

Identify the logical fallacies in the following dialogue by name. Consult your handouts or the textbook if necessary.

Various Peasants: Witch! A witch!

First Peasant: We have found a witch--may we burn her?
[Various calls to burn her.]

Sir Bedivere: How do you know she is a witch?

Peasants: She looks like one. [Various calls to burn her]

Sir Bedivere: Bring her forward.

Accused Girl: I am not a witch! I am not a witch!

Sir Bedivere: But you are dressed as one.

Accused Girl: They dressed me up like this. And this isn't my nose; it's a false one.

Sir Bedivere: Well?

Second Peasant: Well, we did do the nose.

Sir Bedivere: The nose?

Second Peasant: And the hat, but she's a witch. [Yeah, burn her!]

Sir Bedivere: Did you dress her up?

Peasants: No. No. No. No. No. Yes. Yes a bit. Well a bit. A bit. A bit. She has a wart.

Sir Bedivere: What makes you think she's a witch?

First Peasant: Oh, she turned me into a newt.

Sir Bedivere: A newt?

First Peasant: I got better.

Second Peasant: Burn her anyway! Burn her!

Sir Bedivere: Quiet! Quiet! Quiet! Quiet! There are ways of telling if she's a witch.

Peasants: Are there? What are they? Tell us!

Sir Bedivere: Tell me, what do you do with witches?

Peasants: Burn them!

Sir Bedivere: And what do you burn apart from witches?

Second Peasant: More witches!

First Peasant: Wood!

Sir Bedivere: Wood! So why do witches burn?

First Peasant: 'cause they're made of . . . wood?

Sir Bedivere: Good! So how do you tell if she is made of wood?

Peasants: Build a bridge out of her!

Sir Bedivere: Ah, but cannot you also make bridges out of stone?

Second Peasant: Ah. Yeah.

Sir Bedivere: Does wood sink in water?

Peasants: Nah, it don't. Nah, it . . . floats. It floats! Throw her into the pond!

Sir Bedivere: What also floats in water?

Peasants: Bread! Apples! Very small rocks! Cider! Grape gravy! Cherries! Rum! Churches! Churches! Lead!

King Arthur: A duck.

Sir Bedivere: Yes, exactly. So logically...?

Peasants: If she weighs the same as a duck. . . she's made of wood.

Sir Bedivere: And therefore. . . ?

Peasants: A witch? A witch! She's a witch! Burn her!

Sir Bedivere: We shall use my larger scales!
[Various cries]

Sir Bedivere: Remove the supports.
[Various cries]

Accused Girl: It's a fair cop.*

Sir Bedivere: Who are you who art so wise in the ways of science?

Arthur: I am Arthur, king of the Britons.

*[British slang, i.e., arrest].

Text from *Monty Python's Quest for the Holy Grail*:
Scene 06. Dir. Graham Chapman. Perf. Terry Gilliam,
Terry Jones, Eric Idle, et al. National Film Trustee
Company, Limited, 1974.

