

The Red and the Black

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Source: *Proceedings and Addresses of the American Philosophical Association*,
NOVEMBER 2016, Vol. 90 (NOVEMBER 2016), pp. 90-113

Published by: American Philosophical Association

Stable URL: <https://www.jstor.org/stable/26622940>

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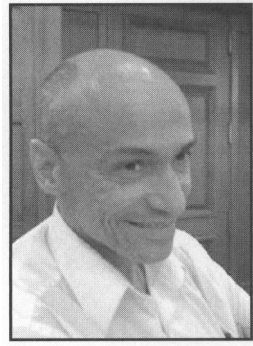


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The Red and the Black

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John Dewey lecture delivered at the one hundred thirteenth Central Division meeting of the American Philosophical Association in Chicago, IL, on March 3, 2016.

I am delighted, and deeply honored, to have been chosen to give the Dewey Lecture for this, the 2016 American Philosophical Association Central Division meeting. My understanding of the format is that one seeks to combine personal reflections on one's life and philosophical career with thoughts on the development of the profession over the same time period, in keeping with the Deweyan vision of a philosophical enterprise that is self-consciously part of society rather than lifted above it. So the desideratum is an intellectual autobiography that is linked to a personal autobiography. I am happy to offer such an overview and retrospective, and hope that those members of the audience who have heard or read some of this before will forgive the repetition.

JAMAICA: A BRIEF HISTORY

My title—"The Red and the Black," with apologies to Stendhal¹—is meant to indicate both the two central theoretical reference-points for my philosophical work, Marxism and the diasporic black radical tradition, and the shift in racial/color identity I experienced in moving from my native Jamaica to the United States. So it nicely combines the political and the personal.

I was born in England of Jamaican parents who had gone to the mother country to get a tertiary education, a familiar practice in the colonial period. However, they returned to Jamaica the same year of my birth, so I grew up and went to high school and university in Jamaica, not the UK. Unusually for a philosopher, my undergraduate degree is not only not in philosophy but not even in the humanities, but in physics. This was not, believe me, a free choice, but the consequence of several of the

humanities teachers having left my high school the year I entered sixth form, thereby limiting my options for specialization at A-levels. With maths, physics, and chemistry as my subjects, I then had a truncated range of possibilities at the University of the West Indies (UWI). So making the best of it, I chose physics. Having graduated, I taught for a while at the Jamaican equivalent of a junior college, but decided that unless I wanted to be locked in permanently to this undesired career, I should sooner rather than later jump disciplines and try for retraining in a different field.

Why philosophy, though? Here I have to sketch for you a quick picture of the ferment of Jamaica in the 1970s—roughly the equivalent of the 1960s in the United States—and a naïve young man’s conception of what philosophy was supposed to be capable of doing. But that requires a brief history lesson, so indulge me.

Jamaica was invaded by the Spanish in 1494—“discovered” we were taught in high school, but as you’re aware, vocabularies have been somewhat revised since then—as part of the Columbian voyages of conquest in what was, for Europeans, the New World. The indigenous Amerindian population, the Taino people, were completely wiped out, and small-scale slavery initiated with captured African labor. This was, of course, the norm for the region. The Caribbean is one of the earliest colonized parts of the world, with the Spanish, Portuguese, French, British, Dutch, Swedes, and Danes all fighting over the spoils, and different countries changing from one set of imperial hands to another. The Spanish were driven out by the British in 1655, and Jamaica became a British colonial possession for the next three hundred years, not gaining its independence until 1962. By the 1700s, under British rule, large-scale slavery began, eventually involving the importation of hundreds of thousands of captured Africans as a labor supply dedicated to the growing of sugar cane for the production of molasses, sugar, and rum for the European market. Jamaica was, of course, only one of the drop-off points of what became the infamous triangular Atlantic slave trade. Ships would leave Britain (or other West European countries) from ports like Bristol and Liverpool, bound for West Africa, carrying manufactured goods (copper, cotton) to be exchanged for slaves; they would then head westward to the Caribbean and the Americas with their slave cargo (the dreaded “Middle Passage”); and they would then return, on the final leg or third side of the triangle, to its European apex, carrying sugar or tobacco or raw cotton products (from the United States). One doesn’t have to be a Marxist to see the overwhelming shaping of this process, and the dynamic of national development at both the privileged and the subordinated poles, by economic forces.

And likewise, of course, for the social structure of Jamaica. Given the extinction of the indigenes, the population became preponderantly African. At the high point of slavery, which was not abolished until 1834 (followed by a four-year period of apprenticeship), the black slave population outnumbered the free white population by a ratio of about 20 to 1. After emancipation, in keeping with the pattern in the other Caribbean territories, it was the slave owners who were compensated for the loss of their property, not the slaves. Unsurprisingly, then, in the absence of any attempt to provide reparations, blacks would remain at the bottom of the Jamaican social hierarchy for the next century-plus. The social structure could be thought of as a color-coded pyramid: blacks (the vast majority) at the bottom, workers and peasantry; browns (a small mixed intermediate stratum) in the middle; and a small white elite at the top. So "race"/"color" is defined differently than in the United States, where for the last century, "blackness" has been determined by the "one-drop rule" (any black ancestry makes you black). In Jamaica and most of the Latin nations, by contrast, racial mixtures are formally recognized as a separate category. Browns, though subordinated with respect to whites, were socially privileged with respect to blacks, and as independence in 1962 approached, would increasingly share in the running of the country. Whereas in terms of demography, Jamaica was an overwhelmingly black nation, it was not the case at the time that blacks had commensurate political power, or equal economic access. As late as the 1970s, for example, a study showed that the economy was dominated by twenty-one families, none of whom were of African origin.

So why—you have doubtless been wondering for some time—have I been going into all this boring historical and sociological stuff, and what on earth does it have to do with philosophy and what is supposed to be the Dewey Lecture?

Well, I would claim that actually—since my area of specialization is social and political philosophy—it has *everything* to do with philosophy. And I don't just mean—what might seem uncontroversial—Jamaican or Caribbean philosophy, the work of someone coming from the former Third World, with their particular "ethnic" perspective on things, which you (as the presumptively white "Northern" listener/reader) are happy to encourage in order to demonstrate your multicultural bona fides. No, I mean what will probably seem far more controversial and discomfiting: that whether you want to recognize it or not, I am speaking for *you* also; that Jamaica is a creation of the West, that it is part of the West, and that as the West has made us, so we have helped to make you; that we (the United States and Jamaica) are both former slave societies; that race and racial subordination have been central to both our histories

and the legacy they have left us with today; that although it is harder to avoid this reality in a black-majority society like Jamaica, it is no less true for you that, under these circumstances, to frame society as being “a cooperative venture for mutual advantage,” as John Rawls recommends we do, is absurd; and that far from its being possible to consider society as “a closed system isolated from other societies,”² these trans-oceanic intercontinental relations of extraction and exploitation have, from modernity onwards (if not long before), shaped *all* the parties involved from the start. And the unavoidable implication, no matter how successfully it has been avoided by a West that now wants to disavow its own past, is that corrective justice in general, and racial justice in particular, needs to be at the center of any serious Western philosophical theory of social justice.

But to a certain extent I have gotten ahead of myself. Let me return to the Jamaica of the early 1970s, a decade after independence from Britain. So far from the deep problems inherited from three hundred-plus years of British colonialism having been solved—high unemployment, extreme poverty, sharp racial divisions, extensive police brutality—they had in many cases worsened. In fact, some commentators believe that had the opposition People’s National Party (the PNP) not swept into office in a landslide victory in 1972, widespread social unrest or even revolution might actually have broken out. The PNP was nominally a social democratic party, with links to the British Labour Party and the tradition of Fabian socialism. But in the 1950s, under the pressures of McCarthyism and the Cold War, it had expelled its Marxist left and moved rightwards, so that their program had become not much different from the Jamaica Labour Party (JLP), which, by one of those histories too complicated to recount here, was the conservative party. Now, however, under the leadership of Michael Manley, the PNP re-embraced the social democratic ideal, formally announcing a new platform of “democratic socialism” in 1974.

Even in First World countries such changes in direction arouse alarm and opposition in the privileged classes. In a Third World context, the sense of entitlement is far greater (especially when class is overlaid with race), and the reaction correspondingly far more hostile. The result was years of intense political debate and turmoil in the country, fanned not merely by the local conservative newspaper, the *Gleaner*, but by a foreign press worried about Jamaica’s becoming “another Cuba.” And a range of radical ideologies, earlier reborn after the 1968 banning of Guyanese UWI history lecturer Walter Rodney from returning to the country because of allegations (never proven) of “seditious” activity, were further stimulated: Marxism, both in “independent” and party-

linked Marxist-Leninist forms; varieties of black nationalism demanding “Black Power,” a slogan taken over from the American movements of the time but still very relevant in the Jamaican context given the socio-economic exclusions I have sketched; a newly respectable Rastafari consciousness, buoyed by the growing international success of Bob Marley, and attracting middle-class conversions; and debates at the university on dependency theory, underdevelopment, the Plantation School as a model for understanding Caribbean economies, the Cuban Revolution, the enduring manifestations of race and color privileging in the region, and so forth.

So it is in the milieu of this period of passionate challenge to the inherited neo-colonial social order that, boringly engaged in teaching natural science, I begin to think that philosophy, with its ability to grasp the Big Picture, might be the appropriate discipline to provide an overarching and illuminating insight into these matters. I had never done a philosophy course during my undergraduate degree, so it was largely a leap in the dark. But with the help of a Commonwealth Fellowship—again, that old colonial connection—I embarked on an MA at the University of Toronto. (And here I would like to register a note of appreciation to Russell scholar John Slater who was on the admissions committee and who—as he told me many years later at my graduation—overrode the skepticism of the other committee members, understandable enough given my almost complete lack of background in the subject, and insisted that I be given a chance.) I returned home after the master’s, still not sure that this was what I wanted to do, but through a combination of factors—the intensifying debate in the country, renewing my interest, and, no less potent, the hellish experience of teaching bratty thirteen-year-olds at one of the local high schools, who had immediately divined my inability to enforce any kind of discipline—went back to Toronto a year later to do the PhD.

“WELCOME TO WHITEWORLD!—ER, PHILOSOPHY. . .”

So I entered the strange new (to me anyway) world of philosophy. Then, as now, the University of Toronto had the largest philosophy department in North America: about 65 professors and over 130 graduate students. But if the disciplinary whiteness of the profession in the United States is extreme even today, imagine what it was like back then in Canada in the 1970s, with a smaller minority population to begin with. (Indeed, if I recall rightly, there was a grand total of four black faculty on the entire campus—none in philosophy, of course.)

For some time I was the only black student in the program, though I was eventually joined by a Nigerian, Olufemi Taiwo, who would become a friend, and who is now teaching at Cornell. And at the first conference of the Canadian Philosophical Association I attended, back in the 1980s, I seemed to be, so far as I could tell, the only person of color in the entire meeting, whether faculty or student! When I graduated I thought I was probably also the first-ever black PhD from the program. But Slater told me that I had a predecessor, and indeed I subsequently learned from Leonard Harris's pioneering edited collection of African American philosophy, the 1983 *Philosophy Born of Struggle*, that one Marc Moreland had done his doctorate at the University of Toronto way back in 1937, with a dissertation on "The Theory and Problem of Liberty in New England, 1636–1700."³ Currently, Chike Jeffers, black Canadian, recently tenured at Dalhousie University in Nova Scotia, is fulfilling the role of Our [Black] Man in Canada, and doing an excellent job of it. I am proud to say that I had a role in directing his dissertation at Northwestern, and will cheerfully take as much undeserved credit for his present and doubtless future success as I can.

So I was being introduced to the whiteness of the profession, an ongoing problem all these decades later. Moreover, it was not merely demographic but conceptual. Remember that my thought had been that philosophy was going to be the appropriate discipline for developing an optic for understanding the issues convulsing my homeland. Imagine, then, the experience of leaving a Jamaica roiled with these debates about slavery, imperialism, colonialism, neo-colonialism, white domination, racial justice, and so forth, and opening for the first time John Rawls's *A Theory of Justice*, which so thoroughly and efficiently purges the world of all of them.

It is not, of course, unreasonable that different nations should have different political theory traditions. But the point is that the "white" American political tradition is supposed to be analyzing and theorizing (in political science) and normatively critiquing (in political philosophy) the U.S. political system, or, more broadly, the political systems of Western modernity. And slavery, white supremacy, Jim Crow and its legacy—not to mention imperialism, colonialism, and global white domination for the planet as a whole—have been central to the creation and ongoing workings of that system. So one cannot ignore them as if they were somebody else's creation and somebody else's problem. It is as the "white man's country" that it was once explicitly conceived of that the United States politically subordinated its indigenous and black population. Black political theory—what is now being termed, more generally, "Afro-modern political thought"—arises precisely in

resistance to and contestation of this oppression.⁴ To deny this racist component of the white political tradition is to whitewash the political history. Yet in the 600 pages (in the original edition) of Rawls's famous first book, this history does not appear at all, and its appearance is only fleeting and sketchy in later work. (African slavery is eventually admitted, but not post-bellum Jim Crow, nor is there ever any mention of European imperialism and colonialism, nor any whisper of the genocide of indigenous populations, whether in his native United States or, in the book on international relations,⁵ the other non-European nations conquered and colonized by the white West.) So one is entering a different political universe, a different conceptual universe, and certainly a different affective universe—a serene counterfactual world, white political philosophy's equivalent of the M&E folks' "Twin Earth" (except not a twin, clearly, but a distant cousin many times removed). No angry black people chanting "Black power!" here, no indigenous populations protesting the legacy of genocide, no anti-colonial struggles (how could there be when colonialism is never mentioned?).

Now, I will be told—and indeed I have been told—that such criticism is quite unfair, completely misguided, a kind of category mistake on my part, since Rawls is not describing actual societies, but working in the realm of ideal theory, the cartography of a perfectly just society. But in the first place, there is evidence both from various authoritative secondary sources—Robert Paul Wolff, Charles Beitz, Thomas Pogge, and Samuel Freeman (the last three being former Rawls students)—bolstered by the internal logic of the text itself—that Rawls did indeed think of societies, or at least Western societies, as cooperative ventures for mutual advantage, even if he did not see them as well-ordered.⁶ This was supposed to be a representation of the actual, not the ideal. And to repeat: a slave society, a white settler state, a white-supremacist polity, is not a cooperative venture for mutual advantage, but a coercive venture by whites for *white* advantage. Moreover, nations from the former Third World, such as Jamaica, cannot be excluded from the ambit of Western justice theory as non-Western when, as I pointed out at the start, they are so undeniably creations of the West. Hence the demands for decades from the Global South for reparations from the Global North.

And in the second place, even if we concede that ideal theory is mapping out the contours of ideal justice for ideal societies, Rawls says explicitly in the book that this project is only instrumental to the working out of the principles for the really "pressing and urgent matters" of non-ideal, partial compliance theory.⁷ Yet not only does he have no discussion at all within any of his five books of what he briefly mentions as "compensatory justice,"⁸ which I take to be corrective justice for past wrongs, but he

never even gestures at providing the complementary theorization of ill-ordered societies (the only kind of society that actually exists today, or maybe ever) necessary for situating such a discussion. And his myriad disciples have followed him in this normative and conceptual neglect. Recent discussions of non-ideal theory in political philosophy have really been about the application of Rawls's principles in non-ideal circumstances, not the derivation of principles of corrective justice to rectify/compensate for past wrongdoing. But racial justice is, of course, precisely a matter of corrective justice. So the absurd consequence is a vast Rawls-inspired body of literature on social justice—not just in the United States, but far more broadly, with the book having been translated into dozens of languages—in which the central injustice on which the modern world has been founded is almost completely ignored.⁹

It should not be thought, of course, that I had all this worked out at the time. Rather, it has taken me embarrassingly long—years—to see what I now believe to be true, that ideal theory has become the primary obstacle to seriously doing social justice theory within mainstream analytic political philosophy. At the time, way back in the 1970s, all I could conclude from my justice class (taught by David Gauthier before his move to Pittsburgh) was that if this was political philosophy, then clearly I needed to be pursuing my project somewhere else. Hence my turn to Marxism, which was not that helpful either on the issues of race and imperialism in which I was interested, but that did at least recognize the importance of understanding social oppression.

So I hung out on campus with the white left in the philosophy and political science departments, while also being active in the African and Caribbean Students' Association. And I supplemented my reading in Marxist philosophy with extensive readings from external sources: history, radical geography, Third World political economy, African American texts, and so forth. As I said in my title: the red and the black. (Feminism, I must admit, would come much later.) Not having a first degree in philosophy may have been a handicap in forcing me to spend a lot of time doing catch-up. But in retrospect, I think it also had the advantage that it meant I was coming to philosophy from the outside, and thus finding strange and problematic some of its framings (in political philosophy in particular) in a way that might not have obtained if I had been efficiently socialized into disciplinary norms from the very start. Interdisciplinarity came naturally to me both because I was in my own graduate work entering a different discipline from my undergrad degree, and because to find discussions of race and imperialism, I had to search out material not to be found within the profession's mainstream. More on the significance of outsidership later.

I decided to do my dissertation on the concept of ideology in Marx and Engels. In those distant pre-postmodernist times, "ideology" seemed to provide the most theoretically powerful framework for linking social ideation with social oppression. So it was a natural choice that I assumed could later be applied to other issues than the primarily class-based ones on which orthodox Marxism focused. I worked with the philosophy department's two Marxists, Frank Cunningham and Danny Goldstick. So I was reading Marx, Engels, Lenin, Gramsci, Althusser, Poulantzas, and other names very much *not* to conjure with in these post-Marxist postmodernist times.

Marxism had classically been seen as part of the Continental (Hegelian) tradition, of course, but a series of articles published in *Philosophy and Public Affairs* in the 1970s on Marx and justice had shown that, quite contra conventional expectations, Marxist claims could be analytically reconstructed and put into fruitful engagement with mainstream liberal discourse on the subject, recently revived, of course, by Rawls's book. The term "Analytical Marxism" would soon be coined to designate work of this kind, which was given a huge boost in 1978 by the publication of G. A. Cohen's *Karl Marx's Theory of History: A Defense*.¹⁰ It would be difficult to overstate the impact of this book in analytic circles sympathetic to left theory. Remember that though some of the criticism of historical materialism from the liberal mainstream of the time was that it was clearly false, another line of critique was that it was not clearly *anything*. It was either so vague and woolly in its crucial terms and related pronouncements that nothing with significant propositional content could be extracted from it, or, in Karl Popper's famous judgment, it had built-in hedges that made falsification impossible.

Cohen showed that Marx's claims could, on the contrary, be put in analytically respectable form, so that, whatever you thought of them, there was now at least a definite thesis there to be confirmed/disconfirmed. The version of Marxism he chose to defend was an old-fashioned kind, what was called the "technologically determinist" version of historical materialism, which vested explanatory primacy in the forces of production and their autonomous tendency to develop throughout history. (The competing "mode of production interpretation" that many people such as myself found more convincing, by contrast, takes account of their interaction with the relations of production, thereby bringing in the role of class domination and class struggle.) But whatever my reservations on this score, the point was that I could now proudly start thinking of myself as an analytical Marxist.

So I was part of the grad school left on campus and, more broadly, on the progressive Toronto scene, doing solidarity work with Latin American groups and the anti-apartheid movement, and in my case in particular also engaged with the large Caribbean population in the city, in a period (now ancient and forgotten history) which was the high point of Anglo-Caribbean radicalism. On occasion, one even found time to add a paragraph or so to one's dissertation (or maybe just a sentence). Toronto is a great city, and even with the limited budget of a grad student, there were all kinds of exciting events one could attend, not to mention regular campus and off-campus parties. But eventually, alas, the good life as a professional graduate student came to an end—somehow, behind my back, those paragraphs had added up—and I was informed that I had flunked out, i.e., actually graduated. Appeals to the relevant authorities were in vain.

MY AMERICAN EDUCATION

Now it was time to find a job. While things were certainly not as bad on the market then as they are today, offers were not exactly flooding in either. I belatedly recognized that my degree in Marxism was going to be something less than an unqualified plus. In fact, Marxism was not really an AOS at all (as I discovered from an increasingly alarmed perusal of various issues of *Jobs for Philosophers*—still hard copy then, of course). Whether I liked it or not, I was in political philosophy, which meant that all that otherworldly and irrelevant Rawlsian stuff I had turned my nose up at a few years before was going to have to be mastered, at least for teaching if not research purposes. Indeed (the unwelcome revelations were coming thick and fast), the heyday of left influence in the academy in general—the boomlet produced by people from the radical '60s going into grad school, getting PhDs, and seeking to transform their disciplines by forming radical caucuses, founding new journals, etc.—that heyday was really over. It was just that philosophy, in keeping with the always-behind-the-times Owl of Minerva tradition, was getting the news late in the day. Analytical Marxism may have been more respectable than Hegelian Marxism, but it was still Marxism, and left theory—by the mid-'80s, with the Reagan and Thatcher Revolutions in full bloom, the collapse of Stalinist socialism only a few years away, and the arrival on Atlantic shores of Jacques Derrida and Michel Foucault—was beginning to seem less excitingly “threatening” and “subversive” than simply passé and irrelevant.

Having spent some time searching unsuccessfully for a Canadian job, I realized that if I really wanted an academic career, I was going to

have to leave the good life in Toronto—not quite as good now, with money drying up and my fellow grads dropping out of the program, or finishing and then going to law school, but in any case no longer part of the familiar campus social scene—and try for a position in the United States. My first year on the U.S. market was half-hearted: nominated by the department as a promising possibility in response to their inquiry, I interviewed with Pittsburgh. The second year I decided that I had to get serious. I applied for dozens of positions, and got APA Eastern interviews (pre-Skype days: more ancient history) with Notre Dame, the University of New Orleans, Miami (Ohio), and California State College Bakersfield. As it turned out, none of these interviews resulted in a job offer, and since I was reluctant to spend a third year on the market, my somewhat accidental philosophy career, birthed in naivety and ignorance from the start, might well have come to an appropriately ignominious end right there and then. But someone on the search committee for the University of Oklahoma, Ed Sankowski, liking my CV and motivated by diversity considerations, contacted me at the hotel itself. By sheer happenstance, I had gone up to my room to change, and it was in this brief window of time, before I went back down to the convention—maybe ten-fifteen minutes or so—that he telephoned. Perhaps he would have tried again; perhaps, discouraged, he wouldn't. But it does bring home how dramatically one's life can be altered by mere timing, brief lucky connections shunting us over to alternative timelines. An extra interview was organized at the convention; I did well, and I was called a few days later with a tenure-track offer from the University of Oklahoma—my first full-time philosophy position. In a sense, then, I owe my academic career to Ed Sankowski's determined plugging for a diversity candidate, and accordingly, I herewith offer him an appreciative shout-out.

So having been born in England, grown up in Jamaica, and been philosophically educated in Canada, I was now in the United States. It was, as you would expect, in many ways a further education in itself—starting with the dramatic shift from cosmopolitan Toronto to small-town Norman, Oklahoma. But above all, I meant my “racial” education in the city, state, and, of course, country as a whole. I would quickly become more conscious of race—my race, the race of others, everyday racial dynamics—than I had ever been in my life, certainly not in Jamaica, nor even in Canada. It is not that I was ever racially abused or insulted, or that my colleagues were not very welcoming, because they were. But race mediated routine social intercourse in ways that would, of course, be old news to black Americans—this was what they had grown up with, after all—but which were quite novel to me.

Two incidents in particular I recall. In my first month or so there, I was being driven around the campus, and the surrounding parts of town, by a black graduate student from another department. I was struck by the large number of houses and apartment buildings that had American flags flying outside them, something you would never have seen in Canada. "You guys really love your flag," I commented to her. "Our flag?!" she responded in astonishment and scorn. "What do you mean *our* flag? That's *their* flag." Chastened and abashed, I bit my tongue.

The second episode I have already recounted in a previous autobiographical essay, but it is certainly worth retelling. I was teaching a graduate seminar on Marx, and for a forthcoming section on ideology, decided to prepare a lecture contrasting Marxist and mainstream explanations of racism. Walking into the classroom, I began: "OK, so as you all know, white racism and the subordination of blacks have been central to U.S. history. Now, the explanations given—" But I was stopped right there. What was I talking about? Racism a central feature of the *United States*? Where on earth had I gotten such an idea? So we spent the class period going back and forth over this clearly bizarre claim of mine, while they denied, for example, that blacks had been subordinated, that anybody had ever believed in biologically determinist views of black inferiority (what I thought would be the uncontroversial example of "scientific" racism), that racism had been widespread among the white population, and so on. I should emphasize that at no stage did any one of the (almost all white) students display any anger or hostility to me in their responses. Rather, the overriding sentiment was a kind of puzzlement, a sympathetic bewilderment as to where I could possibly have picked up such a strange notion. Presumably, they concluded helpfully, it was because I was a foreigner.

So these two episodes perfectly summarized my introduction to race in the United States: oblivious white students (or, more generally, white people) living, as far as blacks were concerned, in another country with a different history (no wonder they needed their own flag), in which race, simultaneously disavowed and omnipresent, regulated everyday intercourse and the boundaries of competing realities. Black Americans were, of course, strangers in their own country also, both deeply American and un-American. But my own foreignness was different, since I was not at all American in the first place. Like them I was an outsider because of race, but my externality was not mediated by belongingness of any kind, albeit denied, as theirs was, or any accompanying accustomedness to this weird, if quotidian, phenomenological bifurcation. My outsider status was *more* external (if we keep the spatial metaphor), *more*

estranged, *more* distanced from the unnatural naturalness everyday intercourse thus required.

Seeing oneself in the third person is always difficult, of course, and perhaps in full detail impossible. The Socratic ideal of self-transparency, admirable as it may be (though it should be noted that some philosophers have made a case for the value of self-deception), is ultimately unattainable. But in trying to look objectively at my personal history and its ramifications for my philosophical work, I think that while I have been both benefited and disadvantaged (in different times and at different locations) by my social identity, the overall vector outcome, so to speak (harking back to my brief unlamented physics career), has been positive. Specifically—to invoke standpoint theory—I have been advantaged in a Jamaican context by growing up with social privilege (class, color, and gender), and the training and skills that come with it, and then—on coming to the United States as an adult—transitioning to a status in *that* context of social color/race disadvantage. So I have been epistemically benefited not merely by the fact of this social subordination, but by its *newness*, its *unaccustomedness*, as a novel rather than familiar status.

Recall here that as I said earlier, the U.S. one-drop rule does not apply in Jamaica. So in my native country I am not black, but brown, a member of the relatively privileged intermediate social group who, with independence, take over the reins of government, even if the white minority continue to have differential economic power and influence. My parents were both middle-class Jamaicans. My father was originally a member of the Jamaican civil service who, after doing an undergraduate degree at the London School of Economics and a master's degree at Harvard, would become a professor at the University of the West Indies as it began to indigenize, and later be chosen head of the department of government and ultimately dean of the faculty of social sciences. My mother would also work on campus, with an executive staff position in the department of education. So I grew up in a middle-class home on the university campus, in a house full of books. I also went to what was then an elite high school, one of the oldest on the island, Jamaica College.

I mention all this to emphasize that I was privileged by both my class background and my color (and, of course, by my gender). And indeed, though of course I didn't recognize this until long afterwards, that same social privilege blinded me to certain realities about black-majority Jamaica, especially since I was living far away from the gritty slums of Kingston, the "Government yards [public housing] in Trench Town" later made famous by Bob Marley. So if I have written about "white ignorance"

in my work in reference to the United States, I have to confess that I have in my own time been guilty of a “brown ignorance” in my own country, as a member of a group categorized by some strains of Jamaican black nationalism in the 1960s as complicit with the white elite occupying the peak of the Jamaican white/brown/black social pyramid.

In coming to the United States, then, I was to a certain extent changing color, changing race. As a light-skinned brown man, I would be categorized in Jamaica as “high-brown” (compare the American “high-yellow”) or “red,” a Jamaican “red man.” Thus I was moving from red to black, from the status of a privileged high-brown man to a subordinated black man, while retaining the “brown” advantages of education and class confidence from my native country, and motivated to bring them to bear on the puzzle of making sense of my adopted country. In my years of working on my dissertation on Marxism at the University of Toronto, my original interest in race had been somewhat sidelined. But now it began to be revived, especially since, while I was diligently mining my dissertation for articles, as you’re supposed to do, orthodox class theory was seeming less and less relevant. The United States, I began to understand (as all black Americans know), was built on race, and any social and political philosophy worthy of its name needed to start from that reality.

Moreover, at campus events and APA conferences I attended, I was encountering and hanging out with a new crowd—black Americans—and starting to learn from their experience and to identify with their struggles. John Pittman, then a graduate student like myself, was the first black American philosopher I had met, when he was on a trip to Toronto. But I would soon get to know people like Lucius Outlaw, Howard McGary, Laurence Thomas, Leonard Harris, Bill Lawson, Al Mosley, Frank Kirkland, and my fellow Caribbean, Bernard Boxill. From the beginning I was welcomed here by black Americans, invited into their social networks, and—crucially—educated about the realities of their country and the struggle to establish black philosophy (as it was then termed) in the white philosophical world. In effect, then, I was making a double transition, both corporeal and political, from red to black.

If I were asked to choose a particular year to localize this shift, it would be 1994. By then I had relocated to the University of Illinois at Chicago since, while deeply grateful to the University of Oklahoma for giving me my start in the United States, I preferred to be in a big city again. Richard Kraut, then still at UIC, had asked me to be on the planning committee for the 1994 Central Division meeting, and I had suggested a market socialism panel, given the “world-historical” collapse only a

few years before—with reverberations still being felt globally—of state-commandist socialism. Now, in Kansas City, I dropped in at the panel to see how it was going. What did I see? Four people on the panel—and one in the audience! A clearer indication of lack of interest in this whole subject could hardly be imagined. (Well, OK, I guess an audience of zero would have been even clearer.) On the other hand, a panel I chaired on universalism and ethnic affirmation drew a huge crowd, a manifestation of the growing legitimacy by then of race as a topic. So if Marxism was dead, race was alive and well. Moreover, I met here for the first time two philosophers who would go on to become central players in the field, Lewis Gordon and Linda Martín Alcoff.

Later, in one of the hotel rooms, while Linda and I listened bemusedly, Lewis—fresh out of grad school at Yale—outlined a plan for black philosophers to take over the world. (You might not have noticed anything happening yet, but I believe we've only reached stage three.) While appropriately impressed by these ambitions, and willing to help in any way I could—global conspiracies? hey, I'm your man!—I was also a bit puzzled, since, as you know, in the traditional ethnoracial division of labor in these enterprises, blacks may provide the muscle and the foot-soldiers, but the guiding brainpower is reserved for Jews. However, when I hesitantly raised these points—not so much in the way of objection, more as a request for clarification—Lewis explained that as he was both black *and* Jewish, the conventional separation of tasks stipulated elsewhere was unnecessary here. Indeed, it turned out that he was not so much asking for our assistance—since he could pretty well do it on his own—as just giving us an FYI, a heads-up.

Seriously, I have the greatest respect for both of them, and—unlike me, who had decided after my activist grad school years to redirect my energies single-mindedly into publication—they have both gone on to make great organizational as well as philosophical contributions. (Reading their online CVs—assuming you can set aside the several hours that will be necessary for this task—is a humbling experience.) Linda, as you all know, has been a key player on numerous APA committees, was the 2012–13 president of the APA Eastern Division and the 1997–99 co-director of SPEP, has edited/co-edited over ten books and authored very influential work in feminism, race, and identity theory. I am delighted to be joining her and Frank Kirkland in the CUNY system this coming fall. Lewis's organizational efforts have been focused more outside official APA circles, above all in his founding and building the Caribbean Philosophical Association, a "Global South"-oriented group whose mission it is to "shift the geography of reason." He has by now authored/co-authored no less than eight books, edited or co-edited several more,

and given innumerable talks around the world, with major contributions above all in Fanon studies, decolonial existential phenomenology, and Africana thought more generally.

So this 1994 meeting with them, the success of the ethnicity panel so sharply counterposed to the virtually unattended socialism panel, and my own “blackening” experience and self-conception solidified for me the philosophical decision to start working systematically on race and African American philosophy. And this career shift also required, of course, a self-conscious immersion of myself in the black American intellectual tradition, and also the social-scientific and historical literature on race in the United States.

AFRICANA PHILOSOPHY AND RACE

The story of the struggle to establish the legitimacy and importance of Africana (originally black) philosophy and critical philosophy of race (which significantly overlaps it) has been told by Lucius Outlaw, one of the pioneering figures in the field.¹¹ Difficult though it may now be to conceive, this topic was once so marginalized that it was generally restricted to the “group program” at APA meetings (often at the dreaded “dinner session”—7 p.m. to 10 p.m.—when all but the diehards had gone out to eat). In conferences organized at HBCUs, or meetings in church basements and people’s living rooms (Al Prettyman has for decades run a black/Africana Philosophy salon from his New York apartment), a small dedicated community, largely black but with a few white allies, labored over several decades to nurture and develop this unacknowledged philosophical perspective. So far from there being any mainstream interest in these matters at the time, Leonard Harris’s manuscript of *Philosophy Born of Struggle*, mentioned earlier, was turned down by every publisher at the APA book exhibit. It was eventually brought out in 1983 by Kendall/Hunt, a house with a reputation in other fields, but not philosophy. White progressives and white radicals played an important role in assisting this eventual legitimation. The Radical Philosophy Association (RPA), for example, was a frequent sponsor of such APA group panels. The late Marx Wartofsky opened the pages of *The Philosophical Forum* not once, but twice, to black philosophers, in a 1977–78 special double issue of the journal and a 1992–93 special triple issue. But given analytic hegemony in the field, it was really, as Paul Taylor has pointed out, only with the publication of Kwame Anthony Appiah’s 1992 book *In My Father’s House* that race began its crossover into the mainstream, though ironically Appiah’s own position on race was a minority eliminativist one.¹² (He argued that social constructionism on

race could not be developed without a circularity problem in identifying a race over time.)

What a different situation we have today! Whereas originally it had been difficult to get the top presses to take an interest in such manuscripts, we now have philosophy texts on race and Africana philosophy being published by Oxford, Cambridge, Harvard, Princeton, Chicago, Cornell, and others. Moreover—always a key sign of legitimation—incipient canonization is beginning. Paul Taylor recently edited a four-volume collection of reprints of classic pieces for Routledge on *The Philosophy of Race*, and is co-editing a companion for them on the subject. Robert Bernasconi did the chapter on “Critical Philosophy of Race” for the *Routledge Companion to Phenomenology* and, from the analytic side, I did a chapter with the same name for the *Oxford Handbook of Philosophical Methodology*. Naomi Zack is editing the forthcoming *Oxford Handbook on Philosophy and Race*. No less than three presses now have critical philosophy of race series: SUNY (the oldest), Lexington, and (most recently) Oxford; Palgrave Macmillan has begun an “African American philosophy and the African Diaspora” series. The online *Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy* includes various entries already done under this category (and related subjects) and has commissioned several more. The *Monist* did one of its regular thematic issues on race in 2010, and there have been special issues on race and race-related topics in *Contemporary Aesthetics*, *Hypatia*, *The Journal of Ethics*, the *Journal of Social Philosophy*, *The Southern Journal of Philosophy*, the *South African Journal of Philosophy*, the *Graduate Faculty Philosophy Journal*, *Philosophical Papers*, and a forthcoming (as I write) special issue of the *Journal of Applied Philosophy* on the subject of “Critical Philosophy of Race: Beyond the USA.” A journal housed at Penn State, *Critical Philosophy of Race*, was launched in 2013. Suddenly, after all these years, race is philosophically respectable.

Various high-profile hirings have also taken place recently, whose significance is, of course, that they signal to the profession that this stuff is to be taken seriously. I don’t just mean the employment of black philosophers, since not all black philosophers work on race (nor should they feel pressured to do so), but people actually in the field. Twenty years ago, in 1995, Leonard Harris wrote a letter to the *APA Proceedings and Addresses* in which he castigated American philosophy as being so white that it could have been the creation of the Ku Klux Klan. He pointed out, for example, that neither Anthony Appiah nor Cornel West, both then at Harvard, were in philosophy. West, who would later move to Princeton and now Union Theological College, is not really a good example, since he has deliberately chosen to avoid philosophy

departments in his academic career. But Appiah has gone on to become the first black president of the APA (Eastern Division), and has now been in philosophy at Harvard, Princeton, and currently NYU, seen by some as the top department in the country (race is no longer a focus of his work, however). More generally, Harvard, Columbia, Michigan, Yale, and Rutgers, all generally regarded as ranked in the top ten, have black philosophers working on race: Tommie Shelby, Robert Gooding-Williams, Derrick Darby, Chris Lebron, and Howard McGary (though McGary is a long-time rather than a recent hire).

So progress has certainly been made in comparison to the 1980s, when I began my career. But the numbers remain very low. When I came to the United States, blacks were 1 percent of the professional philosophical population, and all these years later that percentage has not changed. And black women are, of course, ever further under-represented within this under-represented category. As an April 1, 2016, *Chronicle of Higher Education* cover story reported, in the entire country only about forty black women have ever earned PhDs in philosophy. Kathryn Gines's Collegium of Black Women in Philosophy was formed in 2007 to try to remedy this situation, by holding annual (more or less) meetings and providing an online community, and there is also, more broadly, the online Society for Young Black Philosophers. It would be reassuring if one could assume that though current numbers are low, we are on a steady upward curve, but as indicated, in percentage terms the curve has actually been effectively flat for decades. Moreover, in a personal communication, Liam Kofi Bright informs me that according to his analysis of the available data, the numbers of those entering the pipeline are actually *not* going to be enough to replace the imminent and already begun wave of retirements of pioneering figures in the field. Bernard Boxill and Bill Lawson, for example, have both now retired, and other people whom I will not name have been making threatening noises in this direction for some time now. It would be ironic if the highpoint of success of black/Africana philosophy coincided with a diminution of the actual percentage of black philosophers in the profession. Finally, it is worth observing that the United States, with its towering 1 percent, is a multicultural and multiracial philosophy paradise in comparison with the United Kingdom and Europe, where the percentage of black philosophers is effectively zero.

“BLACK RADICAL LIBERALISM”

Let me conclude, finally, with my own work, and my own evolving perspective on these issues. The alternative title I considered for my

lecture was “Nigger Metaphysics,” which I thought summed things up very nicely, not to mention being more authentically American. But in the end, though reluctantly, I abandoned it as (just possibly) offensive. (However, it should be noted that when during the talk I checked with graduate student Myisha Cherry, sitting in the front row of the audience, and, unlike myself, authentically black American, she was all for it. So perhaps I should have stood firm against my own second-guessing.)

For me the phrase is, of course (presumably I don’t have to emphasize this?), an example of “mention” rather than “use.” If you don’t recognize it, I should explain that it is inspired by a famous line in Robert Penn Warren’s 1927 poem, “Pondy Woods,” which led to a celebrated exchange between Warren and the black American literary critic Sterling Brown. Warren, a key member of the Southern Agrarians, is best known today for his authorship of *All the King’s Men*, a fictionalized treatment of the political career of Huey Long, Governor of Louisiana in the 1930s. In this poem, Warren gives to a circling buzzard the line: “Nigger, your breed ain’t metaphysical.” To which Brown, a few decades later, retorts: “Cracker, your breed ain’t exegetical.” Brown is usually judged (at least in African American circles) to have got the better of the exchange. But what I like about the phrase is its capturing of the white racist perception of blacks as, so to speak, metaphysically flat, without depth or significance or relevance to the human condition, a breed of humans who, even if they were in some technical sense human, were obviously subhuman humans.

From this perspective, then, the three-fifths clause, albeit adopted for the purposes of constitutional compromise, is actually also expressing a more profound truth, epitomized in the later 1857 Supreme Court *Dred Scott* decision that blacks had no rights that whites were bound to respect. So “nigger metaphysics” (use) would be a contradiction in terms. From the perspective of those metaphysically reduced to “niggers” (mention), on the other hand, the philosophical challenge is then posed of understanding how that works exactly: the exegesis of such a reduction. How can an entire society conceiving of itself as a brand-new experiment in human history—a shining city on the hill which is going to be a beacon to the world—be dedicated to universal human rights and yet see no contradiction in systematically denying them to blacks? It is the challenge of exploring and mapping in its manifold dimensions, at both micro and macro levels, at the level of self and the level of society, the ontology of such a world and its multiple philosophical implications—an uncharted universe, so to speak.

The phrase I have recently started using to describe my present political position, my key tool for this attempted charting, is *black radical liberalism*.

It does not appear in my first and best-known book, *The Racial Contract*,¹³ but the idea is already implicit in the book's framework. Think of it as a liberalism radically reshaped and reoriented by the black diasporic experience, a liberalism centrally located (to use Rawlsian language) within "non-ideal theory" and focused, in a way that Rawlsianism is so manifestly not, on corrective justice (which is really what social justice theory was supposed to be about all along). Black radical liberalism is an attempted synthesis—oxymoronic and unstably centrifugal as it may initially appear—of what I have learned from Marxism, feminism, black radicalism, and liberalism.

Here is the breakdown. From Marxism, the unwavering ("non-ideal theory") recognition of the centrality of social oppression to post-hunter-gatherer societies, and the imperative of adopting a "materialist" analysis that takes a structural perspective on the socio-political and its patterns of domination and subordination. From radical feminism, as in Carole Pateman's *The Sexual Contract*, an appreciation of the importance of a global theorization of oppression ("patriarchy") not reducible to class domination, and from liberal feminism/feminist liberalism, as in Susan Moller Okin's *Justice, Gender, and the Family*, the inspiration for taking up a distanced meta-perspective on liberalism as *patriarchal* liberalism, potentially redeemable nonetheless.¹⁴ From the progressive side of the black diasporic political tradition, above all in W. E. B. Du Bois, an unflinching acknowledgment of how crucial race ("white supremacy") has been to the making of the modern world, in the form of Amerindian expropriation and genocide, African slavery, European conquest and colonialism, and eventual global white domination.¹⁵ Finally, from liberalism, the importance of developing a normative apparatus of rights and the means for theorizing about social justice for equal persons, but dramatically rethought to register how distant modernity's societies actually are from Rawlsian "cooperative ventures for mutual advantage." Any "device of representation" here must be structured so as to capture the non-ideal reality of societies organized around the domination of sub-persons—not a genuinely consensual contract, then, but a "domination contract" among the privileged.¹⁶

In this respect, I would suggest that the great insight of the Afro-modern tradition, and the distinctive contribution it makes to modern Western philosophy (yes, "Western"—who do you think the "contractors" are?), is its exposure of the deep inability of liberalism's standardly ascribed ontology to capture the social metaphysics of modernity. If "nigger metaphysics" as use rests on biological-determinist white ignorance, "nigger metaphysics" as mention gives us a knowing black "second-sight" (Du Bois), a meta-vision from the standpoint within the veil of

the social determinism that causes such ignorance and explains why its corresponding moral psychology and social ontology have to be constructed the way they are.¹⁷

As such, it is more penetrating than the Marxist perspective on social reality which, at least from "On the Jewish Question" onwards, presumes that normative equality is in fact achieved with modernity and the bourgeois revolutions, though it is undercut by class inequality. Nominally equal in theory, the working class is systemically handicapped in practice by material disadvantage. But in the case of blacks in the modern period, *not even normative equality* is achieved. Hence the long history in the black diaspora of phenomenological attempts to express, and attempts to theorize the ethics of, the experience of denied personhood, from Sojourner Truth's question, "And ain't I a woman?" and Du Bois's claim that blacks are "a *tertium quid*, between men and cattle," through Marcus Garvey's verdict that blacks are "a race without respect," to Frantz Fanon's description of "the zone of non-being." So if we are going to work within a liberal framework of "persons" and "rights," we need a reconceptualized social ontology that will map, in their complex interrelations and ramifications for moral psychology, social epistemology, and necessary corrective justice, the differentiated status of persons-recognized-as-persons and persons-recognized-as-(racial) subpersons. In a sense, most of my writing since *The Racial Contract* has been an attempt to explore these dark realities in detail, only briefly sketched out in the book.

Finally, I want to say something about the relation of such investigations in Africana philosophy and critical philosophy of race to (what are represented as) the broader concerns of the field. In Western philosophy, the aspiration has traditionally been to the universal and objective, as against the local and the particularistic. Somewhat oversimplifying, the claim to the universal is standardly grounded in one of two competing strategies, which I am going to demarcate as the idealist and the materialist. On the one hand, for example, the ascent beyond the world of particularity to the eternal unchanging Forms, or to socio-independent natural liberal rights and freedoms, or the cosmopolitan trajectory of the World Spirit. On the other hand, a more politically informed and socio-historically located project whose claimed epistemic superiority arises not through abstraction away from the world, but from the reconstruction, via descent *into* its depths, of the viewpoint of the socially subordinated, whether the proletariat as the truly universal class whose emancipation frees everyone by bringing an end to class society or the women whose constrained domestic labor forces them into daily

and ineluctable contact with the shit and shit work males can escape and evade as creatures naturally of the public sphere.

As you would expect, and given my line of argument throughout, my sympathies are with the latter route. The peculiarities of blackness, I suggest—the peculiarities that ground its potentially universalizing scope—inhere in the ways in which its distinctive combination of ideonormative exclusion and material foundationality are central to the making of the modern world. For blackness in modernity—the negro, the “nigger”—is not just another ethnic identity but a racialized identity more systematically excluded from moral equality (and its rights, freedoms, and cosmopolitan inclusions) than any other. Whether in theological or scientific racism, as Ham’s accursed grandchildren or social Darwinism’s simians, blacks are seen in modernity as a slave race, the paradigm sub-persons. Other people of color are, of course, also stigmatized by the racial hierarchies of Western Civilization. But Atlantic slavery, by comparison with other systems of racial domination, turns people into chattel, and constitutes the unacknowledged foundation of capitalism and the modern world economy.¹⁸ Moreover, it creates a forced black diaspora to the Americas and Europe that “universalizes” this population in a far more extensive fashion than for other colonial subjects, thereby shaping global consciousness more profoundly. The defamatory “meme” of black inferiority becomes planetary.

In addition, Amerindians, Asians, Arabs, and Native Australians, even under European rule, had their ethno-national identities to fall back on; they may have been racially categorized, yet the category was not theirs. But precisely because of the (for the most part) stripping away of the language and customs of captured Africans in the West, precisely because they were locked in the most intimate relationship with Western societies and their normative systems while simultaneously being denied their protection, blacks were compelled for their own ontological survival to recreate themselves as a “race” and driven to develop the most detailed theorization of the normative logic of racial exclusion. For this history means that the creation of the modern world rests on two interlinked realities, ideal and material, that have never fully been acknowledged in white Western theory because of their tectonic implications for social justice: the global denial of black personhood and the global exploitation of coerced black labor. It is no accident, then, that blacks in the diaspora have historically been at the forefront of developing critical race theory and critical philosophy of race. If the Western philosophical ideal, going back to Socrates, has been self-transparency, knowing thyself both individually and, at least from liberal Western modernity onwards, socio-politically, we can see

that a structural racial opacity generated by this un-acknowledgeable founding will necessarily obstruct the realization of any such ideal, and vitiate the universalism to which it pretends. As long as these truths remain unadmitted and the white lies and structural injustices based on them uncorrected, any genuine universalism is impossible.

I want to close by mentioning two of the books that have had the most impact on me in recent years: Ann Cudd's *Analyzing Oppression* and my former colleague Samuel Fleischacker's *A Short History of Distributive Justice*.¹⁹ Both books, in my opinion (I am not saying the authors had this aim), represent a profound indictment of Western philosophy's theorization of the socio-political and the normative over the past two thousand-plus years. Cudd points out in her introduction that hers is the first book-length mainstream philosophy text seeking to analyze oppression as such, despite the obvious fact, as noted earlier, that past the hunter-gatherer phase, all human societies have been oppressive on one axis or another. Fleischacker's thesis, stated in his doubly-signifying title (the book is a short one), is the historical recency of the concept of distributive justice. Far from the entitlement to distributive justice simply because of equal human moral standing being a concept dating back to Aristotle's famous discussion in the *Nicomachean Ethics*, it actually arises only slightly more than two hundred years ago, in the 1790s writings of François-Noël ("Gracchus") Babeuf. (Aristotle's conceptualization was linked to social status, and had no implications for property rights.) And, of course, if distributive justice even in its "universal" (read: white-male) version is so recent a concept, corrective justice for subordinated groups is more underdeveloped still, since only even more recently have white women and people of color subordinated in modernity been recognized as equals (to the extent that they have).

The unavoidable implication, it seems to me, is that while Western philosophy is the discourse whose very *raison d'être* is supposed to be the achievement of Justice and Truth, it has, for most of its two-millennia-plus existence, been complicit with Injustice and its Rationalizations. Ideal theory in its various incarnations, from Plato to Rawls, abstracts away from the realities of social oppression that should guide concept- and theory-formation. It is only through admitting and focusing on the full extent of Non-Ideality that we can develop the materially grounded abstractions and ideals that will be necessary for illuminating and ultimately helping to eliminate it, thereby achieving Ideality. Or, epigrammatically put, you can only realize idealism through materialism. In class, gender, and critical race theory we have, I suggest, not a particularistic diversion from the true goals of the universalizing philosophical enterprise, but rather the best hope of actually attaining

them. I hope my work will one day be judged to have contributed, if only in some small way, to this project.

NOTES

1. Stendhal, *The Red and the Black* (New York: Penguin Classics, 2002); originally published 1830. Note that all I have appropriated from this book is the title. The alternative title I considered was "Nigger Metaphysics" (see my later discussion).
2. John Rawls, *A Theory of Justice* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1971), 4, 8.
3. Leonard Harris, ed., *Philosophy Born of Struggle: Anthology of Afro-American Philosophy from 1917* (Dubuque, IA: Kendall/Hunt, 1983), 312.
4. Robert Gooding-Williams, *In the Shadow of Du Bois: Afro-Modern Political Thought in America* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 2009).
5. John Rawls, *The Law of Peoples, with "The Idea of Public Reason Revisited"* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1999).
6. For the evidence, see my "Decolonizing Western Political Philosophy," *New Political Science* 37, no. 1 (March 2015): 1–24.
7. Rawls, *Theory*, 9.
8. *Ibid.*, *Theory*, 8, 351.
9. For the latest offender in this tradition of Jim Crow social justice theory, see Jon Mandle and David Reidy, eds., *A Companion to Rawls* (Malden, MA: Wiley Blackwell, 2014), a book of nearly 600 pages in which affirmative action—the most important postwar measure of corrective racial justice in the United States—gets a single sentence (182n13).
10. G. A. Cohen, *Karl Marx's Theory of History: A Defence* (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1978).
11. Lucius T. Outlaw, Jr., "What Is Africana Philosophy?" in *Philosophy in Multiple Voices*, ed. George Yancy (Lanham, MD: Rowman & Littlefield, 2007). For what is in effect an oral history of the early period, see George Yancy, ed., *African-American Philosophers: 17 Conversations* (New York: Routledge, 1998).
12. Kwame Anthony Appiah, *In My Father's House: Africa in the Philosophy of Culture* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1992).
13. Charles W. Mills, *The Racial Contract* (Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 1997).
14. Carole Pateman, *The Sexual Contract* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1988); Susan Moller Okin, *Justice, Gender, and the Family* (New York: Basic Books, 1989).
15. Eric J. Sundquist, ed., *The Oxford W. E. B. Du Bois Reader* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1996).
16. See my chapters in Carole Pateman and Charles W. Mills, *Contract and Domination* (Malden, MA: Polity, 2007).
17. Du Bois, in Sundquist, 101-2.
18. See, for example, Sven Beckert, *Empire of Cotton: A Global History* (New York: Knopf, 2014).
19. Ann E. Cudd, *Analyzing Oppression* (New York: Oxford University Press, 2006); Samuel Fleischacker, *A Short History of Distributive Justice* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 2004).