

## Notes

1. Full references for my Kavka citations are given in "Gregory Kavka's Writings" at the end of this volume.
2. See "Deterrence, Utility, and Rational Choice" (1980).
3. See Kavka's "What Is Newcomb's Problem About?" (1980). His other essays on topics in rational-choice theory include "Some Social Benefits of Uncertainty" (1990), "Is Individual Choice Less Problematic than Collective Choice?" (1991), and "Rational Maximizing in Economic Theories of Politics" (1991).
4. Several chapters of the book project exist in draft form.
5. See "The Futurity Problem" (1978), "The Paradox of Future Individuals" (1982), and "Political Representation for Future Generations" (1983).
6. See his essay "The Problem of Group Egoism" (1993), as well as several essays in this volume (especially Hampton, Morris, and Watson), for some of the difficulties with this project.
7. Warren Quinn, "The Right to Threaten and the Right to Punish," *Philosophy and Public Affairs* 14 (1985), 327–73.
8. Thomas Hobbes, *Leviathan*, ed. Edwin Curley ([1651/1688]; Indianapolis: Hackett, 1994), xv, p. 90.
9. David Hume, *An Enquiry Concerning the Principles of Morals*, ed., L. A. Selby-Bigge, rev. P. H. Niddich ([1751]; Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1975), ix, ii, pp. 282–3.
10. The essay from which I quote, which Jean Hampton was not able to revise before her death, may be seen as part of a larger skeptical treatment of neo-Humean and neo-Hobbesian practical philosophy. Her account of this tradition's views of normativity and practical rationality are to be found in her posthumous book, *The Authority of Reason* (Cambridge University Press, 1998).

## Some Personal Memories

TYLER BURGE

This book commemorates the intellectual contributions of Greg Kavka. I wanted to say something to celebrate his person. He lived a life full of character, courage, strength, love, caring, and even satisfaction. And he did so despite enduring an astonishing series of misfortunes.

I met Greg twenty-six years ago, when he first came to UCLA. It was not love at first sight. I thought I wouldn't like him. He seemed boyish and old-fashioned. I saw my mistake within a week of knowing him. I had mistaken the boyishness for lack of awareness or sophistication. What drew us together was an impatience with pretension and an enjoyment of UCLA basketball. Gradually, weekends between our families became a regular matter. We developed a four-way friendship. It was just a matter of spending time together in simple pursuits. It was Greg's way. He was aggressively unpretentious in his tastes – Pepsi instead of wine, pizza rather than salmon, *Sports Illustrated* before the *New Yorker*, loafers not Guccis, basketball over Proust.

We went through some hard times. One misty winter's night in Pacific Palisades, I had to tell him that his tenure case was in trouble. He was not given tenure because a few senior philosophers saw the boyishness as I first did and failed to recognize his intellectual power and persistence. Most of his adversaries have since acknowledged their mistake. He took the news with an objectivity and dispassionateness that characterized all his responses to adversity. Discussing it, planning how to fight it, and working through the consequences made us closer. I thought him admirable throughout. An emotional bond formed and remained between us to the end. He was my closest male friend. His loyalty and depth of caring remained even through periods when life became hellish for him.

When he went to the University of California at Irvine, we saw less of each other but still kept up regular contact – on the phone and through visits. His career bloomed. He won prestigious awards from the National Endowment for the Humanities and from the Ford Foundation. He published over fifty articles and two books on philosophy. He wrote a widely admired book on Hobbes and created a series of brilliant articles on nuclear deterrence that opened a new area of practical philosophy. He made significant contributions to the ethics of

biotechnology. When he died, he was working on a new book on the charming but naïve dictum of President James Madison – that if men were angels they would not need government. Greg argued that even angels would need organization, cooperation, and constraint to live together. It was typical of his work – on Hobbes, on nuclear deterrence, on government – that he looked the weaknesses of people and the hardness of life full in the face and reasoned about how to salvage something that was worthwhile. He was well known throughout the profession as a creative thinker who had done his work despite exceptional misfortune.

When he first learned that he had cancer, he did not withdraw into a shell; he called for help. My wife Dorli and I spent a long day with him and Virginia, talking through the grim prospects. He expressed his fear and discouragement. But he remained objective, practical, and strong. We reenacted this horrible disaster-confronting scene twice more – once when he had to make a terrible choice between disfiguring operations and radiation, and once, weeks before he died when he faced the depressing prospect of another round with cancer. I saw him many times in between, suffering through the daily oppressive consequences of his disease-fighting decisions. He was always himself – human and expressive, yet objective, dispassionate, good-humored, and courageous. He and Virginia showed superhuman strength through the worst and most prolonged physical troubles of anyone I have known.

He did not think that just any life was worth living. Some pain would be too nasty, too brutish. But he was willing to face an incredible amount of pain, disfigurement, and daily aggravation to salvage the goods from life.

The meaning of his life lay in those goods: they were his relations, his work, and his simple pleasures. He loved Virginia and his daughter Amber. He told me that leaving them would be hardest. He loved his parents and his sister and her family. I felt I knew them through him. He loved his friends. Even when he was experiencing the greatest physical hardship, he maintained interest in his friends. Even in the deepest trouble, he remembered to ask about the lives of others. He had a knack for holding friends, once friendships were made. He kept up and cared.

He continued to work to the end. He kept planning and thinking. He had written a stylish book about his bouts with cancer. It was one of his ways of understanding, mastering, and sharing with others the good in his experience. He intended to expand it by interspersing chapters on philosophical problems among the chapters on his life. The book would have been unique. He was working on that and on the book on Madison's dictum when he died.

He knew how to have fun. My last time with him combined the most serious discussion of his life prospects with immersion in a professional football game on television. Neither of us cared much who won, but he threw himself into the game in an infectious way that was characteristic of him.

He lived life at all levels. He thought hard about abstract problems. He was an original philosopher who made genuine contributions known all over the world. He faced the greatest pain, felt the deepest emotions, gave of himself to others steadily and profoundly, carried on long-term relations in the fullest, most loyal way. He understood people – their goodness and badness, their strengths and weaknesses, their conscious and unconscious. He took pleasure in little things – high school memories, soft drinks, sports, gentle (or even not so gentle) gossip, children. He gave pleasure to others. He became a favorite uncle to my older son and thought up joint gifts for us to give him. He hung on and fought for his life so persistently because he loved life, found it interesting and rewarding, and knew how to enjoy it. He knew how to enjoy it, even though he experienced its worst horrors – its unfairness and cruelties.

We who knew him can celebrate a life of depth, character, and love. We can be happy that he lived life well, salvaged its goods, and gave them to others. We can be happy that he was spared a last hopeless round of pain and agony. He leaves a daughter who will remember in her bones that he loved her. He leaves all of us a piece of his mind and spirit.