Dear Colleagues,

I am very sad to be unable to be with you tonight to honor our Ed.

I was 20 years old and living in Zurich when I first met Ed. I was finishing a senior thesis on Heidegger and the Swiss psychiatrist Medard Boss for my BA at Vanderbilt, and Ed was in town to give a lecture on the imagination at the Jung Institute. It was March, and, like many of you, I was contemplating my options for graduate study in philosophy for the following year. I was fairly decided on Yale, but was advised to consult Ed Casey. After a 15 minute conversation with Ed, I was on my way to Northwestern, his alma mater.

When I arrived at Northwestern, I discovered a fairly weighty Casey legacy. For example, at orientation new doctoral students were apprised of the ‘Casey rule,’ which stipulated that your dissertation could not be more than 250 pages. Ed’s had run into the thousands and had to be bound in three volumes, and the faculty had decreed ‘never again.’

So, with my long friendship with Ed and my insider’s knowledge, I feel it my duty tonight to expose him for who he truly is. Yes, I’m going to ‘out’ Ed Casey. Ladies and gentlemen, Ed Casey is a closet . . . HEGELIAN.

Ed was blessed with many distinguished mentors. The wildly popular Jungian psychologist James Hillman, for example, or the renowned psychoanalyst Hans Loewald, but in philosophy there were two towering figures who were his indisputable fathers: the great British Hegelian J.N. Findlay and the brilliant American Hegelian phenomenologist William Earle. Findlay was an enormous, portly Brit who always spoke with his chest out and his chin up, emitting vast waves of discourse over your head, not just complete sentences or fully formed paragraphs, but perfectly articulated texts. Ed obviously inherited this talent: I mean have you ever known Ed to be at a loss for words? Bill Earle was a tall, thin guy who looked like nothing so much as a used car salesman. He always had a cigarette in one hand and a glass of bourbon in the other. He had read everything and could teach anything. And, Ed obviously inherited this gift too: I mean have you ever asked Ed about a text and discovered that he hadn’t read it?

Now, I will leave it to the psychoanalysts among you to speculate on why this extraordinary Hegelian paternity should be so little evident in any explicit way in Ed’s writing. Instead, I will mention two other traits that Ed inherited from these philosophical fathers. The first is vivacity. Many times I’ve dragged myself away from Bill Earle’s apartment at two in the morning after hours of philosophical conversation. Bill would still be going strong and wondering why we had to leave so early. Ed is just the same. I thought poor Megan might have to muzzle him at Amir’s defense the other day, lest we be there until midnight. “Uh, just one more point. And, can’t we have a second round of questions?” The other trait is loyalty. No one was ever been more loyal to his teachers than Ed. He revered them and cared for them
long after he was a *force majeur* himself. And this loyalty extends to his students too. Bill Earle may have said that women shouldn’t be airplane pilots because they go crazy once a month, but he also spent every Friday morning for a year teaching me to read the *Phenomenology*. Ed exhibits the same dedication to his students, as many of you know first hand.

To these traits I would add one that is Ed’s own: generosity of spirit. As Amir remarked the other day, no matter how thin and vaguely conceived your idea, Ed always finds something valuable in it to give back to you. It is hard to imagine a more generous scholar, colleague, and friend.

So, Ed, I won’t indulge in Derrida’s unforgivable conceit and say that John and Bill are up there somewhere smiling down at you, but I know for a fact that if they were here they would be bursting with pride and lifting a glass of strong drink to their favorite son.

Congratulations, Ed, and Happy Birthday.

From Mary Rawlinson