I first met Stanley Cavell in the dining hall of Adams House. Adams is part of the university house system that is modelled after the college system at Oxford and Cambridge but without the gardens or the tradition. Adams House is just south of Harvard Yard and still some distance from the Charles River. It was there I met Stanley which is how I knew him and how I remember him – by his first name – and which is how, I suspect, many of the contributors to this volume knew and remember him too. At that particular moment, there was a small group of students, all of whom were familiar to me, seated with Stanley at one of the long tables in the dining hall. Someone waved as if to say, “come, join us,” and I went and sat down on the side opposite Stanley and to his left, some distance from him, but not far. There may have been five or six others.

I noticed he tilted his head ever so slightly in my direction as he listened to someone seated directly opposite, as if he were favoring his right ear. I asked Tim – I believe it was Tim — about this afterward and he looked at me as if I were an anthropologist from Mars and said, “what? Don’t you know?” and I said, “Know? Know what?” and he said: “about the accident?” “The accident?” I said and Tim told me about Stanley’s running down the driveway at a friend’s house when he was six in pursuit of a ball that had escaped from whatever they were doing with it at the top, kicking it around, I supposed. As it rolled down, Stanley chased after it. It rolled out into the street with Stanley in hot pursuit. He was hit by a car damaging his left ear. This was the first I heard of it. But after Tim told me I felt everyone else at the table had already heard the story.

And so, too, when he was reading, it seemed that Stanley was hearing the words, not so much picking them up off the page or reading the ink marks, but hearing them, not seeing them, well, yes, of course, seeing them, but, as if he were – how shall I put it? – sight-reading, not music, but words.
Every so often he would remind us, as if reminding himself, that he learned to read music before he learned to read words. The three texts he reads and writes about first other than philosophy are plays – *King Lear*, *Endgame*, and *Othello*, if we include his dissertation – each and every one of which do not happen on the page in writing, but in performance where the words are spoken rather than written. So I have always thought that reading, for Stanley, was also listening, as if his damaged ear tipped him into a mood of making sure he was hearing whatever it was that was being said to him. I imagined when he read and turned the pages that, yes, he saw the words on the page, but heard a voice, not necessarily his own voice or the author’s voice, not necessarily Shakespeare’s, Emerson’s or Thoreau’s, but some third thing, the voice of the text, of *King Lear*, “Self-Reliance,” or *Walden*, as if each text he read had its own voice, especially suited to it, quite apart from the reader’s or the author’s.

He himself was amazed by what he calls his mother’s “uncanny capacity to sight-read” on top of her having “perfect pitch,” a condition, if I may call it that, that we learn from Joan Richardson only one in 10,000 have. The fact that her brother had it too provoked Stanley to wonder about the fairness of God’s distribution of talents in this world and think of himself as one of the unfortunate ones. Years later after the family left Atlanta when Stanley was seven and he was at Julliard, thinking he might pursue a career in musical composition but beginning to have doubts, he thought “there must be something [he] was meant to do that required an equivalent of the enigmatic faculty of perfect pitch.” His own uncanny ability to sight-read not only music, but words on a page may be “some attestation of this prophecy.”

It was impossible for me as a student of his not to think of him as someone with a good ear, despite his having a damaged one, to think of him as he himself put it, who had “an ear for things.” Once you hear the story of “the accident, it is also hard not to notice how many words there are in and throughout his writing that call up the sound of things. Read him, and you hear sounds everywhere. I am reminded of Ved Mehta, the Indian writer on the staff of *The New Yorker*, who has been blind from the age of three, blinded a couple of months before he was four by a bout with spinal meningitis, whose writings are filled with visual imagery, with colors, sights, looks, and glances, with detailed descriptions of facial expressions and what this or that person happens to be wearing as if to compensate or perhaps disguise the loss of sight. Open to any page in any one of Stanley’s books and you cannot help but be struck by the number of words that evoke sound and music:

Here are three instances of what I am talking about, each in a slightly different guise than the others. Open *A Pitch of Philosophy* and halfway through the first chapter you hear: “Certain questions of ear that run through my life . . . become in these pages . . . questions of the detection of voice.” “Certain questions of ear?” – this “ear” business has stuck around. Turn to “Thinking of Emerson” and Stanley tells us: “I was trying to get Emerson’s tune into my ear, free of Thoreau’s . . . “Tune?” Not “words,” not “writing?” And “into my ear?” Which ear was that?

And if we backpedal to the Preface of *A Pitch of Philosophy* – a preface Stanley calls, not “a preface,” but “an overture” – we learn that the title for the lectures on which the book is based and that Stanley originally submitted as the name for the lectures he would give and subsequently delivered at Hebrew University in 1992 was “Trades of Philosophy,” which sounds as if it came from someone with no ear at all. What was Stanley thinking? He admits that “no one seemed to
take pleasure in that title,” because, perhaps, “it failed,” he speculates, “to invoke the wind it names.” Or perhaps, one might add, because it invoked the idea that philosophy runs the risk of being thought of as a trade and if and when that happens, thinking ceases and philosophy loses its power to provoke wonder.

But then someone steps to the plate, comes to the rescue, and suggests the title “A Pitch of Philosophy” and, whoosh, all of a sudden, a host of resonances flood into play: “baseball,” “music” “peddling,” as well as “lurch” (as in “lurch out of the way” of those within the discipline who see themselves as gate-keepers of the profession and are telling you what you can and cannot say and still claim to be doing philosophy). But even without these associations that Stanley pulls out of “pitch” like so many rabbits out of a hat, the title alone, “A Pitch of Philosophy,” puts us in the company of someone with “an ear for things.”

Listening for Stories

Despite his damaged left ear, there was no denying he had a good ear. He not only heard things we missed, he listened. And not only did he listen, he listened to us. He asked us questions. For those of us there with him in Adams House who sat with him in the dining hall, his listening to us came as surprise. As the teacher in the “family” wasn’t he the one who was supposed to do the talking and we, the ones to listen? While that may be the usual order of things, even when Stanley talked to us, he appeared to listen, although we weren’t always sure whom or what he was hearing – certainly not what he was thinking because, more often than not, he was just as surprised as we were by what he said. I’m reminded of another southern writer, Eudora Welty, who writes:

Long before I wrote stories, I listened for stories. Listening for them is something more acute than listening to them. I suppose it’s an early form of participation in what goes on. Listening children know stories are there. When their elders sit and begin, children are just waiting and hoping for one to come out, like a mouse from its hole.

Stanley, too, when he was listening to what we fumblingly had to say, would lean forward, seemed not only to be listening to us, but listening for stories. Little did we know, at the time, that he was engaged in a kind of fieldwork, collecting data for future philosophical work. It’s what makes it tempting to call Stanley’s way of philosophizing: a form of “philosophical anthropology.”

The Eternal Time Problem

The abundance of words and phrases that allude to sound throughout Stanley’s writing may be compensation for his “accident,” as the profusion of visual imagery in the writing of Ved Mehta seems to be compensation for his loss of sight. Still, for those of us who knew Stanley, to put it quite so baldly, “compensation” does not fully capture it. There is a passage in Graham Greene’s Collected Essays where he praises the writing of three authors he greatly admires, Elizabeth Bowen, Calder-Marshall, and Ford Maddox Ford, all of whom, Greene tells us, seem to have had a problem, a problem that a body might think would spell the death knell of any writer. Greene
calls it “a time problem.” Each of the three authors has a problem telling a story in time – in the
time in which the events within the story unfold. In other words each has a problem with “and then
and then and then.” You would think this would be serious, not the sort of problem for a writer to
have, especially one who is seeking to tell a good story. Here’s Greene:

The moment comes to every writer worth consideration when he faces for the first
time something which he knows he cannot do. It is the moment by which he will
be judged, the moment when his individual technique will be evolved. For technique
is more than anything else a means of evading the personally impossible, of
disguising a deficiency . . . . The consciousness of what he cannot do— and it is
sometimes something so apparently simple that a more popular writer never gives it
a thought — is a mark of the good novelist. The second-rate novelists never know:
nothing is beyond their sublimely foolish confidence as they turn out their great
epics of European turmoil or industrial unrest, their family sagas.\textsuperscript{11}

To my mind this from Greene, comes closer to capturing Stanley’s awareness of what he could not
do and his turning to philosophy as a way of finding his way ‘round “his deficiency” as the result
of his run down the drive and into the street. The consequences of his having his life interrupted
by being struck unconscious and botching his left ear were his “means of evading the personally
impossible,” leading to his changing his name from “Goldstein” to “Cavell,” his rejection by the
army when he tried to enlist to fight in the Pacific War, freeing him to be a member of the Jazz
Ensemble during the war years, only to have his dream of becoming a composer dashed and his
turn to philosophy. No small events, these. Or as he put it somewhat matter-of-factly, years later,
“the consequence of the accident was fundamentally to affect the course of my life.”\textsuperscript{12} It is
surprising he did not make more of it.

\textbf{A Diamond-Cutter and a Rare Pearl}

I recall a story by Doris Lessing in \textit{The Temptations of Jack Orkney}, the title of the lead story of
the collection. In it, you can find another story called “Out of the Fountain.”\textsuperscript{13} Ephraim, a master
diamond cutter is invited to a wedding in North Africa. Mihrene is to get married to a wealthy
merchant arranged by the parents of both. Ephraim gives her a gift of a rare pearl. All the guests
think, isn’t it sweet, he’s fallen in love with her. But Lessing makes it plain that Ephraim is engaged
in teaching Mihrene that she can choose her own life, choose whom to marry, what to do and where
to go. Ephraim gives her a rare pearl, although he is a diamond-cutter, remember? Lessing
describes the art as follows:

\begin{quote}
To cut a diamond perfectly is an act like . . . a master archer’s centered arrow. When
an important diamond is shaped a man may spend a week, or even weeks, studying
it, accumulating powers of attention, memory, intuition, till he has reached that
moment when he finally knows that a tap, no more, at just that point of tension in
the stone will split it exactly so.\textsuperscript{14}
\end{quote}

Ephraim’s gift of the pearl is like the tap of a master diamond-cutter at “that point of tension in the
stone” where it will come apart “exactly so.” Mihrene breaks off the wedding and leaves North
Africa and the story unfolds from there as the result of her own projects and plans. Since I learned
in the dining Hall at Adams of Stanley’s dash into the street in pursuit of a ball when he was six, I have at times thought of the gift the tap that Ephraim gave to Mihrene in the form of rare pearl as a parable of Stanley’s “accident” and the changes in his life that it wrought.

II. Stanley’s Style of Reasoning

Stanley’s “ear for things” was inextricably bound up with his “style of reasoning. He’d put his ear to a text or film, dance or opera, in which he took a lively interest, whether it was Thoreau’s Walden, Emerson’s “Experience,” Shakespeare’s King Lear, Austin’s Excuses, Vincente Minnelli’s The Band Wagon, or Claude Debussy’s Pelléas and Mélisande, and listen for its distinctive sound and then communicate what he heard to the rest of us. “Style,” however, is not quite apt, not quite the word I want, given its contemporary association with the fashion industry. “Way of reasoning” or “Mode of inquiry” are better, but the latter sounds flat and kind of dull. Stanley’s “method” of philosophizing is what I really would like to say more about but, then, I’m not sure Stanley would be happy with thinking of his way of philosophizing as his method. “Method” sounds a bit too formal, too systematic and enamored of rigor, failing to allow sufficient room for play, to someone with Stanley’s ear. If and when he spoke of his way of philosophizing, he would call it his “manner” and that perhaps is best. “Sensibility” would be better still, since he threw his whole being into his philosophy as Hitchcock has Cary Grant thrown into his role as “Kaplan” at the beginning of North By Northwest, but sensibility does not easily modify reasoning and it is Cavell’s way of reasoning that I wish to say more about. So let “style of reasoning” stand and if anyone has a better suggestion, please do let me know.

Stanley’s style has often been thought to be idiosyncratic. The word “esoteric” also comes to mind. In Mill’s On Liberty idiosyncrasy is not altogether such a bad thing. Indeed it is a set of character traits worthy of cultivation. So, too, Stanley’s style of reasoning may be less idiosyncratic than many - perhaps a bit too quickly – have jumped to conclude. It’s a way of philosophizing that has a history and can be traced back to Aristotle.

Also: Stanley’s style of reasoning not only positioned him to hear what he was able to glean from Thoreau, Emerson, Shakespeare as well as from Cukor’s Philadelphia Story, it often does a better job at bringing to light what’s at stake in the texts he chose to investigate than the deductive reasoning that the majority of English-speaking philosophers are trained to do.

Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird Are Twelve Too Many for Most Philosophers

Whatever else might be said of Stanley’s style of reasoning, it’s fair to say it was not argumentative or polemical. This feature alone may have puzzled more than a few readers, if not most analytic philosophers.

For someone close to Stanley his style of reasoning was hard to distinguish from his teaching. Indeed, it’s one of several characteristics his philosophy shared with the later Wittgenstein’s. It is hard, if not impossible, to disentangle Wittgenstein’s later philosophy from his teaching. Indeed it is tempting to think of Stanley’s and Wittgenstein’s ways of philosophizing as teachings in and of themselves. Hilary Putnam who was also a faculty member when I was an undergraduate and with whom I took every course he taught that I could fit into my schedule, was not only a friend of Stanley’s, he was deeply affected by this aspect of Stanley’s work.
All philosophy does not have to be argument; and all arguments do not have to be in the analytic style. Kierkegaard, for example, does have arguments, although analytic philosophers will never recognize it. It is the same with Wittgenstein; his arguments often have a pedagogical character, the objective of which is not to explain something to the reader, but to get the reader to work things out for himself. This, I think, is the true purpose of philosophy.¹⁵

In Stanley’s case his philosophy grew directly out of his teaching. It is also easy to forget that Wittgenstein left philosophy in 1919 and after a year of training applied for a job to teach elementary school in a small village in the mountains south of Vienna, twelve miles from any train. He taught for six years running and perhaps would have taught longer if things had not gone badly there at the end. He returned to philosophy and wrote what became the *Philosophical Investigations*. There are any number of examples of teaching children throughout the book. It is, one must say, astonishing. From the reports we have from those who lived in Trattenbach and the children he taught, it is evident that Wittgenstein was passionate about his teaching and threw himself into it, staying up late at night preparing lessons for the next day. But let Spencer Robins tell it.

Wittgenstein was “interested in everything,” and he engaged his students in a sort of “project-based learning” that wouldn’t be out of place in the best elementary classrooms today. They designed steam engines and buildings together, and built models of them; dissected animals; examined things with a microscope read literature; learned constellations lying under the night sky; and took trips to Vienna, on the return trip, the students made this hike after midnight. On the way, Wittgenstein would ask them the names they’d learned of the plants in the forest. In Vienna they would discuss the architectural styles of the buildings they visited and look for examples of the machines they had modeled. Another project grew into what was, remarkably, the only book Wittgenstein published in his lifetime besides the *Tractatus*: a spelling dictionary he developed with the help of his students, which briefly saw official use in Austrian schools.¹⁶

**Philosophy as the Art of the Good Example**

When I think of Stanley, I think of him as a teacher first, as someone who engaged us in conversation in the dining hall, in his office, in seminar, and at tutorial and lecture. He taught us from example, by giving us hints to ways of thinking about concepts he thought were worth thinking about, told stories, made up parables, and drew analogies. He was different in this respect from others in the department who taught us to think in a top-down manner, from premises to conclusion. Our job in conversation with Stanley was to “see” the point of the examples he gave, take the hints, draw this or that analogy. It is sometimes said that teaching is an art, the art of the good example. Austin and Wittgenstein were masters at it as were Thoreau, Emerson and, yes, Cavell.¹⁷

So let me say a little more about reasoning from example and end with a plan for future research. We argue by example all the time. We give and take hints. We draw on analogies.
The Taj Mahal

Here, quickly, an exemplar of a good example. It’s an example I presume Stanley knew but I never heard him refer to it. But it does everything that Stanley hoped from a good example. The example comes from J. O. Wisdom and that he brings it up in a talk he gave for the BBC on “The Logic of God.”

Imagine someone trying on a hat. She is studying the reflection in a mirror like a judge considering a case. There’s a pause and then a friend says in tones too clear, “My dear, it’s the Taj Mahal.”

And she takes off the hat immediately. She suddenly sees it won’t do. She had thought there was something wrong with the hat but was unable to put her finger on it. After all, the hat did make her look rather “regal,” but also a bit frumpy.

Wisdom sense the nuances, subtleties of the example. It’s not as if her friend is informing her that there is something about the hat that she did not know, that, for example, although let’s not multiply examples beyond necessity here, but it is not as if she is suddenly being provided with new information that enables her to come to some decision, that it has, say, mice or mold. It’s not like that, as Wisdom says, but “more like saying to someone ‘snakes!’ [where there are] snakes in the grass, but not concealed by the grass, but still so well camouflaged by the grass that one can’t see what is before one’s eyes.”

And it’s also not quite the same thing as crying “snakes” when there are snakes only well camouflaged because in “Snakes!” some information is being provided that will turn out to be helpful, but in the case of the hat and the Taj Mahal, well, everything is on the table in plain view. The friend is not telling her friend anything new about the hat. So, too, there is not anything all that odd or strange about calling a snake a snake, but a hat the Taj Mahal?

Calling something like a hat something unexpected and surprising like the Taj Mahal is just the sort of move that Stanley would make. As Wisdom himself notices to call a hat the Taj Mahal, does not require you just to open your eyes and see what’s in front of you, to see the Taj Mahal in a hat takes “poetic license.” Stanley was taking poetic license all the time, only he was adamant when it came to deciding whether philosophy and poetry were one and the same. To Stanley philosophy was not poetry. Well, perhaps it could be “poetic-like” in an unguarded moment behind everyone’s back off in a corner somewhere, but not all the time.

But someone will protest. As Wisdom says, “in philosophy there is always someone who protests.” Someone may well wonder what all the fuss is about. The hat is not the Taj Mahal, it is like the Taj Mahal. That is what the friend of the friend who was trying on the hat was trying to convey. She was just not being precise. It is not the Taj Mahal; it is in some respects like the Taj Mahal. And this same someone is also likely to wonder what all this has to do with philosophy? “Here is mankind bewildered in a bewildering world and what do you offer? Talk about talk about a hat.”

And Wisdom’s answer? It isn’t true that the words about the hat only changed the woman’s “feel” for the hat, although it did that too, it put the hat in a wholly new light.
And Wisdom goes on – he does not stop there – in a very similar way to how Stanley would go on in conversation in Adams House – “it isn’t true,” Wisdom will say, “that the words ‘It’s the Taj Mahal’ mean ‘It’s like the Taj Mahal.’ This more sober phrase is an inadequate substitute. The reformulation is a failure. It’s feebler than the original and yet it’s still too strong. For the hat isn’t like the Taj Mahal, it’s much smaller and the shape is very different. And the still more sober substitute: ‘It is in some respects like the Taj Mahal’ is still more inadequate. It’s much too feeble. Everything is like everything in some respects – a man is like a monkey, a monkey is like a mongoose, a mongoose like a mouse, a mouse like a micro-organism, and a man after all is an organism too. Heaven forbid we should say there are no contexts in which it is worthwhile to remark this sort of thing. But it is not what the woman in the hat shop remarked. What she said wasn’t the literal truth like ‘It’s a cobra,’ said of what is, unfortunately, a cobra. But what she said revealed the truth . . . Someone has said, ‘The best of life is intoxication’ and that goes for conversation. People sometimes speak wildly but if we tame their words what we get are words which are tame and very often words that don’t do anything near what the wild ones do. If for ‘It’s the Taj Mahal’ we put ‘It’s like the Taj Mahal in some respects,’ we get the sort of negligible stuff that so often results from trying to put poetry into prose, from the muddled metaphysics which pretends that a metaphor is nothing more than an emotive flourish unless we happen to have the words and the wits to translate it into a set of similes.”

There is much in Wisdom’s example to talk about. There is much of Wittgenstein and Stanley in it. Indeed many, if not all, of the key elements in Wittgenstein and Cavell’s style of reasoning can be found in Wisdom’s tale of the Taj Mahal. But before I comment just a bit about the style of reasoning that all three – Wisdom, Wittgenstein and Cavell – share, here are a couple of Stanley’s own examples.

**W. C. Fields, a Straw Hat and a Steering Wheel Come Loose**

A year after “the accident,” Stanley had a “bizarre visitation of warts” on his toes. These were removed in a rather painful manner, or as Stanley described it, “on the first day with a flashlight-sized object with a small head that emitted a small, buzzing flame, and on a second day by pressing a red-hot wire coil against the skin, experiences what became merged with images and suggestions of torture when newsreels and narrative films began to take up the progress of Hitlerism.” He is, however, told to look on the sunny side of life: the pain of the treatment “would stop once the perceived good of it, however misguided the perception, was reached.”

He then saw a film with his younger cousin “the night of the aftermath of the warts” – the name of the film escapes him, except that he remembers laughing hysterically throughout the film – it may have been a W.C. Fields film, maybe the one where “W. C. Fields is speeding down a twisting country road in an open car chasing a criminal or perhaps himself being chased by police, and involved Fields keeping the straw hat on his head and in place as he was keeping the car on the road, only all at once discovering that the steering wheel has come off into his wildly flailing hands.”

Walking out of the theater Stanley notices that his toes were no longer hurting. The pain had gone. Years later he takes this example, albeit fleeting, as a metaphor, an emblem, or a parable of the case to be made against instrumentalism, or as Stanley puts it, “as marking an early date at which I knew, or from which I can derive the knowledge, that the depth of film’s hypnotic or hallucinatory properties is not to be accounted for by mentioning its usefulness as a pastime.”
A Jigsaw Puzzle, Syntax, and Semantics
During “the weeks of convalescence” after “the accident,” Stanley remembers the time spent with his two uncles piecing together “a jigsaw puzzle that must actually have been made by a jigsaw, since it was of wood, having distinct layers, at least five, of thickness.” The picture it created, Stanley recalls, was “a sunny view” and he reports that they – he and his two uncles, Mendel and Meyer – “left the sunny view intact and on display for several days to be sure that everybody who came to the house had a chance to be impressed.” But then, again, years later, the puzzle becomes an example, then a parable of a philosophy of language that Stanley recognizes that he opposes – language does not work like that – the puzzle fails as a model of the way in which language has meaning for us.

Stanley: “It was still that very puzzle I had in mind in the hours I spent some decades later speculating whether a picture puzzle was a useful image [an attractive, yet mistaken view] of the working of language, in which the interlocking of the pieces represents syntax and the resulting picture, or pictures, represents semantics. This parable lost interest for me on considering that the solution to the puzzle was from the beginning fixed, its only power of surprise frozen; which negates the essence of human speech.”

Dialectic, Rhetoric, Geometry, and Logic
Already in Topics and Rhetoric, the earliest of Aristotle’s works that have been preserved, Aristotle tried to identify the conditions he thought necessary to persuade one’s audience or interlocutor by reasoning with them from example. Reasoning from example was the practice of an art and therefore could be taught, “totally ignoring what Socrates said against the sophists in Gorgias, that only subjects with a subject matter, such as cookery, carpentry, navigation or medicine, could be taught,” as Hacking notes in his discussion of the many uses of paradigms in Kuhn’s Structure of Scientific Revolutions.

Aristotle was convinced the art of the good example could be given greater precision and that one could write rules for what it would take to be successful at it. But try as he might he could not do it. He could not write rules for it. He did come up with the syllogism later, but the early work was done before he invented the syllogism, as we think of it today. He does talk of the syllogistic in the early work, but there (then) he seems to have something more general in mind, that is, any sort of argument from premises to conclusion.

But in Topics and Rhetoric he considers reasoning from example in two contexts: on the one hand in the context of a back and forth conversation or dialogue between equals and from the perspective of an orator speaking before an audience. His aim is to grasp its nature, understand its uses and become clearer about its elements. He is critical of previous manuals on the subject for focusing exclusively on winning arguments by any means. As was his wont, Aristotle was interested in cataloguing subjects, in sorting out the things of this world into categories, and then deciding what to file under which category. For example, he files sea squirts under the category “mollusk,” thereby revealing that he had little idea of what a sea squirt was. Although it took some considerable time for all of us to figure that one out. Cataloguing itself may, of course, be thought of as a mode of reasoning, Crombie, for example, thinks of taxonomy to be one of six (see Styles of scientific thinking in the European tradition: The history of argument and explanation especially in the mathematical and biomedical sciences and arts (Vols 1-3).

In the early work, Aristotle lays out the conditions required for reasoning from example. To be effective one’s argument, especially before a large audience, whose attention span is short, should
be brief. So, brevity, in Aristotle becomes a necessary condition of trying to persuade one’s audience to come to a particular conclusion. In Rhetoric he sees reasoning from example (such as Wisdom’s example of the Taj Mahal for the BBC, Wittgenstein’s example of five red apples at the opening of the Philosophical Investigations, and Stanley’s example of the jigsaw puzzle as an example of a particular philosophy of language in Little Did I Know) as one of two (and only two) means of reasoning, syllogistic reasoning and reasoning from example. For an example to work within reason Aristotle not only believed should it be brief, it also should be sufficiently enlivening to grab the attention of one’s audience or interlocutor. Examples should also be familiar to whomsoever one is in dialogue with or to those whom one is addressing. To be effective, to have any hope of success in persuading another or others, to bring them to a specific conclusion or see something in a new light, examples have to meet all three conditions. Examples to work must be.

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(i) **Brief:** Both the Taj Mahal and the Jigsaw Puzzle are brief in the sense that they can be taken in at a glance and neither needs much by way of explanation. They work, practically speaking, just like that. Brevity is especially essential when one is speaking to a large audience whose attention span is short. And brevity helps an audience not only to take in the example, but to hold it in mind and keep it there during the course its being talked about.

(ii) **Enlivening:** Both the Jigsaw Puzzle and the Taj Mahal are vivifying. It may also be part of the reason they both have practical as well as cognitive effects. The woman in the hat shop not only sees the hat in a different light, she takes off the hat. In the case of the Jigsaw Puzzle, not only does it fail to confirm a particular picture of how language works, it calls for its replacement by some other way of thinking of language. Both seem to put an object: a hat and human speech, in a new light. The Taj Mahal wakes the woman up to the hat she has put on her head. “My dear, it’s the Taj Mahal!” is alive-making; helps the woman see what she sensed was “wrong” with the hat, as well as see it in such a way that comes to life for her. So too the vivacity of the Jigsaw Puzzle helps to bring home to us what’s wrong with a particular philosophy of language. But both examples, the Taj Mahal and the Jigsaw Puzzle, are not only “alive-making,” and that they have going for them that contribute to their being effective as examples. They are also familiar.

(iii) **Familiar.** The Taj Mahal and the Jigsaw Puzzle are examples shared by their respective audiences and conversational partners. The woman who tries on the hat and her friend not only know what the other is talking about, they understand the place in the language – its form of life – that the Taj Mahal occupies, even if neither have been to the Taj Mahal. We can imagine any number of people who do not know enough or who may have never heard of the Taj Mahal for whom – alas, alack, much hand-wringing – speaking of the Taj Mahal in the same breath with a hat makes no sense at all. Not being members of the same community and (perhaps) not coming from the same social class as the two women who come from, let’s imagine, large manor houses in Chichester. Others, from, say, the riverbanks along the Thames in Twickenham are not likely to get the point. The Taj Mahal? What does that have to do with a hat? So a condition necessary for an example to “kick in” is for the example to be familiar to all who are in the conversation, both speaker and the speaker’s audience and to the two who are in dialogue with one another.
“Back, Through the Community, Home”

It’s striking that we have here a condition of the art of the good example proposed in Aristotle that has an affinity with Wittgenstein and Stanley’s conviction that words and concepts only come alive for us, when they are brought “back, through the community, home,” and although it is true, as Stanley notices, that bringing something back home is, in this context, ambiguous (Stanley: “The formulation “back, through the community, home” seems ambiguous as between meaning leading the mind back to its home in the community, or rather back, beyond this, to itself.”). Our two women in the hat shop share a language as we share the same language that Stanley speaks when he thinks of the jigsaw puzzle as an analogy of a particular way of thinking about how language works. We are members of the same community of speakers. Communities of course come and go. But a community of speakers who share the same language in Wittgenstein’s book, Philosophical Investigations, would appear to be a prerequisite, as Aristotle thought. The example had to be familiar to both the speaker and his audience. Familiarity was a pre-requisite, key to the mastery of the art of the good example.

Communities, too, can come out of nowhere, form and sustain themselves and then, without much fanfare, bother, or fuss disband. Take the origin of Rugby, for an example, a favorite analogy of Kirk Varnedoe’s, who was for a time the Chief Curator of Painting and Sculpture at New York’s MoMA, an example he came back to time and again to convey “innovation” in contemporary art by way of reference to the decision by William Webb Ellis, who, one day, quite out the blue and without forewarning in the midst of a soccer game, exhibited “a fine disregard” for the rules of game: he picked up the ball in both arms, hugged it to his chest and ran with it towards the goal. Normally, the “other” side gets a free kick if a player’s hands touches the ball. Instead of stopping play and demanding a free kick, however, the “other” side all ran after Ellis and tackled him whereupon both sides jumped up and shouted, “Hey, a new game!” Varnedoe hoped, with this example, to bring home the point that artists can break the rules all they want but unless the community takes the move they make as a move in a new game, it will not fly.

“Where There Are No Rules or Systems to Guide Us”:

Aristotle worked on trying to write the rules for the art of the good example for his entire life but in the end he could not logizize it. Examples, exemplars, hints and hinting, analogies, similarities and likenesses, resemblances, paradigms and parables as well as metaphors and models, “present a big problem for those of us who are schooled in deductive logic,” as Ian Hacking has written, “they don’t much work by rules, elegantly captured in the title of a valuable paper by a professor of rhetoric.” See John Arthos: “Where there are no rules or systems to guide us: argument from example.” The issue here is not as is commonly thought that in “following a rule,” the rule has to come to an end somewhere and if and when it does it has to end with something that is not a rule. As Arthos argues reasoning from example does not appear to be rule-governed at all. It’s not that the giving and following of rules must come to an end somewhere; in reasoning from example there are no rules to guide us. The example is effective or not quite apart from any rule. So, too, arguments from example are not, strictly speaking, arguments. You have to get the point of the example whether it be the Taj Mahal or a Jigsaw Puzzle, know how to exploit a model, draw an analogy, grasp a parable, and take a hint, case by case by case by case.

Drawing an Analogy: Cranberry Juice
So too we are unable to write the rules for drawing an analogy and (yet) we use analogies all the time. Someone spills cranberry juice on the white table cloth at dinner and someone says, “Try salt, it works with red wine.” Or someone makes an effort to start the lawn mower, pulls the cord again and again and again and someone says, “Maybe it’s like the car, you may have flooded it; why not give it a rest for a while?” We do this time and again and in case after case, someone, not always everyone, picks up the analogy and understands what to do with it and yet we cannot logicize it. Aristotle tries but does not succeed. But unlike others Aristotle sticks to his guns and insists it’s a mode of reasoning as good as any other. It gets its job done. It persuades the listener and the listener does what the analogy implies be done.

**Taking a Hint: “Just Enough, to Start Things”**

So too with taking a hint. Time and again in class good teachers find that the hints they’ve given are taken by their best students who then run with it. Others want it spelled out for them. They find they are unable to get underway without a formula; they need, they want a formula to take the next step, and then once given a formula, that’s as far as they get. They’re fit for syllogistic reasoning, more than ripe for it. A hint or two leaves them stumped. Wittgenstein relied so heavily on this method, this way of philosophizing, that he seems often to have prevented himself from knowing too much in advance since it prevented him from working things out for himself, from “seeing” the problem and finding a solution. In October of 1949, O. K. Bouwsma invited Wittgenstein to give a talk at Smith College in Northampton, Massachusetts. The two of them went for a walk in the afternoon and Wittgenstein asked if Bouwsma had read any Kierkegaard. Bouwsma said he had and then Wittgenstein said “he had read some. Kierkegaard was very serious, He could not read much. He could read [bits] so he got hints. He did not want another man’s thoughts all chewed. A word or two was enough.” Wittgenstein apparently talked some more about Kierkegaard and then said, “he had seen a play . . . a poor play, when he was twenty-two. One detail had made a powerful impression on him. It was a trifle. But here . . . some ne’er-do-well says in the play: ‘Nothing can hurt me.’ That remark went through him and now he remembers it. It started things. You can’t tell. The most important things just happen to you.”

In my memory this was Stanley through and through, he taught us things by hinting at them. It was tempting to think he wasn’t being thorough, that whatever he was trying to convey was incomplete. And, yes, in some sense that was true, but he said just enough, as Wittgenstein says, “to start things.”

**“Try to Be One of the People Upon Whom Nothing is Lost”**

Henry James in his Prefaces to his novels that he wrote late in life also talks of the “germ” that gives rise to a story. In “The Art of Fiction” he talks of an English novelist whom he much admires who is praised for her depiction of French Protestant youth and then is asked how she knew so much about “this recondite being” and she says she had ascended a staircase in an apartment complex in Paris and spied a gathering of “some young Protestants seated at table round a finished meal” through an open door and that was enough “to create a reality and produce a story.”

James continues: “The power to guess the unseen from the seen, to trace the implication of things, to judge the whole piece by the pattern, the condition of feeling life, in general, so completely that you are well on your way to knowing any particular corner of it—this cluster of gifts may almost be said . . . to be the very air we breathe.”

Stanley too will quote this passage in “The Thought of Movies,” recognizing that James has described “that younger version of myself, playing hooky from Julliard and in the poverty of his formal education reading all day and spending half the night in theaters, was already taking to
heart Henry James’s most memorable advice to aspiring writers to heart.” The passage from James which I quote and that Stanley also quotes ends on the almost-impossible-to-realize recommendation: “Try to be one of the people upon whom nothing is lost.” Stanley, however, takes the hint, and discovers there are hints everywhere. He gravitates to the smallest of the small. Hints one would think that one should not bother taking, but simply allow to come and go.

“The Hum of the World”
In Little Did I Know Stanley writes about many of these small, small moments in his life that he remembers, then stores, and from which, later, sometimes years later, he takes his cue. Here are his memories of two such events that occur not far from the Sierra School where he was installed shortly after he and his parents arrived in Sacramento. They both involve sound that he ends up, nearly six decades later, hearing “in” the music he is interpreting in a class he is teaching on opera and film. The first hum he hears in a vacant lot a number of blocks from a work site where he has been helping a bunch of workmen. The work complete, Stanley wanders around and finds “at the bottom of a shallow ditch a large heavy glass jar with a cap screwed on it, empty but for the residues of disuse.”

He continues: “The cap had been inexpertly punched with several holes, I imagined to hold insects without suffocating them, conceivably fireflies which were a common summer fascination on Atlanta Avenue [back in Georgia], although I do not recall ever having seen one in Sacramento . . . I unscrewed the cap and filled the jar with each different thing I came across in the field, a twig, crumbling leaves, assorted bugs various kinds of stones, perhaps a marble, a gum or candy wrapper, a soda bottle cap, a piece of torn tennis ball, to which I added a penny and a duplicate stamp from my stamp collection, enclosed in an envelope which I found in my pocket. Then I filled the remaining space of the bottle with dirt and grass, closed it tightly and contemplated it, feeling I had completed something important, even solemn. Something will be discovered to grow from this, if it is well preserved and we wait long enough.”

Stanley then borrows a shovel and buries the jar and as he is sitting on top of the mound of earth with which he has covered the jar, he hears “a faint low hum, as if produced by the ground, which [he] explicitly said to [himself] others could not hear.” He remembers this event, although it is small and asks himself what keeps the memory of it coming back “perhaps every other year.” It has the sound of Wittgenstein’s memory of the line “Nothing can hurt me,” a line Wittgenstein heard half a life-time later, only to recall it on a walk with O. K. Bouwsma. It could be an example of Henry James’s monition: “Try to be one of the people upon whom nothing is lost,” qualified by Wittgenstein’s observation: “The most important things just happen to you.”

But the sound of a hum does not end here. Stanley remembers another moment that very same year where he hears a second hum. He is listening to the radio, to the announcement of the execution of John Dillinger and Bruno Hauptmann convicted for killing the Lindbergh baby.

Stanley: “As the announcer spoke of execution in the electric chair, the radio gave out a hum that I understood as the sound of electrical execution. It may have been an imperfection in the radio transmission, or the station’s attempt at a reenactment of the moment. Either way it was a comment on the world of retribution. I was, as I recall, alone in the house, and it seemed to help to control my fear, to go outside, if just to see live people walking around somewhere.”

Stanley admits that both sounds of a hum, one atop the mound of earth under which he buried the glass jar and another on the radio at the news of a double execution are not the sorts of impressions
that cry out for expression, let alone expression at all. Yet they both stuck with Stanley. And, then, nearly 60 years later, Stanley was teaching a class on film and opera and heard a third hum, not unrelated to the first two, in the overture to Mozart’s *Marriage of Figaro* as an expression of “the hum of the world, specifically the restlessness of the people of the world, . . . associating the impression of restlessness (not an item within Locke and Hume’s inventory of experiences) with what [he] calls the modern subject, sketched in Wittgenstein’s *Philosophical Investigations*, the subject perpetually seeking peace, therefore endlessly homeless.”38 And why tell us this? Well, because Stanley is a modern subject and we are modern subjects and he’s speaking as one modern subject to another. For Stanley the hum of the world he hears in Mozart piggybacks on the two hums he heard when he was eight years old and living in California, and that he never forgot: the hum atop a mound of earth in a vacant lot and the hum of retributive punishment on the radio. But for the earlier hums Stanley would not have heard the hum of the world in the Overture to *The Marriage of Figaro*. It may be stretching things a bit, but perhaps not all that much, to suggest that the tale of the three hums is also a tale of someone who could take a hint and therefore assiduously collected hints, as assiduously as he collected stamps, in his aspiration to become a person upon whom nothing was lost.

**Waiting for an Idea to Come**

Stanley wondered at the time of his digging a hole to put the glass jar in that he found and filled with twigs and bugs and stuff if “[he] was burying [his] life, perhaps to preserve it for some time in which it might be lived or chosen.”39 In doing so, he touches on a theme, that runs throughout his writing, from the beginning, the theme of postponement, that also stems from the “accident” as the result of his having become wary of being too exuberant about mostly any thing. On nearly every occasion after his mad dash into the street that Stanley is offered to postpone something that matters to him, he accepts the offer, thereby enabling himself to put off having, to think or act before he is ready, that is, confident enough that it is *his* thought he is having, *his* remark he is making, *his* act he is performing. Already in the Acknowledgements to *Must We Mean What We Say* which celebrates it’s 50th Anniversary this year he thanks the Society of Fellows which gave him a three-year leave of absence, so to speak, from his dissertation, thanking the Fellows for what he calls “the most precious benefit of those years . . . the chance to keep quiet, in particular to postpone the Ph.D., until there was something I wanted, and felt reader, to say.”40

I will not list them all here, but he is grateful for these moments of “postponement” or, as he also describes them, “moments of silence.” Postponement, Stanley thought, “is what distinguishes the human, the crossover from instinct into reason. To interpret silence as delay – that is, to refuse to see that sometimes there is nothing to say – is tragic.”41 It’s also his main focus of interest in his reading of *King Lear*.

**A Cat and Dog Story**

What he did not want, however, feared the most, was to be accused of reading in? Yet he encountered this “counter-response” to his interpretations time and again (“Aren’t you reading more into the words than is there?”42) and felt the need at least to deflect this criticism. Think of his finding “the hum of the world” in Mozart. And think of someone’s asking, “what makes you so sure it is there? Is it there or are you reading the hum of the world into the music? After all they are just a bunch of notes. And that large glass jar you found and buried in a vacant lot? You were not only burying a jar, but ‘burying [your] life, perhaps to preserve it for some time in which it might be lived?’ Aren’t we getting a little carried away here? It’s just a jar. Aren’t you reading into the experience more than is there?” To which Stanley might have answered by telling the following
story, a story told by William Kentridge, the South African artist, to his daughter, Alice, recounted on the occasion of his delivering the Norton Lectures in 2012:

Alice was six and she and her father were in the backyard of the house in Johannesburg and Alice asked to be told a story. “There was a dog,” her father said, “and a cat. And they were in the backyard and the dog was chasing the cat and the dog chased the cat around and around until the cat ran up onto the porch and through the cat-flap and escaped into the kitchen.” At dinner her mother said “I understand Daddy told you a story this afternoon. Would you tell it to me?” and Alice said: “A dog chased a cat around the backyard, but, then, all of a sudden, and the cat sprouted wings and flew away.” Her father leaned over and was about to correct her, to say that was not what happened when he thought of a griffin, and leaned back in his chair and said nothing at all.

Reading in? What do you think? Did Alice see a griffin that spread its wings and flew off or was she reading a griffin into a domesticated cat?

Stanley had an answer to his counter-responders. His answer leaches out of the story of the cat and the dog as told to Alice when she was six. Or as Stanley might have put it: “We have a choice over our words, but not over their meaning. Their meaning is in their language and our possession of the language is the way we live in it, what we ask of it.”

Words await their meaning and Kentridge’s tale of a cat and dog awaited his daughter’s intervention, waited for her to ask something of the words he spoke. She may not have intervened. She may not have asked something of the story, but simply been puzzled by it since, after all, she was only six and did not know what a cat-flap was. Instead she asked something of the words of her father and the words gave a griffin back to her. A reader may be perplexed now and then by some of the things that Stanley has said and written. What, however, cannot be doubted is here was someone, in our presence, who heard things we did not, but, once expressed, provoked us to wonder why we had not.
III. Philosophy in a Cavellian Key

“Other animals do not need a purpose in life. Can we not think of the aim of life as being simply to see?”

- JOHN GRAY, *Straw Dogs*. 
I close on two notes. The first touches on something I have already begun to talk about: Stanley’s “method” of philosophizing. I put method in inverted commas because, as I’ve said, I’m not sure Stanley would agree that he had a method. Although it pops up more than once in Stanley’s self-descriptions, he preferred to describe his way of going about things as his “manner” rather than his “method” since “method” smacked a bit too much of the sort of cleaning up of the language that the positivists promoted. There is, perhaps, more of a case for the word “method” as a description of the sort of thing Austin did, but whatever we call it, Stanley scolded Austin for his “refusal,” as Stanley saw it, “to draw consequences from [his] innovations that did justice to their radicality.”

As I’ve also suggested, somewhat in passing, a similar sort of complaint might be lodged against Stanley who was cautious throughout his life in claiming too much for his mode of inquiry, preferring to do what he did and let others come to their own conclusions. In re-reading much of Stanley’s writing in anticipation of pulling together a contribution for *Inheriting Cavell* I was struck by the many things of this world and in ourselves that Stanley’s way of philosophizing brings to light, things we have come to take for granted or that habit has made dull and, that we, not so unsurprisingly, in consequence, overlook.

The significance and value of his way of reasoning, not only for us, but for the discipline of philosophy itself, must not be lost. It’s a style of reasoning I have called and gone some way to explicate as “reasoning from example.” Aristotle thought it to be one of two and only two, ways of philosophizing. And although he nor anyone who has come after him has been able to logicoize it, we reason from examples, draw analogies, give and take hints, tell stories and parables, all time to persuade others to reach a particular conclusion.

It falls to us, those of us who had him as a teacher, mentor or friend as well as those who are close readers of his work to bring his way of philosophizing to life, so others can practice it too. I am not talking now about Stanley’s thought, about what he thought about comedies of remarriage or the skeptical problematic but how he came to think the thoughts he had, about how he positioned himself to hear what he heard so that others might position themselves in a similar way and hear it too. His way of finding things out, of coming to see, has a history. As I’ve noted, it can be traced back to Aristotle. It had a renewed life in the middle ages, disappeared, and resurfaced again in the last century in the philosophies of Austin, Wittgenstein, Cora Diamond, Stephen Toulmin, Thomas Kuhn, and Cavell, just to name a few.

It’s a way of philosophizing that begins with teaching, teaching with examples, a style of reasoning as key as top-down reasoning from premises to conclusions or what is sometimes simply called, “logic.” Reasoning from example is in danger of being lost given the widespread commitment now to calculation and rationality. Arguments from premises to conclusions that are valid and sound have become “the gold standard,” casting a shadow over argument from, or more accurately, reasoning from example. Despite the fact that Aristotle was unable to write rules for reasoning from example, he continued to believe throughout his life that the two ways: reasoning from example and reasoning syllogistically were co-equal in importance and practical value. If the
syllogism had not become the gold standard, reasoning from example would have easily been able to give syllogistic reasoning a run for the money. In more than one or two ways reasoning from example surpasses the gold standard. It is, for example, more robust and more capable of have practical effects. The “Taj Mahal,” remember? There is more to say. It’s perhaps also true more needs saying about Stanley’s distinct, singular way of reasoning from example. But here, for now, I only want to suggest that Stanley’s style of reasoning, his teaching and reasoning from example, could use a boost and the contributors to this volume are as good a place to start as any.

And on a final, albeit not unrelated note, Stanley confessed that “the way, or space within which, I work, which I can put negatively, as occurring within the knowledge that I never get things right, or let’s rather say, see them through, the first time, causing my efforts perpetually to leave things so that they can be, and ask to be, returned to . . . Put positively, it is the knowledge that philosophical ideas reveal their good only in stages.”

From this, I suspect, we should all take a hint, at least some small clue, that Stanley’s work is not done. There is more to do and this “something more,” which Stanley would return to and do himself, if he could, he has now bequeathed to us, to those of us who have taken a shine to his work in one way or another. Now it’s up to us, to pick up where he left off and run with it.

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NOTES:


3 Cavell, A Pitch of Philosophy, 21


5 Cavell, A Pitch of Philosophy, 30


7 Cavell, A Pitch of Philosophy, ix

8 Eudora Welty, One Writer’s Beginnings (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 194), 14
9 Go back and look at *Little Did I Know* (2010) where at times it’s hard to tell what is happening when in what sequence without the aid of the table of contents and even a look back at the table of contents does not always help. It reads as if we are in the company of Ford Maddox Ford.

10 Graham Greene, *The Collected Essays of Graham Greene* (London: The Bodley Head, 1969) 68-73. The three writers whom Greene very much admires despite or, as he describes it, perhaps because of, their “inability to convey the sense of time” – Calder-Marshall, Elizabeth Bowen, and Ford Maddox Ford – were, for Greene, “born of their deficiencies,” which may be said of Stanley’s way of philosophizing as well, “born,” as it were, of a damaged left ear.

11 Greene, *The Collected Essays*, 69


14 Lessing, *The Temptations of Jack Orkney*, 211


17 There is also a tradition of critique of reasoning from example, analogy, and likenesses and similarities already evident in Montaigne and tapped into by Nelson Goodman, as mentioned in Hacking, “Kuhn and Paradigms,” 107: in Montaigne’s “oft-quoted damnation of example, ‘Tout exemple cloche’: ‘All things hold together by some similarity or other; every example limps, and the connexion that is drawn from experience is always faulty and imperfect.’ See Montaigne, *The Essays of Montaigne*, trans. E. J. Teichman (London: Oxford University Press, 1927), 546 (Essays III ch. 13) and Nelson Goodman, “Seven Strictures on Similarity,” in *Problems and Projects* (Indianapolis, IN: Bobbs-Merrill, 1972). See also Hacking: “If we treat example as a logical relation, then there are always too many analogies to be drawn. Aristotle well knew it is not a logical relation; [he knew] it works through likeness or similarity, but it must be . . . a comparison that opens up a new way of seeing things—to a specific audience. Because it is ‘relative,’ no one has given a satisfying analysis of an [apt] likeness—never, in the whole history of reasoning about reason.”


19 John Wisdom, “The Logic of God,” 3

20 John Wisdom, “The Logic of God,” 3

21 John Wisdom, “The Logic of God,” 4

22 Stanley Cavell, *Little Did I Know*, 34


27. Stanley Cavell, *Must We Mean What We Say? Updated Edition*, xix


30. John Arthos, “Where There Are No Rules or Systems to Guide Us: Argument from Example in a Hermeneutic Rhetoric,” *Quarterly Journal of Speech* 89 (2003): 320–34. Arthos speaks of arguments from example, but neither the example of the Taj Mahal and the Jigsaw Puzzle are, strictly speaking, arguments, arguments in the sense of what most of us take an argument to be. But if not, strictly, speaking, arguments, what are they then? Are they even a form of reasoning? Perhaps a part of pre-reasoning, but not reasoning as such. And yet, a good example, that is well-timed like, say the Taj Mahal, is like a good joke. There’s not a lot you can do to make it funny, just tell it well in a timely manner, that is, at a particular moment in that place, given the parties involved. Adding in an argument in order to what unpack what similarities makes the example good is like having to explain a joke and once you have to explain it, it’s usually because the other party didn’t get it and once that has happened, there’s no going back and retrieving the occasion of its telling: the moment has been lost.


33. Henry James, “The Art of Fiction,” 8

35 Stanley Cavell, Little Did I Know, 98

36 Stanley Cavell, Little Did I Know, 99

37 Stanley Cavell, Little Did I Know, 99

38 Stanley Cavell, Little Did I Know, 100

39 Stanley Cavell, Little Did I Know, 99

40 Stanley Cavell, Must We Mean What We Say? Updated Edition (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2002), ix

41 Cavell, A Pitch of Philosophy, 16

42 Cavell, A Pitch of Philosophy, 15


45 Stanley Cavell, Must We Mean What We Say? Updated Edition, xxiv

46 Stanley Cavell, Must We Mean What We Say? Updated Edition, xvii