

importunate **questions** • interminable **question** • lugubrious **question** • pertinent **question** • **questionable** data • **questioning** gaze • **unquestionable** genius • **unquestioning** fate • puzzles, tangles, and **questionings** • **questions**, disputes, and controversies • certain, confi-

FREQUENTLY ASKED **QUESTIONS**

She wore an air of wistful **questioning** • Teased with impertinent **questions** • The eternal **questioning** of inscrutable fate • The father's vigil of **questioning** sorrow • The intrusive **question** faded • The **question** drummed in head and heart day and night • The **question** irresistibly emerged • A **question** deep almost as the mystery of life

VOLUME I

evade the **question** • I am wondering if I may dare ask you a very personal **question**? • I might **question** all that • I must ask you one more **question**, if I may • I purposely evaded the **question** • Is that a fair **question**? • **Question** me, if you wish • Surely there can be no **question** about that • That is a fair **question**, perhaps • That is a **question** I have often proposed to myself • That is rather a difficult **question** to answer • **Unquestionably** superior • Why ask such embarrassing **questions**? • Will you allow me to ask you a **question**? • And if any of you should **question** • And now the **question** is asked me • And thus we are led on then to further **question** • And **unquestionably** • Before attempting to answer this **question** • Beyond all **question** we • But can this **question** • But I return to the **question** • But putting these **questions** aside • But the **question** may arise • Difficult then as the **question** may be • Here arises the eternal **question** • Here is no **question** • Here let me meet one other **question**

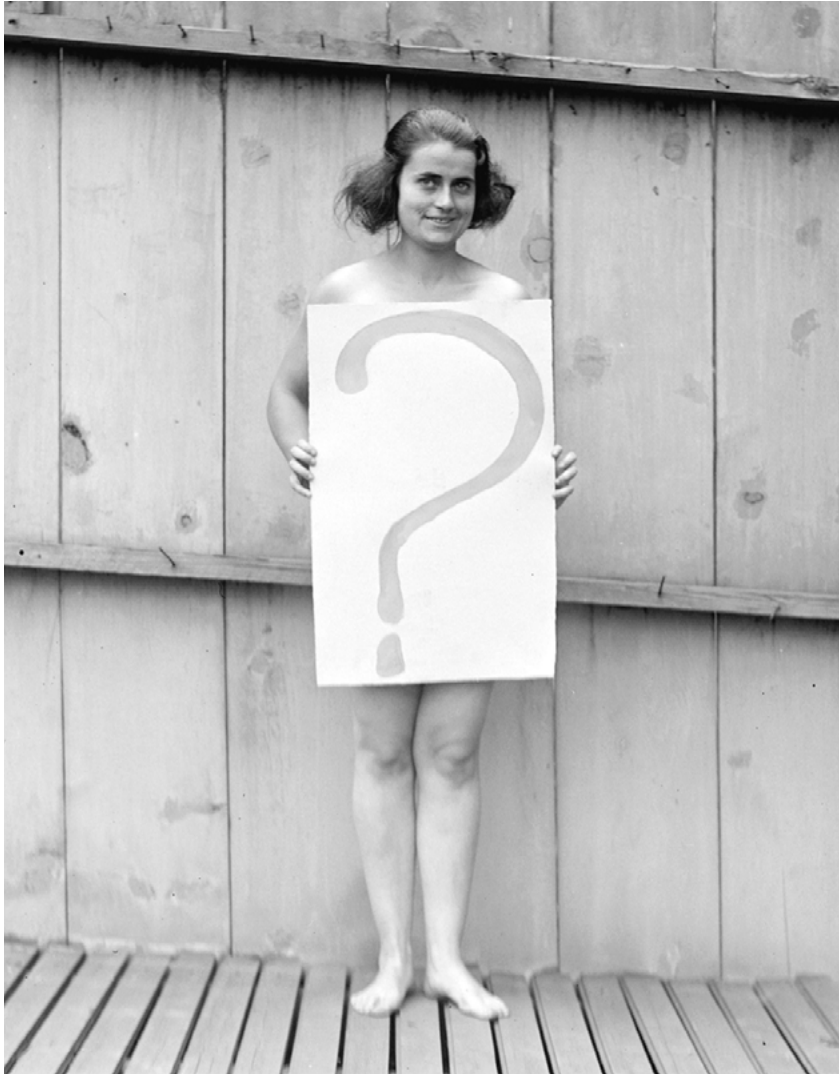
ROB KOVITZ

for a moment • I know it has been **questioned** • I might reasonably **question** the justice • I must ask an abrupt **question** • I now address you on a **question** • I now pass to the **question** of • I open the all-important **question** • I **question** whether • I shall recur to certain



Frequently Asked Questions

Volume I



An unclothed woman in Washington, D.C., standing behind a “?” sign.
National Photo Company, 1922 (Library of Congress)

A **question** mark is apropos
When there are things you want to know.

Elsa Knight Bruno, Punctuation Celebration

I will Catechize the world for him; that is, make **Questions** and by them answer.

William Shakespeare, Othello

Let $N(Q)$ be the number of **questions**.

Jun Harada, Masao Fuketa, El-Sayed Atlam, Toru Sumitomo, Wataru Hiraishi and Jun-ichi Aoe, Estimation of FAQ Knowledge Bases by Introducing Measurements (Knowledge-Based Intelligent Information and Engineering Systems)

Foley approached the Roadrunner from the left rear. Moran approached from the right rear.

Foley brought the shotgun out from under his raincoat. He lifted it slowly to the level of the windowsill of the Roadrunner and silently rested it there.

Moran stepped back two paces from the Roadrunner. He tucked the stock of the shotgun in at his waist with his right elbow. With his left hand he gripped the pump action. He brought the muzzle up to point at the window.

Jackie Brown, with his eyes closed, recovered from a long night of driving, and many frustrations.

Foley knocked on the window of the Roadrunner. Lazily, Jackie Brown turned his head. He opened his left eye. His gaze focused on the face of a stranger. "Yeah?" he said.

Foley made a cranking motion with his left hand.

Jackie Brown shook his head. He reached forward and rolled the window down. "Yeah?" he said again.

"United States Treasury," Foley said. "You're under arrest. Come out slow and easy and keep your hands in plain sight. One move and you're a dead fucking man." He brought the shotgun up with his right hand. He brought his left hand under the pump and held it steady.

"Holy shit," Jackie Brown said. He looked to his right. Moran stood there, pointing a shotgun through the window. In front of the Roadrunner, two men advanced with revolvers pointed at him through the windshield. "Hey," he said.

"Get out of the car," Foley said. He reached in and lifted the door lock. He opened the door from the outside. "Get out." The shotgun remained leveled at Jackie Brown's head.

"Hey," Jackie Brown said, swinging his legs out of the car. "Hey, look."

Foley grabbed him as he got out. Foley turned him around. "Put your hands on the roof of the car," Foley said. "Move your feet back."

Jackie Brown did as he was told. He felt hands begin to pat him down. "What the fuck's this all about?" he said.

Moran, Sauter and Ferris now came around the Roadrunner and stood together with their weapons pointing at Jackie Brown. Ames and Morrissey stayed put. Moran handed his shotgun to Sauter, who let the hammer down on his Chief's Special and leveled Moran's shotgun. Moran removed his wallet from his hip pocket. He extracted a plasticized card from the wallet. In the blue-tinged glare of the parking lot lights, he began to read:

"You are under arrest for violation of a federal law. Before we ask you any **questions**, we want you to understand your rights under the Constitution of the United States."

"I know my rights," Jackie Brown said.

"Shut the fuck up and listen," Foley said. "Shut your god-damned mouth and listen to what the man's telling you."

"You do not have to answer any **questions**," Moran said. "You have a right to remain silent. If you answer any **questions**, your answers may be used in evidence against you in a trial in a court of law. Do you understand what I have read to you?"

"Of course I understand," Jackie Brown said. "You think I'm a fucking idiot?"

"Shut up," Foley said, "and hold still or I'll blow your fucking head off." He rested the barrel of the Remington on Jackie Brown's shoulder. The muzzle grazed the base of Jackie Brown's skull.

"You are entitled to the advice of counsel," Moran said. "Do you have a lawyer?"

"No, for Christ sake," Jackie Brown said. "Of course I don't. I just got arrested."

"If you want a lawyer," Moran said, "you need only say so, and you will be given time to engage a lawyer, and to confer with him. You are entitled to confer with your lawyer before you decide whether to answer any **questions**. Do you understand what I have read to you?"

Jackie Brown did not answer. Foley jabbed him with the muzzle of the Remington. "Tell him," he said.

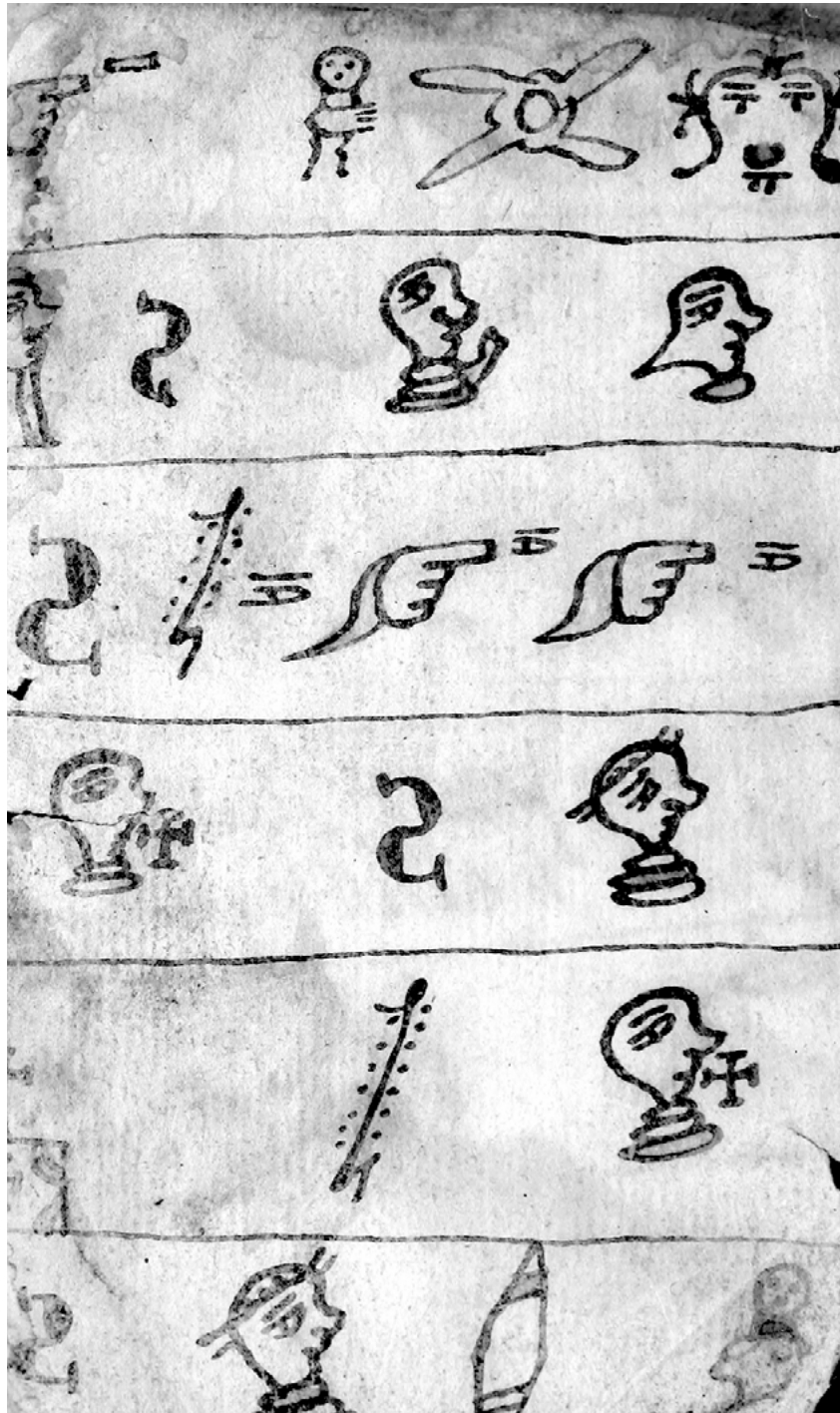
"Of course I understand," Jackie Brown said.

"If you can't afford a lawyer," Moran said, "the court will appoint one for you. Do you understand that?"

"Yes," Jackie Brown said.

"You may, if you wish, waive these rights and answer our **questions**. Are you willing to answer **questions**?" Moran said.

George V. Higgins, The Friends of Eddie Coyle



Testerian Catechism, Mexico, 18th century (John Carter Brown Library)

Rob Kovitz

Frequently Asked Questions

Volume I

Treyf Books
Keep Refrigerated

Frequently Asked **Questions**

Volume 1

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10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Front and back cover:

Grenville Kleiser, Fifteen Thousand Useful Phrases: A Practical Handbook of Pertinent Expressions, Striking Similes, Literary, Commercial, Conversational, and Oratorical Terms, for the Embellishment of Speech and Literature, and the Improvement of the Vocabulary of Those Persons Who Read, Write, and Speak English (New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company, 1919)

Front and back flyleaf:

Testarian Catechism (detail), Mexico, 18th century (John Carter Brown Library)

Dedication

He's got the inclination and the dedication—the **question** is whether he can develop the skills.

Lyn Gardner, Stephen Skrynka: 'This Is Not Some Jackass Stunt' (The Guardian)

He always prepared to play and prepared to battle. He's a poster kid for dedication, there's no **question**. He's paid his dues.

Allan Kreda, Islanders Coach Is Tough on Himself and His Team (The New York Times)

While they might admire my dedication, they might also **question** my reasons for doing such a thing.

Deborah Treisman, This Week in Fiction: Will Mackin (The New Yorker)



Harry Revier (director), *Life's Greatest Question*, 1921 (Exhibitors Herald)

Copyright & Fair Use Frequently Asked Questions

It is an infringement of copyright to do, without permission from the copyright owner, any act that only the owner is entitled to do.

University of Toronto Libraries, Copyright Basics and FAQ

IMPORTANT NOTICE

The following is a general Q/A format presentation of what many experts regard as a nuanced and complex legal subject matter area. In addition, it is one in which advice will vary depending on the specific facts involved in each **question** or matter. Seemingly slight factual variations can alter the analysis and outcome of a given **question** or scenario. Therefore, it is very important to consult with counsel before taking any action in this area, and to not rely exclusively on the information contained in this Q/A. Nothing contained on this site or its related links may be construed as legal advice from the OVPGC on a given matter. Members of the IU community should consult the OVPGC directly on specific legal issues or matters.

Indiana University, Copyright & Fair Use Frequently Asked Questions

What can I reproduce from a copyrighted work without permission? (or: What is Fair Use?)

Although you generally cannot put an entire copyrighted work on the Web without permission, you can make limited use of copyrighted material.

In most countries, people are allowed to make limited use of such works in their own writings, or copy the work to a limited extent, for purposes that include commentary, criticism, education, research, and news reporting. This right is known as “fair use” in the United States, and as “fair dealing” in many other countries.

Here’s a brief explanation of fair use in the United States, which I’ve largely lifted from a [PDF form letter \(FL 102\)](#) sent out by the US Copyright Office. (The original form letter, as a government publication, is in the public domain. The Copyright Office is not responsible for the changes I’ve made here.)

John Mark Ockerbloom, The Online Books Page Frequently Asked Questions

Isn't fair use pretty vague? I need to have clear guidelines, not just for me, but for my staff.

The law codifying fair use was designed to be broad and flexible, and judges usually understand that. Fair use will apply differently to different users in different situations. That may seem frustrating, but it can also be liberating, especially for communities that have a code of best practices. It means that fair use law, as it evolves, may be responsive to a profession’s norms and conditions. The Code’s principles and limitations are grounded in the particular practices of the visual arts professions and values, and tailored to key practice contexts. So, although fair use determinations need to be made on a case-by-case basis, some cases come up all the time; decisions based on reason can be applied to the same kind of situation ever more quickly as you and your staff become comfortable with the process.

College Art Association, Code of Best Practices in Fair Use for the Visual Arts > Frequently Asked Questions

Frequently Asked Questions

What are the maximum criminal penalties for copyright infringement?

In the U.S., penalties for criminal copyright infringement can include fines up to \$250,000 and/or imprisonment of up to five years.

Other countries have territory specific penalties.

Symantec, Anti-Piracy Frequently Asked Questions



Harry Revier (director), Life's Greatest Question, 1921 (Exhibitors Herald)

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GRAVIC.
Final Exam
Answer Sheet

Please follow the directions on the exam question sheet. Fill in the entire circle that corresponds to your answer for each question on the exam. Erase marks completely to make a change.



Teacher ID



Student ID

1	A	B	C	D	E	26	A	B	C	D	E	51	A	B	C	D	E	76	A	B	C	D	E
2	A	B	C	D	E	27	A	B	C	D	E	52	A	B	C	D	E	77	A	B	C	D	E
3	A	B	C	D	E	28	A	B	C	D	E	53	A	B	C	D	E	78	A	B	C	D	E
4	A	B	C	D	E	29	A	B	C	D	E	54	A	B	C	D	E	79	A	B	C	D	E
5	A	B	C	D	E	30	A	B	C	D	E	55	A	B	C	D	E	80	A	B	C	D	E
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14	A	B	C	D	E	39	A	B	C	D	E	64	A	B	C	D	E	89	A	B	C	D	E
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16	A	B	C	D	E	41	A	B	C	D	E	66	A	B	C	D	E	91	A	B	C	D	E
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23	A	B	C	D	E	48	A	B	C	D	E	73	A	B	C	D	E	98	A	B	C	D	E
24	A	B	C	D	E	49	A	B	C	D	E	74	A	B	C	D	E	99	A	B	C	D	E
25	A	B	C	D	E	50	A	B	C	D	E	75	A	B	C	D	E	100	A	B	C	D	E

Please turn sheet over to complete:

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A Couple of Questions

There are so many people asking questions



Afghan Uniformed Police **question** suspected Taliban, Jan. 7, in Ghazni, Afghanistan.
Photo by Sgt. Justin Howe / U.S. Army (defenseimagery.mil)

“Hello there, young man, do you mind if we ask you a couple of **questions**?”

“Okay.”

Libby Hughes, Serious Fun With White House Secrets and State Department Antics

“I’m DS Clarke, this is DI Rebus,” Siobhan said. “Mind if we ask you a couple of **questions**?”

Ian Rankin, A Question of Blood

Just then, police chief Ethan Rodgers and sheriff Hal Benson walked into the waiting room. They headed straight for Cate and Rand.

“Morning,” the chief said. “Mind if we ask you a couple of **questions**?”

Cate looked from one newcomer to the other, then to Rand and finally back to the chief. “You mean me?”

Ginny Aiken, Someone to Trust

There are so many people asking **questions** everywhere.

There is the bloody blindman, and the angry one, and the disheartened one,
and the wretch, the thorn tree,
the bandit with envy on his back.

Pablo Neruda, Ode to Federico Garcia Lorca (Residence on Earth)

Catechism of Coal is intended for that great number of intelligent readers who have no technical training, and yet who prefer to seek knowledge by reading special subjects rather than fiction. A large proportion of these have neither the time nor the inclination to peruse the voluminous geological and statistical reports of the coal industry in the United States, or to study the ponderous volumes of gathered wisdom by technical experts. Their time is usually fully occupied with the cares of business and often with the fatigue of manual labor, and their hours for quiet reading or study are few and most precious. For these, the following plain **questions** and direct authoritative answers have been designed with a realizing sense of the readers’ wants and aspirations. The task conscientiously assumed by the writer has been to verify all the answers by referring to competent authorities.

William Jasper Nicolls, Coal Catechism

I was **questioned** several times immediately after my arrest. But they were all formal examinations, as to my identity and so forth. At the first of these, which took place at the police station, nobody seemed to have much interest in the case. However, when I was brought before the examining magistrate a week later, I noticed that he eyed me

with distinct curiosity. Like the others, he began by asking my name, address, and occupation, the date and place of my birth. Then he inquired if I had chosen a lawyer to defend me. I answered, “No,” I hadn’t thought about it, and asked him if it was really necessary for me to have one.

“Why do you ask that?” he said.

Albert Camus, The Stranger

NOTE—Wherever in the foregoing pages explanations have been omitted after certain **questions** or answers it is because the matter they contain has been explained in some preceding **question**, or is to be explained in some following **question**, or is clear enough in itself without explanation. The explanations of such **questions** or answers can be easily found by referring to the index.

Thomas L. Kinkead, Baltimore Catechism, No. 4: An Explanation of the Baltimore Catechism of Christian Doctrine for the Use of Sunday-School Teachers and Advanced Classes

Apropos: it’s all very well, this instruction of Alsana’s to look at the thing close up; to look at it dead straight between the eyes; an unflinching and honest stare, a meticulous inspection that would go beyond the heart of the matter to its marrow; beyond the marrow to the root—but the **question** is how far back do you want? How far will *do*? The old American **question**: what do you want—*blood*? Most probably more than blood is required: whispered asides; lost conversations; medals and photographs; lists and certificates, yellowing paper bearing the faint imprint of brown dates. Back, back, *back*. Well, all right, then.

Zadie Smith, White Teeth

Where am I?

That’s my first **question**, after an age of listening. From it (when it hasn’t been answered) I’ll rebound towards others, of a more personal nature. (Much later.) Perhaps I’ll even end up (before regaining my coma) by thinking of myself as living (technically speaking).

But let us proceed with method. I shall do my best, as always (since I cannot do otherwise). I shall submit, more corpse-obliging than ever. I shall transmit the words as received (by the ear, or roared through a trumpet into the arsehole) in all their purity (and in the same order, as far as possible). This infinitesimal lag, between arrival and departure, this trifling delay in evacuation, is all I have to worry about. The truth about me will boil forth at last, scalding (provided of course they don’t start stuttering again).

Samuel Beckett, The Unnamable

But of what is this knowledge? I said. Just answer me that small **question**. Do you mean a knowledge of shoemaking?

God forbid.

Or of working in brass?

Certainly not.

Or in wool, or wood, or anything of that sort?

Plato, The Dialogues of Plato, Vol. 1

“The **question** at stake,” said Epictetus, “is no common one; it is this:—Are we in our senses, or are we not?”

Epictetus, The Golden Sayings of Epictetus

My lords, the judges find a difficulty to give a distinct answer to the **question** thus proposed by your lordships, either in the affirmative or the negative, inasmuch as we are not aware that there is in the courts below any established practice which we can state to your lordships as distinctly referring to such a **question** propounded by counsel on cross-examination as is here contained, that is, whether the counsel cross-examining are entitled to ask the witness whether he has made such representation, for it is not in the recollection of any one of us that such a **question** in those words, namely, whether a witness has made such and such representation, has at any time been asked of a witness; **questions** however of a similar nature are frequently asked at Nisi Prius, referring rather to contracts and agreements, or to supposed contracts and agreements, than to declarations of the witness; as for instance, a witness is often asked whether there is an agreement for a certain price for a certain article, an agreement for a certain definite time, a warranty, or other matter of that kind, being a matter of contract; and when a **question** of that kind has been asked at Nisi Prius, the ordinary course has been for the counsel on the other side not to object to the **question** as a **question** that could not properly be put, but to interpose on his own behalf another intermediate **question**, namely, to ask the witness whether the agreement referred to in the **question** originally proposed by the counsel on the other side, was or was not in writing; and if the witness answers that it was in writing, then the inquiry is stopped, because the writing must be itself produced.

T. C. Hansard, Parliamentary Debates: Official Report of the Session of the Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, June 27–September 7, 1820

“Do you always treat the fourth estate this way, DS Clarke?”

“Sometimes I go for a headlock instead.”

“That’s a good idea, changing your attack,” Whiteread agreed. “Means the enemy can’t predict your move,” Simms added. “Why do I get the feeling you three are taking the piss?” Holly asked.

Siobhan had bent down to retrieve her phone and book. She checked the phone for damage. “What is it you want?”

“A quick couple of **questions**.”

“Concerning what exactly?” Holly was staring at the army pair. “Sure you want an audience, DS Clarke?”

“I’ve got nothing to say to you anyway,” Siobhan told him.

“How do you know until you’ve heard me out?”

“Because you’re going to ask me about Martin Fairstone.”

“Am I?” Holly raised an eyebrow. “Well, maybe that *was* the plan . . . but I’m also wondering why you’re so jumpy, and why you don’t want to talk about Fairstone.”

Ian Rankin, A Question of Blood

Reading is often perceived as a challenge by many students. But if proper reading strategies of skimming and scanning are adopted, this challenge can be overcome. One of the important activities during skimming is finding out keywords in the passage and underlining them. During scanning as well, you can mark keywords in the **question** as your tendency to match them with similar words in the passage. Since the passages are long and complex, finding out keywords will help you read more efficiently.

IELTS Online Tests, How to Find the Right Keywords in Reading Comprehension? (ieltsolinetests.com)

“What happened?” he asked trying to sound genuinely concerned.

“We’re not exactly sure. We’re trying to put the pieces together. Do you mind if we ask you a couple of **questions?**” the tall deputy asked him.

“No, not at all. I can’t see where I’d be able to help you, but I’ll answer anything you need me to. Steve’s been good to me and I want to help. I can’t believe anyone would want to hurt him, yet alone kill him,” Jack answered sounding too anxious.

C. R. Poenitzsch, Fate Xs Three

“I’m fine. I’m just surprised,” I said. “I don’t know what I thought you were doing here, but it wasn’t this. I can’t believe anything bad could ever happen to him. He was always a brawler, but he seemed invincible . . . at least to me. What happened?”

“That’s what we’re trying to piece together,” Claas said. “He’d been shot twice, once in the head and once in the chest. A patrolman spotted him lying on the sidewalk a little after three A.M. The weapon, a semi-automatic, was found in the gutter about ten feet away. This was a commercial district, a lot of bars in the area, so it’s possible Mr. Magruder got into a dispute. We have a couple of guys out now canvassing the neighborhood. So far no witnesses. For now, we’re working backward, trying to get a line on his activities prior to the shooting.”

“When *was* this?”

“Early morning hours of May fourteenth. Wednesday of last week.”

Claas said, “Do you mind if we ask you a couple of **questions?**”

“Not at all. Please do.”

I expected one of them to take out a notebook, but none emerged. I glanced at the briefcase and wondered if I was being recorded. Meanwhile, Claas was talking on. “We’re in the process of eliminating some possibilities. This is mostly filling in the blanks, if you can help us out.”

“Sure, I’ll try. I’m not sure how, but fire away,” I said.

Sue Grafton, “O” is for Outlaw

Target people that you need the information from the most. If you can pull it off, you can use this approach to hold a series of mini-meetings with a couple of people at a time. In a similar fashion, you can drop by a person’s office (email is useless in this context) and ask if they could spare a minute or two for a couple of **questions**. In other words, your mission is to gather information, even if it breaks down to house-to-house fighting.

Christopher Duncan, The Career Programmer: Guerilla Tactics for an Imperfect World

Per usual, Regan just walked through the door before actually being invited in. He walked past the waitress and straight to the bar. The waitress followed quickly while Carter took his time glancing around at the scenery.

“I’m Detective Regan. This here is my partner, Detective Carter. Mind if we ask you a couple of **questions?**” Regan tucked his badge back in his pocket, and Carter was now by his side.

“I’m Patrick McPhee. Something happen at my bar that I don’t know about?” Patrick looked to be in his late forties. He apparently owned the bar. Regan thought that maybe this could be helpful. Most owners know everyone and everything that takes place in their establishments.

Caroline Christian, The Scent of Bread

“Excuse me, Miss Nolan.” Kathy appeared startled. “My name is Frank Farrel, and this is George Lewis.” Lewis nodded. “We’re detectives with the Philadelphia police.” They showed her their badges. “Do you mind if we ask you a couple of **questions?**”

Over her surprise, Kathy inspected the badges and nodded. She wiped away a stray tear.

Edwin J. Sprague, The Point Guard

Blake: “Was that what you meant to say?”

Leslie: “Isn’t it enough to say what you mean, without being obliged to say what you meant?”

Blake: “Half a loaf is better than no bread; beggars mustn’t be choosers.”

Leslie: “Oh, if you put it so meekly as that you humiliate me. I must tell you now: I meant a **question.**”

Blake: “What is it?”

Leslie: “But I can’t ask it, yet. Not till I’ve got rid of some part of my obligations.”

Blake: “I suppose you mean what I—what happened.”

Leslie: “Yes.”

William Dean Howells, Out of the Question: A Comedy

“Marty, let’s put all this shit with DS Clarke on the back burner, eh? Fact is, I couldn’t give a monkey’s. But there is a **question** I’ve been meaning to ask . . .”

“What’s that?” Fairstone, heavy-lidded in his chair, cigarette held between thumb and forefinger.

Ian Rankin, A Question of Blood

Thinking that after all he had nothing to lose, Charles resolved to pop the **question** when the occasion offered itself; but, each time it offered itself, the fear of not finding the right words sealed his lips.

Gustave Flaubert, Madame Bovary

“Well, may I give you a couple of recommendations?” I queried.

“Sure!” came the eager response from all group members. They assumed that I must possess that “golden key” to successful witnessing.

“I always like the up-front approach,” I told them. “People here in South Florida are used to that. You might say something like, ‘Hi! We are a group of Christian students who are interested in your perspective on spiritual matters. Do you mind if we ask you a couple of **questions?**’ Or you could also say something like, ‘Do you mind if we take just five or six minutes of your time to get your opinion about two **questions** that we think are of ultimate importance?’”

Charles Carmen Mayell, Engage! Having Conversations About God

‘Oh my God . . . and you’re beautiful as well!’ screamed Vera.

‘I’m Detective Keeley Harrington from Gainesville Homicide, and this is my male partner Detective Barney Corvette, and we’d like to thank you for your hospitality; we were kinda dying on that dark landing with no ventilation and not a thing to drink.’ Keeley said patting Vera’s shoulder.

‘While we’re here, do you mind if we ask you a couple of **questions** Ma’am?’ Keeley asked.

‘Of course not Detective—go right ahead.’ Vera said settling down opposite the homicide detectives.

Bill Jones, HEMMED IN: So if You Can't Breathe . . . You Might Be Hemmed In!

“Is there something we can do for you?” the man asked. “You’re with the sheriff’s department?”

“We’re with the crime lab,” Sara said again.

“You’re the ones who are here about the fire?” the woman asked.

“That’s right, ma’am.” Nick said.

“We know nothing about that except it was a tragedy. We’re thankful our home was spared.”

“I’m sure you are, ma’am,” Sara said. “Do you mind if we ask you a couple of **questions**?”

“It’s late,” the man said.

“But not too late for some weed,” Nick said.

“We’re not here about drug use, sir. We really just have some **questions** about your candles.”

“Candles?”

Jeff Mariotte, CSI: Crime Scene Investigation: The Burning Season

Of course you should have some kind of warranty card included with your product and of course this card should include a couple of **questions**. If you don’t take any one instance of this kind of survey too seriously, and if you keep each such survey short and simple, and you do these surveys as one part of your information gathering, then yes, it makes sense to do these surveys, and yes, you can do them yourself.

Edward F. McQuarrie, The Market Research Toolbox: A Concise Guide for Beginners

“Hi. I’m Simon, and we’re taping a new type of show, called, ‘Reality Television,’ it’s kind of like an ad-lib ‘talkumentary.’ Do you mind if we ask you a couple of **questions**?”

“Who are you again, Dude?” the surfer replied, winking at his friends. “Oh, right, a schlokumentary. Sure, go ahead, ask.”

Robert Greco and Shaun M. Shelton, Motorishi

Be honest about what it is you’re doing. Don’t say that you’re merely doing a survey unless you’re genuinely only carrying out a survey. The survey gambit was very effective and thoroughly used in the 1980s and early 1990s but sadly was abused and callers turned ‘surveys’ into a sales call after the listener had answered a couple of **questions**. By all means ask a couple of **questions** to assess the listener’s suitability but be honest with the prospect about your intentions and say, ‘Do you mind if I ask you just a couple of **questions** to see if I can actually be of service to you?’.

Tom Hopkins and Ben Kench, Selling for Dummies

“It’s okay, I was just passing through, saw y’all pull up and thought I’d come by to say hi.” Chet definitely did not look like someone that these people wanted to meet. His appearance was very rough looking; he was dirty, with a couple days of beard growth, and uncombed hair. Solemnly, Chet stated, “Please, don’t be alarmed, my name is Chet, and I’ve been on the trail for a few days . . . and please accept my apology for my appearance. If y’all let me, I’d like to ask a couple of **questions**.”

Being defensive, the man moved the woman and children to the side of the car. He

then replied, “Just tell me what you want, but please leave my family alone!” His tone rose, showing signs of fear. It was not very often that you witnessed a guy with this outward appearance come out of the woods with a horse.

S.D. Brook, A Cowboy in Time

“We just wanted to ask you a couple of **questions**. For instance, like where’d you go last night?”

She looked disagreeably at me, then back to the chief, frowned, and spoke haughtily:

“May I ask why I am being **questioned** in this manner?” I wondered how many times I had heard that **question**, word for word and tone for tone, while the chief, disregarding it, went on amiably: “And then there was something about one of your shoes being stained. The right one, or maybe the left. Anyways it was one or the other.”

A muscle began twitching in her upper lip. “Was that all?” the chief asked me.

Dashiell Hammett, Red Harvest

What am I going to say now? I’m going to ask myself, I’m going to ask **questions**: that’s a good stop-gap. (Not that I’m in any danger of stopping. Then why all this fuss?) That’s right, **questions**: I know millions, I must know millions. And then there are plans. When **questions** fail there are always plans: you say what you’ll say and what you won’t say (that doesn’t commit you to anything), and the evil moment passes, it stops stone dead. Suddenly you hear yourself talking about God knows what as if you had done nothing else all your life (and neither have you).

Samuel Beckett, The Unnamable

“That’s great,” Hannah said, “Do you mind if we ask you a couple of **questions**?”

“About what?”

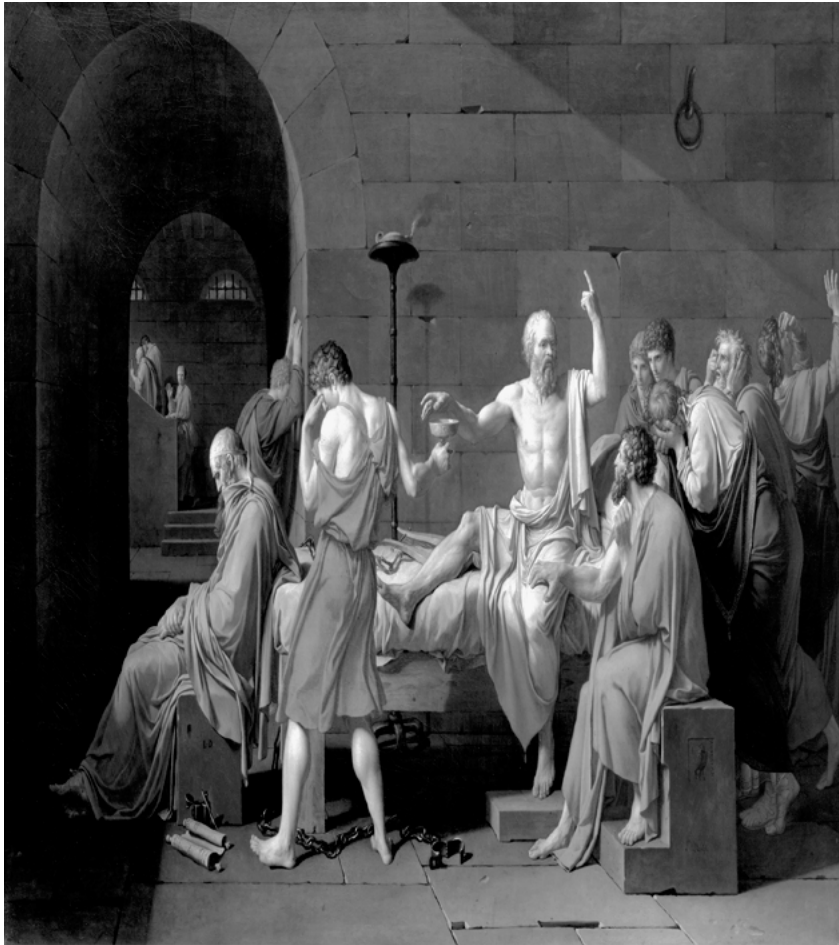
David Lewman, The Case of the Mystery Meat Loaf

A delicate **question**, to which somewhat diverse solutions might be given according to times and seasons. An intelligent man suggests it to me, and I intend to try, if not to solve it, at least to examine and discuss it face to face with my readers, were it only to persuade them to answer it for themselves, and, if I can, to make their opinion and mine on the point clear.

Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve, What Is a Classic?

This Thing in Question

My answer to the question whether I had anything to say



Jacques-Louis David, *The Death of Socrates*, 1787
Oil on canvas, 130 x 196 cm, Metropolitan Museum of Art

Occasionally, life affords you the time, the repose, the *dolce far niente* to the sorts of **questions** that go largely unexamined in the brisk course of ordinary life: How well do you recall the mechanics of photosynthesis? Have you ever managed to use the word “ontology” in a conversational sentence? At what precise moment did you tip just slightly out of alignment with the relatively normal life you had been enjoying theretofore, cant infinitesimally to the left or the right and thus embark upon the trajectory that ultimately delivered you to your present whereabouts . . .

Jennifer Egan, A Visit From the Goon Squad

“What are you doing?” Sarah asked. “Didn’t you hear me call?”

She looked at the book on his desk and said, “*War and Peace*. I thought you were getting tired of *War and Peace*.”

He gathered up a sheet of paper, folded it and put it in his pocket.

“I’m trying my hand at an essay.”

“Show me.”

“No. Only if it comes off.”

“Where will you send it?”

“*The New Statesman* . . . *Encounter* . . . who knows?”

“It’s a very long time since you wrote anything. I’m glad you are starting again.”

“Yes. I seem doomed always to try again.”

Graham Greene, The Human Factor

“Here’s how we usually start,” he said. “I ask **questions** based on the printout and then you answer to the best of your ability. When we’re all finished, I give you the printout in a sealed envelope and you take it to your doctor for a paid visit.”

“Good.”

“Good. We usually start by asking how do you feel.”

“Based on the printout?”

“Just how do you feel,” he said in a mild voice.

Don DeLillo, White Noise

Cuba is sinking in flames in the middle of Lac Lemman while I descend to the bottom of things. Packed inside my sentences, I glide, a ghost, into the river’s neurotic waters, discovering as I drift the underside of surfaces and the inverted image of the Alps. Between the anniversary of the Cuban revolution and the date of my trial, I have time enough to ramble on in peace, to open my unpublished book with great care, and to cover this paper with the key-words that won’t set me free. I’m writing on a card table next to a window looking out on grounds enclosed by a sharp iron fence that marks the boundary between what’s unpredictable and what is locked up. I won’t get out before the

day of reckoning. That's written in several carbon copies as decreed, following valid laws and an unassailable royal judge. There are no distractions then, nothing to replace the clockwork of my obsession or make me deviate from the written record of my journey. Basically, only one thing really concerns me and it's this: how should I set about writing a spy novel? My wish is complicated by the fact that I long to do something original in a genre that has so many unwritten rules and laws. Fortunately, though, a certain laziness leads me to give up any idea about breathing new life into the tradition before I even get started. I may as well admit it—making myself comfortable in a literary form that's already so well defined makes me feel very secure. And so without hesitation I decide to integrate my work within the main lines of the traditional spy novel. And since I want to set it in Lausanne, that's taken care of. As quickly as I can, I eliminate any behaviour that would give my secret agent too much merit: he's neither a Sphinx nor a highly perceptive Tarzan, neither God nor the Holy Ghost; he mustn't be so logical that the plot need not be or, on the other hand, so lucid that I can complicate everything else and cook up some story that makes no sense, that when all's said and done would only be understood by some bungling oaf with a gun who doesn't share his thoughts with anyone. And if I were to introduce a Wolof Secret Agent[†] . . . Everybody knows that Wolofs[‡] aren't legion in French-speaking Switzerland[§] and that they're under-represented in the secret service.[¶] I know, I'm overdoing it,^{**} falling into the trap of the Afro-Asian bloc, giving in to the African and Madagascar Union lobby. But let me tell you something: if Hamidou Diop suits me, I can simply make him a secret agent in Lausanne on a counter-espionage mission, for no other reason than to get him out of Geneva where the air is less salubrious. Now I can reserve a suite at the Lausanne Palace for Hamidou, provide him with traveller's cheques from the Banque Cantonale Vaudoise, and appoint him a Special Envoy (a phony one) from the Republic of Senegal to some big Swiss companies that want to invest in desert real estate.^{††} Once Hamidou is protected by his fake identity and settled in at the Lausanne Palace, I can bring CIA and M15 agents into the picture.^{††} And

* *k-an*: 'who?' (sg)

Stéphane Robert, *Interrogation in Wolof: Two Strategies and a Puzzle for Wh-Question Words*

† *kooku*: this person in **question** (from kan = who?)

Wolof Resources, *Wolof Grammar Manual*

‡ *foofu*: this place in **question** (from fan = where?)

Wolof Resources, *Wolof Grammar Manual*

§ *loolu*: this thing in **question** (from lan = what?)

Wolof Resources, *Wolof Grammar Manual*

¶ *noonu*: this manner in **question** (from nan = how?)

Wolof Resources, *Wolof Grammar Manual*

** This is no small task, as there are several dozens of emotion-related conceptual metaphors, for example, in English and there are thousands of other languages/cultures around the world. We can answer the second **question** only if we have reliable empirical evidence of the universality (or at least near-universality) of at least one emotion-related metaphor. In this case, we can begin to make hypotheses concerning the issue of why certain conceptual metaphors are universal (or near-universal).

Zoltán Kövecses, *Where Metaphors Come From: Reconsidering Context in Metaphor*

†† Why these two sets of wh-**question** words?

Stéphane Robert, *Interrogation in Wolof: Two Strategies and a Puzzle for Wh-Question Words (Open Archive HAL)*

that's that.* In return for adding a few alluring lady spies[†] and the algebraic treatment of the plot,[‡] I have my deal.[§] Hamidou is getting impatient,[¶] I sense that he's about to do something crazy:^{**} in fact, I suspect it's already begun.^{††} My future novel is already in orbit, so far out that I can't bring it back. I'm frozen, I've just been dumped here inside my alphabet, I'm shackled to it and asking myself some **questions**.^{††} To write the kind of spy novel we read would be dishonest: in fact, it would be impossible.^{§§} Writing a story is no small matter, unless it becomes the daily and detailed punctuation of my endless

* Recall the existence of a yes/no **question** particle *m̄baa* from (58), which indicates expected hearer affirmation or speaker's hope.

Harold Torrence, *The Clause Structure of Wolof: Insights Into the Left Periphery*

† This is proper form to use after the **question**: "Looy def?"

Wolof Resources, *Wolof Grammar Manual*

‡ < *ana* + subject ? >, * *ana* + VP

Stéphane Robert, *Interrogation in Wolof: Two Strategies and a Puzzle for Wh-Question Words (Open Archive HAL)*

§ Thus, it appears that the **question** particles *waa* and *m̄baa* stand in a derivational relationship, although its exact nature is unclear.

Harold Torrence, *The Clause Structure of Wolof: Insights Into the Left Periphery*

¶ Ku Ø bëgg lem, Ø ñeme yamb.

'[He] who wants honey must not fear bees.'

Stéphane Robert, *Interrogation in Wolof: Two Strategies and a Puzzle for Wh-Question Words (Open Archive HAL)*

** Ku Ø jël saabu bi?

'Who took the soap?'

Stéphane Robert, *Interrogation in Wolof: Two Strategies and a Puzzle for Wh-Question Words (Open Archive HAL)*

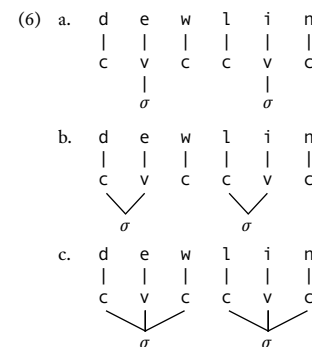
†† Several **questions** pertaining to the representation of those segments immediately arise, i.e., should they be seen (1) as two slots on the CV-tier linked to two elements of the segmental tier, or (2) as a single element on the segmental tier linked to two slots on the CV tier, or (3) as a single slot on the CV-tier linked to two elements on the segmental tier? These **questions** are crucial to the understanding of Wolof syllable structure; I deal with them in the next section.

Omar Ka, *Wolof Syllable Structure: Evidence From a Secret Code*

‡‡ The next **question** that needs to be answered is how syllable structure gets assigned to the CV-tier. Following Clements and Keyser's (1983) algorithm, I will posit the following steps in the mapping process:

- prelink a V or a W to the node σ ;
- attach to σ all preceding Cs which do not violate the constraints on possible syllable-initial Cs;
- attach to σ all following Cs which do not violate the constraints on possible syllable-final Cs.

In the case of Wolof, possible syllable-initial consonants are simple and prenasal consonants. Possible syllable-final consonants are simple, geminate and prenasal consonants. The steps in (5) are illustrated in (6) below:



Omar Ka, *Wolof Syllable Structure: Evidence From a Secret Code*

§§ Thus it is the appropriate structure to respond to open **questions** which enquire about the subject.

Wolof Resources, *Wolof Grammar Manual*

stillness and my slow fall into this liquid pit.* The enemy will be lying in wait for me unless I can make life absolutely impossible for my character.† To populate my own empty space I intend to pile up corpses along my character's way, multiply attempts on his life, drive him crazy with anonymous calls and knives planted in his bedroom door; I'll kill everyone he's spoken to,‡ even the courteous hotel cashier.§ I'll put Hamidou through the mill or I won't have the courage to live. I'll plant bombs in his entourage and to complicate matters conclusively I'll set the Chinese onto him,¶ a number of them and all the same:** there will be Chinese on the streets of Lausanne, hordes of smiling Chinese who'll look Hamidou in the eye.†† Taking a Stelazine distracted me briefly from poor Hamidou's career. Fifteen minutes from now they'll bring me a cold meal,** and other interruptions will go on till bedtime,§§ as I draw up the outline of a novel without continuity, lay down the unknowns of a fictitious equation, and in the end imagine

* Also used for forming open **questions** which relate to the subject [cf. la (complement/object predicator) which is used to form open **questions** relating to a complement or object].

Wolof Resources, Wolof Grammar Manual

† At this point, one needs to answer a central **question** about the nature of the prosodic category that is involved in this type of Káll. Consider first a language game in English and German (called Chicken language) that bears striking resemblances with the Wolof variety.

Omar Ka, Wolof Syllable Structure: Evidence From a Secret Code

‡ Comment traduire « Bachi-Bouzouk », « Amphitryon » ou « Anacoluthie », quelques-uns des célèbres jurons du capitaine Haddock, en langue wolof ? C'est sans doute la **question** que s'est posée Gérard Georges, dit GéGé, président de l'ONG belge Actions-Toubacouta-Sénégal, à l'origine de l'initiative, lorsqu'il a fallu entamer ce projet.

C'est un travail collectif de plusieurs années qui a donné naissance au « Secret de la Licorne » en wolof, grâce à Serigne Diouf, ingénieur pédagogique, Awa Sene Sarr et Marie-Madeleine Diallo, auteures et comédiennes, et de nombreuses autres contributions sollicitées par internet.

Au Senegal, Tintin et le secret de la Licorne disponible en wolof (Au-Senegal.com)

§ How to translate "Bachi-Bouzouk," "Amphitryon" or "Anacoluthie," some of the famous swear words of Captain Haddock, in Wolof language? This is undoubtedly the **question** asked by Gérard Georges, dit GéGé, president of the Belgian NGO Actions-Toubacouta-Senegal, at the origin of the initiative, when it was necessary to start this project.

It is a collective work of several years which gave birth to the "Secret of the Unicorn" in Wolof, thanks to Serigne Diouf, educational engineer, Awa Sene Sarr and Marie-Madeleine Diallo, authors and actresses, and many other solicited contributions by internet. The final control was carried out by Jean-Léopold Diouf, grammarian and professor at the University of Paris. All of them worked on a voluntary basis.

Au Senegal, Tintin and the Secret of the Unicorn Available in Wolof (translation by Google Translate)

¶ . . . and woe betide China if she failed to live up to her new duty!

Robert Hart, These From the Land of Sinim: Essays on the Chinese **Question**

** **u questions**: formally identical to indefinite relative clauses

- same pronoun (CL-u)
- same verb form
- same structure

Stéphane Robert, Interrogation in Wolof: Two Strategies and a Puzzle for Wh-**Question** Words (Open Archive HAL)

†† Conducting research among the Chinese traders presented challenges. First, I do not speak any Chinese languages; thus, my research was limited to conversations with individuals who could communicate in French, Wolof, or English. Second, Chinese immigrants in Dakar are cautious about answering **questions**.

Suzanne Scheld, Racism, "Free-Trade" and Consumer "Protection": The Controversy of Chinese Petty-Traders in Dakar, Senegal (Dimensions of International Migration)

** A focusing strategy for content **question** words.

Stéphane Robert, Interrogation in Wolof: Two Strategies and a Puzzle for Wh-**Question** Words (Open Archive HAL)

§§ On the **question** of borrowing from one civilization to another, Greece provides another example. M. Bernal remarks that "Greek states were small and often quite poor and their national poet was Homer, whose heroic epics fitted . . .

Samba Diop, The Oral History and Literature of the Wolof People of Waalo, Northern Senegal: The Master of the Word (Griot) in the Wolof Tradition

some total nonsense for as long as this disorganized siege gives me a bulwark against sadness and the criminal waves that crash into me, roaring and chanting the name of the woman I love.

Hubert Aquin, Next Episode

"Mild fatigue is a popular answer."

"I could say exactly that and be convinced in my own mind it's a fair and accurate description."

He seemed satisfied with the reply and made a bold notation on the page in front of him.

"What about appetite?" he said.

"I could go either way on that."

"That's more or less how I could go, based on the printout."

"In other words you're saying sometimes I have appetitive reinforcement, sometimes I don't."

"Are you telling me or asking me?"

"It depends on what the numbers say."

"Then we agree."

"Good."

"Good," he said. "Now what about sleep? We usually do sleep before we ask the person if they'd like some decaf or tea. We don't provide sugar."

Don DeLillo, White Noise

What's more, there seems to be no such thing as a concept so abstract, or a **question** so off base, that it can't be fruitfully explored at Socrates Café. In the course of Socratizing, it often turns out to be the case that some of the most so-called abstract concepts are intimately related to the most profoundly relevant human experiences. In fact, it's been my experience that virtually any **question** can be plumbed Socratically. Sometimes you don't know what **question** will have the most lasting and significant impact until you take a risk and delve into it for a while.

Christopher Phillips, Socrates Café: A Fresh Taste of Philosophy

"I will. Now listen to me. You're drunk, and I'm drunk, and I'm just exactly drunk enough to tell you anything you want to know. That's the kind of girl I am. If I like a person I'll tell them anything they want to know. Just ask me. Go ahead, ask me."

Dashiell Hammett, Red Harvest

Because Heidegger is eager that the reader should follow him and sensible that the way is hard, again and again he speaks so as to evoke a response that will carry his companion forward. Often at some key point he will ask a **question**, seeking to force the reader to come to grips with what is being said, to think, to reply, and then to listen for an answer that will send the discussion forward: "Does this mean that man, for better or worse, is helplessly delivered over to technology?" (T 37). "In what does the essence of modern science lie?" (AWP 117). "What is happening to Being?" (WN 104). When we come upon such **questions** we must listen alertly. A **question** may be answered in an immediately ensuing sentence, or its answer may emerge only after an involved exposition. But an answer will come. And it will be important to the whole discussion.

William Lovitt, Introduction to The **Question** Concerning Technology and Other Essays, by Martin Heidegger

“I assure you, we’ll be as quick as we can,” Hogan was saying. Then he looked up at Rebus. “Now I’m going to hand things over to my colleague.” Rebus pretended to take his time over forming his first **question**, then stared hard at James Bell.

“Why did you do it, James?”

“What?” Jack Bell shifted forwards. “I think I must protest at your tone . . .”

Ian Rankin, A Question of Blood

And as I was asking a few **questions**, and inquiring what was the news at Rome, Never mind those things, said Atticus, which we can neither inquire about nor hear of without vexation, but ask him rather whether he has written anything new; for the muse of Varro has been silent much longer than usual; though I rather suppose he is suppressing for a time what he has written, than that he has been really idle. You are quite wrong, said he; for I think it very foolish conduct in a man to write what he wishes to have concealed. But I have a great work on hand; for I have been a long time preparing a treatise which I have dedicated to my friend here, (he meant me,) which is of great importance, and is being polished up by me with a good deal of care.

I have been waiting to see it a long time, Varro, said I, but still I have not ventured to ask for it. For I heard from our friend Libo, with whose zeal you are well acquainted, (for I can never conceal anything of that kind,) that you have not been slackening in the business, but are expending a great deal of care on it, and in fact never put it out of your hands. But it has never hitherto come into my mind to ask you about it; however now, since I have begun to commit to a durable record those things which I learnt in your company, and to illustrate in the Latin language that ancient philosophy which originated with Socrates, I must ask you why it is that, while you write on so many subjects, you pass over this one, especially when you yourself are very eminent in it; and when that study, and indeed the whole subject, is far superior in importance to all other studies and arts.

Marcus Tullius Cicero, The Academic Questions

“I get a little restless. Who doesn’t?”

“Toss and turn?”

“Toss,” I said.

“Good.”

“Good.”

He made some notes. It seemed to be going well. I was heartened to see how well it was going. I turned down his offer of tea, which seemed to please him. We were moving right along.

“Here’s where we ask about smoking.”

“That’s easy. The answer is no. And it’s not a matter of having stopped five or ten years ago. I’ve never smoked. Even when I was a teenager. Never tried it. Never saw the need.”

“That’s always a plus.”

I felt tremendously reassured and grateful.

“We’re moving right along, aren’t we?”

“Some people like to drag it out,” he said.

Don DeLillo, White Noise

The Preamble.

On the subject of the preamble, we will add a few authorities for one or two of its positions, which we have heard called in **question**. On page 3, we read:—

S. S. Schmucker, American Lutheranism Vindicated; or, Examination of the Lutheran Symbols, on Certain Disputed Topics: Including a Reply to the Plea of Rev. W. J. Mann

Contemporary thought, Greif says—“the strata of philosophy and theory” as they exist primarily within the academy—“is a Frankenstein put together of spare parts cast off by modernity or the Enlightenment.” It represents not novelty but “compulsive repetition and illusory escape in the disguise of critical thinking.” We are still asking the same **questions**. We are still giving the same answers. We think we’ve gotten somewhere new, but so did those who came before us, in the age of the crisis of man. The situation, Greif writes, “scripts our novelties for us.” Postmodernism is not an $n+1$ to modernism’s n . Its name, in fact, bespeaks perseverance, the same thing again and again, in whatever different guises: n , N , \tilde{n} , $n!$

The challenge, once again, is to be curricular: “to read through the last century,” and, in particular, to provide “an alternative construction of mid-twentieth-century thought” in order to establish a “starting point for twenty-first-century thought.” Modernity, Greif says, is “a bit like the weather—everyone complains, but no one will do anything about it.” In other words, we’re stuck, and everybody knows we’re stuck: politically, ideologically, intellectually. The challenge is to do something about it: to face reality, and desperately, for all we’re worth, to try to think.

William Deresiewicz, What a Piece of Work: Mark Greif’s Intellectual Excavations

Again the **questioning** look. But what could I say in explanation? I knew less than she did. I knew nothing about all this. I finally put my cigarette butt, which was burning my fingers, in the ash tray.

Patrick Modiano, Missing Person

Trained as a journalist, she’d rather know things than not and could not stop herself—even while fleeing her probable death—from finding Raoul’s story interesting, less for what he said than for what she surmised he left out. And so she remained alert, asking appropriate **questions** and feigning an interest until some item of real interest took hold.

Chris Kraus, Summer of Hate

Murder, which is a frustration of the individual and hence a frustration of the race, may have, and in fact has, a good deal of sociological implication. But it has been going on too long for it to be news. If the mystery novel is at all realistic (which it very seldom is) it is written in a certain spirit of detachment; otherwise nobody but a psychopath would want to write it or read it. The murder novel has also a depressing way of minding its own business, solving its own problems and answering its own **questions**. There is nothing left to discuss, except whether it was well enough written to be good fiction, and the people who make up the half-million sales wouldn’t know that anyway. The detection of quality in writing is difficult enough even for those who make a career of the job, without paying too much attention to the matter of advance sales.

Raymond Chandler, The Simple Art of Murder

We naturally wanted to avoid using defective items, except as deliberate versions in an experiment, but we despaired of being able to construct **questions** immune from

serious criticism. Moreover, an additional danger in constructing our own **questions** lay in developing a rarefied set of examples substantially different from those employed in standard surveys. Just as we needed to gather data from the same national population sampled in most surveys, so we needed, in an admittedly rough sense, to work from **questionnaire** items similar to those commonly used in survey research. These considerations led to our trying wherever possible to begin experiments with a **question** that had already been employed in an important survey, and only then to devise variations from it as part of the experiments. Thus many of the **questions** reported below come from surveys carried out by the Institute for Social Research (ISR), the National Opinion Research Center (NORC), Gallup, Harris, or other major survey organizations, and the reader who feels that the **questions** are imperfect should keep in mind that they are fairly typical survey items.

We have not stuck rigidly to the principle of prior use. In some cases **questions** were adapted or (we think) improved. In other cases it was necessary to construct entirely new **questions**, because we could not locate suitable existing items for the specific purpose at hand. For the majority of experiments reported in this book, however, one form of the **question** is taken exactly or adapted in only minor ways from a previous **questionnaire** that had been developed as part of a substantive investigation by others. The source is normally given when the **question** is first presented.

Howard Schuman and Stanley Presser, Questions and Answers in Attitude Surveys: Experiments on Question Form, Wording, and Context

“Why, Lee? That’s all we want to know,” Rebus whispered into the silence. He walked to the door, turned, entered the room again, holding out his right gloved hand as though it were the weapon. Swiveled from one firing position to another. He knew that the forensics team would be doing much the same, albeit in front of their computers. Reconstructing the scene in the room, computing the angles of bullet entry, positioning the gunman for each shot. Every shred of evidence added its own sentence to the story. Here’s where he was standing . . . then he turned, moved forwards . . . If we match angle of entry to the blood spatter pattern . . .

Eventually, they would know every move Herdman had made. They would have brought the scene vividly to life with their graphics and ballistics. And none of it might make them any the wiser about the only **question** that mattered.

The why.

Ian Rankin, A Question of Blood

Of course, there is a far easier way to proceed. You show up at the start of class and ask the **question** that occurs to you, letting discussion take its own course. After a few students have spoken you can ask the other **question** that occurs to you. A bit later you can clarify the **question** you meant to ask but that students are not addressing. Then you ask a few related **questions** that are circling about the issue, or leading up to it or following from it, plus a couple of **questions** about interesting side points and maybe a series of **questions** pursuing some point that arises in answer to some **question** that has been asked. In that way the discussion will hit all possible points and everyone will have said at least something about something. At the end you can conclude by telling the students what the **question** for discussion is. ‘OK. So the real **question** here, really, is not X or Y as we were saying, but Z. OK, tomorrow we’ll . . .’ The alternative is to pose

the **question** for discussion at the start of discussion. That will require conceiving it and formulating it well before the start.

In addition to posing the **question** at the start, the **question** may be identified at some midpoint or end of discussion. That is not to repeat the original **question** but to identify the **question** which now appears at issue, given what has transpired to that point. ‘OK, good. So now we’re left with the **question** . . .’ You have a good idea of what such **questions** might be because you have already sketched the various pieces, alternatives, and sequelae in the interrogative panoply as you labored to formulate the **question** for discussion.

J.T. Dillon, Questioning and Teaching: A Manual of Practice

“This is why.”

He pulled his head back so sharply it rapped the wall.

“You can’t use third-degree methods on me. It isn’t legal.”

“Stop blowing bubbles, Sable. Was Fredericks here last night?”

“Yes. He wanted me to cash a check for him. I gave him all the cash I had in the house. It amounted to over two hundred dollars.”

“What did he want it for?”

“He didn’t tell me. Actually, he wasn’t making too much sense. He talked as if the strain had been too much for him.”

“What did he say?”

“I can’t reproduce it verbatim. I was upset myself. He asked me a lot of **questions**, which I wasn’t able to answer, about Anthony Galton and what happened to him. The imposture must have gone to his head; he seemed to have himself convinced that he actually was Gabon’s son.”

Ross Macdonald, The Galton Case

“They must all be very dispirited,” he said. “Yes,” said the usher, “they are the accused, everyone you see here has been accused.” “Really!” said K. “They’re colleagues of mine then.” And he turned to the nearest one, a tall, thin man with hair that was nearly grey. “What is it you are waiting for here?” asked K., politely, but the man was startled at being spoken to unexpectedly, which was all the more pitiful to see because the man clearly had some experience of the world and elsewhere would certainly have been able to show his superiority and would not have easily given up the advantage he had acquired. Here, though, he did not know what answer to give to such a simple **question** and looked round at the others as if they were under some obligation to help him, and as if no-one could expect any answer from him without this help. Then the usher of the court stepped forward to him and, in order to calm him down and raise his spirits, said, “The gentleman here’s only asking what it is you’re waiting for. You can give him an answer.” The voice of the usher was probably familiar to him, and had a better effect than K.’s. “I’m . . . I’m waiting . . .” he began, and then came to a halt. He had clearly chosen this beginning so that he could give a precise answer to the **question**, but now he didn’t know how to continue. Some of the others waiting had come closer and stood round the group, the usher of the court said to them, “Get out the way, keep the gangway free.” They moved back slightly, but not as far as where they had been sitting before. In the meantime, the man whom K. had first approached had pulled himself together and even answered him with a smile. “A month ago I made some applications for evidence

to be heard in my case, and I'm waiting for it to be settled."

"You certainly seem to be going to a lot of effort," said K. "Yes," said the man, "it is my affair after all."

"Not everyone thinks the same way as you do," said K. "I've been indicted as well but I swear on my soul that I've neither submitted evidence nor done anything else of the sort. Do you really think that's necessary?"

"I don't really know, exactly," said the man, once more totally unsure of himself; he clearly thought K. was joking with him and therefore probably thought it best to repeat his earlier answer in order to avoid making any new mistakes. With K. looking at him impatiently, he just said, "as far as I'm concerned, I've applied to have this evidence heard."

"Perhaps you don't believe I've been indicted?" asked K. "Oh, please, I certainly do," said the man, stepping slightly to one side, but there was more anxiety in his answer than belief. "You don't believe me then?" asked K., and took hold of his arm, unconsciously prompted by the man's humble demeanour, and as if he wanted to force him to believe him. But he did not want to hurt the man and had only taken hold of him very lightly. Nonetheless, the man cried out as if K. had grasped him not with two fingers but with red hot tongs. Shouting in this ridiculous way finally made K. tired of him, if he didn't believe he was indicted then so much the better; maybe he even thought K. was a judge. And before leaving, he held him a lot harder, shoved him back onto the bench and walked on. "These defendants are so sensitive, most of them," said the usher of the court. Almost all of those who had been waiting had now assembled around the man who, by now, had stopped shouting and they seemed to be asking him lots of precise **questions** about the incident. K. was approached by a security guard, identifiable mainly by his sword, of which the scabbard seemed to be made of aluminium. This greatly surprised K., and he reached out for it with his hand. The guard had come because of the shouting and asked what had been happening. The usher of the court said a few words to try and calm him down but the guard explained that he had to look into it himself, saluted, and hurried on, walking with very short steps, probably because of gout.

Franz Kafka, The Trial

Only later did Kafka discover in his own notions of reading a common ground with the ancient Talmudists, for whom the Bible encoded a multiplicity of meanings whose continuous pursuit was the purpose of our voyage on earth. "One reads in order to ask **questions**," Kafka once told a friend.

Alberto Manguel, A History of Reading

As often as not, each day Abe would start by saying "So I have a **question**." And when it came time to organize the stories, I sat him down and asked him to make a list of all his **questions**. Then we read through the stories, once, twice, some as many as four or five times, and we grouped them together as responses to those **questions**.

That's the book you hold in your hand now. It's not a biography, although it is biographical. It's not fiction, although I'm sure that there are elements of some stories that are fiction. It's not history, although some of the stories are taken directly from newspaper articles or history books rather than direct experience. It's just a few **questions** that elicit as responses stories of the worst barbarism that humans can inflict

upon each other told from the perspective of an ordinary man who claims to be "nothing special." That last is fiction of course . . . but it's also biography.

Cindy Harris, Cindy's Introduction (Just a Few Questions: Barbaric Stories from an Ordinary Life, by Abe Salem, as told to Cindy Harris)

The fat man chuckled and they drank. The fat man sat down. He held his glass against his belly with both hands and smiled up at Spade. He said; "Well, sir, it's surprising, but it well may be a fact that neither of them does know exactly what that bird is, and that nobody in all this whole wide sweet world knows what it is, saving and excepting only your humble servant, Casper Gutman, Esquire."

"Swell." Spade stood with legs apart, one hand in his trousers-pocket, the other holding his glass. "When you've told me there'll only be two of us who know."

"Mathematically correct, sir"—the fat man's eyes twinkled—"but"—his smile spread—"I don't know for certain that I'm going to tell you."

"Don't be a damned fool," Spade said patiently. "You know what it is. I know where it is. That's why we're here."

"Well, sir, where is it?"

Spade ignored the **question**.

The fat man bunched his lips, raised his eyebrows, and cocked his head a little to the left. "You see," he said blandly, "I must tell you what I know, but you will not tell me what you know. That is hardly equitable, sir. No, no, I do not think we can do business along those lines."

Dashiell Hammett, The Maltese Falcon

Publishers like biographies, because—so we're led to believe—they sell. But it cannot have been mere commercial pressure that induced the immensely knowledgeable, careful and scholarly Birley to concoct his Hadrian. The problem also has to do with ancient history itself, as a discipline, and with what modern historians of the ancient world think it is worth studying and writing about. Contrary to popular opinion, we are not starved of evidence: enough material survives from the Roman world alone to last any historian's lifetime; and if you include relevant material from Judaism and early Christianity, the problem is one of excess, not shortness of supply. Yet historians still start their books with a ritual lament about 'the sources' and their inadequacy. The lament is not entirely insincere (though it is something of a self-constructed problem): the sources often are inadequate for the particular **questions** that historians choose to pose. But that is part of the ancient-historical game: first pick your **question**, then demonstrate the appalling difficulty of finding an answer given the paucity of the evidence, finally triumph over that difficulty by scholarly 'skill'. Prestige in this business goes to those who outwit their sources, prising unexpected answers from unexpected places, and who play the clever (sometimes too clever) detective against an apparent conspiracy of ancient silence.

Mary Beard, Hadrian and His Villa (Confronting the Classics: Traditions, Adventures, and Innovations)

Enough of these interruptions. If there was anything important about it, no doubt it would come back to him later. He wrote on firmly, limiting himself to giving his head a good scratch with the pen:

I do, however, agree whole-heartedly with the negative content of Pico's

reminder: namely, that no good can come either to the magician or to the world in general that contains him, unless his operative capacity is backed by a thorough understanding of what he is doing and by a sincere desire to devote his peculiar abilities to the service of that world. This entails, first and foremost, that he possess a clear, unwavering and basically correct scale of cosmic values. For the purpose of establishing the correctness of your personal scale, friendly reader and would-be disciple, I have provided in Appendix C a short but reliable ethical **questionnaire** to which, before reading further, you should refer. There is a straightforward method of quantifying your performance which consists in the scoring of three points for each 'a' answer, two for each 'b', and one for each 'c'. If the answer is an utterly honest 'don't know', then this may count as half a point. Whosoever totals a score of less than thirty-three points or has indulged in cheating should desist from further ambition in the field of magic.

Amanda Prantera, *The Cabalist*

"Did you?"

"That's a lousy **question**, mister. If I didn't happen to like you I'd knock your block off."

"No offense."

"I had nothing against Luke Deloney. He treated me fair and square. Anyway, I told you he shot himself."

"Suicide?"

"Naw. Why would he commit suicide? He had everything, money and women and a hunting lodge in Wisconsin. He took me up there personally more than once. The shooting was an accident. That's the way it went into the books and that's the way it stays."

Ross Macdonald, *The Chill*

Here he stretched out a hand automatically for his packet of cigarettes, and placing one, unlit, between his teeth, where he began to roll it rhythmically from one side of his mouth to the other, reread the last paragraph with a worried frown. He was not quite happy about the **questionnaire**, either. It constituted, it was true, an impediment of a sort for an already well-intentioned disciple, but it meant placing a lot of weight on Trevisan's diligent filtering. How far could he rely on this? And who, after Trevisan, would be the next custodian? And the next? And the next? What if they did not share his diligence? What if despite their care it fell, as it might so easily do in the incalculable stretch of time that might have to elapse before reaching the right ones, into the hands of an unworthy reader? Could he really expect that such a reader would be held up by this simple expedient of self-examination? It would be paradoxical if it were so. The unworthy reader would not give two fig-seeds for the **questionnaire** and what it stood for. Only a worthy reader with a respectable count of, say, thirty-two to thirty-five (for he had had at least the foresight to leave an ample margin) would be brought to a dismayed standstill by such a ploy, and this was not what the test was supposed to accomplish. No, he thought crossly; no, this would not do at all. His work had not cost him a lifetime of effort merely to become the facile instrument of any unscrupulous set of fingers that happened to pick it up. It must be better guarded in its journey through time, when neither he nor Trevisan would be there to watch over it and safeguard it

from improper use. It must be encased and protected. It must be rendered capable of looking after itself. But how could this be accomplished save by building into the work itself a kind of safety device? Yes, a foolproof and scoundrelproof safety device. That was what he needed.

Amanda Prantera, *The Cabalist*

Dwight Macdonald, an editor at the *Partisan Review*, addressed the **question** of storage: "He has in 25 years managed to fill incalculable notebooks which in turn fill incalculable boxes." He kept them in numberless closets and countless attics. "The stack of manuscripts comprising the *Oral History* has passed 7 feet," a reporter announced in 1941. Gould was five feet four. His friends wished to have that stack published. "I want to read Joe Gould's *Oral History*," the short-story writer William Saroyan declared. "Harcourt, Brace; Random House; Scribner's; Viking; Houghton, Mifflin; Macmillan; Doubleday, Doran; Farrar and Rinehart; all of you—for the love of Mike, are you publishers, or not? If you are, print Joe Gould's *Oral History*. Long, dirty, edited, unedited, *any* how—print it, that's all." No one ever did.

And no one knew quite where it was. "The *Oral History* is a great hodgepodge and kitchen midden of hearsay," Joseph Mitchell reported in his first piece about Gould, published in *The New Yorker* in 1942. "It may well be the lengthiest unpublished work in existence."

Mitchell hadn't read more than a few pages. Gould had little use for readers. "I would continue to write if I were the sole survivor of the human race," he said. It's not as though no one had read the *Oral History*, but no one had read all of it, nine million words and counting. "Mr. Ezra Pound and I once saw a fragment of it running to perhaps 40,000 words," Edward J. O'Brien, the editor of "Best American Short Stories," testified, deeming it to have "considerable psychological and historical importance." It was also a mess. Pound put it delicately: "Mr. Joe Gould's prose style is uneven." Gould had an answer for that. "My history is uneven," he admitted. "It should be. It is an encyclopedia."

It was, in any case, missing. Nearly everything Gould ever held in his hands slipped away. He lost his glasses; he lost his teeth. "I keep losing fountain pens, change, and even manuscripts," he wrote. "I lost my diary in the toilet," he reported one day. He himself appeared and disappeared.

Jill Lepore, *Joe Gould's Teeth: The Long-Lost Story of the Longest Book Ever Written (The New Yorker)*

The reason why I knew you had not read it is the reason why I call it "my" book. For the last ten or twelve years I have been recommending it. Usually I speak about it at my first meeting with a stranger. It is my opening remark, just as yours is something futile about the weather. If I don't get it in at the beginning, I squeeze it in at the end. The stranger has got to have it some time. Should I ever find myself in the dock, and one never knows, my answer to the **question** whether I had anything to say would be, "Well, my lord, if I might just recommend a book to the jury before leaving."

A. A. Milne, *Not That It Matters*

Mr. Vander Jagt. Thank you very much, Mr. Chairman. I just have a couple of **questions** to try to get a better handle on this. I think you testified yesterday that basically the guidelines that were in existence weren't followed, although you were convinced

scientifically that the drug was safe and efficacious. What I am concerned about is the methodology, the procedures by which you reach that decision. Let me ask just a couple of very fundamental **questions** and I just need ball-park answers.

United States Food and Drug Administration, A Legislative History of the Federal Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act and Its Amendments, Appendix G

Meltzer: I think we are at the point where we have spent the last couple of years sort of building the instruments, getting them working, getting the pipeline open and, now, the types of things that we are doing are answering exactly the kind of **questions** you are asking, which is taking the same pair of samples and doing a whole bunch of hybridizations and repeats, and really determining accurate statistics. So, I am not really in a position to make a lot of claims, quantitatively, as to what we can do with this system. We want to get really good accurate information on that before we can say. You have to ask what your standard of reference is going to be anyway, whether it is really even valid to compare two hybridization based assays. I think down to two to three fold is probably going to be pretty reasonable.

Gray: I have got a couple of **questions**. One is, you mentioned authentication—what do you do about that?

Meltzer: Well, it is a really a tough problem. We do not want to repeat the entire sequencing of all of these EST's. Our approach has been to sample sequence out of the library and determine a percent accuracy. It gets complicated here, because there are a lot of different EST libraries; the ones we are working with were primarily from Livermore and Gregg Lennon, and then they have been copied and duplicated and, in that process, errors have occurred and what is more, in the early days of this whole project there were some serious problems in lane tracking and things like that, that led to absolute actual mismatches between the database sequence and the clone id that is linked to that. So, there were actual errors in there to start with. What we have been doing is looking library by library, picking the ones that are giving us the cleanest data and then going back and polishing the arrays as we go. We are about ninety percent accurate at this point. I think what is going to end up happening, I hate to say this but, you will do experiments and if you come up with a certain number of genes that look really interesting, you are probably going to go back and re-sequence those to make sure that they are what you thought they were. We will build up gradually a higher degree of confidence in the sequence accuracy. One point that I want to make is that, in a lot of experiments that you might do, even though you might be looking at thousands of genes, the number of genes that are actually going to show alterations, that are going to be interesting to you is going to be perhaps relatively limited, and in the case of anonymous EST's, where you may have primarily sequenced from the three prime UTR, that is not much good to you to figure out gene function anyway independently, and someone is going to have to go now and get the full-length sequence information anyway and figure out what that gene is, so . . .

Paul S. Meltzer, Michael Bittner, Mervi Heiskanen, Tiffany Hoffman, Yidong Chen and Jeffrey M. Trent, Use of cDNA Microarrays to Assess DNA Gene Expression Patterns in Cancer (The Biology of Tumors)

But, as Aristotle, a man of the greatest genius, and of the most various knowledge, being excited by the glory of the rhetorician Isocrates, commenced teaching young men to speak, and joined philosophy with eloquence: so it is my design not to lay aside

my former study of oratory, and yet to employ myself at the same time in this greater and more fruitful art; for I have always thought that to be able to speak copiously and elegantly on the most important **questions** was the most perfect philosophy. And I have so diligently applied myself to this pursuit, that I have already ventured to have a school like the Greeks. And lately when you left us, having many of my friends about me, I attempted at my Tusculan villa what I could do in that way; for as I formerly used to practise declaiming, which nobody continued longer than myself, so this is now to be the declamation of my old age. I desired any one to propose a **question** which he wished to have discussed, and then I argued that point either sitting or walking; and so I have compiled the *scholæ*, as the Greeks call them, of five days, in as many books. We proceeded in this manner: when he who had proposed the subject for discussion had said what he thought proper, I spoke against him; for this is, you know, the old and Socratic method of arguing against another's opinion; for Socrates thought that thus the truth would more easily be arrived at. But to give you a better notion of our disputations, I will not barely send you an account of them, but represent them to you as they were carried on; therefore let the introduction be thus:

Marcus Tullius Cicero, Tusculan Disputations