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Social Ethics?

CHARLES LEMERT

Everyone talks about ethics, or values, without knowing exactly what to say. Everyone, that is, among the classes and conditions of men and women who, today, in many places, are forced into the position of having to adjust to social changes undercutting what they, or theirs, once took entirely for granted as the good and true.

As the political seasons pass, one after another, here and there, the pitch of the normative shrill rises and falls in some peculiarly inverse ratio to the confused silence from which they are expelled. There are several superficially attractive reasons to suppose that ethics today is, or (more exactly) are, in a state of animated confusion because the classic philosophical sources of ethical judgement are, for the most part, suspect in the more cosmopolitan meeting places. Whether one approves of it or not, this is as real a virtual fact as there can be in such an age of uncertain equivocation.

Just the same, many attempt to revive, revise, or transpose the idea of Being, or its cognates, as a resource for ethical judgement. The more popular of these rely on local audiences for whatever illusion of self-evidence they are able to muster. Not long ago, I walked out, mid-sermon, from a community-wide religious service when a local, but visiting, preacher started in on the subject of "the sin of homosexuality." This line must have played well among the evangelical congregants at his Rock Church, as it is called. But, the startled faces of those I passed revealed no clue as to the why of my departure. Nor could I have explained it to them without putting on even more self-righteousness. His and his own have one view of the right and the good; I, another. There is little common ground between and none that can be plowed by reason alone.

Yet, Richard Rorty has seriously understated the case by proposing that, in the absence of foundations, everything philosophical has become literary criticism. Even in the hands of those devoted, as he is, to the salvation of liberal ideals, philosophy's withdrawal from the discussion of universals into the textual criticism of grand narratives has all the appearance of an unacceptable radicalism. It is in fact a cautious move in the face of the facts. Rorty has got his departments wrong. It is sociology, not literature, to which ethical, and other formerly well-

founded, philosophical reflections must repair. Inquiries into the good, or the right, cannot escape the fact that the final logic today is social, not textual, and certainly not axial. Those who wish to go beyond bombasts like those of the preacher and of his righteous protester have very little choice but to consider ethical judgement sociologically.

Social ethics is not an option, it is the only option when by ethical judgment one means to refer to decisions, whether individual or collective, affecting real (as opposed to ideal) common goods. Or, come at from the other angle: The world today is postcolonial. In the absence of a well-organized colonial system, the cultural accords by which the very idea of foundational goods, and truths, advanced the forward progress of modernity are left to defend themselves. Without the effective enforcement of, say, the entrepreneurs of the Dutch East India Company in the 17th century, the British administrators in the 19th, or the American pilots in the 20th, the prospect of One World falters before the different tastes of customers and other subjects who are more likely to take their ethical leads from the sources they relied upon before the rise of the West: from the faiths of their mothers and fathers.

Colonizing continues, but no single colonizing power or axis has been able to impose its cultural authority upon the globe since the early months of 1947. It was then that Winston Churchill's speech in Missouri and Geroge Kennan's famous long telegram brought the painfully short American Century to the dawning truth that world powers might ever thereafter be opposed by some or another rival, great or small. The distractions of the Cold War opened the way for the decolonizing struggles in Africa, Asia, the Middle East, and the Caribbean. Within just more than a decade the political map was altered. Castro's sudden turn to Moscow after the 1959 revolution is as good as any historical figure of those times. Unable to give up the principle of colonial control in the Caribbean, the United States, worried about the Soviets, was as a result unable to relax its muscle-bound grip on Cuban wealth. Greedy to satisfy the interests of the fruit companies, the Americans lost what they could have kept by delivering Castro to the Soviets, which loss opened a political sore on its own body politic. Still today, the votes of the anti-Castro Cuban exiles are the most costly of all votes in the Latino bloc, which, in turn, is increasingly the swing vote in American politics. In the recent elections, President Clinton benefitted from a roughly 12% shift in Latino votes from the Republican party which had, stupidly, based its campaign, in part, on the furtive Cold War doctrine of opposition to foreign immigrants. The price Clinton paid for the Cuban vote in Florida was, of course, a continuation of the same Cold War policy he had jettisoned the year before in respect to Cuba's neighbor, Haiti. To speak today of the death of colonial regimes is to speak of the particulate debris in daily life and politics throughout the Euro-American sphere of influence.

It is not that everything in this world is local. This is hardly the case in a world of global communications. Rather, the condition is one in which the local intrudes upon the global because all talk, including lofty talk of the good and

the true, is sooner or later digitalized. Hence the irony: Information is reduced entropically to suit the most rapid and efficient of conveyances. As a result, anyone, anywhere, who has access to the net of telecommunications is seldom ever again the one who listens in the market place to fine proclamations of the true and the good. She is, in fact or potential, a broadcaster of the goods she desires and the truths she holds for the time of her access to the bit-filled channels. The discursive global village has destroyed village discourse which had been, since the Greeks, the primary resource and topic of philosophy. Its disappearance (or retreat, if you prefer) cannot be explained by any axial or, even, textual logic. Only a social logic will do.

It is not that the women in Bangladesh who are using personal computers and the Net to develop local craft trade are, themselves, transforming the truth of wordly things. What they, and others like them, are doing with their local access to wordly readers is good, but these are goods unlikely to support the land and ethos of a local community. What is done, even when the rural poor seize the network for their own purposes, is seldom truly local. When the loop from neighbor to neighbor passes by satellite, the content of the formed relation is sanitized of all its moral nutrients. Most of what is broadcast around the world is virtual nonsense, better left unsaid. But the very broadcasting of it, whether sense or nonsense, changes the order of social things. If the local is in some new, if poorly understood, relation to the global, then perforce the subject is in a changed relation to the field of objects, then too the good or evil in a particular action within that field would likely have an indeterminate, but interesting, effect upon it.

If these things are so, even if they are no more than possible, then everything in social thought and behavior is subject to still newer rules of sociological method. The prospect that the local is disappearing into a false global raises the question of whether Being is finally about to concede the vast cultural territory it has held for so long, by hook or by crook. Without its putative local subject, the first task of philosophy is to work through the categories of thought and judgment to which tradition has accustomed us—and to work them through in the thoroughly clinical sense of allowing everything that can be said to be said. This, I take it, must mean that the categories themselves must be reduced not merely to the formal terms of a language or textual analysis, but to the condition of their social possibility.

This reduction has only partly begun. It is, I trust, what Rorty and others on his agitated left, like Lyotard, are attempting; and what Charles Taylor and others of his reconstructive temperament (like Habermas) are, differences notwithstanding, attempting to get around. But it is one thing to demonstrate the end of philosophy as the mirror of nature and other grand narratives, but quite another to show the way into the near future of actually effective modes of thinking the good or doing the right. Rorty, at least, and probably Lyotard

as well, are in the right when they identify the problem as one lying at the ulterior limits of what, in the West, we have always called philosophy. Just as Habermas, and Taylor to a lesser degree, are in another corner of the right of the times when they seek to refashion the literary traditions of modernity (including the past it invented) into gentler, if just as powerful, universals of presumptively greater critical range. But, quite apart from the failure of these two grand moves of accessible philosophy, neither has dared to entertain the abrasive sociological fact of the times: In an age in which each and everyone is the broadcaster of her own local truths, it is hard to say what the love of wisdom might mean, or how the disciplined analysis of the true or the good, done in the spirit of that love, can produce anything final for any good sized crowd, to say nothing of humankind itself.

The foundations of the true and the good were (if past is the proper tense) more social than anyone supposed—more even than the most ambitious of social philosophers might have supposed. Hobbes and Nietzsche, possibly Rousseau as well, were evidently more on the right track than even many of the modernist revisionist or postmodernist skeptics. They at least attempted to derive principles of the common good from the sociological facts of modern societies. Yet, none of them, with the possible partial exception of Nietzsche, was in a position to resist once persuasive demands for philosophy as a general will longing after the truth. Nietzsche was, at least, at his most annoying best when he referred both the good and the true to the struggle for the very power that Rousseau denied in order to derive the social contract and Hobbes affirmed in order to explain it. It is possible that the Hobbesian solution would still be persuasive today were there evidence for reasonable hope (to say nothing of a prospect) that any real to life social universal might resolve the differences upon which modern, or postmodern, societies are based.

The will to truth as a source for the good is always an attempt to avert the collective eye from social differences which, as Hobbes well understood, require the ministry of superior power to manage the prevailing social contract. The grand narrative myth of modernity was, as everyone now knows, the ideal of a good commonwealth in which the competitions for the several scarce goods necessary to daily life could be forgotten either by a civic minded willingness to tolerate inequalities (in Rousseau's case) or by a fear of the terrible moral consequences to equivocal toleration (in Hobbes's). Hence, with rare exception, when modern people enter the Oakeshottian conversation, they do so well aware of their differences from others—a difference which is always, and necessarily, borne of the desire to feed and sleep warmly, with as much additive comfort and prestige as possible. They deny, or have been taught to deny, these competitive differences out of the expectation that joining with others will improve their marginal competitive positions. The tyrannies of tolerance in the traditions inspired by Rousseau and Hobbes have amounted, in the end, to the same frustrated consequences.

In several historical short runs, most notably in the last half-century, within the European sphere of influence, the hope of progress appeared to be a reasonable one. The prevailing arguments in the Euro-American conversation since World War II, have been over the preferred system during the Cold War, or over the technical capacity of Euro-American welfare states to meet the needs of the hungry and strife-worn intra- and extramural others. Many of those in power during this time seemed to have believed, more or less sincerely, that the fight for good could be won. Only when, in the latter half of this half-century, the collapse of the world-colonial system converged on a new, different, and global (as opposed to universal) political vocabulary did any serious doubt enter in—usually in the form of a series of ethnic, sexual, and racial confrontations which have disrupted the conversation altogether. Had the conversation taken as its topic the incommensurable variety of social and economic conditions that underlay the differences of men and women world-wide, then it might well be worth saving. It seldom has. If it ever will, or can, it cannot, and should not, be saved by artificial appeals to civility as the *sine qua non* of public discussion—at least not when civility is so often and predictably turned on its ear to castigate those whose only sin is, more often than not, that of saying in public what others say in private about social differences. Every now and then someone sneaks a tape recording out of the board rooms and we learn just how uncivil the righteous are.

It was in large part Nietzsche's very incivility, and not his madness, that rules him out of most sociologies of the modern era and, in notable instances, ruled him in as the *bête noire* of public morality in the West. I had forgotten until I recently reread parts of *The Genealogy of Morals* that Nietzsche began this, the first frank (as opposed to idealized) sociological study of European morals, with an almost Durkheimian attack on the English psychologists, by which he meant Hobbes and Locke, but ended, in "Peoples and Countries, with an assault on European civic virtue, which he linked to its colonizing program:

1. The Europeans now imagine themselves as representing in the main, the highest types of men on earth.
2. A characteristic of Europeans: inconsistency between word and deed; the Oriental is true to himself in daily life. How the European has established colonies is explained by his nature, which resembles that of a beast of prey. This inconsistency is explained by the fact that Christianity has abandoned the class from which it sprang.

Though *Genealogy* was published in 1887, near the end of the last century, it would be hard to imagine a more succinct pronouncement of the exact and sufficient terms for a sociology of the fading prospects of European ethics at the end of the present century. Nietzsche thus set the standard for sociological

incivility by declaring, in so many words, the truth of Euro-American ethical ambitions.

It is likely to be true, if arguable, that ethical discourse will always fail the test of moral behavior (that is, words will always be out of kilter with deeds) whenever a social group, of whatever scale, denies the truth of its class origins by asserting its claim to be the highest type on earth by references to achievements torn from the flesh of its colonized prey. We live in a time when the prey, deploying the technologies of the colonizers, bite back—not lethally, to be sure; but, at least, stingingly. The idea that the good is that which is willed by the powerful is as old as the Greeks. But where, according to Plato, Socrates did Thrasymachus in was by demonstrating the insufficient truth of his logic. The true, the good, and the powerful have, ever since, played a kind of shell game with each other—a game which we Europeans perfected by transposing Being, itself, from its classic status as the condition of cosmic purpose into a mere historical universal.

The arrogance of this move was vastly more grave than the venial sin of self-aggrandizement. The mortal sin was in our supposing that public representations of our local culture as the highest could be uttered with impunity, as if no one knew better. The five-century long drift of Being toward History slid across a series of dishonest ethical and intellectual excuses. Though the Hobbesian solution was, at least, honest with respect to the corrupting effect of power on the search for the good, it was less than forthright in its claim that knowledge of the ensuing chaos led by so simple and direct a path to the well-ordered society. Even, and especially, in his day during the English civil war, the idea of social peace was more a wish than a near-term prospect. On the eve of the French revolution, Rousseau, on the other hand, directly objected, in *The Discourse on the Origins of Inequality*, to Hobbes's fantasy that power is the original evil that restricts social good to the intellectual artifice of the social contract. Rousseau's objection to Hobbes's classically English psychology of social greed, was no less implausible. Man's social instinct, he thought, was the sign of his goodness, hence of the prospect that under the right conditions power might be the true way around inequality. The famous opening line of *The Social Contract* thus contains the ideal of social progress. "Man is born free, and yet we see him everywhere in chains." It is in knowledge of our allegedly more true original state that we are to understand the difference between good and bad power. Hence and therefrom, among other resources: the modernist faith in the social progress which suffered only two, mutually entailed, defects.

Progress in history toward overcoming inequalities—that is: social differences—comes at the sneakily terrible cost of believing that the good is truly self-evident. For Rousseau and others similarly confused by the Christian doctrine of the fall, this excess of faith in the common good slips all too suddenly on the most delicate, but significant, of surds. It cannot be known that any particular social good is unstipulated *unless* some version of the classic dream of Being is held in

abeyant readiness. This, of course, is precisely the utility that History has served, more or less to the satisfaction of the mighty, for the last half-millennium or so. Such an ethically inspired doctrine of History suffers the two not less significant nor delicate entailments.

First, for the good to be true *and* the true good, power must be relegated to the qualified status of that which the good do, and do with impunity provided by their power, which circuitously certifies the truth of their goodness. Hence, Nietzsche's devastatingly accurate aphorism about European ethical self-aggrandizement. The second entailment follows from the first owing to the one ineluctable disadvantage of History relative to Being. Classical metaphysics was not required to prove its point. Its validity, when not deferred to the after-world of the gods, was contained in its own first principles which were, in the final analysis, axiological, as I said earlier. History, unfortunately, having confounded the grounds necessary to the derivation of first principles of this kind, must ultimately refer to itself for proof of its truths and for justification of those who represent its goods. It is ultimately impossible for an historicized culture, like the modern Euro-american one, to defer payment on its accounts, as metaphysics does when it credits them back into the villages of social origination or, more characteristically, outward onto the cosmos of other worlds. If one must defer on accounts, Being is a more generous broker than History, because History always catches up with itself as it has in the last several decades.

When the good is derived from the presumptive best—that is: from those who have explored what they take to be the farthest edge of History—then ultimately there is no way out of an impossible conundrum: *Either* the historical good delivers on its progressive promise to eliminate, or reduce, the social differences arising from inequalities of power; *or*, it must concede that the most powerful are not good because, being unable to deliver the goods, they are not even the best. When the latter happens, History, as the modern West has come to think of it, collapses before scarcity and one is right back where Hobbes began—at, also, the same point of origin that leaves Rousseau's first principle no less beside itself. Whether humans are naturally evil or good is a question they both derived from a classical philosophical culture in which Being was, at worst, doubted or, more commonly, merely respected, but certainly not avowed. Without Being, History must pay the piper. Its promise that inequality will be overcome in the temporal future when those who are well behaved are admitted to the this-worldly kingdom of the good must eventually come to pass, at least to a statistically significant extent. When, as today, the difference between the good and the poor, measured in real social and economic terms, is greater, not lesser (as it had been promised), then this line of social logic fails for all except the privileged, whose day is yet to come. The poor cannot be the evil opposite to the good in a world in which there is no evidence to assure that, at the very least, History is moving toward a reduction of power's terrible differentiating effects. And, by consequence, if the poor and the hungry are not either purveyors

or victims of the bad (of social evil) then the status of the good as the righteous colonizers of the globe disappears.

This, I think, is the condition of social ethics today. Those who wish to speak of ethics must speak sociologically. Yet, if they are honest sociological brokers, they must describe the factual truth of world disorder—that the Malthusian end-state is nearer at hand than at any time in the last half-millennium. It is not just that the ratio of hungry bodies to fungible resources is unacceptably high (which it is), but that normative social policies have largely given up on attempts to redress inequalities. Malthus, the Anglican priest, writing just under a century before Nietzsche's *Genealogy*, was ever the moralist and only tepidly the sociologist. He worried, in the years after the 18th century revolutions, about whether the course of human progress would, to use Rostow's famous expression, take-off toward growth; or whether, as he said in the first book of *The Essay on the Principle of Population*, humankind will "be condemned to a perpetual oscillation between happiness and misery, and after every effort remain still at an immeasurable distance from the wished-for goal." The alternative to progress was the end of history in the literal, as opposed to figurative Hegelian, turn of the word. At no other time since the late 18th century, even in the worst moments of the second quarter of the 20th century, has social death been as real a prospect for the many as Malthus had feared.

The dilemma for social ethics is the one Kant fell upon in spite of himself. Having done away with the ontological promises of pure reason, Kant had no choice but to locate the derivably true in the categories of practical reason. Yet, being a thoroughly modern, if reclusive, man, he could not help but desire the universal. As consequences of the destruction of any formal way to prove the true or the good with reference to Being, practical reason could find the object of its desire only in the categorical imperative. With all of his talk of synthetic *a posteriori* categories of understanding, one might have hoped that the categorical resource for moral reasoning might have been more, shall we say, historical, if not sociological. Instead, it is quasi-transcendental—appealing superficially to the functional requirements of good social intercourse, while insisting on a universal ideal of the good. "Two things fill the mind with ever new and increasing admiration and awe . . . the starry heavens above and the moral law within me." Having destroyed reasonable access to the heavens, Kant allowed the metaphoric value of nature, the sublime, to locate the source of practical human good in the moral law within.

The dilemma Kant came upon, against his best intentions, is probably beyond resolution. Yet, the poignancy with which he came upon it may explain why Kant was the reference point for the most successful, if controversial, recent attempt to revive Nietzsche's sociology of ethics. Foucault, thus, concluded his first important social history of modern knowledge, *Les mots et les choses* (1966), by returning to Kant's *What is Enlightenment?* In so doing, Foucault meant, not just to question what Kant left unexamined (the presumption of Man as the

centre of History), but to unravel that which, even Kant, left in a state of confusion. His famously doubled concept, power/knowledge, can only be understood with reference to the will to truth as the will to power which was, in effect, the point of Nietzsche's ethics. Only when so-called modern knowledge is understood as the power grab it is can there be an ethical interpretation of the modern.

To be honest about the subtle equation of the good with the best is to be uncivil as Nietzsche had been. It is to insist upon interrupting the game by picking up all three shells at once thence to demonstrate that there never was a bean to begin with. The constant shuffling of the good and the true in order to avoid covering the bet made against power is the mode of operation for modernist social ethics. Nietzsche, though he could never be asked to leave, has been shunned for his bad manners—for having done what Foucault did, a century later, to a lesser scorn (encouraged no doubt by the collapse of the colonial system which, in 1966, was near unto its penultimate despair).

Just as Malthus wrote against the rising tide of the early modern political hope Kant encouraged, Nietzsche wrote, a century after, against the waves of industrial growth. Yet, roughly two centuries after Kant, and one after Nietzsche, the tides had turned, ebbing from the hope of progress, laying fresh the nasty smell of the coastal swamp. Neither the democratic nor the industrial revolutions of the long 19th century has eventuated in improvement in the general state of common wealth, or good. There is, to be sure, more tinsel on the tree, but the tree bears fruit only for those wealthy enough to pay the high cost of its watering. Early in 1996 there was but 48 days of grain reserve world-wide. One more monster flood in Iowa or draconian drought in Kansas and that margin will disappear, leaving the wealthy to grab the biogenetically fabricated nutrients at high price and the rest to die. Moscow's empty shelves are but a few weeks off.

Malthus, being a moralist, feared the sociological prospect he could not understand. Kant, being a lover of truth, a true philosopher, dreamt of what he made impossible to think—of the sublime inner good that would save the future. They, thus, each, at about the same moment in the rise of the modern ethical ideal, revised, respectively, a quasi-sociological version of the Hobbesian solution and a quasi-psychological variant of the Rousseau's sociology. All of them sought, one way or another, to hide the truth of power behind the good of historical truth. All Nietzsche did was to tell the truth that was plain to see—that History is closer in kind to social differences than to the ideal of Being it sought to revise. Foucault, whatever else he did, repeated Nietzsche's uncivil warnings in a later time when they could well be heeded by those who understand the meaning of the epidemic of scarcities world-wide.

In 1798 Malthus obviously still believed that progress was possible and that humans could be saved from misery. A little more than a half-century after, in 1869, Darwin lent to modern social ethics its most appealing figure of speech.

None other, since or before, has so painstakingly cultivated the modern ethical ideal that the good are, by natural fact, the best by virtue of their having escaped the grip of death in the wilderness. For Hobbes the wild necessitated the decision to make good contracts. For Rousseau and Kant, it was the sublime confirmation of the ultimate good in all people. But, for Darwin the wilderness was demystified. At the borders of civilization lay the wilderness in which everywhere there is death. Malthus described this relation in classically moral terms. Death was the result of failure to make progress. But, Darwin, obedient to diplomatic requirements of the upper-class Anglican morality he had lived at home and read at Cambridge, took a quarter of a century after the voyage of the *Beagle* to announce his ideas. But he announced them then not because the time was right but because he felt he had marshalled the rude facts in the matter of human evolution. Readers of the Darwinian jungle metaphor may, as many do, pervert his painful work in order to justify their belief that the good resides with the best, with those who won the good fight on the fields of the best schools and the less prestigious jungles of the mercantile markets. But, in truth, Darwin's basic idea was that nature is anything but open-ended. The natural world from which the human projected its own quasi-ontological difference is a world of scarce adaptive possibilities. Selection operates against scarcity, against death.

The paramount social fact of the present age is the bleak promise of social death for the millions upon millions who have little short run and virtually no long run prospect of out-running the scarcity of essential goods. By every reasonable global measure, the standard of human well-being is declining at break neck speed. Part of the problem is demographic, but only part. Advances in medical, biogenetic, and other technologies hold out at least the possibility that population growth might be controlled and the production of food and shelter can be nurtured back to a life sustaining ratio. Today's diverging curves, which are many and complicated, could in theory be reversed. The problem, as I said, is not with the technologies, but with the ethical judgments.

Social ethics, today, must be an ethics that accounts for social death. Whenever power and differences are hidden behind the good and the true, nothing is good, and death is the final truth. The last systematic, modernist ethical work was Paul Tillich's *The Courage To Be* in which he set the ideal of being on its head. Ethical courage, he said, is the courage to be, but being, he continued, is anxiety "experienced as one's own finitude." Death, including social death, is that one occurrence in a person's here and now during which the solitary individual experiences the only purely Durkheimian social fact: that the social is born upon the finitude of the isolated individual. Conversely, as Durkheim also taught in *Elementary Forms of the Religious Life*, the social, though deadly, is the only prospect whereby the true or the good can possibly tame the powerful.

If socially true ethics is the courage to be against death, against power's final word, then thinking and doing the good are one and the same. If we Europeans are ever to contradict the rude things Nietzsche said of us, we must join word

and deed, thought and behavior, by embracing the truth of social power, and this will require, not just new ways of thinking, but an entirely different take on the categories of understanding and virtue. If, for one brief, concluding example, Durkheim's rejoinder to Kant is correct, then the categories of the true and the good are to be found, not synthetically in the *a posteriori* of metaphysics, but courageously in the finitude of the social. In such an eventuality, ethical judgment would become what it must be—an inescapably sociological work unwilling to tolerate crypto-historicist moves that disguise the good as the best in search of the truth.

Social ethics must begin with power, and thus with social differences and inequalities—in relation to which there is no original true or good. It must begin with those like the women in Bangladesh who at least must understand that they are not the subjects responsible for the death at hand in their communities. In their reaching out to the satellites among Kant's sublime stars, they interpose the local on the global, to say nothing of the cosmic. All classical ethics, not excluding their modern transpositions, indulged the pretence of a final difference between the small and the large in order to mask the prior fact that social differences, being the intimations of social death, are at one and the same time both small and large.

In local places, where people encounter each other after hours, what they talk about after the sports scores is, more often than not, who died, when, and why? Those who are missing from the pubs and pews are sometimes those who walk out for the sake of some righteous principle. But, more often than not, they are those who died for want of shelter, proper medical care, nourishing food, and other of the necessities of social survival. Even those whose deaths are, so to speak, merely social—the un- and underemployed, the stigmatized and incarcerated, the starving and despised—are for all intents and purposes dead in fact in a world in which hope of progress is so considerably qualified and there is so little common will to do good for the social whole.

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