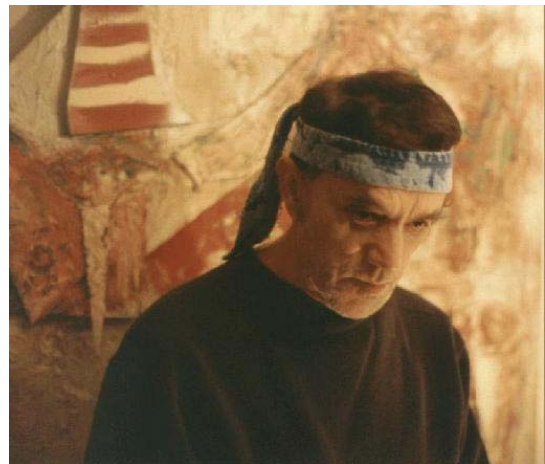


REMEMBERING PAUL ZIFF (1920-2003)

Paul Ziff: Art Gallery



Cat Man: Self Portrait
1970/Water Color



Photographs by Loredana Ziff





This Gentle Giraffes
1979/Water Color



Pace
1990/Water Color



Custodian Angel
1989/Water Color



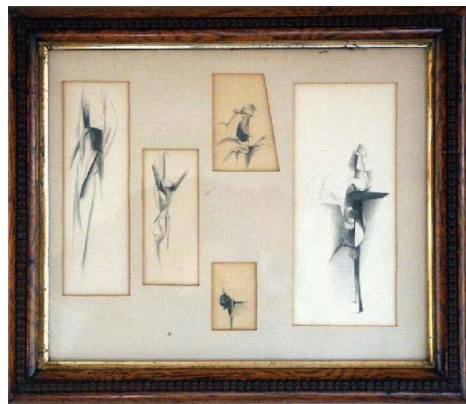
Wolf Cat
1960/Oil Painting



Creature Vive
1988/Chinese Ink



Untitled
1989/Chinese Ink



Untitled
1940/Pencil Drawings

Paul Ziff: A Chronology

Born: October 22, 1920 in New York City

1937-1939: Studied art at Columbia University and New York's Master Institute of Arts

1939-1942: Practicing artist in New York, partially subsidized by the Solomon Guggenheim Foundation

1942-1945: Military service, United States Coast Guard

1945-1946: Painter in New York

1946-1949: Undergraduate at Cornell University, B.F.A. awarded January 1949

1949-1951: Graduate student in philosophy at Cornell, Ph.D. awarded September 1951

1951-1952: Research Assistant, Language and Symbolism Project, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor

1952-1953: Instructor, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor

1953-1954: Instructor, Harvard University

1954-1959: Assistant Professor, Harvard University

Spring 1955: On leave, at Oxford University with J. L. Austin, Rockefeller Foundation Grant

Spring 1958: On leave, teaching at Princeton University

1959-1960: Assistant Professor, University of Pennsylvania

1960-1964: Associate Professor, University of Pennsylvania

1962-1963: On leave, in Rome on Guggenheim Fellowship

1964-1968: Professor, University of Wisconsin, Madison

1966-1967: Consultant, Information Retrieval Staff, System Development Corporation, Santa Monica, California

1968-1970: Professor, University of Illinois at Chicago Circle

1970-1988: William Rand Kenan Jr. Professor, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

1988-2003: William Rand Kenan Jr. Professor Emeritus, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

1994: Robert Paul Ziff Distinguished Professorship established, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill (currently held by Ronald Rindfuss, Sociology Department)

Died: January 9, 2003 in Chapel Hill, North Carolina

Paul Ziff's book on ethics is under contract with Kluwer Academic Publishers.

Paul Ziff: Publications

Paul Ziff started publishing in graduate school in 1949, doing book reviews for *The Philosophical Review*. He kept on publishing for 41 years, his last article appearing in 1990 in a special issue of the European journal *Dialectica*. No doubt he was asked to contribute a paper to that issue since it was dedicated -- both the issue and his paper -- to the memory of his former teacher at Cornell, Max Black. When all was said and done, Ziff had published six books, 38 articles, five discussions, and 14 reviews. His first four books were published by Cornell University Press; his last two were published by Reidel. When he published with Cornell, it was one of the best university presses for philosophy. He moved to Reidel in the 1980s because their managing editor, Jaakko Hintikka, offered to accept two of his book-length manuscripts and publish them as consecutive volumes in the Synthese Library series.

Ziff's articles appeared most often in *The Philosophical Review*, *Mind*, *The Journal of Philosophy*, *Analysis*, and *Foundations of Language* (which became *Studies in Language* sometime in the late 70s). He was invited to contribute to various conference proceedings and collections, and 15 of his articles and discussions appeared in these -- some of them high profile collections in their area at the time, including Katz and Fodor's *The Structure of Language* and Harman and Davidson's *Semantics of Natural Language*. Most of Ziff's articles (29) show up in his books. One that didn't, "About Proper Names" from *Mind*, was selected as one of the best philosophy articles of 1977 and reprinted in *The Philosopher's Annual*. Ziff published mainly in the areas of philosophy of language, philosophy of art, philosophy of mind, and epistemology, but also had articles in philosophy of religion and ethics. He even had three about Wittgenstein's views, and one about his own take on philosophy.

Semantic Analysis came out in 1960, and by 1967 it had gone through five printings in hardbound and was also appearing in paperback. The book goes back to Ziff's work in aesthetics. As far back as graduate school, he was thinking about the reasons why a work of art is either good or bad, and so he was interested in determining what the phrase 'good painting' means. From there, he went on to determine what the word 'good' means in English: viz., "answering to certain interests." And then all the way to "an informal introduction to and sketch of a rigorous semantic theory" that would be adequate for "determining a method and a means of evaluating and choosing between competing

analyses of words and utterances.” In short, for confirming claims that a word had this meaning or that, like the word ‘good’. This “sketch” didn’t strike everyone as all that informal since he ends up at a set of conditions under which a morphological element has meaning in English, and it does so, for openers, in terms of the distributive and contrastive sets for the element.

Semantic Analysis stared down, as it were, questions of meaning more seriously than any previous philosophy book. It brought ideas from structural linguistics (even some from the new generative grammars) right into philosophers’ discussions of what this or that word means with the goal of actually coming to a conclusion that could be sensibly defended. Some philosophers didn’t like getting this real (e.g., G. E. M. Anscombe, not surprisingly). Others did. Paul Benacerraf pointed out how it was “the first systematic attempt to write on these questions,” and Jerrold Katz called it “a pioneer work, in that it is the first to propose an empirically based theory of meaning to deal systematically with the various topics that are part of the subject of meaning, and to attempt to fit such a theory into the larger framework of structural linguistics.” William Alston said that “future progress in semantics may go through Ziff’s book, or it may recoil from it in another direction. But to ignore it will be impossible.” Jonathan Cohen said, back in the early 60s, the last chapter “is one of the best discussions of the word ‘good’ that has ever been published.” It still is, forty years later. In a recent survey of the past fifty years of philosophy, Hilary Putnam makes a point of mentioning how important *Semantic Analysis* was, and remarks that the “Ziffian image of meanings as a recursive system” became part of “all of our philosophical vocabularies” in the early 60s, along with Chomsky’s ideas about recursive syntactic structures. The “our” here refers to the young analytic philosophers, principally on the East coast, and specifically then at Princeton. Putnam adds, in a footnote, all of today’s graduate students should also realize that it was Ziff, and not Donald Davidson, who came up with the recursive idea in semantic analysis.

His second book (from 1962) is not a philosophy book. It is titled *J. M. Hanson*. Hanson was an English painter who came to Cornell as a professor of art in 1945 when he was 45 years old. He was Paul Ziff’s teacher during his B.F.A. degree years, and this book has one color and 32 black-and-white plates of Hanson’s paintings (oil on canvas). Ziff introduced the plates with an essay about Hanson’s background and style. He called Hanson an “English Romantic” who worked in “the tradition of cubism and geometric abstraction” to produce “images of clarity” that were “neither rough nor loud” nor large like fashionable works from, say, abstract expressionists.

Philosophic Turnings appeared in 1966, went through a number of printings in hardback, and was translated into Italian in 1969. It is subtitled *Essays in Conceptual Appreciation*, includes 13 papers (12 previously published), and has some of Ziff’s classic papers from the period 1951-1966, especially about art and mental issues. It starts with, as Helen Cartwright put it in her review, “Ziff’s quite substantial work in aesthetics.” Paul Ziff was one of the few philosophers in the past fifty years -- you can count them on one hand — who had a name both inside and outside of aesthetics. As one reviewer said, he is “one of the more provocative thinkers in the field of aesthetics today, and has helped to re-

establish the status of aesthetics in philosophy by introducing a new series of questions in the arts.”

“Art and the ‘Object of Art’” was originally in *Mind* in 1951, and takes apart the claim, made by prominent philosophers in the 1930s-1950s, that “the painting is not the work of art.” This paper is reprinted in other places as well, notably William Elton’s famous collection *Aesthetics and Language*, which put aestheticians on notice that the analytics had shown up to clean house. “The Task of Defining a Work of Art” has been anthologized at least three times. It is the most sophisticated of the “you can’t define art” papers in the apply-Wittgenstein/ordinary language analysis years. “Reasons in Art Criticism” was in the two best aesthetics anthologies of the 60s, the ones edited by Kennick and by Margolis. It was also in the Bobbs-Merrill Reprint Series in Philosophy, which was a selection of the most talked about articles in the 50s and 60s. George Dickie devoted a chapter of his book *Evaluating Art* to Ziff’s view about reasons why a work of art is good, and, 30 years after it was first published, he said it “remains one of the few truly stimulating pieces by present-day philosophers on the theory of art evaluation.”

No end of students know Paul Ziff from the philosophy of mind papers in *Philosophic Turnings*. “The Feelings of Robots,” in which Ziff argued with his typical panache that robots couldn’t have feelings, has attracted the most attention: viz., replies, reprintings, and inclusion on course reading lists. It went from *Analysis* in 1959, along with replies by Jack and Ninian Smart, to Alan Ross Anderson’s volume *Minds and Machines* in 1964, which was part of Prentice Hall’s Contemporary Perspectives in Philosophy Series, and the first “can machines think” collection. People who have written on this topic, such as Keith Gunderson, invariably bring up Ziff’s short paper. It eventually showed up in introductory anthologies as well.

“About Behaviorism,” another *Analysis* paper, discusses two bad arguments against philosophical behaviorism in order to show the difference between, as Vere Chappell put it, crude and refined behaviorism. Chappell included this paper in his anthology *The Philosophy of Mind*, which came out in 1962 and was the first collection of readings on that area of philosophy. “The Simplicity of Other Minds” comes from *The Journal of Philosophy*. It was originally an invited symposium paper at the American Philosophical Association’s Eastern Division meeting in 1965. The commentators were Sydney Shoemaker and Alvin Plantinga. Ziff went at the other minds problem by taking it as a question about picking the best explanatory hypothesis. According to Hilary Putnam, Ziff was extending the “empirical realist reply to skepticism.” In his 21-page paper about Ziff’s view, “Other Minds” (1972), Putnam discussed both Ziff’s argument and his commentators’ criticisms, and said that he and Ziff were in “essential agreement” on how to solve the other minds problem, and in “common disagreement with the modish treatment in terms of” criteria, analogies, and language learning.

Understanding Understanding came out in 1972, Ziff’s second year at UNC. It has eight papers, all of them concerned with what had now become his main topic in the philosophy of language: viz., “how one understands what is said.” He had, to some extent, written about this in his previous book, where three essays took up how to handle

deviant, ungrammatical, and ambiguous utterances. Ziff was, before cognitive science came around the bend, virtually the only one working on how people really speak. Claims about truth conditions, reference, and speech acts were the center of attention back then. As I put it in my review in *Metaphilosophy*, “lacking in both current linguistic theory and philosophy of language is any useful conception of how people talk.” *Understanding Understanding* began to develop such a conception, factor by relevant factor. Zeno Vendler said that “in spite of Ziff’s own modest assessment of the results, it still represents the most interesting, and most important, recent work on the problem of understanding speech.” Two essays are criticisms, taking on Grice’s original attempt to connect what a sentence means and what a speaker intends, and then Quine’s concept of stimulus meaning. The former was first in *Analysis*, the latter in *The Philosophical Review*. A. J. Ayer thought the paper on Grice was one of the better critical pieces he had read in a number of years. The reviewer for *Philosophia* was discouraged “to find later elaborations of Grice’s theory (e.g., Schiffer’s) failing to respond to this essay originally published in 1967.” Two essays are about how natural languages differ from formal languages, and how one should view talk about the logical structure of English sentences, which was in vogue then, in large part because of the hoopla about Chomskyan deep structures and a new interest (à la Davidson, Montague, and Parsons) in event sentences and indirect discourse. In “Understanding,” Ziff presented an analytical data processing-systematic synthesis view of understanding what people say. The most important chapters -- “What Is Said,” “There’s More To Seeing Than Meets the Eye,” and “Something About Conceptual Schemes” -- are about, in their various ways, how levels of abstraction are involved in understanding what people say, as with Ziff’s famous example of someone saying that a cheetah can outrun a man. Ziff was the first philosopher to appreciate this phenomenon.

Epistemic Analysis came out with Reidel in 1984, but Ziff started it back in 1962 when he was in Rome for the year on a Guggenheim Fellowship. He stalled well into the manuscript, and didn’t start writing again until the early 1980s. The book has a subtitle: *A Coherence Theory of Knowledge*. Most of it was never published before. It only contains material from two published papers, one in *Linguistics and Philosophy* on coherence, and one in *Studies in Language* on reference. *Epistemic Analysis* goes at the word ‘know’ like *Semantic Analysis* went at the word ‘good’, and it may be, to use Jonathan Cohen’s line, one of the best discussions of ‘know’ that has been published. Gilbert Harman called it a “brilliant, difficult book,” “rich with insights about the passive construction in English, reference, hypostasis, evidence, and many other subjects,” as well as “marvelously written, philosophical poetry.” Other reviews used words like “rich,” “provocative,” “iconoclastic,” “bold,” “subtle, interesting, inventive and stylishly written,” with “a fascinating line of anti-skeptical argument” from an author of “undoubted acumen and insight.”

The book went against the grain and didn’t extend the usual ideas. It didn’t have any of the “justified, true belief” analysis and the search for a fourth condition to patch it up, or talk about varieties of foundationalism, externalism or internalism, let alone the merits of naturalizing. Indeed, Ziff never mentioned Gettier or most of the usual crowd then -- say Goldman, Harman, Dretske, Pollock and Unger; a few pages are on Nozick. He

maintained that it was senseless to speak about a justified belief, that “neither knowledge nor belief either require or can accept justification,” that you didn’t need evidence to “know that *p*,” or need to believe that *p*, that ‘know’ is univocal and means, at bottom, you are in a position to know, no matter whether it is knowing that *p*, how to do something, or knowing a person, that knowing something (or someone) always counts as an increase in “global coherence” compared to not, and that “coherence is a matter of logical structure.” Ziff’s coherence view differs from the other coherentists (Lehrer, Bonjour, Rescher). He stated his analysis of the philosopher’s favorite, knows that *p*, like this: “one knows that *p* if and only if *p* is true, and one is in a position such that, in that position, any possibility of one’s being in error with respect to the truth of *p* may be safely discounted.” This is a fallibilist analysis and Ziff used it to counter skepticism in terms of a technical notion, a safe position, “in which the possibility of error may safely be discounted.”

Antiaesthetics was his second book with Reidel, and it also came out in 1984. The book is subtitled *An Appreciation of the Cow with the Subtile Nose*, which refers to Jean Dubuffet’s painting in the Metropolitan Museum. There is a page-size picture of this painting at the start of the book and Ziff discussed it at length in places. It is an example of what he called “antiart.” The book has eight previously published papers from 1972-1981 and three unpublished ones. “The Cow on the Roof” was an invited symposium paper at the American Philosophical Association’s Eastern Division, and came out in *The Journal of Philosophy*, along with comments by Kendall Walton and Guy Sircello. It is about the identity of a piece of music and Ziff emphasized the idea that pieces of music have variants. Ziff first wrote on this topic in his critical review of Goodman’s *Languages of Art* in *The Philosophical Review* (1971). “Art and Sociobiology” was in *Mind* in 1981, and was another first: viz., a serious philosopher taking a biological view of aesthetic practices and ideas such as appreciating and intrinsic value. Ziff combined the sociobiology with his notion of “aspection” and person-act-entity-conditions approach from his early paper, “Reasons in Art Criticism.” Other papers were invited for conferences and their proceedings -- on sports, dance, Wittgenstein, and literature -- and a Reidel festschrift. One appeared in a book about philosophy along with similar papers by Ayer, Feyerabend, Popper, and Quine, among others. One chapter, “Anything Viewed,” was reprinted in an Oxford Reader in aesthetics in 1997.

Semantic Analysis holds a record for Ziff’s six books. It received the longest review, going 18 pages in *Language* in 1962. *Antiaesthetics* is in second place. The review in the *Canadian Journal of Philosophy* (1987) is 15 pages long, and explained many features of *Antiaesthetics*. The book had two big topics, and Ziff wrote in a more traditionally sustained and explicit way about one of them, antiart and its spinoff, antiaesthetics. It took him back to defining art – what counts as art – and what to say about new things that lacked features of previous art. Ziff thought they could be art, even if they involved “the total rejection of present aspects of art.” More generally, he thought “anything that can be viewed is a fit object for aesthetic attention,” and none is “more fit than others.” The second big topic wasn’t entirely new for Ziff either. It had shown up, for example, in *Understanding Understanding*, and I called it in my review in *Metaphilosophy*, “a moral concerning limitations of analysis,” and asked if it meant that analyzing things wouldn’t

help you understand what is said, or if you simply can't analyze the complexities. Ziff repeatedly discussed this in *Antiaesthetics*, and he remarked, and illustrated essay by essay, that we don't have and may never have good analyses -- standard necessary and sufficient conditions, the philosopher's effective procedures or algorithms -- for understanding one thing after another about art. He wrote about this again in his paper "Remarks About Judgements, Painters, and Philosophers," which appeared in 1987 in *The Journal of Aesthetics and Art Criticism*.

Douglas Stalker, University of Delaware

The Tributes

From Colleagues at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill:

Douglas C. Long, Philosophy Department

Much of my experience with Paul Ziff is bound up with my own education in philosophy. He was my first mentor and in various ways he was influential in my decision to become a professional philosopher. I first encountered Paul as a junior at the University of Michigan, where I took his course in the philosophy of religion. His avowed aim was to use the clarity of analytic philosophy to "determine the place of reason in religion." I remember that we read Walter Stace and the sermons of Meister Eckhart, as well as Paul's own lectures on various topics, such as "The Function of a Philosophy of Religion" and "The Infallibility of Scriptures" and arguments for the existence of a god. The best thing about the course was that he required us to keep a notebook in which we wrote answers to questions that he posed to us. For instance, taking his cue from the famous "Credo quia absurdum" of the irrationalist theologian Tertullian, he had us respond to: Can someone believe that which is absurd? Can a reasonable man believe that which is absurd? Can someone meaningfully assert "I believe that which is absurd?" Can a reasonable man assert "I believe that which is absurd?" I thoroughly enjoyed thinking about such questions because they forced me to take note of subtle distinctions, and what came out on paper came from me in response to Paul's provocation rather than from the readings. He made us see that by seriously engaging such questions we could actually get clearer about our thoughts.

Paul was instrumental in my deciding to go to Harvard for my graduate work, since he was by then on the faculty. He wrote to say that John Austin, "the world's greatest living philosopher," would be visiting there my first year. Austin's probing into the ways ordinary language works complemented Paul's own more technical interest in linguistic analysis. Paul had a female cat named "Charles Baudelaire." He regarded it as a test of the intelligence of a guest whether or not one could keep the feminine pronoun straight with the name. He assured me that Austin never got it wrong. Like Austin, Paul was quick on his feet and appeared very sure of himself. He struck some as being brash and irritating, partly because of his brusque manner, but mostly because he was so often right.

I found him invariably supportive even if critical. He used to invite me to walk with him around the Harvard Yard talking philosophy. He was particularly interested in inoculating me against the corruption of wrong-headed philosophy, e.g., phenomenism. I asked him to give me a reading course on the *Philosophical Investigations* because it seemed important and I knew nothing about it. At that time the other Harvard faculty pretended that neither Wittgenstein nor his book existed. Paul agreed to the reading course on top of his regular formal teaching duties. Other graduate students, including Charles Parsons, joined the group, and it was a marvelous informal class. By the luck of the draw, I was asked to comment on the “private language” passages and, after wrestling with them for a couple of weeks I suddenly found myself thinking it all made very deep sense. That was a turning point in my approach to philosophy. To my surprise, although Paul was obviously influenced by Wittgensteinian ideas, his admiration for Wittgenstein’s writings was measured, perhaps because Paul held clarity in such high regard. He steadfastly refused to allow us to ask him to explain anything in the book. He wanted us to struggle with our own questions. But his guidance was crucial, and conversation with him helped to clear away the fog and the cobwebs.

The most bizarre association I had with Paul was as his teaching assistant in a course in nineteenth century philosophy. I desperately worked through a mélange of Hegel’s *Logic* and Bentham’s writings in order to keep up with Paul’s lectures and to manage some semblance of credibility in grading undergraduate papers. I gathered that Paul’s knowledge of and interest in Hegel was also modest. He undertook the course because he knew a lot about Bentham’s philosophy, even his less well known work. For me the best thing about the experience was that I got to hear Paul talk about whatever happened to interest him on a particular day. He was incapable of talking about anything in a way that was not provocative and fresh.

By an amazing confluence of circumstances, Paul joined the UNC department as a William Rand Kenan Professor a few years after I arrived. From my personal perspective it always seemed a remarkable twist of fate that after being my teacher he became my colleague. For several years running, he and I taught Proto-Seminar together. One might think that this pairing was an especially dramatic instance of the “bad cop-good cop” theme. But, although always candid and critical, Paul was ever constructive, encouraging, and supportive with students. His aim was to get them to learn to stand on their own feet. Those hours with him were demanding but worthwhile because he always had his own original take on whatever we read.

Paul had a degree in fine arts before coming to philosophy. In the early days in Cambridge he did elegant small drawings. During his time in Chapel Hill he was both philosopher and artist, producing paintings that have been exhibited in prestigious art galleries in New York. Typical of the way Paul’s imagination worked was his series of colorful paintings of aoudads. Only Paul would have hit upon the idea of depicting in so many delightful versions an obscure North African Barbary sheep. He also loved to play tennis, and a match with him was a chastening but valuable tennis lesson. He was as sharp and clever with a return as he was with a riposte. John Heintz, a former member of this department, and I used to accompany Paul to Woollen gymnasium, where he initiated

us into the mysteries and miseries of working out on the high bar, doing “pull-overs,” and such. Paul was strong and wiry and could swing around the bar like an Olympian. John and I were somewhat less adept.

In 1994 Kluwer Academic Publishers produced *Language, Mind, and Art*, a collection of essays in honor of Paul Ziff, edited by his former student, Dale Jamieson. Jay Rosenberg, Mike Resnik, and I contributed, and so did a number of his students from this department, including Douglas Dempster, Bill Lawson, and Douglas Stalker. The first essay in the volume is a brief but illuminating reminiscence by Paul Benacerraf, who was a graduate student at Princeton when Paul was a visiting teacher there. It was truly a privilege to have known and worked with Paul Ziff, and I am surely safe in saying that we are not likely to see another like him.

William G. Lycan, Philosophy Department

I first met Paul during 1969-1970, the year he and I overlapped in the philosophy department at the University of Illinois at Chicago Circle. But I did not get to know him until I moved to UNC in 1982.

Paul was a fine colleague and very generous to me. I'll give two examples.

Being a philosopher of language, I had read *Semantic Analysis* sometime during the 1960s. When my own book on linguistic meaning appeared in 1984, Paul insisted on reading it. I believe he read the whole thing, which (given the views defended in it) must have caused him considerable pain. He wrote me a nice letter about it, containing his verdict; he called the book “confused and erroneous.” Coming from Paul, and given his views, this was high praise.

One day he and I happened to have a conversation about *The Magic Flute*, and it turned out that Paul had never seen the Bergman film version of that opera. I gave him the video as an impromptu Christmas present. One afternoon a few weeks later, Paul appeared at my front door and presented me with a new original painting that I believe he had just finished, a Dante illustration (“Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita”). I was delighted, and am still proud to have it.

Stanley Munsat, Philosophy Department

Paul's fellow philosophers, most of them, knew that he painted. I suppose the people he knew in the art world were aware that he had something to do with philosophy. His artistic bent showed through in his writings. He paid great attention to style, to the aesthetic character of his writings (who will forget the paper he wrote with no commas). And he often dressed with the attention of a designer, down to the color of his headband.

But art was an avocation; he chose philosophy to be his profession, and he never stopped doing it. Yet at the deepest level he may have been an artist after all. I never understood Sartre's view that we are all capable of determining who and what we are. But one day it

struck me that he might have had someone like Paul in mind. For Paul truly did, through remarkable determination, create himself in the image of what he wanted himself to be. He was his own work of art.

I conveyed these thoughts to Paul one evening over dinner. He must have found them agreeable; he praised me for my insightfulness.

Michael D. Resnik, Philosophy Department

Paul was an unusual man whose unusual intelligence was unusually brilliant. Often I only came to appreciate his remarks after I had thought through the relevant issues on my own. After completing a paragraph of a recent paper, I remembered that Paul had made a similar point years ago in remarking on the pretensions of combinatory logic.

Paul's way contrasted with my own more conventional approach to philosophy. He had a great respect for logicians in general -- he greatly admired his friends Bill Tait, Hilary Putnam, Paul Benacerraf and Joe Ullian -- and I basked in the halo surrounding that crowd. I was always a bit uneasy around Paul for fear that he would realize that I didn't measure up.

In a very indirect way Paul was responsible for the philosophical work that made my career. As I recall, Jarrett Leplin asked me to give a paper to the North Carolina Philosophical Society, which needed a boost at that time. I replied that I would if Paul would. Paul agreed to give a paper, and I wrote "Mathematical Knowledge and Pattern Cognition," which Paul happened to like quite a bit. Thus started a series of papers on mathematical structuralism, a doctrine for which I became well known.

Jay F. Rosenberg, Philosophy Department

Now we've lost Paul Ziff, and that's a pity. He was one of a kind.

Paul, alas, is remembered today more for his personality than for his philosophy, and that's a genuine pity — but it's also understandable. Paul did not suffer fools gladly. That's not so unusual, of course, but since he also had an especially sensitive fool detector, he was inclined to classify rather quickly the people whom he met. Either one struck Paul on first encounter as intelligent, or he immediately lost interest. As one would expect, that tended to have a polarizing effect on his interpersonal relationships. I was lucky. I survived the initial screening.

Paul was often called a prima donna, but that's not quite right. "Diva" is perhaps better, but there's really no good word for Paul's personality, which, to begin with, was uncompromisingly *male*. What Paul shared with divas and prima donnas was, first, extraordinary talent and, second, the utter absence of any humility about it. He was exceptional; he knew it; and he expected to be treated accordingly. Consequently, for example, during the whole time he was with us in Chapel Hill, Paul never did a lick of

administrative work or served on a single committee. He was anything but a team player. He was a born soloist.

But it would be a great mistake to pigeonhole Paul as an *enfant terrible* who outgrew the *enfant* but never the *terrible*. Paul was complicated. He took his role as an educator very seriously. He prepared his classes carefully, and he worked tirelessly with his doctoral students. And when he discovered that North Carolina Central University in Durham — a “predominantly black” relic of segregation that had been absorbed into the University system — had no philosophy department, he volunteered his teaching services, cost free. Discerning the potential of one young student there, Paul took him, not just under his wing, but literally into his home — and into our doctoral program where, under Paul’s mentorship, he developed into a promising young political philosopher. Today he is a successful and productive university professor, and those who know him and his history also know that there were many more facets to Paul’s personality than just the difficult ones.

Paul’s philosophical corpus encompasses two book-length works, *Semantic Analysis* (1960) and *Epistemic Analysis* (1984); two collections of essays, *Philosophical Turnings* (1966) and *Understanding Understanding* (1972); and the hard-to-classify *Antiaesthetics* (1984), which uniquely commingles philosophical insight, aesthetic appreciation, critical acuity, Zen detachment, and literary innovation (being written partly in a style falling somewhere between Samuel Beckett and Gertrude Stein, and partly without punctuation — “to slow the reader down,” Paul once explained, “so that he’ll have to think about what’s being said”). Hardly any of it is nowadays being read, much less being discussed, which (I repeat) is a genuine pity.

Paul’s essays in the philosophies of art, language, and mind are small individual gems—diamond hard and crystal clear, with lots of sparkle. A few — e.g., “About Behaviorism,” “The Feelings of Robots,” and “On H. P. Grice’s Account of Meaning” — are rightly regarded as classics; others — e.g., “What is Said,” “Something About Conceptual Schemes,” and “There’s More to Seeing Than Meets the Eye” — deserve to be. A typical essay begins by citing a claim made by some other philosopher, and then proceeds to demonstrate, first, that the claim is simply false because, second, the philosopher in question has neglected to take into account a large number of presuppositions, contexts, usages, or the like — all vividly illustrated by telling examples — which collectively imply, third, that the matter under consideration is really *vastly* more complicated than it had been taken to be. The essay sometimes concluded with a trenchantly-formulated positive thesis, but most of the time a reader was left considerably clearer about what he *couldn’t* reasonably believe than about what he *should*.

Paul’s falsehood detector was as sensitive and uncompromising as his fool detector. He once claimed that he read philosophical books only until he encountered the first false sentence, and that he consequently rarely got beyond the first page. In fact, he usually knew very well what was happening on the philosophical scene, at least in the areas that interested him. What generally didn’t interest him at all was the *history* of philosophy, but there were exceptions even on that front. Although he never published a word about

it, he had studied Jeremy Bentham's work, for example, from front to back and top to bottom, and he could cite chapter and verse with scholarly ease and precision.

Semantic Analysis was immediately acknowledged as something special when it appeared in 1960, but there was hardly any unanimity about what to make of it. The book pursues what was by then a traditional project in philosophical linguistic or conceptual analysis — it concludes with an answer to the question that originally motivated it: “What is the meaning of the word ‘good’?” — but in a methodologically innovative way. The quickest way to describe it is as a systematization of the method pursued by Wittgenstein in the *Philosophical Investigations*, “assembling reminders for a purpose” (§ 127), but Paul's purpose was to collect facts about linguistic regularities and idiosyncrasies to which he could then apply the techniques developed by the linguist Zellig Harris for the analysis of syntax. Philosophical theses about meaning consequently took on the role of *explanatory hypotheses*, and acquired a degree of testability beyond that of mere “linguistic intuitions.”

What Harris and the later Wittgenstein had in common, that Paul shared, was a picture of language as, so to speak, all *surface*. Syntax was not the manifestation of hidden Chomskyeian “deep structures,” and discovering meaning was not a matter of uncovering hidden Russellian or Davidsonian “logical forms.” Paul consequently had no patience with the notion of *rules* of language. Linguistic regularities spoke for themselves. We once, in fact, debated the question “Are there rules of language?” before the university's Philological Club. Paul, of course, took the negative, and I, the affirmative. We went at it hot and heavy for about an hour, at the end of which time we stopped, turned to the audience for questions — and found our distinguished colleagues sitting there with the glazed and empty expression of a deer blinded by approaching headlights. After a long pause, one of them timidly ventured a question: “But ... where is your evidence? What are your *texts*?”

Paul's “texts” were the linguistic regularities and idiosyncrasies to which he appealed, and his “evidence” was the considerable, often surprising, philosophical insight that resulted from his analytical reflections. Paul had an extraordinarily discerning sensitivity for linguistic patterns and a terrific ear for linguistic nuance, both indispensable requisites for his way of doing philosophy. That, unfortunately, makes it a seldom thing. It is really not teachable, and very few people naturally have what it takes to do philosophy Paul's way. *Epistemic Analysis*, for instance, contains a rich fund of observations, insights, and morals directly relevant to contemporary epistemology. No one before or since, for example, ever probed the concept of *coherence* as intensely and revealingly as Paul does there.

I'm not the right person to judge the importance of Paul's contributions to the philosophy of art, culminating in his difficult *Antiaesthetics*. But I suspect that it is considerable, for he wrote with the authority, not only of an insightful philosopher, but also of a highly skilled and gifted practicing artist. I was never able to share Paul's appreciation of postmodern and conceptual art — Joseph Beuys, for example — but there are five original works by Paul Ziff in my own collection, and I am proud and delighted to have

them. One is a small mixed-media piece — oil on wood, coral, and leather — with the aura and impact of a religious icon. Two are, to put it in simplest terms, watercolors resonating with the forms of giraffes — one small and cheerful, the other large and luminous. And the last two are memorials to my two deceased cats, Huey P. and Torquata. Paul was passionately fond of all cats, and he had many feline companions over the years. I especially remember good old Osiris, an elegant Siamese. Along with aoudads, they were a perennial theme of his paintings, both explicitly and hidden unexpectedly in other contexts, for example, among my luminous giraffes.

I choose to remember him at the height of his powers — standing up at the Chapel Hill Philosophy Colloquium and explaining to Thomas Nagel that, *of course*, one could know what it was like to be a bat. Imagine that you are a blind sonar operator aboard a submarine.

Paul was one of a kind. We will not see his like again. I shall miss him.

William Harmon, English Department

Now and again, during our thirty-plus years of acquaintance, Paul Ziff and I exchanged gifts. We gave each other copies of our new books, and once in a while Paul would give me a drawing or painting. When he proposed that we swap works of art, I complained that that would be unfair, since his paintings were unique instances of his art, whereas my books, even in limited editions or broadsides, were copies or instances, not plentiful but also not unique. Somewhere along the line, I proposed that I give him a unique copy of a unique poem, which would not be in a book or magazine. He agreed and the deal was struck. He gave me a black ink drawing on rough paper with the inscription

For Bill Harmon
Paul Ziff 12:31:87
A Person

I believe the drawing was done some years before the “For Bill Harmon” was added, since my response is dated 1995. I would not have waited six or seven years.

My poem ends with three quotations; as I recall, I did not identify the sources until later, in case the Ziffs wanted to guess

Nota Bene Ma Non Troppo
for Paul and Loredana Ziff

I have made up my mind that it would just be
easier for me
to move than to clean up. You see,

moving would take care
of getting rid of all those loose ends
and odds, a lifetime's *Niederschlag*.

Three Removes,
Poor Richard adumbrated,
is as good as a Fire.

The scree at a standstill,
take every postcard, coupon, handbill
and launch a new sanitary landfill.

I keep uncovering most urgent memoranda
demanding an instant reply
seven years ago:

somebody in need
needed immediate help from me —
where was I?

Dead is dead, yes indeed,
but nothing dead's deader
than a dead deadline.

Deep-sixing a bandanna and two socks
that were no longer pulling their weight,
I feel so grown up. And now here go three bones.

I don't know what I don't know.
You can't see a blind spot.
Why is it meaningless to ask questions?

[Read no further if you want to guess.]

The three lines come from Wittgenstein (also the source of *Niederschlag*),
Kierkegaard (quoted by John Updike in a piece on a baseball player in a slump),
and Kafka.

Maria Tsiapera, Linguistics Department

Paul Ziff was brilliant, generous, challenging and above all a true friend to me. He was always supportive of my academic pursuits, especially my courses in the history and philosophy of linguistics. He always stood up for what he believed, regardless of the consequences. He was an honest and incredible philosopher and a great supporter of linguistics in general. He will be missed.

From Former Students at UNC:

Douglas Dempster, University of Texas at Austin

Paul Ziff gave guidelines on writing papers to all of his graduate students. He called these “An Eleven Commandments.” Douglas Dempster shares with us an appreciation of what it was like to be taught by Paul Ziff.

An Eleven Commandments, from Paul Ziff to his Student

1. Say nothing false, nothing inelegant.
2. Consider a career in auto parts after Paul sits, motionless, through the entire reading of your Proto-Seminar essay, without removing his “Terminator” sunglasses, staring at the table, compressing only his outsized hands, finger tip to finger tip, as if to crush the life out of small, hapless propositions.
3. Smile disarmingly at any mention of “intentions,” before saying, “I have mixed feelings about intentions: a mixture of nausea and disdain.”
4. “Consider that your enemy wrote your paper” and learn to read it, last sentence to first, “endeavoring to humiliate him.”
5. Continue in the Ph.D. program on little more than the strength of a few, unsentimental words from Paul: “You’re as good as many; better than most. Don’t quit.”
6. Find genuine insights about the mind-body problem in reruns of “Bewitched” or counter-examples to the categorical imperative in Jethro’s hillbilly antics.
7. Avoid tropes and jargon. Never swear; it proves only a lack of imagination.
8. Say, with “indelicate” disdain, “metaphysics is a mouthful of air.” Do not smile. Disarmingly, or otherwise.
9. Abandon all hope when Paul rejects a 200-page thesis because he could not believe the first sentence. Move into his house to rewrite it, under his scrutiny, line by line.
10. Struggle to keep up with Paul, three times your age, who trains daily to do 64 pull-ups on his 64th birthday — in order to cheat age. And death. He did it. But he grew old, and died, anyway.
11. Insufficient to a life are the works, and memories, thereof.

Dale Jamieson, Carleton College

From 1970-1978 Paul Ziff supervised not only my graduate studies, but also much of my intellectual development. During this period I produced a dissertation and two published articles. Every word was multiply subjected to Paul's rigorous gaze. This process gave me a skill, a profession, and much more besides.

Paul would begin a class by producing a list of dozens of books and articles that we were expected to have read before we could participate meaningfully in the seminar. Because of Paul I read Joyce, the classical ethologists, Bentham, von Neumann, Goffman, Berryman, Goodman, various Zenmasters, and much more besides. What did this do for me? It certainly gave me a high-level liberal arts education, and it really did provide the background for doing philosophy. Here is an example. My reading of Lorenz and Tinburgen lay dormant for a decade, seemingly irrelevant to anything I was working on. Then I met the ethologist Marc Bekoff, and we were off and running, helping to pioneer the emerging field of cognitive ethology.

Paul's method was to display something: a bit of text, a sentence, a picture, a diagram, or whatever. The members of the seminar were expected to engage with what was presented with the highest degree of intensity. Paul would respond to each comment: challenging, prodding, sometimes yelling, more rarely smiling and agreeing. There was no cringing in the shadows. The more reserved someone was, the more they were called on to participate.

The other side of Paul's philosophical intensity was a remarkable ability to change gears and to focus on everyday activities: playing tennis, driving his Porsche too fast, or being endlessly amused by reruns of "The Beverly Hillbillies." It was all the more fun to do these things with Paul because they felt like time off from the real job of doing philosophy. Still, after a nice evening of food and drink, he would always remind me as I was leaving to pose a philosophical question to myself before I went to sleep.

I got so much from Paul that it is hard to say what was most important, but maybe it was this. Doing philosophy is not a job; it is a way of life. It is doing philosophy that matters, not doing the business of philosophy. What matters even more than philosophy is thinking. Everything else is just making a living.

Bill E. Lawson, Michigan State University

I met Paul Ziff in 1972. He and Doug Stalker, his TA at that time, taught an introduction to philosophy course at North Carolina Central University. At the end of the course, Paul invited any student who wanted to continue working with him to meet at his office in Chapel Hill. I was the only student who took the bait. Over the next eight years, Paul was my friend and mentor as I worked to complete the Ph.D. Our friendship continued with visits and phone calls after I left Chapel Hill. When I used his work in a class, I would often have any student who had a question call Paul. He always took the time to talk with the students and "push" them to be clear. He enjoyed the exchanges. This was a

side of Paul very few people knew. Indeed, when other philosophers found out that I had a long and friendly relationship with him they were often surprised. It was difficult to explain, but to the end he was more than a mentor. He was my friend. He will be missed.

C. Ford Runge, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis

My friendship with Paul Ziff began with his son, Matt, who was my roommate at the University of North Carolina. We had come to Chapel Hill in 1970 from Madison, Wisconsin, where Paul had taught before accepting the William Rand Kenan chair in philosophy at UNC. Matt and I roomed together for the next four years, and I looked in on the creative and exhilarating world of his father. Paul welcomed me into his home, where he lived then with his wife Rita Nolan, also a philosopher of language. Matt and I shared with Paul a devotion to tennis which brought us together almost daily.

Paul was then in full command of his powers. There were many unusual characters and things moving through the Ziff household, not least Paul and Rita, whose relations were unstable and passionate. His house was a salon, where colleagues, students (including Doug Stalker) and tennis players came and went. To an intellectually curious and callow Midwesterner, this parade of people and things had an effect.

Paul was an enthusiast. Among his enthusiasms at the time (in addition to tennis) were the viola, three-dimensional printed constructions, Siamese cats, Brigitte Bardot, and his Porsche. He had not yet embraced the personal computer. In a very short time, Paul taught me about plays by Beckett, poems by Berryman, music by Bartok and Milhaud, paintings by Poussin and Kandinsky, Turing machines, gnus, backwards dictionaries, Chinese food and semantic analysis.

I am not a student of philosophy. I chose courses according to the stature and reputation of the instructors, on the theory that they would say interesting things. From Paul Ziff I took Main Problems in Philosophy and Philosophical Problems About Art. In the introductory course, we read Quine and Ullian's utterly convincing *The Web of Belief*. In the art course, Ziff led us through alternative aesthetic explanations of what is "good art," built largely around his essay, "Reasons in Art Criticism," and other parts of *Philosophic Turnings*. He conveyed clear lessons about how to reason. At the risk of offending his philosophical colleagues by having absorbed these incorrectly, I learned that like arguments for a good work of art, reasons are constructed logically, economically, and with supporting evidence.

Paul also conveyed a distrust of *a priori* (blue spot) theory and intellectual affectation. This disposition to pragmatic problem-solving ("reasons in art criticism must be as abstract as the judgments they support") led me toward applied economics and statistics. When studying for a doctorate (back at Madison) it drew me to scholars such as mathematical statistician Arthur Goldberger, whose lectures, like Paul's, were seamless exercises in logical inquiry (and whose criticisms of IQ theory, like Paul's, were devastating). They also led to an interest in the area between politics, philosophy and economics, notably John Rawls, Amartya Sen and Isaiah Berlin. Paul not only taught me

things, he gave me confidence that I could teach myself, and ultimately others, how to reason well.

Douglas Stalker, University of Delaware

W. D. Falk took the Chapel Hill philosophy department from regional to national standing. It hit the top ten. He started out by hiring talented junior people, but he needed a senior person -- someone who was already a star -- to finish his building job. Paul Ziff was his star. He was known around the profession for his attitude as much as his books and articles. Indeed, that was the main talk around Caldwell Hall when he was being considered for a chaired position. Ziff had a reputation for being mentally tough in the name of getting to the philosophical bottom of things. He took a severe stance towards any claim or view. (Even his own, too many people either didn't know or seem to forget.) Good old Virgil Aldrich called it a "scorched earth" policy. If you took a graduate seminar from Ziff, you were introduced to this attitude in action.

In the typical seminar, a graduate student would read a paper on an assigned topic -- say an article by Putnam or a chapter of a book by Zellig Harris. Ziff wanted us to interrupt the speaker at any time to ask a question or make a criticism. He actually meant interrupt at any time. All you had to do was say "Stop!" and you had the floor to make your point, large or small. Every word of the paper was fair game. Ziff would stop a graduate student right at the first word in the title of the paper and ask why that word was there, and whether it was the right word. Ziff also drew up a list of commandments--"An Eleven Commandments" -- for us to follow in writing a philosophy paper. The first commandment was "Say nothing false." The last was "Consider that your enemy wrote the paper: endeavor to humiliate him."

It wasn't fun to be on the receiving end of "Stop! What does that mean?" or "Stop! How do you know that is true?" But then this wasn't an afternoon tea party either. It was supposed to be our training (our "professional" training, if you like). Ziff was trying to produce people whose internal standards were considerably above the going rate. No one whined, sulked, or stood in the corner during or after these seminars. We didn't need words like "supportive" or "self esteem" back then. We did need to be sobered up mentally so we could avoid vagaries, see through folderol, and get to precise thoughts. In my own case, it was like someone had finally plugged my brain into the electric socket and I was ("Stop!" by "Stop!") more and more aware of the up, down, left and right in a philosophy paper. There were immediate benefits that more than made up for the transitory costs: you wrote damn better seminar papers, starting the next day. Indeed, Ziff would announce to his seminars that he only gave "A" grades to papers he deemed publishable, and during my time in graduate school, four or five of these seminar papers did end up in print -- back in the day, remember, when it was rare for graduate students to exit with more than their degrees completed. We were introduced to the coin of the realm, as it were, right in his classroom

For such a big name, an "in crowd" name in analytic circles, Paul Ziff didn't produce disciples who promoted his views on meaning or art or whatever. I don't know how many

people in the profession realized that -- how he was not doing something that, when it comes to big names, you would expect. There aren't any Ziffites going on about nonsyntactic semantic regularities, and you can't bring in the clones insisting on aspection. Sometimes it seemed like he was training us to do just the opposite of promulgating his work. I do not believe that I ever did a seminar paper on his work. He even vetoed my choice of a dissertation topic -- a defense of *Semantic Analysis* against all comers. Ziff told me to do instead a dissertation on Chomsky's notion of deep structure. He knew what was in his book; he didn't know what all the hoopla was about this deep structure stuff, and my job was to find out.

If Paul Ziff wanted to have a doctrinal Ziffian, he certainly had a chance when I came through the door: four years, seven courses, M.A. thesis, Ph.D. thesis, research assistant, teaching assistant for all of his undergraduate courses, present for virtually every class he taught during those years, even living at his house my last year. But he never indicated to me that he wanted to make his students -- any of us -- into people vowed to keep the ideas alive on behalf of the founder.

Indeed, I remember when I petitioned the faculty to have a special Ph.D. prelim examination on Quine's work. We called these "Great Man" exams. Ziff had next to no enthusiasm for Quine the man or his doctrines, let alone his approach to philosophy, and he had argued (in *The Philosophical Review*) that Quine's views on stimulus meaning were useless. But when Claire Miller, the department secretary, heard that a number of the faculty weren't going to vote in favor of the Quine exam, she phoned Ziff at home and told him how the vote was probably going to go down that afternoon at the faculty meeting. Paul Ziff did not come to faculty meetings -- that was written into his contract when he left Chicago Circle for Chapel Hill -- but he came to that meeting. He stopped by my office when the meeting was over and remarked, "You've got your Quine exam." Paul Ziff let his graduate students come up with their own views and end up with their own interests (for better or worse). Perhaps good old Virgil Aldrich would call this an intellectual "hands off" policy.

Bradley Wilson, Slippery Rock University

My memories of Paul Ziff are mostly of a personal, rather than a professional, nature. Like a number of other graduate students before me, I rented a room from Paul while working on my graduate degrees at Chapel Hill and came to know him (and Loredana) very well. Paul worked very closely with the graduate students who studied with him. He was actually very patient with his students (at least with me), in contrast to his attitude toward other philosophers with whom he didn't agree. However, although he was patient, he was no more tolerant of what he thought didn't make sense when it came from his students. I can remember many occasions on which I would struggle for several days to write a paper or work on a part of my thesis, after which I would give it to Paul to read. He would read for five minutes, give the draft back with the first page marked with questions, underlines, etc., where he had found things unclear and send me back to the computer. He hadn't made it to page two; he would only read further when all was clear from the beginning. This process would continue until I got it right.

Paul would work compulsively on problems that grabbed him, both philosophical and non-philosophical ones. To my knowledge, he was one of the first at UNC to get interested in and use personal computers. Before the advent of the IBM PC, he had an Osborne computer (enhanced with an external full-sized monitor to supplement the 6-inch built-in screen), on which he wrote his book *Epistemic Analysis*. When Paul bought an IBM PC AT (in 1984, as I recall), he became frustrated when programs were incompatible. So he learned how to program in assembly language on the PC to correct these incompatibilities. He often spent time working on writing programs of his own, and produced arguably the most elaborate Excel spreadsheet for a household budget yet developed.

Paul was an accomplished artist and was always happy to open up his portfolio and discuss his work with anyone who was interested. Talking to him about his art would inevitably lead to discourses on the history of painting. Despite his strong anti-religious beliefs, he often listened to religious music (especially masses by Byrd and Mozart) and many of his later paintings were on religious themes. I know that many of his colleagues and former students have a “Ziff” hanging somewhere in their houses.

I will remember fondly the wonderful dinner parties that Loredana and Paul put on when former colleagues and students were in the area. The yearly Chapel Hill Colloquium invariably brought philosophers in who were friends of Paul's. Late night discussions on the back deck or in the library might be about anything: Wittgenstein's philosophy of mathematics, the aesthetic value of “The Beverly Hillbillies,” candidates for the worst film ever made, or the difference between “exact” and “precise.” Whatever the topic, Paul invariably had already thought the problems through and those who were new to the topic rarely stood a chance

From Former Colleagues:

Marcus G. Singer, University of Wisconsin, Madison

I first met Paul Ziff in September 1948, when I went to Cornell as a beginning graduate student. Paul was already there and had already started graduate work in philosophy, even while working towards a B.F.A. degree in painting, and his progress through graduate school was both very rapid and distinguished. We became close friends — and, it seemed, rivals — right away, with the rivalry manifesting itself in ping-pong and on the tennis court as well as in seminars. But the rivalry also had in it elements of cooperation. Thus he would argue vehemently against some point I was making in a paper or in a seminar and then painstakingly try to show me how to meet his criticism. He was a very strong competitor, always trying very hard to win.

In addition to being an accomplished painter and probably the brightest student in the Sage School of Philosophy — he held the Susan Linn Sage fellowship all three years of his graduate study — Paul was Max Black's favorite student, and he and Black were very good friends. Paul helped Black paint his house in 1948, during which time they played

chess by memory. Black was very close to being a chess master and Paul, though he never took up chess as avidly, could not have been far behind

Paul and I used to take long walks around one of the lakes in or around Ithaca, walks we called philosophers' walks, and we actually christened the lake "The Philosophers' Walk." And one of the great events of our stay at Cornell was seeing and hearing and even talking to Wittgenstein in the fall of 1949 when he was in Ithaca staying with Norman Malcolm. Wittgenstein came to the first meeting of the Graduate Philosophy Club when Gregory Vlastos read a paper and then he held two sessions for graduate students alone.

When I was appointed chairman of my department at the University of Wisconsin in 1963, I decided to try to get Paul Ziff appointed. And I succeeded. Paul came to Madison in the spring of 1964, gave a splendid talk, charming one and all, so that the vote in the department was unanimous to offer Paul Ziff a professorship, and then I went to work to try to persuade him to accept. Paul and his family came to Madison in the summer of 1964. He really did shake the place up. He had considerable charisma. Colloquia were not as they otherwise would have been, nor were department meetings. And Paul enticed a number of us to exercise every day at noon at the Old Red Gym. The exercise consisted of push-ups, sit-ups, pull-ups, and gymnastics.

I had hoped he would stay a long time, but it was not to be. He accepted Ruth Marcus's offer to go to the University of Illinois at Chicago in February 1968 — though he stayed in his house in Madison until he left for North Carolina in 1970.

Throughout his career Paul experimented with different styles of writing. I think he was experimenting with different philosophical writing as he had experimented all his life in painting. I remember one paper he wrote using hardly any commas, so I put my electric typewriter to work and sent him a page containing nothing but commas, since, I said, he obviously needed some and they were his for the taking.

Paul's distinctive style reflected his great interest in poetry, especially but not solely the poetry of John Berryman, and his admiration for James Joyce's work, especially *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*. Paul Ziff had a distinctive way with words, partly stemming from his love of words and his fascination with language, and from his enormous ability. As Ruth Marcus has said, he was an "intellectual marvel." In ordinary language this manifested itself in his gift for puns and his great wit. In philosophical discussion, it manifested itself in responses and examples that were absolutely unpredictable, always apropos and illuminating, and sometimes devastating.

Paul Ziff was certainly one of the most brilliant philosophers I have ever known, on a par with Max Black and John Rawls, but with a better sense of humor. And, even though we grew somewhat apart in later years, Paul Ziff was for many years my closest friend, and the one who had the greatest concern for my well-being.

Paul was always a person really and manifestly alive. The thought that he is no longer alive is one I find hard to take, even though it is a fact. He was unique and special in my life, which now has a large hole in it and has been considerably diminished.

William Tait, University of Chicago

Paul Ziff and I met in 1965, shortly before I moved to Chicago. Paul was a frequent visitor to Chicago from Madison, and I a visitor to Madison, for a number of years; and we became close friends. I visited him a few times after he moved to Chapel Hill; but we gradually lost close touch with one another. The last contact I remember was Paul calling to tell me that the front and rear sections of cockroaches, when divided, remain alive and (I think he said) try to grow back together again; and, in case I was feeling too swell-headed, that spiders do geometry with no brains at all. It had been some time since our last contact, and I think he just wanted to know how things were with me.

Paul was a lively philosopher, full of troublesome examples for people who wanted theories; and I venture the thought that this was his greatest asset as a philosopher and colleague. At a more personal level, he was one of the most vivid people I have known -- I can picture him now -- fully alive and constantly taking on new challenges, whether it be philosophy, music, art, or tennis. I am very sad that he has died and will miss the sense that he is around somewhere, vibrating with his customary energy.

Joseph S. Ullian, Washington University in St. Louis

I will miss enjoying the thought that Paul is sitting in his chair at home, and that we can watch another World Series game together when I get to Chapel Hill. He and I go back just a tad less than 50 years. In 1953 he was in his first year of teaching at Harvard and I was assigned to be his Section Man. I filled that role for 4 years in a course officially titled "The Logical Technique of Thought and Argument." It touched a lot of bases. I think it offered my first exposure to ordinary language philosophy, though that was not its focus. I recall Paul's laying out the evidence attesting to the dangers of smoking---ironic, since he defiantly remained a cigarette smoker right up to the end of his life.

I also assisted Paul in a philosophy of religion course. When it was over he asked the students to guess his religious orientation. He was delighted at the full spectrum of answers he received, ranging from "militant atheist" to "strict Catholic."

Paul and I overlapped again for a year at Penn. One moment from that year has remained especially vivid, though I can't say why. I still hear Paul asking, "Did you hear about John Austin?" and, after I said I hadn't, declaring, "He's dead." -- with an intonation all his own.

In the last two decades I always visited Paul on my annual visit to the Chapel Hill Colloquium in Philosophy. A couple of times I stayed at his house. What had for many years been good regard and good feeling between us grew into genuine mutual affection.

The last years of his life seemed to be the most peaceful, and I think the happiest. I attribute this largely to Loredana, who, along with the many other ways she enhanced his life, made him feel fully accepted.

Robert H. Vorsteg, Davidson County Community College

In the early 1970s, I was teaching philosophy at Wake Forest University. I met Ziff on one of his occasional visits. I recall an evening lecture, preceded by an informal afternoon session with students and faculty.

In the afternoon, he put this question to our students: "What if I said that nothing can be a good painting unless it has blue in it? You might think that odd, or bizarre. But what is wrong with it?" Students took to that question. As they tried various replies, it became a lively discussion. I don't remember how, if at all, it concluded. I remember Paul responding to every attempt, like a fisherman to a novice, helping to pull in the catch. But it usually proved disappointing once pulled in and inspected. Sometimes it slipped away through inattention to the line gone slack. Later, the students left in the wearied and cheerful mood of those who knew that the catch would be better in the future because of the time they had just spent with someone as adept at guiding them as Paul Ziff.

In 1974 I found myself facing uncertain prospects. I had been unable to secure a tenured position at Wake Forest University, and had to look elsewhere. When I mentioned this difficulty to Ziff, perhaps at a Chapel Hill Colloquium, he showed a genuine concern. Paul said he would help me if he could, and offered to write a letter of recommendation. For this I have always felt grateful to him.

Paul was intensely concerned with the problem of how one should write philosophy. I recall comments on the careless and inattentive reading habits of philosophers. Wondering how long he held that opinion, I peruse his preface to *Semantic Analysis* (1960), and find: "It seems to me that nowadays hardly anyone pays any attention to what a man says, only to what one thinks he means."

Paul's papers eventually became experiments in writing, designed to hold his readers to a higher standard of attentiveness. He all but ignored the conventional rules of punctuation. Apart from the colon and period, there was little else. It was risky, of course. The outcome might be a defeat of his intentions, or approximate his intentions but find uncomprehending readers, in both cases risking ridicule. It might, also, exemplify philosophy communicating itself more effectively, in a fusion of form and content releasing new energy for the difficult task of reading.

These alternative possibilities were much in evidence at an American Philosophical Association symposium (December 1973) on the aesthetics of music. In a paper titled "The Cow on the Roof," deploying a minimalist use of punctuation, Paul circled around and around Darius Milhaud's "The Bull on the Roof" ("Le Boeuf sur le Toit") and an ersatz companion piece he called "The Cow on the Roof." A colloquy with an anonymous interlocutor is set in motion around an auditory pattern heard by Ziff. The

Bull and the Cow are contending for recognition as the physical realization of that particular auditory pattern. Can analysis identify the valid claimant? The commentators were Guy Sircello and Kendall L. Walton.

Sircello seemed puzzled, and unconvinced. Kendall Walton, however, confidently stepped forward in the role of designated hitter and announced Ziff out of the game for having failed to make any contribution to "philosophico-aesthetic research."

Ziff, we know, was no person to suffer such presumption lightly. He roundly excoriated and, as I recall, silenced Walton by pointing out, among other things, the failure to notice structural parallels between his essay and the musical piece, especially vis-à-vis the rondo-like theme of "The Bull on the Roof." Blind to such stylistic considerations, neither commentator had shown an awareness of the kind of conceptual appreciation Paul had aimed at, nor a ready facility to discern reasons embedded in a context that dispensed with premises clearly numbered or otherwise marked out.

In Paul Ziff's writings and occasional company I found delight, insight, and encouragement and the occasional blessing of a gratuitous kindness. He could coin an apt metaphor and move on, wickedly, to a meta-metaphorical obiter dictum: "'A dead robot' is a metaphor but 'a dead battery' is a dead metaphor: if a robot were around it would kill its own metaphor." And in conversation he was capable of saying, at the right time, in the right way, something like: "It's a good thing to have a little humor now and Zen."

Claire Miller, Editor