he said, "Now there is something which I think I understand."

W. scarcely reads any more, but how he did read once!

Oct. 24
(St. Augustine under the fig-tree!)

It has just occurred to me this evening what it is about teaching ethics that made him shake his head so. The serious problem in ethics is asked by a man who has some terribly important decision to make: What shall I do? Perhaps the matter becomes ethical just at the point when the question or the decision is felt to be serious or important. What is serious or important in this way?

Dec. 30
…

We had a discussion about Stevenson's theory of morals. Black held forth and he seemed to allow that what Stevenson said was true, but he left something out. I think that Black had little idea of what was left out but by accident this sort of thing came out of the discussion. Whether or not what you do approve or disapprove of is ethical depends upon the kind of reason one gives for one's approval or disapproval. Mere approving or disapproving does not make the use of expressions right – wrong – good – bad – ethical. But in speaking of this all that had been introduced as such a reason was what some prophet had delivered as a command. It is appealing to a command delivered by a prophet which makes approval or disapproval ethical. Malcolm introduced this and this is, of course, Wittgenstein. Now it strikes me that this is the ideal case, and W. introduced it for this purpose. And this, I should think, would be recognized by nearly everyone as moral. Feeling and conduct conformable to a prophetic command – this is moral. This reminds me again of how W. spoke of counseling another human being. How can one human being do this for another? He cannot. Man must seek guidance, not from another man, but from something higher – a super-man, but from someone who understands thoroughly our human situation, but is above it and yet suffers it with the man to be counseled. It reminds me now of Kierkegaard's contrast between Socrates and Christ. Socrates can tell you nothing and this is his virtue that he knows he cannot. The truth must be brought from without. And Christ is this teacher. And so morals always, by this conception, involves a certain coming into the world of something from above. Of this, I take it Stevenson knows nothing. And neither does Black. This is implicit too in Dostoievski's Ivan. "If there is no God, then everything is lawful. Morals involve something from above." With respect to this, of course, man does not approve of disapprove. It is rather the law of approval and disapproval. They are submission to X which gives the law

Notice now, in Christianity how by the law God is known. God is that Love which he commands. God is Love.

We might say: For every man there is a law. But how high this law is above him, depends upon the nature of that law, and, perhaps, upon how he talks about that law for men maybe disposed to pull that law down, for he may resent what is higher. I was about to suggest that whether a man believes in God or not is strictly a matter of whether he thinks he can figure out these laws for himself – studying human nature or the city, or whether he needs a prophet. W. said: "I certainly do not have the light."

But what is the point of studying ethics, anyhow? W. said: "What do you want a definition for anyhow? What are you going to do with it?" Socrates said: "Know thyself," and the point of this knowledge was, I take it, that one might then go on to use such knowledge. In my own case, what would such knowledge consist in?

I suppose one might distinguish in any life all that men might see and hear of it. All that could be described. Is there anything more than this? I can't quite make out what W. says here. He seems to talk here about the feel or feeling of it. This does not appear – the mystical. Is this what cannot be described?

. . .

A man's walking in a woods, a man's running from the city, a man's looking at a wall – all these may be described. But what is being lost like, or being in great fear, or being deceived? All of these may be described. All of these are more like misery. Is misery something in the world, or are there only signs? These are some of the ways in which the problem of life has been represented. Part of what such figures suggest is that the world never does reveal the way out. Help must come from beyond. The guide, the warning, the man with a light.

Is it now possible that in the fore-going sense some men find the world neither wilderness nor city of destruction nor pig-sty nor cave? They are the men who like Dewey say: "This is home. Let us make soup." The idea of maximum adjustment involves the idea that man is an animal. This is also, I suppose, a feeling about the world. And Dewey is trying, of course, by talking in this way to make the feeling general. So too with these other figures. And so too with: "In the beginning God created …" Did a feeling about the world give rise to the description or did the description give rise to the feeling? The Holy Spirit! The Word! Religious education is the training of the emotions. (Eliot). If a man must have a picture, then, here are some pictures. Apparently he must, and the picture helps him to straighten out his life. The problem of life is set out in these ways. I am lost. I am pursued. I am one blind. I am vile. I see myself as God sees me. I am judged by this law. By these pictures we do live. W. also used the figure of the wilderness. "In the city the streets are all very nicely laid out, but beyond the city the wilds begin and one cannot find one's way. These pictures reveal a feeling about the world and about oneself too. But if now you do take the world and yourself so, there is obviously no argument, no evidence. I feel like one lost. I feel hungry. Meat is not any meat. I crave angel's food.

This is how I feel about the world! And this is what it means to be religious. The religious man would day: This is how I feel about the world. And the stronger he feels and more articulate his feelings are, the more religious he is. Faith is feeling this is so – that God is, etc. Job: "I know that my redeemer liveth!"

Dec. 31

I remember W's saying, as we walked along in the heights of Mt. Tom: "Nothing can hurt me." And this reminds me of the sentence from Jonathan Edwards quoted by Miller.

This view of religion is the counterpart of what W. said about freedom and responsibility, etc. I hold someone responsible describes nothing about him, but it describes my attitude. The question: "Is he responsible?" has no meaning except in these terms: Is he the sort you hold responsible? And so with: he is blamable. Now since this is an attitude, the criticism of the attitude must take into account some norm or other of attitudes. But this norm itself can be nothing but another attitude. People may say, for instance, that you ought not to hold a puppet or a dog

responsible, but this pre-supposes that holding a human being responsible is quite all right. Now if we keep this clearly in mind, then we can keep clear of certain confusions. You may then see that no examination of a human being or of the world in which he lives can ever show you that he is responsible.

If now this analogy holds then the arguments against the existence of God will be like those against the freedom or responsibility of man. There is no God and man is not free. Both make the mistake of assuming that by an examination of the world or of man, something is now shown about God and about man. But if no such "facts" are involved, then, of course, all this is based on a confession.

I hold X responsible. You may not like my attitude, so we clash. This does not involve any clash with respect to X. We both are acquainted with the same facts. Hence there is nothing to argue about.

I believe "in God." (Notice this expression "in God.") You do not. And you don't like my believing. This too now is clearly not a matter of my knowing or your knowing. I have a different attitude from yours. But there is no difference in the world. We live in the same town. We look out upon the same scenery. We are both physicists. Of course, both physicists and apologists make the same mistake. They appeal to the facts. But the facts are irrelevant to the question concerning attitudes. And attitudes are inevitable. People take attitudes. But reasonableness of attitudes is nothing but [the] normative role of certain attitudes. (I like dogs and you don't. They are the same dogs in each case. They even bite me. Like love.

Here are sentences of W's:
"The world of the happy is quite another than that of the unhappy." p. 185
"The solution of the riddle of life in space and time lies outside space and time."
"God does not reveal himself in the world."
"We feel that even if all possible scientific questions are answered, the problems of life have still not been touched at all." 187
"The solution of the problem of life is seen in the vanishing of this problem."
"Is not this the reason why men to whom after long doubting the sense of life become clear, could not then say wherein the sense consists?"
"The sense of the world must lie outside the world." 183

. . . .

The idea of "morals" involve the idea of what is "higher," that before which, and in terms of which a man is constrained and judged. One question is: Where does this come from? How does this enter human life? One answer is, and it certainly holds for certain things, the ten commandments and the Christian gospel: Prophets preach and give these commands.

Man does not make his own morals to suit his own convenience. Where there is no "higher," no constraint, no judgment, there are no morals. Man does not make his morals. They are laid on him. "Where there is no God (no higher), everything is lawful."

Jan. 7

It just occurred to me now reading over some conversation notes (with W.) how to describe our situation in ethics, in contrast with the situation as we might imagine it to have been 200 years ago. Imagine in any case a time when ethics was a settled thing, when 20 students taken at random

would have agreed upon all important questions of conduct. Imagine that all are Christians. What would such a student do in a course like this? They might read Plato, and try to understand him. And beyond that? Suppose that they went on to ask: Is Plato right? This question might mean: How far does Plato agree with Christianity and how far does he fall short? There is an obvious and an agreed upon way for settling all important questions. But this depends upon the way in which the 20 students have been brought up. For people become Christians in certain ways by being trained, instructed, by being brought up in Christianity.

Now the situation is quite different. Now there are no such twenty students. Now we cannot ask: How do we all feel about this? Hence when we read Plato and then ask: Is he right? There is no common appeal for all of us. We can illustrate this by some such trial as this: Is divorce permissible? Is euthanasia? A hundred years ago there would have been almost complete unanimity. And now? There will be all sorts of variation. Yes and no with varieties of qualification, and again "I don't know." Some of us will have been taught nothing; others of us will have been taught. But most of us are like putty and have remained formless and undefined.

No wonder a course in ethics is a mess.

Perhaps I understand a little better now, remarks of W's about our lives in certain areas being like the city nicely laid out with streets and signs, and then as you get out into the country there are no roads, no signs, etc. I thought then that he was talking about science and there are ranges of our ignorance lying beyond. Now I think that may be wrong. Perhaps he was thinking rather of our knowledge and control of ourselves. There is a certain routine of our lives and our satisfactions which relatively we understand. We know what sorts of food we like, we know our physical needs, and we many know something of our tastes in music and friends and even words. But beyond this there is a vague unrest, a void. Perhaps this can be exhibited in the difference between a life such as that of St. Paul and our lives. His life is full and runs free and with energy. W. was fascinated by the Mormons. "They've got something." It's as tho, W. said: In us too, hidden, there is the stream of life. St. Paul was tapped, the Mormans are tapped. What do we do? What would light us like fuses and make us shoot? A rocket is dead until –. I am a dead rocket. I like coffee. I like tea. But what would set me on fire? I know too how to get my coffee and my tea (science) "but who should deliver us from the body of this death." "Powers and principalities of darkness" and "of light."

Perhaps this may also be adapted to the account of our knowledge and our ignorance generally. Science is a trifle. It is like a framework, but life is woven of miniature, tiniest, slenderest threads.

What do we know? What can we say that will lift us up and make us live? We know so little.

Looking for a way, wandering. Suddenly, without any expectation or warning, there it lies. Not even looking, of course, without any idea that there is a way, suddenly there may be a way. It may be just what you never wanted at all. And suddenly you are quite excited about it. It's for you. A light unsought shines, and shines now for all your life. Like art, the unpredictable, the unknown.

May 27

Yesterday and Friday I spent with Christian in N.Y. attending a meeting of his theological discussion club. There were three papers, each at the meeting. On: Sin – Guilt – Atonement.

Mannier – Andover
Outler – Yale
Ramsay – Princeton
Tillich was also a guest.

I became involved in arguments on the following subjects.

The afternoon meeting Dave Roberts and some others were disposed to identify these Christian conceptions with the [correlative] conceptions in life that is not Christian at all. This is where I came in to insist upon the uniqueness of these Christian ideas. The point is, I think, fairly clear. Christian conceptions are Christ-centered. What is sin? What is guilt? What is atonement? All these are defined in Christianity in terms of Christ. The nature of conscience in other words is something peculiar in Christianity. There was a tendency certainly to regard Christianity as a variant of a certain [?], of which accordingly all these variants were equally valid. Tillich seemed here to side with Roberts, but I did not understand very well. He used, I think, the conception of the Old Testament symbolism as fore-shadowing Christian truth, and applying this now not simply to the N.T. but to all sorts of religion, Buddhism, etc. Outler seemed to agree with this.

Mrs. Paulson (psychiatrist) talked about about sin. She talked about sin in terms of the desolation, the hostilities, the meaninglessness of life. She gets around as a social-worker. One point she made which I also pressed home was that sin is not something one does, it is not acts. It is this condition. It is the feeling of being lost, of being forsaken. It is despair. Now this struck a lively note in me. And I think she is right. Sin is the meaninglessness of one's life. Obviously this is not an act. I went on, I think, to say that just as sin is not an act, so neither is faith an act. Also, whereas she seemed to stress the misery of sin, I pointed out to her later that some sin is not miserable. The wicked prosper as the green bay tree. She insisted that in such lives it was as tho their misery, the meaninglessness of their lives, was hidden. How will it be, she asked, when death robs them of all subterfuge? In America, she said, there is so much to distract men from the whirligig of going nowhere. Sin here is noisy and colorful and wears frills. But it is meaningless nevertheless. On the Christian view, accordingly, life is meaningless without Christ. It is the life of sin. This brings out something very nicely. The meaninglessness of one's life is defined in terms of Christlessness. What is all this without Christ? The test is not something psychological. It is not now a question as to how one feels about his life. Christian feeling is the test. Sin is the (feeling of) having deserted, abandoned Christ. Perhaps this will do: By an act one may sin but the act is not the sin. Being without God is sin.

Another issue on which I took sides was that of the Resurrection. Outler had made it central, and referred to it as the present scandal, the offense. Roberts referred to Easter Sunday sermons as a lot of baloney in which 90% of the preachers did not believe. I protested that the resurrection was in any case integral to the Christian view. I asked then something like this: And does God then play around with you for a second and then kill you off? That was it. I think that Tillich here tried to set us all straight by taking the idea of resurrection simply as a spiritual rising from death as sin. I imagine he maybe thinks of the resurrection of the body as vulgar, or as naïve. When one dies with Christ to sin there one rises to newness of life and that is the resurrection. I think that Roberts and Tillich do not perhaps appreciate the horror of death and that God is committed to the perfection of his own. Later this discussion was continued over beer at the London Towers – 23rd Street.

England

August 17, 1950

Leaving there I walked along the high and cut through by way of Radcliff and the Broad. I walked along and cut through from Beaumont to Wellington Square, but walked back since I did not see how to get through. Walking along Walton Street, whom should I see sitting on a bench but W. He was a surprise since I thought he was in Norway. He is still not very well, but says he is better than he was a year ago. We exchanged a little talk and he seems very friendly. He is going to bring me to see Smythies who works in a forestry library and who, he says is a good thinker. Weekends, Smythies reserves for his privacy and his thinking, and W. Smythies reserves for his privacy and his thinking, and W. does not see him at all then. I am to see him, W. that is, this afternoon …

Will you lecture much? No. Good.

August 28

Today I walked with Wittgenstein – along the canal and under the willows. I am thoroughly exhausted.

As we walked, he said that if there was something I should like to talk about I should bring it up. I suggested that some professor was to lecture on: The nature of religious truth – what would he say? Religious truth? He went on puzzling, thinking his way. Of course, it isn't botany, it isn't thinking about eclipses, it isn't economies or history. That is clear enough. Negatively it is easy to say something. But what is one to say besides? The man in Christ Church will very likely talk about Christian dogmas. And one might make some sense in this way, each believer talking about what he believes. But there is no sense talking about religious truth in general. What religion? What truth? To illustrate this, he cited a story of Gottlieb Keller about a young man and woman in conversation. The young woman told about her falling in with three women who live together in a small house. The one woman lived by herself in one room, by herself, could get along with no one, was hard and mean. The two lived in the other room and were noted for their sweetness and kind natures. They were also pious, went to church regularly, etc. She – the young woman – once made bold to enquire into the secret of their lives. And they told her, giving her a dry account of what one must believe – something like the Apostle's Creed. The young woman was disappointed. The conversation ends with the young man saying: "This is my religion – the consciousness, the recognition – that I am at present doing well but that it may not always be so." This, according to W. was actually Keller's view, his religion. Keller had apparently been brought up a Christian – Zwingly – perhaps, and later was interested in Feuerbach. So this was the shrunken, truncated Christianity.

Now then of this in religion, what will the man at Christ Church say about it? For see how much this is like what is said namely that religion is man's sense of dependence. For tho this is "non-sense" one can see how one would come to say this. This is all it is in some cases and is a part of it in most cases. Schleiermacher was a serious man and not stupid, and Keller too was a deeply-grounded religious man.

I suggested that one would not gather this merely from this sentence of Keller. He allowed this and when I asked whether he spoke of Keller's being srious in the same way that he spoke of some other men's being serious, he explained. He meant by serious a man who endured conflict and struggle, who came back again and again to these matters. He wrestled. The is not too plain to me.

The point is, in any case, that religion takes many forms, there are similarities, but there is nothing common in all religions.

I asked him for an explanation of the sentence: God is a spirit.

Well, first it means that God is not a human being, or like a tree. He cannot be seen, heard, etc. At first it seemed to him that this was all. Then it occurred to him that one might also say these things about a number. But one would not say that a number was a spirit. One means further then that God sees, bears prayer, forgives, speaks, etc. He allowed that he did not understand. The gospel of John bothered him. But he was not criticizing. But if someone said that he did understand, then such a one must give an account. Let a man surrender and admit that he doesn't understand.

I quoted the rest of the sentence: "And they that worship him must worship him in spirit and truth." Of course, this meant that man must not worship in mere words and forms without any fervor. I suggested that it involved a rebuke to those who supposed that God was to be worshipped only in a certain place. He objected to this. Rebuke?! How could it be a rebuke? The Jews were taught to worship in a certain place. Besides Jesus said he came not to destroy the law, but to fulfil. How could this be?

(This was to Nicodemus, wasn't it? I didn't know. Anyhow St. John.)

Believe whatever you can. I never object to a man's religious beliefs, Mohammedan, Jew, or Christian. (To the Samaritan woman)

A peculiarity of religious beliefs is the great power they can have over men's lives.

Not lehrt uns Beten. (Misery teaches us to pray.)

Later as we sat on the bench near the bridge he asked me what I would do in lectures. I made the suggestion in about Plato's Theory of Ideas! Patterns! He thought this notion of patterns – Jews – Englishman – Germans – as quite natural as an account of thought, but not as an account of real thinking. Goethe once thought he had come upon the type of all plants.

He came along with me to dinner.

. . .

He also said that he had been approached to give the John Locke Lectures by Ryle, but there would have been an audience of 200 and no discussion. He wouldn't do it. People would hear and make something cheap of what he had said. He might do something for a group of friends.

. . . .

September 9

W. says that he doesn't understand everything. He says this particularly in speaking of religious language. This now may mean something like: I have no use for such language. I cannot pray. He once said I remember that he could make nothing of the dogma of the incarnation. And the gospel of St. John puzzles him. He does not "understand" it. The question then is about their use of these sentences. And here one thing is clear. Whatever this use is, it is different from the use of ordinary sentences describing the world. But this difference then must be recognized by both those who have a use for them and by those who do not. Those who have no use for them are not to disparage all use of them simply because they cannot deal with them as they deal with: Pussy says meow. But, likewise, those who have a use for them are not to resort to proofs and evidence as they too might with: Pussy says meow. But neither will it do to suggest as Waissman seems to, that this language is vague. For there is here no contrast with some other language which

is clear. But I hadn't better attribute this to Waissman. Of course, there are religions which are frankly anthropomorphic. The Greeks certainly did believe that there was a company of man-like creatures – taller – stronger – men, handsome, etc. who lived up there on Mt. Olympus.

. . .

I am now, since seeing W. again making a special effort to attend more carefully. He has a mind like pincers, and is always grasping everything. But it takes straining.

September 14

Yesterday afternoon while I was asleep in Gretchen's room, W. came up. I had been a little uneasy thinking he wouldn't bother about me. I am unaccountably stupid when I am with him. He wanted to go for a walk. I still can't figure out why he should walk with me. Perhaps he realizes how much I appreciate his talk. We cut through from Merton St. to the meadows and walked there. He talked first about Malcolm and Lea and Ray, and wondered how Ray was taking the presence of the new baby. Malcolm had written that Ray was growing up, had taken an interest in making money. W. had misgivings about that. And then he went on reflecting about life for Ray in that little family where Malcolm could not talk to Lea or Ray about his work, and where there was no religious background at all.. What was there for Ray to build on? When, as W. said, there are eight children, "as in my own case," being an only child is not a problem for anyone. So, concerned he seems.

. . .

I told him that I was puzzling these days about Hedonism. The Hedonist says: Men desire nothing but pleasure. As his manner was, is, he does not take or need any time to consider. "Obviously, this is no empirical proposition. The Hedonist does not find this out by going about asking people about what they want. He has no statistics about this. And yet he knows very well that people want all sorts of things. So, it isn't at all like: Everybody wants a motor car. If someone wants a motor car, then he wants pleasure. Pleasure is another word for whatever anyone wants, desires the desired, or again the desirable. Everyone prefers the preferable. So, pleasure is – the desirable, the preferable.

"But there is; of course, the illusion of having discovered something. How does that happen? Perhaps in some such way as this. Freud asked – in his own language: What is the essence of the dream? There he inspected and noticed that a certain dream was a wish-fulfilment dream, and another, and another. This was it. A man is hungry and dreams of feasting, is thirsty and dreams of drinking, of passing water and he dreams of passing water. Some dreams are like this. This comes like a flash, a great light – an apercu. This is the dream, this is what the dream is fundamentally, its essence. This is a generalization, and the clarity and the fascination of the one case deludes one. All dreams are like this. Now this may be what happens in the case of the Hedonist. For we do sometimes desire pleasure. So this may be the electrifyingly clear case of desire. There may, for instance, be cases in which you do not or cannot say whether you want something for something else or not – supposing you brought up the question. Concerning pleasure there is no question of why or for what about it. When it is desire, the case is clear. And now the temptation is to say that when you desire an automobile, what you desire is automobile-

pleasure, eating-pleasure, writing-pleasure, etc. The generalization which was mistaken at the outset, compels this manner of speaking.

Now when in the case of Freud a generalization is seized upon, and now investigation continues, qualifications are introduced. Dreams are not simply wish-fulfilment, they are fundamentally or in essence wish-fulfilment. Classifications are introduced. There may be clear wish-fulfilment, not so clear, dark wish-fulfilment, etc. And so with Hedonism. Pleasures are not all of the same kind. There are higher and lower. This is the mistake of the generalization breaking out into curious distinctions, or it proceeds to develop the absurdities of the calculus. We desire nothing but pleasure, but there are qualities of pleasure. Poetry pleasure is better than push-pin pleasure.

(I must make a point of noticing the apercu. Perhaps most proverbs are like that – snappy generalizations.)

About this time we sat on a bench and he began to talk about reading Plato. Plato's arguments! His pretense of discussion! The Socratic irony! The Socratic method! The arguments were bad, the pretense of discussion too obvious, the Socratic irony distasteful – why can't a man be forthright and say what's on his mind? As for the Socratic method in the dialogue it simply isn't there. The interlocutors are ninnies, never have any arguments of their own, say "yes" and "no" as Socrates pleases they should. They are a stupid lot. No one really contends against Socrates. Perhaps Plato is good, perhaps he is very good. How should I know? But if he is good, he's doing something which is foreign to us. We do not understand. Perhaps if I could read Greek!

As for his arguments, they're too formal, too neat. There's no groping. It is x or y or z. It's not x, not y, so z. When you're looking for something you go and look closely, if you think it's in a certain place, and if it isn't there you look somewhere nearby. You don't go from x and run over somewhere to z (pointing back over his head). (This no doubt has something to do with the difference between Plato's conception of the Ideas, and W's own notion of family resemblances. Plato's view involves this discreteness of ideas x or y or z. W. is more like x or not quite x or a little bit more. Entering a room looking for something you do not stand and say: Here or there. You look about and move slowly about, passing, taking second views, etc. (Actually, it all depends. But in any case, with respect to Socrates' subjects, one must grope – step forward and perhaps back again and shuffling along, turning and finding one's way – slowly. – perhaps like my working at Hedonism.)

W. reads Plato – the only philosopher he reads. But he likes best the allegories, the myths. They're fine. He made fun of these stool pigeon in the dialogues. He cited the *Parmenides* as a dialogue in which tho you got no discussion, you also go no pretense of any discussion. In contrast is the *Theaetetus*. Tho the young man Theaetetus is introduced as a promising, bright youngster, he shows none of this. He has no fight in him at all. Why doesn't he make a stand? Socrates arguing with these weaklings!

By this time we had begun walking back. I asked him again: You said that you did not understand – and they didn't either such sentences as God is a spirit. I meant to go on, but he took me up. I had apparently misunderstood him. To understand such a sentence one must note the context in which it is used. It is perhaps introduced among idolators – worshippers of sticks and stones (Are there such worshippers?) In them this says: God is not sticks and stones; God has no body. So far then we understand this; but there is more. God is prayed to; he is like a person. He hears and understands prayer.

We walked along for some way and he came back to the subject. There is an independent use of the phrase "The spirit of the Lord" – What is the passage in Luke where Jesus reads from

Isaiah? (I was stupid as usual). "The spirit of the Lord is on me." (I looked it up last night after we returned from the Buck's where we had dinner.) Here of course, the use of the phrase is the same as the Inspirer. What Inspirers?

I imagine that the religious, the fervent in prayer, etc. understand these phrases.

It amazes me how eager and how grasping and tightly grasping he must be when he reads. How lazy I always am. In all the years of going to church how lazely I've listened. But he, when he reads, what he reads is in bright gold and shinning and it is for so long imprinted and ready in his mind.

September 16

Yesterday I walked out about five – it had rained hard earlier – to meet W. and to avoid his having to walk up our stairs. Again we walked towards the meadows. He began talking about his having seen a snake the day before, the first snake he had seen in England. Someone had told him that it was not poisonous, a garden snake, a yard long. He was surprised that snakes were common in the wilds in U.S.A., that I had once killed a rattlesnake, that many snakes are killed on the highways. We talked about the age of the very large trees there. His estimate was 200-300 years. As old as the colleges, perhaps. A forester could tell. Counted rings. Later he showed me how the Cherwell and Isis and Themes flow. The college boats were moored alongside and he noticed the emblems. One is three lions which I think is all souls.

Then I thought up this question: When you say: Men desire pleasure, what is the use of "pleasure"? Is it contrasted with pain? Pain is localized, for instance.

He went on with one of the nicest bits of analysis I have heard, like some of those last summer on determinism – freedom, etc. He was, as he said, translating from what he has written, his book, no doubt. He started: Pain is a sensation. Pleasure is not. Then we went on to discuss the use of the word "sensation" – "senses," etc. in psychology – psychological concepts – "Begriff." Why are the senses – sight, hearing, smelling, taste, touch – classified together? Obviously they are not a bit alike. Smells, odors, aren't a bit like sounds. Then he gave this account: With respect to all these you can time them precisely with a clock. Now you see. Now you don't. Now you hear it. Now you don't. And so with smelling, tasting, feeling (pressure for instance). By the clock you can tell. This is not how it is at all with grief. It makes no sense to say that at 2 o'clock sharp I began to grieve, and at 2:15 I stopped. This then shows how sensations are distinguished from emotions.

Now pain is also like these sensations. It is a sensation in the same way in which sounds, sights, etc. are. Now you feel the pain and now you don't. When did it begin: when did it cease? Now pleasure isn't like this. The logic of the word "pleasure" is quite different. Clock the pleasure. When did the pleasure begin, when did the pleasure end, etc.? Does this make sense? Pleasure is also unlike sound sensations in a certain respect. Pain is in the head or in the shins. Where is the smell, the sound, the sight? Pressures are more like pains, and so are tastes. Where does it pinch or brush your cheek? Where are tastes? In the mouth. Sounds are not heard in the ear, nor are sights seen in the eye. So pain is a sensation. I am not clear as yet that there is no use of the word "pleasure," such that pleasure is not a sensation. I suppose that what I am confusing is pleasure and pleasant tastes, pleasant touches (tickles, caresses). This is terribly important. A tickle and a taste may at one time be pleasant and at another not pleasant. This brings out the difference.

There is however also a good reason why pain, tho a sensation, should be classified with pleasure which is no sensation. The reason is that both pain and pleasure are registered in the face, the eyes, the posture. Is he in pain? Look at him. Is he having a good time? Look at him.

It is in W's seeing such things as these – these similarities and these differences that the marvel of W's mind is so evident. Certainly I've known no one like him.

W. also said: There are no kinesthetic sensations. Of course, you know with your eyes closed that you are now standing, but there are no sensations. And there may be organs in your joints such that if you did not have them you would not know that you were working your finger. But there are no sensations. Rubbish! Rubbish!

And James is wrong about emotions.

Earlier he also spoke of Moore again. He had seen Moore lately. Moore is good, still good. Moore thinks hard. W. is going to Cambridge next week to see the doctor. How did he happen to speak of Moore?

Nearer home we peeked into Merton, one of the oldest colleges. "Old buildings!"

What is the origin of "fox trot"? The dictionary of American slang – now that is a book that I could enjoy." I said I'd get him one.

He asked bout Downey and about Nelson. Nelson struck him as a very intelligent fellow. And Vlastos was nice. Americans individually he liked. But the politicians! Truman. His talk to the journalists.

The English say the elm is a treacherous tree. The limb fall off, break, not during the storm when you would expect it, but afterward. And then it might hit you.

W. stayed for dinner. The liveliness of his wit, his imagination, is amazing. About Gretchen's new uniform, about the woman who wished her children to express their personalities, about his aunt who recommended a recipe to her mother, and then later from her home sent two samples, one as the cakes ought to be and one as they ought not to be, about Dr. Mooney again, his doctor in Ithaca. After dinner in the living room he told me about Rhees, about some performance of *Lear* put on by the students at Cambridge – the best Shakespeare he ever saw.

Sept. 25

Yesterday. Sunday afternoon W. came up again. He is amazingly kind and friendly to us. I don't understand it. He is so severe in his judgement generally and yet he seems so gentle with me. He sat down first for a little in the living room. Gretchen and Eleanor both had very bad colds. Then we took our walk in the meadows again. Our talk was desultory since I proposed nothing. We talked about many things. As we passed by Merton Tower he remarked that he liked it as about the finest style of English Gothic. I began telling him about the redwood trees – 5000 years old – very hard – invulnerable to disease, but some dead at the top from lightning. He knew about their great size.

As we walked along he threw nuts to a chaffinch but the poor bird – very beautiful – was too shy. Just nearby on the other side was a woman with a squirrel on her arm. No dogs – so squirrels. He had earlier told us about a tit which perched in his hand – flew to a tree, and later as he approached it again, it perched on his uplifted hand. He had described it to me and pointed out the trees from which it had lighted on his hand. English robins are tame too. He had never seen a cardinal. Did they have strong and broad beaks for eating grain or longer pointed ones for feeding on insects? Do they?

I asked him about Miss Anscombe, and about Smythies. At some length again he told me about them. Smythies never saying a word – for three years until some Canadian, Edinburgh

student by the name of Taylor brought them together – Taylor who later was killed in a brawl in Sydney I think, on his way to a job in Melbourne. He too W. tried to dissuade from philosophy. A manly, energetic and tense person he was – very industrious – full of tension – another more active life would have suited him better. Tho Miss Anscombe is in Oxford she does not see much of Oxford philosophers. She goes to meetings of the Socratic Club – a mistake, perhaps, and to the Jowett Club. Returning we saw a swan in the Cherwell. Swans preparing for flight are a spectacle. They make a great whoosh and noise with their great strong wings. A swan can break a man's arm with his wings. And in flight, his neck stretched straight and his feet outstretched behind is a sight. Swans live in families – not in great flocks like ducks and geese. He fed a squirrel clinging to a tree and coaxed it into his arm. He was curious as to whether it was the same squirrel we had seen earlier on the other side. He thought not. He talked about the passing of the brown squirrel (I think) in Europe. There are brown and gray squirrels.

As we passed along Merton he admired a small reddish leaved tree, and he noticed again the tower of Merton, and the age of the chapel. The super-structure was built later. One can see it. "Stern, isn't it?" – the tower.

At supper he ate apple-sauce. Later he talked about cocoa-nuts – the taste. He does not like any of the melon family – squashes, melons, cue cumbers. Before he left he arranged for Miss Anscombe to come to tea today.

And this afternoon she came. She is stocky, came in slacks and a man's jacket. She holds a research fellowship – 350 pounds. What a trifle! But does almost no tutoring. Next term she will lecture.

What interests me is her attitude towards philosophers at Oxford – Austin – Ryle – Paul – Strawson. When she was a student, Price and phenomenalism were up. Then came logical positivism and Ayer. Now Ayer is old fashioned. Price is a back number. She thought I would find the atmosphere depressing. Cheap. Cheap. There aren't any problems. And these people are all above it. They have easy dispositions for all difficulties. And Austin is one of the worst. They are all using the early W. as a formula.

She reflects W., of course as Norman does, perhaps. But I am silent in these judgments. I am certainly not good enough to feel the same disgust or revulsion. What do I know? Austin strikes me as quite keen and Ryle is certainly not stupid. But this may not be what she means to deny. It is something else, a certain shallowness which goes with their cleverness. It's as tho they feel they have the key to all mysteries and feel now a delight in their unmasking of the emptiness of all pursuits. It is the sort of thing, perhaps, which I feel in respect to Shaw. Malcolm says Ryle's book is foul. W. talks about men as serious and deep. Perhaps it's just that these men strike Miss Anscombe, etc. as like magicians who with a certain trickery and slight of hand expose the poor ninny philosophers whom they seize upon. The ninny philosophers may not have had the benefit of borrowed cleverness, but they were very earnest, they had problems to which they gave their lives and hard labor. These people have nothing to do but debunk. They are the hollow men sounding. It isn't then that these people are mistaken in what they say. It is that they have nothing but this show they put on. What a clever boy I am! W. talked too about his own work. "It's not important but if anyone is interested I'm good at it and I may help. I don't recommend it. It's for people who cannot leave it alone." So this is not important. What is important must fall outside. And suppose there is nothing outside! Poor souls! Very well, these other philosophers made mistakes, in earnest, but what now are you doing in earnest? There you are crowing over the mistakes of earnest men. So you will never make an important mistake, for nothing is important to you. Wonderful! Crow!

October 1, 1950

Here are a few sentences from W.: The sense of the world. (183) In it there is no value, it must lie outside all happening and being-so. It must lie outside the world.

Ethics and aesthetics are one.

The world of the happy is quite another than that of the unhappy. (185)

The solution of the riddle of life in space and time lies outside space and time. (185)

The riddle of the world, the sense of the world. The problem of life. I was now puzzling about this last phrase. "the problem of life"! I am inclined to retort: There is no such problem as: What shall I do today? Should I marry? Shall I resign my position? Shall I write a book? Shall I send pounds to Wales? Shall I take a bath? A carriage at four, and tea? Etc.

W's point may then be: All the knowledge and man and more and more of the world – cannot help you to decide.

This fits with what he was speaking of in Easthampton as we were going up the hill to Mt. Tom. It takes someone from the outside, higher than man, "who knows our sufferings" in order to give man counsel. "Tho I have all knowledge, and speak with the voice of angels!" The world can do you no good at all. Even to advise a man to marry or not to marry – who is equal to it.

Philosophical muddles such as this about I know … I believe …, etc. are, to use a figure of W's, like tangles of thread. One must go about disentangling this, patiently tracing out the threads piece by piece strand by strand, loping under, following them, pulling out, working at knots. Austin uses a cleaver. The operation looks decisive, but is deceptive.

Austin's essay strikes me as all skeleton and one cannot tell certainly from the essay whether flesh will cling to it or not . First one must invent flesh and then see if it will fit.

Confounded English language won't behave properly.

I think Austen's may be a good case of trying to settle philosophical questions by noticing the grammar of expressions without studying their uses in situations. So he makes much of the point that we ask: How do you know? And why do you believe? How? And why? Suggest with differences as they normally would: How do you ride a bicycle? And Why do you ride a bicycle? Actually, there is a nice parallel in these uses.

October 3

I think I see what now makes so much of this philosophical writing so very thin, so very much like broth which is like water. It isn't that Austin, for instance, isn't clever, that he makes or sees no distinctions. It is that he does not search out and uncover the rich detail of circumstance which makes them rich. He seems to me now to play with superficial literal grammatical differences instead of understanding them in [terms] of luxuriant detail of use. So in thinking of "I promise" he seizes upon a few bones. "I promise" may be a key to something "rich and strange" in human nature. For him it's simply that you may be asked some questions if you don't keep your promise.

October 4

I went for tea to Elmer's. Waissmann, and Warnoc, and Elmer's friend Winch were there. Elmer served tea.

There was Oxford talk. Warnoc gave a class with Pears on synthetic apriori propositions in which they discussed eight sentences. The first was something like: It is not possible to go backward in time. I couldn't figure out just what they had been doing. At any rate, Pears is quick and sharp and very good and Warnoc is afraid of him – and students are too. Pears seems to know just what a student is going to say and what is the matter with what he is going to say.

Ryle is not very good in conducting a discussion. He isn't ready in meeting remarks, does not know what to say. Ryle says that the *Theaetetus* is the best of its kind.

Isaiah Berlin is sick of Oxford philosophy. He thinks that philosophers with their talk of words and meta-languages are hiding behind a wall. They don't come out and face the problems. I wonder what's on his mind.

Austin. He is subtle. What a shame he doesn't publish more. He is so good. Once at dinner he said to Warnoc: What is the difference between using your fork properly, and using it correctly? Apparently this impressed Warnoc. Of course one can figure out a meaning, but who cares. Still Warnoc and Waissman were glad to puzzle about it.

There was some talk about conducting classes. Pears refuses to listen to undergraduate papers. Paton does and reads them carefully beforehand. Waissman thinks it bad to have undergraduates read Kant. Kant is no good anyhow and may be poison. Kant is mad. Frege is mad – all his life asking: What is the number 5? What is the number 5? Hegel is better than Kant. There are nice sentences in Hegel – a personality. There was something about Kant's having a curvation of the spine and this explained something, but I didn't understand. Warnoc tried to say something on behalf of Kant. Kant had said that space was apriori, and this was an improvement on what had been said before. Waissman didn't agree. Leibniz and Hume were both better.

There was talk about Austin. He had written a paper on truth which was not very good. Strawson's was much better. This led Waissman to discourse about the words "true" and "false," the derivation of the word true, and the many alternative expressions. Plausible, correct, right, reasonable, mistaken, incorrect, off, etc. True and false both have a moral tone – faithful, trustworthy, deceitful. There are 60 pages on Weber somewhere. He – Waissman – had read some [se] once on purpose, and the word "true" scarcely appears. Austin has sometime read a paper on: It looks, It seems, It appears, etc. Waissmann had heard him read a paper on: Exist and Is real – it was good, but wrong.

. . . [disconnected remarks on logic]

October 17'

It struck me today that these philosophers at Oxford work aimlessly. Whereas a man like W. (I think) always begins with a philosophical problem, and works away at the solution of this, and this now takes him into elaborating distinctions. So Waissman works away at defining: entailment, inference, analytic, understanding, etc. Austin and Harte work away – diligently enough – at certain distinctions in legal language. Ryle is doing much the same thing. Perhaps this is what Malcolm meant in describing Morris' doing philosophy as like doing science. Underlying all of this is what Miss Anscombe referred to as a supercilious attitude towards philosophical problems, as tho one was raised above them by way of a fiat or by hearsay. The truth may very well be that they are indulging in philosophy in their own "enlightened" way.

When he takes a pen in his hand it numbs him like an adder.

October 20

On Wednesday I read my paper on paradoxes. Poor me! Wrebin gave me a drubbin. Still I had a good time writing it. . . . It was not a bad week.

Yesterday afternoon I visited Carritt. Paul's aesthetics. There I saw Carritt in the meshes of the old questions just as he was and I was too 25 years ago. Form and content – significance – subject and substance – (Bradley). Meaning of – meaning to, expression of – arousing. And then there was Paul hesitating but persistent in making the point that content is simply what is other than the form. What a contrast and how I appreciated my liberty! Being free from those now foreign entanglements. Paul was too gingerly and did not advance far enough. But I find him otherwise attractive. Why do W. and Miss A. dislike him so?

And today I visited the Walsh-Paton class in Kant. Like Carritt's class this is the old world. The subject was Kant's discussion of space. Logical apriori, psychological apriori, sensation with or without extent, space, a thing, spatiality versus space, the ideality of space, Newtonian Space, etc.

What interested me was Walsh's attempt to state Kant's questions in the present mode. So we get: We must have spatial words in our language. But how now is this "must," this necessity, to be explained? He made some point too of the commonness of spatial words in language, much more so than color words. Pretty sad, really.

Paton said: The logical apriori consists in this that in order that sensations should be beside or outside one another – they must be in space.

Isn't love wonderful!?

Introducing the new vocabulary does not by itself introduce any new thought. But it may introduce an illusion.

October 22

In church today it suddenly came upon me again of how Wittgenstein spoke of ethics. No man can counsel another. Counsel must come from above, from what is higher. And it struck me me that this ties in with the idea of revelation. No man makes up his "ethics." And remembered how W. reacted to my: Pride is evil. I understand much better now. I treated it as tho it was some fact such as swans are white and then I clipped my hands and showed them a few swans. The point he made at that time was, however, different. I think that he said something like: But it might have been presented in an altogether different light.

I think now that I understand a little his sniffing at ethics as tho ethics were something to be investigated, taught, and argued about.

. . .

Part, in any case, of the barrenness of philosophy consists in this that it does not touch those who teach. The problems are all dead. This is what gives it the aspect of work with a cadaver. One does not have the feeling that a teacher is concerned with his own puzzlement, that it is his tooth-ache. And even when it is the other man's tooth-ache it is still treated lightly, as tho it were a bit of foolishness. This is the difference, I think, between what I hear, and such an essay as that of Miss Anscombe. She is struggling with herself. Language, her own, has her in its tangles and

she is trying to free herself. She isn't playing tiddly-winks with another man's woe. It is her very own. At the very least it comes to a lack of sympathy, of imagination, on the part of theses others. " I am not so philosophical as other men are, I thank thee God."

And where do I fit in?

It's as tho they said: It's as easy as falling out of that tree.

October ?

Last night I had a few students in. Cal, Buch, Hanson, Noeblin. Elmer left early. The talk was about Austin-Hart's class. The project was defined in this way: It is said that a man is responsible, having done something, unless he has a good excuse – and the project now, consists in distinguishing good and bad excuses.

Here's a question: Is having a good excuse the same as: I couldn't help it.

I couldn't help it; I couldn't see the child.
I couldn't help it; I was forced.
I couldn't help it; I was sick.
I couldn't help it; I didn't know.
I couldn't help it; I was insane.
I couldn't help it; I was provoked.
I couldn't help it; I didn't know what I was doing.

I couldn't help it: is like: You mustn't blame me. So the question seems to be: Under what circumstances do we hold people responsible, and under what do we not?

According to Cal., W. once said that going to school to learn to do philosophy is a little like going to detective school. (Did this occur to him reading detective stories?) I suppose that he meant by this that a good detective is one who can pick clues and who can build up (he has imagination) likelihoods, following out the threads in a tangle of events. I remember the figure he used in describing philosophy to me. – like disentangling a tangle of threads. A clue would be like an end of thread – Now follow it thro. Ingenuity is the word that strikes me in reading W. It comes out too in Miss Anscombe's paper.

And when you do not have ingenuity what do you do?

Apparently what some do is to go thro a laborious clarification. "Let us study the use of these words." But they do this where there is no muddle in the first place. This is why it seems so pointless. They offer a lot of help where there is no distress. Who asked for your helping hand? If there is no muddle, why all this elaborate clarification? And even if there is incidentally a muddle, there is no study of that. It is not even mentioned. Hence in relation to the muddle, all this busyness about some words may be quite irrelevant. In the tangle which is the muddle, this is like snipping of a few ends of thread, but the tangle is now obviously treated with violence. And certainly the muddle is not explained. To explain this you must with careful fingers show how the muddle is constituted.

Oct. 26

I am still puzzled by what Austin-Hart are doing. We begin with such sentences as: A man is responsible unless … . A man has done something. To be responsible? He is not responsible if he was not aware of what he was doing , etc. Now apparently Hart is holding that the question: Is X responsible: is always translateable into some such question as: Was X aware of what he was doing, etc? Apparently, you can argue that a man is not responsible. If this argument fails, then

it follows that he is responsible. But you never argue directly that a man is responsible. Is this right?

It seems to me that there are, in any case, such things as trying to show that a man was aware of what he was doing by showing that he planned what he was about, much preparations, talked about doing it etc. There are pre-meditated acts. Certainly, in these cases we do hold a man responsible – these are the extreme cases – paradigms of conscious, voluntary action. Raskolnikov might provide a good illustration. We can see in any case how actions differ in respect to what W. might call their surroundings. There are actions which are pre-meditated, actions suggested and done, actions committed on the spur of the moment, actions done in a rage, actions impulsive, unconscious actions, (my mind went blank) actions committed under duress, under compulsion (threat) etc. One can see what premeditation is like in cases of Macbeth, Hamlet, etc. There are also actions in keeping with one's character and not in keeping with one's character and not in keeping. This is in fact, I suppose, the relevance of character witnesses.

One might suggest some such idea as this: A person is responsible if the action in question is more or less in keeping with the character. How would that do? I just can't imagine him doing that. It isn't like him at all.

Another test would be this: He is responsible if he admits everything, boasts of what he did or is remorseful. There may be cases in which one, having done a certain thing, is afterwards terribly puzzled by changes made against him.

Perhaps the more interesting question is this: For what sorts of things does one hold oneself responsible, for what feel guilty? I have an idea: that the criteria here vary from person to person and are not like the forms of legal responsibility. One can here obviously feel guilty for what one cannot help – evil thoughts, thoughtlessness, selfishness, anger, envy, avarice, laziness, etc. When would a person tell himself: I could not help it, and so exculpate himself? This too varies and no doubt constitutes on important differences in human character. In what does humility consist?

If a person is not, does not feel, responsible, for something he has done, this means I suppose, that he regards the deed in the same way in which he would regard the similar deed of another. Look at your hand as tho it was a stranger's and not your own. Not your hand! And now look upon what your hand does, too, as upon something in which you have no part, as upon something alien, external, your hand moves and you see it move, but your hand now is not your hand. You, and your body and what you do. My hand slipped, somebody pushed me.

For what would one ask forgiveness?

Of what would one say: Yes. I know my hand, my arm did this, but I did not do it? A demon had possession of me.

Consider how holding another responsible, blaming another, may throw light on what we admit responsibility for.

He did not tell me. How was I to know?

He pushed me.

He got in my way.

If someone does something and he now has, as he says, good reasons for doing it or if one can see that there simply are such good reasons, or simply no reasons, then he is not responsible. When there are no reasons, then some other explanation of the action must be given. Then he is not responsible.

Presence of motives – reasons.

Absence of motives – reasons

If you can see why a person did what he did, understand his motives, then you hold him responsible. A man is not a machine. Machines have no motives, give no reasons. Machines are not responsible. Why did he do it? – this is relevant. Why did the machine do it? – makes no sense.

If you can see that a man had no motive, then what? Is he then not responsible? A man obviously may be responsible for what happens when he does not do something when we should say that there was no motive, no reason.

I do not pull the curtain in the hallway. Am I responsible? Of course, and yet there is no motive. I did not leave the curtain open for any reason. Somebody said: Always pull the curtain. So now it is a duty. The duty imposes responsibility. I did not pull the curtain; so now I must pay.

This is all mixed up. There must be some simple way of getting at all this. But I haven't got it yet. It' the same old story. I must, in order to understand this, consult the contexts in which these expressions are used.

A man is responsible surely if there is motive, and willingness to pay. I did it, I know why, and I am sorry.

At the extreme is the case of the man who does the deed, without motive, without recollection, without remorse. He acts like a machine.

In between are all sorts of other cases. Here arises then the question: Where are we to draw the line? Answer: Draw the line. There is no precision here.

October 27, 1950

This afternoon I had tea and talk with Miss Anscombe. I began with a remark about what she said about "You cannot have your cake again after you have eaten it." She said that what was involved here was a physical impossibility, and I wanted to say that it too involved something like what she described as a logical impossibility in the case of: You cannot have that … again. –A. The latter turned out to be a case of not being able to imagine a use for that expression. She now said that in the case of "You cannot have your cake again" – when you have eaten it – here too now you have no use but you could imagine a situation in which it would now not be difficult to decide upon a use. In both cases there is now no use, but in the one case no use is even imaginable whereas in the other case there is an easily imaginable use. I suppose that the reason one can imagine the use for the second, is that there is a family of uses which gives the suggestion, whereas the former is more like an orphan without father or mother or brothers or sisters. Hence there is no telling what the new brother might be like.

But then she spoke of my essay. She said it was readable, the only readable one in the book. But I think she also said she did not get the point. Then she turned to a certain sentence. I had said that when we say that music is sad, we mean that it is like sad people. How, then, she asked, like sad people? I repeated what I had said in my essay. There must be some comparison surely. Yes, she said, but what sort of comparison. There are two ways in which we may compare. In the first we specify what is common. A large tower might be compared to a smaller one in which the propositions are identical. Two faces are similar – see these high cheek bones. Then she brought up an illustration from W. W. had illustrated the point with this: A small boy said: The tones of the piano are dark. How would I explain this? Earlier she had suggested as like: The music is sad; The note is high. I suggested that this use perhaps came in by way of the scale, but she pointed out that that origin was in any case irrelevant to our present use. I said that certainly our uses of these words "sad," "high," "dark," had something to do with these uses in aesthetics. She allowed that, but insisted that it involved no such comparison as I had proposed. There are

solemn music, solemn occasions, solemn speeches, solemn faces. But a solemn music is not music which is befitting a solemn occasion. In this case again I had clearly used a piece of machinery in order to solve a problem instead of keeping clearly in view the use of the language. She introduced another illustration from W. W. wrote on the board two figures something like this:

One of these is called a Balyuna; the other is a KAKEKSA. Which is which? Names fit people as words fit things too. And yet there is no comparison in terms of which this is to be explained.

I spoke of W. looking at Merton Tower, and saying: Stern, isn't it? Then she said: Suppose someone said that he did not understand this, how would one explain? Then she said: "Why look", and pulled a face, looking stern. But then I said, you've made a comparison. "It's like this, she said she wished she could have a discussion of some music or a poem between two people who appreciated music and who were cultivated to speak of it. She had never heard any. There is only exclamation.: Isn't it wonderful! Beautiful! Etc. But one could imagine one saying: No, it isn't stern. Notice these structures on each side. They make a difference. No, not stern.

She said she had once had a discussion with someone about Blake's "The Pebble and the Clod." The professor – I take it – said that Blake was the pebble, and that the last line which does not fit with this interpretation was satirical from the point of view of the clod: "And builds a Hell in Heaven's despite." This in any case is a complete misunderstanding of the poem. Blake is not preaching, and besides the pebble's is not his view. The poem she said had the forward structure of an arch, and each of the stanzas, first and third are the sides.

Now the point is, I take it, that here again is something like a comparison. But no detail can be worked out of this. Perhaps we can say no more than: This is how it strikes me. As W. said: Stern, isn't it? So she read the poem and says: A perfect arch. Now these are not comparisons one works out in any detail. And perhaps one should not say that they are comparisons at all.

Here is a paragraph from W. which I have just consulted: "This doesn't mean that suddenly understanding a musical theme may not count in finding a form of verbal expression which I conceive as the verbal counterpoint (part) of the theme. And in the same way I may say: "Now I understand the expression of this face! And what happened when the understanding came was that I found that word which seemed to sum it up." (p114. Brown Book) This might help in understanding some titles of musical pieces.

While she was discussing "Blake's" poem she said that it was deep and I seized upon that word as a word like high – dark – sad – stern, etc. I said that W. had once described Smerdyakov as deep and that this had puzzled me. I should not have described Smerdyakov as deep. Ivan was deep. Did I have any idea as to what W. meant? I hazarded that he meant that, unlike Ivan, having been taught by Ivan, he committed a murder. She consented to this and added then: "And not a naïve or stupid person." She, then, noticed that this was a good illustration of the way in which one might explain the use of aesthetic language. What does one have in mind saying that Smerdyakov is deep? Point out these things. Now do you see that he is deep?" Miss A. did not know what she meant when she said that Blake was deep.

I found this discussion very profitable. It taught me to look upon these words used in aesthetic discourse in a new light. For tho they are used and are seasoned by the world in which we live, their use here is not to be explained in any such crude way as I expected. Deep – sad –

high– dark – stern! I was certainly wrong. There is no comparison. The discussion also reconciled me to something in my essay which I had thought silly – the dances and the veils for the numbers. This now looks a little like W's names for the odd figures he drew. This gives me hope. Perhaps I got it from him in the first place.

I came near saying: Well, then nothing is to be said. But Miss A. Is not disposed to say that. She talks about discussion, and suggests that one can exhibit or call attention to just what is relevant as she thought we did with: Smerdyakov is deep, and with: The Tower is stern or not stern, just serious. But it isn't anything like seeing the outlines of a face in the tower – The old stone face. This would be ludicrous. The Tower is stern does not mean that one can trace the lines, the furrowed brow, the hard lowering eyes in the belfry.

It is curious that in listening to music, looking at a tower, hearing a poem, etc. the experience seems incomplete without one's saying something, without comment. Stern, isn't it – completes it. Now we can go. Summed up. What makes this still puzzling is that these words have other uses, and this use certainly is related to those other uses, yet no explanation of this can be given. I tried to make out that there was some similarity but this now seems foolish. It can't be that. How is the Andante Cantabile like a sad person?

I am apparently looking in the wrong places for the explanation. I am prompted here to speak as Santayana does. It's as tho what I see makes me feel sad and now this quite genuine sadness is reflected back upon what I see. Hence when I examine the music, of course, I can't find it. But when I'm not examining the music this illusion comes again. This is wrong. It seems safer now to divorce the use completely from the other non-aesthetic uses and to study it then simply in the context of aesthetic discussion. This sadness has nothing to do with ordinary sadness. So all that one can do is see how people work with this language in talking about music, towers, pictures, etc. Stern, isn't it? Deep isn't he? Sad isn't it?

When Milton was already blind, he heard a young woman singing. His remark was: One who sings so beautifully, must herself be handsome.

November 1, 1950

This afternoon Miss Anscombe came to tea again. I began saying I'd been thinking about: The music is sad. And then I tried to summarize: Clearly we should never have come to say that the music is sad without our first having used the expression in other ways. Yet this way, speaking of the music, is quite different. Yet if we now ask about this derivation, no more is to be said. I went on to say that: The poem is deep, did not bother me in the same way. In contrast with superficial, "deep" carries on the figure of questioning as delving, and uncovering layer upon on layer. Deep, she said, was clear metaphor, unlike sad. Sad was more like "high," as applied to tones. Still, I said, one might conceivably explain to someone what one meant by "high" by arranging tones in a scale. This might help. She protested that one might in this case ask: But why do you call the note "high"? and if he did, this would show that he was getting what one gets when one just without any instruction calls the note "high." But "high" did not interest her much.

She said she had come upon something in the *Brown Book* bearing upon the subject. "What music conveys to us are feelings of joyfulness, melancholy, triumphs, etc." and this sounds as tho music is like a drug, and a drug might do as well. And she quoted the passage about the pansies. "What a variety of color patterns and each says something." Here she thought the remark was made about the beds and so was the sort of remark that was made about works of art, whereas, I thought of it, as made about the individual pansies. Each says something. In any case, it was like

the sort of thing one might say about a piece of music. It too says something but one does not ask: Well what?

Here she went on to distinguish enjoyment of nature and the understanding of art. It makes no sense to speak of understanding a flower or a mountain or a word. But in art this makes sense. There's art, there's talent, something to be explained. In art there is education. I suggested that education in art consists in calling attention to, or simply in attending. And that this one could also do in nature, looking closely at flowers, at butterflies, at birds, etc. She seemed to say: But there is no explaining in nature. And I said: And is there in art? To which she responded with W's explanation of why the approach to the house which W. had built for his sister in Vienna was so horrible. The windows were too short. He had changed the plans in the course of building.

She quoted a line from Blake touching infinity and the flower. Nature is different. One might understanding something natural only when as in the case of the flower-beds it is treated as a work of art.

She made some other nice observations. A rug might be gay, gorgeous or somber, but music is sad, joyful, triumphant, etc. Architecture, a tower, might be stern, triumphant. Schonbrune she had once described as light-hearted, the approach from the back – so unlike any English buildings so massive.

Music is expression without representation.

She thought that to say that music is sad was not significant. This was my suggesting that such remarks as: The flowers say something. The music is sad (Sad, isn't it?/"Stern, isn't it" do something, give a kind of relief, as to upon having music or seeing a flower or looking at a tower one had to say something, sometimes not knowing what to say, and at other times saying the right thing.

Something, however, has happened in here. What happens to my problem if the kinds of remark I am concerned about are seldom made or if made are not significant? Fortunately I have no misgivings about the value of my paper.

Later, then, I switched the subject. Had she noticed W's sentence in the *Tractatus*: Ethics and aesthetics are one. It had never rung any bells in her, and she made nothing of it. But the last sections in the book had haunted her. She had read them a hundred times. And she quoted some. She did not necessarily understand them but they frightened her. Tomorrow morning I will check on them.

The *Tractatus* she found a cold, a stony book, and yet full of fire too. But when she first read the Blue Books she could scarcely believe they were written by the same person. These were so straight-forward. She had once asked for an explanation of these sentences that interested her, but W's explanations were banal, and she did not think my enquiry would be more successful.

She has an idea about criticism that I must pursue. I think she speaks of it as explanation. This may prove valuable. I think she has an idea that in art one can show, explain, etc. "what produces the effect" etc., and it is something like this that distinguishes art from nature. There is art criticism, but no flower or mountain criticism. I am dubious about this distinction. Criticism is elucidation?

Last week she had said that when she reading sentence to the effect that bad music too might be sad she thought that was right. But then it seemed wrong. If the music was bad, one might call it whining or sentimental – but not sad. Saying that it was sad, would then seem to have some point. Yesterday however she did not think one would say the music was sad. And I remember now that I said in my essay that remarks of this sort are not pertinent aesthetically – after thoughts.

In respect to criticism of music she said, emphasizing something which W. also says, that she could not imagine it except as playing a piece and pointing out then, or making clear how it was, and that it was different – and right or wrong. The rightness or wrongness must, of course, be heard, but to be heard, must then be played.

November 2

. . . .

Today I ate lunch with Smithies at the union. Rabbit stew. I began remarking that I supposed one who read Kierkegaard might read him for some reason that Kierkegaard wrote – namely to understand what it means to be a Christian. He hesitated over this and objected. His objection was against any attempt to summarize, to say what Kierkegaard was doing in a sentence or two. Was it like trying to summarize the *Gorgias*? Or a poem? Perhaps. But men like trying to summarize a piece of satirical writing, when the point is not at all in what one says. Kierkegaard himself in the *Concluding Unscientific Postscript* writes of someone who reviewed *The Fragments* and gave a summary. Kierkegaard says that he completely misunderstood. Perhaps it was like giving an account of a joke. The joke is left out.

I still persisted in suggesting that if one read Kierkegaard, he would find out about Christianity. I described my experience as of one turned back to see it more clearly. Seeing it wasn't right, I suggested that if someone wanted to know what Christianity was like, Kierkegaard might help him. But what then did such a one not know? Kierkegaard wrote for those who had mistaken ideas of what Christianity is. I can see now that the Bible itself is for those who are simply ignorant. We may say that Kierkegaard wrote for those who know the Bible very well and do not understand. This is certainly right.

I asked him: But you certainly try to get some other people to read him. And for what reason then? He gave no reasons. But suppose someone asked: Why should I read him? Surely you would not urge them because Kierkegaard is so clever? Yes. This would be a part. For his intelligence. But not certainly as one might recommend Newton for his intelligence. Then he said this: One would not read Kierkegaard for any ideas, any new ideas about Christianity. One would read him for his intelligence in religious matters. For his intelligence there. Now to be intelligent here is in part to see that intelligence is not important. I pointed out then that for him to do that he must show you that something else is important. Accordingly, if one learns one's lesson reading Kierkegaard this must consist in something more than being able to report on what one has read. I suggested that accordingly, one must apply quite a different test in judging whether someone had read Kierkegaard successfully. I think this means that something more like conversion would be the end. But perhaps not. My recollection is that one would now no longer say certain things. One would not try to summarize Kierkegaard. One would not give lectures on Kierkegaard. These show fateful misunderstanding. One would cease, if one ever had, being interested in proofs for the existence of God. One would not write commentaries on the New Testament.

I am not sure about this. Perhaps this is all right. Kierkegaard became clear about Christianity. In doing this he exposed confusions about it. But being clear in this instance is not having ideas about it. Kierkegaard did not teach any old or new ideas about it. He tried to prepare me for distinguishing men's fancy substitutions – following the inclinations of their own hearts. – for the ringing, the awful, the unnatural gospel. He sought to bring out the difference between that gospel and what passes for it in the pulpit. And the popular estimation in which the shock and the fear have been removed. Intelligence is this sort of clarity. It consists in seeing that the work of the Holy Spirit is not made manifest in the writing of more books. The work of the Holy Spirit,

the making of a Christian, is not typified by a man's sitting behind his desk writing notes about what Kierkegaard meant or even by seeing in this way that Christianity is God in the world doing a certain thing, namely turning men up-side down or down-side up.

It occurred to me that Smythies' working with Kierkegaard is quite different from W's, "I read Kierkegaard for hints. I do not want ideas all chewed and chewed for me. I'll do my own chewing. Kierkegaard is much too high for me. I cannot pray his prayers. I need something much more earthly, not something high above the clouds. Did you ever read Samuel Johnson's prayers? Those prayers I can pray. They are about my health, my laziness, my failure to attend. They speak my language." "In Kierkegaard, of course, you get the whole of Christianity – elaborated – swallowed whole – unlike Friedrich Heller's "I may not always be prosperous." – a shrunken, mere outline religion."

I have the feeling at any rate that I have been the special confidant of W., that there are many things he has spoken of to me which he has told neither Miss Anscombe nor Smythies. And he has been very considerate in not telling them some things. I cannot imagine his ever having told them the sorts of things he told me such as those on the evening after we had been at Blacks'. "I am a very vain man." "Sometimes I think I may go nuts." Perhaps it's because I am older. Perhaps he would not tell them the he could make nothing of the idea of the Incarnation. How would that compose with: "God is not revealed in the world."?

Everything but the sting and the sting is the whole point. (On summarizing Kierkegaard) … It's as tho Smythies said: Kierkegaard is using language to give people a good shaking, even a good beating. And you cannot summarize a shaking.

November 7

Yesterday afternoon Miss Anscombe was in for tea again. I introduced W's recommendation "Think of language as a technique," and how I had struggled with it. She said: The Brown Book and the games should help. There you can see how language is used. I said that this had occurred to me again in connection with what I had just read in the Brown Book – those cases in which as in the case of the dark vowels the explanation of "dark" here is simply that when the vowel is heard one says: "Dark" or "That's dark." This did not seem to me like use. It's rather as tho – W. speaking of using a word as like using a hammer – instead of strike the nail with the hammer, the nail flies up and hits the hammer, and you get the clank. She saw immediately that I got this quite wrong. I was now misunderstanding the analogy which was to free me of reading it in terms of my prison walls. After all the nail too is a tool. I had persisted in my error by reading the analogy in terms of representation – correspondence – description. She was also doubtful of the significance of W's illustrations of the order of the vowels. She has a friend who says that n is dark, and who says the letters of the alphabet are colored, q is a dirty-pink, etc. She wondered whether people who did this agreed. Would they agree that q is a dirty pink? Or that it is dark? I said that aa might be dark, but that n was not either dark or light. I thought I might arrange the vowels according to degrees of sharpness. I am not sure why she made a point of this, but perhaps it was to help me out of my predicament concerning use. It is as tho she said: Words may just happen. Then you may say that this is their use or you may say that here they happen but they are not used. They are certainly not like "Two bricks".

But then she went on to put the matter in such a way that it was almost impossible to miss. "What has this noise, (putting her hand to her mouth) to do with this, pointing round about her. I think that this may prove helpful. This noise: I must remember in talking about words, always to

be talking about noises. This puts the word into the world as an event which must be counted like a sneeze or a laugh. The ordinary way is to lay down a sentence, to see a certain order in it, and then to look for a corresponding fact or also then an intermediary proposition. This then is replaced by a different conception. These noises are like tools, all sorts of tools, with all sorts of uses. Noises are powers.

In this conception, W. broke with what he had written in the *Tractatus*. I take it that here W. was still working with the idea of the picture – the mirror – the copy – correspondence. I suppose that the ideal is the complete picture. Logic is the conception of the plan. According to this, then, thinking is making pictures. A good part of understanding W. now consists in getting rid of this other conception. One is inclined in other words, to talk about sentences/propositions, as tho they were likenesses, and now understanding them consists in turning from the sentence to something else, the fact, discerning the likeness. So there are atomic propositions and atomic facts. This distinction is intended to prepare for composite pictures. Perhaps W. would now say that some sentences are like pictures – may be used, that is, in the way in which pictures are used. This troubles me now. Pictures certainly may enter as words do. What are hieroglyphics? No. This is all right. The picture of a brick may be seen in the way the word "brick" does. Why not, indeed? In fact, a brick itself may. But one must be taught its use. Merely holding up a brick means nothing. Sometimes the mason on the scaffold holds up a brick, sometimes his trowel, sometimes some wet mortar. The hod-carrier below acts accordingly. The brick resembles the bricks the hod-carrier is to carry. That makes no difference. The word brick does not resemble a brick at all. And that does just as well. Perhaps the use of the brick and hieroglyphics has something to do with prompting the idea of representation.

Miss Anscombe says: People say that propositions describe the world. Describe! Describe! As W. says: Twenty different things are called description.

Noises! Noises! Noises! Noises rule the world.

She talked about Smythies. Smythies is the only person who has quite thoroughly understood W. and continues to resist. Many people who misunderstand him raise a clamor. Smythies knows, however, and cannot take it. This amazed me. Here is someone who is uncommonly intelligent – I think Miss Anscombe compares him in some ways to W. – and yet he does not give his assent. What does he stick at? Apparently at this view of language. Perhaps it's something like this: A sentence has this use precisely because it has this meaning. Meaning is not use. Of course, tho Smythies resists, he does not then propose a different view. This might, of course, be alarming. If there were two W.s what would a weak person like me do? Could it be that this resistance of Smythies' is fortified by something he feeds on in Kierkegaard?

What, in any case, I got from Miss Anscombe was a lesson in the idea of language as technique. I need this continual re-enforcement and this being caught up in misunderstandings as I was in the analogy of hammer and nail.

She talked about herself scolding and getting excited at the meetings of philosophers, and being unable to help. I can imagine that sometimes she feels quite desperate. She sees how bad it is but hasn't the ready calm and easy words to set things right. So she gets excited and ill-natured.

November 7

On Sunday evening I had dinner at Trinity with Nowell-Smith and Hart. Pheasant. At desert sat next to Weaver – the president. Talked to Clighan the historian City-Counselor.

After coffee, the other people finally left, and we sat down in the cold room. There was talk about Austin and Strawson. Austin leads a group discussing Frege. Austin, apparently, has

considerable talent and has curious interests in words, words, ending in –umb: dumb, crumb, numb, etc. His suggestions, comments are fresh, unexpected, following no master. Hart finds conversations with him always stimulating. Strawson, however, he thinks is original. Strawson has recently written an article on Referring in which he attacks Russell's theory of descriptions. Austin has also made some contribution in his distinction of "Performatory Uses." Nowell-Smith questioned the originality. He too had had the same idea but had not dared to develop it in a paper because he did not have the logical equipment. Hart protested that this was wrong. All that was involved was English. I'm afraid that Nowell-Smith is a little embarrassed. He has all the ideas, but lacks a mere trifle like the right pencil.

Hart said that when he first read W. in 1945, I believe, he was angry. To think that this material as old as 1932 should still not be readily available. He was going to give it away. But W. had numbed so many people whom he touched. There was Paul, of course, and Toulmin. Ryle had conversations with him too. What a shame W. wouldn't talk to philosophers in Oxford! Miss Anscombe was very intelligent, but … . W. did not discuss ethics, did he?

Nowell-Smith got off onto an essay on Smarts' – on Reason in Morals.

Before the war Ryle was dead, depressed. Then, during the war he came back, wrote his book, and now he is a power. Nowell-Smith could not understand how they came to make him a professor.

Hart walked with me to the High – invited us for some evening sherry.

Nov. 7, '50

Last evening we spent at Buck's. Warnoc was present. He is to read a paper on space at Cambridge. He proposed such questions as: Is space bounded? Might space not have been? Is space apriori? Etc. Do we know space before we come to know spaces? Buck said that questions about space are to be translated into questions about such words as "above," "below," "behind," "in front of," etc. There was talk about four-dimensional space. What is a dimension? Why it's a fourth factor in a calculation.

I got in one nice sentence. To say that space is three-dimensional is to say that when I want to find out how tall [Cal] Rollins is, I need not look at my watch.

There was some talk later about a little paper by Buck on such sentences as: Think about Caesar – in which he sought to describe them as self-enforcing directives.

Later Cal said: Everything is a puzzle. This arises from trying to understand one thing in terms of another. Analogies don't fit. Here's the puzzle about time. All men are selfish. And some others. Later we walked home together, he wheeling his bike, and talked about the "heterological" paradox. He explained to me what Ryle had said. And I told him my solution which he thought neat.

What would I say now to Cal? Everything is puzzling. There's always an analogy. Every action has an unconscious motive.

These sentences are useful for him. If there is a puzzle, he says: Look for the analogy. This gives him his steer. If he finds one, the puzzle is explained. I suppose that there may be something else. Every action has an unconscious motive. These again are regulative principles. They are formula for doing a certain thing. Where does he get them?

…

Nov. 9

Rollins says: Puzzles arise from analogies. And he finds this helpful. I am inclined to regard this as a mistake for even tho this is true, the family of analogies is so various, it gives one no or little

help. One is likely to discover obvious analogies which are not likely to provide the light. For it must be remembered that the telling analogies are hidden.

Citing and appealing to and talking about rules suggests that usage is much more strictly defined than it is. Rules in games are strict. W's games are circumscribed enough so that one might define each game by a rule or rules. But this would be misleading if it were conceived as a pattern for talking about usage generally. In ordinary talk we are not guided by rules. This must be taken then as other analogies are. I must watch W's use of "rules" and of the analogy of the game.

Nov. 10

Last I had dinner at the Golden Cross with Rollins, Gryce, Mabbott. … Later we sat in front of the fire at Mabbott's. Most of the time we talked about Rollins: Look for the analogy. Nothing comes of it particularly. Name some puzzles that are not due to analogies. I suggested: the ontological proof; the Cogito. Gryce suggested: Truth. I am not clear about my protest. I work at philosophy myself in some such way. And one can see it in W. The point perhaps is simply that if you use this as a formula, to grind out philosophy, you are as likely as not to come out with something stupid. Perhaps part of the difficulty lies in the use of the word "analogy." Stated in this way is better: Philosophy arises out of or in misuses of expressions which are explained in terms of a variety of good ordinary uses. Similarities!

November 10

Yesterday at noon I had lunch with Smythies. He began asking me about what people I had seen. I said something about Austin-Hart's class. He said that there was a certain negligence in relation to responsibility which did interest him. What they discussed were interesting cases. And now I must try to figure this out.

Try this. There is a certain neglect for which one blames oneself. The question as to whether others blame one is not important. This reminded of something W. said last summer. In any case, we can distinguish these cases: One may blame oneself for doing something – a theft – a murder. One may blame oneself for evil thoughts, for reveling in another's injury. But one may also blame oneself for doing nothing at all. I had in trying at first to understand him brought up the case of a man who neglected to pay a bill. He took up such a case in which a man receives the bill, throws it aside, and does now other things, writes a letter, goes out to lunch etc., in order not to think about the bill. He shuts out consideration of the bill. Now the point is that this avoiding is not doing something. And there is no difference in the stream of consciousness between this neglecting and his avoiding this thinking about the bill. Avoiding is something willful whereas neglecting is not. The point seems to be something like this: I blame myself for avoiding and yet there seems to be nothing which I can identify as the avoiding. In what does avoiding consist? I must repeat that there is no discernible difference between the cases in which I do not avoid, and the case in which I do not and do avoid.

He connected this up with the Socratic idea that no man does wrong knowingly. I don't know whether this is related to: "Lord, forgive them for they know not what they do." It looks as tho he was saying: Men continually avoid doing what they ought to do, but they do not know this, and he warned that this is not a problem for Freud. A man avoids thinking of a bill for an hour. He does not think of the bill for an hour. Yet he is blamed, not for not thinking of the bill, but for avoiding thinking of the bill. Yet avoiding is nothing which he does in addition to his writing the letter, eating his lunch, etc. He writes his letter, avoiding as he eats his lunch, avoiding, etc., and

he blames himself not for writing the letter nor for eating his lunch, but for avoiding what there is he's blaming himself for? Did this have something to do with Kierkegaard's inwardness, with subjectivity? Yes.

How now would W. work at this? Consider uses of the word "avoid": "He avoided a collision, turning sharply to the right." "He parried a thrust."

In all these cases, in which a car is coming, a man is coming, the sword is thrust – something emotional – a danger – something that might have happened does not happen. It may be that "evasion" is a better word than "avoid" for Smythies' purpose. People avoid unpleasantness – wet feet, an argument, a cold, a flat tire. Now there is a kind of avoidance which is evasion. People evade responsibilities, giving answers, etc. People dodge.

These expressions then are relatively clear. How about: He avoided thinking about the bill? This question reminds me of W's work with bodily strain and mental strain. Here we have physical avoiding and mental avoiding. Is avoiding a collision anything like avoiding thinking about a bill? Obviously thinking about a bill is not like a car coming upon one. And turning aside is not like avoiding thinking.

Is the alternative to avoiding thinking just going ahead and thinking? Just thinking? If one is blamed for avoiding, is one also praised for thinking, for considering? Or for complying? For obedience?

Avoiding the collision involves seeing the car coming. And evasion involves the commands and awareness of it and a certain hearkening to it. Upon this now follows resistance – evasion. I expect that this is the way in which Kierkegaard writes about the ethical. Perhaps revelation provides guidance, a light, but not understanding. Here then is the ethical! Now then the human re-action: There is obedience or disobedience, and that either frank or by evasion.

Would obedience trouble Smythies as much as avoidance does? Evasion is the attempt to escape responsibility – an attempt for which man is responsible.

So I came to regard what Smythies was talking about as The Ethical – the case of a man's not thinking about the bill as an instance of evasion, a man may say: I will, and go ahead to think about the bill and about how he will manage to pay it. A man may say: I will have nothing to do with it, may have the bill, and eat his ice-cream. These apparently do not bother Smythies. What bothers Smythies is the case in which no decision is made where the man simply does not do anything. Here a man may blame himself for drifting, for having done nothing, for indifference. Or is the case that in which he eats ice-cream or goes to the races in order that he may not face decision about the bill.

Is the ethical the Inward?

What has suddenly come into fresh light is conversing with Smythies is not responsibility in general, nor what in law men hold each other responsible for, but rather the idea of what a man holds himself for. This is also the inwardness of Dostoievski's characters. It is the individual conscience, not the public law. It is the consciousness of sin, of evil, very strong in Ivan, for instance, even to despair. The characters here have depth. Ivan accuses himself where others do not accuse him at all, and Mitya feels almost ashamed of what others consider trifles or do not even know about. I should now read Dostoievski with quite new insight. How different from Dickens where every conscience is public and in the open. People generally understand neither Ivan nor Mitya. Consider what it is that Mitya cannot make clear to his accusers.

Nov. 11

Why are these characters of Dostoievski so exciting, so vibrant? It is certainly because they have insides. They have subjectivity.

There is a conception of ethics which makes the ethical life a matter of occasions – occasions of lying, stealing, killing, etc. One is ethical only now and then. But the command: Thou shalt love, is different. It holds for every moment, for action and for in-action, for doing and for thought.

. . .

November 12

The "subjective" in Kierkegaard. I'd like to get clear. It looks as tho this is opposed to the walking stick and to Eliot's hollow men.

I think that this is not to be identified with Christian inwardness. For it is also identified with something in Socrates.

It is like what is lacking in the hollow men, for it has something to do with one's independence, with one's not being pushed about from outside.

This morning in church it all seemed clear to me. Subjectivity is, precisely as Kierkegaard always says, the God relationship. And what is that? It is a man's concern about what God requires of him, about God's care of him, his great mercy, and the tender of his forgiveness and of life. And all this goes on in secret, between the man and God himself. It is more tender. It repels one and it draws one. And the Christian hears it every day. He lives then in awe, in fear, and trembles in the presence.

And why does Kierkegaard call this subjective? Well, obviously, because God is invisible. This taking up with God is much like insanity. Imagining someone who lived continually in the presence of some imaginary companion, talked to him, entreated him, asked his pleasure, begged his forgiveness, etc. People would certainly say that all this was subjective. Christian behavior is subjective. Christian behavior is in this same sense. What is God? God is invisible. Of course, the blessed assurance is one's living before him, fearing, hoping, repenting, cleaving unto Him. Notice the Psalms, doing his will, singing his praises, confessing one's sins – these are the life of faith.

Is this it? Why, then, this emphasis upon the Paradox? I suppose, because he was fighting the explainers

November 14

Last night Buck etc. were here. Phil introduced the idea that "I know" is used to make a claim. I remember that Sellars used to say something like that. He talked about the knowledge-claim. This now strikes me as vague. But I tried to do two things: To get clearer about "I claim" and to introduce uses of "I know." I introduced such sentences as: "I can climb that tree." – a boy of twelve challenging. He claims he can climb that tree. "I know all the capitals of the United States." This is very much like the first. It means: "I can name the capitals." Etc.

The first thing any case is to see what "clearing" is like, and here it is most important to see that claiming and challenging, and not defined simply by the use of certain sentences, but by the tone of voice and the circumstances in which the sentence is spoken. The claim presupposes resistance, competition. It is a little like boasting.

If I, having received a letter in French, ask my friend whether he can read French. And he replies: Yes, I can – This is no illusion on his part, anymore than if I asked him whether he ever

ate cabbage, and he said he did, is making a claim. In an argument, a strife of words, one may make claims. And there may be counter-claims as in a political dispute. Labor claimed that – and the C's claimed that … .

I gave these other illustrations. If I came in and asked: Did you know it was raining? And you answer: Yes, I know. This is no claim.

I admitted this, as I suspect now, perhaps wrongly. The doctor, trying to persuade a patient, says: "I know. You have appendicitis." Why would one call this a claim? One might say that he is claiming authority.

How about this case. When A is telling B something, and B says: "I know it." Is that too a claim?

It may turn out, of course, that "he claimed that …" means no more than "he said that … in the midst of a dispute." If one took this line, one would then perhaps say: "Yes," is to know that so-and-so is to say that so-and-so. The man who says: I know, is the man who says – so-and-so – what he knows.

I claim my rights.

November 15

Today and last night I wrote a paper on "I know" is "I claim."

This noon at lunch at the Jackley, Rollins told me about a paradox which Miss Anscombe discussed. It was this: A certain Austrian legislature passed a law decreeing that all laws which had been presented for passage by Jews are annulled – void. It turned out that a Jew introduced this. If it's a law, it's not a law.

What makes this tangled, I suppose, is that the language of the law is a semi-precise semi-technical affair. Is it a law? What would the legislature now do? It may say that this is not a law. It is a rule of procedures which is now made retro-active. It is a law of a peculiar sort. It is a law but does not apply to itself. The legislature can make this clear by amending it, adding: "except this law." It is a law and is self-annulling (what is this like?) and so the legislature passes a new one.

If the purpose of the legislature in passing this law is to keep the law from any contamination whatsoever – and I suppose that this is it, then it would act all over again. What did the legislature want? As the matter stands, it's just a big joke on the legislature.

If I, a Jew want nothing but Kosher meat in my neighborhood, I might quite by accident appoint as head-butcher a Gentile. Perhaps the head-butcher never touches any meat, so strictly it might still be all Kosher. But if what I want is that no Gentile should have anything to do with it, thus I've been fooled. Ha! Ha!

This afternoon I attended Ryle's class."
"Saturday is in bed."
"I am lying."
"This sentence contains five words."
"This sentence is in English."
"This sentence is spoken in a soft voice."

Ryle seems to hold that these last sentences are all right. But this is wrong. The phrase: "This sentence," has, of course, an ordinary use. And one can describe this – if you use such a

phrase there will then be some sentence before you to which with one's eyes or by pointing or by previous statement or introduction the reference is clear. What makes this instance unusual is that what is said in this instance, namely that it has five words, also is true of the sentence here purportedly used. But that is a mere accident. If one said: This sentence has six words – the temptation is now gone. And now naturally one may ask: What sentence? And one is assisted now by pointing or quoting the sentence. But this same question is relevant in the previous case. What sentence then? The question may be put I this way: What sentence were you thinking of when you said: "This sentence."

Kien was one who was sorely troubled by: "I'm lying." He wanted some sort of explanation for the difficulties involved in: I'm lying, but he had no idea what such an explanation would be like. So he suffered, and he kept on bumping his head.

How now would one cope with such a student? To begin with, one may say: "I'm lying" out of context makes no sense. This is generally true. "See the beautiful cows" or "Grandpa's beard grew two feet in ten minutes" – also make no sense out of context. So, there is something peculiar about: I'm lying. What is the difference? Perhaps this will do: In the other cases the context which is lacking is non-linguistic. It is a green field, a pasture, etc. and in the other it is grandpa. But in the case of lying, the context is linguistic – at least, in part, and here we have a temptation to supply that missing context simply by repeating what is given, namely the linguistic element.

Concerning natural beauty as distinguished from beauty in art, I think that what W. says about "compound experience" has a bearing. How is it that tho I have the impulse to leave the radio turned on with some fine music I do feel this is foolish, whereas I might be quite careful of a flower which I shall never see again. Perhaps there is here simply a difference in the living thing. – Flower in a pot, different from a flower growing in the woods?

November 16

This noon I eat lunch again with Smythies. Last week he talked about responsibility for avoiding or evasion, as in the case of just not thinking of a bill. This puzzled him because in these cases there is nothing which one does. Apparently if there is something which one does, then responsibility is not puzzling. In the case of responsibility, I think I can see how this is. In such cases a man is held for doing this or doing that – killing someone or taking a purse. But in the case of moral responsibility this does not seem to me to be the case. Here one may hold oneself responsible for one's obedience or disobedience or one's desire – and these too are not the same as one's doing something or even just thinking. What is obedience? Obedience is not simply doing what one is told to do. This touches upon motive. I may do what I am ordered to do and do it out of fear. I am then held responsible for doing this out of fear. Is it the impact of the command to love which Smythies has in mind? He also spoke of insensitivity. Was he then thinking simply of sin? To sin is not to love. And not-loving is certainly not something which one does. One does, of course, all sorts of things, but not in love. The "not in love" is what it is, I take it, difficult to characterize. Is it like an atmosphere? Peace, mercy, loving-kindness.

So I had lunch with Smythies. It turns out that it isn't simply that blaming someone for not doing a certain thing. Paying the bill, thinking about the bill etc. is bewildering, but all blaming and praising interest him in the same way. Getting angry does too. He keeps asking: Why should I get angry? He knows well enough, of course, that someone has said something nasty, or again

that he woke up out of sorts this morning. So this isn't at all the question: And he doesn't want now a Freudian answer as to why he gets angry. I mentioned Philip Leon. He too has a lot to say about praising and blaming. He knows Leon, but Leon too doesn't help. It's all too general. Irrelevant too, I think. I can see that what Leon does is to say that there is a whole class of attitudes such as praising – blaming – anger – pride – ambition, etc., which are much alike. I spoke as tho these were all derivative from some interest such as an interest in importance – power etc. – like a river with tributaries. This did not make any sense to him. I can see that now. Egoism Egotism, etc. In any case, he does not want to understand in this sense. He may know that anger is like something else. He keeps on asking why? Why should I get angry? Why should I praise anyone? Did he want a justification? This suggested something moral. Apparently he didn't or thought he didn't. If one takes aspirin and another asks why? The answer is I get rid of my head-ache. This is clear. But it isn't like that in the case of anger. Why should I get angry? To get rid of my head-ache. But then anger isn't like that. Justification, then? None of this is clear to Smythies. A whole area of human experience, that of attitudes.

It strikes me now that the sort of question which Smythies is asking here is not what Kierkegaard would call an objective one. It arises from the attempt to order one's life, to tend the garden and to root out the weeds, and accordingly to separate, to distinguish the weeds. This is perhaps foreshadowed in the difficulty attached to explaining the "why" of the question.

Why are you angry? He insulted me. (Provocation)
Why are you angry? I had a head-ache. (Cause)
Why are you angry? Childhood anxieties. (Motive)

So we have occasion, causes, hidden motives, etc. but Smythies asks for a reason. This looks now as tho, if one planned one's life as God might be said to do with ours, one would or could then find some reasonable (?) place in it for anger or praise or blame. A certain thing happens – someone says something – and blame is attached to it. Why is blame attached to it? And why is praise attached to this? Why do I get angry at this man who snaps his fingers?

I am inclined now to say that there is no why about it. And if this continues to bewilder us this perhaps because there is no single passion (infinite passion) which orders all. This would mean that only God can clear up this wilderness in the middle of the wilderness of this life. The sense of the wilderness – the city of destruction. The outer darkness. The Light of the World. Is there such a question as: Why? Within Christianity? When I asked whether this interest in praising – blaming –was deviation from the command: Judge not, Smythies said that it was. Is it then as tho Smythies in the face of the command was asking: Why not? And was asking God for an explanation? Of course not. Is the question then more like an expression of weariness, of sickness with the world, and does he perhaps want to give it to me too? I did not feel that Smythies had any feeling of guilt in connection with these attitudes. Praising – blaming – anger are not commanded. Is this right that one can find reason only in the command? Does one ask also about love, the how of the command in this way? Why how? Indeed why? It is commanded. Perhaps this then is the significance of his question. Why be angry? Well, there is no command, so, of course, there is no reason. The world makes no sense. But some sense may be introduced by way of the command. Is Smythies then asking: But why did God not command anger and praise and blame? The answer: "He commanded something else." He need not, of course, have commanded anything, . . . but "God so loved the world."

It almost looks as tho Smythies in this way was insisting upon a revelation in order that anything should be reasonable. This is the sense also in which Wittgenstein says that he

understands nothing. This means that he has had no revelation. In any case it strikes me now that Smythies's question is not empirical at all. It is out of this world.

After we had left the table to get our coats, he said there was one author who dealt with what was bothering him. That was Dostoievki in the *Notes From Underground*. Tomorrow I'll try it.

November 17

Smythies is asking not: Why are you angry? But: Why should you be angry? The latter is a request for what might be a good reason. What then would be a good reason for being or becoming angry? "Good reason" – what would make the reason good – would always be, in Kierkegaard's word – subjective.

Last night we had coffee and wine at Hart's. Hampshire and Paul were there. We discussed chiefly aesthetics. Two rather nice ideas came out of it. The question was: How do you treat such a question as: What is beauty? Paul seems to say this: This question arises from a certain isolation of the term "beauty" for which people like Carritt are responsible. It's as though an expression had been kidnapped and as tho in its loneliness it kept asking itself: Who am I? The remedy lies in restoration, bringing it again into the bosom of the family, introducing it to its brothers and sisters. Accordingly, you relieve the vacuity with which the question is distressed, in asking: What is beauty? by introducing some other words. So, *War and Peace* is described as a good novel. Beautiful does not apply. As soon, in this way, as differences are brought to view and the use of one expression is compared and contrasted with the uses of other expressions, the student is led to give up the "question." …

November 19

Last evening at Nowell-Smith's. Berlin started talking to me, after I had stood up to speak to him alongside the mantel-piece: Could I just sit down and think? Pritchard could do it for four and a half minutes. He, himself had done it just once in his life in an airplane, very high breathing oxygen, in the dark, sleepless. He was turning over in his mind something which Sheffer had told him. There are two things one can do in philosophy – logic and psychology. The rest is wind and thunder. I remarked that there was one other thing namely, showing this. In any case this has no doubt had quite an effect on Berlin. He is going to study history. (For Carnap by the way, Sheffer had no use at all.)

He went on to talk about some piece published in 1810 in Petersburg by a Savoyard priest who was arguing for a universal language, with the object of avoiding all the prejudices, controversies, etc. which arise from the diversity of tongues. The idea at any rate was that metaphysical disputes arise from language. Berlin said the priest wrote in much the same style as the present Positivists. Of course, the object was different. In the one case, it was to keep the preserve for theology, and in the other it was to sweep the ground for science.

Berlin suggested one nice analogy. In this nice analysis you cut up the strips of spaghetti [sic] into little bits and what can you do with those? But the living language is rich duck soup.

Smythies referred me to *Notes from the Underground* and what does one find there? A powerful impression of the chaos of life. This strikes me now as different from the way in which I have been used to representing the matter. See what I used to say: There are desires of the flesh and the desires of pride. See how neatly in the table of mortal sins our nature are filed away. The conflict in one's life consists then in combating these inclinations as tempting. The Scriptures do

represent our lives as a continuing warfare in our members. Sin – man without God, the natural man, etc.

Smythies asks: Why? Why? Why? But it isn't as tho he can find out by investigating. It is rather like a cry of anguish, of suffering: a cry for relief: Oh, God, how long? Etc.

November 20

The cheapness of which W. complains consists very likely in this that puzzles are dismissed by a formula, some general formula with respect to the uses of words. But the difference between what is cheap and what is not, is shown in the labor which Miss Anscombe puts into her essay about judgments of the past. See what ingenuity is required! To be convinced that puzzles can be dealt with is one thing. But to be insensitive to puzzles is a defect of imagination. Furthermore there is very little substance in the more confidence that a puzzle can be dealt with if one is still incapable of pulling out the threads. My way is also cheap. My air is too easy. One is not even aware of the difficulties. Too slick!

. . . .

I've just now finished reading more carefully *Notes from the Underground*. I've done this in order to get at what Smythies was after, asking: Why should I be angry, praise anyone, etc.? What is he after? I think he is after what Dostoievski calls a foundation. He wants for himself the equivalent of what Dostoievski's simple man had in getting his revenge. Why does he get his revenge? Justice. The simple man's deed does not bother him. It is done, finished, it leaves him at rest. Smythies, accordingly wants a "why" which is final, conclusive, a "why" which in Dostoivski's words one could not conceivably stick out one's tongue at.

But I should like to find in the *Notes* the equivalents of Smythies's question, or at any rate something which might help to understand it:

p55: "To blame finally because even if I had had magnanimity, I should only have had more suffering for the sense of its uselessness."

P 59: "The aimlessness of your pain."

P 61: "Can a man of perception respect himself at all?"

P 61: "How many times it has happened to me – well, for instance, to talk offense simply on purpose, for nothing."

P 65: "What is advantage? This question shows that the question which is asked cannot be an empirical one at all.

P 74: "But why has he such a passionate love for destruction and chaos also."

P 75 "And, who knows, perhaps the only goal on earth to which mankind is striving lies in this incessant process . . ."

P 78: "Then why am I made with such desires? Can I have been constructed simply in order to come to the conclusion that all my construction is a cheat? Can this be my whole purpose? I do not beleive it."

I am lying because I know myself that it is not underground which is better (than the normal man), but something different, quite different, for which I am thirsting but which I cannot find."

So, I take it now that Smythies is thirsting, but that only God can give him water to drink.

. . . .

Notice that the writer of the *Notes* also has a motive for writing these notes. For relief. And why does Smythies ask: Why? Why?

. . . .

November [?]

Last night Buck and Nocklin were here. Talk was desultory at first. Then we came around to discussing Austin-Hart's class. Was it philosophy? Etc. I came to say something like this: Twenty years ago there were certain problems called the problems of philosophy. They were problems about which men were quite excited – God – the soul. Then the Cosmos, Truth – Goodness – Beauty, Etc. There were terrific problems and men engaged in trying to prove and, as they supposed, to make clear. And somehow, they thought that something extremely important hung on what they were doing. Remember Bradley's words about metaphysics.

Then along came W. Insofar as men understood him, they supposed that he said that these problems arose out of quite natural but avoidable mistakes concerning language. And, he convinced many people. There remained, of course, the task of tracing out in detail just what in each case the mistakes were. And it may be that without understanding him they took all this as finished. They ceased to have any more problems. They no longer talked about God, the soul, and immortality, about monism – pluralism, about truth, about the good, etc. They said: Your sentences are either empirical or they are tautologies. To understand them one needs simply to see how they are used – verified. And they soon had nothing to do in what was formerly called philosophy. But they had to keep busy. Accordingly, they went right on doing what they supposed was done in the solution of philosophical problems where there were no problems at all. Philosophy is clarification in relation to philosophical problems, but they having finished with such problems went right on with clarifying. They are like the runner who keeps right on running after he has passed the goal. He is a runner, so he keeps on running even tho there is no point in running. So we get classes like that of Austin-Hart. They go on clarifying when no one has any need for this. And when clarification offers no particular difficulties which an ordinary lexicographer could not manage. There is no difficulty here which arises out of a misconception concerning the role of language in a particular case. Not all mistakes in language are philosophical. The mistake (Is this it?) is philosophical only when the resulting locution makes no sense, and when it is nevertheless respected as tho it did have sense.

. . .

Later, in the same vein, Phil. talked about Sartre in contrast to Moore, Stevenson, etc. Ayer had once told him that ethics had no subject-matter. So I said: Well, what is the subject-matter? We can say, of course, ethics is what is in the ethics books. But now imagine that all those books have been destroyed. Now there are no ethics books. But now imagine that all those books have been destroyed. Now there are no ethics books. Is there still a subject-matter for ethics? He said, I think, that there would be. We might ask still (as Moore did) how we use these words – "right" "good," etc.? and what things we consider right – good, etc.? I said: Well, we know how to use those words, and the rest will be statistics. – and not a bit interesting. I said that I thought Phil. wanted something else, and I thought of him on the analogy of the underground man of the *Notes*. He is thinking too. And I told them of what W. had said to me about teaching ethics – such a teacher, must be someone higher than man, someone who understands in a way no human being can understand. He must break thro and teach one, guide one, keep on directing over one's shoulder, must see beyond what any human being can see, what and how one may become something different. It obviously is not subject to experiment. One lives but once. Obviously man must first be distressed and helpless as the underground man was, and must suffer from being no more than human.

But just what was it W. said about the teacher from above? Kierkegaard also talked about the teacher who places the truth within you – does not simply elicit it, living it out. W. put it this way: "Such a teacher is one who suffers with those in respect to whose sufferings he is to give

counsel." – So I have it in my notes. "touched in all things even as we are" – particularly in suffering.

November 24

. . .

Smythies says that the writer of the *Notes* and his friends are not different in any important respect. Superficially there is a difference, since the writer is bothered in ways in which they are not. But I think that he means this: If you ask anyone of them: Why do you do what you do? They would all be embarrassed in the same way. They would have no answers at all. Or if they did say something, you would find that they had not at all answered. They too might say something like: Out of spite or out of vanity or out of fear. They would not give any reason.

Here are some of the phrases the author uses:

"From spite"

"I took pleasure in being so (rude) to find a recompense."

"Thinking it would sound witty"

"I only wanted to show off"

November 28

This noon I had lunch with Smythies. He is still trying to explain to me the point of the *Notes*. And I am fearfully stupid. He is very subtle. The point of the *Notes* is, of course, the author's. The question is: What is he doing? I take it that Smythies' answer is: He is trying to build up a character for himself. The nearest I came to seeing what Smythies was writing about was when he said: Suppose that a man has suddenly lost his reputation and now he is treated with contempt. He will build up an image of himself and will try in terms of this to defend himself, to justify himself. So there is also the writer of the *Notes*, against the world; trying to make something of himself, trying to give himself a character. He cannot make it stick. (I remember now W's saying to me after the evening at Black's: I am a very vain person. This comes, of course, as an explanation, almost like a defense. But it is giving oneself a character. What will a man who is not accepted do?)

Smythies contrasted the way in which one may say: I am boasting or I am vain, where what one says is an explanation, with the way in which one says: He is boasting or he is vain where what one says is like an exposure.

I asked whether the writer was wrong in thinking other people were unlike him. He said he was wrong. There was no important difference. Perhaps we should say simply that they build their defense together: He makes his alone. They lean on one another. He has no one to lean on. Maybe that this then is the point generally. We all live building up our own characters, trying also to deceive ourselves, living down our real lives – pointing the sty, perhaps, not gold, but any color. At any rate, the writer of the *Notes* struggles to give himself a character, and then doesn't at all believe in what he says. I must read this again.

Consider: With what type of human being is the writer of the *Notes* to be compared? He speaks of the direct man of action, the un-self-conscious man. I have for the moment some inkling of this. But two contrasts here occur to me. There is first of all the person who bakes bread. He works with his hands in flour and water, and with tins and a stove. He makes something. His attention is taken up with these things and he is not thinking of himself. There is, second, the saint. His attention to, like that of the baker, is wholly taken up with something outside himself. He meditates, says his prayers, reads his books, and does his goodness to the poor. Consider St.

Francis. Both of these use their energies, ostensibly, for our purposes, without thought of self. Contrast with this the author of the *Notes*. He begins with: "I am a sick man … I am a spiteful person … ." "Well, so I will talk about myself." And the question now is: "What is this man doing talking about himself?" It seems to me now that Smythies is saying something like this: If your life has no character in the natural way, you will try to give it character in this unnatural way. I think he says that you will lie. It's as tho he says you cannot do without a character. There are two ways of having a character. One is the hard way. This will cost a great deal and may cost your life. The other way is cheap. This latter way consists in finding or making your character by way of a shadow or a mirror image. This image you may find in the smiles and the friendliness of other men, or once alienated from them – having lost your reputation, you may find it in the fictions with which you tease your credulity. In the latter case you are not likely to be convinced. Friends are a great help in deception. And what then is the writer of the *Notes* doing?

Contrast with this with this the idea of becoming a Christian.

November 28

This afternoon I returned home from bringing the rent to Brooks', whom should I meet at the door below, but W. Having found no one at home he was leaving, but returned upstairs with me, apologetic about his looks. He hadn't shaved. This was his first visit again since September. He had been to Norway. His vacation there was not too successful since his friend, Ben [Richards], was sick. But the weather was fine there.

We talked about Miss Anscombe to whom we had been "enormously kind." She is in the hospital and we had brought her some fruit. And about Smythies. He talked a little about Norway. Had I done any reading? Yes. The *Notes*. Smythies had directed me to it. W. had read them a few years ago but he did not know what to make of them. He was puzzled that a man who could so clearly see and understand his own humiliation should not change. One could imagine a man who acted as he did but who never reflected, should continue in the same old rut. But not him. Such a man would at least come to adjust himself, even by some sort of technique to avoid such miscues.

We got around to discussing Smythies' suggestion that the author of the *Notes* was trying to give himself a character. W. could understand that. That would be like trying to give oneself a style. And so there might be such a thing as style. A young English boy goes to public school and then to Eaton. He cultivates a style of living. He is trained to become angry on certain occasions; to blame on certain occasions, etc. This was not much to the point tho it was a nice explanation of giving oneself a style. We finally did get around to distinguishing between the two parts of the *Notes* and talking then about the first.

In the first part then, the author is trying to write about himself and this is where Smythies' interest lies. Here we have a study of a man writing about himself. And here, W. said, there is bound to be a certain falsity. Of course, one can certainly tell the truth about what happened, but here one's attitudes towards one's own actions and the explanations of them are certain to introduce the false note. I said that Smythies apparently meant that when the author said: I am a spiteful person, he was posing. W. said: Yes, even tho he certainly was a spiteful person. There might be a way of saying what is true and a way of saying what is true falsely. It appears, accordingly, that what the author is trying to do is this: He is trying to give an account of himself and to maintain a consistent attitude towards that account. Apparently, what happens is then something like this: He gives an account – finds it somehow unbearable or uncomfortable and then changes it. He says: "I am a spiteful person – is horrified or wriggles at that imputation and

changes it. “I am not really a spiteful person.” No account of himself can stand before his own attitude towards it. He is at the end without any character at all as far as his own estimate or inspection is concerned. This is not anything as precise as an attempt at justification. Or sometimes it may be that perhaps it’s rather that his changing attitude requires new characters. First, let us say he begins defiantly. Now he enjoys saying: I am a spiteful person. Then suddenly he becomes apologetic, wants to win you to him, much as he does Zherkov. Then again he is eager to excuse himself. Then again he is eager to shock you. He may also pretend that he doesn’t care or again make out that he is resigned and has no hope, tho he is dissatisfied. This may be the way to read this.

No one can write objectively about himself and this is because there will always be some motive for doing so. And the motives will change as you write. And this becomes complicated, for the more one is intent on being “objective” the more one will notice the varying motives that enter us.

W. said: I should want my friend under some circumstances to become angry. I could not be the friend of a saint, or if I could, this would not be at all like being the friend of another. Of course, the anger of my friend is not thereby justified. I should want it, that is all.

. . .

I am still puzzled by what Smythies finds, for what he finds in the author of the *Notes* is an instance of something common to all of us. For when a man begins to probe himself, what he finds is formless and void. What does a man want to do? He wants to get a clear view thro colored spectacles. This won’t do, of course. I need something more. Why should a man wish to write about himself? Dostoievski’s work here is a study about a man writing about himself. The point for Smythies is that no man can write about himself. So, I suppose, no man can ever understand himself. But what is “understanding” in a case such as this like? Perhaps Smythies would say that to understand oneself is to see why one does anything – or something, and there never is a why. Perhaps one could take a straight-forward attitude towards oneself then.

In what does this note of falsity, of insincerity, consist?

It is conceivable, I suppose, that one should keep a truthful diary. – if one keeps to the externals of one’s life. But Smythies says: The winter of the *Notes* is trying to give himself a character. Let us simply say this then. The writer who tries to give himself a character must fail. He adds: All men do this. And they do this not only when they write as this man does. They try to give themselves a character, no matter what they do. Smythies illustrated this by the case of the man who has suddenly lost his reputation. A man spends his life polishing an image. And he tries to convince himself that this is himself. In this process he twists everything.

Perhaps this will do: Whatever you recognize as a fact about yourself, you will take a particular interest in. True or false will now make no difference at all. Suppose it is a fact that you are a spitefull person. You single out this fact and you write it down. Do you gloat over it? Are you ashamed? Do you admit it? Do you enrage? Are you defiant? Does the admission make you feel virtuous? Are you shocking?

Now these attitudes of yours are bound to affect what you say next. Will you palliate the injury? Will you add to it? Will you make excuses? Yes, but … .

Perhaps we should admit that the first sentence in a discourse such as this is honest, but once this is said the course is uncontrollable. And maybe this will bring out the point. Suppose someone else writes about you, and says that you are a spiteful person, how would you react to that? What would your attitude be? Well, you would control what he says, if you could, wouldn’t you? When you say it yourself, you are in control, so what do you think will happen? You will

do your best to interpret the facts – there will be some facts – to your advantage, of course. Interpretation here is a good word. Different interpretations are possible. So you can choose. There is in this case no knowledge at all. So in this way you have freedom enough and no one can contest what you say.

When W. left, at the door, I suggested that he might come again with Miss Anscombe. This suggestion did not please him at all. "Oh, no, no." And he waved his hand, "Let me come alone." Funny! I should like very much to hear him discuss with Miss Anscombe and Smythies.

November 30

Miss Anscombe told me that W. does not talk philosophy with Smythies and this now seems odd if, as Mrs. Smythies says, they are together two or three evenings a week. They have also not talked about the *Notes*. I scarcely believe it. Or doesn't Miss Anscombe know? Also Miss Anscombe says that Smythies does not accept W's view about language.

Mrs. Smthies says that she fears W. She says she never had a philosophical idea in her head, and I suppose W. sets her down hard when she says the wrong thing. Lee feared him too.

November 30

Last night Smythies was here – with his wife. He stayed until 12:45. His wife left earlier. From her we get glimpses of the private life of W. and Miss Anscombe. Miss Anscombe is very little maternal. Peter takes charge. He writes dull articles on logic for mind. He had no job, but recently has one. Smythies spends two and three evenings a week with W. I am sure that this latter is a big secret. Judging from both W. and Smythies one would scarcely suppose that they met at all. Do they keep this a secret because they do not want to be embarrassed by me? Otherwise I do not seem to be a burden to them. Why should they pay me any attention? Next Wednesday Smythies is coming again, and, perhaps, Miss Anscombe will come too.

He talked and what is more, thought the whole time. W. and Miss Anscombe say that he is deep, and I know that I am certainly in over my head. And what did he talk about? He talked about a point illustrated in the Notes, trying again to make that clear. How he struggled!

The narrow point is this: When anyone talks about himself or writes about himself as one does in a diary, or as the writer of the *Notes* does, there will be something false. Now this is terribly obscure. His struggle is with this obscurity. Some of the language I get, and understand a little. The writer of the *Notes* is trying to give himself a character. He says: "I am a spiteful person." He is trying to give an account of himself which will be interesting. He must fail. The facts of his life will not bear the strain. It turns out either that he is after all not a spiteful person, or the expression "spiteful person" turns out to be useless. Either then it seems, that what the man says is simply false, or the use of the expression is pointless. Sometimes Smythies talks as tho it were one of these, when he speaks of the facts something seems clear. One is or is not then, a spiteful person. But what does it mean after all to be a spiteful person? And now a different sort of disintegration takes place. So when tries to give oneself a character, it's as tho one were trying either to force the facts or to force the expression. There is something willful about the process.

Smythies describes the *Notes* as a contribution to the explanation of hypocrisy. He uses these expressions: characterizing, giving oneself a character, having a character, and performing a character. A character is, I think, a pattern of behavior.

(This just occurred to me: To be sad is to be suffering from a situation which one is certainly aware of. It involves attending to that situation. But attending now to one's suffering from that

situation is something quite different. And this is what saying: "I am sad," does. Here, I am now inclined to say is the note of falsity. No one can be sad simply and say: "I am sad." The saying shatters the simplicity of the experience. Duplicity there is, quite literally. "I am a spiteful person" too, overlays one pattern with another, even tho one is on the other level a spiteful person. This is, perhaps, why the author of the *Notes* has to cover up by saying that he said this from spite. But why did he admit this? Certainly not also from spite. There's a fissure in his nature. Being sad and noticing one's sadness are quite different. Just as being spiteful and noticing one's spite are different.)

Smythies talks a lot about peoples' trying to give themselves a character. This interest is a corrupting interest. Smythies also speaks of it as wanting to represent oneself as an interesting character. Hence tho this might not make much difference, it is not an interest in the truth. It is always an interest in distortion, in making a false case. I understand much better what building oneself up in another's eyes is like. Gertrude [Mrs. Bouwsma] stands very much high in Wittgenstein's eyes. And she might make a point of that. And how do I stand in W's eyes? "I am a quiet, rather unassuming, intellectually barren person. I write fairly well on a certain low level on which most of us live. On that level I am sometimes bright. But when it comes to W., I am nobody, and I seem quite honestly of the opinion that his interest in me is common. What else does he see in me? And yet he comes to see us and is as generous with me as can be."

Now there you have someone giving himself a character. But now that I have written it down, is it honest? My impression is that it isn't bad, in that way, or let me say that it is now dishonest in this way: It may seem to give me a character, because there are so many sentences, so many adjectives, etc. But actually it says nothing. Quiet – makes no noise: unassuming – barren –has no ideas. This fellow is nothing – nothing at all. This won't do. I suspect that underlying the use of these expressions is a pose, the pose of modesty. So I am a very modest person and this, like I am humble, as Smythies says, one cannot say. And how about my being a writer?

Boasting is one way of talking about oneself. Making admissions is another. Making apologies is another. Confessing. Pleading guilty.

I am afraid that there is a tangle of questions here which must be distinguished, and I've scarcely begun.

December 2

Is what Smythies is talking about, a subject upon which he and W. differ? Is the issue about language drawn in this case, that of I am sad, he is sad, etc., in such a way, for instance, that W. always knows how to go about clarifying or at any rate distinguishing between sense and non-sense, whereas Smythies remains oppressed by the obscurity? Talking to W. everything seems clearer, whereas Smythies seems to be probing for obscurity, as tho it were his intention to dispel the illusion of clarity.

When it comes to such a sentence as: I am a spiteful person, it seems to me that W. does not find this at all obscure. "Sure, sure, we are all spiteful sometimes." But Smythies seems to me to have just this sort of difficulty with it. So with all such words as pride, self-assertion, etc. W. says: You can see what the meaning of a word is by seeing what the explanation of its use is like. The explanation is the use. And he seems to me to think of this as not too difficult. But Smythies seems to me to regard explanation in quite a different way. So the notes are a partial explanation of – rather a partial contribution to an explanation of – hypocricy. And what would W. say? He would give you a neat explanation, it would be rich – but he would not, I am sure, describe it as a partial contribution to an explanation.

Smythies says: What would a vain person be like? ("I am a very vain person.") I can't imagine.

This came up. How in connection with the *Notes* can one get what Smythies is talking about? For there is nothing one can point to, and say: "It is this." It isn't anything written down. I suggested reading it aloud. No. This wouldn't do. Not at all. The point is that one must oneself be involved. It would be better to sit down and try to characterize oneself. Smythies mentioned something drawn from *The Concept of Dread* when he discussed saying something by rote as contrasted with something else where one says something one might naturally say about oneself. In this latter case, one might get the note of falsity. Remember that it is this note of falsity which Smythies is trying to explain.

Is it, perhaps, the impact of Kierkegaard on W, which Smythies feels?

. . .

December 3

Today I spent some time reading *The Concept of Dread*, trying to get the perspective for and understanding of Smythies. I think I am making some progress.

I think that the concept of inwardness, or of seriousness – is the clue. I am not clear about this either but I can see something as contrasted with something else, for instance, it is living in the love of Christ, in the fear of the Lord, in holy dread, and that not in some abstract way, but in the love of Christ as touching the bread ye do eat, as touching the tone of voice in which one speaks, as touching one's grumbling, as touching one's giving a half-crown, etc. It is one's life with God, understood in *concreto*, in such a way that one sees the foolishness, Kierkegaard would say the comic, in a learned man's talking learnedly about God. Seen, I take it, from the point of view of inwardness, perhaps everything is obscure. To speak clearly is to be a dupe. In speaking of seriousness Kierkegaard says some things about definitions which seemed to me to reflect attitudes of Smythies. But what has all this to do with the writer of the *Notes*?

Let me ask: Without inwardness, what does a human-being do? There must be other clues. Kierkegaard writes about the stages of life's way. And there is the aesthetic. And there is the ethical. And these are contrasted with the religious? Perhaps then it comes to something like this. The writer of the *Notes* is nowhere concerned about his duty, nor about God. He lives as he feels without guidance. But when he now reflects upon his life he tries to conceive of it aesthetically. He tries to represent it to himself as "interesting," as having a certain consistent "pattern." In this, of course, he fails. Perhaps this is the key to Smythies understanding of the *Notes*. Smythies has a lot to say about "patterns" and "broken patterns," and about how our lives are ordered in a variety of patterns for meeting a great variety of situations. He talks about our awareness of and responsibility for the patterns which our lives do follow. But it did occur to me just now that all this is in the case of the writer of the *Notes* is "aesthetic" and so is his judgment of *the* pattern. Notice that he is not concerned about which pattern: Insect – sluggard – scaring sparrows – spiteful man.

Why is it that man is bound to lie about himself? As Heine says? Rousseau's lies!

Is it that anything he says is a lie? Is it that language is not designed for this so that whatever is said is wrong? This has, I think, a bearing on what Ryle does in his book. Man, as represented by the language of *The Concept of Mind*, is too much like a talking-machine?

Dec. 4

It occurred to me just now that the only thing that gives order to one's life is resolution, the will: "This one thing I do!" In drift there is no order. The writer of the notes wants what can be gained only at great cost. He wants it but he wants it easy. Anyone, as Kierkegaard says, can be a Christian, but one must pay. The examples are St. Paul, and perhaps, Socrates. Socrates?

December 5

Last night Buck, Nochlin, and Hart were here. There was some talk about a paper which Hart had read in London on general presuppositions and about logic. And then about what philosophers are about. Then there was talk about Ryle's book.

If I had time now I'd read Ryle's book carefully to find out just what he has done. I am especially interested to find out what has happened to the ghost in the machine. Did he get rid of the ghost and keep the machine? Or if he got rid of both, just what does he keep or get new? One way of representing what he does is this: He takes all those descriptions, which might be regarded as describing the mind, and shows how they are to be understood. The ghost in the machine is accordingly unnecessary. Now whether Ryle has done this well, I do not know. It strikes me however as a feasible project.

Suppose, however, the he succeeds, then one must be careful as W. says, to say no more than one knows. If Descartes argued from the use of the phrases, etc. which Ryle discusses, then Ryle may have shown that the argument is no good. However, it will now make no sense to say that there is no ghost. It occurs to me in connection with this, following Smythies, that the language which Ryle explores is the language which each of us applies to another. This is the language of spectators and has use among spectators. However there is a great difference between being in pain, and being a spectator of another in pain, between seeing an image and hearing reports of one who is seeing images (mind's eye). Being in pain is not moaning, tho when you know that someone is in pain, all you have heard is, etc. is the moaning. So it appears that if Ryle says that all you are is behavior this is exceeding his authority. How could he find his out? If he says that this is all your mind is, then this too will mean simply that the word "mind" is used in such and such a way.

So if Ryle says: This is how expressions are used, and no more, then we ought to be able to find out whether this is, in the instances considered, correct. This is a big job. From this, however, nothing further follows.

Consider this: Kierkegaard says that a man may be serious or not serious, that he may or may not be possessed of inwardness. And the Scriptures say: But God knoweth the heart. This suggests, and I think Kierkegaard intends it in this way, that there is something which escapes all observation. Perhaps someone, now and then, will know about himself. He cannot however know about another. So I might know that what I was saying was false tho true, and this would be more important than anything else about me, but Ryle cold not catch it in his net. It has nothing to do with behavior. Still I do not know. How does the distinction of reason or knowledge and faith enter here? "The evidence of things not seen."

There is the distinction between one's attitude towards another, and one's attitude towards oneself. "Taking oneself seriously."

December 12

Recently I've had several conversations I should have saved. One evening Smythies and Miss Anscombe talked. I did not get much of it. There was more talk of Smythies concerning illusion and obscurity which I have not been able to follow. They talked about a man who did not

want to know what he feared might be the case. A man might dodge the truth that he has cancer. There seems to be considerable subtle analysis, but I am not up to it. Smythies seemed to say that no matter what a man says about himself or his cancer – the horror of it, he will sincerely touch the fact. Illusion! Illusion! There is the man himself – his fear – his cancer etc. Besides this there is his talk. Now when it comes to himself, he cannot tell the truth. Towards the end of the evening, Smythies said that he could not at all give a description of something as common as a conversation. He would always misrepresent it. Does he mean that something is always left out, the tone of voice, the expression on the face, etc.? Then he referred to their conversation on the way. They had talked of her operation – her eye – and he had remarked that he could not stand the needles in his face. But why now did he say that? Miss Anscombe also did not understand.

Last week at lunch – at Fullers, I took up the subject again. I told him that I could not understand him unless he had in mind the relation to such a question: Why? A certain answer, which answer would alone satisfy him. But this does not seem to be it. It isn't some formula or general answer. There are certain answers which apparently he does understand. Why are you getting those sandwiches? I'm hungry. Why did you jump? To get out of the way. Why are you rubbing that? To get it clean. Those are all plain enough. He distinguishes those answers which involve some kind of technique – doing certain things for attaining a certain result. But these answers are a mystery to him:

a) To make an impression

b) To make people like me

as answers to the question: Why did you do that? Perhaps the question is: What does one expect in such cases? What would success be like?

It did occur to me in connection with this that in relation to my own question: Why did you accept the invitation to give these lectures [the John Locke Lecturers]? Tho I have several answers, I am altogether wobbly about them. I am inclined to say that I do not know or that there is no "Why?" about it. Perhaps this is what troubles Smythies too. What does "Why?" mean?

Sunday evening W. came for supper. He was very friendly and in good spirits. He was concerned about Gretchen's reading, her interest in cake and cookies, instead of good bread and common foods. She's reading Eliot and talked to of reading Rilke. He talked about this as poison, and this would give her indigestion.

Later he talked about two friends of his in Vienna. One was ten years older than he, a school principal, I believe. He is a good Roman Catholic and a faithful and devout man. Yet he goes in for all sorts of poisons. But they are shed like rain. They do him no harm. His other friend, a school teacher, ten years younger than W. never touches poison. He has a nose for it, he sniffs and leaves it alone. He is like the animals that by instinct, nobody teaches them, do not eat certain things. They too know their poisons. And this man is wonderful. He talks so intelligently, with such discernment of what he reads. This man taught with W. in Austria.

(In listening to W. talk about his friend I realized how he dramatizes these recollections of his: Oh, how his friend could talk about a book he had read.)

Someone had once asked him to help in translating Rilke. Translating lyric poetry! Of course, he wouldn't. That prose book of Rilke's he had read that too. Too precious! Not good for Gretchen. History of the past, settled history would be better. Her going to lectures on Shakespeare would be bad. She would then read Shakespeare to find what the lecturer found. He himself can still make nothing of Shakespeare. And now Gretchen will. Well, maybe. I wonder how he talks about Shakespeare.

Dec. 22

On Monday evening Buck, Rollins, Paul were here. Paul gets started slowly but once involved does very well. Speaking of space, as we were, (Warnoc's paper rehearsed) Paul said he did not understand "dimension." What are the dimensions of an irregularly shaped volley-ball?

Later we got around to his objection to the use of the word "puzzling" or "puzzle" in philosophy. It was the fashion at Cambridge. There are problems, questions. How does another word help? His point seems to be, I think, that philosophy has not changed much. Even Bradley's definition – "proving what we believe" is not much different from Moore's: analyzing common sense. Clarification is all right. Paul is being cautious. He changed his mind thrice.

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January 11

Yesterday afternoon I went to see W. to carry him the bottle of Christmas port, and a jar of apple-sauce. Miss Anscombe had called the day before to tell us that he was sick. He has quite severe pains that begin in the morning and cease about 4 in the afternoon. He was in bed and looked amazingly sweet and mild. He invited me to sit down and stay and when I thought I should leave urged me to stay longer. The doctor either does not know or will not say what ails him.

Speaking of Smythies he said that he stands out as in a field of grain, not the common sort. What a figure! And how like W. himself.

He did ask me about events in Korea. And how old was MacArthur.

This afternoon Miss Anscombe came to tea. We talked chiefly about some discussion she might have with Hampshire. The subject: Immortality. Hampshire had said: In respect to survival after death, how should we recognize a case? This was awfully stupid. She reacts with too much venom, as tho she blames people for their views or for their stupidity. She considers their atheism willful. She mentioned the Christadelphans who hold that the belief in immortality of the soul is a corruption of Christianity by way of the Greeks. She thought this was really congenial to St. Thomas. She understands St. Thomas pretty well. Apparently too Catholics need not believe the official doctrine of the Church.

Speaking of W. she said that during the war he once returned the money Cambridge paid him for lectures: "The lectures were no good, not worth the money." They were, of course, better than any other given.

He is almost fanatical about cleanliness. Even now when he is ill, he gets up for his bath every morning. He's supposed to be quiet. And this is not a perfunctory matter. He scrubs vigorously. And it takes him an hour. At Cambridge he used to heat buckets and buckets of water for his bath in his room.

This evening I saw Chadbourne Gilpatrick [director of the Rockefeller Foundation] in the Mitre. He had been to see W. this afternoon to offer him money. W. was quite agreeable, and apparently agreed to let them know if he should again be in condition to work. When Gilpatrick suggested that money be used to print any papers that he might have – the world needed them badly – W. said: But see, I write one sentence, and then I write another – just the opposite. And which shall stand? Again, he said something about the rot people publish, going on writing after they've stopped thinking. They don't know when to quit. Russell!

He (Gilpatrick) reported about the Toronto meetings. Ryle had been taken down by Sibler a former student of his. Frankena had read a good paper. And Quine had been disappointing. Norman came off pretty well.

Gilpatrick also talked about the Oxford patter. He'd been here in 1939 – Linsay, Morris, Pritchard, Collingwood – among the fuzzy serious people. He is himself interested in ethics – philosophy to save the world. And, apparently, he decides about Rockefeller grants in philosophy. Kadish has just received one for study on "Decision." He has great admiration for Norman – so earnest.

On Saturday I saw W. He was in pain, and had been since morning. He was obviously quite despondent. At one point he said: "I'd not mind now if …" and then turned to me and said he wouldn't finish the sentence. He said he would write to his doctor in Cambridge about seeing a specialist. But he would not go to an English hospital. He would rather die here in his own room. Today he should have a letter from Cambridge.

Nevertheless he talked and wanted me to stay. He told me again about his doctor in Ithica. It did not occur to him that he had told me about that he had told me about that twice before. Then he told me about his visit to New York in 1939. The people were awful. Only one person he liked, an Italian boy in Central Park who shined his shoes twice. The boy hoped someday to shine shoes in a better location. He was genuine. W. paid him double for his shine.

He stayed in a large hotel on Lexington Ave. off from – opposite – Rockefeller Center on Fifth Ave. He couldn't sleep for noise, even on the 27th story.

On the last day, just before he left, he took a taxi to see a doctor in New Jersey. Going thro the tunnel the taxi-driver shut off the fare-meter. It stood at $4.00 and W. saw it. The taxi-driver stopped just beyond the tunnel and told W. the fare was $7.00. W. got out, undecided. Then he went up to a policeman standing by and told him what happened. Should I pay? The policeman went up, seized the driver by the neck, wrenched him out of the cab, and said to W. "Pay him $4.50." He was glad to get on the boat – Holland America Line – away from America.

Speaking of Smythies he said that Smythies stood out like something tall and straight in a field of grain. All the rest looks the same. Later he managed to sit on the edge of the bed and felt some better.

On Sunday G. [Gertrude] and I went to see him. She brought four eggs. He was not in such pain, but I think he was weaker. He grew tired as he tried to pay us some attention. He talked about thunderstorms. One of his sisters was very fond of them, and they were terrific in the Alps where his father had a summer home. The sister used to live their summers to enjoy the storms. Another was frightened of them and used to hide. She was cured once over when she and a friend were walking thro a forest in the mountains, and were overtaken by a storm. After that she did not mind.

Yesterday Miss Anscombe said that he was growing weaker. No wonder. On Sunday he said he was not going to eat any more porridge. He eats almost nothing at all. No one says a word about cancer.

On Saturday in the very attitude of turning to avoid pain he asked: Had I ever heard of Coueism. I had. "Every day in every way I am feeling better and better." He remembered the sentence. I said I thought It might help if you could believe it. He said : Yes, since fear is a part of one's ailment, saying this might help to allay fear. His mind was still clear and running as could be.

He said Gilpatrick had been to see him. At first he began talking about language and philosophy – the patter. W. cut that off short. And then he talked sense. W. told him that if, as was unlikely, he would be able to write again; he would write to him. But W. told me that he did not think that he would ever have a discussion with me again. He had hoped that he and Smythies and I might have a discussion together sometime.

On Sunday, he also talked about his down-comforter.

Last evening Miss Anscombe and Smythies talked before our fire. The description of psychical states. Too difficult. St. Augustine on his conversion – that was successful. On the fear during an air-raid. How begin? Relevance to some purpose. Distinction between motive and object – result to be achieved. St. Augustine had an idea of what he wanted to achieve. All speaking – all doing – aims at some result. But Miss Anscombe has nearly as much difficulty as I do. W. said that Plato knew nothing of groping. Everything was either this or that. Well, Smythies strikes me as one who makes sure that he is always groping. Whenever he tries to describe a psychical state, he runs into mush.

I've just read the chapter in St. Augustine to which I think Smythies referred. Book VII. Chap X. Reading this suggests to me that Smythies is working out some conception of the sinful man – deceitful and full of guile. It is also a working out of the scriptural idea of darkness. The contrasts are, I hazard, showing up in these extremes, between the *Notes from the Underground* and what might be described as Notes from a Higher-Ground. Light and clarity and new-born innocence of the saint on the one hand and the futile efforts of the Underground writer to describe himself. Smythies has taken this writer as a key to the understanding of poor unredeemed man – human nature. This is what makes Smythies seem so deep. A saint may understand himself. An ordinary human being never. Bearing these things in mind perhaps I can see what he is doing. But if this conjecture is right, then it is clear that he does not work in the open. He does not say that this is what he is doing.

March 6

One thing I have come to see clearly since last night is a lesson that W. teaches. The use of language varies and we are constantly prone to treat every use in one way. We discussed some such sentence as: I enjoyed my holiday in France more than my holiday in Brighton. Hart was asking: How does he know this? Is there memory, recollection, an inventory, a deliberate comparison, an estimate? Wouldn't W. say: You must not try to understand the use of this sentence in terms of some similar sentences? There were holidays in Brighton – and holidays in France – and there was this noise. And that is all. – There no evidence. A man looks at a green light and says: "Green." How did he know it was green? There is no how about it. He just said "green." We are always tempted to inspect something that goes along with the sentence in order to justify it. We look for the fact. When to require justification; when not. When a man says something like that, and then to ask: How do you know? is to lapse into philosophy – which means that one is no longer talking English. One may simply remark of course, that this is an odd use. But this is precisely to see that no justification is required.

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Doing philosophy – muddling – might be compared to finding one's in a very dark building – trying doors, seeking out chinks of light, climbing to windows, looking, looking for a sky-light, trying old keys, shouting – hoping for response.

Undated
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There was a learned discussion here about the meaning of Greek expressions. Rhees is in dark earnest. What they say about W's people is true. They become so intense that there is no fun left in it. Miss A. has some fun, but even there there is some grim overcast. But why should Rhees waste his time trying to figure out what Parmenides meant just so?
. . .

W.: "The kindest words ever spoken to me at Trinity: 'There's a pear under that cream.'"
"I have had a very happy life."
"I am a bloody man."

Professor Moore said that in W's last visit to him he had said that there is no reason for believing that if there were no minds there would be nothing else either. Nor, I suppose, for believing there would not be.

June 2
"Everything in Oxford these days is Quinine."

Yesterday I finished my lectures. [The John Locke Lectures]

One thing I have seen. The interest in definition goes along with a certain conception of how words do their business. And this interest dominates Oxford philosophizing. I should not have seen this certainly unless W. had emphasized this, and made such a point of it. Now it seems fairly obvious. And this is what has thro-out made so many of these classes barren. It involves the idea that you do not understand anything unless you have a definition. So, striving for understanding, they strive for definition. Ill-conceived; all wrong. Instead of finding light in the multiplication of illustration in variety! What a loosening of the intellect! The other is stultification, desiccation. But what a revolution, what a turning of philosophers up-side down.

It was by way of our visit to London – Wednesday and Thursday – that I thought I saw what W. had in mind when he wrote: "Philosophers constantly see the method of science before their eyes, and are irresistibly tempted to ask and answer questions in the way science does." I am not so sure now that I see. But what I had in mind was the way in which some of the people at University College insisted upon a distinction between how you learn to use a word, how you use it, and the meaning. So when it comes to the word "Dalmation," and after I had suggested that he go to the dog show, and see for himself, and ask the dog fanciers and judges any questions he liked, he still seemed to think that he would not know what a Dalmation was. His question was not answered. I asked: What do you want? Do you want to take the dogs apart? I think it is a little like this. It's as tho they supposed that if they took each Dalmation apart they would find a tiny golden replica of the Dalmation, the image of the originals in Paradise. They also know, of

course, that they will not find it there. And so they keep on looking, distraught, wild-eyed, frustrated.

Perhaps, this isn't what W. had in mind concerning the method of science. I think now, that the method of science in philosophy, is more clearly exemplified in the workings of models, and in something like the account which I gave of the way in which the sense-datum plays its part in illusion and hallucination. This is explanation.

June 8

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This just occurred to me. W. says something like this. Philosophy is treated as tho it were another science – baffling, of course. It runs like this: Words are used to refer to something common. We do not find it, of course, tho we often think that we do. The philosopher is one who looks and espies the invisible. Of course, people like Bergman and Tom, also have a similar […] They do not so much look for a common, as propose to see to it that there shall be one. Perhaps they agree with W's account of ordinary language. But they are going to remedy all this. We'll have a new language. We'll make the words stick to what each word is intended to mean. It is still bound up with the idea of immutables, eternals – a colorful Platonism.

June 11

Smythies and his wife had dinner with us on Saturday evening. Afterwards he talked about his paper – the one he read before the Aquinas Society. That was a paper on another one by a priest: Victor Wise. He goes about trying to understand that in the same way in which he went about trying to understand "The Notes" – as it were getting behind the words, trying to see how they serve the person who either writes or utters them. "I am a humble person," "I am a spiteful person," "War is very real to me." – His view is that the priest in this instance writes not at all in order to help people to come to a decision, but rather in order to keep them from making any. Not, of course, that he quite deliberately sets out to do this, but that looking what he does in this way, sets everything in order. Just as in the case of the writer of the *Notes*, tho he never says: Now I will give myself a character – having none, yet one can see that this is just what he is doing, so in the case of Victor Wise, tho he never says: Now in the matter of going to war I will keep men from making a decision – I will go or I will … [page is lost. The Bouwsmas travel in the summer and return to Nebraska in fall]