

- 5 Cf Iris Murdoch, *The Sovereignty of Good*, p 80 ff especially. The *Grundlegung* is Kant's *Groundwork of the Metaphysic of Morals* of 1785.
- 6 Iris Murdoch's paper "Vision and Choice in Morality" is to be found in the supplementary volume for 1956 of the Proceedings of the Aristotelian Society.
- 7 A landmark in this connection is the paper "Modern Moral Philosophy" by G.E.M. Anscombe in *Philosophy*, January 1958; but see also the beautiful paper "Virtue and Reason" by John McDowell in *The Monist*, July 1979.
- 8 One might hope that Michael Dummett's formulation could be extended beyond its original setting in a review of a book on the philosophy of mathematics, so that we could speak of "objects springing into being in response to our probing. We do not *make* the objects but must accept them as we find them ... but they were not already there for our statements to be true or false before we carried out the investigations which brought them into being", *Truth and Other Enigmas*, p 185.

Reviewing and Realising

Anne Primavesi

I was in Dublin a month ago when the city was galvanised by an exhibition of tableaux by Edward Kienholz. I use the verb deliberately. The tableaux were shocking, composed as they were in three-dimensional assemblages to present a particular concept, and that concept worked out to the smallest detail. One of the most shocking was 'The State Hospital', and the following extract from Kienholz's blueprint of the work gives some idea of the nightmarish experience undergone by the viewer, who has to peer in through a small grille:

"This is a tableau about an old man who is a patient in a State Mental Hospital. He is in an arm restraint on a bed in a bare room. (This piece will have to include an actual room consisting of walls, ceiling, barred door, etc.) There will be only a bed pan and a hospital table (just out of reach). The man is naked. He hurts. He has been beaten on the stomach with a bar of soap wrapped in a towel (to hide tell-tale bruises). His head is a lighted fish bowl with water that contains two live black fish. He lies very still on his side. There is no sound in the room.

Above the old man in the bed is his exact duplicate, including the bed (beds will be stacked like bunks). The upper figure will also have the fish bowl head, two black fish, etc. But, additionally, it will be encased in some kind of plastic bubble (perhaps similar to a cartoon balloon), representing the man's thoughts.

His mind can't think for him past the present moment. He is committed there for the rest of his life."¹

The role of the man on top of the Clapham omnibus was taken by the gallery attendant. In a radio interview, he said it was the most terrible week he had ever spent in his life. "It's like being in Purgatory", he said. I found it nearer Hell. The same day, I went to the Chester Beatty Library where art and manuscripts ranging from Papyrus 46 to Dürer's engravings, from glorious French leather bindings to Buddhist sutras written in gold and silver ink on bark scrolls gave as different an experience of reality as one could imagine.

While I was still trying to integrate these two experiences into a dichotomous unity(!), *The Tablet* of 17th January and *New Blackfriars* of January arrived together. In *The Tablet* was Jon Sobrino's meditation on the deaths of the four American missionaries in El Salvador, given "in the presence of the bodies of Maura, Ita, Dorothy and Jean". In *New Blackfriars* was the review by Hamish Swanston, *A Theology for a New Humanity* by Juan Luis Segundo S.J. and others (Sobrino?). This series was originally intended for a Latin American audience and is concerned with the unuttered question of a faith-in-crisis: "Why do I believe? In what do I believe?"² Sobrino's address is also an attempt to articulate the problem. It shares with Segundo's books a sense of urgency, of exigency in the face of oppression, repression, death and exploitation. It shares the necessity of finding an image of the Church that "accords with her nature as a sacramental community having a mission of service to mankind."³ Aware of all this, I read the review. Incredulity, dismay and anger succeeded one another as I encountered such terms as "quite ugly phrases"; "frightful operese" (whatever that might mean – it is not in the OED); "worse slang"; and about issues not treated: "that somehow they did not come up in conversation at the holiday weekend seminars of which these volumes are a record." And I read that "Fr Segundo's example . . . of love between husband and wife" is "disappointingly old hat" and "such stuff". I was infuriated by the impertinence of: "it is a splendid vision he (Segundo) affords us. And perhaps it may include, when all he desires is brought to its social End, some hint of music, of art, of human letters, even, perhaps, some more elegant version of these seminar texts".

One might apply the Kienholz technique to concoct a recipe for a *concept tableau*, "theologians at work", thus: four dead bodies; a preacher; a congregation of poor, unlettered, exploited campesinos in a building surrounded by armed trigger-happy troops; a well appointed study on an English University campus; an academic theologian sitting at a desk which holds nothing more threatening than Fowler's English Usage; the New Testament safely bestowed on a shelf marked Biblical Studies; the only sound

coming from a Japanese music centre which alternates Solesmes chant with Mozart.

But even this attempt at catharsis fails in the face of the deeper problem: post-war western man's failure to confront reality. For the cinema, news flash and TV commercial, whilst claiming to present reality at its most vivid and immediate, in fact proffer objects in which the vital dimension of lived experience is lacking. For example, totting up the number killed in war and listing the qualities of Coca Cola are juxtaposed with inanity and without compunction by commercial television so that their reality is hidden from the bemused viewer. This disparity between reality (often horrendous) and the innocuous context of its apprehension underlines the increasingly vicarious nature of modern western man's experience. Dr Dermot Keogh in his book *Romero: El Salvador's Martyr* gives a good example: On the Sunday following the murder of Bishop Romero, he was with the crowd of mourners in the square before the cathedral. When bombing and sniping started in the square, he was among those swept inside the cathedral by the in-rush of panic-stricken people. 'Where are the police and army?' I asked with all the indignation of one who had lived in a democracy all his life. 'Outside, shooting in at us', was the laconic reply from an old man who found it pathetic that anyone should ask such a naive question."

What is most worrying about Hamish Swanston's review, even allowing for its obvious superficiality is the sad fact that it may deter people from buying *Segundo and his fellows*, and then they would miss contact with a theology that is forged anew on the anvil of necessity. Not here do we look for the academic language games that give intellectual satisfaction with as much personal commitment as computer chess. But here we find practical theologians trying to articulate their distress at finding Mother Church enmeshed in, and indeed sometimes nourishing violence, and at the same time asserting their belief and hope in her mysterious mission in the world. But books cost money (except to reviewers). In the fine chapter in Vol. I on *Church-World Interdependence* (which Swanston reduces to such inanities as: "Fr Segundo thinks Jesus is particularly interested in automobiles and babies. He likes small cars. He likes any baby"), the point is well made that economics often shapes, though it may not determine priorities, and that it is part of the Christian mission to reverse the process and make priorities determine economics. Or so I read it.

I still hope for a review of these volumes which will give some idea of their impact on minds and hearts perceptive enough to see beyond their limitations (of which the editors are well aware), to the search for truth and integrity informing them. Alas for blind

guides.

Another small *concept tableau* to leave you with, the components taken from real life in England at the turn of the century.⁴ A well-intentioned middle class philanthropist proposing to his friends the endowment of classes in art and music appreciation for labourers; notice of a local inquest recording the death by starvation of a baby belonging to a labourer earning 12 shillings a week; one labourer to another: 'the trouble with eddicated people is that they're so demmed ignorant'.

- 1 Edward Kienholz, *Tableaux 1961-1979. Douglas Hyde Gallery Exhibition Catalogue*, p 27.
- 2 Vol I p ix
- 3 Vol I p 97
- 4 Cf. *The Simple Life*, by Fiona McCarthy. Lund Humphries, 1981.

An Ethics for Behaviour Modification

Hugo Meynell

To assure ourselves of the benefits of the theory and practice of behaviour modification, and to avoid the dangers, which are obviously immense, we urgently need a comprehensively critical ethical theory, on the basis of which what is good for individuals and for society may be reasonably determined on the evidence, and not depend simply on arbitrary *fiat* or the whim of the majority or any powerful group. Once such a theory is outlined, it will, I am afraid, be found to be incompatible at first sight with the theoretical basis usually taken to underlie the most sophisticated techniques of behaviour modification. However, I shall argue that an appropriately restricted and modified behaviourism will be quite consistent with the required ethical theory.

In reading the literature on this and related topics, one is made most painfully aware of the yawning gap which there is in the place where a rational ethics ought to be. (If anyone is to be blamed for this, it is the moral philosophers rather than the psychologists.) One can hardly wonder at the fear expressed by some mem-