

contrast with the natural sciences: in a very famous essay, Bruno Latour (1986: 21) reflected that in science, laboratory practice could be ordered

not by looking at the scientists brains (I was forbidden access!), at the cognitive structures (nothing special) nor at the paradigms (the same for thirty years), but at the transformation of rats and chemicals into paper . . . all these inscriptions, as I called them, were combinable, superimposable and could, with only a minimum of cleaning up, be integrated as figures in the text of the articles people were writing.

It struck me that the original use of visuals has been fundamental to the success of the inequality paradigm in a way that is highly original in the social sciences, and these visuals have become the exemplars behind the forging of a new perspective. They allow us to do justice to Kuhn's insistence that older scientific paradigms are not disproved by external testing. Kuhn is clear that paradigms require exemplars that demonstrate the value of new ways of rendering the world, and powerful visual repertoires have become central motifs for researchers to show that inequality matters. They point to a way of conducting social science that deploys a "symphonic aesthetic," which replaces the linear, instrumental, and variable-centered focus of conventional perspectives. It pursues its analyses through recurring melodies—repeated motifs, deft drawing, and highly stylized narratives. As my book proceeds, I especially show how the use of lines carries enormous power. The doyen of social science visualization, Edward Tufte, has emphasized the power of "sparklines" in visualizations, and I will show how it is inequality researchers who have forced this point home. But there is more to the power of lines than skilled design principles. As Anne Seymour's foreword to the artist Richard Long's book *Walking the Line* puts it,

Our world is made up of lines, from comet tails to DNA. Everything is connected. Everything is sequential. Everything that moves, from a snail to a lava flow leaves a line, a trace of passing. A line can be fate, a commitment, a fact, a relationship, a place. Some lines are well trodden paths, some intersect, some pass at a distance, some return to their origins. We all walk the line. We have an end and a beginning which