Philosophy at Cambridge

Newsletter of the Faculty of Philosophy

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UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

From the Chair

In the latest admissions round Cambridge received a record number of applications to read Philosophy, against the background of a slight fall nationwide. A comment from the Higher Education Minister that this fall was no bad thing reignited debate on whether and why the study of Philosophy is important. Some contributors to this issue offer thoughts relevant to this question. Perhaps you have views. If so we would be glad to hear from you.

The substantial modifications to the Raised Faculty Building in 2000 brought a welcome improvement in our accommodation, with the new Graduate Centre and Common Room providing the active and friendly centre for social and intellectual life which we had hoped. But we are still short of space. So when changes elsewhere in the University provided an opportunity to extend into neighbouring areas of our building the chance was too good to miss. Over the summer the Casimir Lewy Library is moving to quieter and more spacious premises, while the area vacated will be redeveloped for offices and an undergraduate Common Room.

Another preoccupation of this year has been our Appeal, which as I write has raised £350k, with another £1m in prospect, if matching funds can be found. But money and bricks and mortar are important only insofar as they enable people to do things they find worthwhile. In this context it is worth noting the achievements of some of our current students (reported elsewhere in this Newsletter) and the continuing enthusiasm of (at least some of) our alumni for philosophical reflection.

Jane Heal FBA
Professor of Philosophy
Chair of the Philosophy Faculty Board

Too Beautiful to be True

David Waterman

Much though I had been fascinated by my philosophy studies at Cambridge, by 1975, the year in which I completed my doctorate on free will, I knew that I wanted to devote myself to music, which had a stronger hold over my heart. My precise ambition was to be the cellist of a string quartet and I am very fortunate to be a founder-member of the Endellion Quartet, now at the start of its 28th year and, by happy chance, the Quartet in Residence at Cambridge University.

Playing an instrument is of course radically different from the practice of philosophy. Whereas the latter is an entirely cerebral activity, the instrumentalist needs to call upon every part of his being and fuse these parts into an integrated human utterance. The technical skills required are so refined and exacting that classical musicians characteristically begin their training as infants and never cease to practise and rehearse for hours every day.

The interpretative responses of the performer must be rooted in a strong and appropriate emotional reaction to the spirit behind a musical score and all its details, reinforced by a close analysis of the piece, a historically informed understanding of its meaning, and an empathy with the poetic imagination of the composer. At a certain stage, any dualistic distinction between the technical and interpretative aspects of playing breaks down — a point of integration is reached where the player's movements directly and effortlessly embody his musical intentions — just as a dancer's leap may embody his exhilaration.

As well as each player having to exercise soul, brain and body in an organic unity, almost all musicians have to co-operate as a team. Players have to interact responsively and intelligently. In rehearsal (as in teaching), analytical insight and virtuosity of expression together with tact and toughness are required when offering and receiving criticisms and suggestions in a way which is fruitful and not destructive. Chamber music in particular involves no hierarchies and demands teamwork of the highest order.

Playing an instrument in a group is, therefore, an activity which involves the whole human being to an almost unique degree.

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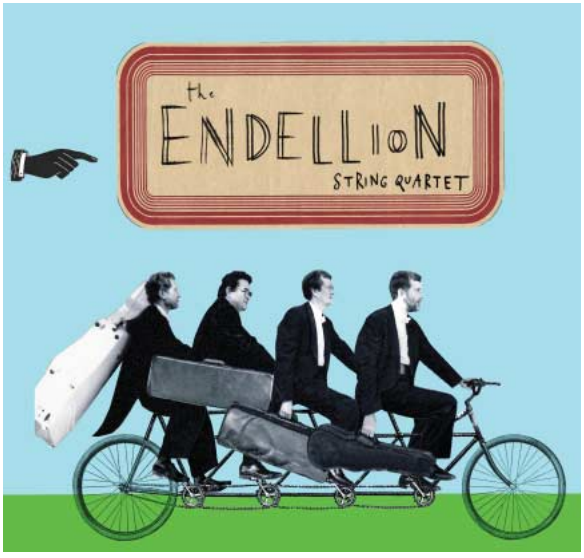


The Endellion Quartet are recording for Warner Classics (Illustration by Sara Fanelli)

Who's the Tops?

Simon Blackburn

The evening of the first day of the Alumni Weekend last September saw the Faculty mounting a light-hearted debate: who was Cambridge's greatest philosopher? We had selected four candidates: Ludwig Wittgenstein was sponsored by Jane Heal, Bertrand Russell by Arif Ahmed, Frank Ramsey by Hugh Mellor, and Francis Bacon by myself. The event had originally been scheduled for the Winstanley theatre in Trinity, but the demand meant that we had to move to a larger venue in the Law Faculty. Edward Craig held the ring. A packed and appreciative audience sat down to a slide-show of a far greater number of Cambridge stars, including Benjamin Whichcote, William Whewell, William Clifford, John McTaggart, C.D. Broad, Alfred North Whitehead, John Wisdom, and Bernard Williams, accompanied by Cole Porter's '*You're the Tops*'.

Arif spoke passionately on behalf of Bertrand Russell's liberalism and secularism, touching only lightly on the impenetrable pages of *Principia Mathematica*, which are still able to shock and awe aspiring logicians. Jane gave an eloquent account of the revolution in philosophy associated with the later Wittgenstein. Hugh sketched Ramsey's extraordinary genius in many different fields, and proved his superiority with a spreadsheet showing how few years beyond the age of twenty it took for him to display that genius (seven, as opposed, for example, to Russell's seventy-eight). I brought up the rear, with a crafty claim that Bacon's early championship of the scientific revolution of the seventeenth century must put him first in a ranking of importance, if not philosophical depth or achievement. I carefully avoided revealing the various cloven hooves he showed during his time as Lord Chancellor, including his penchant for bribery.

Somewhat to everyone's surprise, Bacon romped home, with something over 90 votes, beating Ramsey (41) and Russell (40) with poor Wittgenstein (25) trailing the field. My suggestion, which would surely have appealed to Bacon, that we should measure depth of commitment, as well as mere numbers, by selling the right to cast extra votes at a tenner a shot to the Faculty Appeal, was unfortunately not tried out.

Simon Blackburn FBA
Professor of Philosophy

The Heffer Lecture 2006

Could it be that human beings are endowed by evolution with a HADD (hyperactive agency detecting device), which leads us to see trees or streams as acting and speaking to us? Could it be that certain ideas thrown up by the HADD are particularly likely to intrigue us and be repeated — and that these memes of folk religion are the wild ancestors of the cultivated memes which are our great religious traditions? To some it may seem irreverent or improper to consider such ideas. But Daniel Dennett argues that the nature, origins and development of religions should not be off limits for study by evolutionary theorists and other scientists. A large and enthusiastic audience filled the Lady Mitchell Hall, and overflowed to watch a video link in the Little Hall, when Professor Dennett gave a lively presentation of his thoughts at this year's Heffer Lecture.

Dan Dennett giving the Heffer Lecture 2006

Daniel Dennett's *Breaking the spell: religion as a natural phenomenon* is published by Allen Lane (ISBN 0713997893)

The Forum
for philosophy in business

The opportunities for knowledge transfer from the arts and humanities to industry were explored in a conference held at Gonville and Caius last December. Conceived and organised by the Faculty's Forum for Philosophy in Business, the conference brought together academics from across the world with representatives from leading businesses. After a keynote speech given by Professor Philip Esler (Chief Executive, Arts and Humanities Research Council), the conference examined three sample areas of engagement with industry: Philosophy, Anthropology and Music.

Dr Alan Blackwell (Computer Laboratory) and Dr David Good (Social and Political Sciences)

The reception at Gonville and Caius

Mr Peter Mather (BP) and Mr Rob Douglas (South East England Development Agency)

For further information about the conference and the Forum, see www.phil.cam.ac.uk

Why Believe the Axioms?

Arif Ahmed

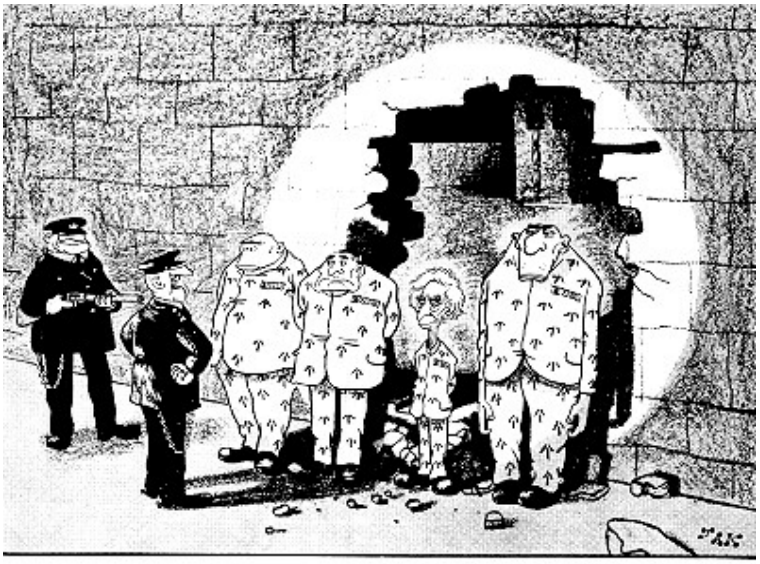
In public life and in his academic work Bertrand Russell represents the best of Cambridge Philosophy. He was both example and advocate.

Russell was born into the Whig aristocracy. His grandfather had twice been Prime Minister and he himself was engaged in domestic and international politics for most of his long adult life. In 1910 he was nearly selected to stand for Parliament as a liberal, and would have done so but for his religious heterodoxy. The last thing he wrote, in 1970, was on the political crisis in the Middle East. But philosophy came before politics, both in time and in order of understanding, so we begin there.

Like Hobbes, Russell's philosophical interests go back to his first acquaintance with Euclid. In 1883 his brother Frank undertook to teach him the *Elements*. As you would expect, young Bertrand made swift progress. The work is of special interest because it involves the rigorous deduction of elaborate and often quite surprising facts from a bare minimum of assumptions, or axioms. The derived facts or theorems could be known for certain to be true *if* the axioms were true. But why believe the axioms? To this Frank had no answer save the pragmatic one that unless they were taken for granted one could not hope to get on. This was quite dissatisfying. Thus began Russell's long quest for certainty.

Of course the quest itself was hardly new. Ever since Descartes' day, but with increasing despondency since Hume's, philosophers sought to give an infallible basis for scientific knowledge. Russell was helped by having at his disposal the tools of modern logic, a discipline which at the end of the nineteenth and beginning of the twentieth century made more progress than at any time since Aristotle's. Agreeing with Hume that most of *natural science* was not certain, Russell applied these tools to *mathematics*. How much of it could be put on a logical, and hence quite certain, basis? The answer was a long time coming and was disappointing. The verdict of Whitehead and Russell's monumental *Principia Mathematica* was: not all of it. It was left to Gödel to show 20 years later that this result was in a sense inevitable.

The quest for certainty is not just the intellectual perversity of somebody carried away with his own cleverness. It is instead the philosophical aspect of an attitude that also finds political and religious expression. It is the idea that there are no special or natural sources of authority other than one's own senses and reasoning. Blind acceptance of dogma advances strife and hinders progress. It is when men reject tradition and dogma that real progress is possible.



"ALL RIGHT! FOR THE LAST TIME. WHO'S THE BRAINS BEHIND THIS?"

Liberal individualism is this attitude's political expression. Russell's political preoccupations are entirely in keeping with this, stemming like his philosophical ones from a spirit of restless scepticism. His instinctive horror of the state's power and distrust of its blandishments are evident in the following passage from 'Free Thought and Official Propaganda':

> *If I were to go to a small shopkeeper and say: "Look at your competitor over the way: he is getting your business; don't you think it would be a good plan to leave your business and stand up in the middle of the road and try to shoot him before he shoots you?" — if I were to say this, any small shopkeeper would think me mad. But when the Government says it with emphasis and a brass band, the small shopkeepers become enthusiastic, and are quite surprised when they find afterwards that business has suffered.*

Russell's battles with authority were not confined to paper. He was repeatedly arrested for his political views and protests. He was imprisoned during the Great War for suggesting that the US troops then stationed in Britain might be used for quelling domestic dissent. He founded his own school and was later involved in setting up the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. The point is not that all of his political beliefs were *true*. What is important was that he believed, and acted upon, what *he* could find reasons for. How else should a philosopher live?

If you asked me what is the one thing I want my students to remember when they leave Cambridge, I'd say this: to think for themselves. I am surprised at how many people still think we should "respect" beliefs that are "deeply" or widely held, regardless of how bigoted or superstitious they are (I am thinking particularly but not exclusively of religious beliefs). I think that is all wrong. I think we should only respect beliefs that have some basis in reason and experience. We should suspect those that rest solely on tradition and authority. At least we should if we are to remain living in a free society. I think the teaching of philosophy at universities, when done properly, can do much to promote this attitude. But we can learn from Russell too. Nobody since Voltaire has better fused philosophical thought and political action in the service of these principles.

Arif Ahmed, University Lecturer in Philosophy

Chauvinist Days

Matthew Parris

Photo courtesy of The Times

"So, year after year, Silas Marner had lived in this solitude, his guineas rising in the iron pot, and his life narrowing and hardening itself more and more into a mere pulsation of desire and satisfaction that had no relation to any other being. His life had reduced itself to the functions of weaving and hoarding, without any contemplation of an end towards which the functions tended. The same sort of process has perhaps been undergone by wiser men, when they have been cut off from faith and love — only, instead of a loom and a heap of guineas, they have had some erudite research, some ingenious project, or some well-knit theory."

I love the work of George Eliot. Of all the classical novelists in our language I would describe her bent of mind as philosophical. It's what especially draws me to her work.

"An eminent philosopher among my friends, who can dignify even your ugly furniture by lifting it into the serene light of science, has shown me this pregnant little fact. Your pier-glass or extensive surface of polished steel made to be rubbed by a housemaid, will be minutely and multitudinously scratched in all directions; but place now against it a lighted candle as a centre of illumination, and lo! the scratches will seem to arrange themselves in a fine series of concentric circles round that little sun. It is demonstrable that the scratches are going everywhere impartially and it is only your candle which produces the flattering illusion of a concentric arrangement, its light falling with an exclusive optical selection. These things are a parable. The scratches are events, and the candle is the egoism of any person …"

If in the spring of 1969 you had asked me what a university meant by 'Philosophy', I suppose I might have quoted passages like the above (from *Silas Marner* and *Middlemarch*) as examples of the field of mental inquiry which goes by that name. I was 19. I was pondering what I might apply to study at Clare. I chose philosophy (then called Moral Sciences). I had already read Berkeley and Hobbes. I knew about Descartes and Kant. I was almost convinced by Bentham and Mill. David Hume intrigued me but seemed a touch beyond me: I wanted someone to help me understand him. And I had recently become interested in the work of that great 18th-Century philosopher of "natural" religion, Bishop Joseph Butler. Surely, then, the Philosophy Tripos would be right for me? It rather seemed so.

True, when one surveyed the advice and information offered by the Cambridge Faculty, names like these, though they did appear, were hardly writ large in the schemes of possible study. There appeared to be more about the Philosophy of Mind, and Logic, and Language, and endeavours of many kinds to study our own brains and the organisation of knowledge. But something called Ethics did appear on the list, and this encouraged me. Besides, I thought I knew well enough what the word 'philosophy' meant, and never doubted as I made my application that I would be able to spend most of my time returning to the authors into whose work I had already dipped as a young amateur — and learn too about their 20th-century successors, and about the application of philosophical and ethical principles to modern problems.

This did not prove the case. Any first-year undergraduate then taking the Philosophy Tripos quickly sensed that so far as the best-regarded Cambridge dons and postgraduate students in our field were concerned, Ethics was a subject which had unfortunately strayed into Philosophy from the departments where French and English Literature were studied, and ought to be sent back there. The professor whose lectures felt (to me) most in tune with what I thought I wanted to study, was the late Bernard Williams, whose lecture series was wonderfully engaging and clear. But I heard the sneers. One of my teachers dubbed Williams's series (those were chauvinist days) "An Intelligent Woman's Introduction to Philosophy", and the joke caught on.

I resented all this. No doubt if I had taken more easily to mathematical logic, Wittgenstein, and Gilbert Ryle and become a star student in philosophy of this kind, I should not have been so quick to suspect that philosophy at Cambridge was headed up a dusty cul-de-sac; and maybe part of my complaint was that I simply didn't understand a lot of what went under the name of philosophy at our University. Still, I did after two years achieve a respectable 2.i in my Part I examinations — and headed with relief to a Part II in Law, which after Philosophy seemed almost ludicrously easy.

To this day I would direct any undergraduate restless in the Philosophy Tripos towards Jurisprudence in the Law Tripos: the subject was fascinating, important, easy, and (in my view) rather indifferently served both in the universities and among the highest reaches of the British

judiciary. Not since the great exchange between HLA Hart (in the liberal cause) and Patrick Devlin (in the conservative cause) inspired by the 1960s Wolfenden recommendations for reform of the law on homosexuality, has the jurisprudential debate in Britain really sparkled. The late Lord Devlin's *The Enforcement of Morals* remains a commanding tract, never satisfactorily countered by liberals like me.

I threw myself into Jurisprudence in my final year with delight and relief — and ease. I was learning habits of thought which were to stay with me. In politics, in journalism, and in the commonplace interpretation of every-day law, hardly a day has passed in the thirty years since when the mental facility to distil principle from fact has not proved useful to me. It is remarkable how many lawyers and lawmakers — let alone newspaper columnists — are deficient in the facility.

The present Prime Minister, both lawyer and lawmaker, is little-short of retarded in his capacity to distinguish between the facts and the principles of a case. Nobody who could recommend the criminalisation of the "glorification" of terrorism, without bothering to contemplate the impossibility of defining "terrorism" in a way which excludes some of the noblest struggles in history, can claim an even elementary grasp of the philosophy of law. To be Prime Minister, Tony Blair claimed in his novelty-Podcast in January this year, "you have to compartmentalise". That is a defect, not a skill.

I remain uncomfortably aware that the young men and women, my fellow-undergraduates, who really excelled at (and enjoyed) Cambridge's version of philosophy, were among the cleverest of their generation, all cleverer than me. But the philosophy I wanted to study, and in the end had to flee the Faculty to study, will serve me daily for the rest of my life. I cannot think that philosophy as the word is commonly understood is inconsequential, and I cannot understand how any map of the pursuit of knowledge could fail to include an academic kingdom where it has pride of place.

Matthew Parris (Clare), former Conservative MP, is a journalist and author. His weekly column appears in *The Times* on Saturdays.

The Faculty gratefully acknowledges support for this newsletter from 3M library security systems. 3M

Scepticism at Red Alert

Laura Biron

I was supposed to go to Music College and become a concert clarinettist, but at Cambridge you can run a music life in tandem with a degree. After a gap year of intellectual inactivity, Philosophy was a welcome challenge. I started with no formal background in the subject: an innocent *tabula rasa*.

The Philosophy Tripos begins with a logical shock, the general groan of the first year being targeted at the compulsory formal logic element. I began in silent protest, given my artsy A-level background, but I soon found the logic seeping into my subconscious. Rather worryingly, the night before my IA exam, I had a disturbing nightmare in which everything was either an apple or an orange. Aside from corrupting my unconscious thoughts, logic has also raised a few laughs such as my nearly handing in an essay entitled 'Does Cripple refute the descriptive theory of names?' after an over-zealous spell-check. Followers of Kripke will be comforted by his thesis that names don't abbreviate descriptions, while Russellians might enjoy the image.

I have developed a range of arguments to counter sceptical, cynical and pragmatist critiques of the value of my degree. The sceptical line of attack is often targeted at the fantastical thought-experiments that arise in the philosophical laboratory. An aggressive NatSci once started ridiculing the old chestnut: 'If a tree falls, and there is no one around to hear, does it make a sound?' Rather than getting technical about Berkeley, I pointed out that if you ask a scientist the same question, he is likely — after using up several research grants — to reply: 'Well, we've solved it for elm and birch, but we're still working on the general case'. Subject-directed scepticism runs both ways.

A stronger attack is made by the allied forces of cynicism and pragmatism, which combine to downplay the career prospects of the philosophy student. My parents, falling under this umbrella, comforted themselves with the hope that I would at least return for my first Christmas break filled with deep insights into the meaning of life. I returned with a holiday essay entitled 'Is the Present King of France Bald?'. It wasn't until the summer of 2005, when I worked as a research student for the Faculty's *Forum for Philosophy in Business*, that they realised my degree might make contact with the so-called 'real world', especially when my father found me taking an active interest in his tax return.

The research, commissioned by KPMG's tax business school, was a report on the moral issues that surround the legal distinction between tax avoidance and evasion. Although I began the project with my own levels of scepticism at red alert, I soon became surprised by how something as mundane as taxation yields such rich material for philosophical reflection. My work examined two competing theories of property rights — libertarianism and conventionalism — and drew out their implications for debates currently raging in legal and political circles about, for example, the connection between tax avoidance and corporate social responsibility. Do the responsibilities of corporations extend to the avoidance of 'aggressive' tax planning, or does this conflict with financial obligations to shareholders? This and related questions are now being followed up by the Forum.

I have found peaceful reconciliation of my musical and philosophical selves. Last year there was a happy marriage in a Philosophers' Concert. In addition to my clarinet playing, the concert featured fellow third-year philosopher and mezzo-soprano Clare Jarmy (St Catharine's) singing some of Nietzsche's *Songs from the Gay Science*; cellist and quasi-philosopher George Corbett (Trinity), and professional-philosopher Dominic Scott (who let slip in one of his Plato lectures that he moonlights as a pianist). After the success of this now twice instantiated event, there is discussion of a Wittgenstein-themed concert, which would naturally feature a performance of John Cage's 4′33″ with poker ('whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must be silent').

I was never expected, and I never expected, to continue in academia post-Tripos. But I have caught the Philosophy bug, and, in what might be termed a Cambridge change (not mere), I plan to return for graduate work after a year at Harvard on a Kennedy Scholarship.

Laura Biron (Queens') is a third-year philosophy undergraduate

Who'd be a Fundraiser?

Steffi Lewis

Well, me. For the Philosophy Faculty, that is, not in general.

I know nothing about fundraising. Zilch. If there were such a book as *Fundraising for Dummies* I'd have to start at the very beginning and the first sentence on page one would multiply my knowledge tenfold. I've done charity bicycle rides, the so-called "disease rides" that abound in America. This requires me to ask friends for ten or twenty dollars per, until I'm up to two or three hundred dollars, and then go and ride nearly two hundred miles in two days to make an honest woman of myself, so that I can tell them, and tell myself, that yes, I finished the ride. If I lose my nerve and funk asking enough people for pledges, which I usually do, I can just make up the rest of the two or three hundred dollars myself.

Steffi and David Lewis at Cape Schanck, Victoria (Photo by Alan Hájek)

This isn't really fundraising, it's a way to set a personal challenge for myself. Think of the part about asking for contributions as low-level blackmail. It's nicer to call it "moral suasion", but it relies on people who can't very well say "no" and who (I hope!) have never had any particular connection with the relevant disease.

The campaign for philosophy at Cambridge really is fundraising, and of the very most important kind. And I'm participating in the American part of that campaign. Why me? Well, two reasons.

One reason is my connection with the Faculty. For my part it is one of my old and valued friendships. My late husband, the Princeton philosopher David Lewis, was a frequent, if informal, visitor to Cambridge, and I often came along. David would visit the Moral Sciences Club, or give a talk, or hear somebody else give one. And he would talk about philosophy at length and in depth, principally with Hugh Mellor, sometimes at home and sometimes in the pub, latterly usually the Cambridge Blue. This sounds like not much of a connection, but it was such that the University favored David with the honorary degree of Litt. D. I have made what is for me a pretty substantial gift to the Faculty in his memory.

The other reason is that I believe that a healthy and thriving philosophy program is of absolutely vital importance to any first-rate university and to its students, and I want to help philosophy to thrive at Cambridge. Although I studied philosophy and for some years taught philosophy to undergraduates, I'm no professional philosopher. At best I can call myself an amateur metaphysician. But I continue to be in contact with the profession. I chaired the American Philosophical Association's committee on non-academic careers, and I presently serve as that organization's treasurer. My own job skills are mainly the skills of a philosopher; arguing clearly, disentangling other, less coherent, arguments, and explaining things to people. Philosophy isn't just for philosophers: it encourages very general clarity of mind. Philosophy is very good for the inside of the head.

A Moral Sciences Club meeting (Jonathan Barnes, 24 January 2006) (Photo by Hugh Mellor)

Steffi Lewis works in municipal finance, and is the co-author, with David Lewis, of "Holes"

From the Editor

We want to hear from you!
The Editor welcomes all comments and suggestions or material for future editions of the Newsletter.
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www.phil.cam.ac.uk

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For this reason I believe a case can be made for music-making to be at the centre — and not at the periphery — of education.

An additional important reason is that music — like the other arts — offers a vital space in which a rich spiritual life can develop, especially for those for whom religious belief is impossible or unpalatable. (For some time in Hungary, under the influence particularly of Kodaly, music did take a much more central place in the curriculum.)

Despite the different worlds they inhabit, I feel that a philosophical training frequently helps my music-making. Clarity and sharpness of mind can be crucial in diagnosing and solving problems, both musical and technical.

Also, I am often struck by a type of rehearsal deadlock which I call "pendulum rehearsing". This results from apparently irreconcilable disagreement, for instance, when a group may find itself swinging fruitlessly between a faster and a slower tempo without ever satisfying all the players. Many domestic and political disagreements also suffer from this frustrating pendulum effect, and they often have that peculiarly intractable feel of philosophical paradoxes.

A way must be found through such dilemmas by relocating or redefining the problem in a new context where it may dissolve. In our example of tempo there are various ways of trying to break down the simple dichotomy of 'slower' or 'faster'. Whether a passage *feels* fast or slow is not only dependent on the metronome speed but on many other factors, and these need examination when changing the speed is not helping. The feel of a tempo can be a function of details of phrase-length, articulation, colour, texture, rhythmic flexibility, and, above all, the overall mood of an interpretation and changes in these factors can resolve the problem which appeared to reside in the metronome speed alone.

One philosophical issue which sometimes enters into musicians' reflections is the question of objective truth versus subjective opinion. Is there truth in certain interpretations and falsity in others, or is it all just a matter of taste? Whilst no-one has a monopoly of the truth, I would argue that there is indeed a valid concept of truth in musical interpretation, and that a musical work has a fundamental nature and structure which imposes a discipline within which any true interpretation must fall. Some interpretations can distort or even wholly misunderstand that basic structure and character. Some may not be characterised clearly enough. Others may be on the right lines but inadequately responsive or too cold. Still others are too hysterical or "Hollywood", or as the Hungarian violinist Sandor Vegh used to put it, "too beautiful to be true".

David Waterman (Trinity) is the cellist of the Endellion Quartet.

Faculty News

This year again many members of the Faculty, including several of our current and past students, have had their achievements recognised by appointments, promotions, awards, elections and invitations to give lectures around the globe.

A few highlights follow:

Jane Heal was an invited speaker at the Chapel Hill Colloquium, talking on her book *Mind and Value*. **Simon Blackburn** was Truax lecturer, Hamilton College, NY; Lewis Frumkes lecturer, New York University; and Stanislaw Kaminski lecturer, University of Lublin. He also gave the Presidential Address at the Joint Session of the Aristotelian Society and Mind Association.

Alex Oliver was awarded a University Pilkington Prize for excellence in teaching and was promoted to a Readership.

Hallvard Lillehammer and **Serena Olsaretti** were promoted to Senior Lectureships.

Neil Sinclair was appointed to a one-year lectureship at Wadham, Oxford and **Rebecca Roache** is now a Junior Research Fellow at the Future of Humanity Institute at Oxford. In October 2006, **Mary Leng, David Liggins,** and **Jan Westerhoff** take up Lectureships in the Philosophy Departments of Liverpool, Manchester and Durham.

Laura Biron, third-year undergraduate (see her article on page 6) and **Harry Adamson,** MPhil student, have been awarded Kennedy Memorial Trust Scholarships for 2006–07.

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