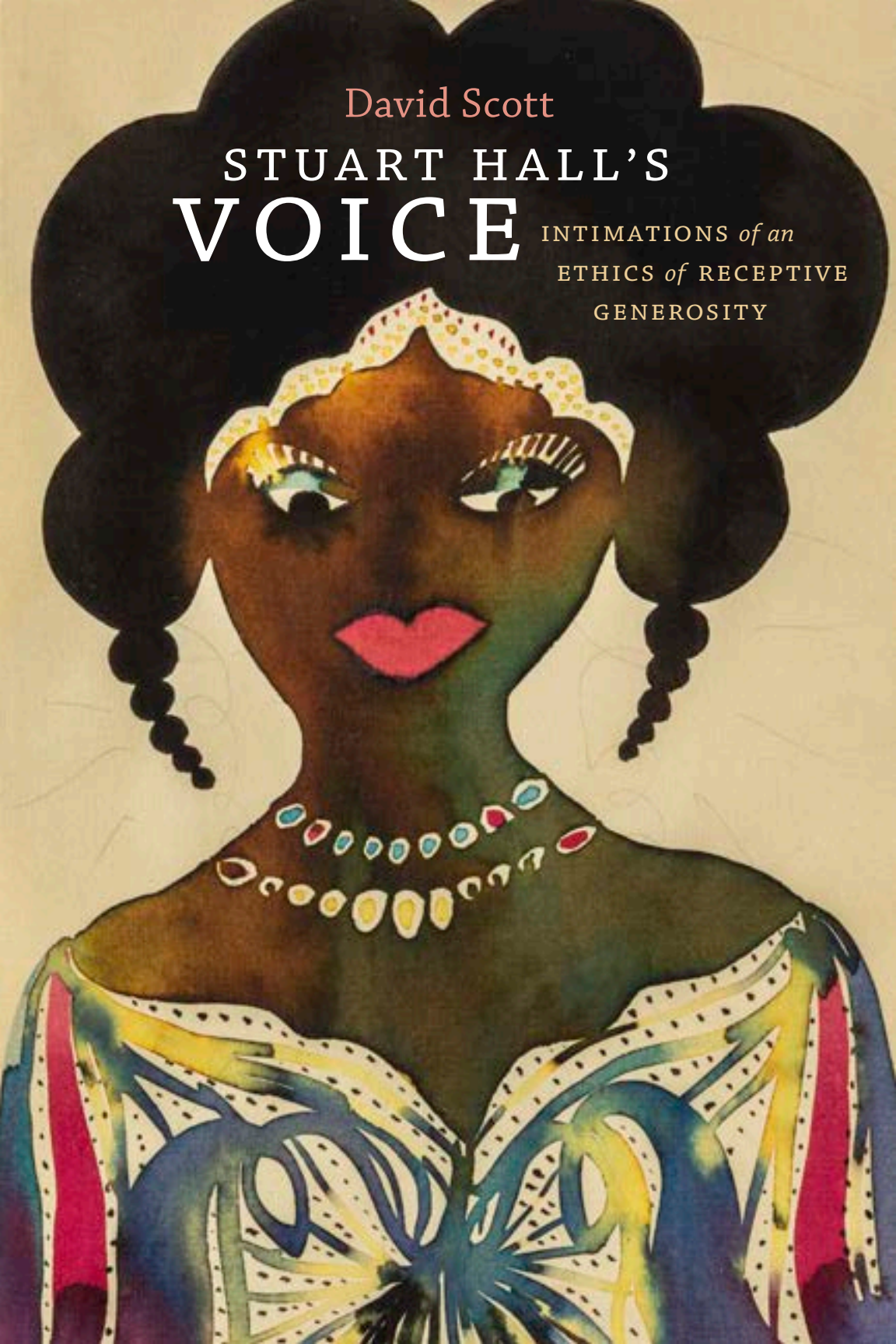
David Scott

STUART HALL'S VOICE

INTIMATIONS *of an* ETHICS *of* RECEPTIVE GENEROSITY



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DUKE UNIVERSITY PRESS
Durham and London 2017

Printed in the United States of America on acid-free paper ∞
Designed by Heather Hensley
Typeset in Chaparral Pro by Westchester Publishing Services

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data
Names: Scott, David, [date] author.
Title: Stuart Hall's voice : intimations of an ethics of receptive generosity / David Scott.
Description: Durham : Duke University Press, 2017. | Includes bibliographical references and index.
Identifiers: LCCN 2016045050 (print)
LCCN 2016047430 (ebook)
ISBN 9780822363637 (hardcover : alk. paper)
ISBN 9780822373025 (e-book)
Subjects: LCSH: Hall, Stuart, 1932–2014—Criticism and interpretation. | Culture—Philosophy. | Political sociology. | Sociologists—Great Britain.
Classification: LCC HM479.H35S36 2017 (print) | LCC HM479.H35 (ebook) |
DDC 301.092—dc23
LC record available at https://lccn.loc.gov/2016045050

Front and back cover art: Chris Ofili, *Afromuses (Couple)*, 1995–2005, Diptych; watercolor and pencil on paper; each: 9 5/8 × 6 1/8 in., © Chris Ofili, Private Collection.
Photo: Joshua White/JWPictures.com.

In memory of my friend Stuart Hall

The greatness of a man is to be found not in his acts but in his style. Existence does not resemble a steadily rising curve, but a slow, and sometimes sad, series of ups and downs.

—Frantz Fanon

CONTENTS

Apology

On Intellectual Friendship

DEAR STUART,

I begin with an apology in advance for what follows, an apology for insisting on continuing our conversations in this *epistolary* form. I know it's an imposition, possibly an impolite one, certainly unsolicited; but with these letters I hope at least to be able to *clarify*—this is a word I'll use a lot throughout—something of what I've found so compelling in your way of being the intellectual you've been, or, I guess, the intellectual you *were*. (I have to admit straight off that I'm a little confused about the grammatical *tense* in which to address you, so I hope you'll allow me a certain ambiguity; it arises, I suppose, from my persisting inability to release you into a final past.) As you know, for me it's not been your views in themselves as much as your *way* of having views—how you've gone about having views, and again having *other* and further views—that has intrigued me. And in what follows this is what I want to talk with you about, to continue worrying you about—a little.

I saw you last in early December 2013 when I was passing through London on my way back to New York from Cape Town where I'd delivered three lectures under the general title "Stuart Hall's Voice" at the University of the Western Cape.[1] That was a very stimulating occasion,

rich in innumerable intellectual ways. These lectures were an attempt to expand and elaborate an intuition about you that I'd been harboring for a while and that I'd tried to articulate in a short essay ambitiously called "Stuart Hall's Ethics," first presented, you may remember, at a conference in your honor at the University of the West Indies, Mona, in 2004, and subsequently published in *Small Axe*.[2] That essay had always seemed to me lamentably underdeveloped, scarcely finished, actually, and I'd always wanted to give its central concern—namely, to connect your explicit voice to your implicit ethics—another go. So, then, returning from Cape Town, and sitting as we often did at your dining table at Ulysses Road, under the blank gaze of a pair of Chris Ofili's sardonic *Afro Muses* (the ones that now grace the front and back covers of this book), we talked about my interest in the idea of *voice*, both in its literal and in its extended, metaphorical dimensions, and of the possible general relation between voice and the *ethos* of an intellectual style. And we talked in this context too about my exploration of the question of *your* voice specifically, and why your voice seemed to me so necessarily an integral part of who you've been, who you were, as an intellectual. Your voice, I suggested to you, might be thought of as sounding the *content of the form* of your ethos of intellectual style. Remarkably, you seemed to find this line of thinking of mine altogether unexceptional. Modestly, as usual, you wondered whether I wasn't making too much of it; but you also volunteered a number of personal anecdotes that suggested your self-conscious awareness of voice—including your own voice—and the possible implications of taking voice seriously for understanding your practice of the intellectual vocation. I couldn't, of course, set out for you the whole of what I wanted to say about voice and style and ethics in the couple of days we had to ourselves in London, but, needless to say, I was very pleased that you found what I was aiming to do in the Cape Town lectures an at least plausible and intelligible way of *approaching* you. That's all I needed.

But then, alas, Stuart, you died one morning early the following year: 10 February 2014. Not entirely unexpectedly, that's true. Not unreasonably, either, given the amount of your pain and discomfort, the sheer fatigu-

ing difficulty of simply going on with the ordinary cares and duties and pleasures of living. Selfishly, though, greedily too, I guess, there were those of us remaining who'd hoped to have a little more of you, for a little longer. It's just that this nonnegotiable fact of death is so precipitous, so vertical in its irreversibly absolute finality. So much is left suspended in the sudden, unlit absence. It's what makes death so radical and so unforgiving an interruption, I suppose, so impossible to really prepare for. Finitude's wake is made up of ellipses . . . an infinite number of them. They mark out the soundless rhythm of eternal *aftermaths*. And what only yesterday had seemed so tangible in our conversations, so concrete, so here and now, however fragile and unreliable the languages of communication, must now depend almost entirely on the even more fragile and even more unreliable figurations of memory to order and shape with meaning and purpose our living sense of loss.

And so, Stuart, having barely set about the task, I found myself unable to revise the lectures for publication in the straightforward discursive form in which I had—perhaps naively, in retrospect—composed and delivered them to my indulgent audiences in Cape Town. That familiar form now seemed to me dismally inappropriate, hopelessly inadequate as a way of rendering to myself, and to others, what I felt I'd been learning from your voice and the intellectual style it sounded. Above all, I found I could not quite detach what I was trying to say in the lectures from the dialogical and exploratory texture of the conversations out of which they had originally grown, around your dining table, and especially from the implicit address and extended duration of those living conversations. Somehow the lectures, delivered while you were still alive, now seemed merely didactic, drained of the presence—and, moreover, the assumption of *continuing* presence—that had animated and driven them in the first place.

Indeed, I was on the point of altogether abandoning the task of revising them when it struck me that perhaps all was not completely lost, that something might yet be salvageable from what I'd written and spoken about you. Because, as it happened, I'd already, tentatively, it's true, begun to explore a mode of communication with you that was seeking, in the face of absence, to preserve and even extend some aspects at least of the character of our prolonged dialogue: the mode of communication

of *letters*. I'd already written two of them, experimentally—one on the occasion of your eightieth birthday (about which you whispered to me an unspeakable comment), and the other in the immediate aftermath of your lamented passing.[3] For some reason, I can't exactly say why, the epistolary form had slowly begun to assert a certain claim on my way of thinking *about* you, and thinking *with* you. It came to me out of the blue, almost, as I was carrying on one of my interminable imagined conversations with you, as I was casting about for the best language in which to clarify our similarities and differences, where I thought our paths intersected and diverged, what we shared and what we didn't.

I suppose, though, that in some way my inchoate attraction to the letter-form grew out of my preoccupation with another somewhat hybrid form, namely, the *interview*, with which I'd been experimenting for many years, including, inaugurally, with *you*, you'll remember.[4] Hardly what connoisseurs would deem literature—too workmanlike, too clunky—still, for me, the interviews I've conducted have always been more than ways to convey the content of new information about my interlocutors; they have been explorations of form—as much as anything else. Like you, Stuart, I've always been provoked by the problem of *form*, by form *as a problem*, by the relationship between representation and the content of intellectual and political and artistic thinking, by the nontransparency and noncorrespondence of that relationship specifically. And these days I feel more and more provoked by it as we confront the inert cynicism of institutional authority toward conventional (realist no more than antirealist) modes of dissenting or nonconforming intellectual and political and artistic activity. (To me, Stuart, one way of understanding the "cultural studies" you invented is that it is less an experiment with new content, though there was plenty of that too, than an experiment with a novel thinking-form.) Therefore, to me, as I think also for you, form is an ever-present *question* rather than something we should take for granted as decided once and for all by the orthodoxies of doctrines and disciplines. Indeed, it is partly my worry about the adequateness or appropriateness or usefulness of "critical" discourses to their besetting challenges—their contexts of articulation, their problem-spaces—that brought me to the interviews and that has now

prompted me down this epistolary path with you. In some measure, at least, I share the doubts of those like Rita Felski who urge that what has been called "critique" in various guises of method and mood stands in need of a good deal of rethinking.[5] In my view, as I've said elsewhere, part of the issue turns on the overbearing conceits of omniscience that critique seems unable (even where allegedly willing) to cast off.[6] Like an indulgent sovereign, critique seems invariably to stand, knowing and aloof, outside the community for whom it claims to speak, needing from its object of scrutiny nothing more than a passive, mute acquiescence. I know you had your doubts about certain tendencies in critique, Stuart (about "critical theory" most especially, its reflexive will-to-truth), but given your commitments as an actively engaged intellectual, perhaps you wouldn't have quite agreed with the formulation of my objections here. Still, persisting, in the following letter I will offer you a contrast between a "critical self" who is an agent of critique, and a "listening self" who is an agent of attunement and receptivity, and suggest that you, Stuart, were as much the latter as the former, possibly even *more so* the latter than the former.

As I have tried to use it, the interview has been precisely a way of evading critique while nevertheless practicing discerning and engaged thinking-with-others; specifically, it's been an experiment with the relation between form and historical-biographical-generational knowledge. And as I've said before (perhaps also to you, though I don't remember if I put it quite this way), what has especially interested me about the craft of the interview, so to call it, about its partly performative and partly contemplative craft, is the constitutive relation to dialogue and time it organizes. In a special way, the interview embodies (or, at any rate, *potentially* embodies) the *temporality* of dialogue. Its dynamic hermeneutic structure is that of the unfolding of question-and-answer; its motivation is more tentatively exploratory, clarifying, and reconstructive than explicitly critical or even analytical; and its medium is first and foremost that of *voice*—voice lived unevenly and somewhat asymmetrically, it is true, but nevertheless plurally and cooperatively, in a temporally open and recursive dialectic of speaking and listening.[7] Proximity and provisionality are therefore part of the very weaving of an interview—at

least, such as I've tried to make use of the form in the many long interviews I've conducted with Caribbean intellectuals and writers over the years.

And so now, Stuart, I want to speculate, even wager, that perhaps the letter-form might share at least some of these dialogical and temporal virtues, and might potentially disclose others distinctly its own that will help me clarify to us both what I think is going on with your voice in your style. You'd know better than me, I'm sure, that the letter-form is an old and almost legendary literary device for narrative fictions—from Samuel Richardson's *Pamela* (1740) and *Clarissa* (1748) to Alice Walker's *The Color Purple* (1970) or C. L. R. James's *The Nobbie Stories for Children and Adults* (2006), to cite some obvious (if not always juxtaposed) examples. But more interestingly to me, in this context, anyway, the letter-form has also inspired such diverse and differently motivated instances as Georg Lukács's "On the Nature and Form of the Essay: A Letter to Leo Popper" and Françoise Sagan's "Lettre d'amour à Jean-Paul Sartre," in which an epistolary technique blurs the boundaries between the fictive and the nonfictive, between essay and story, between the philosophic and the literary, and offers me therefore a hybrid genre in which to consider, however preliminarily, some otherwise obscured questions about voice and style and ethos.[8] For like the interview, the letter, notably, is an explicitly *speaking* form. It is alive, almost. A letter dispatched is always an act of *address*; a letter received is always someone *heard* from. As with the interview, the letter is enacted in the register of voice—or the *mimesis* of voice—in such a way as to call into being, to activate, the dialogical presence of a specific interlocutor. In the case of the epistolary interlocutor, however, this presence of the other, my putative correspondent, is a *physically* absent one. We are not copresent to each other's discourse. Indeed, as we write, we live suspended in the temporal delay between the letter's dispatch and the anticipated arrival of the returning voice. *Waiting*, I'd say, marks the letter's poetics of time, the projected duration that orients its shared imagination of dialogical possibility and expectation. My correspondent's reply, the letter's arrival, however belated, however postponed, completes—provisionally, for the time

being—a *hermeneutic* circle of sorts. This perhaps is the implicit, minimum plurality that constitutes a *correspondence*. But alas, Stuart, what if, like you, my interlocutor has passed on—is now dead? How will I henceforth animate my expectation of our conversation's futurity? How much waiting can I endure? How will I anticipate the give-and-take of clarifying response that not only enlivens real dialogue, real exchange, but enables real learning and real unlearning as well? What mortal handicap, then, does this epistolary design augur? What act of imagination will my restorative desire to continue speaking to you in this way solicit? What grammatological fiction—or forgery—must I participate in if now I'm speaking to a ghost? You can see I'm full of uncertainties here. I'm already at sea. Now that you're no longer here, Stuart, I will be obliged to guess at what your reactions might be to what I'm saying to you, *about* you, and I'll have to hope that you won't mind if here and there I falter or misstep, or inadvertently take liberties with you I might not otherwise take. Here, maybe, are some of the privileges and hazards of presuming to converse with the dead.

But, to continue my wager, the letter-form potentially does something *more* than merely preserve and enlarge the dialogical voice in its temporal experience and in its elegiac mood—or, maybe it does something *else* in the course of doing these vital things. The interview, remember, though not a completely impersonal or detached form, is not exactly a solicitously familiar one either; its merit, it is true, is that it is not an abstractly critical interrogation like the monograph of an anthropological or philosophic treatise. But still it depends on relationships of proximity in which, generally speaking, nothing more than studied acquaintance is needed to drive the intellectual process forward. By contrast with this, Stuart, I want to suggest that the letter is potentially the literary embodiment of a quality of relationship that might be called, simply, *friendship*. As a way of keeping company with special others, the letter seems to me uniquely able to disclose, or, less passively, to enact, some of the relational sentiments and virtues we commonly think of as internal to friendship: among them (and in no particular order), affection, loyalty, indulgence, sympathy, complementarity, tolerance, equality, stability, candor, respect, truthfulness, liberality, trustworthiness. In this sense, more than any other literary form, I believe, the letter has the

capacity to *honor* friendship—to give friendship its measure and its due. You'll begin to see what I mean, Stuart, if you think, for example, of the published correspondence between those legendary friends Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels. In the warmth and knowing familiarity and affection that saturates their epistolary exchange, you can see how their relationship (with all its itinerant, embattled uncertainties) sheltered their personal and intellectual lives, and even (to a very poignant degree, however precariously) enabled the very survival of their radical political projects.[9] Or, again, and perhaps more important to my considerations, think of the letters between Hannah Arendt and two very different long-lasting friends of hers from two very different literary-philosophic and geopolitical worlds: Mary McCarthy, on the one hand, and Karl Jaspers, on the other. In Arendt's correspondence with them you catch a glimpse of the contrasting tones of intimacy and concern and regard and rapport that nevertheless equally lit and enlivened the many years of their respective friendships.[10] You didn't much read Arendt, I know, Stuart (didn't quite see the point, you once told me). But I will hope to persuade you along the way—as I will with other thinkers you didn't much read—that she is useful to think with across many of the dimensions that mattered to us. And certainly in this respect, specifically, Arendt was a great, and more, an instructive, believer in the powers and promise of friendship, of what friendship potentially secures and enables in a relatively protected space that is neither exactly home nor world, neither exactly private nor public, but an unsystematic overlapping of both together.[11]

Anyway, Stuart, I'm sure you'll be relieved to know that while I do believe the letter *could* be a usefully didactic form I do not at this point intend to take you on an extended scholarly excursus through the great archive of writings in the history of Western literature about the value of friendship from, let's say, Plato and Aristotle and Cicero, among the ancients, to Michel de Montaigne and Immanuel Kant and Ralph Waldo Emerson and Maurice Blanchot and Michel Foucault and Derek Walcott, among the early and later moderns—a relentless parade, you'd have been sure to point out to me, of *men* fixated on men.[12] And indeed it is true, the literary-philosophic history of friendship is largely (if not entirely) the normative story of male homosociality, a point not unimportant to Foucault's brief but suggestive reflections on the privilege of friendship

"as a way of life."[13] You will appreciate, though, I hope, Stuart, that while it will be Aristotle and Arendt (and Aristotle partly *through* Arendt) that stir much of my thinking here, I've also learned a lot from Cicero and Montaigne and Blanchot and Walcott especially, because their moving reflections on friendship (the first enacted, notably, as an imaginary dialogue, the other three as meditations) take the specific form of eloquent remembrances of a recently dead friend: in Cicero, Laelius remembering Scipio; in Montaigne, his remembrance of Etienne de la Boétie; in Blanchot, his memorialization of Georges Bataille; in Walcott, his evocation of Robert Lowell. This is where I find myself with you. To what extent friendship as a vivid idea is *retrospectively* called into being, to what extent it is largely if not only an effect of aftermaths, of looking back, and for this reason a value recalled principally in tones of *elegy*, I can't say. I have the sense, though, that part of what brings friendship's virtues into view, or better, into intimate experience, is precisely the irreversible vacancy that opens with the loss of friendship's company.

In recent decades, so it is said, there has been something of a revival of literary-philosophic interest in friendship.[14] You'll hesitantly ask me what has prompted this revival, and to tell the truth I'm not altogether sure. But it seems to me a very plausible and indeed attractive suggestion that it might have to do, at least in part, with some contemporary trends in approaches to normative ethics. I mean in particular the emergence of directions of ethical inquiry that are equidistant from, on the one hand, Kantian deontology (with its emphasis on rules and duties) and, on the other hand, utilitarianism (with its emphasis on the consequences of action), and that at the same time are more oriented toward varieties of Aristotelian virtue ethics (with its emphasis on the moral education of the excellences of character). As I've only just suggested, Kant himself didn't completely ignore friendship in his account of the doctrine of virtue, specifically moral friendship based on the union of love and respect, nor for that matter did John Stuart Mill, in his discussion of friendship in marriage, for example, in the last chapter of *The Subjection of Women*.[15] Still, Neera Badhwar is probably right to underline that on the whole both Kantianism and utilitarianism have largely neglected to treat friendship seriously as a generative ethical good.[16] You'll see, Stuart, as we proceed, why this turn in ethical inquiry toward

"virtue ethics" is of broad interest to me, how it connects to other preoccupations of mine—the idea of tragic conflict, among them—and in particular how it helps me frame a discussion about other excellences, such as generosity, that I discern in your intellectual practice. Indeed, generosity is one of the cardinal virtues, and one that lives in the neighborhood of "end friendships," as Aristotle understood those special relations that disclose their own intrinsic values.[17]

Now, central to Aristotle's theory of friendship is his memorable idea that a friend is essentially "another self." This is a frequently deliberated-upon formulation, and I don't want to be waylaid by the thicket of arcane philosophical discussion that surrounds it.[18] For my purposes, I shall take Aristotle to be suggesting by this basically that friendship with others is based, first and foremost, on friendship with oneself, or more precisely with the other-in-oneself with whom one feels able to carry on an inner dialogue.[19] We'll see later on, Stuart, that Arendt puts this idea to very instructive use in *The Life of the Mind*, in describing the "two-in-one" of the activity of thinking—thus making a link between friendship and thinking that is very suggestive to me (even if I am not going to be in entire sympathy with her formulation), because what *thinking* was for you and how it connects to friendship are at the heart of my preoccupations in these letters.[20] But for now it's enough to appreciate that a friend is best understood as a person who embodies those qualities that make the externalization of the dialogue with oneself possible. If I can talk to you *as if* I'm talking to myself, in other words, *that* is friendship. Put in a somewhat quotidian way, a friendship worthy of the name is a *good* that grows voluntarily with time and familiarity out of the rapport between individuals whose difference and similarity enable them to recognize something of value in each other, who treat each other with constancy and respectful goodwill, and who (whether or not they themselves are good) wish only for the good in the other.[21] Unlike kinship love and erotic love, friendship, which C. S. Lewis called in his accommodating Christian way the "least natural of loves," the least necessary, but also the least jealous, draws nevertheless from a mutual recognition of something held in common, and is salted, seasoned, by a reciprocal expectation for the kind of talk and company that meaningful dialogue entails.[22] Not grace, then, exactly, that Lewis's charity maybe

brings, but something paradoxically at once nearer both the ordinary and the extraordinary.

At any rate, Stuart, considering friendship in this way helps me elaborate my intuitions about you because it reminds me of how much you yourself valued the company of friends, the fellowship, companionship, comradeship, they make possible—indeed, that with you, autonomous self-sufficiency was never a great aspiration, never an admired virtue. It reminds me that with you, speaking and listening (and therefore *voice*) were precisely organic modes of enlarging your self-awareness through your always-evolving awareness of others, the widening and deepening circle of others who could be thought of as dimensions of your extended self. But most of all, Stuart, it reminds me of some of the qualities of *our* friendship and offers me some conceptual resources with which to talk about it in the context of these letters. It helps me to talk, for example, about the familiarity-and-difference that animated our friendship, a familiarity-and-difference that, of course, was multidimensional but in defining ways was, I suppose, both generational and intellectual. I mean that we felt, I believe, a sense of kinship and recognition in displacement from Jamaica and all that that means symbolically and existentially, the sense of the loss of an assumed context of belonging. This is a Jamaica, moreover, that we knew from within a similar social and familial milieu and yet from different generational experiences and perspectives. It is not unimportant, for example, as I've said more than once, that we were shaped respectively by two especially volatile moments in Jamaica's modern political history: you by the decolonization of the 1940s, me by the socialism of the 1970s. But we lived our displacement from these Jamaicas through different metropolitan locations, in different political-historical conjunctures, and through different intellectual frames and commitments. Not surprisingly, then, our conceptual languages, though not necessarily at odds, were never identical to each other, were never seamlessly in harmony. Indeed, though I'd say they were sympathetic languages by and large, sharing some of the same sources and projects, they stood somewhat at an angle to each other, by turns converging and diverging in ways that, nevertheless, for better or worse, kept us talking to each other. And in this respect, one of the not-irrelevant things we talked about was our respective relation

to "theory"—our senses of the discourses that constitute it, our senses of its role in the conduct of our intellectual lives. Or to put it another way, we read through different (if adjacent) archives—me often a philosophic and political-theoretical one, you a cultural-political one. Or to put it yet another way, but with a significant bearing on our styles of discourse, where you found yourself arguing with "essentialists" I find myself arguing with "anti-essentialists." These are not exact designations, of course, Stuart, but you know what I'm trying to get at; I'm saying only that our sense of familiarity-and-difference seasoned our friendship with an endless back-and-forth exchange and drew us to each other's work—less as a matter of adopting each other's perspectives (though, to be sure, we borrowed here and there) than as a matter of reciprocal learning and mutual clarification. I'll come back to this in a moment.

Now, for most writers who take up the theme of friendship, what matters principally is *personal* friendship, that is, expressly, the moral character of the bond of amity and pleasure and mutual goodwill and concord that secures and sustains the relationship between individual friends. Friendship is first and foremost a personal relationship, undergirded by passions and voluntarily assumed duties.[23] Undoubtedly this is the form of friendship that stands out most prominently in the canon, and rightly so. To this, of course, must immediately be added specifically *political* friendships, that is, friendships that are comradely solidarities and that have, as a consequence, a public, civic dimension. This is a form of friendship that resonates throughout the classical literature, in Aristotle and Cicero, for example; and it is certainly of explicit interest to Arendt.[24] What mostly interests me, by contrast, Stuart, is less our personal than our *intellectual* friendship, or what the former enables or implies (or *ought* to enable or imply) for the latter. By intellectual friendship I mean to focus on that dimension of friendship that offers a *dialogical context for thinking*. I'd tried to explain to you on one or two occasions, you'll remember, in between my other importunities, the sort of concern that gathers about this preoccupation with the relation friends might have to each other's intellectual work. Partly, this concern emerges out of the

same doubt I've already articulated regarding critique, that is, what we do when we criticize the work of others.[25] Here I want to wonder what the implications of friendship are for the practice of criticism.

Let me ask it formally this way, Stuart: How should we approach the intellectual work of those we know well and, moreover, admire and honor? This is the general question about my relation to you that compels me. To put it slightly differently: What do friends *owe* each other intellectually? Are the obligations—say, of frankness, or of the offer of counsel—that obtain within the context of personal friendship central to the *intellectual* relationship between friends? When I read the work of my close friends, for example, should it provoke me into an attitude of "interpretation" or "explanation," or should it rather solicit from me some other mode or stance of intellectual consideration? I believe, Stuart, and I believe it more and more, that friendship might indeed have a bearing on how we should think about the intellectual work of those we know and admire and honor. It is, so it is said, one of the great consolations of personal friendship that not only is there a rough "harmony of interests" (Cicero) between friends but also, since friends are "ends" in themselves (Aristotle), this presumed convergence has always to be tempered by a measured "respect" (Cicero, Kant) for divergences and pluralities, and even irreducible conflicts (Arendt). So the question arises, if my friend is my "other self," what is the role of "disagreement" and "agreement" in *intellectual* friendship? Note, again, Stuart, that this is not a question about my *moral* attitude toward your views or behavior as such—whether they are, for example, "virtuous," as Plato and Aristotle and Cicero might have been keen to know (their idea being that friendship is only possible between people who are virtuous). I'm talking here about my *hermeneutic* relation to your intellectual work, and I'm asking whether agreement and disagreement are relevant to the vocabulary or to the virtues entailed in understanding each other. My working suggestion here is that these are at best minimally relevant. My suggestion is that what *is* relevant first and foremost to intellectual friendship is something more like an attitude of *attuned awareness* of the work of those we know and admire and honor—an attuned awareness, specifically, of something more than the substantive argumentative details of their intellectual contribution, an

appreciative awareness, one might say, of something like the integrity of the ethos and style disclosed in their work.

What intellectual friendship solicits, I believe, is an attitude of attentive receptivity, a readiness to appreciatively hear where the other is coming from. I believe this attitude comports with your intellectual intuitions, Stuart, your way of relating to the work of those who were significant to you. In my opinion, this attitude that intellectual friendship solicits does not depend on a necessary *convergence* between the respective views or perspectives or frameworks of relevant friends. To the contrary, an attitude of attentive awareness, such as I am commending here among intellectual friends, may well rely *more* on the resources of difference; it may well require sustaining a nonjudgmental and nonprescriptive *tension* between our views or perspectives or frameworks—a tension, the friction of a receptive resistance, that obliges some amount of *translation* to be constantly at play so as to enable each of us to gain some uptake on what the other is saying. This would be a continuous process, perhaps, of trying to evoke, or to *render* (that might be the better word), the ethos and style of the other's discourse in an idiom that is not necessarily or precisely their own. You can tell Stuart that such an attitude of receptivity does not aim at, or amount to, "explanation" in any respectable sense. But might it be a version of "interpretation"? I'm not completely sure. I'd say that the hermeneutic stance I'm gesturing at is one that aims more at *clarification* than at interpretation (or, if one were to insist, at interpretation understood as a *mode* of clarification).

You will immediately ask me what I mean by this, I know, Stuart, and rightly so, because for you too clarification was a term of art: I remember your use of it, for example, in your 1980 essay "Cultural Studies and the Centre: Some Problematics and Problems," in which you talk about the center's journal, *Working Papers in Cultural Studies*, being concerned not with a "descriptive definition or prescription of the field" of cultural studies but with a "sustained work of theoretical clarification."[26] Or again, later, in the famous 1988 "New Ethnicities" essay, you talk about a practice that aims to "clarify" rather than "pre-empt" issues.[27] So to me clarification is recognizably one of your own hermeneutic orientations. And I take my uses of it here to be allied to yours, if drawn from different sources and toward different concerns. As you already know, and as I've

underlined earlier in talking about form, I'm not aiming at a critique of you or your work; I've no desire to get *beyond* you, wherever that would be. I am not even minimally trying to explain you to anyone (except maybe myself). I can't claim to be in command of the real Stuart Hall—whoever that might be (in fact, I wonder whether *you* were in command of him, whether, to the contrary, the absence of that command wasn't part of your point about "provisionality" and all that). And yet, Stuart, it is self-evidently true that I find myself talking with you, about you, here and elsewhere, and therefore tacitly at least invoking some "you" and some "aboutness" about you. I can't help it. There is therefore a hermeneutic at work in my relation to you that is not adequately covered by the term *interpretation* and that invites, rather, the more open, the more receptive, the more appreciative idea of clarification. I mean to suggest that clarification may be a better way to think about the internal goods to be derived from intellectual friendship. For clarification, notably, is not concerned principally with the truth as such of another's discourse. And consequently it doesn't present itself in an adversarial or combative attitude. Overcoming is not its ideal horizon. Rather, *learning* is what clarification seeks, encourages, more and better learning, and therefore what it aims at hermeneutically is that solicitous and receptive and dialogical attitude that cultivates the possibility of learning. Or again, clarification calls upon something already incipiently, discernibly, there in the ongoing dialogue, and calls for its amplification, elaboration. Clarification calls for a practice of reciprocity, but it need not be a reciprocity of a procedurally equal or symmetrical kind. Indeed, it is often an uneven or unequal or asymmetrical reciprocity—as I've said about intellectual friendship especially across generations, there is typically someone who seeks understanding and someone from whom understanding is sought.[28]

When I think of clarification, Stuart, I'm put in mind of something like the intellectual *attitude* one finds at work in the later Wittgenstein—again not exactly one of your go-to heroes, though I've known you to reference the idea of a "language game" at least once in the context of talking about language and its uses.[29] In any case, I have in mind the character of work such as *Philosophical Investigations*, or *Culture and Value*, or *On Certainty*, work in which we not only see Wittgenstein altering

his very *idea* of what *thinking* is but also see him *carrying out*, *carrying on*, thinking, on the very page in a testing, exploratory way. Indeed, I confess I'm less interested in Wittgenstein's theory of language, however that might be defined, than the work his writing *does* in, about, and through language.[30] (I'm reminded of Susan Sontag's illuminating remark that Wittgenstein practiced philosophy as a kind of "art form.")[31] I'd say that the point for me of the approach to thinking exemplified in these works on the vagaries of ordinary language (even if Wittgenstein didn't himself explicitly say this) is precisely *clarification*: the putting to work of a recursive linguistic phenomenology, really only a practice of re-description, that seeks no more than to worry about, to elucidate, to draw out or make less inchoate or obscure, the assumptions and values and orientations already normatively at play in the discourse or text at hand. Clarification is a way of approaching thinking—and learning—that aims to make us more aware of what we are saying or doing. Thus you will recognize, Stuart, that on this view what clarification entails is not the tiresome drive for some final propositional truth, something beyond itself that will signal the authoritative end of the inquiry. Clarification is not a means to an end other than itself; it is its own end (perhaps, at once, its own cognitive and moral end). And, of course, as such it is an endless end. That is to say, clarification involves endlessly saying the *next* thing, never the last thing. Clarification therefore does not presume the possibility of resolution; on the contrary, there is no presumption of closure, only successive, provisional resting points along the way where we gather our thoughts for further dialogical probing.

It's obvious, Stuart, that I take you to be an exemplary intellectual, but in the sense that I find you good, that is, productive, to think with, to think through. If I repeat that this has less to do with the content of your thought than with the style of your thinking—what, in effect, I am calling your voice—it's only to underscore the paradoxical matrix of friendship that is the condition of these letters. I'm not drawn to you, for example, because I share (or even want to share) entirely your theoretical idiom or conceptual language—that, say, of "cultural studies." Nor is it because I share (or even want to share) entirely your substantive views about the various issues you've taken up over the course

of a remarkable intellectual life—those concerning the Left, say, or British politics or the media or diaspora or race or visual art (the list is a long one). To the contrary, there is a sense in which it is precisely because I don't exactly share these, point for point, that there reflexively opens between us a potential hermeneutic space of overlapping difference. This, to my mind, is the space of our intellectual friendship. It is the space of the give-and-take of clarifying dialogue. Note once more that the hermeneutic idiom or figure that presents itself to me, that calls upon me—that summons me—is that of voice. I am, above all, interested in bending my ear to your resonant voice, Stuart. Even as I want to think of you as a responsive listener, I too am aiming to learn a mode of listening to what you have to say, and above all to the way in which you say it. I am aiming, in other words, to learn my own version of what I will shortly call your ethics of receptivity and reciprocal attunement. This, too, perhaps, is part of what it must mean to try to understand the friends we know and admire and honor. Listening, we will see, is the hermeneutic attitude, par excellence, of intellectual friendship. And what listening enables is the work of clarification.

So I'd say that the challenge that intellectual friendship calls us to is a reciprocal clarifying exploration, a process of gradually expanding, enlarging the cognitive circle, the space of intelligibility, that provokes and shelters the ongoing dialogue among friends who are not only personally friendly with each other but also engaged interlocutors. And my wager, Stuart, is that the epistolary form, tentative and provisional and familiar, as it should be, might allow me some dialogical room for just this kind of exercise with you. I should like to think of this gesture as having both Wittgensteinian and Emersonian inflections.[32] And my hope is that by addressing you in this way I can prolong our intellectual friendship.

I'll come back briefly to the matter of friendship in the last of these letters, Stuart, less to say more about it (since I don't know what that *more* could be) than to simply reiterate in other words how much of a gift

ours has been to me. But you can discern, I hope, in what I've already said, why friendship has come to orient the way I think about you and your work. And I hope too that you are persuaded that the letter-form is the most appropriate for my address to you. Still, Stuart, I might as well admit that I'm well aware that in speaking to you in this fashion—I mean, in letters meant for publication—I've probably enmeshed myself in a paradox of sorts. Personal letters are principally a private form, clearly. They enact a distinctive intimacy and familiarity. They constitute their own world, without need for justification. But here I am addressing you with the full intention of exposing aspects of our friendship to a wider public—experimentally, it's true, but not innocent for that fact. I'm formally facing you, speaking to you, with my back turned to my readers. And yet I'm tacitly speaking to my readers too. Or else, I'm actually speaking to them in fictively speaking to you. I want to maintain this charade, though, if you don't mind, Stuart, because as I've already suggested, it helps me formulate more comfortably what I want to talk to you about, and how. So it may be helpful at this point, if only as a way of trying to mitigate this unavoidable conundrum, to forecast briefly what I aim to do in the letters that follow. This will allow me at least to orient you (and my potential readers) to the itinerary I aim to pursue.

To begin with, Stuart, I've decided to write you a series of separate letters rather than several installments of a single, interminable one. This is largely because although the letters are all interconnected I don't want to lose a sense of thematic variation between the different ones—they each do slightly different clarifying work for me. In the letter that follows this one, I will try to evoke for you both what I think is important in general about considering voice as a conceptual register, and how I think an ethos of style is disclosed in the singularity of your intellectual voice. I am going to dwell awhile on some of the virtues—principally dialogical virtues—that voice suggests against the hegemony of vision as the noblest of the senses and the exemplary model of reason and knowledge. In this respect, the work of Adriana Cavarero will be especially helpful to me because she wonderfully captures how voice subtends an ethical stance that I find in you.[33] In that letter, too, I will say a bit more than I have been able to do here about what, hermeneutically,

I'm trying to do with you, and in particular why *listening* is so integral to the process of clarification and elucidation as I understand them. If speaking is the expressive activity articulated in the register of voice, listening is the receptive attitude that corresponds to it. Leaning especially on some instructive work by Gemma Fiumara and David Levin, I am going to suggest that you, Stuart, were a "listening self"—perhaps as much as, sometimes more than, a critical one.[34] This contrast between a listening self and a critical self, no more than a heuristic, really, no more than a rough guide, will help me draw out both your doubts about some aspects of the practice of critique and the thoughtful dialogical bearing toward others you cultivated. Moreover, a large part of what friendship entails, I believe, is precisely this: learning to learn how to listen.

The two letters that follow that one have perhaps a slightly different tone and character than the first two. In them I take up aspects of your theoretical work and try to connect them to what I'm saying about voice and style—in the first instance, "contingency"; in the second, "identity." Why these two, you may well ask; after all, there are plenty of potential candidates to choose from. True enough. However, I will suggest that these—contingency and identity—were distinctly aspects of your theoretical preoccupation, that, in some way, they *belonged* to you. They were not merely elements of method or external objects of analysis; they were *exemplary* aspects of your *mode* or *style* of intellectual being. They were precritical, you might say: you seemed to know them *before* you had a conceptual language to give them theoretical definition and rhetorical-political force. You *lived* them—contingency and identity—in a manner of speaking. And once you had that formal idiom within your mastery, your attention to them always *sounded* natural, organic, as though *as concepts* they were made for you, speaking as you often did as much *of* them as *through* them. You will see then, Stuart, that in neither case am I very interested directly in your *theory*—your theory of contingency or your theory of identity. Indeed, throughout these letters I am not really interested in your theory of *anything*. As I've already hinted, and as I will repeat in one way or another throughout these letters, what is most compelling to me about you is precisely *not* the conceptual substance of any theory you've held of anything. What is compelling to

me is your style of thinking and the ethos that animated and drove that style of always "going on" thinking.

At the same time, part of what makes contingency and identity especially intriguing for me to think with and through you is that they are concepts with a certain ambiguity built into them. What they do as concepts depends on how they are being put to work, and to what ends. Both should be on the list of W. B. Gallie's "essentially contested concepts."[35] But what I mean is something more specific, Stuart, something that orients us toward the connection and difference between us. Take the idea of contingency, for example. As we will see, you would maintain that contingency was your way of thinking determinations without a closed form of determinism. In a certain sense, Stuart, contingency was a way of freeing yourself from the intolerable conceit that Marxism (or dominant versions of it, anyway) guaranteed a direction and an outcome for politics. Most people would read your commitment to contingency along these lines, and they would of course be right. But I believe that there is another aspect of the idea of contingency, one that you were very much aware of, though to my knowledge it was never emphasized in your work, and one to which, as you know, I have been very much drawn to. This is an idea of contingency as comprehending what cannot be entirely known in advance about the course of an initiated action, the risks and collisions to which they are vulnerable, and therefore the unintended consequences they potentially suffer. This is less the dimension of contingency that speaks to the autonomy of agency than the dimension of it that comprehends tragedy. You place the emphasis along one vector of understanding, me along the other. You will see something similar where the question of identity is concerned—how in your accounts the emphasis is often (though not always) more on what we can *make* of ourselves with what we have found, whereas in my accounts the emphasis often falls on how what we have *found* of ourselves shapes or constrains what we can make. These are differences that I find intriguing.

In the fourth letter, the penultimate one, Stuart, I promise, I come at last to trying to elaborate and clarify something about the ethics that seasons your dialogical style, your voice. To my mind, generosity is the name of the virtue that most comports with your ethics. But it is a gen-

erosity of a very special sort, one that, borrowing from the work of Romand Coles, I will call "receptive generosity."[36] You will see, Stuart, that Coles has offered a suggestive reorientation of the conventional profile of the virtue of generosity, urging us to recognize a conjoined relationship between *giving* and *receiving*. On his view, receptive generosity is the ethical stance of someone for whom the act of giving and the act of receiving are not divorced from each other but are sides of the same coin, dimensions of the same dense gesture of generosity. Receptive generosity is a mode of giving that is at the same time a mode of receiving or, to render it in the register of voice, a mode of speaking that is at once a mode of listening. *This*, I believe, is Stuart Hall's ethics. But here, too, Stuart, I will want to press you a bit in a direction I believe already intimated in your thinking, though not quite, or fully, elaborated in it. Specifically, I want to wonder out loud with you about the role of the idea of "tradition" in figuring the Other whose reception might be at stake in any ethical (and political) relation. It is of course the idea of "culture" and not "tradition" that has animated your way of thinking difference in a historical and political frame. Indeed, some of your admirers might suggest that your ethical stance was antipathetic toward the idea of a tradition—given the supposedly conservative connotations that seem to stick to it. But again, considering you from the angles that preoccupy me, I think this would be too hasty a conclusion to draw about you and your intellectual style. In this letter I will wonder whether a conception of a tradition borrowed from the work of Alasdair MacIntyre mightn't indeed comport with your intuitions about the work of identity and difference, and deepen the scope of the receptive generosity we already discern in your ethics.

I close, following that, with a short, and finally *final*, letter of farewell in which I return fleetingly to some of the matters of friendship with which I began.

This is the arc of my epistolary preoccupations here, Stuart. My hope in all this is not to burden you further than I already have over the years with my constant questions, but, rather, to speak *with* you once more

(however fictively) about the things that mattered in our discussions so as to enact one last episode in our intellectual friendship. This, to me anyway, will be enough.

With warm wishes,
DAVID

NOTES

Apology

1. These lectures were given under the auspices of the Centre for Humanities Research, University of the Western Cape, Bellville, South Africa, on 22 November 2013, 29 November 2013, and 4 December 2013. I would once again like to express my thanks to Suren Pillay and Premesh Lalu for extending to me their invitation and surrounding me with their warm hospitality. I hope they won't mind too much the changes this work has undergone since those splendid weeks in their company.
2. David Scott, "Stuart Hall's Ethics," *Small Axe*, no. 17 (March 2005): 1–16. The conference took place in Kingston, Jamaica, in June 2004. The presentations from that occasion (not including my own) were published in Brian Meeks, ed., *Culture, Politics, Race, and Diaspora: The Thought of Stuart Hall* (Kingston, Jamaica: Ian Randle, 2007). This volume also includes Hall's closing reflections from that occasion, "Through the Prism of an Intellectual Life" (269–91).
3. See David Scott, "Stuart Hall at Eighty," *Small Axe*, no. 38 (July 2012): vii–x; and "The Last Conjuncture," *Small Axe*, no. 44 (July 2014): vii–x.
4. See David Scott, "Politics, Contingency, Strategy: An Interview with Stuart Hall," *Small Axe*, no. 1 (March 1997): 141–59.
5. I have in mind here Rita Felski's recent book, *The Limits of Critique* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2015).
6. See David Scott, "The Temporality of Generations: Dialogue, Tradition, Criticism," *New Literary History* 45, no. 2 (2014): 172–73.
7. Scott, "Temporality of Generations," 159–60.

8. See Georg Lukács, "On the Nature and Form of the Essay: A Letter to Leo Popper," in *Soul and Form*, trans. Anna Bostock (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 1978), 1–18; and Françoise Sagan, "Lettre d'amour à Jean-Paul Sartre," in *Avec mon meilleur souvenir* (Paris: Gallimard, 1984), 126–35.
9. See Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, *The Marx-Engels Correspondence: The Personal Letters, 1844–1877*, ed. Fritz J. Raddatz, trans. Ewald Osers (London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1980). The correspondence, writes Raddatz, "may confidently be described as one of the most tremendous historical and human documents of the nineteenth century, testimony to a friendship of rare intensity" (1). No one who reads the letters can doubt this.
10. See Lotte Kohler and Hans Saner, eds., *Hannah Arendt and Karl Jaspers: Correspondence, 1926–1969*, trans. Robert Kimber and Rita Kimber (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1992), especially the editors' introduction, vii–xxv; and Carol Brightman, ed., *Between Friends: The Correspondence between Hannah Arendt and Mary McCarthy* (New York: Harcourt Brace, 1995), especially Carol Brightman, "Introduction: An Epistolary Romance," vii–xxx. For a marvelous evocation of McCarthy's sense of Arendt and their friendship, see Mary McCarthy, "Saying Good-by to Hannah," *New York Times Review of Books*, 22 January 1976, www.nybooks.com/articles/archives/1976/jan/22/saying-good-by-to-hannah/?pagination=false&printpage=true. For her sense of what duty followed from that friendship after Arendt's death, see Mary McCarthy, "Editor's Postface," in *The Life of the Mind*, by Hannah Arendt (New York: Harcourt Brace, 1978), 241–54. For an account of one famous break in a once-inseparable friendship, see Ronald Aronson, *Camus and Sartre: The Story of a Friendship and the Quarrel That Ended It* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2005).
11. For a recent and thoughtful discussion of Arendt's idea of, and commitment to, friendship, as well as its relationship to her wider political theory, see Jon Nixon, *Hannah Arendt and the Politics of Friendship* (London: Bloomsbury Academic, 2015). "She made no grand claims for friendship," Nixon writes of Arendt, "but the friendships she formed held out the promise of continuity and stability in a world of discontinuity and instability. As such, they played into her thinking about the nature of power and politics and her understanding of the human condition" (46). I agree. But whether this amounts to a "politics of friendship," as the title of Nixon's book suggests, I'm not sure. See also Daniel Maier-Katkin, *Stranger from Abroad: Hannah Arendt, Martin Heidegger, Friendship, and Forgiveness* (New York: W. W. Norton, 2010), in which he writes, "Circles of friends were continuing features of Hannah's life from the earliest days in Konigsberg to the last days in New York. That space of love, which is wholly or largely occupied in some lives by children, was occupied, for Hannah, by friendships" (85).

12. For the ancients, I am thinking of Plato's "Lysis, or Friendship," in *Lysis, Phaedrus, and Symposium: Plato on Homosexuality* (Amherst, MA: Prometheus, 1991), 15–41; books 8 and 9 of Aristotle's *Nicomachean Ethics*, ed. Roger Crisp (New York: Cambridge University Press, 2000); and Cicero's "Laelius: On Friendship," in *On the Good Life* (New York: Penguin Classics, 1971), 172–227. For the moderns, see Michel de Montaigne, "Of Friendship," in *Essays* (New York: Penguin, 1958); Immanuel Kant, *The Metaphysics of Morals* (1797; New York: Cambridge University Press, 1996), 215–17; Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Friendship," in *The Essential Writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson*, ed. Brooks Atkinson (New York: Modern Classics, 2000), 201–14; Maurice Blanchot, "Friendship," in *Friendship*, trans. Elizabeth Rottenberg (Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 1997), 289–92; Michel Foucault, "Friendship as a Way of Life," in *Ethics: Subjectivity and Truth*, ed. Paul Rabinow (New York: New Press, 1998), 135–40; and Derek Walcott, "On Robert Lowell," *New York Review of Books* 31, no. 1 (1984): 25–31.
13. See Foucault, "Friendship as a Way of Life," 138–39. In *Friendship as a Way of Life: Foucault, AIDS, and the Politics of Shared Estrangement* (Albany: State University of New York Press, 2012), Tom Roach takes up what he thinks of as the ethical implications of Foucault's suggestive remarks about friendship. That the friendship debate has been almost exclusively male has not gone without critical comment. See A. C. Grayling, *Friendship* (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 2013), 12–14. For a discussion of women and friendship, see Janet Todd, *Women's Friendship in Literature* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1980); and Sharon Marcus, *Between Women: Friendship, Desire, and Marriage in Victorian England* (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 2007).
14. Neera Kapur Badhwar dates the resurgence of interest in friendship to the publication of Elizabeth Telfer's essay "Friendship," *Proceedings of the Aristotelian Society* 71, no. 1 (1971): 223–41. See Neera Kapur Badhwar, "Introduction: The Nature and Significance of Friendship," in *Friendship: A Philosophical Reader*, ed. Neera Kapur Badhwar (Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 1993), 2. Lawrence Blum's *Friendship, Altruism, and Morality* (London: Routledge, 1980) also made an important contribution to the emerging discussion.
15. See Kant, *Metaphysics of Morals*, 215–17; and John Stuart Mill, *The Subjection of Women* (1869; Indianapolis: Hackett, 1988), chap. 4.
16. See Badhwar, "Introduction," in which she writes instructively, "The problem of reconciling friendship with total devotion to God has interesting counterparts in the two chief rival theories in contemporary ethics, Kantianism and consequentialism. Each theory in its own way commands total devotion to morality, and each sees friendship as an intrinsically

nonethical good in need of justification by the supreme principle of morality. More generally, each sees morality as a system of external constraints on our pursuit of personal, partial, nonmoral goods. Hence, within these traditions, friendship is an intrinsically nonethical good that is *subject* to moral principles, but does not *embody* them" (20; emphasis in original). On virtue-ethics as a significant trend in recent ethical theory, see Rosalind Hursthouse, *On Virtue Ethics* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1999); and Daniel C. Russell, ed., *The Cambridge Companion to Virtue Ethics* (New York: Cambridge University Press, 2013).

17. "End friendship" is Badhwar's term; see her "Introduction," 4.
18. For helpful discussions of the conundrum of the doctrine of the friend as "another self," see Paul Schollmeier, *Other Selves: Aristotle on Personal and Political Friendship* (Albany: State University of New York Press, 1994), chap. 3; and Lorraine Smith Pangle, *Aristotle and the Philosophy of Friendship* (New York: Cambridge University Press, 2003), chap. 7.
19. Paul Ricoeur also takes up this theme, in *Oneself as Another*, trans. Kathleen Blamey (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1992), 181–83.
20. Arendt, *Life of the Mind*, 179–93.
21. There is a certain ambiguity in Aristotle. In the well-known opening chapter of the first book on friendship, he begins, "After this [that is, after the earlier discussion of self-control and incontinence, and pleasure and pain], the next step would be a discussion of friendship, since it is a virtue, or involves virtue, and is an absolute necessity in life" (*Nicomachean Ethics*, 143).
22. Aristotle has a wonderful passage in which he says, "Naturally, such friendships are rare, because people of this kind are few. Besides, they require time and familiarity. As the saying goes, they cannot know each other until they have eaten the proverbial salt together; nor can they accept each other or be friends until each has shown himself to be worthy of love and gained the other's confidence" (*Nicomachean Ethics*, 147). C. S. Lewis's remark can be found in *The Four Loves: An Exploration of the Nature of Love* (New York: Mariner, 2012), 58.
23. See Telfer, "Friendship," in which both the "passions" and the "duties" of friendship are discussed.
24. See, for example, Aristotle's discussion of "concord" and political friendship, in *Nicomachean Ethics*, 172; see also Schollmeier, *Other Selves*, chap. 7. In the essay "Socrates," in her collection *The Promise of Politics* (New York: Schocken, 2005), Arendt suggestively writes, "The political element in friendship is that in the truthful dialogue each of the friends can understand the truth inherent in the other's opinion. More than his friend as a person, one friend understands how and in what specific articulateness the world appears to the other, who as a person is forever unequal or different. This kind of understanding—seeing the world (as we rather tritely say)

from the other fellow's point of view—is the political kind of insight par excellence" (17–18). But is this the same as speaking of a "politics of friendship" in the way that, for example, Jacques Derrida does in *The Politics of Friendship*, trans. George Collins (New York: Verso, 1997)?

25. See Scott, "Temporality of Generations."
26. Stuart Hall, "Cultural Studies and the Centre: Some Problematics and Problems," in *Culture, Media, Language*, ed. Stuart Hall, Dorothy Hobson, Andrew Lowe, and Paul Willis (1980; New York: Routledge, 1992), 15.
27. Stuart Hall, "New Ethnicities," in *Black Film, British Cinema*, ed. Kobena Mercer, ICA Documents 7 (London: Institute of Contemporary Arts, 1988), 27.
28. Scott, "Temporality of Generations," 160.
29. See Stuart Hall, introduction to *Representation: Cultural Representations and Signifying Practices*, ed. Stuart Hall (London: Sage, 1997), 3.
30. Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Philosophical Investigations*, trans. G. E. M. Anscombe (London: Macmillan, 1953); *Culture and Value*, ed. G. H. Von Wright, trans. Peter Winch (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1984); *On Certainty*, ed. G. E. M. Anscombe and G. H. Von Wright, trans. Denis Paul and G. E. M. Anscombe (New York: Harper and Row, 1972). For a discussion of Wittgenstein's "ethics of clarification," see J. Jeremy Wisnewski, *Wittgenstein and Ethical Inquiry: A Defense of Ethics as Clarification* (London: Continuum, 2007); and for the connection of this to Wittgenstein's approach to learning, see Patrick Quinn, *Wittgenstein on Thinking, Learning, and Teaching* (Oxford: Peter Lang, 2015). For a useful discussion of Wittgenstein's later turn, see Ray Monk, *Ludwig Wittgenstein: The Duty of Genius* (London: Jonathan Cape, 1990). One way of connecting Wittgenstein's style of thinking to Hall might be to take up some of the issues raised by James Tully in "Situated Creatively: Wittgenstein and Political Philosophy," in *Public Philosophy in New Key*, vol. 1, *Democracy and Civic Freedom* (New York: Cambridge University Press, 2008), 39–70. More generally, see Cressida Heyes, ed., *The Grammar of Politics: Wittgenstein and Political Philosophy* (Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 2003), in which, also, an earlier version of Tully's essay appeared.
31. See Susan Sontag, "The Aesthetics of Silence," in *Styles of Radical Will* (New York: Picador, 1969), 6.
32. It is not irrelevant that Wittgenstein himself wrote a number of letters to friends aimed precisely at clarifying his thinking on various topics. See Paul Engelmann, *Letters from Ludwig Wittgenstein with a Memoir* (Oxford: Blackwell, 1967). And in Emerson we find a sensibility for the letter-form in relation to friendship: "To my friend I write a letter and from him I receive a letter. That seems to you a little. It suffices me. It is a spiritual gift, worthy of him to give and of me to receive. It profanes nobody. In these warm lines the heart will trust itself, as it will not to the tongue, and pour out the

prophecy of a godlier existence than all the annals of heroism have yet made good" ("Friendship," 211).

33. Adriana Cavarero, *For More Than One Voice: Toward a Philosophy of Vocal Expression* (Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 2005).
34. See Gemma Corradi Fiumara, *The Other Side of Language: A Philosophy of Listening*, trans. Charles Lambert (New York: Routledge, 1990); and David Michael Levin, *The Listening Self: Personal Growth, Social Change, and the Closure of Metaphysics* (New York: Routledge, 1989).
35. See W. B. Gallie, "Essentially Contested Concepts," in *Philosophy and the Historical Understanding*, 2nd ed. (New York: Schocken, 1968), 157–91.
36. Romand Coles, *Rethinking Generosity: Critical Theory and the Politics of Caritas* (Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 1997).

ONE. *A Listening Self*

1. Terry Eagleton, "The Hippest," *London Review of Books* 18, no. 5 (1996), 3; hereafter cited in the text. The essay was reprinted as "Stuart Hall," in Terry Eagleton, *Figures of Dissent* (London: Verso, 2003), 207–15. See David Morley and Kuan-Hsing Chen, eds., *Stuart Hall: Critical Dialogues in Cultural Studies* (London: Routledge, 1996).
2. Isaac Julien, dir., *The Attendant* (London, 1993). For an interesting discussion of the making of the eight-minute film, see Isaac Julien, "Confessions of a Snow Queen: Notes on the Making of *The Attendant*," *Critical Quarterly* 36, no. 1 (1994): 120–26. See also the exchange on Hall's appearance in *The Attendant* in Mark Nash and Isaac Julien, "Dialogues with Stuart Hall," in Morley and Chen, *Stuart Hall*, 479.
3. Eagleton offers a more measured, less patronizing, less tongue-in-cheek assessment of Stuart Hall's influence and style in a BBC Radio 3 interview with Philip Dodd, 12 February 2014. See www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/p01s55wv (accessed 10 June 2014).
4. See Stuart Hall, "What Is This 'Black' in Black Popular Culture?," in *Black Popular Culture*, ed. Gina Dent (Seattle, WA: Bay Press, 1992), in which he writes, "I ask you to note how, within the black repertoire, *style*—which mainstream cultural critics often believe to be the mere husk, the wrapping, the sugar coating on the pill—has become *itself* the subject of what is going on" (27; emphasis in original).
5. The inscription is quoted in a number of Fanon biographies, including Peter Geismar, *Fanon: A Biography* (New York: Dial, 1971), 11; and David Macey, *Frantz Fanon: A Biography* (New York: Picador, 2001), 139.
6. I'm alluding, of course, to Susan Sontag's famous essay "On Style" (1965), collected in her first volume of essays, *Against Interpretation* (New York: Picador, 1966). I'm grateful to my friend Julian Henriques for reminding me