

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES
OF
ALL SOULS COLLEGE
OXFORD

1990–2020



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edited by
Peregrine Horden

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I have spoken of an act of piety. The word may seem to introduce a superfluous note of religion. But there is no necessary connexion between piety and religion ... the feeling that moves me in what I have to say today – and piety seems a better name for it than any other – is simply a sense of the gratitude, mixed with affection, which is natural – surely – for members of a community who have done much for it and meant much to it and are now no more; and a desire to give expression to those emotions, however inadequately, on behalf of the whole body.

John Sparrow, 'Pietas Chicheleana', Sunday, 5 November 1961,
in *Memorial Addresses of All Souls College, Oxford* (1989), p. 36

PIETAS CHICHELEANA

This volume of memorial addresses was conceived a number of years ago as a sequel to *Memorial Addresses of All Souls College, Oxford*, covering the period from 1953 to 1988 (with one outlier of 1933), and published for the College by the Leopard's Head Press in 1989. That preceding collection was edited anonymously, but the unattributed epigraph from Pindar in the original Greek and without translation narrowed the field; and Peter Fraser, commemorated below, included the volume among his publications in *Who's Who*.

I have not followed Fraser in any of those respects save for adding an epigraph opposite because I must take responsibility for what is only a selection – a personal selection – of addresses delivered between 1990 and 2020. (To be more accurate, 1990 and 2019, there having been no addresses in 2020 for Covid-related reasons, but why spoil a neat title?)

More seriously, why a selection, not among those commemorated but among those who spoke about them? The short answer is length. A complete set of addresses would have been quite substantially longer. In the 'old days' of Fraser the norm was 'one deceased, one speaker'. In modern times, fashion favours an array of speakers, especially as the commemorative event has tended to become secular – very often held in the Library, and giving time, in place of the liturgy, for multiple discourses, interspersed if at all with music. To limit the volume's size, I have therefore allowed no more than four speakers per subject, with an exception made where the pain is recent and still raw. I have tried to keep the focus on the subject's career so far as it concerned this College and its wider interests, and the delivery had to be informative. I have therefore excluded: some addresses which restated what was already covered; some personal addresses by family members (though I have made exceptions for a few pieces which seemed especially moving as well as informative); addresses given at the funeral rather than the memorial occasion, again making an exception where there was nothing else available. The place of delivery in All Souls was the Chapel unless otherwise noted. Some addresses were, however, given in other colleges, and a few outside Oxford. The subjects of the addresses are all Fellows, as is to be expected – with one exception. I am pleased to note that, eighteen years before the College commissioned a magnificent triptych of the staff from Ben Sullivan, Warden Neill lamented in print the passing of a

gardener *sans pareil*, Brian Gage, and that Mr Gage appears first in this volume, which is ordered chronologically by date of address.

The collection that follows is a selection in another sense in that it includes only those for whom I have been able to find a text. I have gone through the College's various caches of booklets and computer files and made enquiries of other persons and institutions, but there are doubtless some unintentional omissions and I apologise for that.

Some there be which have no memorial. And some have one but in another medium. I did not for example attempt to transcribe the memorial occasion for Sir Michael Howard that can be seen on YouTube,¹ or any of the twenty videoed tributes to Derek Parfit (which in retrospect is a pity because the site at which they used to be freely available now requires a password).²

The name of the subject as given at the head of each address takes the same form as was used in the original booklet or script. I have omitted titles, degrees and honours, apart from peerages, where some change of name may be involved. Editing has been limited to the correction of obvious typographical or factual errors. One translation from the Greek has been supplied. Footnotes have been broadly standardized and very occasionally added to or updated. But I have otherwise left authors with their individual styles of presentation. Above all I have resisted the temptation to annotate names and allusions which would have needed no gloss for the original audiences. That would have turned into a huge, indeed probably never-ending task, and this volume has already simmered on the back burner for long enough. Titles of speakers are those held at the time of delivery. An appendix provides in summary form the All Souls careers of the Fellows commemorated. But, again, I have not sought to add *Who's Who* style entries or references to published obituaries and biographical memoirs.

I am grateful to Messrs Faber and Faber for permission to reproduce both poetry by Philip Larkin and Seamus Heaney's address on the former chairman of Faber's, Charles Monteith. And at this point the reader might expect a straightforward litany of such acknowledgements. I had thought that before editing the texts I must secure permission to reproduce from everyone involved. But two and half years of rather one-sided 'correspond-

1. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZbZZO6xo_kU

2. <https://vimeo.com/user16707643/celebration-of-derek-parfit>

ence' with Faber's was brought to a satisfactory conclusion only on the personal intervention of Warden Vickers, Mr Toby Faber and Ms Catherine Heaney, the poet's daughter. That experience diminished my zeal. Still, I despatched numerous letters and emails. Some living authors proved unreachable. In a collection with this chronological span, many of the speakers are now in the same state as their subjects; that meant tracing their literary executors, another daunting task. At a certain point, I gave up. There are thus authors to whom I could have written but did not. I plead in mitigation the hours I had spent trying to trace those authors or executors who turned out to have disappeared. Therefore, rather than append here an incomplete roster of the names of those who have kindly granted permission, I will simply, on the College's behalf, offer them all my warmest thanks. For the rest, I rely on the presumption that, by submitting a text to me or the College, and still more by allowing the prior publication of an address in a booklet or as a pdf, authors have implicitly given permission for a volume such as this to include their work. The book is after all for private circulation within the College community and no one, least of all the editor, is making a fast buck.

That it appears at all is due to the indispensable help I have received from Mrs Judy Winchester, former Bursar's Secretary, the late Ms Mary Yoe, former Warden's Secretary, Ms Rachael Stephenson, present Fellows' Secretary, Ms Gaye Morgan, Librarian in Charge, and her predecessor Dr Norma Aubertin-Potter; and above all Ms Humaira Erfan-Ahmed, former Fellows' and later Visiting Fellows' Secretary, who formatted the text and prepared camera-ready copy down to the smallest detail. She laid out my first in-house publication for the College almost 40 years ago and, with the same patience, skill and good humour, worked and reworked what I devoutly hope will be my last.

I conclude on a sad note. It is not the sadness of lives that ended full of years and achievement or even of those that were cruelly cut short. It is engendered more by the realisation that, such is the right and proper turnover in the modern Fellowship, only a minority of those commemorated will be widely recalled in College. I think I had some contact with all save one of the forty-nine persons eulogised here; but the number of those in All Souls now who could make a similar claim will be very small. So please read well beyond your field of expertise, your time in fellowship, or the familiar names. There is so much here to learn from, admire and savour. There is also much material for a College quiz. (Whose eyes were praised by

PIETAS

Greta Garbo? Who piddled while Prome burned? Who published a book called *My Correct Views on Everything?*)

All Souls was founded by Archbishop Chichele as a community of the living and the dead, and it can remain so, without the doctrine of Purgatory, if we cherish tales of the deceased in our collective memory. That is true *pietas Chicheleana*.

Peregrine Horden

BRIAN GAGE

26 August 1936–30 October 1990

Delivered by Sir Patrick Neill on All Souls Day 1990

Today is All Souls Day. And we are met together to say farewell to a most faithful member of the All Souls community.

But as we mourn, we remember. And we remember with gratitude the life and service of Brian Gage, the Master Gardener of All Souls College.

He came to us in 1979. Not much was known about his earlier life. He had the bearing of a soldier; some speculated that he must have been a Guardsman; he certainly looked the part with his splendidly upright carriage. But, in fact, he had served in the Sappers.

Then he had been a gardener at Oriel College. It was rumoured that he had left because his high standards had been affronted by the exuberance of youth. His lawns had been trampled underfoot and his plants subjected to indignities. So he came to All Souls, through the good offices and unerring eye of Michael Wallace-Hadrill, himself no stranger to gardens.

Brian Gage quickly won our respect and was soon the friend of all the staff and all the fellows. But as time went by he moved beyond that. He was recognised as an example and he became a legend.

He was an example because it was obvious from everything he did that he was a perfectionist. His aim was to make the College gardens as beautiful as it was within his power to make them. No effort was too much. Normal working hours were an irrelevance. If the gardens called – and they did, early and late – he would be there. If the sun scorched – and it did – he was at hand to confound the enemy. He never took regular holidays. He might have a day or two off at a time. A longer absence would involve neglect. The fuchsias would droop in their pots.

And so the legend. The College lawns, responding to his loving attention, became sparkling green chequerboards that astonished the gaze. Visitors from distant lands were actually seen on their knees touching the turf to check that it was living grass and not velvet. They could not trust the evidence of their eyes.

When the King of Spain was on his way through the College to receive his honorary degree he met Brian Gage. The King congratulated him and told him that they could not grow lawns like that in his own country. Brian Gage showed no surprise, only pleasure.

Then it was reported to him that Robin Lane Fox had said in a public lecture that the All Souls lawns were the finest in the country and a sight to behold. Coming from a Fellow of New College this was praise indeed.

My wife and I saw a lot of Brian Gage. We were fortunate enough to have a garden at the back of the Lodgings and we were even more fortunate in having Brian to tend it as gardener. Shortly after 7 a.m. he would park his bicycle in the garage and make his first inspection of the lawn.

Among the trials and tribulations to which he was subjected were the dogs resident in the Lodgings. There were at first some border disputes, but a truce of amity was soon established and he would look with tolerant eye at such outrages as the deep excavations behind the chestnut tree. At puppy time he was sometimes to be seen leaning on the hoe and bending over from his immense height to give a lecture to an errant puppy spread between his boots.

Then there was the blackbird – a bird with a psychiatric disorder that led it to pluck out large hunks of turf, generally round the edge of the lawn in the Great Quadrangle. Gage sought to counter this attack, not with violence, but with blandishments in the form of strategically placed apples on sticks. So far as could be observed the only effect was that the blackbird had an apple as *hors d'œuvre* and moved on to the lawn itself for the main course.

In addition to his work on the garden Brian Gage was always ready to help with other tasks around the College. He was very much part of the maintenance team and a full team player. On one occasion when joining in the work of shovelling snow from behind the parapets he over-exerted himself and strained his heart.

He was interested in the stone refurbishment within the College and he followed keenly the restoration work in the Chapel and the painting of the screen. This was something he discussed with the Chaplain. As the screen is an aesthetic issue on which opinion has been divided among the Fellowship, I will only say that Brian Gage's taste on this matter was impeccable.

He was a man of deep commitment. When he felt strongly on an issue he would make known his views – clearly and eloquently. At staff meetings, when he spoke, others listened.

His sense of pride in his work was such that he could not bear to be put in the position of producing second class results. On one occasion he sensed that he was being required to place unworthy plants in the border below the Chapel. They were geraniums, intended to bloom in time for Encaenia, acquired from an impeccable source, but miserable specimens. There was nearly a parting of the ways, until there was a happy issue out of that affliction. The geraniums were never planted!

He had outside interests. He was fond of angling. He had won prizes for bowls. He was a member of two Conservative Clubs and served on the committee of one of them. Last year when he was already a sick man he took part in a sponsored walk for charity organised by the East Oxford Conservative Club. Some £2,000 was raised for the John Radcliffe and the money was divided between the Baby Care Special Unit and the Children's Ward. His own efforts raised £500 out of the total.

But I think that at All Souls we all believed that it was the College which was the centre of his life and that it was the College which gave meaning and significance to everything that he did. His dedication to the College was so tangible.

Our admiration for him increased – if that is a possible concept – when we witnessed the stoical courage with which he faced ill-health, in particular over the last two years when discomfort and pain were his daily lot. There was no self-pity; there were no complaints. Everything that he could do for himself he did – until the very end. On his last (and recent) visit to the College he was still that same dignified and erect figure.

As we recall this outstanding man for whom we have such warm feelings, let me quote some of the language which we used this morning – the prescribed text for All Souls Chapel on All Souls Day:

The names of the just shall be had in everlasting remembrance.
Their works and their praise shall follow them.
All laud and glory be to the Lord;
Who hath given such ability and such hearts unto men.

NORMAN HENRY GIBBS

17 April 1910–20 April 1990

Delivered by Professor Robert O'Neill on Saturday, 10 November 1990

War, however much we may lament it, is one of the most powerful transforming forces in the lives of nations and individuals. It changed the whole course and content of the life of the man whom we commemorate today. Even more importantly it led to the foundation of this College in commemoration of the Hundred Years War between England and France. Our Founder, Archbishop Chichele, was no stranger to the diplomacy of power politics in peace, to councils of war before major military ventures such as the Agincourt campaign of late 1415, to the financing of military expeditions, and even to the battlefield itself, intervening as he did to save the city of Rouen from the sack by the English Army in 1419.

Nor was Chichele any stranger to Oxford and the cause of higher education. Many times throughout his archiepiscopate he and the University were in close contact to achieve reform of the ways in which religious clerks were trained. It was only natural that the second, and ultimately more enduring, purpose of the foundation of All Souls was to enable the 'unarmed clerical militia', as Chichele termed them, to undertake higher studies for the service of Church and State, service which he knew from his own experience demanded expertise on the part of men in holy orders in the contemporary strategic and diplomatic policy issues facing the crown. Sadly this mission of the College was gradually frustrated by men and events in the following centuries and it was not until the late nineteenth century, the era of Charles Oman and Sir William Anson, that All Souls, and Oxford, began once more to make a serious contribution to the study of war.

The Chichele Chair of the History of War, which Norman Gibbs held with distinction for twenty-four years, remained for its first forty-four years of existence somewhat outside the mainstream of professional scholarship. The first three holders of the Chair, all extremely able and distinguished men in their own ways, had come to prominence in other professions and

they discharged their responsibilities in their own markedly individual ways. It was not until Gibbs began his tenure in 1953 that this chair could be regarded fully as one of the normal academic seats both of this College and of the Faculty of Modern History.

Gibbs was not the first Oxford scholar by a long chalk to study war, peace, and the relationship between them: Burrows, Froude, Gardiner, Firth, Oman, Atkinson and the first three holders of the chair, Wilkinson, Swinton and Falls, all made significant contributions through their writing and teaching. But Gibbs was the first to develop the subject rigorously at both undergraduate and graduate levels, through both contemporary strategic studies and history, thereby giving Oxford a prominent position in a field which was increasing rapidly in importance nationally and internationally during his tenure of office.

Gibbs was not one of the more prolific publishers of his day. He was more of a layer of foundations on which others could complete edifices than a producer of his own fully-finished structures. The reasons for Gibbs' choice of this avowedly more self-effacing manner of serving the cause of scholarship are not difficult to fathom. He was no exhibitionist; he eschewed histrionics in his public behaviour as in his personal life; he valued peace and quiet in his beautiful rose garden at Flexney's House above the excitement of contesting the views of others at conferences or in the journals of our trade; he was deeply and sympathetically interested in other people and their problems. He did not have an easy life himself, either materially or personally, and he knew the worth of a helping hand to those in trouble.

When a chairman or committee member was being sought for a cause in which he had an interest and competence, he was inclined to answer the call of duty. He met the challenges of administration with skill, so more of them came his way. He was a man to whom duty and his community, whether it was the College, the History Faculty, the University, the nation and its defence, or the Atlantic Alliance, meant an unusual amount. He enjoyed serving them all and all of us from these fields in which he worked for so long stand greatly in his debt.

There is a further reason for Gibbs' being more concerned with teaching and administration than with publication. He came to the subject as his main professional field of interest relatively late in life. From 1934–53, apart from war service, he had studied and taught mainly medieval history. True, he had worked in the Cabinet Office Historical Section under Keith

Hancock from 1943–45, but then he returned to being a medieval and modern British political historian at Merton College until 1953. He was forty-three years of age when he came to plough the field of Mars for his living. He had not had twenty years of working on the study of war before taking up the Chair.

Gibbs came into his field at the top, a highly competent historical scholar, but not one with an extensive background in his subject. He was an Oxford man, chosen largely by other Oxford men in the face of international competition and in the context of dissatisfaction within the History Faculty that his predecessor had continued to live in London during his tenure of the post and work as Military Correspondent of *The Times*. The History Faculty wanted a professional historian, a man of breadth, a man who could be relied upon to apply himself in Oxford and eschew the glittering temptations of fame elsewhere. It did not want another journalist or general in the Chichele Chair, although both kinds of candidate were on offer. Gibbs, with his Cabinet Office and army service during the war, was the man the University wanted. It placed its priority on having a man who could contribute regularly to the deliberations of the History Faculty and who naturally knew and accepted the Faculty's aims and methods of working as his own.

Gibbs' published work, in addition to several major articles, includes two salient contributions: his second edition of A.B. Keith's *British Cabinet System* and his first volume in the Grand Strategy series of the British Official History of the Second World War, *Rearmament Policy*, covering British government strategic policy from 1919 to 1939. Keith's book, published in 1938, had become a standard work but by the late 1940s, with so much change occurring during the Second World War, a major revision was necessary if the book were to retain currency. Gibbs undertook the work, expanding the contents to cover the years from the late 1930s up to the formation of the Conservative Government in November 1951. He cut material of less relevance, made extensive additions on the functioning of the War Cabinet under Churchill and incorporated the results of more recent scholarship such as Jennings' celebrated work *Cabinet Government*. Gibbs' tightly written analysis offers one of the most illuminating comparisons between the systems of War Cabinet government which prevailed in the two world wars. The second edition, appearing in 1952, extended the life of the book as a standard text for many years and for students of British political history in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries it still repays reading.

Gibbs' most important work was his first volume in the Grand Strategy series of official histories. He began research in the early 1950s and the book was published in 1976. Having been an official war historian myself, I know how tiresome and difficult can be the pressures of government authorities on an author to complete his work to schedule. But Gibbs declined to be hustled and persevered with research and writing for twenty years, despite the many other commitments that he undertook. When it appeared the book won respect and its 859 pages represent the most detailed historical analysis of British government policy in the inter-war years that we have. It has served as the basis for many other scholarly works on aspects of that period. It is the standard work and will long remain so.

Gibbs achieved greater prominence as a teacher, a role for which his natural gifts suited him well. He had a way of settling nervous young graduate students by his calm and sympathetic manner, his evident interest in one's own thinking and his quiet optimism and faith in one's abilities to surmount what looked to be insuperable obstacles. He had a fine mind which was at its best from a tutorial perspective in working from general principles to the analysis of particular cases. As one of his doctoral students I received many insights derived from his broader thinking on civil-military relations in Britain which were useful for my own work on Nazi Germany.

He read widely and interested himself in many aspects of the field in addition to his core area of expertise: the working of cabinet government in war and the relations between political and military leaders within the British system. He had an ample network of friends and contacts in the civil service, the armed services and academia to which he referred his students for advice when they were working beyond the limits of his own knowledge. I shall always be grateful to him for introducing me to Sir Basil Liddell Hart. Gibbs certainly did not believe that all relevant knowledge in his field was locked within the confines of universities and was concerned that his students should confirm this view through their own experience.

Probably one of Gibbs' most important contributions was in the little-known and unsung field of armed service education. He had a deep concern for the intellectual quality of the men who would have to exercise high command responsibilities in the Atlantic Alliance in war and whose advice in peace in the nuclear age is of key importance in balancing the not infrequently conflicting requirements of security and stability. Gibbs believed that they had much to learn from the relevant parts of the academic world and devoted a very substantial part of his time to that end. Among his

major accomplishments in this regard were his chairmanship of the Naval Educational Advisory Council, his work with Edward McCabe and the Department of Extra-Mural Studies in the development and conduct of courses of instruction for staff college candidates, and his leadership, with McCabe, of the NATO Conferences held annually for fifteen years in Oxford.

Gibbs' work for the University and the armed services was accompanied by a deep and substantial commitment of effort to the life of this College. Membership of All Souls meant a great deal to him. When I talked with him at his home on the Isle of Wight soon after my own appointment he stressed several times that Fellowship of the College had been one of the most rewarding and satisfying aspects of his life. He contributed to the College, and it in turn to him, through frequent participation in regular activities, formal and informal. He is well remembered by those of today's Fellows who knew him as an interesting table companion and conversational partner in the Smoking Room, and particularly as a College man who could be relied upon to take more than his fair share of administrative responsibilities.

There are two aspects of his contribution to the life of the College for which he deserves special appreciation. First was his re-building of the College's cellar stocks from the dire state of depletion into which they had fallen during the Second World War. It was a major accomplishment which is all too easily taken for granted today because of the superb standards maintained by his successor. But in the years 1953–72 Gibbs both provided for the day-to-day consumption of wines and accumulated a well-selected stock which would richly yield the full benefits of ageing many years later. His discrimination as a taster was highly regarded amongst the fraternity of college wine stewards of the University. His abilities when tasting blind to pick the vineyard and year of origin of a wine were memorable.

Second was his oversight of the Visiting Fellows Programme for the first five years of its existence. He willingly accepted this very substantial responsibility while on study leave in the United States in 1966 and returned to set the programme up and administer it. It was conducted at the level of forty visitor terms per year, over twice the current allocation. He ensured that it quickly established a reputation for high quality amongst the visitors and that it provided them with scholarly value, hospitality and friendship. That the Visiting Fellows Programme has proved to be one of the most important innovations in the life of the College in the post-

Second World War period is due in no small measure to Gibbs' stewardship of it in its early years.

Finally, it is only appropriate for me to express a word of grateful appreciation on behalf of all who worked with Norman Gibbs, or were taught by him, for the example he gave us of calm but intense interest in the world around him and the ideas of others with whom he came into contact. We will always remember him for his gentleness, his tolerance, his discrimination in matters of personal taste and his enduring pleasure in maintaining old friendships. He took delight in remaining a mentor to those who had studied successfully under his supervision, welcoming them and their families back to Flexney's in later years. His life in retirement on the Isle of Wight, remote from most of his friends and with failing eyesight, became a time of trial distressing to those who knew of his situation and visited him. Yet it was surprising and heartening to converse with him on current strategic policy issues and find his views so well formed, up to the minute and confidently expressed. Those of us who attended his eightieth birthday dinner in the College Hall on 17 April, three days before he died, will always cherish the memory of his final speech, made without notes and delivered from his ample heart straight to the eyes of the old friends he recognised so aptly in his remarks as he dealt with them one by one around the table.

We salute his memory with gratitude. He served this College well in the spirit of the wider service of the state that so strongly motivated our Founder. Gibbs fulfilled Chichele's mandate in a very significant way.

Robert O'Neill

JOHN HANBURY ANGUS SPARROW

13 November 1906–24 January 1992

Delivered by Lord Wilberforce on Saturday, 14 March 1992
in the University Church

John Sparrow was an undergraduate at New College and an Honorary Fellow. He was Warden of All Souls for 25 years, and a Fellow for much longer. Of the six Wardens I knew, he was the longest in office and the wittiest. But there is more, much more, to say than that. He was an important figure in both Oxford and national life; he was a controversial character, attracting extremes of praise and blame. His life was long and his interests varied. It is my task to crystallise some of the qualities of character and achievement which call for gratitude to his Maker and to the moral and spiritual influences in his life now ended.

I first met Sparrow in 1920 when he was 14 and a scholar at Winchester College. He was a quite ordinary schoolboy, reasonably lazy, a bit of a bully in a kindly way, but we could see very soon that he and one other, Richard Crossman, stood out as marked for national distinction.

He was good at games. I have a vivid mental picture of his prowess at football. He was acrobatic and ingenious but he was also a good scorer/striker – the ball often went into the net. This love for football was not, as one obituarist has suggested, just a curious addiction; it was inbred and in character. His father was a Director of ‘Wolves’ and his brother tells me that John often took the chance to go to Molyneux and stand on the terraces and support the club. As spectator and player, he was genuinely engaged: that was part of his character, there is no paradox in that.

He did well enough in the school subjects, but we noticed that he was already ‘into’ English Literature, not, or hardly, in the curriculum and considered a ‘soft’ subject. It was at this time that he wrote his introduction to, and edited John Donne’s *Devotions upon Emergent Occasions*, published by Cambridge in 1923, when he was 16/17. This was remarkable. Not only was it beautifully written, as everything he wrote – Sparrow seems to have been born with a natural, lucid, elegant, pointed style – but it showed an

astounding maturity and sensibility for the subject, an empathy with that complex mixture of poetry, philosophy, pessimism, and passion which made up John Donne. It is a pleasure to reread today.

He began too at this time to acquire a circle of interesting, and aesthete, friends. One such, in College, was Anthony Asquith. Another, not a scholar, recalled their meetings in Gilbert's bookshop:

One day I found there a very small college with long hair over his eyes, like a Yorkshire terrier. He must have been 3 or 4 years younger, but he already knew infinitely more about 17c. literature and told me that he had just made a thrilling discovery – a copy of the first edition of Donne's *Devotions*. His name was John Sparrow ... when I hear the Warden of All Souls spoken of as a sort of bogey man, dedicated to teasing radicals, I do not recognise the gay and sympathetic friend who seems to have changed so little.

This was Kenneth Clark. And at about the same time he met Geoffrey Keynes on the steps of St Paul's. He comes to New College as a scholar and we need not linger there. He gets his Firsts and a Chancellor's Prize; he reads papers to societies, joins dining clubs; he scores two goals for New College against King's. I may pick out two things. He becomes a lover of Latin poetry – predominantly of Virgil. Poetry and Latin. Poetry remained a large part of his make-up. He was himself a skilful composer both in Latin and in English; he published his essays on *Sense and Poetry* in 1934. He would have liked to have been Professor of Poetry and would have been a good one. Latin he held to for the rest of his life; he found that both in its syntax and in the straight line form of its letters it lent itself uniquely to inscription on stone and that led on to his epigraphical studies.

Secondly, he forms there, in his very first year, a firm and clear intention to go to the Bar – no sign of a struggle between that and academic life, no hesitation about what he wants to do.

He gains his Prize Fellowship in 1929 and at once starts, as the terms of that fellowship allowed, a professional career in London with weekends in Oxford. At the Chancery Bar, he gets a splendid start – joins chambers at 3 New Square, Lincoln's Inn, physically a wretched place, almost a slum, but an outstanding powerhouse of brain. Its leaders were Wilfrid Greene and Cyril Radcliffe, both Fellows of All Souls. They were the outstanding intellects in the 1930s.

Sparrow used his opportunities well. He soon became involved in big and important cases, carrying more than respectable fees. His opinions were recognised for their thoroughness, lucidity, and penetration. Of his contemporaries, he was surpassed by Herbert Hart, but was well up with the rest. He was set for success. I believe that he enjoyed this period of his life; it included, too, he would want to record, his years as All Souls examiner at Tonbridge School, the duties of which, as well as examining in classics, involved dining with the Skinners' Company, with a speech to make, and a Latin oration to the school. I succeeded him in 1938 and it was delightful to bask in the afterglow of Sparrow's success. Those solid city characters had never met such a clever man and they admired him with reverence. They made him an honorary member of their Court.

But then came 1939. Just before the declaration of war, I came to the College for a weekend, found only ten for dinner, and 'a scratch meal of 2 courses'. Then, I quote from my diary:

John was in a condition of great excitement and exaltation having enlisted as a private in the Oxford and Bucks L.I. He said 'this awful thing has happened – I must bury myself, lose my identity, place myself where I'm not responsible for it or any part of it' – a genuine emotional outburst.

This shows us two things – if they need showing: that Sparrow was a man of strong feelings, as well as an intellectual, and, this links up with conversations in the pre-war years, that he felt deeply about the great issues which had been piling up since 1933; that if, which I have always doubted, there was any element of 'appeasement' alive in the College, he was no part of it. I record, a few weeks later, meeting him in his private's uniform and receiving an entertaining account of encounters with the Sergeant-Major and of the simple beauties of Army language. Let us follow up his army career – he had six years of it. He did not remain long in the ranks, was commissioned in the Coldstream Guards, went to Washington with General Wemyss and then was attached to the Adjutant-General's department in the War Office, to the newly formed Morale Committee. He had a roving commission to visit units in the field and to report on their state of morale. This he did, indefatigably, and his reports exist in War Office records. They make excellent reading, full of insights, composed in Army language, transmuted into Sparrow prose. He was clearly ideal for the job. He understood the men in the ranks and was able to gain their confidence

and, just as importantly, that of their officers and to get them to talk. Brigadier Sparrow has given me an account of a visit paid by his brother to a unit in Germany, telling how he played kick-about football in battle dress with the men, talked to them individually, and addressed them, answering all their questions with great patience and lucidity. He made them feel, the Brigadier says, that their problems would receive a fair hearing and would be passed on. He did not even have to surrender his intellectual bent; he actually persuaded the War Office to institute an essay competition, open to all ranks, prize £5, on the subject: What do you think of Army life? For this work on morale Sparrow was awarded the OBE, his only public recognition.

If I have anything to regret about his life, it would be, not only that he did not write more, but also, and perhaps more so, that his relationable ability with ordinary people was not made use of in a wider field.

So – post war, return to the Bar with many problems after six years' absence, not least that of succeeding Radcliffe who was already, in 1947, diverted to the partition of India and was in the House of Lords by 1949. Faced with the opportunity to return to Oxford in 1952, Sparrow had, I know well, a difficult, an agonising, decision to make. He had re-established his practice, and was in sight of taking silk with the prospect of higher things. He chose Oxford. Was he right? Would he have reached the Bench? Would he have been a good – a great Judge? This is the great unanswerable. My own view is that he would have made a fine Judge of appeal, in a collegiate court where he could discuss and argue the issues with colleagues, and where he would have time to write. At first instance, he might have been lonely and perhaps tempted into dialogue with the advocates. But we shall never know.

He made the decision and he spent the rest of his life here. We have to appraise that period against the background of those earlier years – they made up more than half of his life – they had formed him as he was to be. That is why I have spent time over them. One cannot think of Warden Sparrow just as a scholarly recluse, opposer of change, supporter of minorities, issuer of witticisms. Some of these he may have been, but their accumulation does not make up the man we knew. What was the real man? Well, first, and on the intellectual side, he persistently announced himself as an objective critic, enemy of obscurity, poor thinking, humbug, pretension, not concerned to pass judgement, not indeed possessing decided opinions upon issues of principle. This he said repeatedly in relation to the Lady

Chatterley controversy, to the issue of plagiarism by the Polish poet and to other controversial subjects. Similarly of his attitude to Reform. He had to accept designation as a reactionary – he liked it – but this was not founded on an innate conservatism, though he did love ancient institutions as such. It was also motivated and fuelled by the inconsistencies which he could find in reform projects, the muddled motives and thinking of reformers, the clichés, the lack of historical perspective in which these projects tend to be expressed – all these were grist to his mill. What he, perhaps, did not see is that reforms often do not come about by clear thinking or chains of clear analysis, but through rather confused feelings to which words cannot give clear expression.

Yet he did not, thankfully, always live down to his professions. Having in *Controversial Essays* (1966) analysed, brilliantly, the issues raised by the kidnapping and trial of Adolf Eichmann, he writes ‘yet – to pass moral judgements is the inescapable responsibility of all those who think and feel’ and his judgement is clear. His examination of the question of a right to privacy in public life, in relation to Stephen Ward, is, to me, humane and sound. With the question what the attitude of the law should be to homosexual practices – as he called it ‘a difficult topic’ – he wrestles hard and honestly towards some answer, tentative perhaps, but who can complain of that? We may accept and sometimes regret, that he preferred small issues to great, and that he often dealt with great issues by cutting them up small, but convictions he had and it was not from lack of courage that he preferred not to give them expression.

Thus far intellectually. On the more personal side, two things. First, he was not just a cold analyst. As one writer said, ‘behind the urbane scholar lay an emotional even violent temperament’. He could and would express, almost with ferocity, his dislike of certain qualities – humbug, mental laziness, self-satisfaction, pomposity. His friendships, and his hatreds, were strong; he believed and all his writings, from the *Devotions* onwards, show his belief that they, and sexual relations, should be strongly emotional.

Secondly and most emphatically, he was wonderful company. The opportunity to prove this, with his friends, his rivals in wit – and Oxford was magnificently endowed with these – with his visitors, his Fellows (at least those he liked), the Visiting Fellows, was surely the best dividend to come from his last thirty years – so sadly ending in illness. It was not merely the coining of bon mots; it was the ability to entertain, over hours at a time, one or more, old and young, men and women, day and night, on any sub-

ject, provided that it was not too serious, with argument, provocation, paradox, anecdote, illustration, which left one stimulated, excited, warm in the recollection of brilliance: and able, not just to forgive his reactionary views, but even to rejoice in them. The best word comes from Lord Annan – he was a ‘fascinator’.

Adding other personal touches, he was a devoted family man; he was a menacing driver of his vintage Bentley car; and he was a hater of dogs, particularly, and ferociously of the dog of the College Land Agent.

Such, then, was the man. What was he doing all this time? I think a good focus point is to take his studies on Mark Pattison. Here was to be the grand product of his life, a definitive book, based on Pattison’s memoirs, his innumerable letters, and mss in Bodley. A vast amount of work was done on it, but it never got written. (We may note that Pattison had set himself, similarly, a grand project, a life of Scaliger, which he never completed.) What does this tell us? Infirmary of purpose? Lack of follow through?

Well – he did produce, in the form of lectures, and publish, *Mark Pattison and the Idea of a University*, a slim volume of 150 pages. This was in 1967 when he had plenty of time left, so to limit his aim must have been a deliberate decision. We must be glad of it. It is a keen, lively, portrait of a not very attractive or very brilliant man, of his late marriage to a woman 27 years younger – the model for Dorothea Brooke of Middlemarch, skilfully set in the Oxford of the 1870s. We can understand how Pattison impressed the young men, how three women put him into their novels, one of which, George Eliot’s, is a recognised masterpiece. And if there is no comprehensive account of all those letters, we may take comfort from the fact that Oman, our Charles Oman, found them ‘not very interesting save as a psychological study of a discontented man’.

For us, the most interesting part is the fourth Lecture ‘The Idea of a University’, because it reveals Sparrow’s own opinions. He clearly identifies the main problems of the day (1966): the vast expansion of Higher Education, the pressure of the natural sciences and the need to adjust the two cultures, how far should Universities go in offering vocational training and how to combine that with liberal education. He accepts the upgrading of Colleges of Technology to university status – this in 1966 – he even accepts the need for redistribution of endowments – all the main issues, still stirring us today are there.

We know that he did not join in the fight. He did not engage himself in University politics or administration, except – a big exception – in relation

to Bodley. He refused the Vice-Chancellorship when it became the turn of All Souls (did not Pattison also refuse in 1878?), but he would have been the first to agree that this was not for him and he would not have minded in the least that his decision was greeted by some with a sigh of relief. Happily All Souls, quite soon, got another chance.

His position on the issues of the day was not such as appealed to Progressives: though born into the age of Beveridge, Robbins, Franks, Wolfenden, he was not of that age. He would not swim with the tide. I shall not regurgitate the Franks Commission of 1964 – a clash of mind and temperament between progressive rationalists, hoping for instant and large-scale reform of our College, and a minimalist advocate of little or no change, leading in the end, not without some zigzagging and some recrimination, to advance rather than reconstruction and a thoroughly successful innovation.

Nor can I entertain you now with the Meadow Road controversy which attracted the activity of Sparrow and the pen of Sir Osbert Lancaster but gave birth to nothing except the quip that Oxford had become the home of lost causeways. But even detractors may be willing to give Warden Sparrow credit for the purification of Radcliffe Square, achieved after much skilful and agreeable infighting.

All these battles have passed into history, their passions cooled. Sparrow was not an administrator, not a committee man; no Royal Commission for him or even work on Council. As a Fellow of Winchester College, a position he greatly valued, he did not appear as a leader of constructive projects; as chairman of our College Meetings, he was not programmed to get the business despatched. But we never thought we were electing an administrator. We were electing a scholar.

So to the final section. Sparrow's achievements as a scholar: minimal? trivial? purely decorative? irrelevant? all this has been said. These are not responsible judgements. That his writings show a truly scholarly quality of mind cannot be denied. It lay in the persistent, relentless, pursuit of detail down to its smallest element, never satisfied with facile conclusions or any not supported by evidence verified by his own exacting standards. He was particularly skilled at detecting and following up hidden clues. Lady Chatterley comes first in mind, though in retrospect one wonders how nobody saw the meaning before – or perhaps they did. The identification of Jane Austen's Henry Tilney with Sydney Smith, of George Eliot's Casaubon with Pattison, of the true author of Sarbiewski's *Silviludia* with the Italian

Bettini, and the refutation of rival theories, which brought him European recognition, these are, in their field, impeccable.

His study of inscriptions in *Visible Words* (1969) leads far beyond textual minutiae. They give us a new insight, with new depths, into the artistic world and perceptions of the Renaissance. We can now, for an example, a topical one, look at Mantegna, as an archaeologist, with more than a simple enjoyment of colour and perspective. The collection of *Lapidaria* in eight beautifully printed volumes shows us elegance, humour, narrative, pathos, (may I commend to you his own composition for Dr Farquharson, of University College, editor of Marcus Aurelius?), all given extra dimensions through the study of Emanuele Tesauro – this learning gathered in the walks and excursions to churches, monuments, libraries, archives, from his annual home in Venice, the distillation of years of patient devotion. Add to these volumes the collection of Renaissance Latin poems jointly with his friend Perosa, and you have a legacy to give enduring and stimulative pleasure.

Did he write too little? Who can dare to say so? It is said of our Fellows that some write too little, some too much. Diligent enquiry fails to reveal one who has written just the right amount. One cannot count the pages – or where would stand Housman's sixty-eight pages of introduction to Book I of Manilius? We cannot yet assess final values but I believe that the record of scholarship stands firm.

Lastly let us think of his Library, described as one of the two or three finest personal collections made in his time in this country, from which the Bodleian, All Souls, New College, Winchester, in that order are to benefit, and have benefited through his generosity to our enduring gratitude. Let us, too remember his influence as a bibliophile, especially upon young undergraduates who for years used to meet with him and enjoy the books and the Warden's account of them. Like all collectors he loved to share the treasures he owned. I believe that I can sum up in Pattison's words:

Learning is a peculiar compound of memory, imagination, scientific habit, accurate observation, all concentrated, through a prolonged period, on the analysis of the remains of literature. The result of this sustained mental endeavour is, not a book, but a man.

It is for the man, John Sparrow, that we, especially if I may say so, those of All Souls who were of one body with him for so long, may today express

our gratitude and praise with sincerity and warmth of feeling. To close, I will quote from one of the *Devotions*, words appropriate for a bibliophile:

All mankind is of one author, and is one volume; when one man dies, one chapter is not torne out of the booke, but translated into a better language, and every Chapter must be so translated. God employs several translators ... but God's hand is in every translation and His hand shall bind up all our scattered leaves againe for that Librarie where every booke shall lie open to one another.

DIXI

Richard Wilberforce

DAVID JOHN (CHARLES) WENDEN

23 May 1923–7 March 1992

Delivered by Lord Bullock of Leafield
on Saturday, 23 May 1992 in the University Church

There have been bursars in Oxford and Cambridge as long as there have been colleges. Most have been short-term appointments filled like other offices by fellows of the college. A few have used the office as a stepping-stone on the way to power, as Wolsey did at Magdalen; a few have become legends as Keynes has at King's. How many, I wonder, who never went on to fill other offices but remained college bursars throughout their careers, have been held in such esteem by their contemporaries that it seemed natural to commemorate them by a memorial service not in a college chapel but in the University Church. Charles Wenden was such a one.

He was born David John Wenden – and always known as David by his wife – in Isleworth on this day, 23 May, sixty-nine years ago. Two events which happened while he was at school were to shape his life; he met his future wife Eileen, his marriage to whom in 1947 gave him the family life which was the source of his greatest happiness, and, in the grammar school tradition which brought so many able boys to Oxford, he won an open scholarship to Wadham. Called up for military service in his second year, he served with the Royal Artillery in north-west Europe and won the Military Cross. After graduating in history in 1947 he became a tutor at the Extra-Mural Delegacy and followed this with five years in London, building and setting up the University of London Student Union.

That accomplished, by 1960 he was looking for a change that would bring him back to Oxford, just when the St Catherine's College committee was looking for someone to act as full-time Bursar of Oxford's newest and still unbuilt college. On the recommendation of the Chairman of the UGC, who described Charles Wenden as the ablest young administrator he had met, the committee invited him to accept the post together with a fellowship.

St Catherine's at the time was little more than a building site. Everything remained to be done to complete the building and transform it into a college ready to receive its first undergraduates 'by the given date of October 1963'. This was the sort of situation which suited Charles' temperament – inwardly excited; outwardly calm. He enjoyed being one of the close inner group of perhaps a dozen fellows committed to making the improbable a reality, enjoyed even more being the one to whom the others turned to find an answer when some new and unforeseen problem emerged.

There was more than a touch of the impresario in Charles – not for nothing was opera his favourite art – and nothing brought it out so well as the first-night atmosphere of a grand occasion. His secret was to plan everything down to the last detail in advance, then stand back on the day itself, leaving the actors and stage-hands to play their parts without fussing them, while keeping a wary eye for the unexpected hitch that can always occur. He was at his best when it did. One example remains in my memory. The autumn of 1960 was unusually wet. On 4 November the Queen was due to lay the foundation stone. As the day drew nearer the branch of the Cherwell at Napper's Bridge, the entrance to the site, rose to road level and threatened to overrun its banks, while the site itself, Holywell Great Meadow, turned into a marsh. Even if the heavy royal Daimler succeeded in crossing the bridge it seemed unlikely that it would get more than a few yards beyond before sinking up to its wheel hubs in a bog. As we agonised whether or not to cancel the royal visit, Charles acted. Resuming the wartime persona of Acting Captain David Wenden MC, he got in touch with the nearest depot of the Royal Engineers and, gently suggesting that this was an opportunity to show how well they deserved their royal title, asked if they could carry out a field exercise and lay an emergency landing strip on which the royal Daimler could not only bring the Queen safely on to the site but could circle round the Meadow and end up pointing in the right direction to take her away again afterwards. The Royal Engineers rose to the occasion; all went as planned and to make doubly sure on the day itself the Bursar played his trump card by persuading the Thames Conservancy Board to lower the level of the Cherwell at the expense of an unexplained flood lower down the Thames at Reading.

Charles had the patience to build up over the time relations of confidence with the architect, the University Surveyor's Department, the University Chest, the main contractors, and not least the foremen on the site. (Who else would have thought of flying two of them to Denmark to see the

standards of bricklaying and finish which our Danish architect was demanding?) He had to plan the financial and domestic operation of the College, recruit staff and, when the College was open, establish the standards he expected from them. No member of staff either at St Catherine's or All Souls ever 'got away' with anything when Charles Wenden was Bursar; but they respected him for his firmness, they knew where they were with him, and once he had set a line, he kept to it.

When the first undergraduates began to arrive at the unfinished College, he opened his own lines of communication with them. Thanks to his five years in the London Student Union, he understood student politicians and, as a politician himself, knew how to handle successive JCR and MCR officers.

That was only one line of approach, however. Throughout his thirty years as an Oxford bursar, Charles was also an Oxford tutor. Modest about his claims to be an historian, there was no doubt about his gifts as a teacher, and no pressure of work was allowed to cut down the time he gave to his pupils.

In fact during the 1960s he was a pioneer in exploring the use of film – newsreels, documentaries and feature films – as a source for twentieth-century history. A series of Saturday morning film shows at St Catherine's, launched with the present Warden of Merton, and open to any undergraduate, was followed by bringing film topics into graduate history seminars, and by the establishment of the University's Certificate in Film Studies based on Rewley House.

Extending his reach beyond Oxford Charles was instrumental in setting up the awkwardly-named *International Association for Audio-Visual Media in Historical Research and Education*, with its *Historical Journal of Film, Radio and Television*, of which he became associate editor. Among his own contributions were articles on classic Soviet cinema, Eisenstein, and Churchill and the cinema, as well as a book on the history of films, *The Birth of the Movies*.

But the most important link of all with students both in Oxford and in other universities was through his passion for sport. Sport was central to Charles Wenden's life. Hockey at school and college, an Athletics Blue when he won the 880 yards against Cambridge, were the prelude to more than 40 years of running for pleasure. If he woke up on a fine day and could persuade friends to join him, he would set off on a run into the countryside. When he was not playing squash with undergraduates at lunch time, he would go down to Iffley Road and run several laps round the track, soon

joined by a group whom he named the Iffley Road Strollers.

A member of the University's Committee on Sports Facilities from the day he returned to Oxford, he was known to successive generations of sportsmen for over thirty years as the man at the centre of Oxford sport to whom to turn whenever a problem had to be solved or a dispute settled. Only two days ago I heard of yet one more example of his unobtrusive influence, this time in the scheme, financed by the Richard Blackwell Trust, to provide annual scholarships, one for an undergraduate, one for a graduate, who show equal promise in sport and academic pursuits, a combination which was Charles' ideal.

One of the great days in Charles' life was 6 May 1954, the day he acted as timekeeper at Iffley Road when his friend, Roger Bannister, the present Master of Pembroke College, succeeded for the first time in running the mile in under four minutes. There is a revealing photograph of Charles at the end of the race, overcome with emotion, holding his head in his hands.

Charles recognised that he himself was not a competitor for international honours, but no man made a bigger contribution to encouraging those who were by the part he played in organising the World Student Games as Treasurer of the *Fédération Internationale du Sport Universitaire*. During the twenty-two years which he held the office, the number of meetings and the sharpness of the competition between the eastern and western blocs steadily increased, and Charles enjoyed testing himself as a politician in out-manoeuvring the efforts of the Communist members of the *Fédération* to take over the games, so destroying the amateur spirit which he prized so much. As an example of what he meant by that equivocal phrase, as late as 1985 he put on his running shoes to win a 5000-metre race for over-60s at the 1985 Universiad in Kobe, Japan; he only gave up running finally three years ago when knee trouble forced him to take up cycling instead.

In 1970, with St Catherine's founded and settling into its stride, Charles Wenden was looking for a new challenge. In a move which took him into a very different world from St Catherine's and the London Student Union, he accepted the post of Bursar and Fellow of All Souls. The announcement of a new scheme for Visiting Fellows already suggested that All Souls was beginning to feel the need for change; but before the scheme could be carried further a college entirely dependent on income from endowment needed to provide more adequate financial underpinning. As the College's first full-time Bursar, Charles asked for and was given overall responsibility

for the management of the College's finances, fabric, estates and domestic services.

For an account of the twenty years that followed at All Souls, I have been able to draw upon the knowledge of those who worked closely with him. The 1970s were not a good time in which to take office, especially after the oil crisis of 1973. The most he could do – and it was no mean feat – was to avoid any significant reduction in the College's activities. In the more favourable conditions of the 1980s, however, he discovered a flair for financial management, producing what is described as 'a staggering increase in real income well above the market indices'. In another new role which he enjoyed he re-organised the management of the College estates and so ensured the full benefit for the College of the golden years for farm profits which followed Britain's entry into the European Community.

Charles was very keen to see the wealth he was accumulating used to expand the academic side of College life, but he was cautious about the speed with which this should be undertaken. In particular, he realised that the fabric of the College was in a dangerously bad condition, and that a very expensive programme of repairs was a necessity. To the astonishment of his colleagues he succeeded in funding the programme out of current revenue, so that, at the end of his Bursarship, All Souls found itself with most of the rebuilding completed, and no charge on future income.

By then he had been able to provide the funding for a dozen new Fellowships, for a generous contribution to the Campaign for Oxford, and for a system of academic allowances benefiting both professors and other Fellows paid by the University as well as those paid by the College.

Charles readily placed his gifts as an administrator at the service of the University as well as All Souls. His experience at St Catherine's had already made him an obvious recruit for the University's Building Committee, on which he served for 25 years. Of all the episodes in which he was involved, none is more frequently mentioned with admiration than the part he took as a chairman in steering to success the creation of a telephone network embracing all the University's departments as well as all the colleges.

But his most valuable contribution was as Chairman of the Estates Bursars' Committee, particularly in the handling of two major issues which, if they had gone wrong, could have done great harm to the relations between the colleges, and between colleges and the University. The first was College Contributions, the implementation of the Franks Commission's proposal for taxing the richer colleges for the benefit of the poorer. The

second was the problem posed by the intervention of the Department of Education and Science in setting the level of college fees, an initiative which, if mishandled, could have called in question the future of Oxford and Cambridge as collegiate universities. By common consent of those who took part in the difficult negotiations that followed, Charles (who was Bursar of the only college in either university which received no college fees) again played a key role in persuading the colleges to take a realistic view of what was possible and then in finding sufficient common ground between them and the Department for a settlement to be reached.

This is by no means a complete account of Charles' activities, but enough has been said to establish the stamp which they all bore. He was a man who shunned the limelight and self-advertisement, preferring to work behind the scenes – to continue the opera house metaphor, which would have pleased him – acting as the intendant or impresario rather than conductor or leading tenor, his name at the bottom rather than the top of the list of credits. If this was natural to a man who was shy, it also showed a shrewd appreciation of the fact that in this University and its colleges, indeed in this country, more is achieved by influence than by the open exercise of power.

In the City, in dealings with bankers and businessmen, or with civil servants, Charles impressed by his professionalism, his mastery of detail, his patience in negotiation combined with recognition of the need for decisions, his grasp of reality in their terms. This was a great asset both to his college and to the University. But when he came home – and home for Charles was always Oxford – he knew that in a university of amateurs (as far as administration was concerned) professionalism, by itself, could be suspect.

Why was it that in Charles' case, it was not only acceptable, but indeed welcomed? I believe it was for two reasons. The first was his honesty. In speaking for and against a course of action in a committee, he carried conviction because he was frank, did not dress up his arguments or conceal difficulties but relied on the strength of his case without resorting to special pleading. When Charles Wenden said that these were the facts, committees believed him. But there was something else beside his obvious integrity. In the past twenty years academics have learned to be suspicious of administrative skills when these have appeared to be employed by government with a disregard – at times almost a contemptuous disregard – for the nature of the university enterprise. In contrast, Charles Wenden succeeded in win-

ning the confidence of academics because he never wavered in his belief that, however difficult and unimpressive they might on occasion show themselves, especially on committees, the activities in which they were engaged – teaching, scholarship, debate, research – are of central importance in sustaining the values of civilised society. It was because they sensed his sympathy with what they were trying to do – and whenever he could, was never happier than to take part in it himself – that his colleagues were prepared to listen to and trust him.

In public Charles' manner was taciturn, relieved by a wit which had always a touch of asperity. It was not easy to get behind his reserve, in some moods impossible even for his friends. But those who came to know him in private soon discovered a very different personality from that he presented in public, a Romantic by temperament, warm-hearted, with strong loyalties to people and institutions, and great practical kindness, characteristics which won him much affection as well as trust.

I had not fully understood the importance of the affective side of Charles' character until I sat beside him at a performance of Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde* and realised the intensity of his response to great music and a great performance. After that I needed no further explanation of where he got the imaginative touch which he brought to administration and the satisfaction he felt in mounting a big occasion.

His love of poetry pointed in the same direction. Who that was present will ever forget the favourite poem of his by John Donne which his wife Eileen chose for the reading at his funeral – *A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning*

Our two souls therefore, which are one
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must
Like th'other foot, obliquely run;
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end, where I begun.

It was this combination of passion and reserve, of sensitivity and self-discipline which created an original and highly attractive character.

When he retired as Bursar of All Souls two years ago, Charles still retained his Fellowship and with unabated energy turned his attention to the history of the College. The first fruits were the sparkling piece in which it gave him particular pleasure to demolish the myth connecting All Souls with Appeasement – by the use of the College's kitchen books.

The last time I saw him he was brimming over with enthusiasm for this new career in historical research which he saw opening up in his retirement. Sadly for him – tragically for his wife and daughters – this was denied to him.

Yet looked at as a whole his life was singularly free of frustration. Secure in a happy marriage and family life, he had been able to make the most of his talents in half a dozen different directions. He was as much at home in an officers' mess or athletes' changing room, as in a student union or the All Souls common room; as much at ease with bankers or tenant farmers as with film directors and opera stars, or talking to trade unionists in an adult education class. He knew his own value and did not suffer fools or slipshod work in silence; but he knew his limitations too – indeed exaggerated these – and was humble when he met the real thing, creativity, originality, mastery, whether in an artist, a scholar, a scientist, a singer or a runner. His own special gift was that of a facilitator, a man who could make things happen, and loved to do so when it promoted the excellence which he so much admired.

In our pre-occupation with daily business, it is hard to find time to reflect on the character of this institution, the University to which we belong, and how it has been maintained through the changes of 800 years without ever losing the thread of continuity – from the end of the twelfth to the end of the twentieth century.

Many have contributed to bring this about. Among them are great names, whose intellectual distinction or munificence have given Oxford its reputation. But the hard work on the ground has been done by that small group of able men – and now of able women too – renewed in each generation whom Oxford has been able to attract to it, and who in return have devoted themselves to the task of adapting it to the constant need for change. It is they who have made the University what it is, even though it is often by chance that they are remembered, when a name or achievement has been preserved by some act of commemoration.

Alan Bullock

I believe that nothing would have contented Charles Wenden more than to know that his contemporaries numbered him among that select company, as one of those who have made their distinctive contribution in our generation to the Oxford he loved. Let us, his friends, make sure that in his case both his name and his achievement are remembered.

Alan Bullock

BIMAL KRISHNA MATILAL

1 June 1935–8 June 1991

Delivered by Professors Amartya Sen, Michael Dummett
and Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak on Saturday, 6 June 1992
in the Old Library

In Bimal Matilal's death the world lost an academic of exceptional scholarship and originality. His family members lost a devoted husband and a loving and caring father. Many of us lost a remarkably warm and admirable friend. And this College and Oxford University lost a thoroughly distinguished Spalding Professor with great achievements, who at the time of his untimely death was continuing to be deeply creative.

As a person, Bimal Matilal was remarkably sympathetic, helpful, kind and courteous. I noticed these characteristics, along with his radiant intellectual brilliance, when I first met him in the early 1950s in Calcutta. Over the decades of my friendship with him, I found these features utterly undiminished by Bimal's remarkable success. It was not surprising that he was so much liked by all who came in touch with him, nor that he was adored by his students. The shyness of his manners tended to hide both his astonishing scholarship and the ambitiousness of his intellectual programmes. Not the least of Bimal Matilal's exceptional qualities was the absence of the resounding assertiveness that seems to go so often with academic success (and which does not make the world of academics an invariably pleasant place).

Bimal Matilal was born on 1 June 1935, in Joynagar, near Calcutta, in a family that had a long tradition of Sanskrit scholarship. He excelled both in Sanskrit and in mathematics at school, and went on to work for his BA in Calcutta University combining the two. The family he came from, while intellectually distinguished, was not economically prosperous. The scholarship he had was quite modest in financial terms, and he supplemented that by coaching school children from richer families.

After doing his BA at Calcutta University in Sanskrit and Indian philosophy in 1956, Matilal lectured at the Sanskrit College in Calcutta, and

then moved on to Harvard University, where he completed his PhD in 1965, working with Daniel Ingalls. From there he moved to Toronto University where he taught (except for a brief interlude at the University of Pennsylvania) until he was elected in 1976 to the Spalding Professorship at Oxford and to a Fellowship of this College.

Matilal was the founder-editor of the *Journal of Indian Philosophy*, and devoted enormous efforts to running this scholarly publication from its inception in 1970 to his death last year. Among his eleven published books (he had several others in the pipeline when he was struck down by cancer), his first two monographs, *The Navya-nyaya Doctrine of Negation* (1968) and *Epistemology, Language and Grammar in Indian Philosophical Analysis* (1971), along with a number of powerful and memorable articles, thoroughly established him as a heavy-weight scholar in Indian studies. Later in his life, Matilal would introduce major departures in the tradition of Indian intellectual studies, and I will presently try to comment on the significance of these contributions. But I should emphasise that Bimal Matilal's innovative and unconventional leadership was acceptable and influential partly because of his established excellence – established very early in his academic life – in more traditional and orthodox fields in Indic and Sanskritic studies. His formidable classical scholarship in the traditional mould was of great use in his later, less conventional work (all his works – late as well as early – shared intellectual exactness of a kind that clearly had classical roots), but in addition, his standing and reputation as a classical Sanskrit scholar also helped his newer and more experimental work to get the attention that they might not have otherwise got from the profession.

As the Spalding Professor here, Bimal Matilal was a successor to another well-known Indian intellectual, Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, who had gone on to become the President of India. It is interesting to contrast Matilal's works with those of Radhakrishnan. Whereas Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan examined and expounded classical Indian philosophy – including Hindu and Buddhist religious ideas – in ways that brought out sharp differences with Western philosophy, Bimal Matilal was engaged in a programme of re-examining the conceptual foundations of three thousand years of Indian *analytical* philosophy in the light of modern philosophy in the contemporary West.

Matilal differed radically from the tradition of studying classical Indian philosophy as a subject on its own, insulated from the concerns of modern philosophy. He saw this tradition as the intellectual wing of the popular ste-

reotyping that had become very common in characterising 'Eastern' civilizations, especially the nature of the Indian culture.

The idea of this contrast goes back to the nineteenth century, but it has acquired additional force in recent decades. A view of Indian tradition and culture seen as deeply and unreconcilably different from the traditions of the 'rationalist' West has taken deep roots. It is, I think, fed by the congruence of several thoroughly *diverse* influences. First, there is, of course, the old vision of a dichotomy between the East and the West – 'the twain' that shall not meet, of which Kipling spoke so elegantly. (Incidentally, for Kipling 'the East' was not vastly more extensive than the Indo-Gangetic plane.) Second, in more recent years the thesis of a deep dichotomy has been firmly fed by modern Western discontents with its 'materialist' culture and the hope for a more 'soulful' alternative in the Indian traditions. Third, there is also the persistent, if not growing, scepticism towards modern 'rationalist' methods in the West and the desire for a 'different' view of life coming from 'elsewhere'. Fourth, at the other end, with growing nationalism in the ex-colonial countries, there is also some attraction in the thesis that 'we' are fundamentally different in thought and ideas from 'they' in the West.

The combined influences of these very diverse intellectual undercurrents is that the prevailing conceptions of India are frequently based on a deeply biased focus on some specific aspects of the Indian civilization, ignoring other major ones, such as extensive analytical, pragmatic and scientific traditions as well as the vast secular literature and philosophy. The stereotyping is so common now that it is hard to make even the elementary point that 'rationalist' thoughts are not specifically 'Western' (no matter what the merits or demerits of such thoughts might be).

Bimal Matilal's dissatisfaction with the traditional interpretation of Indian thought and philosophy, of which Radhakrishnan was a great exponent, can be more fully understood only by seeing it in the general context of this deeply misleading interpretation of India in popular imagination and understanding. Bimal and I had talked about this several times in the middle and late 1980s. While Bimal was not a frequent writer of popular articles, I did find something of a public educator in the way he saw the relevance of his own writings. As it happens, that educational role fitted in well with Bimal's programme of uncompromisingly serious scholarly work on Indian epistemology, ethics and logic.

The connections between modern philosophy and Graeco-Roman and Judaico-Christian thoughts have been much investigated, but the linkages

with ancient Indian thinking have not received much attention. Matilal was interested in pursuing these connections for, I believe, two different reasons. First, they can help us to achieve a better understanding of the nature of the debates in these early Indian documents. Second, Matilal was also convinced – I believe rightly – that some of the ideas and arguments well investigated in the Indian philosophical literature also have something to contribute to contemporary philosophical understanding.

Matilal was a modern philosopher viewing classical Indian philosophy in the light of contemporary inquiries, and also the latter in the light of the former. In his pioneering book *Perceptions: An Essay on Classical Indian Theories of Knowledge* (1986), it is the first objective that is more directly pursued. When Matilal critically scrutinises the main lines of arguments and counter-arguments in ‘the dispute that lasted a little over twelve centuries between the Nyaya and the Buddhist [schools] over the nature of perception, the critique and criteria of knowledge, and the status of the external world’, he draws most efficiently from modern philosophy for a better understanding of different Indian schools of thought. He examines historical Indian debates in the light of understanding of the epistemological and metaphysical issues that modern philosophical contributions have made possible. This leads to a changed emphasis, a richer interpretation, and sometimes an altogether different view of what these Indian scholars were arguing about.

But behind this first objective, one can also find the presence of the second. Through these critical scrutinies of historical Indian thought, Matilal also seeks better understanding of general philosophical issues of commanding interest on their own, quite aside from the light that his examination throws on who, what and why of classical Indian philosophy. For example, when Bimal discusses the role of *prior conceptions* in the nature of truth (a role that is of continuing interest in modern epistemology), he goes through the diverse analyses to be found on this issue among Indian philosophers in the first millennium. There are some supplementary concerns – for example the part that prior conceptions play in illusions, e.g., mistaking a rope for a snake – a mistake that is based on the knowledge (*real* knowledge) of the snake concept. The second objective would have needed more pursuit, and it was certainly part of Bimal Matilal’s plans to do just that.

Bimal did see the exercise of intellectual ‘connecting’ as a two-way process. The work in progress that he left behind at the time of his death indic-

ates that this was a major intellectual programme in which he felt deeply engaged. He will now not be able to complete this remarkably challenging investigation himself. But he had, by the time of his death, already done enough groundwork for that programme to establish its viability. Continued work in the creative tradition of Bimal Matilal would be, perhaps, the most fitting tribute to that astonishing person whom we were so privileged to know.

Amartya Sen

Bimal Krishna Matilal was the third occupant of the Spalding Chair of Eastern Religions and Ethics; and his approach to his subject was as different from those of his two predecessors as theirs were from each other. It is of course in the nature of this very large and diverse subject to allow of such varied approaches; we must be grateful to those first three holders of the post that they did not follow one another to produce something which could come to be considered the Oxford approach to it, but demonstrated in their own work the variety of ways in which it could be studied. None of the three completed a full tenure of the Chair. As Professor Sen has said, the first occupant of the Chair left it to become, first Vice President, then President, of India; but the other two were both taken by death in mid-career. The second was struck down suddenly – unexpectedly, except possibly by himself and his doctor; but Bimal Matilal suffered, with great courage, a very prolonged illness, which finally took him away before he had done all that he intended.

As you have heard, he did his original university work at Calcutta, took his doctorate at Harvard, went to Toronto through the standard course of promotion, and came to Oxford as Spalding Professor in 1976. From long before that, his preoccupation had been with the nature of Indian philosophy. That is entirely appropriate for a Professor of Eastern Religions, because the Indian religions at any rate – Hinduism, Buddhism, Jainism – are, in their essence as religions, closer to philosophy than the Western religions, which I take to be Judaism and its successors, Christianity and Islam. If you look at the Old Testament, the New Testament and the Koran, you find in them very little, if anything, that could be called philosophical writing or in a philosophical style. In the cultures in which those were the prevailing religions, much philosophising has been carried out, some of it inspired by, some of it in the service of, some of it in reaction against, the

dominant religion, but always moulded to some extent by the religious tradition. But the philosophy is not, as it were, implanted in the heart of the religion, whereas in the Indian scriptures there is much that is of a philosophical character or touches very directly upon a philosophical style of thought. So the question, 'What is Indian philosophy, and how should it be evaluated?', is of crucial concern to anyone involved in studying Indian religion.

Anyone who asks that question, and especially an Indian who asks that question, has to confront a fact that still dominates the situation of Asian countries, where, now, 'Asian' includes the Islamic world: the effect, namely, of European cultural imperialism, what the philosopher Edmund Husserl called 'the Europeanisation of the earth'. This fact is very familiar to us, one we take for granted: but I will cite two small things that bring it home quite vividly. Think of the clear application to people living in Asian countries of the term 'Westernised' (Africa faces a different, perhaps more difficult, problem). Some people are Westernised, some are not Westernised; some are more Westernised, some are less Westernised. And now think how much you need to imagine for there to be an equally good sense in which one could talk about people living in Western countries as more or less Easternised. Again, think how we react to musicians from China or Japan who are highly proficient, perhaps superb, performers of Western classical music. We regard them without surprise, as a natural thing; but we should tend to view as eccentric a European who gave his life to Chinese or Japanese or Indian classical music, and displayed similar proficiency in performing it.

That, then, is a massive fact, which anybody has to face who is studying some aspect of traditional culture in any of those countries. And it applies to Indian philosophy as much as to any other aspect of culture in any other country. Not all empires have been cultural imperialists as well as political and military imperialists. Perhaps the Persian empire, at least under Cyrus, was not; and the Romans, as we know, sat at the feet of the Greeks. They adopted their literary and artistic forms; they even purloined their gods and their mythology – the Greeks whom they had conquered and whom they ruled. But European imperialism, from 1492 onwards, has been ruthlessly, relentlessly, culturally imperialist.

Even without imperialism, the increasing contacts and communication between different parts of the world would have brought about an impact of different cultures on one another, as indeed Eastern cultures have, in

different ways and at different times, impinged upon Western civilization. But the massive impact of Western culture upon the East has been all the more crushing because political hegemony accompanied the cultural imperialism. The effect of this has long outlasted the political and military hegemony. As a result, indigenous traditions have been, not killed, but blanketed; and philosophy is a clear example. Doubtless this effect is irreversible in mathematics and the natural sciences, because of the nature of their development; and, because of their comparative aloofness from the general culture, it is perhaps not particularly lamentable in their case. But in all other aspects, including philosophy, it creates a problem. By 'blanketing' I mean that the tradition did not die: it was, and still is, preserved. The pandits kept alive a continuous tradition of studying the Sanskrit texts and a tradition of interpreting them, and passed on this tradition to those whom they instructed. Bimal Matilal himself sat at the feet of at least two of those pandits. But the philosophical tradition was just being *preserved*. It was being handed down, without alteration, but not being added to; the creativity had gone. For the intellectual elite did not participate in the process; they had studied philosophy at the universities, but philosophy written in Greek, or English, or German, or Latin, or French, but not in Sanskrit. The philosophical formation, like the whole intellectual formation, was as it was because under the British Raj an alien educational system had been imposed, and, with it, an alien intellectual tradition and orientation.

That is not to say Indian philosophy was not studied in the West. It was, indeed, by Orientalists, from the immortal Sir William Jones onwards, and particularly by German scholars. That is a tradition to be respected, and one that Bimal Matilal did respect. But it was part of Oriental studies: it was not part of philosophical studies. The Indian philosophical texts, like the scriptures, like the dramas, were studied by literary historians, by philologists, at best by students of comparative religion, but not by philosophers (Schopenhauer excepted). The history of philosophy can be properly studied only by philosophers. A philosopher does not ask, concerning a text, only 'What does it mean?', let alone only, 'What influences went into its formation?'. He asks questions like, 'Are the distinctions made correct distinctions?', 'Are there other distinctions which should have been made but have been blurred?', 'Are the arguments compelling?', and, ultimately, 'Are the conclusions true?'. The last is a question which, from a historian's point of view, or that of a philologist or literary critic, it is very naïve to ask. Two

or three years ago I was saying something along these lines, about mediaeval philosophy, to a young historian in this university; and she looked at me with wide eyes and said, 'You don't believe in absolute truth, do you?'. But a philosopher has to ask, 'Is it true?'; and those who wrote the works of which he asks it were concerned precisely to arrive at the truth, or at a true understanding.

The evaluation of Indian philosophy that emerged from the study of it by specialists in Indology was described by Professor Sen in his talk. A contrast was drawn between how philosophy was done in India and how it was done in the West. In India it was intuitive, mystical, synthetic; in the West rational, rigorous, analytic. Many members of the general intellectual public acquired the idea that all there was to Indian philosophy was the high metaphysics. Professor Sen spoke of this contrast as being drawn in a romantic spirit of admiration for the non-rational, intuitive Indian approach. But it was often drawn in the opposite spirit, to the detriment of Indian philosophy: Western philosophy showed itself much the superior, because truth can be attained only by rigorous, rational intellectual analysis, as practised in the Western, but not the Indian, tradition. This contrast was accepted by many Indian intellectuals, including professional philosophers who had not studied the indigenous tradition very closely. They of course interpreted it to the advantage of Indian philosophy. Western philosophy is desiccated, they thought; it cuts things up fine and destroys the life in them; it ignores other methods of perceiving the truth, intuitive methods exploited in the Indian tradition.

Bimal Matilal set his face against these views. He believed that the contrast embodied a total misunderstanding of the history and character of Indian philosophy. He set himself to remove this misconception of the nature of Indian philosophy, in two ways. First, to emphasise that by no means all Indian philosophy was the high metaphysics: just as in Western philosophy, there was a great deal of the more down-to-earth parts of the subject – logic, grammar (not clearly demarcated from philosophy in this tradition), the theory of knowledge, philosophy of mind, problems of personal identity. Secondly, this was pursued with quite as much analytic application of purely rational methods as in Western philosophy. Naturally, there were different formulations and different ways of arguing the questions; but the rational/intuitive contrast was, for him, simply a mistake. Indeed, as he announced in his inaugural lecture, even in the high metaphysics there was much analytical rigour.

Bimal Matilal worked almost obsessively at this mission. It was not a mission to explain Indian philosophy to the West, because the explanation was as much addressed to colleagues in India, who were themselves in part victims of the misinterpretation he attacked, as to Western philosophers who had known virtually nothing about the subject. He worked untiringly at completing this mission, so much so that in the last year of his painful illness, almost to the moment of his death, he continued to work as hard as he could, with the sense of having to accomplish as much as possible in the time left to him. I hope he did not die with a sense of a mission unfulfilled. If he had been spared, he would have done a great deal more, very interesting and illuminating, work. He had nevertheless accomplished the main mission he had set himself. He had succeeded in establishing beyond any shadow of doubt the principal thesis that he wanted to maintain about the nature of Indian philosophy. That achievement was very nearly single-handed, and we must remember it with very great gratitude. He showed, not only something about Indian philosophy, but that it was possible to speak from that base in a manner intelligible to contemporary analytic philosophers, and to discuss philosophical problems with them from the two respective bases, because the problems were in common, and the methodology was essentially the same, too. He proved that, and our conception of Indian philosophy – the Indian conception of Indian philosophy, also – will never be quite the same again.

No doubt he wanted, as Professor Sen indicated, to achieve something more than that; not only to demonstrate that communication was possible between the two traditions, not only to establish the character of Indian philosophy, but to bring it into the syllabus, as it were, that is, to induce Western philosophers to study it, no doubt in translation, as they study Aristotle, Kant, Descartes or Leibniz. If so, I doubt whether one man *could* have accomplished that. In this University, we ignore large swathes of our own philosophical tradition. The Philosophy Sub-Faculty keeps complaining that we have no one save the overworked Dr Kenny to teach mediaeval philosophy. They recognise that it is worth studying, that mediaeval philosophers made serious contributions, that there ought to be someone who knows about it and can teach it: but do they themselves read the medieval philosophers? They do not. They would do so only if work of high quality was presented to them that rested on mediaeval philosophy, which they would need to read in order to understand it; and the same is true of any other philosophical writings not at present studied. We ought, therefore,

not to regret that Bimal Matilal only took some first essential steps towards the distant goal of bringing, say, Udayana or Dharmakīrti into the syllabus in this sense; and I trust that he did not die under the illusion that, had he lived, he would have reached that goal.

So, while we are all deeply sad that he was taken from us when he was, we should celebrate his great achievement while he was here as Professor, and be grateful for the immense contribution he made to our understanding of Indian thought and how it underlies Indian religious sensibility as well.

Michael Dummett

Our paths must have crossed many times, in the mid-'50s, in the few square miles covering Sanskrit College, Presidency College, and the University of Calcutta. Yet Bimal Matilal and I did not meet until the Fall of 1985, in Paris, at the Collège International de Philosophie. I am not a philosopher and he was, in every way. Yet between us, in all that crowd, an immediate resonance, unheard by others, rang out: *they* thought 'Indian' philosophy was a cultural artifact; *we* thought it was an instrument for philosophising. It was the beginning of the most profound friendship, ranging from the utterly frivolous to the greatest intellectual seriousness.

Real learning brings simplicity and nobility of spirit, we are told. I hadn't thought to see it from up so close. I must pay tribute to the generosity of Karabi Matilal's affection, that she made space for our consuming friendship. I met many men of learning, young and old, at 13 Salisbury Crescent. I witnessed many disputations. Bimal's spirit shone out because he never paraded scholarship. He listened to learn, not to refute and silence. He was the least threatened man I have met.

Unthreatened by feminism. That word is soiled now, but I don't know what other to use. I have grown accustomed to the coy championing and uncomprehending benevolence that is routinely trotted out as proof of scholarly male feminism. Bimal hadn't a trace of that. The lovely essays on Gandhari, Draupadi, Sita – the women of the epics – were not polemical exercises. They were strong unprejudiced readings of the texts of epic and history. He was interested in what would happen if a serious feminist read the same texts that he read, himself interpreting tradition in ways radically different from accepted ones. And therefore in August 1988, he invited me to join him in reading bits of the *Mahabharata* and selections from the

Indic tradition of rational critique. I am not capable of unselfish and impersonal grief. Over the last year, I have felt bewildered and bereft that that heady exchange should hardly have begun before it was lost.

I was also amazed that Bimal had no nervousness about deconstruction at all. No uneasy jokes, no hysteria, no xenophobia, no trivialisation, and yet, no unexamined enthusiasm. He wanted, again, to see what would happen, if that critique of Western metaphysics, that confidence in rhetoric, were yoked to his; a philosophical curiosity. I wanted to convince him, and in the process discovered resources within myself that I didn't know existed. He always attended with care and respect. The resulting work is an unfinished dialogue, in press with his final instructions.

We were peaceful and bantering in our intellectual differences. There was asperity in his tone only once, when I commented on the relationship of our work to Hindu fundamentalism. He told me he was writing *sub specie aeternitatis*: I was only a modernist. I was so moved by his firm rebuke, that I told him I would let it stand unchanged in the text. My greatest joy was when he complimented me on an unexpected reading of a bit of Sanskrit text. It was the unpatronising encouragement and recognition that can be given by a scholar at ease with his own skill in the craft of learning.

Whenever I was irritated by the easy anthropologism of Europeanists on the occasion of India, I would lift the phone; Bimal would give me chapter and verse, and I'd go foraging. How is such debt to be acknowledged? It was the beginning of an idiosyncratic apprenticeship. Two months ago, rattled by two French intellectuals' fantasies about the social function of the *ucchistha*, I wanted to be put on the track of where a practising Hindu would find scriptural sanction for *ucchistha*-regulations today. I made a few inquiries. No-one cared to understand why I wanted what I was looking for. I mourned my teacher and my friend, again.

With anger and chagrin I have heard his work described as 'a minority subject' in Britain. What is this spurious law of the many in the field of learning? I thought he was wrestling with a major problem of human society today: the failure of systematic moral philosophy to be much more than an intellectual exercise for those who find coherence agreeable for its own sake. Of course I knew, as we all know, what is meant by 'minority subject'. Yet on an occasion such as this I want to rage against a common-sense acceptance of 'the way things are'. To see in traditional narrative the instantiation of ethical problems can have major social consequences in a time when secularism is an unpersuasive position for the majority of the world's

population. All the more so if that approach is grounded in the absence of religious belief. I should not have been able to resonate with him if we had not shared that paradoxical common ground: absence of religious belief combined with the conviction of the usefulness of the rhetoric of traditional narrative and its rational critique. (I have since been told by those close to him that there was belief in him, especially at the end.)

Toward the end work and life came together for him in an uncanny clarity. As the task of life imperceptibly changed to the burden of living his own death, I began to see, with an awe beyond fear, how a philosopher dies. Less than a month before his death, in the John Radcliffe Hospital, breath dwindling in his chest, he gave me his reading of the death of Duryodhana, the valiant and honourable bad King of the epic. There was no doubt in either of our minds of whose human courage and defiance we spoke. Old-fashioned students of English Literature from the colonies would think of Shelley's *Lucifer*. But I was put in mind of another peculiar thing Bimal and I shared, which few people suspected. We had both gone through the extraordinary American '60s after the unsettling euphoria of post-Independence Calcutta. It was the voice of that innocent, impractical, idealist decade that I heard as Bimal Krishna Matilal annotated the defiance of the warrior dishonourably brought down in his prime, in the field of a battle he was programmed to lose.

Who doesn't know that a man in a terminal disease steps over an invisible border into another country? Yet Bimal required truth, across that frontier. The last conversation face-to-face: How much stronger than this will the final pain be? Dying, he gave me the gift of courage. I found myself able to say, with resources that I had not suspected the existence of: Unbelievers like us do not prepare. Let it surprise you. You know you'll lose, that one. And then the conversation on the telephone, a week before his death: 'My dear, I cannot seem to bear the pain any more.' Once again, the truth was wrenched out. 'But you knew ...' I began and could not finish the sentence. I never spoke to my friend again. When I got to a telephone in Singapore on 18 June, he was dead ten days. Karabi told me the time of his death and I worked it out. I had just got down from the night coach and was walking alone to the Health Centre in Nayarhat, under breaking dawn.

Some burn damp faggots, others may consume
The entire combustible world in one small room
As though dried straw ...
I had thought ... to have brought to mind
Some appropriate commentary ...
(But) ...
The thought of that late death took all my heart for speech.

Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak

KARL LEYSER

24 October 1920–27 May 1992

Delivered by Dr G.L. Harriss and Professor Arnold Angenendt
on Friday, 10 July 1992 in Magdalen College Chapel

Most of us attain self-awareness through the society into which we are born and reared. It was otherwise with Karl. Nazi persecution sought to deprive him of his German identity and inheritance. His refuge in England as a schoolboy in 1937 broke contact with his family, requiring him to absorb the language and traditions of an alien society and one soon committed to the destruction of his native land. His decision to enlist and fight at the earliest opportunity was typically clear-sighted and courageous. Nor did he allow his personal emotions and predicament to affect his professionalism: one who saw him at the moment when his unit of the Black Watch stood poised to cross the Rhine found him 'the perfect staff officer, calm, observant, matter-of-fact, ready'. Yet the twin problems of coming to terms with the corruption suffered by his own nation, and of finding an identity, social and personal, within the nation he now formally adopted, set the agenda for the next phase of his life.

To find his place in English society was the more immediate and urgent task. In later life Karl would ruefully refer to the decade following his election to a tutorial fellowship here, in 1948, as his 'misspent years', meaning by that the many hours he spent in undergraduate company as Dean. His status and military reputation, his generous hospitality, his rich, vivacious and distinctively continental talk, won him a wide circle in and outside the College. Successive years of undergraduates found his discourse and personality an enlarging experience. But underlying this sociability was Karl's great need and gift for friendship. On the one hand his deep friendship with Bruce McFarlane, to whom he turned for reassurance at times of gloom and worry; on the other, friendship of the same quality – loyal, protective, compassionate – that he offered to his pupils and others, as many of them have eloquently recalled. Moreover, much as he enjoyed society, Karl's intellectual integrity was deeply engaged in his tutorial work. He taught

over a vast range and for long hours. Though appreciative, and critical of his pupils' work, he was not a systematic teacher, and would readily digress into themes remote from the essay. He had a remarkable capacity for evoking personalities and situations with compelling immediacy; and he could use a particular incident to illuminate the mental world or social norm of an age; thereby conveying more about history and the historian's craft than any formal instruction. When he spoke in his inaugural lecture of 'the timeless dialogue with his sources in which, without mystification, the historian can and must join', he caught the very essence of his own teaching and lecturing.

That qualification, 'without mystification', needs underlining. As his work began to focus on the crisis of German kingship in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, it was upon the tension between the concept of sacral kingship and the realities of feuds over land and inheritance that he fastened. His Raleigh Lecture thus located the crisis of Medieval Germany in the bitter war between the Salian kings and the Saxon nobility over the right to royal lands granted as rewards for loyalty, a war which fatally weakened the monarchy's material and sacral basis.

Gradually it was the whole character of Saxon aristocratic society in the tenth century that came to absorb him, as mirrored in its historians: Widukind, Liutprand of Cremona, Thietmar of Merseburg. In his inaugural lecture on *The Ascent of Latin Europe* he pointed not merely to its escape from material deprivation, but to its achievement of self-awareness, a sense of its historical dimension, and of the ability to shape its destiny. He saw this as 'the work of ... its historians, the intelligence officers of its aims and directions'. In this sense, he asserted, 'Thietmar of Merseberg is as important as Rousseau – or at least he should be'. Karl steeped himself in their writings so that he could not only detect their nuances of emphasis but interpret their very silences and omissions. More than that, he identified with their hierarchically ordered society, with its insistent military demands, its rituals of behaviour and response, and its complementary roles of the sacred and secular. In it he saw 'a moment of balance and relative calm and cultural cohesion', before it was torn apart by the ideological strife of the Investiture Contest.

These words were written when his own life had achieved a cohesion and fulfilment through marriage and family responsibilities which irradiated the latter half of his life. With characteristic generosity the close, joyous family life at Islip was shared with his pupils, who were regularly invited

out; one group even punted there. Conversely, Karl retained close connections with college life. Both at Magdalen and at All Souls he never avoidably missed a college meeting, a feast, or a gaudy, and to both his colleges he brought a constant flow of guests and readily welcomed those of other fellows. His gift for anecdote, his enjoyment of gossip, above all his ubiquitous culture, literary and musical, were widely relished. At college meetings, his colleagues might find themselves nonplussed by an intervention embodying a lengthy quotation in Latin; and when he came to record his period as Vice-President here [Magdalen] he did so in the form of a Latin chronicle, beginning: 'faciam sicut ex historiis, cronicis et annalibus didici.'

The publication in 1979 of *Rule and Conflict in Early Medieval Society*, and an increasing spate of articles of outstanding quality, won him recognition here and abroad. His election to the Chichele Chair was a proud but onerous event in his life, for he took his responsibilities to medieval history, and especially to the furtherance of research in it, with great seriousness. His vivid and forceful lectures, long acclaimed in Oxford, were now in demand overseas. He had long been reluctant to return to German soil, but now gladly received and greatly appreciated the recognition conferred by his election to many German academies and as Distinguished Visiting Professor at Berkeley.

When, last April, he was 'ambushed by a stroke' – the characteristic phrase is his, written of Bruce McFarlane – his work was in full flood, and our loss of what he meant to write must be accounted immense. But he had achieved a happiness, security, and fulfilment which might have seemed beyond his grasp fifty years before. Almost certainly he saw himself indebted for that to his college, to his friends, and above all to his family. In fact, it is we who stand in debt to him, for his kindness and gentleness, for his generosity of mind and spirit, for enriching us with his gifts of historical insight, and embodying that quality of 'authenticity' which he noted in his account of St Hugh of Lincoln. He leaves a warm and vivid image which time will not readily efface.

G.L. Harriss

It was forty-seven years ago that Karl Leyser and I first met (although neither of us was aware of it at the time). In March 1945 the Black Watch held a parade just behind my parents' house. Many years later we suddenly became aware of this meeting. We looked at each other, troubled and

deeply moved. For had I been but a few years older in 1945 I might have had to shoot at him just as he might have had to shoot at me.

Three years ago, during a history conference in Bochum, we both went to visit my native town, which Karl Leyser's regiment had taken so many years ago. We walked along the same road by which he and his regiment had entered the town. We tried to identify the building where Karl lost two of his best friends and nearly lost his own life, too. It may have been my school.

A year ago Karl Leyser took a group of my students on a guided tour round the colleges here – it was for all of us the most memorable part of our England trip. At the end a student said 'how much must a human being be capable of forgiveness, to be like Karl Leyser'.

Indeed, he had to leave his birthplace Düsseldorf at the age of sixteen and in 1945 he fought to liberate Germany, the country of his birth, and risked his life in doing so. Yet he never showed a trace of bitterness. He had many contacts in Germany, lectured there frequently and was a member of many learned societies. He was a highly esteemed colleague, and a friend whose visits we always greatly looked forward to. In the name of many, especially my colleagues in Münster, I would like to express the esteem in which we all held him and to thank him with all my heart.

We join together in an act of worship. The oldest way for Christians to pray for the dead was to thank God, to thank Him for the goodness and love they gave us. Our gratitude for the life of Karl Leyser is almost impossible to put into words. He was a man who fought for peace and reconciliation with courage and principle. He was a man of whom it could truly be said: 'Blessed are the peacemakers'. Karl Leyser was a man of peace and we may believe that now he has found the Peace of God.

Arnold Angenendt

(RICHARD) MARTIN HARRISON

16 May 1935–9 September 1992

Delivered by Professor Cyril Mango on Saturday, 30 January 1993

When I joined the staff of this University twenty years ago, one of the first communications I received was from the obituarist – I believe of the *London Times* – requesting me to name two persons who might be willing to write my own obituary. At the time that request struck me as being a little premature. Reflecting, however, that the ways of the Lord were inscrutable, I did suggest two names, one of them being that of Martin Harrison. It is unjust that things should have turned out the other way round.

I chose Martin because he was a friend who was well acquainted with my work and who, being younger than myself, was likely to survive me. But I also chose him for another reason, namely that I knew him to be completely free of malice. Now malice is a peculiarly academic vice; most of us have it to some degree and it may be argued that without it academic life would lose much of its distinctive flavour. That may be so; yet malice, even in small doses, is inappropriate at the point of death, a time that calls not so much for praise as for an honest judgment.

Martin, as I said, had no malice in him, but then he was not a typical academic. He found it strange and slightly comical that so many of his colleagues seemed to assume that the world consisted of nothing but books. As a field archaeologist and an explorer he had to be a practical, outdoor man, and as an archaeologist working abroad he needed the skills of diplomacy combined with patience and good humour that are so necessary for dealing both with officialdom and ordinary people. Martin had a natural gift for this sort of thing. He inspired and kept the loyalty of his collaborators, both students and colleagues, who were keen to take part in his expeditions year after year, just as he was genuinely liked by his foreign hosts. In Istanbul, where he excavated for six years, he formed a close friendship with his Turkish collaborator Nezih Firath, who was also a gentle, charming and resourceful man. The two of them made an unlikely pair, Martin being tall

and massive, while Nezih was short and rotund, but in their personalities they were perfectly attuned. Sadly, Nezih, too, died in his fifties only a few months after he had been appointed Director of the Istanbul Archaeological Museum to which he had devoted his whole working life to the great benefit of all visiting scholars.

The excitement of exploration and discovery may be the stuff of archaeology, but it needs to be put at the service of a larger historical vision. While still in his twenties and fresh from Lincoln College, Martin came to know Asia Minor, thanks to a studentship at the British School of Archaeology at Ankara, and soon succumbed to the spell of that immense and baffling country. The exploration of Asia Minor had a long history in which British travellers had taken a notable part – men like Richard Pococke, Colonel Leake, William Hamilton, Charles Fellows, Captain Beaufort. After the gentleman travellers and the classically educated army and navy officers came the professional scholars: William Ramsay, perhaps the greatest of them all, Gertrude Bell, Hogarth, Anderson, Calder and many others. Still, the archaeological riches and riddles of the country were far from being exhausted. The focus of attention had traditionally been either classical or Christian. The classicist went equipped with Strabo, Ptolemy and the Peutinger Table, looking for inscriptions, whereas the Christian followed in the footsteps of St Paul and sought the Seven Churches of the Apocalypse. These two areas of interest did not entirely coincide, and William Ramsay, when delivering his famous lectures on the Church in the Roman Empire at Mansfield College in 1892, felt obliged to explain that his own subject, namely the study of the character and life of the Roman Empire, did not exclude the history of the Church and that Christian writings did not lie beyond the pale of humane letters. I am not sure that the divide has been completely bridged, but I do know that Asia Minor has its own logic, which is not that of the Lit. Hum. syllabus. It is a logic of mountains and valleys, of routes of communication, of climate, of produce and pasturage, where one period merges imperceptibly into the next, where Antiquity does not terminate with the death of the emperor Trajan or even with Constantine, but remains inseparable from Byzantium, and where the biggest break occurs in our own lifetime as traditional ways of life are abandoned. Martin, a Roman archaeologist and a product of the Lit. Hum. school, came to understand this logic very well once he had staked out his own area of research in the mountainous district of Lycia.

I imagine, not having known him then, that those must have been

among the happiest days of his life. Equipped with a tent and a donkey and accompanied by his young wife, he trekked up and down the steep mountains behind Myra, the home town of St Nicholas. He found remains of dense settlement – small towns, villages, monasteries, solidly built and beautifully decorated in the early Byzantine period. He could not help wondering why these settlements were established in such inaccessible places and why they were later abandoned, never to be re-occupied. He spent two seasons in Lycia (1959 and 1960) and returned again in the late '70s and early '80s, making further discoveries and refining his conclusions, which have not yet been published in full.

Between these two Lycian episodes lies the project that will probably be remembered as Martin's greatest achievement, namely the excavation of the church of St Polyeuctus at Constantinople. It was a project that fell into his lap rather than being sought by him, but having taken charge along with Nezih Firath, he conducted it with the greatest enthusiasm and efficiency. This is not the place to describe the significance of St Polyeuctus, except to say that it was the first major excavation to have been conducted at Istanbul with modern stratigraphic methods, that it yielded an enormous number of finds that had to be processed and that it revolutionised our ideas of the development of Byzantine decorative style in the sixth century. As always happens in such cases, the study and interpretation of the results took much longer than the actual fieldwork, and it was only seventeen years later, in 1986, that the first, massive volume of the final publication came out. In the Preface Martin characteristically insisted on stating that the total cost of the fieldwork, which was borne by the Dumbarton Oaks Centre of Harvard University, had amounted to no more than \$96,000, a bargain by any calculation.

While overseeing the incredibly complex process of publication and simultaneously directing the Department of Archaeology of the University of Newcastle, which he had done so much to build up, Martin could not help reflecting on the meaning of the monument he had uncovered. Clearly, it was no ordinary church. Not only was it the biggest domed church of Constantinople prior to the erection of St Sophia, it also exhibited in its exuberant decoration certain bizarre features that set it apart from other monuments of the period. And why did it form a square 100 cubits to the side? Gradually it dawned on him that St Polyeuctus, founded by the incredibly rich princess Anicia Juliana, a descendant of several emperors, was meant to be a replica of the Temple of Jerusalem as described in the book of Ezekiel,

the ideal temple of the Almighty. Having satisfied himself on this point, he began to see further mysterious links in the vessels of the Jewish Temple, which were taken first to Rome by Titus, then to Carthage by the Vandals, then to Constantinople by Justinian before being returned to Jerusalem, where we lose sight of them. These migrations of the holy vessels not only slotted into the story of St Polyeuctus and its foundress but also reflected his own personal odyssey that took him successively to Rome, North Africa and Constantinople.

In 1985 Martin was translated back to Oxford as Professor of the Archaeology of the Roman Empire. It was an imaginative appointment which opened up great possibilities for the field he had made his own, that of pagan and Christian Roman civilization in the eastern Mediterranean. Alas, it was not to be: only a few months later he suffered a severe stroke, thus replicating the fate of his close friend Nezih Firath. Who is to say that the Lord does not move in strange ways? A lesser man, finding himself thus impaired in speech and energy, would have given up the struggle and retired, but Martin was determined to continue his activity. If he could not effectively lecture, he could go on excavating in Turkey with his devoted team. He chose a new site, the fabled city of Amorium of 44 towers and 42 saints over which Byzantines and Arabs had fought for two centuries until the Arabs finally burnt it down. Almost exactly a thousand years after its destruction, Amorium was discovered in 1839 by William Hamilton who remarked: 'seldom have I witnessed a more striking scene of solitude and desolation'. It is still solitary and desolate, windy and dusty and lacking in nearly all comforts, but that did not deter Martin. On the contrary, he seemed to be attracted by this forgotten corner of Phrygia with its sweeping views and memories of pagan cults and Christian heresies. In spite of ill health and the rigours of the site, he was able with such funds as he could raise by his own initiative to conduct six seasons of survey and excavation at Amorium and was looking forward to many more. He saw his project succeeding and was anxious to tell everybody about it. A little over a year ago he turned up at the Congress of Christian Archaeology at Bonn in Germany. He was in pretty poor shape and seemed to subsist on a diet of ice cream and Campari soda. Yet he was perfectly cheerful and managed to get up and speak about Amorium, which was what he had come to do.

Martin had many friends in several countries. He had a happy family life. He was a Christian, though he seldom spoke about it. He was unquestionably a brave man. He enjoyed his work with all its attendant adven-

Cyril Mango

tures. He was unusually helpful to students and younger colleagues. He left behind him a lasting contribution to archaeological knowledge. The best way we can honour him is by endeavouring to ensure that his achievement is built upon.

Cyril Mango

SAMUEL EDWARD FINER

22 September 1915–9 June 1993

Delivered by Sir Patrick Neill, Lord Beloff and
Professor Dennis Kavanagh on Saturday, 7 May 1994 in the Library

When in 1974, this University wisely invited Sammy Finer to return to Oxford from Manchester to occupy the Gladstone Chair of Government and Public Administration, All Souls College acquired a Fellow who was both remarkable and unforgettable. I said 'return to Oxford' because Sammy had been an undergraduate at Trinity and a tutor at Balliol.

Other speakers will I am sure have something to say about Sammy's career as a teacher and writer on political science. What I wish to do is to give a few personal recollections of Sammy Finer as a colleague and Fellow of the College. All who knew him will have indelibly sketched on their minds memories of their own encounters and conversations with Sammy. So I make no apology for the very personal nature of what I have to say.

When I think of Finer, I suppose that the property which that name immediately conjures up is *energy*. Sammy exuded energy. He was like a volcano – a small, peripatetic volcano. Dormant at times, but not for long, liable to erupt unpredictably into explosions of rhetoric, passionate denunciation or laughter. Even on a solemn occasion such as this I cannot think of Sammy Finer without smiling as I recall his outpourings of jokes and anecdotes. I do not mean to suggest that he was frivolous. No adjective could be more inappropriate. He had deeply held convictions and was an implacable enemy of injustice and (its accomplice) pettifogging bureaucracy. But he had heard what Homer calls the unquenchable laughter of the Gods and was determined to introduce some happiness into our drab lives.

I believe that I can best bring before you the Sammy Finer whom I knew by recalling some characteristic episodes of his time here.

Sammy loved good stories. One day I heard him tell the story of two housewives (possibly Mancunian, certainly in the Midlands) standing on the doorsteps of their adjoining terrace houses – wielding brooms and busily applying red polish to their porches and steps. Their heads were tied

up in scarves and they were dressed in bombazine (I owe this sartorial detail to Kate's retentive memory). As they were working, a lion appeared at the far end of the street and walked down the road roaring as he went. (I will not attempt to reproduce Sammy's rendering. I lack the necessary histrionic skills. Suffice it to say that Sammy took pleasure in indicating the proximity of the lion by an increase in the 'roar, roar' noise made by him.) The housewives stopped work, resting their hands on the broom handles and calmly staring at the lion as he walked past and moved on down the road. (This was indicated by a *diminuendo* in the 'roar, roar' sounds.) The punch line of the story was that after the lion had vanished from sight one housewife turned to the other and said: 'You don't see many of them around these days.'

Sammy loved helping people. Nothing was too much trouble. One day he came to my rescue. This is what happened.

I had been deputed to make an after-dinner speech proposing the health of a group of visiting lawyers from various European countries. I had hit upon the idea of introducing into my speech something in the language of each of the countries represented. A proverb or colloquial phrase – almost anything would do. I had been making good progress with my preparation – at least until I came to Holland. There, I am sorry to confess, I found myself lacking in Dutch anecdotes. I took this problem to the Fellows assembled at tea in the Smoking Room. I thought that this multi-faceted society would make light of my difficulty. Unfortunately, two or three of the Fellows responded with 'Can't help you there, I'm afraid.'

Not so, Sammy Finer.

He said: 'I've got just the thing for you.' And he wrote out then and there a Dutch version of 'Baa, Baa, Black Sheep'. I never found out whether he invented it on the spot or had learned it at his mother's knee. In either event the result was spectacular and was appreciated even by the Dutch lawyers.

Sammy's interests were wide-ranging. I remember an academic occasion when we were holding a debate in Hall about the respective merits of the candidates in our Prize Fellowship examination. One candidate had made the mistake of subjecting Coleridge's *Kubla Khan* to a critical theory analysis. Sammy Finer made a brief speech denouncing the philistine nature of the candidate's approach. What was interesting to me was that Sammy revealed his own deep love and understanding of poetry.

When the time came for Sammy Finer to leave the Chair he set himself in retirement the Herculean task of writing *The History of Government from the Earliest Times*. The progress of this work was interrupted by the life-

threatening illness which later beset him. But with Kate's loving support, he survived and gallantly pressed ahead towards completion.

I last saw Sammy Finer a little over a week before he died. My wife and I had invited Sammy and Kate to lunch. Sammy was in excellent spirits and was laying about him with gusto. The topic for discussion became John Major and his Government. You can probably guess the nature of his views without it being necessary for me to reveal them. They were expressed with tremendous energy and passion. In his entire political life he had seen no precedent for what he was then witnessing. I asked him: 'Will they collapse?' 'No,' he replied firmly, 'they'll be pushed.'

That was our last conversation.

When he died it was as if a great lamp had been switched off. The world was poorer and darker.

The College will not forget him. We salute his memory.

Patrick Neill

We are gathered in a great library, and in the presence of his family, to honour the memory of a great scholar and teacher. Although so much of Sammy Finer's teaching career was to take him away from Oxford to Keele and Manchester and, as visiting professor, to the Netherlands, the United States, Israel, Canada and Hong Kong, it was to Oxford that, as the Warden has reminded us, he returned. He was recalled to fill the Gladstone Chair and in his retirement he wrote here, as the Warden has mentioned, his long contemplated work on the history of government throughout the ages: a work which, I am happy to say, the devotion of former colleagues is now bringing towards publication.

Sammy's double first in PPE and History – a rare achievement – had after his war service brought him junior appointments at Balliol; and it was from Balliol that he followed the then Master, Lord Lindsay of Birkbeck, to the new venture at Keele. So it was Oxford at the beginning and Oxford at the end.

But Sammy's approach to his academic discipline was very unlike Lindsay's. He did not see the study of government as the application to the real world of a philosophical position, but as a highly practical grappling with the problems that world threw up, demanding solutions, measured in time and place. What inspired Sammy's curiosity was, in the familiar phrase, 'the endless adventure of governing men'. On the other hand,

unlike the first two Gladstone Professors, he came to the subject through books – not as in their case after long periods at the heart of government itself. Sammy, like his immediate predecessor, had never served the Crown except in uniform. Furthermore, Sammy was not inclined to claim that his knowledge of the subject matter of government should give him a platform from which to address through the press or television either our political masters or the public at large. For him, being a scholar and teacher was enough.

A scholar is one who inquires and, in a subject like government, there is no limit on what may be found worthy of enquiry. In Sammy's case, in his published work, he ranges from the bread and butter concerns of Edwin Chadwick to the ambitions of the *Man on Horseback*; and as I have already indicated, his final engagement went outside the framework of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, which he had dealt with in his published work, to the history of civilisations at large.

What, one may ask, were the origins of his unswerving determination to pursue an academic career? Among Jews, the roles of scholar and teacher have traditionally been honoured above all others. In Sammy's case, the example of his elder brother, whom he much admired, may not only have confirmed his wish to follow this path, but also contributed to his choice of government as his field of study. We should be thankful – and I am sure that many here, his former colleagues, are thankful – that, at a time when the study of politics was little developed in British universities, he did not follow his brother to the lush pastures of North America. And perhaps we owe that to Lindsay.

A scholar lives on through his books; a teacher through his pupils. Those whom Sammy taught or who were junior colleagues were inspired to emulation as well as to gratitude. Here was the model of what a professor should be. I lay what emphasis I can on this claim for, as all of us know, today's academic environment, and still more today's *national* environment, in which his successors have to operate, is not one in which much respect is paid either to scholars or to teachers. We belong to a profession that has been woefully downgraded. Administrators guide your footsteps who can check your adherence to lists of objectives and statements of mission and all the other jargon of third-rate schools of management. How does one reckon the cost-benefit analysis of an original idea? or a good book? Sammy did not need the fear of 'appraisal' or the indignity of 'academic audit' to get on with his work, either as a scholar or a teacher. He belonged, in behaviour and

spirit, to a happier age when dons were people and not units of resource.

I am not speaking of Sammy in personal terms, as the Warden has done, because there are many here who have much greater claims to do so. He was not young enough to have been my pupil, though I did have the pleasure of teaching his wife, the mother of his children. Nor were we ever colleagues. He left Oxford for Keele soon after I returned to Oxford from Manchester and during his time at Manchester I had little contact with him personally. Again, Sammy's return to Oxford was made possible by my departure. What I do remember is a conversation one morning, in the old Midland Hotel in Manchester, now alas homogenised, when Sammy, having learnt of my intention to resign the Gladstone Chair, was eager to discuss his chances of succession. I believe I was encouraging. If so, how right I was.

Other speakers will address this gathering and will speak of Sammy as professor with much greater knowledge and, being political scientists, with greater intellectual understanding. I only got to know him well in his last phase in Oxford when I discovered, much to my own benefit, what splendid companions he and Kate could be; how resistant to adversity and how generous when they comforted others. We are this afternoon not only to have more words but also some music; and in music, as in government, Sammy's tastes were catholic indeed. We look forward to the music; since when it comes to expressing feeling, which is what this gathering is all about, music, as against words, always wins.

Max Beloff

We meet today to remember the life of Samuel Edward Finer, a life that began in the East End of London during the First World War, and ended at All Souls. Sammy would have wanted this to be a happy occasion. He could feel sympathy for those who suffered misfortune, but he shied away from the darker side of life.

My own contact with Sammy dated from 1967 when I was being interviewed for a post at the University of Manchester. He was already past 50 and by then his character had been largely formed. We became colleagues for the next seven years, and spent many good times together later in California and Florence.

His reputation had preceded him, but he still exceeded my expectations. On a grey apologetic summer day in the centre of Manchester, I first encountered those pronounced Finer characteristics. There was the intense

gaze, bright shirt, dazzling tie, enormous finger ring, high pitched voice and rich vocabulary. Even when silent, he commanded attention with his incessant doodling. His face was animated when he spoke but grew visibly bored when others went on. His interventions were invariably pointed, often witty. He was over the top, but serious at the same time.

His many books are well known. He was of course a pioneer. He was one of the first into the study of Early Day Motions in the House of Commons, pressure groups, military intervention in politics, ministerial responsibility, the role of the army in the formation of the modern state, and coiner of the term 'adversary politics' in the mid-1970s. When people would point to more recent work in a field he had worked in, he would resignedly reply 'I have already done it, old cock'. He was also a formidable reviewer and critic, ruthlessly exposing banality and pretentious attempts to erect grand theory, usually by Americans or Europeans. He had a fresh way of looking at the familiar, could spot inter-relationships between apparently diverging topics and possessed an incredible range of knowledge. His big book *Comparative Government* could only have been written by him.

Sammy spoke well and wrote well. In a literature that is disfigured by so much jargon and lifelessness, his pages still sparkle with wit, insight, memorable put-downs, style and what he called 'Finerisms'. To read him was to hear him speak. People found it fun as well as instructive to read or to listen to him. After he had completed a book or an article he was given to claim, 'This will make them sit up', or 'This is a bloody important book'. He was serious about what he did, enjoyed it, felt a sense of mastery of the subject, and wanted to make an impact. The combination was marvellous.

Like the artist he was, he liked to work on a large canvas. He had a facility, given to few of us, of being able to simplify his analysis with diagrams, typologies and charts. In fact he had a strong visual sense; he was also a good painter. He once described the way he worked like this:

I have been *interpreting* a body of factual knowledge; or, if you will, making a *pattern* out of it; or most simply and probably most comprehensibly *making sense* out of it.

When he worked, it was with a manic intensity; he could be obsessive about whatever he happened to be working on. He would be surrounded by cigarette smoke and fortified by whisky (liberally diluted by water, he

would add). You could almost hear the hum of a human machine at work. In an age of growing specialisation he still ranged widely. In an age which demanded relevance he still took seriously the duty of writing and lecturing to promote civic education.

Sammy was a performer. The striking apparel, vocabulary and mannerisms made him an exotic. He was a charismatic dandy. He seemed to be demanding 'pay attention to me'. I can't explain this. He was of course the youngest by far of six children, following three sisters and two brothers, but was not neglected. Near the end of his life he told me that he had had a wonderful childhood and was spoilt by his brothers and sisters. This character came out in his lectures. He was a born communicator and loved the lecture stage. In the middle of one inspiring lecture he digressed and said to over 400 students at Manchester 'Politicians are not as clever or as charismatic as you or me'. Pause. 'Particularly me'.

Sammy was a tremendously hard worker. People thought there was something wrong with somebody so hyperactive. I remember him at a party in June 1970 in Stanford, California. He recalled that when he was three or four his mother had placed him on a table and warned him that he was poor and Jewish and that he would have to work hard all his life. He told us that now he had made it, in a fashion, he should be able to relax but a guilty conscience drove him on. He added, to uproarious laughter, I should be on a yacht somewhere surrounded by lots of lovely gels'. Bemused Americans took me aside and asked what 'gels' were.

Sammy was also a committed man. By that I do not mean that he was politically partisan. He was too individualistic ever to be adequately summarised as a loyalist to a party. I think that he moved in 1956 from Labour to adopting a number of right-wing positions. He was anti-Labour but non-Conservative. But his passion and his belief in the importance of his subject added to the excitement of his lectures. In debate he would not take prisoners. When he began a sentence, 'With great respect', or 'I must be candid with you', the other person knew that his legs were about to be chopped off. In verbal exchanges, or in the correspondence columns of newspapers, he perhaps tried too hard to demolish any opponent. But going over the top was a consequence of his giving of his best.

All of this is different from the tradition of the academic as gentleman, amateur, or dilettante. With this tradition goes a certain detachment, a low-key stance, a modestly non-participatory attendance at conferences and seminars, a style of writing and lecturing that is often allusive, not

coming down firmly on one side or the other. Knowledge is worn lightly and views remain implicit and tentative, not proclaimed. This was not, could not, be Sammy's way. No one ever called him tentative.

For one who was devoted to teaching and committed to research I think he might deplore some trends in universities today. For his research he wanted time and a good library. I am not sure that he ever had a research council grant or, in the last thirty years of his life, ever co-authored an article or a book. He was gregarious but not an academic groupie. And in spite of his brilliant lectures which provided an opportunity for students to experience a fine mind and an eloquent voice analysing and coming to grips with a difficult subject I can think of certain criteria which would find him wanting. He was not one for student participation, for example. He could be intimidating or irritating to those who did not share his enthusiasms.

He was happy to be judged and to compete. But I think the famous *Finer temper* would have exploded at present-day attempts to measure quality bogusly, be it by student questionnaire or audits. As a young professor at Keele he strongly opposed a particular proposal to establish a link with a nearby theological college. This aroused his anti-clerical ire and he stormed out of the room, giving various warnings against the proposal. He concluded: 'If you do this I shall leave this place and I'll take my Politics Department with me'. Those were the days. That reminds me of another occasion when he was about to leave on an air trip to the Middle East. Arab terrorist hijackings of planes were then in the news. Sammy warned his secretary that if anything were to happen to his plane that she should immediately get on to the Prime Minister, an old Balliol chum. 'Tell Ted Heath that Sammy is on board. That will stop him doing anything foolish.'

And how would such a tactile, extrovert, opinionated professor have fared in the climate of political correctness? If he wanted to confide in you, or felt particularly relaxed, his left arm would invariably drape itself around you, regardless of your gender.

Sammy's friends liked him for what he was. Of course he was an attention-seeker, but he usually had something to say, at times an intellectual bully but often an inspiration, and his impatience was rarely disguised, sometimes understandably so. But he also liked to be liked, particularly by those who could stand up to him.

We should enjoy today, for Sammy led a long and fulfilled life, one filled with more glittering prizes than most men will ever achieve. Above all, he made us laugh. He could spot the ridiculous or the amusing side of things

Dennis Kavanagh

so quickly. I can still see his eyes twinkle, the smile break out, the shoulders begin to heave and then he would share the joke with us. I am sure that he would regard today's gathering as the greatest prize of all, to see here assembled friends and family in a final act of love for him. There is sadness and regret that we will not see or hear him again. But we should remember the best of him and how his brightness, ebullience and warmth lifted us. Sammy was such fun.

Dennis Kavanagh

KEITH JOSEPH
(LORD JOSEPH of PORTSOKEN)

17 January 1918–10 December 1994

Delivered by Sir Patrick Neil, Lord Wilberforce, Dr Oliver Letwin and
Lord Tebbit on Saturday, 3 June 1995 in the Library

We have met together this afternoon to call to mind Keith Joseph and to pay tribute to him. It is fitting that we should be meeting in All Souls – the College which he adorned for so many years – and meeting here at its intellectual heart – the Codrington Library which he loved so well. All of you here will have your own memories of him – a vivid, unforgettable personality.

I want to say a word about Keith and this College. Keith loved All Souls and was totally dedicated to its ideals of scholarship and intellectual endeavour.

He was a most diligent attender of College meetings. He did not intervene frequently in debate, but when he spoke it was on themes close to his heart. One such issue was the range of disciplines studied within the College. I recall him speaking when I was a young Fellow and urging that we should consider the claims of history of art, science and mathematics. These views found general support at the time. Keith was delighted when steps were finally taken to implement his suggestions. The Fellowship now includes art historians, a theoretical physicist and several mathematical scientists.

Another theme of importance to Keith was the College's links with the University. He advocated that the College in making elections to senior positions should be mindful of the needs of the University. This sage advice has been followed on more than one occasion.

I knew Keith as a member of this College for some forty-four years. If I were asked to name the qualities for which he was particularly remarkable I would say sincerity and seriousness of purpose.

He was completely without artifice or pretence – utterly candid and transparent in the expression of his thought and feelings.

As to his high seriousness, I recall in particular an occasion when he was Secretary of State for Education. He asked me to arrange a small informal discussion group to talk about the universities and their future. Somebody round the table raised a novel point. Keith treated the point with deep respect. A silence followed. He buried his head in his hands. I cannot tell for how long he was quiet. Such silences seem to trespass on eternity. Then he raised his head and gave expression to a fully considered and entirely convincing response.

One uses the expression 'wrestling with a problem'. In Keith's case it was a physical process and a sight extraordinary to behold.

The College mourns the deep loss which it sustained by the death of this most distinguished Fellow. And I have lost a warm friend.

Patrick Neill

I first met Keith when he entered for a Prize Fellowship at All Souls, in 1946. He won it, showing himself at once as someone exceptional because of the strength of the competition. This had built up over the war years when there were no elections, so that there was a large and very strong field; a list of those *not* elected would make up a good research college. This election validated Keith's intellectual qualities as of the highest.

I remember him as a tall rather thin young man, with a slight limp from a war wound. He was then 28 – older than the normal ex-undergraduate fellow so he may have found it a little hard to fit in. He seemed to be set for a career in the outside world, in business, with a legal qualification, leading quite likely to the great office of Lord Mayor of the City of London; interested in wide issues but not identifiably political. I was perhaps less surprised than some when he decided – almost a snap decision – to enter politics. I did so myself at about the same time, and like him fought a losing constituency. We canvassed for him in Barons Court, which did not yield enough votes, but did provide a splendid dividend in the birth of James. Thereafter our paths diverged: I was, luckily for me, rejected for a good seat; he, luckily for the country, was accepted for Leeds.

I used at this time to be driven by him to Oxford for College meetings. He was an excellent and tranquil driver, so there was plenty of opportunity to talk. He was devoted to All Souls, certainly prepared to question its policy and its values: what research was going on, what was the value of that research, what was the value of research at all, could we do more with our

resources, could we improve our resources – a restless questioning – not speaking much at meetings, not really one for dinners and festivities, but always mentally involved in any trends. I saw this very well when, towards the end of his life, I lent him Rowse's *All Souls in My Time*. I was surprised how relevant and perceptive his comments were.

I put forward his name for an honorary doctorate at a university of which I was Chancellor – to recognise his contribution to national education and thought, but ran into opposition on the ground that he was too political – so, to some academics too political, to some politicians too academic – that was the penalty for trying to live by the values of two worlds. But that was also his strength. One example of the range of his interests. One day, I suppose in the '80s, I heard of a book on cosmology physics and found it was in the House of Lords library. I asked for it and was told it was out. To whom? Lord Joseph. After a month I asked for it again – still out to Lord Joseph. Two months, three months, finally I got it and found it heavily defaced (against all regulations) with underlinings, side lines, question marks, marginal comments, fascinating – almost as good as the book itself – representing hours of careful reading and reflection, the impulse of an ever-inquiring mind. I could go on, but I conclude with a little anecdote – often such a memory gives a glimpse of personality more lifelike than the best-chosen adjectives.

We were in Paris, and Keith was there too. He loved the French, and French people admired and liked him for his serious mind coupled with a sense of humour. Well, he wanted to meet a top economist, a brother of my wife, so we arranged this. The economist asked what he should offer by way of hospitality and we suggested – not entirely disinterestedly – oysters. So Keith went to his flat, on the 5th floor, and spent an agreeable hour of talk, and at the end he said, looking at the piled-up plates, 'What are you going to do with the shells?' (This was Keith's ever-curious mind.) 'Throw them out of the window!' At this, Keith, his social conscience aroused, threw up his hands, looked over his spectacles with wide open eyes, 'You don't mean it!' On which his host said, 'Come and see,' and led Keith on to the balcony. There, on the side was the opening to a large pipe, 18 inches in diameter, descending down the building into a skip, and down went the shells with a glorious clatter. Keith's face burst into a radiating smile and he said, 'What a splendid idea,' and he took out his notebook – that famous notebook we have all seen him resort to – and noted the dimensions, the maker, etc., and I shouldn't wonder if somewhere in Whitstable or Leeds there is not an

eighteen-inch pipe along some block of flats. This was Keith's attraction to anything that would, in a practical way, make life easier for people.

The enquiring mind, social sense, a practical urge to improve, a sense of enjoyment, these are just some impressions of Keith's qualities. I would not want to remember him only as a thinker. He was extremely good with people, had such a sensitive touch. As my daughter put it rather well, 'He never spoke to you as if you were a non-person.' His friendship has been a great joy to me. He is not a man to forget.

Richard Wilberforce

I first met Keith at dinner. As those who had the experience of dining with him in his bachelor-days will recall, his own meals tended to be served (and eaten) at break-neck pace. But on this, first occasion we were guests – at another's table; time was not, therefore, of the essence and the conversation – punctuated, as always, by Keith's occasional earnest enquiries – flowed. At some point, a word (it may have been 'ideology') came under scrutiny. Keith requested a dictionary. The dictionary in question was the compressed version of the OED. Alas, no magnifying glass could be found to read the tiny print. With my then youthful eyes, I was able to make out the definition. This episode, Keith – altogether typically – never forgot: he reminded me of it years later. The next occasion on which I encountered him, also involved a table: but not, this time, for dining. He was seated – in all the splendour of a Secretary of State – at the centre (*comme d'habitude*, as I later discovered) of the vast conference table in the palatial gloom of the twelfth floor of the Department of Education and Science at Elizabeth House. I see him there still, ramrod straight, be-jacketed even in the heat of summer, ineffably courteous, conducting a continuous seminar with changing rounds of officials and advisers. He was tireless in his pursuit of truth. There was, in this pursuit, however, a certain fatalism: he half – or more than half – feared, that, after rigorous examination, what he desired would prove to be impractical, and that what was practical would prove to be largely undesirable. It was his great and characteristic claim that he was 'intellectually attracted' by certain policies: this partly meant what it said, and partly what it did *not* say – that he was *only intellectually* attracted.

At the Department of Education, as in his previous roles, Keith – I think – saw himself as no more than a tenant, never a freeholder. To the astonishment of some audiences, he had the habit of explaining his own actions

(with awesome detachment) by saying *not* ‘I must do such and such’, but rather ‘the holder of my office must do such and such’ – as if to deny that he was himself, by anything but chance, the holder of his own office. This view of his relationship to his many important jobs was consistent with his view of the relationship between himself and the ordinary man. Invariably unconscious of the true extent of his fame (or, in some quarters, notoriety), he would charmingly introduce himself: ‘my name is Keith Joseph’. On one occasion, a teacher answered – naturally enough – ‘I know you are’. Keith manifested genuine surprise. His speeches, though always thought-provoking, varied in character. In the right mood, and on the right occasion, he could move and stir. But not always. On one occasion, after an episode at a Party Conference where he had been spat upon by Trotskyite demonstrators (fastidious and courteous as he was, such events upset him profoundly) we drove to a school in the middle of England. Keith was map-reading. We entirely lost our way. We arrived just as the dinner (at which he was, of course, the guest of honour) ended. We walked rapidly over to the hall with a somewhat discombobulated headmaster. Keith delivered a lecture on producers and consumers. The theme was that all producers are consumers, and that without consumers there would be no producers. The boys had not come willingly. They manifested little enthusiasm. As we left, I attempted to say – what was, as a matter of fact, true – that the speech had been, rather than bad, too profound for the audience. Before I could utter these words, he held up his hand: ‘do not even try’. Then he told me that he had once been PPS to a minister who was ‘an outstanding speaker ... outstandingly bad’. That was it: the point made, the matter dropped.

He was often, in my experience, similarly elliptical. I never heard him – it was part of his delicacy – be directly rude to or about another human being. But he could be sardonic. On one occasion, when asked what might be expected as the result of an investigation conducted by an eminent personage, he vouchsafed the reply that ‘we cannot expect *much* from that source’. On another occasion, when a former colleague was praised, he simply *looked*: you knew what it meant.

I do not, by any of this, intend to suggest that Keith was simply intellectual or moral in his approach to the world. He had a sense of fun and a sense of beauty – both of which lasted with him to the very end. On one occasion after his stroke, when he was, apparently somnolent, being read to by my wife, she felt to her surprise, his foot touch hers: with a slight but perceptible grin, he said ‘nice shoes!’ And, of course, the sense of fun was amplified

– and the sense of beauty confirmed – when Yolanda appeared as a ray of sunshine on the scene of his later life.

Keith had, moreover, in his concise – and often classical – turn of phrase, the capacity to let one touchingly into his life. I recall, on one occasion after he had left office, enquiring how he spent the time. The reply, delightfully old-fashioned and reminiscent of a softer Caesar: ‘I read, I speak, I woo’.

When I consider – passing in review all of the impressions of Keith – why it is that, for the younger generation of Conservative politicians and thinkers he held so enormously important a place in our affections and esteem, I think the explanation lies not in *what* he thought or did, but in *what manner* of man he was. Keith’s politics may have been on occasion eccentric; but they were never sullied by the slightest obeisance to the expedient or the slightest demagogic appeal or the slightest concern with his own advancement. For him and in this, he saw and held steadfast to an absolute truth – real politics lay not in the tawdry manipulation of self-interest or in the crude abuse of opponents but in the dignified debate of ideas and in the practical effects of the application of these ideas to people’s lives. He was, in short, a gentleman in politics. It was that which made him great – and makes him still, and I believe will always make him for many of us, a beacon. There have not been, and there will not be, very many like him.

Oliver Letwin

It was not until 1981 that I came to know Keith Joseph well. I had been appointed Under-Secretary of State for Trade in 1979 but in the September 1981 reshuffle Margaret Thatcher asked me to go to the Department of Industry as Minister of State to be Keith’s number two. I well remember how she put it.

‘Norman, I want you to be Keith’s Minister of State at Industry. Dear Keith – they (the Opposition) have been bullying him and he simply won’t stand up for himself so I want you to look after him.’

I, ‘to look after Keith’ – a politician of vastly greater experience and of formidable ability. It sounded odd, but I knew what she meant. Keith was very kind to me. Although he did not know me well he gave me his complete trust and I benefited from his extraordinary intellectual vigour.

His respect for others and the care which he gave to their views inspired great loyalty to him from his junior ministers and officials. But it also encouraged some to seek to persuade him of their views.

I remember so well Keith's Principal Private Secretary, Iain Ellison (whose private political views were rather to the right of mine) crashing unannounced more than once into my office in a state of high indignation.

'Minister – you've got to get up there (to Keith's office). They (other officials) are getting at him. You've got to save him from himself.'

Keith Joseph did suffer from a reputation of indecisiveness. But he never failed to reach a decision in time and his apparent indecision arose largely from his determination to get policies right – so every alternative had to be considered on its merits – and to ensure it was not just technically right but to ensure it was based solidly on what was morally right.

I found, too, that coming to know Keith was like exploring a great garden – one was always finding something new. It was only when he was unwell and I went to see him at his home that a picture of the young Keith on a table revealed to me Keith the cricketer. A fine young good-looking man in whites playing a fine forcing stroke. Hardly indecisive – and I am sure he played every ball on its merits.

Keith was extremely generous to me, taking me into his confidence and trusting me to take full responsibility for the matters assigned to me. I enjoyed his wonderful humour and learned at his feet.

On some issue – I forget now what – Keith was having some difficulty, partly because of commercial confidentiality, in putting forward the best and most persuasive arguments. I suggested a line which skirted around the difficulty, rather skilfully I thought, at the expense of being economical with the truth. 'But Norman,' he said in a slightly shocked tone, 'that is really not quite right'. And he preferred to make a less strong case rather than breach confidentiality or to use the truth with economy.

I remember so well too the morning I arrived back at the Department after a long and arduous day and night of meetings in Brussels at which after months of negotiation the European industry ministers had finally hammered out the framework of an agreement to end state subsidies to the steel industry, reduce production capacity and force up the price of steel to cover production costs.

'What news?' asked Keith. 'A good success', I said, tongue firmly in my cheek. 'In the name of the Government I have negotiated the creation of a vast European-wide cartel to force up the price of a commodity in surplus – but don't worry – it will be all right in the end'.

'Oh Norman,' cried Keith 'what have you done?' I convinced him, but Keith found it hard to accept the creation of a cartel even as a route to the

free market. Alas, I was his junior minister for but nine months. They were perhaps the happiest in the whole of my political life and leaving Keith's department put a tinge of regret amongst the happiness of my promotion into the Cabinet. Only three years later, after my wife and I were in hospital after being injured in the Brighton bombing Keith was a great support to us both. Later, after my wife returned home and until Keith's illness, he would call me from time to time asking with the courtesy which never failed him if he 'might call on Margaret'. Sometimes Keith would read to her – sometimes he 'simply gossiped' for he loved gossip – not malicious gossip but just light talk of people and events.

Then one day he told us he would not be able to call for a while as he was going to America.

'I am', he said, 'going a-wooing'. Going a-wooing. Which other contemporary politician would use such a lovely and archaic expression so naturally.

Of course his wooing was successful, leading to his marriage to Yolanda – a marriage which brought him such comfort and happiness – sadly for all too few years. Tragically soon it was my turn to visit Keith in his illness. Keith was a man of honour, of innocence in its truest meaning, and integrity. A man totally without guile – in many ways too good a man to be a good, or do I mean effective, politician. He was a man I loved if I may use a word now sadly misused. Keith, I think, believed that his death marked the final end with nothing beyond. But Keith will never be quite gone whilst we who knew him still live.

And what a joy it would be if on this occasion at least, Keith, you were wrong and we might once again enjoy your company in times to come.

Norman Tebbit

CHARLES MONTGOMERY MONTEITH

9 February 1921–9 May 1995

Delivered by Professor Seamus Heaney on
Thursday, 21 September 1995 in St George's Church, Bloomsbury

He called Auden Wystan and Eliot Tom but Yeats he called Yeats. And he had stories about them all. How he had worn a black tie to school on the morning when he heard about Yeats's death in January 1939. How he'd heard what one Sligo county councillor said to another when Yeats's remains were being reburied in Drumcliff Churchyard some nine years later. (First Councillor: 'Tell us this: did you ever read a line he wrote?' Second Councillor: 'To tell you truth, I never did. But I'm told it was very high class stuff.') And then there was the one about how he, Charles, had confined himself to ordering a sherry before dinner on the occasion of his first meeting with Eliot, only to find the great Tom going for a large dry martini cocktail with very little vermouth.

Perhaps it was his memory of that younger, shyer self that made Charles Monteith such a kindly presence when he in turn became an eminence at Fabers. At any rate, from the very beginning of my friendship with him, he always insisted that the pre-prandial whisky I would order – in my own young, shy way – should be a large one. And this was typical of the largesse and indulgent social authority that characterised Charles's behaviour at all times. He was big in every way. One of my abiding images of him is of a looming figure in a pinstripe suit and well-cut overcoat, rolled umbrella urgently aloft, hailing a taxi like a cavalry officer at the head of a charge. But another image will be his gravely inclined, demurely attentive yet slightly glum-looking face in the audience during a poetry reading, for he had a superlative loyalty to the writers on his list and his pride in their achievement was both fortifying and touching. His reports on the latest seaside postcard he'd got from Philip Larkin or the latest manuscript he'd got from Ted Hughes had a kind of parental joy about them: this was not literary gossip but the vindication of some totally celebratory part of his being.

Long before he became chairman of the firm, Charles enjoyed flying the

Faber flag in places like Belfast and Dublin, and he had every right to do so, having been so important in the recognition of the talents of two generations of Irish writers. People such as John McGahern, Richard Murphy, Tom Kilroy, Paul Muldoon, Tom Paulin, to name but a few, will be forever grateful for having caught his editorial eye; then, in the field of theatre, there was Samuel Beckett and Brian Friel; and, needless to say, I myself had always a special sense of relationship and gratitude to him, since I was the first poet he took on to the Faber list after the death of Eliot. At that stage, I hardly thought of 24 Russell Square as an earthly address and so, as I have said elsewhere, getting a letter from the chief poetry editor of the place was like getting mail from the Almighty God.

Charles was a discoverer and an encourager. He will always be famous as the editor who recognised the genius of William Golding and by a combination of intuition and application ensured that Golding's first book, *The Lord of the Flies*, would be such an extraordinary debut. But then, the man whose passion for language was such that he insisted on stopping his jeep and getting out of it while his regiment was retreating under fire from the town Prome in Burma – just so that he could always say that he was the man who piddled while Prome burned – that man was surely bound to distinguish himself sooner or later in the arts of peace. All of the writers whom he took on and saw through the press will have their own memories of his unique gifts as an editor. I will always be grateful for the typical good sense he displayed when I was toying with the word which is spelled p-o-l-d-e-r as the title for one of my books. I was, however, just a little uncertain about how to announce this to Charles. Did it rhyme with alder or shoulder? 'I always feel,' Charles replied, 'that it is a mistake to call a book by a name that people aren't quite sure how to pronounce.'

Discoverer, encourager, adviser, but also custodian. A living link to an earlier literary period, somebody on speaking terms with figures who had attained mythic status in their own lifetime. Charles was not only a confidant of T.S. Eliot, he was also – culturally if not chronologically – the contemporary of W.H. Auden and Stephen Spender and Louis MacNeice. Devotion to these poets *qua* poets and then friendship with them, and with Auden in particular, was part of the geology of his sensibility. He had read their work and internalised it as a young man, long before he met them; and he would eventually acclimatise himself to their world, first as an undergraduate at Oxford and subsequently as a Fellow of All Souls; and then (on the Eliot trail, this time) as a familiar figure in London clubland.

Yet for all his ease and accomplishment in that world, Charles remained wonderfully amphibious, maintaining on the one hand his cheerfully unsinkable social manner, fulfilling in grand style his role as raconteur and avuncular establishment senior; and yet managing, on the other hand, to keep faith with that younger, more poetically intense side of his nature, the shyer, more emotional part that came out in his smile, in his protective-ness towards his writers, young and old, in his need to keep returning to visit his family on their home ground, and in the fleeting intimation of something tender and solitary that would reveal itself every now and again in a certain wistfulness or far-awayness in his gaze.

That deep, sealed well of his first nature is what gave a special reliability to all of his social and professional skills. He was attentive as well as adept. And this is why I used to enjoy his Ulster stories a lot, because I felt that in them the two parts of his make-up got into a wonderful, subtle dialogue. In fact, it was his Ulster stories I relished the most; or, to be more exact, what I enjoyed was *his* relish of them. Those performances were always being raised to a higher power because of the way his inwardness with Northern Irish accents and cultures and codes would be played off against the English accents and cultures and codes within which he was equally and so happily at home. The literary schoolboy of earlier days and the big umbrella boss in his prime were in full and happy contact. And this was especially true when he reached the part of the repertoire that concerned Presbyterian ministers and their forceful ways in the pulpit. Such as the one about the preacher who reaches the climax of his sermon on the Last Judgement and has God the Father address the damned on his left hand in terms which neither they nor his congregation could possibly misunderstand. ‘And the Lord will say to yous,’ (Charles would be well into his vernacular stride at this point), “‘When I was thirsty ye gave me not to drink and when I was hungry ye gave me not to eat and when I was tired ye refreshed me not.” And yous’ll say to the Lord, “But Lord,” yous’ll say, “we didn’t know it was yous, Lord.” And the Lord will say to yous, “Well, yous know now.”’

Whether or not we believe that Charles himself ‘knows now’, I am sure we all see him as a right-hand man rather than one of those on the left. Indeed, the right was his preferred habitat always and his assumption that you shared that plane of regard was always endearing if a little surprising on occasion. But then, even on the first day we met, in the upbeat, pre-Troubles world of the 1960s – August 6, 1965, to be precise – Charles and I were both already at cruising altitudes on two quite different flight paths,

navigating at speeds and distances where we enjoyed the near misses but would manage to avoid any fatal collision. It was on that first occasion, for example, that he asked me if I had been in Belfast for the Orange parade on the Twelfth of July. 'Fine old folk festival,' he mused, in his mellowed, ample, All Souls way. 'To some people,' said I, edgily enough, and still proud of my edge. I suppose we were range-finding, but between us there would always be a happily demilitarised zone, a place so criss-crossed by personal and professional rights of way that it could stand as an image of the kind of home ground we both would have wished for ourselves in the Northern Ireland we grew up in.

August 6, 1965. I had gone to meet Charles in his office at Fabers because he had accepted my first book for publication a couple of months earlier and this was my first visit to London in the meantime. Marie and I were staying round the corner in Great Russell Street and she came with me to the appointment. I introduced her – accurately – as my wife, then Charles asked when we had got married. 'Yesterday,' I had to reply, a bit sheepishly, for we were indeed on the first day of our honeymoon. But I think that that first impression he had of us as babes in the wood of Russell Square must have helped to cement us into his affection and would lead to many sweet and enhancing times with himself and Rosemary Goad and to other memorable initiations such as a lunch at All Souls when we were shown Lawrence of Arabia's dagger, and a dinner at the Garrick when neither of us, I'm happy to say, felt constrained to order sherry.

A couple of weeks ago, Mary Kay Wilmers asked me if I might be able to give her a poem in Charles's memory, to be printed in *The London Review of Books* alongside pieces she had already received from Paul Muldoon and Tom Paulin. What I came up with was not original work, but a few lines extracted from a translation of *Beowulf* that I have been doing recently. I hoped that Charles's spirit – which was, among other things, the spirit of a soldier wounded in war on a foreign battlefield – would be well pleased by these few runic lines which belong so deeply within the literature and the language that he loved and served, and which come out of an Old English ethos that valued above all fidelity and courage and hospitality and the bond of friendship – an ethos, moreover, in which the poignancy of living out a life in exile of one sort or another was the very stuff of poetry itself. So I called the fragment 'Exile Runes' and would like to read it now by way of conclusion.¹

1. The translation below differs from that later published in Seamus Heaney, *Beowulf* (1999), pp. 37–8.

A woman wailed
 and sang laments
 the glutton element
flamed and consumed
 the dead of both sides.
 Their great days were gone.
Warriors scattered
 to homes and forts
 fewer now, feeling
the loss of friends.
 No ring-pecked prow
 could up then
and away on the sea.
 Wind and water
 raged with storms
wave and shingle
 were shackled in ice
 until another year
appeared in the yard
 as it does to this day
 the seasons constant
the wonder of light
 coming over us.
 Winter was gone
earth's lap grew lovely
 the longing woke
 for a voyage home.

Seamus Heaney

ROHAN D'OLIER BUTLER

21 January 1917–30 October 1996

Delivered by Sir Julian Bullard and Dr John Rogister
on Saturday, 8 February 1997

Outside All Souls the context in which I chiefly came to know Rohan Butler was that of Britain's foreign relations. At this Memorial Service I represent the Foreign and Commonwealth Secretary, the Rt Hon. Malcolm Rifkind, and also the Permanent Under Secretary at the Foreign and Commonwealth Office, Sir John Coles. What I have to say reflects the very high regard in which Rohan was held by ten successive Foreign Secretaries and by a whole generation of British career diplomats.

Rohan's connections with the Foreign Office begin with his father, Sir Harold Butler, who was Secretary of the Foreign Trade Department of the Foreign Office in 1916 and much later (1942–46) Minister at the British Embassy in Washington. Rohan's own involvement divides naturally into three parts. First, there is the work which he did during the Second World War in various capacities and as a member of organisations with various titles: The International Propaganda Broadcasting Enquiry; the cryptic address 'Box 100, WDO, London W1' from which he signed and dated 18 April 1941 the Preface to his book *The Roots of National Socialism 1783–1933*; the Ministry of Information (Ian Maclaine's book on that subject has a vignette of Rohan responding with enthusiasm and humour to an enquiry into the British national character – what was its normal state, and how it could best be aroused or calmed, according to the requirements of the 'War Effort' as perceived by the Ministry of Information); the Royal Army Pay Corps; the Political Warfare Executive; the Special Operations Executive; and finally the Foreign Office itself, first in the Political Intelligence Department and (from 1944) in the German Department, where Rohan's task was to help to plan the occupations of Germany and Austria. He seldom spoke to me about those wartime activities, apart from his favourite anecdote about how it fell to him to suggest at short notice a design for the post-war Austrian postage stamps – a question to which his

instantaneous and off the cuff answer was 'The Posthorn' and so it was decided. (When this story appeared in one of the obituaries of Rohan it attracted a very warm letter of thanks from the Austrian Postage Stamp Society of Great Britain; how Rohan would have appreciated that!) But if the Federal Republic of Germany and the modern state of Austria are two of Europe's success stories – as I think they are – Rohan contributed to both.

Secondly, there is the work that he did, starting in 1945, first as Co-editor and later, after the retirement of Sir Llewellyn Woodward in 1955, as Chief Editor, in selecting and preparing and publishing the great series of 'Documents on British Foreign Policy', later subtly renamed 'Documents on British Policy Overseas'. A typical volume in this series would comprise about a thousand pages carrying the texts of six or seven hundred documents, mostly Foreign Office telegrams and despatches, often with one or more set-piece Appendices at the end, and with explanatory footnotes throughout. About 60 such volumes were published in London covering the period 1919–1939. Eighteen of these appeared in the space of twelve years, and 13 of those 18 carried the preface by Rohan Butler which indicates that in those volumes his was the chief editorial hand.

From the chorus of acclaim which this series received from students of international relations all over the world I select the verdict of *The Economist* in 1970:

Whenever this collection has had its say, there has been little more to say on matters on which the documents themselves can talk.

The intensely skilled, highly disciplined and massively productive writer and editor to whom these facts and figures attest is perhaps not the Rohan one instinctively thought of in the latter part of his life. But *si monumentum* ... the evidence is on those shelves in the Codrington and at dozens of serious libraries throughout the world.

Thirdly, there is the work done by Rohan between 1963 and 1982 in his capacity as Historical Adviser to those ten Secretaries of State for Foreign (and Commonwealth) Affairs. Rohan's appointment, like that of Professor James Headlam-Morley in 1920–28 – and we can see a certain symmetry in the careers of these two academics transplanted so successfully from Academe to Whitehall – was what would now be called a one-off event. Rohan had been asked by Sir Norman Brook, then Secretary to the

Cabinet, to write a memorandum about the Abadan crisis (debacle) of 1951. He was encouraged to produce not just a narrative but a critique. It was a generous invitation of which he took full advantage, sending in a volume of 300 pages, classified Secret, now in the PRO, setting out recommendations on everything from techniques of crisis management to the structure of the British Foreign Service. The response from the official side was a profound silence lasting several weeks, at the end of which Rohan was abruptly summoned by the Permanent Under Secretary (Sir Harold Caccia) and on the spot was offered – not the sack, as he had rather expected, but the post of Historical Adviser, which he accepted.

In this capacity during the next two decades Rohan wrote extensively, especially on German and Russian themes, and on the history of the FCO, which celebrated its 200th anniversary in 1982, but also on many other subjects thought by Rohan himself, or by his clients at the Foreign Office, to require treatment in the shape of a Note by the Historical Adviser. There were few important British Ministerial speeches in that period in which the argument was not strengthened and the text not embellished by a contribution from Rohan's distinctive pen. It must have been in connexion with some speech that the telephone in Rohan's office rang one morning as he entered the room and a voice from 10 Downing Street said that the Prime Minister would like a summary of the Icelandic Sagas – well no, she would really like it by 5 o'clock that afternoon. Most of Rohan's output in this category is still guarded by the thirty-year rule – a treat awaiting some scholar of tomorrow. The flow of memoranda ceased, so far as Rohan was concerned, only when he was obliged to retire on reaching his 65th birthday. But the work on Documents continued, a major milestone being the hugely expensive (but as it turned out best-selling) first volume in the post-war series, on the Potsdam Conference of 1945.

In all this work Rohan's approach was scrupulous and precise but not unemotional. He cared passionately about the value of history in the service of diplomacy, about good editorial practice, about paper and ink and filing systems; and he condemned no less whole-heartedly the excessive zeal of those employed as 'weeders', and falling standards generally. He pioneered the use of microfiches, both for their own sake and to help keep his volumes down to an affordable price. He criticised the fifty-year rule, which prevailed at the start of his career, but would have preferred to reduce it to 40, predicting (correctly) that the jump down to 30 years would expose serving (and therefore muzzled) officials to questioning about their earlier activit-

ies. His farewell report (1981) included a characteristic section entitled 'Regrets' – followed and balanced, no less characteristically, by one headed 'Hopes'. His message was very often a highly individual one, as individual as that famous handwriting. Unexpectedly strict in matters of rank or protocol, he was, outside office hours, the man as we knew him at All Souls, in his brown hat with the curly brim, in his tweed suit and watch chain, or in that old-fashioned dinner jacket, unfailingly considerate and welcoming and entertaining.

A few final sentences. When Rohan died it took the London *Times* a few days to prepare his obituary. I am not sure that Rohan would have minded this. He thought that anything worth doing was worth taking time over, time being for him an important commodity of which he liked to have plenty at his disposal. He mistrusted haste and urgency. (Did he not keep us waiting thirty years for *Choiseul*?) But as countless individual cases attest, Rohan was always ready to make *his* time available to others – to Fellows and Visiting Fellows of this College especially (ask some of those from whom, Lucy, I know that you have had letters), but also to friends and acquaintances and fellow scholars, and to very many whose status gave them no claim whatever on Rohan's time and resources, except that they were interested in the subject, whatever that might be.

Conducted in this spirit, 'a good talk' with Rohan meant precisely that: an event to be treasured at the time and remembered long afterwards – not always in detail, but in a way which left an indelible print of Rohan as he had been on the day concerned: of his knowledge and professionalism in his own fields, but above all his courtesy, helpfulness, kindness, good humour and warm heart. To speak these words is to be reminded of the very great debt which, it seems to me, Rohan owed to Lucy and her children, for their companionship and for their love. Thank you, Lucy, for all that you brought to Rohan and for all that you brought out in him, and thank you for giving us the opportunity to express some part of what we feel today about him and for you.

Julian Bullard

Suddenly, in the middle of his lecture, the master would tell his pupils that Charles I 'had died of what we now call influenza in the winter of 1633'. By this device he aimed to demonstrate that, despite the great movements in history, 'the slightest accidents of birth and death could cause it to be

rewritten'. The master was Robert Birley, and I am probably not alone in finding resonances of these thoughts in Birley's pupil at Eton, Rohan Butler, to whom he communicated his enthusiasm for the study of history. Like Birley's, his conception of history was based upon what has been aptly described as 'the diverse and unexpected results that derive from often remotely-linked human actions'.

But it was Humphrey Sumner, his former tutor at Balliol and then Warden here, who drew Rohan's interest after the war to the Duke de Choiseul. Sumner apparently always spoke in short affirmative sentences: 'Have you thought about Choiseul? Major political figure reign of Louis xv. Never been covered. Think you might have a try? Anyway think it over'. Rohan did think it over and, had he realised at the time the work involved, he might never have been brave enough to embark upon it. Fortunately, his First in History in 1938 (that annus mirabilis in which Balliol produced four firsts in history) had put him on the road to the research fellowship here to which he had been elected the same year. All Souls gave him the time he needed, once his work on the diplomatic *Documents* and at the Foreign Office offered him a respite. The outcome was the publication many years later, in 1980, of a thousand-page first volume entitled *Choiseul: Father and Son 1719–1754*. It was a major achievement in the field of scholarship, and it earned him a DLitt and the unique distinction of a prize at the Académie des sciences morales et politiques.

There were three major problems confronting any serious biographer of Choiseul. The first was the need to locate and authenticate Choiseul's supposed autograph memoirs, first published inexpertly in 1904, and also the collection of documents, known as the 'Mémoires de Chanteloup', published in 1790. The second problem was to discover the whereabouts of, and gain access to, the private papers of Choiseul kept by collateral descendants. The third problem was to overcome the persistent hostility of the French academic establishment towards Choiseul. There was no significant biography of the duke in French, other than the anecdotal but not valueless works of Gaston Maugras dating from the 1900s, and a couple of serious but piecemeal studies of Choiseul's diplomatic activity, including one by the erstwhile tutor to the Prince Imperial. The *Action française* monarchist school of the 1930s was hostile to the Lorrainer, whose credentials as a Frenchman were questioned and whose links with the so-called Enlightenment marked him out as a harbinger of revolution. By a curious coincidence, the two most distinguished exponents of this school of

thought were Lorrainers themselves, and one of them, in a massive study of Louis xv's council, does not even include Choiseul's memoirs in his bibliography. Two recent lives of Choiseul in French are unoriginal, and the last one, dating from 1986, makes no mention of Rohan's contribution. Chatham's great rival has fared little better in England. Only Roger Soltau's slim Lothian Prize Essay of 1908 was a point of reference. Rohan graciously rated it more highly than it deserves, but here I may be prejudiced: my own copy of it had belonged to C.T. Atkinson, whose pertinent annotations in pencil, usually consisting of the single word 'bosh', are to be found in its margins. Rohan's *Choiseul* is therefore a landmark, if not yet the beacon it should be.

The critics were not unanimous when it appeared. Critics never are, but two distinguished historians, Ragnhild Hatton and John Bromley, highlighted its significance. However, if I draw attention to one less favourable review, it is because it enables me to stress the novelty and originality of Rohan's approach. 'It is delicious', wrote the reviewer in question, 'for connoisseurs and aesthetes, which some historians are in their spare time, to wallow in the plankton of eighteenth-century high life. This book is the place to do it. But when, back to work, they come to it seeking to understand Choiseul and his world, they will have a hard time sorting out what is really important'. Leaving aside the curious notion that it is somehow pleasurable to wallow in plankton, I note that the writer of those lines prudently omitted to give us his criterion of 'what is really important' when it comes to understanding Choiseul and his world. Historians of the *ancien régime* are becoming aware of the importance, one should more properly say the relevance, of precisely the sort of detail that Rohan Butler elicited from a vast array of sources to build up his composite picture of the Duc de Choiseul, his background, his education, his tastes, his network of friends and patrons, his assumptions, the sources of his wealth, his ineradicable roots in Lorraine and in a wider European framework. The painstaking rediscovery of the multiple facets of a man's life is of value when we try to understand a vanished society, despite our reviewer for whom, in Rohan's hands, it seems, 'the subject drowns in floods of lovingly elaborated detail'.

Rohan's achievement was only made possible by the solution which he was able to bring to the two previously mentioned problems relating to sources. Here chance, in Birley's sense, played its part. In February 1966 Rohan suddenly learned that the manuscript of Choiseul's autograph

memoirs had surfaced in Paris, and he made a dramatic dash for them, literally catching the last plane. He was able to buy the manuscript on behalf of the College library. Before doing so, he had, of course, verified it, though necessarily at some speed, in his hotel bedroom. He was confirmed in his view, based until then on internal evidence alone, that the text published in 1904 was entirely genuine, the whole of the manuscript being written out in Choiseul's unmistakable and barely decipherable hand. It was only after Rohan had bought the manuscript that the fun really began. Three separate French archive authorities were furious that he had got in first, though in fact they had had better opportunities. There was what Rohan described as 'an exciting tussle', in which the manuscript was taken to the British Embassy and the French ended by placing an embargo on it and taking it away from him. Its ultimate destination proved to be in France, but Rohan drove a hard bargain and obtained complete films of the whole manuscript. No further doubt now exists about the authenticity of Choiseul's autograph memoirs, despite the dubious reputation of at least one of their nineteenth-century owners, the picturesque Baron Feullet de Conches, who, it was claimed, in my view wrongly, could manufacture letters of Marie-Antoinette at will, but whose *Les Salons de conversation* Rohan rightly admired. I think Rohan also came close to authenticating the other manuscript, the 'Mémoires de Chanteloup', as well. I located the manuscript three years ago, and only a series of unhappy circumstances, bad luck in a way, prevented us from examining it together, as we had hoped to do. Along with the autograph memoirs, it will be found to be genuine, thanks largely to Rohan's spadework on the sources.

His other problem was that of gaining access to Choiseul's papers. This proved a more difficult task, though he did secure an *entrée*. As he formed the impression, which was later shown to be correct, that these papers related to Choiseul's later career, their continued unavailability forced him to concentrate on his subject's early life. It was a shrewd and sensible decision. Moreover, it enabled him to reveal that hitherto shadowy figure, but resourceful dynast, the Marquis de Stainville. After all, Rohan's volume was subtitled *Father and Son*, and the activities of the father, permanent envoy of the last Duke of Lorraine and subsequent Grand Duke of Tuscany and Holy Roman Emperor, laid the groundwork for his son's later success. Rohan combed state archives in Nancy, in Bar-le-Duc (which prompted his remembrance of the familiar train announcement – *Bar-le-Duc, deux minutes d'arrêt*). He worked in Vienna (on previously unused documents

meticulously stamped with the swastika and brought to him by a curator's assistant with a wooden leg wearing *Lederhosen*), in Copenhagen (where he also got married), in Florence, and naturally in Paris. Although his researches were generously financed by this College, the money often ran out, and there were times when he could only afford the cheapest dish in a restaurant: in grim Besançon an *andouillette* which even he could hardly stomach.

While the Choiseul archives remained stubbornly closed to him, Rohan had explored other private collections. Here Nancy Mitford was very helpful, and it was in part through her that he gained access to another ducal archive that was unexpectedly rich in Choiseuliana. He also bought some crucial letters from Choiseul to the Duke de Nivernais at the sale of the collection of a leading French manufacturer of *brassières*. Then, once again, the Birley chance factor intervened. From 1984 onwards the Choiseul papers began to come onto the market. Rohan and I watched the sales, carefully comparing notes all the while. The bulk came up at an auction which I, but not he, was able to attend a year later. Ironically the French authorities bought only a few insignificant items. The sales bore out Rohan's hunch that the papers would facilitate his research into Choiseul's later, better known, career. Their greater accessibility helped him now that he was retired from All Souls with all that that implies, and could only make occasional trips to Paris, helped also by the generous loan of a flat there by friends.

Throughout his first volume and in his other writings, Rohan Butler's own distinctive style enlivened his prose. He was occasionally and effectively alliterative – my own particular favourite being his description, in a review, of Louis xv – 'badgered by cadgers' – or sharp in his judgments – 'Michelet, arguably the worst of the great historians'.

In all these years he had made great use of the London Library, checking printed primary sources. He found almost invariably that a secondary source left something out, even if it were only a comma, an 'and' or a 'but'. He was determined to keep within the bounds of the eighteenth century, which he did very successfully. He set great store by the maxims of senior historians whom he had known or worked with. Sir Llewellyn Woodward – 'if you do the work, you will be all right'. Ernest Jacob's dictum – 'never neglect early printed sources and, above all, do not neglect the rubbish. You can pick up things you have missed from both' – was borne out by an inferior book on Casanova, which led Rohan to go more deeply into

Choiseul's masonic connexions. He was always nagged by Margaret Trouncer's assertion that Choiseul's wife set off for Rome as ambassadress in an emerald green dress. How did she know?

Rohan Butler was a scholar. He was also a friend and a personality in his own right. How can one forget that great laugh of his, that Palmerstonian 'Ha! Ha! Ha!' described by Henry Adams when he wrote that 'each one meant to say "Yes ... Yes ... Yes ..." by way of reassurance. It was a laugh of 1810 and the Congress of Vienna.' Rohan would have liked the comparison. He had an old-world courtesy and charm, which he extended to me one summer's afternoon in 1965 when I first came to meet him, sitting on a bench in a sort of garden here. Those qualities are all the more to be valued now that they are fast disappearing. He was a perfect and generous host, and, despite the stammer, a fascinating conversationalist in French – that legacy of an adolescence spent in Geneva – as well as in English. He could be an amusing, as well as a punctilious letter writer. Staying at our embassy in Paris in 1979, he had seen his reflection in Napoleon's cheval glass, an elegant great standing mirror encrusted with bronze bees: 'only the glass', he wrote to me,

is specially made so as to make one look taller and thinner. I figured a bit like Giscard d'Estaing. I like to think of the dumpy little emperor dressing to really good effect in the morning – a splendid contrivance.

He seemed to have a hoard of old postcards. One of Palermo reached me from All Souls, its original dainty tissue paper backing having long ago come adrift but now securely re-attached to the card by a stout elastic band: on it, in his distinctive spidery hand, the enigmatic comment: 'I am not quite sure why Palermo in the Belle Epoque has made me think of you'. In fact he had never been to Palermo. He was amused to find himself becoming, so he claimed, 'a sort of Choiseul answering machine', engaging in lively exchange with a scholarly lady gardener about Chanteloup and its pagoda.

Like Choiseul, Rohan revealed little of his private life but he was plainly happy in his marriage to Lucy, who was his invaluable helpmate (a term she applied to him in the dedication to her edition of the letters of her brother, Robert Byron). Sadly Rohan had no pupils who could gossip nostalgically about him. Because *Choiseul* took a long time to appear, Rohan was perhaps the victim of some academic malice. If so, he kept his feelings to him-

self. He was philosophical about men and things: he was always re-reading the instructive memoirs of – as he put it – ‘marmoreal Guizot for whom life was *laborieuse et éprouvée*’. What he said of Llewellyn Woodward in his fine obituary could equally well apply to him: ‘he understood friendship too well to have many close friends’. He was always tremendous fun to be with. As one came to know him better, he revealed himself to be a man of taste and discernment.

Concluding that obituary, Rohan had quoted from Woodward’s Raleigh Lecture:

The living who write about the dead feel the sadness of Virgil’s line:
Tendebantque manus, but the hands stretching out into the past without response are our own.

Somehow I feel Rohan elicited a little more from the past. The school-master who had fired his youthful enthusiasm wrote that the historian should not only explain but also seek to hear and to see the past. As one moves through the pages of Rohan Butler’s *Choiseul*, sounds and visions present themselves: the *botteresses* of Liège, delivery women on their rounds, playing leapfrog with the French soldiers on the eve of the battle of Rocoux, or the insubordinate labourers of Stainville getting away with not paying their seigneurial dues, a tender love poem to Madame de Gontaut attributed (not without a great deal of work) to the young Choiseul, or the sounds of Rameau’s music, Madame de Pompadour’s singing, echoing down the passage of time. With these evocations Rohan Butler helped us to hear and to see the world of the eighteenth century.

John Rogister

**ROGER MELLOR MAKINS
(LORD SHERFIELD)**

3 February 1904–9 November 1996

Delivered by Sir Jeremy Morse on Saturday, 1 March 1997

We have come here this spring afternoon to commemorate Roger Sherfield, who first entered this College and Chapel as Roger Makins more than seventy years ago.

His subsequent career was huge, leaving its mark on public affairs in five out of those seven decades. It has furnished much material for obituary notices, and will furnish more when his papers, deposited with the Bodleian and including an unfinished memoir, have been fully worked through; and it is being celebrated at a series of occasions, his funeral in Hampshire in November, a commemoration at the British Embassy in Washington last month, and again next Thursday at St Margaret's Westminster. The drums and trumpets are richly deserved.

Here in this gathering of family and Fellows, let us recall with gratitude and affection his long association with this and other places of learning, and his qualities of mind and spirit.

Roger Mellor Makins was born in London on 3 February 1904. In addition to his powerful physical and mental endowment, he had the advantage of a settled and affluent family background. His father was a soldier, and later Member of Parliament for Knutsford. His mother played the violin. His grandfather and father collected pictures. Roger grew up in the family home at 180 Queen's Gate, a fine house by Norman Shaw, later absorbed into the neighbouring Imperial College.

From there he went away at the age of nine to West Downs, still under its remarkable founder Lionel Helbert, where he rose to be head of the school and captain of both football and cricket. Thence in 1917 to Winchester, following his father into Fearon's house without trying for a scholarship. His progress through the lower parts of the school was rapid, thereafter steady. His classics were stronger than his mathematics; he also did some science, and in his final year a good deal of history. In sport he represented

his house but not the school. In 1922 he went up to Christ Church, where he had a good time, made good friends and got a good First in history. He then tried for All Souls, and on 3 November 1925 was elected a Prize Fellow with Leslie Rowse, who had also read history at Christ Church and who survives him.

In the light of later events, which earned him from one obituarist the accolade of 'the ablest man of his generation', what should we make of this educational course? The impression is of one who, compared with his most brilliant contemporaries, started more slowly but gradually forged his way to the front. Perhaps he took time to grow into his mental as well as his physical size. When in 1991 he recorded his early memories for the College he said, revealingly, 'at that time I never was a scholar' and 'Winchester gave me up as a scholar some time before I left, and I moved to the history ladder'. As a result, he was released from the classics and New College, and left free to embrace first history and later science. His confidence may have been clouded in one area, but his general forward drive was probably sharpened.

In a diary which he kept at the time of his election he recorded that the examination had become 'almost an obsession' with him, and that he slept badly for several nights. The first general paper was of 'appalling difficulty':

Did one vile question on public opinion and another on corporate personalities ... Came out with the feeling that all hope was gone ... Next morning, English History, to which I looked forward with comparative equanimity, but a most monstrous paper with no political questions after 1689.

The oral translations were another ordeal: he did the Latin (with help from Warden Pember) and the French.

After the successful event he noted that he had never known 'such perfect satisfaction'. His considered view, repeated in 1991 and expressed with a typical mixture of modesty and authoritative force, was 'I always wondered how on earth I ever got elected. My theory is that the College gulped heavily before electing Rowse, and then, having done that, they looked for the most conventional candidate in sight'. Makins, a Wykehamist, had been a leading member of the Carlton and Canning Clubs, while Rowse, from St Austell Grammar School, was chairman of the Oxford University Labour Club.

His election thwarted his immediate intention to go abroad to improve

his French and German so as to enter the Foreign Service. Instead he spent the required two years in College, reading for the Bar: he passed but never practised. In his first year he had time to hunt with the Bicester three days a week. In so doing he was not unique even in this century: Halifax had also, to borrow Makins' phrase, 'used the College as a hunting-box', and the chaplain 'Runner' Johnson was another enthusiast who was once discovered wearing his top boots underneath his surplice.

At that time nineteenth-century Fellows were still well represented in the College, including the last Life Fellow, the Revd Francis Cholmondeley, Founder's kin and Vicar of Adlestrop. The College remained a social as well as an academic 'family', with Oman leading singsongs after Gaudies, and bridge, bowls, croquet and board games being played. And Makins found that the cachet of an All Souls Fellowship brought plenty of outside invitations and distractions, including house parties and the dancing at which he so excelled.

But abroad he went in 1927 to improve his languages, and although he remained in Fellowship up to 1939 he was often away, in America – where he met and in 1934 married Alice, daughter of the Hon. Dwight Davis, a distinguished public figure who in his youth had founded the Davis Cup – and later in Norway and Geneva. Wilberforce, who arrived in College as Makins became a 'fifty-pounder', recalls him as 'not taking much of an active part in governance, but always good in conversation'.

By the time he returned to the College in 1957 as a Distinguished Fellow, Alice and he had a large family of six children. The war had taken him to America, West Africa, Algiers and Greece, after which he had risen rapidly through the Foreign Service to a memorable Ambassadorship in Washington. Now he was back in London, translated (in an unusual and controversial move) to be joint permanent secretary at the Treasury, where he helped to break the power of the barons. In 1960 he switched to become chairman of the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority. In 1963 he had the rare pleasure of seeing his son Christopher elected to a Prize Fellowship, and the following year he was raised to the peerage, taking the title of Baron Sherfield.

With all this, and with his great height, iron constitution, energy and self-confidence, he had become a formidable, and even daunting, figure, naturally dominant, but not domineering. Even with the pressures on him at the peak of his career, he kept his warmth, his sociability and his innate streak of modesty. As the years went by, and he took on a wide range of

administrative, banking, business, parliamentary and academic positions, his differing qualities blended in a fine mellowing which made him a delightful companion to all ages.

The College too had changed during his absence. The generation of Halifax, Simon, Amery, Brand and Curtis had passed, and the non-academic Fellows had lost their majority. Soon came the criticisms of the Franks Report, and the long debate about what to do with the College's surplus. As an administrator, Sherfield was exasperated by Warden Sparrow's procrastinations, and unhappy when the scheme for graduate students, which he had warmly backed, was abandoned in favour of Visiting Fellowships. But as a pragmatist, he saw that the decision must ultimately lie with the resident academic Fellows, and he later described the Visiting Fellowship scheme as 'a very big plus in the College's life'.

Over the thirty-nine years of his Distinguished Fellowship he was assiduous in attending College meetings and other occasions, and took a keen interest in College affairs. If he continued to contribute more to conversation than to governance, nonetheless his observations at meetings, at least until his last years, were typically trenchant, and he made it his business to learn the names of new Fellows, whether young Prize Fellows or eminent Professors. He joined with Christopher in a notable gift to the College, and regularly supported the Library. He was also extremely hospitable, and included members of the College in his hospitality both at Sherfield and here, culminating in his famous annual lunches for the Queen Mother which were a delight to all involved.

His fifty-three years of Fellowship might have been enough of academia for some public figures, but not for Roger. He also held major positions at three other colleges: Imperial College, where he was Chairman of Governors from 1962 to 1974, reviving memories of his Queen's Gate childhood and at the same time enlarging his interests in science policy and industrial technology; Reading University, where he was Chancellor from 1970 to 1992, and only gave up then because he judged that it was in the university's interest, not because he had had enough; and Winchester, where he was a Fellow from 1962 to 1974 and then Warden to 1979, reversing roles with John Sparrow. He described Winchester as a 'mini-university', and his Wardenship faced him with some difficult issues which he handled with his customary firmness. But it was a job which gave him special satisfaction; and, as at Imperial College, it allowed him and Alice, who had acted as hostess for her father when he was Governor of the

Philippines, to exercise together their combined gifts for hospitality and entertainment. Besides all this, he kept up his links with Christ Church, where he was an Honorary Student; and after the untimely demise of West Downs in 1988 he contributed a substantial foreword to Mark Hichens' history of the school, praising Helbert and his successors but noting that they had never produced an eminent scientist.

Roger Sherfield was arguably the model of a modern non-academic Fellow. He was non-academic in the sense that he did not teach or research or publish, and was more interested in pictures and music than in books. His letters were short and to the point. He read and wrote papers, and there was a time when he delved more deeply into science and technology; but his interest was practical rather than theoretical, and his Fellowship of the Royal Society, a distinction he prized highly, was, like Hailsham's, a special one under Rule XII.

But his public career, splendid as it was, did not just reflect back light on the College from a distance. He applied it to College affairs, notably in helping to ensure that science found a representation here; and more generally, through his active participation, it enriched our conversations and enlarged our horizons. The same benefits flowed to the other academic institutions which he belonged to.

His mind and style were marked by consistency and immediacy. The former reflected his personal integrity.

Although his talk was full of variety and humour, it was founded on ideas and observations which he had tested thoroughly over time. Even his off-the-cuff remarks and jests had something of this quality. A good example was his interjection at a Prize Fellowship election meeting, when Warden Sparrow had read the Assistant Examiners' dismissal of some candidate and added 'And that's the last we shall hear of him', whereupon Sherfield chimed in with 'Until he becomes Head of the Civil Service'.

His immediacy was also unusual. Most of us live some of the time in the past or the future. Roger lived almost always in the present. If he used reminiscence, it was not for its own sake, but to make a point. His focus naturally extended to that immediate future which can be shaped by present action, but not to any longer-term speculation, secular or religious. This living in the present made his energy highly efficient, thus enabling him to accomplish so much.

This particular quality became even more evident in his astonishing last years. After Alice's death in 1984, and again after the stroke in 1994 which

severely restricted his eyesight, he carried on living the life of a much younger man. At his ninetieth birthday party in the English Speaking Union he did not recall the glories of his dancing days: he danced. In the week of his death, his diary was full of engagements; and his last wish, not achieved, was to be able to give his lunch for the Queen Mother here in the College.

Most of us fade towards rest or oblivion. A few, like Roger's two younger brothers, are cut off unexpectedly.

He kept going to the very end of a long life. I at least find it hard not to believe that that warm, energetic and immediate spirit is still moving on in another world. If so, it must be for him another (but greater) delightful surprise, such as he felt on the day when he was first elected here, with such happy consequences for himself, for us and for the College.

Jeremy Morse

(ALFRED) LESLIE ROWSE

4 December 1903–3 October 1997

Delivered by Mr Richard Ollard on Saturday, 7 February 1998

To have spanned the twentieth century is no mean feat, even if it is regarded simply as a test of endurance. Yet that is what Rowse did – I shall call him Rowse because he didn't like the Christian name 'Leslie' by which most of us addressed him and his preferred designation 'A.L.' has insistent overtones of a former Master of Balliol.

Rowse was born in the first decade of the century – early in the decade: he was over ten years old when the first war broke out and, as a school exercise in the elementary school of Carclaze, wrote a vigorous and witty letter of reproof to the Kaiser for bringing it about – and he was still writing books, highly readable books, in the decade in which the century is tottering to its close. At any point in its generally horrifying course Rowse can be found, articulate, vivid, controversial, sometimes brilliant, but never, never, inert.

He not only spanned the century, he compassed it. There was something of everyone in him. Indeed, it sometimes seems, there is almost no statement that one could make about him of which the converse is not also true. Was he generous? Yes. Was he vindictive? Yes. Was he radical? Yes. Was he conservative? Passionately. One could go on: but the point of tedium would soon be reached, an unfair return to a man whose conversation sparkled and stimulated.

Your chaplain has already adverted to his position in religion. Scornful of Christianity as of any other form of theism he was always annoyed, not content with a mere placid correction but annoyed, when people described him as an atheist. 'I'm not: I'm an agnostic.' Scorning believers he was equally scornful of those who did not, as he certainly did, admit a mystery at the heart of existence and of our experience of it.

It is this cohabitation of unresolved opposites from the deepest level to the most superficial that is perhaps the secret of his vitality. As a young man he was overwhelmed by the intellectual power of Marxism – I don't of

course mean that he ever had anything to do with the Communist Party or even with the fellow-travellers whom he despised and disliked but with the explanation it offered of historical phenomena. Even in old age he retained a healthy respect for it. It was the reason for his choosing Germany – of all countries to which both mind and temperament were alien – for his first extended foreign visit. He wanted to master the language so that his translation of Marx would transform the intellectual life of England and especially of his own university as Jowett's translation of Plato had done in the preceding century. Yet if one applies the famous dialectical triad to Rowse himself one can find theses a-plenty and antitheses not a few, but nowhere on the horizon is there so much as a glimpse of a synthesis.

To an extent he was aware of this himself. 'I look into my mind, and what do I see? A Socialist. I look into my heart and what do I see? A Fascist', he wrote in his journal in the mid-1930s. In lapidary inscriptions, said Dr Johnson, a man is not upon oath. Does this principle extend to memorial addresses? I think not. And I think our old friend would have agreed with me. 'Humbug' was his favourite comment of disapprobation in the margins of the books he read. His journals often and ringingly assert that one cannot be both a gentleman and an artist. Truth is what matters, the only value which must never be criticised or diluted. Yet here again one comes up against contradiction. Rowse was himself a master of the *éloge*, delicate, large-minded, affectionate. But his personal papers often show that he had allowed the last of these qualities to colour his real opinion. Indeed the same division presents itself in his view of behaviour to be expected of a gentleman. I use the word, as Rowse did, in the sense defined by Newman in his *Idea of a University*, not that of a hereditary landed proprietor. He constantly congratulates himself on being emancipated from it, with the vigour, almost the visible enjoyment, that a dog shakes itself after immersion in water. But his highest term of commendation, praise, admiration even, is just that. Both Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and T.S. Eliot are repeatedly and reverently celebrated for it: both are described as 'the greatest gentleman I ever knew'.

Can it be doubted that his love for this place grew from the same root? Any young man of 22 finding himself living on terms of equality with the bishops, ambassadors, viceroys, cabinet ministers and what have you who set the tone of the College in 1925 might have felt qualms. If he were also the first working-class man to be elected in the long history of an institution famous chiefly for the high breeding of its members he might well have

been daunted. Yet so perfect were the manners of the place that he at once, and perhaps for the first time in his life, felt at home. The ignorance and poverty of the world he sprang from, and to which he faithfully and loyally returned – for loyalty was one of the notes of his nature to which there was no antithesis – that world of his parents and family always required contrivance, diplomacy, guardedness, if collision were to be avoided. Here he could talk and listen, learn and criticise, make friends, try out ideas, to his heart's content. All Souls was the *Hellados Hellas*, the Oxford of Oxford, where beauty in music, architecture, painting, gardens, was all about one and where freedom, not blindness or prejudice, was in the air one breathed. 'In this college, sir, if there's anything you want, you have only to ask for it – however absurd.' The remark with which one of the scouts greeted one of his freshly elected juniors sums up his delight.

Granted all this, granted the multiplicity of his interests and the abundance of his energy, where was he going? Almost his only appearance in the twentieth-century volume of the History of this University is as a notably efficient secretary of the Labour Club. Was he to be a politician? As early as 1929 he was offered the Labour candidacy for Westmorland, an unwinnable seat which he wisely declined, but in 1931 and 1935 he fought his home constituency of Penryn and Falmouth, making quite a dent in the Tory majority. Throughout the thirties he was a conscientious Labour candidate, speaking and writing and attending conferences, but for him the real issue of the decade, an issue that darkened the rest of his life, was the rise of Nazi Germany and the fumbling and feebleness of the British government in the face of it. His despair, so killing to so ardent a nature, was intensified by appalling ill-health. An undiagnosed duodenal ulcer resulted in a series of operations from which even his surgeon and his nurses doubted his recovery. But his formidable will-power pulled him through. The trouble recurred from time to time but never in so acute a form. The Nazi menace too was at length met fair and square by war, which similarly came close to costing the country its life and left it no longer the power that it had been.

It was in the Churchill era that Rowse came into his own. With the war and the postponement of any General Election to the Greek Kalends, with his own need to take good care of himself, a parliamentary career was out of the question. Instead in 1941 he published *Tudor Cornwall* and, to him even more important, his first volume of poetry *Poems of a Decade* with a blurb written by T.S. Eliot, a form of literary endeavour which he told

Rowse drove him 'into a fever of scrupulosity'. The reception of *Tudor Cornwall* won unstinted praise, not least from such a scholar as Dom David Knowles, who singled out for particular praise its treatment of the monastic orders. In 1942 appeared *A Cornish Childhood*, a work that satisfied at least one of the requirements of a classic in that until a few weeks ago it had never been out of print since its first publication. This was followed by two short books setting out with characteristic verve the essential structure of English history. By the end of the war Rowse who had five years earlier been respected as a historian of promise was regarded by scholars as diverse as G.M. Trevelyan, Sir John Neale and Archbishop David Mathew as the rising star of the profession.

This opinion was not, it seems, shared by the relevant acuity of his own university. He was never invited to lecture on Tudor history, still less honoured by an invitation to be Ford's Lecturer. Such omissions were not neglected or forgotten. 'Rejection', a key word in Rowse's most intimate writings, became a concept which was pressed into service to explain matters which in fact were often clearly understandable on quite other grounds. The most painful, the crowning instance of it was of course his defeat by John Sparrow in the election for the Wardenship in 1952. That the choice was not based on personal resentment or on a comparative evaluation of the achievements and distinction of the candidates but on a rational assessment of what the head-hunters call job requirements he long refused to admit. But he did in the end, and handsomely. Two years before his death he wrote to me on re-reading John Sparrow's Chicago lectures:

I appreciate what a remarkable man he was, quite under-estimated by Oxford. Also how right All Souls was to elect him for Warden, not me.

In fact he had rapidly come to see what a blessing the decision had been in every possible way, both positive and negative. Positively it had sent him off on an extended and fruitful programme of American visits, including a series of winter sessions at the Huntington Library, from which so much issued, notably the great books – as Sir John Neale described them – on the Elizabethan Age. Negatively he was spared the fierce, unrelenting rear-guard action that his idea of a University has had to fight against the huge forces massed against it. And, as his colleagues had wisely judged, his many gifts did not include those most requisite for the Head of a House.

An earlier rejection, which he made much of in a later volume of autobi-

ography, had been the failure of his old and deeply loved college, Christ Church, to appoint him to a History tutorship after inviting his candidacy. A deep wound had been inflicted not just on his pride, but on his loyalty and his affection. In fact, as he very soon came to see (though never, publicly, to admit) both he and the College had been very lucky. J.N.L. Myres, the future Bodley's Librarian, was not known to be available but when he suddenly applied, the superiority of his qualifications really left no choice. In any case a college tutor was exactly what Myres then wanted to be whereas Rowse even at the time was very doubtful and was soon thanking his lucky stars that he hadn't so committed himself. The same is true, *mutatis mutandis*, of a Lectureship at the LSE in the early thirties and of two of the History chairs here soon after the Second War. Rejection had become the *leitmotiv* of his view of himself.

The reason which I believe he himself would have given is his mother's rejection of his natural affection. This is strikingly confirmed by a conversation he recorded in his sixties with his elder sister who had married and emigrated to the United States for this very reason. Rowse tells us that as a boy, singing solos in the church at St Austell and having as his first ambition elevation to a bishopric, he could never really attach any meaning to the statement God is Love, because Love was for him and for the home in which he was brought up a meaningless term. One glimpses something of this in *A Cornish Childhood* and one sees there too how eagerly he responded to any sign of kindness and encouragement and affection.

Response indeed, not rejection, is the keynote, the *leitmotiv*, of his long and unbelievably energetic life as viewed by a biographer. One of his correspondents, himself a Professor of History, wrote to him 'You are probably the last historian to have a complete familiarity with the whole of English literature'. His journals show how closely he observed, how well he remembered and continued to think about the paintings he saw, how profoundly he was moved by the music he listened to. In old age deafness denied him this last and keenest pleasure. But pictures, houses, gardens, landscape and townscape still stimulated and delighted him. Lying in bed, as he spent most of his last years, his reading had the range, his writing the vigour, of a man half his age.

The emotional bareness of his family life was compensated for by the richness of his friendships. These began with his schoolfellows and neighbours, his teachers and later, his associates in the local Labour Party. We are all too familiar with his outbursts about the Idiot People and similar disob-

ling expressions, but those who saw him in Cornwall were always struck by the warmth with which he recognised his old acquaintances, remembering not only their Christian names but their circumstances. His correspondence confirms this. He was never cold or snubbing. If he could offer help he did. His great friendships persisted beyond the grave. He dreamt a good deal and recorded his dreams in which friends, long dead, were present to him. Of this College Richard Pares was closest: and of this University Charles Henderson, Fellow of Corpus and great Cornish antiquary, who died very young; Bruce McFarlane of Magdalen, in so many ways Rowse's exact opposite, writing virtually nothing in spite of knowing, by universal consent, more about England in the fifteenth century than anyone had known before him. Strangest of all, Adam von Trott, that wholly and passionately German figure, personifying a mode of thought and an understanding of the world light years away from Rowse's. They were all fresh in his mind in his early nineties.

On his last visit to the College, in the unavailing hope of seeing John Sparrow who was then close to death, he came and sat alone in this chapel, and it was of the people he had known here that he thought. Much of his later journals are taken up with protestations of solipsism, a Swiftian shuddering at the horror of the human race. But even as he wrote one catches qualifying clauses, recognitions that this was not the whole truth about himself, or even an approximation to it. Once again, as with his passionate denunciations of Puritanism we know that he knows (and is sometimes ready to admit) that he is himself more than a little of a Puritan. Think of those tirades against pleasure-loving undergraduate contemporaries like Cyril Connolly who were studying wine lists when they ought to have been buried in Stubbs's Charters. There is always another side to Rowse which is why he was such fun to be with and is nearly always such fun to read.

In recalling the man I am conscious of having said far too little about his books, about the astonishing range and for the most part the high achievement of his work. The unstinted admiration of such severe critics in such diverse fields as Maurice Bowra and Kenneth Clark suggests that his reputation may rest on firmer foundations than mere fashion. Latterly it was his work on Shakespeare that he set most store by, and perhaps his uncharacteristically unobtrusive remodelling of Shakespearean words and usages to make the plays more accessible to the readers of this and the next century may prove his most valuable contribution. But having said that one thinks of his biography of Shakespeare, and the great procession of books on every

aspect of that wonderful age out of which it sprang. Perhaps one might recall the opening chapter of *Tudor Cornwall* in which he describes in the Cornish miracle plays the

elaborate treatment of the exquisite and moving legend of the Holy Rood:
how Adam, weary of his life and sorrows, sends Seth to the gate of Paradise
for the oil of mercy.

The passage is a sustained feat of empathy. The perceptions of an age from which his intellect, like the flaming sword at the gate of Paradise, precluded him are rendered with the sensibility of a fellow poet. It is not that his personality is not present: it is rather that it has been subsumed in the matter of his art. And it is as an artist that he would have wished us to remember him.

ISAIAH BERLIN

6 June 1909–5 November 1997

Delivered by Lord Jenkins of Hillhead, Professor Avishai Margalit,
Sir Stuart Hampshire and Professor Bernard Williams
on Saturday, 21 March 1998 in the Sheldonian Theatre

When Charles de Gaulle died his successor said: 'France is a widow'. Isaiah Berlin was not much like the General, but I nonetheless think it appropriate, if Aline will permit the sharing, to say that Oxford since November 5th has been a widow, and long will remain so.

Gradually over the past 70 years, Isaiah came to epitomise the spirit of this University. But paradoxically so. His provenance was not of our traditional catchment areas. No generations of Berlins had made their way across the English countryside until they came in sight of the dreaming spires. He began in Oxford only ten years after he and his family had escaped from the cauldron of revolutionary Russia. He then illustrated the inclusive and welcoming quality of Oxford (as in a different way I do myself; the barriers of Oxford are in my view erected only against those who wish them to be there).

The reverse side of the coin was that, just as Isaiah was ingested into Oxford, so he many times over repaid the debt by burnishing our world refulgence. To deal in baubles, he was one of the very few to hold the four court cards of university laurels, honorary degrees from Harvard and Yale, as well as from here and Cambridge. To deal in less worldly coin, he almost above all represented the idea of a world intellectual community. And from the days when his Washington despatches first seized the imagination of Churchill (although as we well know, not precise identification by him); through the time when I first effectively got to know him, which was at Harvard, one October morning in 1953 (it at least points to the non-insularity of this University that its greatest ornament and its future Chancellor impacted upon each other for the first time in Cambridge, Massachusetts); through from there to the time when the highest honours came, Isaiah's fame was as great in America as in Britain. The *New York Times* was even

more prodigal in column inches than were the London broadsheets. Nor was his beam only transatlantic. It embraced Russia obviously, and Italy and many other European countries too.

Yet, in spite of the near universality of his fame, it is I think no narrow parochial pride on our part which makes me see him as a quintessentially Oxonian figure. Frequent though were his excursions away, it is very difficult to imagine his home base being in any other university. It is recorded of John Henry Newman that, when the time came for him to go to a university in 1816 his father ordered a post-chaise without prior decision whether it should head for Oxford or Cambridge, and only told it to drive west rather than north-east by the narrowest of margins. So was a mismatch of historic proportions avoided. The climate, both physical and intellectual, of the Fenlands would, *mutatis* a good deal *mutandis*, have been as inappropriate for Newman in the first half of the nineteenth century as it would have been for Isaiah 112 years later.

Happily I do not think there was any hesitation about the direction in which he was headed by his father or St Paul's School in 1928. There may, however, again as with Newman, have been ambiguity about the college to which he went. Whatever the method of decision here, the intimacy combined with quality of Corpus has always seemed to me singularly appropriate. When I was concerned with the arrangements of the Oxford dinner for Isaiah's eightieth birthday, I had no doubt that Corpus hall was the right place. Isaiah, I always felt, was a South Oxford man. Corpus, All Souls, New College, although even that last, by virtue both of its size and its location, was getting a bit far away from the meridional cradle. Here, in the Sheldonian, we are just within the borders of civilisation. But places beyond, Balliol certainly, and most points further north, were to him semi-heathen territory. That made it the more remarkable that, mostly in his seventh decade, he should have been the creator and the inspirator of Wolfson, which, in its northerliness, although not in its *gemütlich* atmosphere and architecture, was positively arctic.

It was the sense of particularity, whether it was of colleges or of individuals, accompanied by conversation made into an art form as perfect in its way, yet always retaining spontaneity, as anything which came from his favourite musical executants, Toscanini or Schnabel – or Brendel – which made him so essentially Oxonian. More than most we have long liked to think of ourselves as a university expressing itself through *talk*, rather than through non-reactive listening, note-taking and the passive absorption of

information; and in no-one was that quality more completely expressed than in Isaiah.

But it was conversation, and not monologues in which he excelled. Of course he led the dance – to have expected him to do otherwise would have been like expecting Churchill to turn his greatest speeches into dialogues or Proust to write a collaborative novel. But Isaiah always needed and paid attention to a partner or partners. And his interlocutors moulded the direction of his talk. Queen Victoria would never have complained that he addressed her like a public meeting. His conversation was always tailor-made. As has been said from a variety of sources, he had a superabundance of curiosity. He knew a vast amount about an amazing number of people. Never full of himself, he was full of others.

As a result, to use a famous phrase ‘he banked his treasure in the hearts of his friends’. As long as they are alive, his memory will be vivid, and many of them were much younger than himself. When we are all gone, what then? This of course raises profound eschatological questions, and Isaiah with his ‘worldly, unsentimental, and serene Humeian temperament’, as another tribute-paper has put it, was not, on the surface at least, an eschatological thinker. There will of course always be the pellucid quality of his writings. But it was his talk and his personality, with their ability not only to illuminate but to inspire his interlocutors and to make them leave his presence with a higher morale than when they arrived – it was this which was matchless. By its very nature this is an evanescent quality. Yet I think that if, as I hope, this university lasts at least another 800 years beyond the approximately eight centuries it has already achieved, Isaiah Berlin’s name will be amongst the little more than two handfuls of individuals who stand out as having given it its special and, on the whole – I must not exaggerate, for Isaiah was always a relativist – its admirable quality.

Roy Jenkins

I shall attempt a personal and intellectual remembrance of Isaiah Berlin from 1935 onwards. In 1935 in Llandudno, North Wales, in Boots’ Circulating Library, I came across Kafka’s *Great Wall of China and other stories*, just translated by Edwin and Willa Muir, and I was overwhelmed. Isaiah had mentioned Kafka in the magazine *Oxford Outlook*, which he had co-edited with Dick Crossman. An undergraduate friend, Benedict Nicolson, introduced us so that we could talk about Kafka.

After that we persisted in talking, more or less continuously for 62 years, except for four war years, when Isaiah was in America. We gradually, in those pre-war years in All Souls, formed the habit of discussing anything interesting that either of us experienced and of checking up on any changes in our opinions and in our loyalties, right up until the last week of his life. In the thirties there existed among politicians, writers, intellectuals, in Britain and in Europe, a culture of paranoia, a feeling of being haunted by a spectre of catastrophe, of a final settling of accounts that was to come. Kafka had diagnosed this mood of anxiety very exactly. But Isaiah, in his room in the Hawksmoor tower of All Souls, with his old-fashioned HMV gramophone with its immense horn for better sound, sharpening his fibre needles, playing the overture to Rossini's *Scala di Seta* or *La Gazza Ladra*, or Schnabel's Beethoven or the Busch Quartet, Isaiah certainly did not share this sad fear of the world, whether the Marxist forms of fear, or the Freudian forms, or in the subtle form of philosophical scepticism. It soon emerged that he loved England, Oxford University, Salzburg, Italy, the London Library, and All Souls College. He was boundlessly benevolent, approachable, gentle, constantly telling stories, and sweeping one along with them. In his All Souls rooms he kept over the mantelpiece a painting, the work of an undergraduate friend, Giles Robertson, which showed him as a small child dangerously perched on a window-sill over the street. Far away from Riga he was utterly at home in pre-war Oxford, happily involved in College affairs and with devoted pupils. In his thought he was at that time, and he remained, a convinced and calm empiricist, who insisted that the stuff of our day-to-day experience, whether in personal experience or in politics, is the true stuff of reality, and that behind the phases of history there lurks no hidden plot either of punishment or of redemption. He took the furniture of the world, both the natural and the social furniture, medium sized objects on a human scale, to be entirely real and to exist more or less as we perceive them. The Nazis, steadily advancing towards us in those years were just a manifest and unmitigated evil, and the evil was not for him a sign of something beyond itself, needing to be interpreted, but simply a hideous reality to be resisted. The appeasers, both of the Left and the Right, with their different theories of history, were for him just wrong, wrong through ignoring natural feelings.

Apart from the Nazis and Zionism and Socialism, we talked, for much of the time, about the new analytical philosophy. Typically, it was in Isaiah's room that a group of younger philosophers met on Thursday evenings during term. He was the co-ordinating, animating centre. He always

resisted the schematisation of language, and of the sources of knowledge, which logical positivism required. He was always a pluralist in epistemology as later in the theory of politics and of morality. At least two of his journal articles, strikingly original in their time, are still important half a century later. There was no great discontinuity when after the war he turned away from academic philosophy to the history of ideas. To reconstruct and to reanimate the images and fantasies that lay behind the arguments of abstract thinkers was a constant passion of his, and in lectures on Russian thinkers and on the Enlightenment and the Counter-Enlightenment, both in Oxford and on the BBC, he created his own public. I remember standing with him on the lawn at All Souls reading some of the letters, unprecedented in number, which the BBC had received from listeners who had been fascinated by the very various personalities he had conjured up for them in his headlong style. This response to his lectures was repeated in universities all over America as well as in Oxford. Like William James, whom he greatly admired, his thought was naturally rhetorical and declamatory, and he liked to let himself go in his eulogies, and particularly in celebrating the oddities and insights of unconforming minds. He enjoyed those cascades of proper names which I am sure all who heard his lectures will remember: the names were the lights from the other shore that he felt should always be kept alight.

Finally, I must come to the person, to the man of feeling, in one sense of that phrase, which I think was his essence. He responded immediately to tones of voice, to the quality and to the intention of a person's smile, and to the lilt of his or her sentences, and to the displays and disguises of a conversation and of a personality. In speech he could make himself become David Cecil or Henry Price or Maurice Bowra, three friends among many whom he was delighted to impersonate. But his life was re-constituted, started all over again, when he married Aline in 1956. He effectively had two lives enclosed in one, pre-Aline and then with her, and the second life, in its wholeness and completeness, realised for him an undreamt-of happiness. Because of his unalterable modesty, he was surprised by his destiny, just as he was later surprised by the accumulation of honours and titles and prizes, and by the fame and acclamation of all sorts, that came to him in these later years. I can speak here, among his friends, about the uncounted trails of affectionate memory in so many directions that he left behind, in London, Jerusalem, Washington, and elsewhere, the many people who enjoyed the sense of having some special intimacy with him, in some cases, an intimacy as with no one else. How did this come about? What was the peculiar

quality that explains this multiplication of friendships, quite apart from his evident brilliance and virtuosity and the astonishing range of his knowledge?

One feature of his character which greatly contributed, I believe, was his deep-seated unvarying patience – patience in attending to people, in constantly thinking about them, and about their needs. For example, from the pre-war years onwards he was a kind of consul general to foreign scholars visiting Oxford for the first time, who steadily over the years, and even before the war, found their way to his rooms in All Souls and later also to Headington House. This generous quality of his in giving time to people was connected with a complete absence of self-importance. He always refused to divide his time into measured bits and then to allocate it appropriately. This same habit of unhurriedness caused him to reject philosophies and theories that are in a hurry to explain, right now, the relation of the mind to the body or the movements of history, problems that probably still require a century or two of continuous thought, at the very least. Lastly he was tirelessly patient in overcoming the many obstacles to the foundation of Wolfson College, a project that was originally conceived as a kind of thanks-offering to Britain when he was visiting Princeton. This was perhaps the greatest of all his many achievements. Finding first the endowment, then the site and the architect, winning the support of the university and also of the colleges, not easily but step by step – he seemed to possess the worldly skills and flair of a medieval archbishop, of an Archbishop Chichele. The completed Wolfson vividly reflects in its structures and in its customs the unstuffy personality of its founder and its first president.

I therefore celebrate with you the very happy and the immensely constructive life of an extraordinary person, an extraordinary human being: and I mourn also a particular friend, an almost life-long, and life-creating, friend.

Stuart Hampshire

‘You have beautiful black eyes’, Greta Garbo once said to Isaiah Berlin. His eyes were indeed remarkably expressive. They were full of mischievous cleverness, childish inquisitiveness, and sceptical soberness. Today these eyes appear in framed photographs: glassy and formal. The spark is gone.

In recent years the conversations between us turned more frequently to the loss of the spark – to death. In one letter he asks: Do you think about

death? In my situation, he writes, I naturally find myself thinking about it. He goes on to say, I believe in what Epicurus said: 'Where I am, death is not, and where death is, I am not'. I am not afraid of death, he used to say, but 'what a waste!' This mention of Epicurus was not accidental. Isaiah believed the name Epicurus to be the source of the world 'Apikores', the traditional Jewish label for one who doubts the afterlife, divine revelation, and the authority of the rabbis. A sceptic, not a heretic.

One streak in Judaism which Isaiah was definitely very sceptical about is the idea that we are not here to enjoy ourselves. Isaiah enjoyed his life thoroughly, and made it his business to make others joyous in his presence. This business, of making others joyous, had its price. Or so Isaiah thought.

Every year, the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* asks famous people questions like 'Who would you like to have been?' Isaiah's answer: Alexander Herzen. To the question 'Mention a flaw in your character', Isaiah replied 'Anxiousness to please'. This was not a coy confession about a cute character flaw, designed to extract denials, or to fish for double compliments. I want to talk about what Isaiah regarded as a flaw in his character, because I believe that it relates to an issue of importance in Isaiah's life: it relates to his concern with fellow Jews and with his Zionism.

There is a wonderful lecture of Berlin's entitled 'Jewish Slavery and Emancipation'. In it, it spells out a parable for the state of the Jews which is eminently pertinent. He tells there of 'travellers who by some accident find themselves among a tribe whose customs they are not familiar with. They don't know what to expect. The strangers, being alien to the tribe's form of life, find little they can take for granted. They do everything they can to find out how their hosts function. They must get this right, otherwise they may easily find themselves in trouble, but then this is precisely the reason for which they are felt to be outsiders. They are experts on the tribe, not members of it.' 'They are,' Berlin added, 'altogether too anxious to please.'

For Berlin, as for Tolstoy, the distinction between being natural and being artificial and affected is basic. Natasha in love, stung by a nettle in the field, is for Tolstoy an epiphany of the natural, while Natasha watching French opera, with a stage setting of a phony moon, is an emblem of the artificial. Isaiah, the avid opera worshipper, never considered the opera as artificial. He tied his own sense of the natural and the artificial with Friedrich Schiller's distinction, which was most meaningful to him, between the naïve and the sentimental. The natural that is the naïve is the one who is not conscious of any rift between oneself and one's surrounding,

and who is not conscious of any rift within oneself. The artificial that is the sentimental is the one who is being painfully conscious of such rifts. Being at home for Isaiah meant the possibility of being natural, naïve, and socially at ease. The Jews lost the sense of home by being in exile.

If anyone was at home in Oxford, Isaiah Berlin was the one. He was immensely grateful to the English society for accepting him. Yet he sensed that due to his experience as an immigrant Jewish child he retained the anxiousness to please. This gave him, the great *Versteher*, the key for his imaginative leap for understanding what it is like to lack a home. Zionism, for Isaiah, had one supreme goal: to endow the Jews with a sense of home. 'Home', Isaiah liked to quote Robert Frost, 'is the place where, when you have to go there, they have to take you in.' This is how Isaiah saw the notion of a National Home for the Jews in the land of Israel. In spite of his criticism of Zionist politics, when it unnecessarily deprives Palestinian Arabs of their homes, he saw Zionism as a success story with regard to his central concern, the revival for the Jews of the sense of home.

Of the three sides of the revolutionary triangle – liberty, equality and fraternity – Isaiah is known most for siding with liberty. But I believe that no less at the centre of Isaiah's thought and feelings was the idea of fraternity, or human solidarity. He felt a basic, unapologetic solidarity with Jews everywhere. And this made him think about solidarity in general. For Berlin the Jews were not the carriers of a philosophy called Judaism. Isaiah never believed in the religious idea of the Jews as the chosen people, nor in secular versions of this idea. He believed even less in the idea that the long history of oppression and torment of the Jews attests to their being chosen. There was for him nothing sublime or redemptive in suffering. Suffering is suffering is suffering.

Once he put me to the test. That is – he tested me with a thought experiment. Suppose, he said, that you have at your disposal an Aladdin's lamp. When you rub it, miraculous things happen. You can rub it in such a way that the Jews, all the Jews in the world, will instantaneously become Scandinavians, without any historical memory, no martyrology, no nothing. They may become a boring people, perhaps, but they will be a happy one. Would you rub the lamp? No, I answered promptly. He did not like the speed with which I replied. He took this as an unbearable lightness towards Jewish suffering. For him suffering could never be a blessing, it was always a curse.

Basically the Jews were for him an extended family. An interesting family,

possibly even a neurotic family, but by no means a 'chosen' one. And, in this family like in a family: there is an adored uncle. There was indeed an uncle whom Isaiah loved. He was Isaac Landoberg, who later became Yitzhak Sadeh, the Jewish Garibaldi, as Isaiah referred to him. Like Garibaldi, who founded the Red Shirts, Sadeh founded the Palmach, the striking units which eventually played a decisive role in Israel's War of Independence in 1948. Sadeh was not only a general, but also a writer and an essayist, and also – in his early days in Russia – a boxer, a wrestler and an avid footballer, as well as a painter's model and an art dealer. In short, a pagan. During the Russian Revolution he came to Petrograd, as a Social Revolutionary officer, to visit the Berlins. Berlin's mother was so terrified of his huge Mauser pistol that she took it from him and put it away in a bowl of cold water, lest it explode. Sadeh ended his life in Israel as a romantic socialist. In Isaiah's eyes he remained a dazzling adventurer.

Isaiah's own family is old and intriguing. He was a direct descendent of Shneur Zalman of Liadi, the founder of the Hasidic dynasty of Lubavitch at the time of the Napoleonic wars. And in this family like in a family, there are also black sheep. A second cousin of Isaiah's was the late Lubavitcher Rebbe Menachem Schneerson, the one whose followers in Brooklyn and elsewhere declared him to be the Messiah. Though secretly proud of his illustrious Hasidic lineage, Isaiah felt acute embarrassment with a Messiah in the family. Aline, too, has a long and no less fascinating pedigree. She was born into the family of the Barons de Günzburg, who distinguished themselves for three generations, up until the Russian Revolution, as grand bankers in Russia and in Paris, and were prominent in Jewish diplomacy during the pogroms against the Jews in the days of the Czars; they were also among the most pre-eminent philanthropic families in the modern history of the Jews.

And so Isaiah's family branches in all directions and it extends to the whole of the Jewish people. When Isaiah gossiped about the family it was social history at its best. And when Isaiah talked about social history it was as intimate as family gossip. It is this sense of solidarity that shaped him as the tribal cosmopolitan that he was. He had a vision of a world where people will have a sense of belonging and of identity, and in virtue of this they will have a natural sense of home so that they will be able to express their own humanity to the full.

If Jews for Isaiah meant family, what was Isaiah for the Jews? For many Jews he was *Resh Galuta*, Prince of the Exiles. They wanted to pay him tribute, which on many occasions meant a visit to the great man. Isaiah did not

mind that in the least, not even when they were bores. He made room for everyone in his dense little diary, then met them, and enchanted them off their feet with his warmth, with his instant sense of familiarity, and above all with his mesmerising stories.

Isaiah was a master of adjectives. He could get at the gist of one's character by a string of nuanced adjectives. There is no point in my trying to encapsulate him by adjectives: only he could have done that. So I shall end with a reminder. While remembering to mourn his death we should not forget to celebrate his life.

Avishai Margalit

Isaiah has been much praised and discussed in the past months, and so he will be in the future. Today is itself an occasion, of course, for recalling what Isaiah did and what he stood for: and I shall try to say a little about his relations to philosophy, and to some other things as well. But we are in Oxford, where he and Aline lived for so many years and shared the warmth of their life with many other people. Here specially, when we speak of his work or his attitudes, we think first of them, and of his home, and of the way in which he was uniquely able to extend his friendship widely but not thinly.

About his relations to philosophy, the best known thing that Isaiah said was that he gave it up – philosophy, that is to say, to use his words, 'as it is taught in most English-speaking universities, and as I believe it should be taught'. He said that this was the result of a conversation during the war with the Harvard logician H.M. Sheffer, who persuaded him that in philosophy one could not hope for an increase in permanent knowledge. 'I gradually came to the conclusion,' Isaiah wrote,

that I should prefer a field in which one could hope to know more at the end of one's life than when one had begun; and so I left philosophy for the history of ideas.

He would sometimes tell a further story of how this conclusion began to force itself on him, shortly after the conversation with Sheffer, during a flight across the Atlantic in an unpressurised aircraft: he could not read, and he could not go to sleep because he was wearing an oxygen mask, and so for nine hours he had nothing to do except think, something which (he claimed) he always found exceedingly painful.

He did think that philosophy was an important and fascinating subject, which could claim transforming achievements, but he thought that they were achieved only by thinkers of genius. 'Genius' was one of Isaiah's favourite words. He himself took it to be a rich and vague Romantic idea, but he applied it and withheld it with an assurance worthy of Dr Johnson: 'Wagner? undoubtedly a genius, historically a disaster'; and of almost any contemporary figure outside the sciences or the creative arts, 'Genius? Certainly not'. In any case, he did not regard himself as a genius. Indeed, he did not see himself as a scholar or a professionally learned man, either. When he said that he turned to the history of ideas because philosophy did not produce cumulative knowledge, he did not mean that he wanted to make great scholarly discoveries in that field or be famous for his research. He meant what he said, that he himself hoped to know more at the end of his life than when he had begun.

In fact, I do not think that he did leave philosophy. He merely left what he took philosophy to be. His conception of the subject had been formed originally by those discussions in Oxford before the war which were shaped by the agenda of positivism; and, very broadly, he struck with that conception. The most important thing about that conception, though, so far as Isaiah was concerned, was that it saw philosophy as a timeless study, with no interest in history (except perhaps, marginally, in the history of philosophy itself). If what Isaiah wanted to do was really history, then, on this view, it could not be philosophy. Isaiah agreed with this himself, and that is why he said that he had left philosophy, and why he did not notice that he had discovered or rediscovered a different kind of philosophy, one that makes use of real history.

Analytic philosophy has been much taken up with defining things. But as Nietzsche said – not actually one of Isaiah's favourite thinkers – 'one can only define things that have no history'. Because that is true, all the things that Isaiah found most interesting – liberty and other political ideals, Romanticism, nationalism, ideas of individual creativity – such things do not have definitions or analyses but only complex and tangled histories, and to say what these things are, one must tell some of their history. This was what Isaiah believed, and it was expressed straightforwardly in the style of his work, in which he offered narration rather than dialectic, preferred tendencies to laws, and, in many cases, liked illustrative details best of all.

This was not just a manner or an idiosyncrasy, but expressed a quite basic idea, and it may be because of this that people have been frustrated in trying

to get hold of some essence of his thought. Coming to his writings, still more to Isaiah himself, with an academic or journalistic receptacle in which they hoped to pack his principal ideas, they usually found that they had come out with too little to fill it, or too much to get into it. He, and the myriad images in his head of past worlds, of people living and dead and their thoughts, were not the right shape for receptacles.

The concrete sense which he had of the special character of different historical times was not just expressed in his philosophy. It shaped his reactions to many other things he cared about. He was notoriously impatient with opera directors who shift the historical period of the production, and just as cross when, supposedly staging the piece in the right period, they got the manners wrong. If his taste was in these ways, as the opera directors grimly pointed out, conservative, it did also conserve, and it kept alive for him materials which to a modern taste might seem psychologically or morally unconvincing. We used to discuss that crucial scene in *Traviata* in which the father tells Violetta that she must give up her affair with Alfredo because the family's reputation is being ruined by it, and she, touched by his appeal, immediately agrees; if I suggested that this does not show either of the characters in an altogether favourable light, Isaiah would have none of it, and returned me firmly to the expectations which people had in that time and place.

Isaiah's taste in opera was broad and hugely enthusiastic. What he loved most in it was sheer melody. It was Rossini, Wagner said, who had installed melody as the absolute sovereign of opera, and Isaiah's passion for Rossini was just about limitless. His relations to Wagner himself were somewhere between distant and hostile, but he did not get over-excited about the subject or give elaborate explanations of his attitude. When he invited us once to go with him to *Parsifal*, I said something to the effect that it was going to be a particularly bad evening for him: 'no worse than all the others', he said.

One reason that Wagner displeased him was that his music, as Isaiah put it, 'acted directly on the nerves'. There were other works that also fell under this criticism, and they were in quite various styles: *Tosca* and *Turandot*, *Wozzeck*, Britten's *Peter Grimes*. I think that what these pieces had in common, and what really upset Isaiah about them, was something that always upset him very deeply, that they were too directly expressive of cruelty.

His special affection for Verdi was connected with a quality that Verdi had, which, in a famous article, Isaiah called 'naïveté', in Schiller's sense:

although his works very recognisably came from a particular time and place, they expressed, directly and unselfconsciously, feelings which have been experienced and understood at all times. Isaiah believed both that interesting and significant expressions of human experience are irreducibly local and peculiar, and also that in order to understand them, and to recognise the most important among them, you have to see them as rooted in understandings and powers and aspirations which in some sense are common to everybody.

These two lines of thought wound round each other in some complex ways, for instance in his attitudes to the Enlightenment. He had a basic loyalty to its reasonable ideals, which were supposed to appeal to humanity as such, but just for that reason he wanted to understand some of its darker critics and subverters. He came back continually to ways in which such conflicting ideas had shaped the experience of Russia. His favourite hero of the Enlightenment outlook was not one of its philosophers, but a man who represented it in relation to that country, off-shore, Alexander Herzen.

With most things that interested him very much, such as political ideas, it was their history that concerned him first, the particular circumstances in which they flourished. This was true, to some extent, of his interest in works of art. But when it came to the art that meant most to him, and to the works that he loved most of all, it was not true. In their case, historical relativity finally gave up, and all merely local considerations melted away. To him the works of Bach and Beethoven, Mozart and Schubert, spoke in ways to which their history, however interesting, was external and irrelevant. They were simply there, for ever, for everybody.

He shared that feeling with other people in an entirely direct and unassuming way. We shall remember his talk, and the generous way in which he talked, so that people wanted to listen to him, not simply because he was brilliant and amusing and had many things to tell them, but because he enjoyed letting them into his thoughts, and, unlike many clever talkers, had no desire to bully them or make them feel at a loss. But we shall remember him, too, when he was not talking but listening intently to this music. It will be hard, perhaps, for his friends ever to hear some of these pieces again without thinking of him, slightly bent forward, his head a little on one side, sometimes humming a bit or beating time, absorbed without a trace of self-consciousness in what for him was beyond any talk, any arguments, any history.

MAX BELOFF
(LORD BELOFF)

2 July 1913–22 March 1999

Delivered by Dr John Davis and Dr David Butler
on Saturday, 19 June 1999 in the Library

Max Beloff was a Fellow of this College from his election as Gladstone Professor in 1957 until his resignation to go to Buckingham in 1974. And then, after an interval, he was Emeritus Fellow until his death on 22 March 1999. I met him in 1990; and so what I have to say about him as a Fellow is based on his appearance in College and University archives, and on rather respectful acquaintance in the last quarter of his membership of the College. I had wondered at his parliamentary activity in the debates on University reform in the 1980s – but I have no direct knowledge of him as an effective organiser of protest and opposition. I have read speeches by his son Michael, at Max's eightieth birthday party, and at his funeral. These overflow with affection and good humour and happiness, and reveal another facet of the man we commemorate. I hope that those who speak today about his membership of All Souls, his academic creativity, and his presence in Parliament will help his friends and colleagues to triangulate – if that is the right word – Max's character and action.

I said that he became an Emeritus Fellow 'after an interval'. The reason for that is that Professors in 1974 who resigned to take up another life were not entitled by the By-laws to become emeriti, while those who retired to a pension were more or less automatically entitled. Max discovered this after he had left, and waged a campaign to get the rules altered: it was not just or friendly or consistent that a Fellow who had been in College for seven years and retired to vegetate should have this status, while someone who had been a Fellow for seventeen years, but retired before the age of 67, should be barred from it. So, he wrote letters to the Warden and replies to replies – he waged a campaign, and was successful: the By-law was changed, and changed with the happy consequence that he should benefit – as he did for a further twelve years.

I tell this story because I think it pinpoints one important aspect of the man. Many of us would shrink from such vigorous pursuit of an inclusion that might be thought to be in our own interest: shyness, self-effacement, the fear that cynics might comment on the coincidence of justice and self-interest – all these would lead most men to hold back. I have read the correspondence carefully, and I have to say that there is not the slightest sign that such considerations influenced his actions. Beloff knew that he was right; he knew that this conviction was not affected by personal interest; and so he did what he had to do. He exhibited – in this relatively small matter – an obliviousness to conventional opinion, to the possible interpretation of his motives. If you were right, motives and gossip and malice didn't matter: a rational man should be perfectly able to put himself to one side, reach a decision, and then to act as he thought right. It should be said that others benefited from his actions as well – Hanbury, Habakkuk, Daube, and Dummett all became emeriti in 1980.

The other point that is worth drawing to your attention is, that he wanted to maintain an association with the College. That is partly because he relished the social life of Fellowship. I do not mean to say that he participated much in the purely social aspects that are sometimes so attractive – the frivolous gossip for instance at dinner or lunch. He is said to have bowled only one ball ever for a College cricket team, against a Balliol eleven. But he did expect serious conversation on serious topics: even from the younger Fellows whose company he enjoyed and to whom he was generously supportive, here as well as at Nuffield. The topics included cricket, of course, where he was as formidably knowledgeable as he was on the changing patterns of higher education and the development and growth of the European Union. He had little patience with vague idealisms, or with hopeful but ill-informed aspiration. He made himself well-informed, argued his position and expressed it with formidable and acerbic clarity. He was conservative because that was how his analyses led him: policies to change things were made by people who were not so well-informed and who didn't think so clearly – and it was therefore best that such changes were not made.

I think the other reason that he wanted association with the College was perhaps paradoxically that he had been instrumental in changing it. At any rate he had played his part as a Fellow in the debates of the 1960s, and I think had an affectionate attachment to the institution not simply because it was convenient for libraries, but because he had helped to give it some of its present contours. Let me give two examples, one where he failed, the

other where he succeeded. In the 1960s the College was preoccupied with the problem of its surplus, and with the likely criticisms that would come in the report of the Franks Commission. Max was part of a group that favoured expanding the College by admitting graduate students. He was also clear-sighted enough to realise that the College could not, by itself, take in sufficient numbers to disarm criticism: there were problems of size; more seriously, he knew very well that such people demanded attention and support. While he was experienced with, and indeed noted for his support of graduate students, he doubted whether the Fellows – rather few by today's standard – had realised how much time a graduate membership would absorb, and he doubted they would stir themselves to supply the necessary supervision and pastoral care. So he became a supporter of the plan to merge All Souls with St Antony's College, and was part of the negotiating team that met their opposite numbers from that College, to work out the details of how it might be done. Another notable member of the team, and a supporter of the merger, was David Caute; and it is remarkable that when the Bursars of the two Colleges eventually scuppered their plans, and Caute resigned his Fellowship and went public with his criticisms of the College – Max was reticently discreet about his unlikely ally. Reading between the lines today, it seems probable that he shared Caute's view of what was necessary, up to a point. Certainly, he respected those who had a correct understanding, whatever their political colour. And in his critique of the Franks Commission Report (*Encounter*, June 1966) he refrained from comment on Caute's article in the March issue. 'Enough has been said about All Souls recently', he said, and went on to note that Franks' criticisms of the College had never been put to the College for an answer. He was not an unthinking conservative, and he did not choose his friends by their labels. He never went to press to voice his disappointment at the decision.

The second instance, a few years earlier, concerns sociology and its place in the University. Until the 1960s the University had a five-year Lectureship without college attachment. When the incumbent announced his resignation in 1960 the University set up a committee to decide on the future of the post, and to make an election. They came to no decision until two years later. Max was active in support of sociology, ensuring that the post was advertised as a Readership, and was keen that the person appointed should be capable in theory as well as in practice. I attribute to him the authorship of a comment in the *Oxford Magazine* (which he had edited for a while):

We have put ourselves in a paradoxical position. We are deemed to despise [sociology], yet ... employ such lofty standards in judging its practitioners that none can be found to satisfy our requirements. (2 June 1960)

And he was then, we think, instrumental in College in ensuring that the holder of the post should come to All Souls: that proposal, which established a sixth social science in College, in the constellation of Law, Politics, Anthropology, Economics and Economic History, was innovative, imaginative and (given the general opinion of the discipline that then prevailed) – courageous.

It helped, of course, that the man appointed was Bryan Wilson, who represented a contemplative and historical strand of sociology rather than alternative tendencies, deemed meretricious and superficial. Max nonetheless had a clear sense of what a full complement of scholars consisted of. He was also, as I believe is well-known, a strong advocate of International Relations, and was largely responsible for ensuring that it flourished in University and College alike.

I would like to end these remarks with a quotation from a letter of his to the Deputy Registrar. Max's predecessor had been honoured for his public service with the rank of Companion of the Order of St Michael and St George. Because the Registry is the Registry, then as now, letters to the Gladstone Professor presumed they had all been so honoured, and addressed their envelopes accordingly. Max put him right:

May I ... ask you to have future communications from your office addressed to me without the letters C.M.G. after my name? No doubt Her Gracious Majesty will one day confer upon me an honour, but until she does the mere addition of my predecessor's distinctions after my name is hardly a substitute.

It is a small matter – two sentences written in one minute. But even in trivia the voice is unmistakable: a firm sense of his own worth, coupled with self-mockery; an insistence that the proper formality be observed; and an absence of any sense that it might be politic to soften the joke, or to make the Registrar's Deputy feel at ease. Even when he was honoured, and much more so than his predecessor, he was not more relaxed or ingratiating. Nor, and this is also to his credit, did he cease to make self-deprecatory jokes, which continued in his letters from the House of Lords.

I said earlier that Max Beloff was clearly loved, clearly amusing and gentle and friendly in his family. In College he was certainly friendly, in a collegial rather than familiar way. He was selfless in important ways – without concern for his image in others' eyes, taking people for their intellectual worth rather than their status. He was not always an easy man, and could appear impatient and a stickler for formalities. On the other hand, he had no dissimulation and no malice – he had strong dislikes, and expressed them sometimes forcibly. But there was an end to it – no additional odium, no pleasure in others' errors. He had an unmistakable love of informed argument, and the positions he took were grounded in a careful and accurate historical scholarship, and hence more interesting than those based on arguments from first principles. It is therefore, incidentally, most fitting that the fund his family is establishing should help a young scholar to study history – rather than any of the other disciplines that inform political studies.

The combination of history and politics with his quality of never using a ready-made reach-me-down position but of working afresh, of consideration and reconsideration made him, in my experience, one of the most surprising Fellows of the College, even in the last ten years of his life. The College is grateful for his successful care to ensure that the social sciences and International Relations might flourish here, as they do. And we are grateful, and remember him with respectful affection for his example of scrupulous scholarship, his willingness to use it to inform his actions, and his utter selfless fearlessness in pursuit of what he thought was right.

John Davis

The Warden has charged me with paying tribute to the academic achievement of Max Beloff. I first encountered him in 1949 when he was already a famous man and I was a candidate for a Studentship at Nuffield College. I was struck by the fact that someone so well known looked so extraordinarily young. Age takes its toll yet when I met him a few months ago I could still see that driving sharp-edged figure, impatiently asking awkward questions.

Over the next nine years at Nuffield I saw a lot of Max. He was a good colleague, always interested in the affairs of the world, making shrewd polemic comments on the day's events. It is true that in the governing body it was said that no cause was irretrievably lost until Max made it his own.

Everyone who knew Max in Nuffield or in All Souls or in the House of Lords will understand how such a comment could be made. He sometimes seemed to regard insults as a good decoration to any argument. Yet everyone who knew Max will also know how false it was. Max was an honourable man who took up causes. Sometimes he was, though out of the main stream, overwhelmingly right. Sometimes he seemed utterly misguided. In 1951, I remember him arguing for the disenfranchisement of women. I remember him rejecting a thesis on the grounds that the student had cited his splendid sister Nora, as an authoritative source. And everyone remembers his accusations of treachery to the Prime Minister this year.

His vitality was explosive and his knowledge formidable. Behind his prejudices he had a great store of information. I was ten years behind him in the History Eighth at St Paul's and, because of the war, I was never under that great Mr Whitting who instilled in Max the terrifying idea of reading a book a day. Max tried to live up to this and he had a richly stored mind. He was also impressively well-organised. I used to be awed by his belief in the clean desk, a paper-free surface at the end of every day.

He loved cricket. I remember with embarrassment an appalling seminar in 1952 when Max whispered to me, loudly, 'Let's go to the Parks' and we left too conspicuously to see Oxford play Middlesex.

His academic oeuvre was as formidable in its range as in its quantity. His *Who's Who* entry cites 22 books and there were numerous scholarly articles. His first work, *Public Order and Popular Disturbances, 1660–1714*, an expansion of his BLitt thesis appeared well before social and popular history became favoured. But he then turned to this century with his massive two-volume *Foreign Policy of Soviet Russia* before producing one of his most-read books, an edition of *The Federalist Papers*, which, together with his *Thomas Jefferson and American Democracy*, establishing him as a world-ranging comparativist. He loved to write about grand themes – *Europe and the Europeans*; *The United States and the Unity of Europe*; *Foreign Policy and the Democratic Process* – these are but three of his titles. He turned back to history with *The Age of Absolutism, 1660–1815* but a more pioneering work was *Imperial Sunset*, an attempt to summarise and explain the ending of the British Empire. A few more titles must suffice to illustrate his productivity and his versatility: there was *Wars and European Union*, there was *The Future of British Foreign Policy*, there was *On the Track of Tyranny* and there was even, more grandly, *Mankind and his Story*. Generations of undergraduates have reason to be thankful for his exact and lucid textbooks on

British government and on American government. But let me end this catalogue by mentioning his collection of essays, *The Intellectual in Politics*.

He was indeed an intellectual, not only an intellectual among politicians but also an intellectual among intellectuals. He was not a grand theorist (he was always a bit under the shadow of Isaiah Berlin, two years ahead of him at St Paul's and at Corpus and later on at All Souls) but he was a precise historian who always wanted to put ideas and events in a wider general context. He had an ingenious curiosity about how things really were. I remember him speculating, when the first Russian sputnik was reported, whether it really existed and was not just a trick of Russian propaganda.

Those of us who are not Jews can never enter fully into the sensibilities of people with family experience of the pogroms of Eastern Europe and the horrors of Nazi Germany. Max, never a strict Jew, shared fully in the development of Israel, yet his academic writing was notably unsectarian.

He wrote and he spoke controversially. But it would be very wrong to remember him as a controversialist. He was a very kind man and his vehemence could make him an inspired teacher. He fought fiercely for his pupils. I remember a wonderful, if unsuccessful, battle forty years ago when, as Max thought, A.J.P. Taylor and E.H. Carr had denied one of his supervisees a doctorate because the interpretation was too right-wing.

He moved around the political spectrum yet he was always I think, a Gladstonian, not a Hayekian Liberal, a radical highly aware of the dangers of change. His judgements were rooted in history. Let him speak for himself:

The extraordinary view held in some quarters that kings and battles are matters of ordinary interest not affecting the mainstream of human development could not be more wrong.

In his later years, he gave himself to causes, above all to education and to Euro-scepticism. But he never narrowed his focus. I remember in my encounters with him over the last fifteen years a remarkable number of subjects on which he expressed strong views (did Max have any views which were not strong?). There was an occasion on St Stephen's Green when he lectured me on political ethics in the presence of one of the MPs involved in the cash-for-questions scandal.

But I am here to pay tribute to him as a scholar. After five years at Oxford he spent nine years at Manchester before his ten years at Nuffield as a

Reader in the Comparative Study of Institutions and his seventeen years here at All Souls as Gladstone Professor. Then he turned to his pioneering work at Buckingham and his final pyrotechnic years as a very unwhippable peer.

He enjoyed being an *enfant terrible*, until literally, his dying day. His individual iconoclastic approach to scholarship and to politics was life-enhancing. We are personally richer for having known him. The whole country is richer for having had the pleasure of Max Beloff's company and his opinions for 85 years. We are indeed commemorating a great man.

David Butler

ALAN WALKER TYSON

27 October 1926–10 November 2000

Delivered by Oliver Neighbour on Saturday, 24 February 2001

It is a great honour to be able to pay tribute to Alan Tyson on this occasion, and particularly here, in All Souls, where he was a Fellow for over 40 years. I should like to mention straight away, before turning to other matters, the great consideration shown him by the College in the years before his retirement, when his health was failing. As his disabilities progressed he found it increasingly difficult to cope in his own house and spent longer each week in College. Without realising it he placed Fellows, secretarial staff, porters and cleaners alike under great strain. In 1992, two years before he was due to retire, his Senior Research Fellowship came up for renewal. It was not an easy matter, but the benefits of his enlivening presence in the College over many years were not forgotten, and his scholarly output remained impressive. He was heroically re-elected, and for two more years his accustomed framework of existence helped to mitigate his consciousness of change. Moreover, on his retirement the College made arrangements for him to receive care at his house until his family was able to take over responsibility. In voicing deep gratitude for all that the College did for Alan, I speak for his family and all his friends.

Exactly half a century ago, in 1951, Alan graduated from Magdalen with a double first in Classics and needed to think seriously about his future. He had many advantages. His interest could be caught by any number of things, and anything he set his mind to he could take in his stride. He was immensely sociable, witty without malice, and interested in other people. None of this, of course, helped to point him in any particular direction. He was only determined not to fall in with parental expectations, which he caricatured as limiting his choice to don, schoolmaster, diplomat or civil servant.

He had already become interested in psychology, a subject towards which he would have been naturally pre-disposed by his interest in others. At a more theoretical level his studies for Greats would have provided relev-

ant background. But there was a more pressing reason for his interest, particularly in psychoanalysis: he was conscious of aspects of his own make-up that he needed to understand better. When in 1952 he won at the second attempt a Prize Fellowship at this College, he stated his intention to work on psychology. He must already have made an impression in psychoanalytical circles, for in the same year he became one of the four editors responsible for the new *Standard Edition* of Freud's works in English translation. He taught himself German for the purpose, and translated several texts himself. Meanwhile he trained as a psychoanalyst, and practised as a lay analyst till 1963.

By that time he was three years into medical studies, which he undertook because only fully qualified doctors of medicine could practise as psychiatrists in the health service. He was over forty when he completed his internships in 1967. Yet it seems that after seven years of travail it was Leah rather than Rachel who was unveiled, for he never returned to psychiatric practice. He lectured on psychiatry and psycho-pathology till 1970, and then abandoned entirely the career into which he had put so much energy for nearly two decades. It is a strange story.

How far was musicology responsible? For a long time Alan presumably saw his work with music as a scholarly hobby. Three rather different elements seem to have contributed to it. First, of course, music had always meant a great deal to him, especially the Viennese classics: Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert. Then, in the Mods course it had been textual criticism that particularly appealed to him and that he wanted to follow up. What brought these two interests together was a third, perhaps unexpected one: Alan was a born collector. After the war English editions of Viennese classical music were cheap and easy to come by. Alan picked them up in quantity, and began exploring their textual status. He must have done a great deal of work in the 1950s, for in 1961, the year after he embarked on his medical studies, he started publishing on music at a furious rate: fifteen articles in four years, together with his pioneering All Souls Study *The Authentic English Editions of Beethoven*. When I asked him how as a medical student he managed to fit in so much musicological research, he replied that he didn't play rugby. His own playing fields were the reading rooms in the British Museum, conveniently close to University College Hospital. There he could compare his own acquisitions with outstanding collections of printed music, and his study of Beethoven and Mozart manuscripts also began with those in the Museum. By the end of the

'sixties a constant stream of publications had earned him an international reputation, and he had held a visiting professorship in musicology at Columbia University.

Alan was now faced with a very difficult decision. To pursue his musicological work he needed time for travel, for he had to examine sources in many widely scattered locations in Europe and the United States. Psychiatric work would effectively put an end to that kind of research, because leave would be limited, and in any case patients dependent on his help could not be left for long. It was his appointment to a Senior Research Fellowship at All Souls in 1971 that allowed him finally to settle for musicology. What determined his choice?

Alan was by nature an impatient person. His customary good humour could fail him under the strain of his crowded existence, and he did not always hide his irritation with people who bored him. The pressures on his professional life are very amusingly illustrated in a little manuscript book of anonymous authorship that came to light among his papers. It dates from 1963 and contains a humorous life of Alan, laid out in Beatrix Potter fashion with a drawing facing every sentence or two. I should like to describe one of the drawings, which shows him 'trying to help others understand their irrational needs and fears'.

The scene is Alan's consulting room. The patient is a tubby little man, middle-aged and balding, with a tooth-brush moustache. He lies not on the usual couch but on a grand piano, his cushioned head propped against the back of the music-stand. A balloon issuing from his mouth shows his diminutive self being chased by a hideous beetle-like monster, mauve with white spots. Alan is sitting on a big pile of books at the piano with his hands poised above the keyboard, itching to play the music on the front of the music-stand. At the same time he is listening through head-phones to a language course entitled 'German at home'. On the floor beside him there is a large alarm-clock, and on the wall, just above the patient's anguished fantasy, hangs the framed admonition 'Least said, soonest mended'.

However outrageously expressed, the message is plain enough: Alan was tiring of the clinical aspects of psychoanalysis. And that was not all: eventually his interest in the whole subject waned, though not his faith in it. He had always approached it from a theoretical angle, and it was as a theorist that he was especially noted. Yet it is a remarkable fact that he never published anything substantial of his own in that field. Theory, of course, involves speculation, and ultimately, it seems, the speculative did not

satisfy Alan. He liked to get things right. The kind of musicology he engaged in offered that possibility.

It has been said that Alan's most original achievement lay in his use of paper-studies as primary evidence in refining the chronologies of Mozart and Beethoven, and illuminating their working methods. That may be true, but I doubt whether he thought of his work in that way. He preferred relatively restricted topics, often turning on the authenticity, date or text of a particular work or document. Each case would form the basis of an article; he published about 80 such pieces in all. His subjects were varied. He had a knack of noticing things as it were out of the corner of his eye while busy with something quite different; his Clementi and Field discoveries are examples. His methods were eclectic and pragmatic. They usually involved research into sketches, finished autographs, manuscript copies or editions, but he interpreted them in the light of an extraordinarily comprehensive knowledge of the composers' lives and musical outputs, and always with excellent judgement of human probabilities. His reconstruction of Beethoven sketchbooks and his great catalogue of watermarks in Mozart's autographs, although they came to loom very large, were by-products of this procedure; as he worked their bearing on individual compositions was always uppermost in his mind. For those who like the music that Alan liked, his lively treatment of textual criticism humanises it, bringing the evolution of a work and the everyday vicissitudes of its transmission closer to musical experience, and occasionally, when the long-accepted turns out to be erroneous, close enough for discomfort.

The first thing that many people think of in connection with Alan is his wit, so by way of coda I shall recall three of his jokes. My excuse, indeed my reason for doing so, is that he would have been pleased. It was one of his endearing traits that he never tired of retelling his own jokes, and since they were good ones I, at least, never minded being reminded of them, however often. First, two jokes of a favourite kind that involved someone else giving him the cue. The conversation turned to *Carmina Burana*, which Alan persisted in pronouncing *Burehna*. Inevitably someone fell into the trap: 'Why do you keep saying *Burehna*? It's *Burana*.' 'Oh', said Alan, 'let's call the whole thing Orff.' He was nearly lynched. Walt Disney was instituting legal proceedings against someone alleged to have infringed copyright in a cartoon character. 'They won't get far with that,' said Alan. He was naturally asked why not. 'Well,' he said, 'de Mini-Mouse non curat lex.' A minimouse-trap? And now, Alan must have the last word of all with an

example of his off-the-cuff spontaneity. He was listening to a lecture about Beethoven's pantheism at Chapel Hill. It was a beautiful day, and the windows gave an excellent view of some fine trees on the campus outside. Presently he scribbled something down and passed it to his neighbour with a gesture towards the window. It read:

In Chapel Hill it's plain to see
That only God can make a tree.
But Ludwig's faith was much more odd:
Only a tree can make a god.

Oliver Neighbour

JOHN (HROTHGAR) HABAKKUK

13 May 1915–3 November 2002

Delivered by Sir Keith Thomas
on Saturday, 8 February 2003 in the University Church

Those of us who knew him before the 1970s will always think of Sir John Habakkuk as Hrothgar, and that is what I shall call him today. But in mid-life he began to use his other name, John. He made the change for understandable reasons. He used to tell the story of how he was working alone, late at night, on the archives in a grand country house, when a policeman peered through the window to see him squatting by the safe. Asked by the constable what he thought he was doing, he replied guilelessly that he was studying eighteenth-century landownership. His suspicions aroused, the policeman demanded to know his name. On being told that it was Habakkuk, he remarked, 'And I suppose your first name is Jehovah?' Insult was added to injury by the reply, 'No, it's Hrothgar'; after which the historian of English landownership was led away to assist with inquiries. Even when he became John, his surname continued to present a spelling test which many otherwise literate persons would regularly fail.

After the expectations aroused by this extraordinary name, some people were faintly disappointed to discover that Hrothgar Habakkuk was wholly unexotic in appearance or manner. He did, as it happens, possess reserves of eloquence comparable to those of the Old Testament prophet who provided his seventeenth-century ancestor with his patronymic. But he bore no discernible resemblance to the mead-quaffing warrior-king in *Beowulf*, which his father had been reading before his birth. Instead, he impressed by his courtesy and friendliness, and by the piercing intelligence which shone out from his bright, sparkling eyes. His voice was beguiling; he was light on his feet; and he radiated health and well-being. In conversation he was vigorous, good-humoured, sometimes even impish, skipping backwards and forwards to emphasise his points. But the set of his mouth indicated that there was nothing casual about him. Here was someone of self-discipline and determination, of sharply-focused energy and passion

firmly controlled. For all his urbane exterior, he set himself high standards, intellectually and personally, and he lived by them.

The key to his deepest convictions lies in his family history. His father and his mother both lost a parent at an early age. His mother's mother, married to a Montgomeryshire farmer, died when her daughter was eighteen months old; her widower was forced by the agricultural depression to move to the Rhondda to work in the mines. Hrothgar's father's father, an engineer, was killed in a mining accident at the age of twenty-eight. His widow remarried, to a miner, who later became a dock-worker. Hrothgar's mother started as a pupil-teacher at the age of thirteen. His father left school at fourteen to become a clerk, but managed eventually to get to Aberystwyth to do a university degree, though he could not afford to stay on for honours. After some years of teaching, he became an educational administrator. I remember him as secretary to the governors of Barry County School, seated at the place of receipt, a table in the playground, when, as a new boy, I queued up with my father to pay the £2 10s fee for admission, soon to be abolished by the 1944 Education Act.

The early deaths of two grandparents and the resulting decline in family fortunes gave Hrothgar a pessimistic sense of the ever-present possibility of disaster and a cautious aversion to recklessness or irresponsibility. His father's struggle to gain an education left him with an abiding conviction that opportunities should not be wasted. His mother's frustration at being forced to give up teaching when she married, as women had to in those days, helps to explain his own commitment to the higher education of women. The coming of co-education to Jesus would be one of his great triumphs.

Work and duty were strong themes in Hrothgar's life. Sir Bryan Hopkin, a close school friend, recalls the Habakkuk family as one which read books and discussed serious matters. On his first visit to their home, he was disconcerted when Hrothgar asked him what he thought was the most important common element in the world's religions, not a topic to which he had given any thought. Hrothgar himself, though untouched by the theological dogmas of Welsh Nonconformity, was deeply influenced by its moral outlook. Two years ago, he preached a St David's Day sermon at Jesus, in which he evoked the ethical tradition prevailing in his youth. It was a tough creed, with a great many thou-shalt-nots. 'There was no talk of fulfilment and a great deal about duty, obligation and conformity.' Life was a matter of trial and tribulation, to be met with courage and self-sacrifice.

Hard work was essential. Imagination and originality did not rank high among the virtues; and there was little interest in aesthetic matters. It was a morality born of scarcity. It helped Welsh peasants to cope with the hardships of life and, with a few adaptations, it was well-suited to do the same for miners and dockers. In later life Hrothgar would reflect on how prosperity had dissolved these older restraints and replaced duty by an ethic of self-gratification.

Barry, where he was born in 1915, was a mushroom town, transformed in thirty years by the building of the Dock from a small village to the largest coal-exporting port in the world. The local education authority, to which Hrothgar's father was Secretary, was one of the most progressive in the country; and Barry County School, under its famous headmaster, Major Edgar Jones – 'the Thomas Arnold of Wales' – was a place of serious academic commitment. The school ethic was one of application and achievement. On the wall were honours boards recording past successes and photographs of distinguished pupils. When I was there, I remember one of David Joslin, who would become Cambridge's Professor of Economic History when Hrothgar held the corresponding chair in Oxford.

Hrothgar was very happy at school. He was a stalwart of the Literary and Debating Society, and an actor, whose Orsino was long remembered for its poetic quality. The power of his mind and his firmness of principle were already evident. He was well taught – both his history masters, David Williams and Ifor Powell, later became academics – and, in 1933, like his schoolfellows, Glyn Daniel, the future Cambridge Professor of Archaeology, and Bryan Hopkin, the future Chief Economic Adviser to the Treasury, he went on a scholarship to St John's College, Cambridge; though only after an application to Jesus, Oxford, had been unsuccessful, a piquant failure for which he would in due course compensate.

For the rest of his life, Hrothgar's home was England. Yet he was not *déraciné* by Oxbridge; he would later serve as President of University College, Swansea, and he retained a deep feeling for Barry. Only a few months before his death, he sent me an old copy of the school magazine.

At Cambridge, he spent much time discussing the political issues of the day. He regarded himself as a socialist, but he was very anti-Communist. He had been much affected by an eye-witness account by the journalist, Gareth Jones, son of Major Edgar Jones, of the catastrophic famine in the Ukraine produced by forced collectivisation. 'What I hated most about the communists [Hrothgar recalled] was their ... belief that a million or so

deaths were well worth the coming of the age of prosperity ... which they would inevitably bring about.' He used to argue about this with his brilliant contemporary, the poet, John Cornford, who was later killed in the Spanish Civil War, though Hrothgar was as shocked by what he saw as Cornford's irresponsibility in his personal life as by his political ideas.

Having distinguished himself in the Tripos, Hrothgar toyed (rather improbably, it now seems) with the idea of doing research on Dutch Arminianism, but eventually settled for what would prove to be a lifelong study of English landownership. His supervisor was J.H. Clapham, the Professor of Economic History, but his real mentor was Clapham's successor, that charismatic figure, M.M. Postan. Years later, Hrothgar would recall the ebullience and intellectual excitement of Postan's lectures at Mill Lane in 1935. Postan and he became close friends and collaborators. In the late 1940s they conducted a Special Subject class together on British economic history. In the 1950s they edited the *Economic History Review* and the *Cambridge Economic History of Europe*. It was surely from Postan that Hrothgar derived his, then highly original, project of uniting serious, archive-based historical research with equally serious economic theory. The two men were widely different in temperament, Postan mercurial, Habakkuk circumspect. Yet they resembled each other in their intellectual *brio*, their lucidity, their range and versatility, and the crucial support they received from their wives. 'His first question whenever we met,' Hrothgar said of Postan, 'was always about the family. The question showed where ... his priorities lay.' That was where Hrothgar's priorities lay too.

In the Second World War, he left Pembroke College, Cambridge, where he had become a Fellow, to be a temporary civil servant, first at Bletchley, then at the Board of Trade. Mary Richards, who was due to take up a place at Girton after the war, was working with deprived children at the East End settlement, Cambridge House; and it was there that she met Hrothgar. They first held hands on that great moment of loosened inhibition, VE Day, and they married when Mary graduated in 1948. She came from a different religious tradition, for her father was a High Church priest, but they shared the same conscientiousness and concern for others. Theirs was a true partnership. Their four children and, later their grandchildren, were the centre of their lives. Mary helped Hrothgar with editing the *Economic History Review*. When he was Principal and Vice-Chancellor, she was a tireless hostess and a great believer in breaking up little groups at parties; though not everyone responded with equal enthusiasm to her cheerful

invitation to 'come across the room and meet the mathematicians'. It was she who pushed him to finish his great book on landowners and prepared the huge manuscript for the press. Hrothgar was not manually dexterous. He never rode a bicycle and, though he wrote in a distinctive and exceptionally beautiful hand, which somehow embodied all his clarity and integrity, he was wholly dependent on Mary's typing and, later, word-processing. They were married for fifty-four years and died within a few months of each other.

As an historian, Hrothgar had made a spectacular début in 1940, when he simultaneously published a penetrating chapter in the *Cambridge History of the British Empire* on mid-Victorian free trade and commercial expansion, and an epoch-making essay in the *Economic History Review*, on 'English Landownership, 1680–1740'. After the war, back at Pembroke, he gave an enormous number of lectures and classes on economic history. His intellectual distinction was now so evident that he was elected to the Chichele Chair of Economic History in 1950, at the age of thirty-five, even though he had published only one more article since 1940.

Developing economic history at Oxford was not an easy task. The subject was still associated with Cambridge and the LSE and did not have much of a place in the Oxford syllabus. (When I was a young Schools examiner in 1961 and wanted to set a question on the Industrial Revolution, I was told that I couldn't do so, because the Industrial Revolution had come up last year.) Yet under Habakkuk and Postan's editorship, the *Economic History Review* became essential reading for all historians; this was the time of the great controversy as to whether the Civil War had been caused by the rise of the gentry, and economic history was still written in language which non-economists could understand. In the 1950s and 1960s Hrothgar published a series of powerful and original articles on amazingly varied topics. He ranged backwards to the sale of monastic lands during the Reformation and the confiscations of the Interregnum, and forwards to eighteenth-century population and nineteenth-century house-building. In every case, a strikingly novel conclusion was reached by the application of a laser-beam of intelligence to complex historical material. History, for him, was an intensely cerebral affair. The question was always precisely formulated and the solution was the product, less of learning, than of analytic rigour. He worked at an uncluttered desk and there was an almost mathematical quality to his thought.

I have no doubt that he will be regarded as one of the great historians of

the twentieth century. He asked large questions and gave them challenging answers, which did not always meet with agreement, but invariably shaped the way in which subsequent discussion was conducted. He made distinctive and original contributions in no fewer than three, wholly separate fields. For economists, his great achievement was his path-breaking book, *American and British Technology in the Nineteenth Century*. An extended essay on the theory of factor combinations and its applicability to technological change, it set off a still unfinished debate as to whether labour scarcity was the key to the distinctive course of American economic development. For demographers, his importance is that he revived interest in the causes of English population growth after 1750 and influenced all subsequent work by suggesting that the explanation might lie, not so much in a decline in mortality, as had been generally thought, as in a rise in fertility, the result of more people marrying and marrying earlier.

For historians, the name of Habakkuk is synonymous with profoundly original studies in the history of English landownership, sustained over fifty years and culminating in the magnificent work of his retirement, *Marriage, Debt, and the Estates System*. Drawing on a huge range of private archives, an encyclopaedic knowledge of aristocratic families and a profound grasp of the complexities of English land law, Hrothgar laid bare the material foundations of one of the most distinctive features of modern British society – the enduring power of the landed aristocracy. His is the economic counterpart of Sir Lewis Namier's work on politics.

As Chichele Professor, Hrothgar was a marvellously lucid expositor of his subject; he made much-appreciated visits to Harvard, Berkeley, and Columbia; he delivered notable lectures in Turkey on the causes of economic development; he was active on national committees on public records; he embarked on a never-completed history of the steel industry; and he attracted some outstanding graduate students. Yet I rather doubt whether he was entirely happy at All Souls. Oxford has always seemed faintly frivolous to immigrants from Cambridge and the serious young historian found himself in a régime which at times appeared to be more committed to the values of Bloomsbury than to those of scholarship. Hrothgar enjoyed the College's links with the world of affairs, but he was dismayed by the patronising attitude taken by some of his colleagues towards professors, and he was shocked by the decision that the great landscape historian, W.G. Hoskins, was not good enough to become a Fellow of All Souls. His view of what the College should be was not that held by John Sparrow. Yet,

after All Souls's embattled encounter with the Franks Commission, Hrothgar played an important part in persuading it to take Visiting Fellows rather than graduate students, and later, as Vice-Chancellor, his carefully measured tribute to the outgoing Warden Sparrow was notably generous.

The invitation in 1967 to become Principal of Jesus came at just the right time. Hrothgar took to the College at once, remarking that the portrait of the Founder, Hugh Price, reminded him of the elderly Vale of Glamorgan farmers he had known as a boy. He had some excellent lieutenants: Edward Thompson and Clark Brundin were skilful Bursars, and Geoffrey Young made a loyal and judicious Acting Principal when Hrothgar became Vice-Chancellor. Hrothgar's grasp of business was total and his obvious fair-mindedness and readiness to hear all points of view raised morale and won him universal support. He dealt equably with the student troubles which racked Oxford at this time, though when some ex-public-schoolboy complained that the College's charges were forcing him to live at 'subsistence level', Hrothgar, who had recently visited India and had not forgotten the hardships of South Wales in the 1930s, did not conceal his impatience. (There were times when even he could explode.) Yet he was remarkably tolerant when the JCR elected a goldfish as its President and insisted on bringing it to Governing Body meetings.

Although by nature a self-contained man, who did not need close relationships outside his family, Hrothgar as Principal was consistently open and kindly. He loved engaging undergraduates in lively and often intellectually taxing conversation. He was a generous host, though he himself scarcely drank and was indifferent to gastronomy, because, as he once told me, he found *all* food equally delicious. His keen interest in other people made him a good judge of character, though he occasionally made the mistake of assuming that everybody was as committed to serving the College as he was. A superlative public speaker, he formed excellent relations with the old members, not least with Edwin Stevens, whose spectacularly generous benefactions enabled Jesus to house all its students for all of their time, the crucial foundation of its later academic success. In the early 1970s, Hrothgar piloted the so-called 'Jesus scheme', whereby five men's colleges were allowed to admit women undergraduates on a trial basis. 'My own belief,' he presciently told the old members, 'is that we should take it in our stride and that in ten years' time no one will give it a second thought.'

In 1973 he became the first Vice-Chancellor from Jesus for 275 years.

He regarded the Vice-Chancellorship, not as a source of self-esteem or an opportunity for aggrandisement, but as a trust, carrying heavy responsibilities. He never forgot, as he put it in one of his orations, that 'administration in Oxford is not a separate estate, but is the unobtrusive handmaiden of learning'; and he regretted the move from the Clarendon Building to the new University Offices because 'to look up from one's desk and see the Bodleian across the quad is an excellent way of maintaining the Vice-Chancellor's sense of purpose'. When presiding in full fig at grand lectures, he was never too proud to get out a pad and make notes.

His clarity of mind, his sanity and balance, and his capacity for cogent and persuasive exposition now served him well. As Vice-Chancellor, he had the great advantage of usually being the most intelligent person in the room, as well as the one who had most closely studied the papers. His preparation was meticulous. He was sensitive to the foibles of the personalities involved, anticipating the arguments they would advance and the difficulties to which any particular course of action might give rise.

Above all, he was concerned to do, not what was expedient, but what was intrinsically right. For that reason, he genuinely appreciated the objections made by obstinately principled dissenters, whom others regarded as tedious thorns in the administrative flesh, but whom he saw as warning him not to cut corners or to act in a way that reason could not justify. If he sometimes seemed slow to give a lead, it was because he was a true believer in academic democracy, hating the idea of the Vice-Chancellor as a 'chief executive' and hostile to talk of 'strong management'.

He had some difficult problems during his period of office: the student sit-in at the Examination Schools and attempted occupation of the Indian Institute; the tied vote over the proposed honorary degree for Prime Minister Bhutto of Pakistan, which then became invalid because the votes of two unqualified persons had been counted; above all, the worsening of the University's financial position, thanks to the oil crisis, inflation and the collapse of the quinquennial funding system. He faced these challenges with moral courage, firmness and outward serenity, though I suspect they caused him a good deal of inner anguish. His outspoken defence of universities as places of free inquiry, unfettered by state interference, led to his election as the first Oxford Chairman of the Committee of Vice-Chancellors and Principals and won him international recognition. When he laid down the Vice-Chancellorship, he confessed that he had enjoyed his term of office. The Senior Proctor of the time remarked that, 'when we took over, we expect-

ted to find a tired man, haggard, in the autumn of his office. We were left wondering if this was autumn, what on earth spring could have been like.'

No sooner did he cease to be Vice-Chancellor than he took on other major commitments as President of the Royal Historical Society and Chairman of the Oxfordshire Health Authority. Finally, in 1984, he retired from the Principalship of Jesus after seventeen years, a long run by modern standards. To be head of a house, he told me later, was 'the height of human felicity'.

Lesser men might have thought it was time for a rest, but he immediately resumed his academic work. He gave the Ford lectures and returned to All Souls, this time as a Distinguished Fellow. His second period there was much happier than the first, for All Souls had changed a good deal in the intervening years. When called in occasionally to help with some delicate issue, he demonstrated all his old grasp and authority. He divided his time between working in the libraries, attending lectures and seminars, and chatting to colleagues, for he adored conversation, whether argument about serious things or unmalicious talk about people. His intellect, his humour and his excellent memory made him a wonderfully stimulating companion; though when, as so often, he found he had spent longer gossiping than he had intended, he would abruptly detach himself and burst into a little run towards his room, a sign of the guilt he felt at having been away from his work.

His retirement was a wonderfully fulfilling period. A colleague remembers seeing him in the Law Library, poring over abstruse works on land law, with, on his face, a look of beatific contentment. I sometimes passed him walking down to All Souls from Cunliffe Close. His step was brisk, his manner jaunty and his bearing that of somebody thirty years younger: the epitome of a supremely happy man.

His final and protracted illness gave him regular periods of extreme tiredness, but he bore them with great stoicism, and in the intervals, his memory, curiosity and intellectual freshness were undimmed. He spent much time talking to old friends, about the institutions towards which he felt such gratitude and affection – St John's, Pembroke, Jesus and All Souls – and the University of Oxford, and whether it could maintain its standards when starved of money. When Mary went into a nursing home, he moved to Somerset, to be with his daughter, Alison. They had one final, happy expedition to Bath, where they had tea in the Pump Room and visited the Abbey to see Malthus's grave.

Hrothgar Habakkuk combined outstanding mental gifts with high principle, breadth of human sympathy and great personal charm. He was a creative scholar, whose place in the annals of historiography is assured. He was an outstanding college head and an exemplary vice-chancellor, whose commitment to the values of the liberal university and the democratic academic community was absolute. Above all, he was an utterly admirable man, whose integrity, decency and warm feeling for others were an inspiration to all who knew him.

Keith Thomas

**RICHARD ORME WILBERFORCE
(LORD WILBERFORCE)**

11 March 1907–15 February 2003

Delivered by Lord Neill of Bladen on Thursday, 15 May 2003
at St Margaret's Westminster and by Professor Tony Honoré
on Sunday, 26 October 2003

Richard Orme Wilberforce was born in India at Jalandhar on 11 March 1907. He died in London on 15 February 2003.

His father, Samuel, was in the Indian Civil Service, originally as an administrator, later as a judge of the High Court in Lahore. His grandfather, Reginald Wilberforce, as a young ensign in the 52nd Light Infantry, reached India just in time for the outbreak of the Mutiny in May 1857; he fought in the retaking of Delhi and in the suppression of the Mutiny.

Reginald's father was Samuel Wilberforce, the famous and disputatious Bishop of Oxford (later of Winchester). The Bishop's father was William Wilberforce, the emancipator.

So in Richard's recent ancestry we find – administration, the law, arms, intellectual debate, and a passion for freedom. All were to manifest themselves in his own life.

He was proud of his ancestry – publishing the letters of his father, and the Mutiny chapter written by his grandfather, and anxious to defend the Bishop of Oxford from crude misrepresentation in the Darwin controversy. But undoubtedly the greatest influence was William Wilberforce. Richard studied his life and works, and placed him on a pinnacle.

If it is not too frivolous to mention other genetic influences, Richard's father, Samuel, was a great all-rounder in sport and included in his accomplishments brilliant talent as a card-player and as a follower of racing form. Bridge and the turf were two of Richard's passions.

Proof of the latter can be found in his undergraduate days when he was studying the classics. He recorded:

I found too a remarkable scholar lurking in Corpus, Professor Turner, who lectured to a tiny band of devotees on Textual Criticism: the quality of teaching may be judged by the fact that in order not to reduce his class to one, I attended it on Derby Day to some distress.

Standing back and looking at Richard's long life we can discern certain (what I may call) institutional threads running through it.

The Law

From a haphazard, ill-considered selection of the Bar as a career – made partly because there seemed to him to be nothing better on offer, but more particularly because his best friends (John Sparrow, Duff Dunbar, and Herbert Hart) had made that choice – the practice of the law was to become for Richard Wilberforce his absorbing profession – one which he understood and loved so well.

He joined the Middle Temple as a student in 1928 and so was a member of that society for 74 years (being a bencher for 39 of them).

A barrister from 1932 to 1961 (with a gap of some eight years covering the war years and Germany) he was appointed a Chancery Judge in 1961; followed, after a mere three and a half years, by elevation to the House of Lords, where he sat as a law lord for the next 18 years. (Notwithstanding that speedy advance there is a half self-mocking, half serious complaint in one of his autobiographical notes that if only he had been made a Chancery judge a little bit earlier he could have sat in the Lords until he was 90.)

It has been calculated that as a law lord, Lord Wilberforce heard 465 appeals. He gave individual judgments in very many of them. Of this vast body of work one may fairly say that as a judge at the highest level he left a corpus of judgments, covering a huge area of the law, which will stand comparison for their scope and brilliance with the judgments of any other British judge of the twentieth century.

The Anti-Slavery Society

Richard Wilberforce joined as a member in 1932.

In 1934 he was asked to serve on the General Committee. He rose to become a Vice President and then Joint President in 1970 and he remained President until his death. Unsurprisingly, when the City of London gave a great dinner in 1972 to celebrate the bicentenary of the decision in Somerset's case (the slave whom Lord Mansfield – with some hesitancy –

refused to return to his owner) Lord Wilberforce was asked to propose one of the toasts. In the course of his speech he referred in characteristic style to the storming of the Bastille:

Le quatorze Juillet. On that date in 1789, after a speech by a young unknown officer with a stammer, there were freed the prisoners of the Bastille. Was this the liberation of an army of political prisoners coming up to claim their freedom like the chorus in the last act of Fidelio? It was not. The day's liberation consisted of 7 prisoners, 5 of whom were criminals and 2 were mental defectives. But just as that small event set off one of the great revolutionary movements in history, so the hesitant, reluctant, but also very courageous judgment of Lord Mansfield in relation to one man, Somerset, released the spring of the Anti-Slavery movement.

Lord Wilberforce worked tirelessly and to the end of his life in the interests of the Society – fund-raising, travelling abroad, speaking in Parliament, giving advice.

All Souls

In 1932 Wilberforce was elected a Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, and he remained a Fellow – in one category or another – until his death, over 70 years after his first election. He loved the College and was a most faithful attender. He continued regularly to make his way to meetings of the College's Investment Committee in London – bringing fear and trembling to the hearts of the professional advisers with his shrewdness and very wide experience – at his deadliest when sitting silent and unconvinced.

The House of Lords

He was a passionate supporter of the institution and its works. After his 18 years as a law lord he continued as an active member of the Lords for a further 21 years, regularly taking part in its debates. Even when a law lord, he was not, I think, over-impressed by fashionable arguments about the separation of powers. With his strongly pragmatic approach to problems, he saw no harm in a law lord initiating a debate – or intervening – on such topics as law reform, higher education, treaty implementation, the protection of the weak – to name but four matters where his interests were heavily involved. Naturally, he would never allow himself to sit judicially in any cause where he might conceivably be thought to be *parti pris*. Short of abol-

ition the worst thing that he thought could now happen to the Lords was that it should be infiltrated by elected members.

The International Law Association

I mention merely Richard Wilberforce's distinguished tenure over some 20 years of the office of Chairman of the Executive Committee of the ILA.

I return to the beginnings in 1907. On 13 March his father wrote home to his mother in England:

I had no idea that babies could be so nice, but I don't suppose that they generally are ... He has well formed features and a most determined mouth and chin, and a big head. I shall be very surprised if he does not turn out full of brains and resolutions.

As a boy, he spent the first seven years of his life in India. He retained some memories.

In 1914 with the outbreak of war, he was sent back to England with his younger sister. They were looked after by his maternal grandmother and his aunt, Doll.

He attended five preparatory schools, the last being Sandroyd which he regarded as being the best investment his parents ever made – 'with only 2 years they brought me up to scholarship level'.

Thus equipped Richard was sent in June 1920 to sit the exam at Winchester. He won a place in College.

He was happy at Winchester and started to do well in his studies, especially in mathematics. The headmaster, Monty Rendall, features in a highly significant way in one of the autobiographical pieces. He played a decisive role in persuading Richard Wilberforce to drop mathematics and switch to classics. I quote:

Rendall (non-intellectual ex-Harrovian) sent for me [Richard being then aged about 16]:

'Wilberforce (he said) you are doing well with Maths, and I've no doubt that you could go on to Cambridge, become a Wrangler, most probably a Professor; these are good but narrow options. If you want a wider choice and greater opportunities in public life, you must go for the humanities. You have just time. Next year would be too late.'

Richard at once accepted this advice, dropped maths and threw himself into the classics. By the time he left Winchester he had achieved all four of the so-called 'medal tasks', that is to say he won the top prizes for composition (prose and poetry) in Latin and Greek.

The sequel is fascinating. Wilberforce towards the end of his life acknowledged the decision to switch from mathematics had been clearly right. But his original interest was ineradicable. His mind constantly reverted to mathematical problems and scientific discoveries. He expressed this process in the following striking passage:

This induces the thought that (whether for one uniquely or for all typically) there is in some of us, and was in me, a cast of thinking which, although capable of diversion in another direction whether momentarily or over a space of time cannot be displaced and will reassert itself when the influence which induced the choice has diminished or disappeared and will continue with the prevailing trend.

It is certainly remarkable how, in sleep or waking condition, my thoughts tend to circle round mathematical discoveries and problems ...

From Winchester Richard Wilberforce moved effortlessly to New College where he was assured of a place and scholarship on his academic record.

He read the classics. As was to be expected, in 1928 he got a First in Classical Mods followed two years later by a First in Greats (i.e. Ancient History and Philosophy).

He won the leading prizes in Classics: the Craven, Hertford, and Ireland scholarships.

He then moved to London and studied for the Bar.

He had the good fortune to be accepted as a pupil by the legendary Wilfred Hunt, for many years the busiest junior at the Chancery Bar. A co-pupil was Herbert Hart.

As I have noted, Richard Wilberforce was an inveterate gambler, normally with horses. But in 1932 he entered the All Souls Prize Fellowship contest taking the Law papers and competing against a very strong field, 16 offering History as their specialism, five law. We know very little about the event apart from the names of the candidates and of the winners. The essay title was Originality, but what Richard had to offer on that topic or in answer to the Law papers is now beyond all conjecture. Following tradition,

the candidates' papers were committed to the flames when the result was declared.

We do, however, know that it was a year for some unfortunate asides which were overheard by the candidates. At the candidates' dinner when the port decanter was being circulated, the glass stopper fell from Wilberforce's nerveless grasp and smashed his dessert plate. A large slice slid across the table into the lap of Professor Sir Charles Oman who was heard to observe: 'That was one of the old plates.'

Another candidate was Isaiah Berlin. As he left the room after his formal viva he heard the Warden say to the Senior Fellow, 'I hope we don't have to have that one'.

Fate decreed otherwise. The successful candidates – in alphabetical order – were Berlin, Patrick Reilly (who subsequently had a most distinguished career in the Foreign Office culminating in the Embassy in Paris) and, of course, Richard Wilberforce. The College having advertised two Prize Fellowships found itself constrained to make three elections.

For the period 1932 to 1939 we know a great deal about Richard Wilberforce's life. Over the period he kept a regular diary which, with some editing, was privately printed in 1996 as 'Thirty in the Thirties'.

Naturally, there is information there about his attempts to establish a practice at the Chancery Bar in the chambers of Andrew Clark. It was a struggle – with no family connections and very modest chances of inheriting work from others in the chambers. His earnings were meagre, though the workflow began to pick up by the end of the period.

What is of extraordinary fascination, however, is the account given in the diary of Richard's social, intellectual and cultural life. Although not well off, everything seems to have been within his grasp – opera (Covent Garden and Glyndebourne), ballet (including Diaghilev), theatre, films and foreign travel. He was fluent in French and German. Having visited Germany as a schoolboy, he went again in 1932 and as late as 1938. There were many visits to France and Italy.

The dark background to the diary account is the rise of Nazi Germany leading on to the seizure of Czechoslovakia and Austria. Richard deplored the weakness of the response by England and other nations and came to fear that war was inevitable. He joined the reserves in 1938 after Munich and in September 1939 volunteered for service in the Army, ignoring advice that it was not in his interests to do so.

Norway was the scene of Wilberforce's first military exploit. The War

Cabinet decided in the spring of 1940 that Britain must go to the aid of Norway which had been invaded by Germany.

Major-General Bernard Paget was put in charge of the force which was intended to give aid and succour to the Norwegians. Paget was a brilliant soldier with wide experience of staff work. His ADC was to be Second Lieutenant Richard Wilberforce RA who had nil experience as a staff officer.

The venture lasted three weeks. Wilberforce regarded them as the best three weeks in his life. Fortunately he kept an illegal diary in which he recorded what he saw and heard.

The British intervention was, of course, doomed from the start. It was too little and too late. The ground troops were given no air support whatever and there was very little back-up from the sea. It is a miracle that he, or anybody else for that matter, got back alive.

His diary records his admiration for Paget, in particular his integrity in dealing with the Norwegian Army commanders. At the other end of the scale from admiration were his views about the dug-outs in the War Office who were supposed to have planned the operation.

Paget, accompanied by Wilberforce, put a series of pointed questions to these planners. I quote:

Each question revealed a complete absence of concrete planning in the War Office. They had failed to think in terms of the man the other end at all.

They were simply paper planners, quill drivers, highbrows working out anything they could get on paper – not attempting to test their solutions by examination in the light of probable practice ...

And their personalities! They were all, I daresay, regular soldiers but they looked like black coats dressed up in uniform as Majors, Lt Cols. etc.; the Home Office type, working as in peace, blinkered, unenthusiastic, anxious to get home, unable to answer any question without reference to a file or another department ...

I was immeasurably shocked and horrified by what I saw in those two days.

Obviously Paget was impressed by Wilberforce in action in Norway and he was invited to accompany Paget to France. But the trip was aborted by the loss of a destroyer and by Dunkirk.

Deprived of a French campaign, Richard Wilberforce was deployed in

various staff appointments until – *mirabile dictu* – he was made a Lt Col. at the War Office in charge of army entertainments: he was supposed to bring order into amateur chaos.

Thus, he sent string quartets to units corralled for D Day. Possibly, less taxing entertainments were provided for others. But the details are obscure and should remain so.

Then in 1944 he joined SHAEF (the Supreme Headquarters of the Allied Expeditionary Force) in a unit under another Fellow of All Souls, John Foster. (It is pleasing to note that the All Souls network continued to operate in wartime.) The role of Foster's unit was to take over the administration of Germany after its hoped-for surrender. Richard served at the SHAEF HQ where he met and played bridge with Eisenhower whom he admired. He also had a spell under F.M. Montgomery.[†]

By 2 May 1945 Germany was seen to be falling apart. Hitler's death was announced and Doenitz proclaimed his own succession. The next day Richard Wilberforce was instructed to draft appropriate surrender documents to cover what he called in his diary 'various eventualities', i.e. different types of surrender. He duly drafted three documents.

1. Total surrender
2. A military surrender
3. Merely an agreement to meet later and discuss.

The second was the one actually adopted and it was signed in Berlin on 8 May by Keitel and others. The American journal circulating in France ('Stars and Stripes') contained the report of the Italian surrender on 2 May. Richard copied firmly from this report commenting in his diary: '(So is history made!)'.

On the British side, Air Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder flew to Berlin to sign the surrender document which Wilberforce had drafted. Accompanying Tedder was his personal staff officer, Wing Commander L.G. Scarman, the future Lord Scarman.

Wilberforce became head of the British Legal Section of the four power Commission for the administration of Germany. He held the rank of Brigadier and worked in Berlin with his equal ranking American, Russian, and French counterparts. They had vast powers and responsibilities –

[†] Diary Entry: 'Monty made 2 speeches – one to his staff at Army Group, one to the Control Commission. I heard both. I was struck by his limitless egoism and naïveté – rather likeable.'

broadly to sweep away all traces of the Nazi regime, by abolishing or denazifying the existing laws and by replacing its officials, judges, professors, trade union officials and so on with 'clean' substitutes. Needless to say the search for such people after 12 or so years of totalitarian rule was no easy task.

One day – his diary records – a new French counterpart arrived, an academic lawyer recently appointed as a judge of the *Cour de Cassation*. And with him came his daughter – none other than Capitaine Yvette Lenoan. Two years later they were engaged and they married in July 1947.

Perhaps I may quote a vignette of the wedding ceremony from Lady Wilberforce's memoir *Anecdotes in my Life* (1993, pp. 84–5):

The mayor of Neuilly, a splendid old gentleman, who was about to celebrate his own diamond wedding with his wife, elected to make a speech. He had prepared it with great care: 'Was it not your ancestor, sir, who brought about the abolition of slavery ...?' This had the regrettable effect of triggering in me a fit of giggles, which I only managed to conceal by composing my features into a broad fixed smile and concentrating hard on controlling my breathing. The mayor later told my parents that he had never seen such a happy looking bride!

We all witnessed the strength of that marriage – in sickness and in health. It was blessed by children – Anne Catherine and Sam – and, in due course, by grandchildren, who brought great joy.

In 1946 Wilberforce had left the Control Commission in Berlin and became a civil servant with the rank of Under Secretary in London at the Control Office for Germany and Austria. He spoke of this as the best civil service job in the world.

The Control Office was abolished in 1947 so Richard returned to the Bar – a year too late. The old set of chambers had disappeared but Richard managed to get accommodation of a sort together with Andrew Clark and Duff Dunbar.

He eked out an existence with Foreign Office cases (Corfu Straits and Norwegian Fisheries) and was appointed as British legal member of the International Civilian Aviation Authority. The practice built up and he took silk in 1954. Famous cases came his way: witness *Spanish Champagne* (so called).

In the meantime – in 1950 – he stood as Conservative candidate for

central Hull – the city which William Wilberforce had represented. Fortunately, he lost. I say ‘fortunately’ because the opening of a new career in Parliament might have deprived the law of one of its great luminaries. Hull was later to capture him in another role – as Chancellor of the University. At Oxford University he was honoured with the office of High Steward.

I have already mentioned the great body of judgments which he delivered. I would like to add something about what it was like to appear as an advocate before Richard Wilberforce. I hope that I may be forgiven for speaking from personal experience.

I appeared before Richard Wilberforce once when he was Chancery judge and many times when he was sitting judicially in the House of Lords or the Privy Council.

From the viewpoint of the advocate he was as close to perfection as it is perhaps possible to get.

Ever courteous – totally in command of the facts and the relevant law – never intervening to show his superior knowledge – never bullying – always encouraging – questioning in order to direct or sharpen the argument, not to deflate, or crush.

I do not mean to suggest that he could never give a prod to hasten the progress of the case or to cut short a hopeless argument. He could and did. But it was done with such grace and charm that no feathers were ruffled.

In addition to the ever present sense of humour, there was always the quality of the unexpected. I recall one Privy Council appeal from Australia which I was due to open on a Monday morning. While we were asleep in London on Sunday night the parties were busy settling the case in Sydney.

Lord Wilberforce was presiding. I rose to announce the settlement, slipping into the customary and I fear oleaginous phraseology which counsel employ on such occasions:

Your Lordships will no doubt be *pleased to hear* that this dispute has been brought to an end by the best of all possible methods – by mutual accord between the parties.

To my surprise Lord Wilberforce retorted:

Their Lordships are *not at all pleased* to hear this news. We have all spent hours, some of us days, preparing for this interesting appeal.

I found myself in the curious position of acting as advocate for both sides seeking to excuse their temerity in resolving the dispute so belatedly.

Public Inquiries

In 1971, when Wilberforce had been a law lord for some seven years, he was asked to be the chairman of an inquiry into the pay and conditions of electricity workers. They were taking or threatening industrial action.

He took on the job and solved the dispute. Some thought he had been too generous but on the whole his work met with praise.

In February 1972 a new and more formidable task was committed to him. This was to find a solution to the long running miners strike. It was clear that the Government urgently needed an end to the strike. The country was paralysed, industry was at a standstill, hospitals and patients were at risk. So it was: 'Send for Wilberforce to examine and report.'

The timetable of the statutory inquiry over which he presided makes extraordinary reading:

11 Feb.	Wilberforce and 2 colleagues appointed
13 Feb.	First meeting
15 and 16 Feb.	Evidence taken in public from 17 witnesses
18 Feb.	Report handed to Government containing a new recommended pay structure for miners on the basis that they were a special case

This feat was achieved by Wilberforce's relentless energy and stamina. The effort (including lack of sleep) imposed a very serious strain on his health.

The report ended the strike, but the scale of the wages increases for miners which the committee recommended was much criticised in public and savagely in private by Ministers and Mandarins.

Later in the year All Souls College congratulated him on his achievement and added a new verse to the College song beginning:

A nation that is Blown off Course
Deserves a touch of – Wilberforce

But that was not the view in high places.

Richard Wilberforce felt that his supreme effort was regarded with con-

tempt and that he himself had been banished from the ranks of the great and the good. It was years before he was again asked to undertake any sort of extra-judicial inquiry. When asked, he declined. Under the heading 'Rise and Fall' he wrote: 'The early 1970s marked the apogee and the collapse of my career as a national figure'.

Posterity will not, I think, share this view.

In the House of Lords, Lord Wilberforce contributed often to debates on the floor of the House. He was a voice of authority and he was heard with deep respect.

His maiden speech was made on 1 April 1965 on what was an ideal occasion for him – the Second Reading debate on a Bill to set up the two Law Commissions – one for England and Wales and a second for Scotland.

Naturally, Richard was an enthusiastic supporter of the Bill. With his range of knowledge and imaginative insight, he was able to make a strong case for the legislation.

He argued that there was need for a standing body to undertake law reform; the existing *ad hoc* committees though doing excellent work were inadequate; there was much to be done as regards codification of the law; comparison with other legal systems was essential – to prevent insularity and to widen the options; he welcomed the idea of academic lawyers serving on the Commission but he wanted, too, a lay element.

If the generals will forgive me for pirating the expression, law reform is much too serious a matter to be entrusted to lawyers.

Apart from law reform, another frequent subject for Lord Wilberforce's speeches was slavery – ancient and modern. Indeed both his last two speeches – delivered on 13 March and 25 June 2002 – were directed against the trade of trafficking human beings in the modern form of slavery – victims of exploitation, forced labour, enforced mercenaries and so on. He accepted that it was more difficult to stamp out the modern form. He said:

Anyone can recognise a slave; it is not so easy to recognise a victim of trafficking.

Perhaps the secret of perpetual youth is endless curiosity. Richard made his own collection of quotations in a 'Not so Commonplace' book. He

included the lines from Walter Pater:

To burn always with this hard gemlike flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life. Failure is – to form habits, for habit is relative to a stereotyped world ...

He never formed such habits.

Everything new held fascination for him: new people (he always wanted to sit next to the latest Prize Fellows at All Souls: as he talked no age barrier existed); the latest scientific ideas – be it black holes, DNA, or a ‘beautiful’ proof of a difficult theorem; the latest exhibition at the Royal Academy; difficult music: Stockhausen and others. So when the shuttle service to Paris opens, Richard is on the first available train. And so with the Jubilee line: on the first train and – if you please – getting out at every station to study the architecture.

As to that splendid passage from Max Ehrmann’s *Desiderata* which Lord Ackner has just read [in the Memorial Service] containing the words: ‘Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth.’ This was not his way.

There was no surrender.

And how to sum up?

All present today will have their own special memories. Perhaps I can say just this:

He had a combination of qualities that was unique and can never be matched.

With a superb mind and retentive memory; imaginative; sensitive both in art and music; and sensitive in all human contacts; humorous; modest – by which I mean a total lack of arrogance or self-importance enabling him to talk without condescension and on easy terms to small children, to the clever and to the not so clever.

We should count ourselves fortunate that we knew him.

Patrick Neill

Since his death earlier this year at the age of 95 many tributes have been paid to Richard Wilberforce. It seems right to add something in the College that was central to his life, a focus of his loyalty, and fortunate in the gifts he

brought to it. Much that has been said elsewhere, in particular in Patrick Neill's splendid address, will not be repeated.

Wilberforce was a Wykehamist. He showed a bent for mathematics before he switched to classics near the end of his school career. Despite the switch, a concern with quantification remained and informed many of his judgments of events and people. But the move to classics was brilliantly successful, and, after distinguishing himself in Greats at New College, he decided, for want of a clear preference, to take to the law. His father had been a judge in India and he went to the Chancery Bar in the 1930s along with three New College friends, John Sparrow, Herbert Hart and Duff Dunbar.

Sparrow and he (but not Hart) were elected Prize Fellows of All Souls. Wilberforce's election came in 1932 at the third attempt, something apparently unprecedented and in any case not since repeated. In 1930 he was a candidate in history, the last two years in law. In 1931 Quintin Hogg, later Lord Chancellor Hailsham, was preferred as a law candidate. Wilberforce's persistence speaks to his intellectual self-confidence, his homing instinct, and perhaps to some encouragement from Cyril Radcliffe, another New College man, a Fellow of All Souls from 1922 to 1937 and at the time a rising junior at the Chancery Bar. The delay in recognising Wilberforce's pre-eminent intelligence may have owed something to his shyness, in contrast with Sparrow's forceful and Hailsham's ebullient style. Whatever the reasons, the College's triple election in 1932 of Berlin, Wilberforce and Reilly was to make it the most brilliant electoral year of the twentieth century.

In one category or another Wilberforce remained a Fellow of All Souls from November 1932 till his death in 2003, just over seventy years later. He was a member of the Governing Body for fifty-eight years, until November 1990. Apart from the war years he was always active in its affairs, academic, domestic and financial. A shrewd assessor of candidates for the Prize Fellowship, from 1954 to 1961 he was Estates Bursar, a post that he resigned when appointed to the Bench. His achievement as Bursar cannot be quantified, but the accurate calculation of odds that allowed him to supplement his income in early years at the Bar with winnings on the turf (in one year he spotted the winners of both the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire) did not desert him in handling investments. After 1961 he continued on the College Estates and Finance Committee, where his interventions were respected and his silences regarded with apprehension. On

one occasion, when the question was whether to accept an offer for the reversionary right to an awkward property of which the long lease had been sold, the Warden asked the members of the Committee in turn for their views. When he turned to Wilberforce, the answer came in three words: 'cut and run'. He was good at pricking balloons. Of one heated dispute in College he said: 'I think that like all pustulation it will ultimately subside'.

In 1982, when he had completed fifty years as a Fellow, Wilberforce was minded to resign. Warden Neill persuaded him to recant. 'You have been so powerful a figure in the College for so long and we turn to you when we need help and support. It is one thing to be Warden of this College with you as a Fellow, it is another to hold that office with you absent.' He remained on for a further eight years, after which he retired from the Governing Body and was made an Honorary Fellow, but continued on the College's Investment Sub-committee which met in London. Only in 1997 was he for the first time unable to attend the November Gaudy and Commemoration in Chapel. Such a record of long, continuous and assiduous service to an Oxford college is perhaps unprecedented. In the changed conditions of the twenty-first century it is unlikely to be repeated.

In range of abilities and interests, from opera, literature, languages, travel, skating, and bridge to carrying off with panache in his seventies a five-minute handstand, Wilberforce was the model of a renaissance man. But the law was his chosen career and, since All Souls was founded to promote service to church and state through the study of law and history, something must be said of his distinctive contribution to that subject.

Possibly Wilberforce's most important legal achievement was as head of the British Legal Directorate under the four power Control Commission and as Under Secretary of the Office of Control for Germany and Austria in 1945–6. Though many brutalities of the Nazi regime were committed extra-legally, the legal system itself, along with its judges, practitioners and teachers, demanded a thorough and discriminating overhaul. Brigadier Wilberforce led the way with speed, discrimination and long-term success, helped by his French counterpart and future father-in-law, Professor Lenoan, a French Breton-speaking lawyer recently appointed to the *Cour de Cassation*. His daughter, Captain Lenoan herself a *Licenciée en Droit*, accompanied her father to Berlin as part of the French legal team with the blessing, no doubt, of the Breton St Yves, the patron saint of lawyers. In retrospect Wilberforce regarded this period of de-nazification and reconstruction as the most rewarding of his life.

In 1947 he went back to the Chancery Bar, where before the war he had made a respectable start. In the difficult post-war conditions his practice took some time to pick up and at one time he contemplated leaving the Bar. In the end the briefs came and he took silk. His expertise as a connoisseur of wine proved its value in 1959 when, representing the French champagne houses, he saved them from an attempt by Spanish producers to pass off their sparkling wine as champagne. He was made a judge in the Chancery division in 1961 and promoted directly to the House of Lords in 1964, where he became senior Law Lord in 1974: senior in 'confabulation' among equals, as he expressed it, but in reality setting the standard. He served on the Appeals Committee until 1982.

As a judge his talents blossomed. He combined, in the words of Henry Adams, 'the habit of doubt, of distrusting his own judgment and of totally rejecting the judgment of the world', with a sense of duty, an industry and a range of experience that extended to the problems of government and, straddling cultural differences, of the international community. These qualities led him to listen with great courtesy to the arguments presented in court, and then to commit himself decisively to whatever solution, consistent with the law's authority, was supported by the balance of reason.

Of his concerns as judge in domestic UK matters two seem to stand out. One was to keep distinct the roles of the judge and the legislator. Another was to assist those whose freedom was shackled or who were subjected to overwhelming pressure. On the first point it has been said that Wilberforce did not care deeply about the separation of powers. That was not true. But he interpreted it as a distinction of functions rather than of persons. He himself took part in the legislative sessions of the House of Lords, speaking freely to the end on topics such as law reform, human rights, arbitration, access to justice and those modern analogues of slavery, debt bondage and the traffic in prostitution from eastern Europe. Having opposed as a judge the attempt by Lord Denning to award deserted wives property rights of which creditors could not have taken account, he spoke in favour of more circumspect legislation directed to the same end. In his judicial role, he was alert to constitutional constraints. As he said of the exclusive right of the Attorney-General to represent the public interest in certain matters, the principle 'is not technical, or procedural, not fictional. It is constitutional.' He added that it was also wise. But where constitutional constraints did not bar the way, he favoured adapting the common law to changed conditions.

The common law is a developing entity ... and so long as we follow the well tried method of moving forward in accordance with principle as fresh facts emerge and changes in society occur, we are surely doing what Parliament intended we should do.

His concern for personal freedom was shown when as a Chancery judge in 1963 he declared invalid the retention and transfer system then operated by the Football League and Association:

to anyone not hardened to acceptance of the practice, it would seem inhuman, and incongruous to the spirit of a national sport.

It was remarkable that in a case brought by an individual player he felt able to declare invalid the standard contract between the footballers' employers. In 1975 he was in the majority in the House of Lords in allowing a driver charged with aiding and abetting an IRA murder to plead that he had acted under duress. He would have been prepared to extend this in principle to the killer himself, however difficult it might be to establish the defence on the facts. His inquiry into miners' pay, undertaken with reluctance in 1972 at the behest of Prime Minister Heath, was criticised for the lavish increases proposed (between £4.50 and £6 a week), but his thinking reflected a concern for the pressures to which miners were being subject: 'we know of [no other occupation] in which there is such a combination of danger, health hazard, discomfort in working conditions, social inconvenience and community isolation' (Cmnd. 4903, para. 34). It is not that Wilberforce's views were left-wing. He was socially conservative and in 1950 stood unsuccessfully as the Conservative Parliamentary candidate for Hull. But as a great-great-grandson of William Wilberforce, a member of the Anti-Slavery Society from 1922 and a committed President from 1971 until his death, his sympathy extended beyond the bounds of what might technically count as slavery.

Beyond the domestic sphere, Wilberforce's opinions in international law were important for instance in foreshadowing the legislation that restricted the doctrine of sovereign immunity. So was his Executive Chairmanship of the International Law Association between 1963 and 1986. In that body, in the words of Marten Bos and Ian Brownlie, who edited the *Liber Amicorum* presented to him on his retirement, he embodied the Association's legal conscience.

In a wonderful collection of readings, entitled 'Not so Commonplace' Wilberforce quotes from Daniel Deronda the thought that 'a great deal of life goes on without strong passion'. Yet his selection leans towards the exceptional moments that afford a glimpse of beauty, love or passion. The readings include what he termed 'Glimpse of Self-Portraiture'. One of these, from a poem by John Clare, perhaps captures something of the inner man:

I long for scenes where man has never trod –
For scenes where women never smiled or wept –
There to abide with my Creator, God,
And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept,
Full of high thoughts, unborn. So let me lie –
The grass below; above, the vaulted sky.

Tony Honoré

BERNARD ARTHUR OWEN WILLIAMS

21 September 1929–10 June 2003

Addresses delivered by Sir Keith Thomas, Professor Charles Taylor and Professor Ronald Dworkin on Saturday, 17 January 2004 in the Library

We are here to commemorate the life and work of an outstanding philosopher, and an exhilarating friend and colleague. Bernard Williams belonged to so many academic institutions, engaged in so many activities, and enlivened existence for so many people that it is not possible in one afternoon to do justice to all his talents and achievements, though we can convey the affection and admiration which he inspired. And the music he loved will help to express sentiments which words cannot.

Bernard was an undergraduate at Balliol, of which he was later made an Honorary Fellow (though along with so many others that he referred to the event as ‘baptism with a hose’). He taught at New College, University College London and Bedford College, and then moved to Cambridge, where he spent twelve years as Knightsbridge Professor, before becoming Provost of King’s. He loved King’s, particularly the music in the Chapel, the intellectual atmosphere and the chance it gave him to promote research. But he had never intended to stay more than ten years and in 1988 he moved to Berkeley, California. He was deeply attracted by America. He liked its openness and its freedom from traditional class attitudes. He admired the professionalism of its universities and he was fascinated by its politics. Americans, in turn, liked and admired him; and it is very appropriate that the two speakers today, for all their Oxford connections, are both from North America.

Bernard returned to Oxford in 1990 to spend six years as White’s Professor and Fellow of Corpus. But it was here, in All Souls, that his academic career began and ended. Although he spent only three years as a Prize Fellow, two of them in the RAF, there can never have been anybody (unless it was his friend, Isaiah Berlin) who came closer to embodying the mythical ideal of the perfect Prize Fellow, brilliant of intellect, learned and original in his subject, scintillating in conversation, knowledgeable about art, literat-

ure, and music, serious about politics and human affairs. And even Isaiah Berlin never flew Spitfires.

I was lucky enough to overlap with him at three different stages of his life. The first was in 1953, when Bernard, then at All Souls, returned to Balliol for a dinner of the Arnold Society, the undergraduate debating club, to oppose the motion, proposed by John Lucas, 'That this house would rather have masters than principals'. I thought that I had never heard anything so dazzling; and, of course, I had not. I still have the menu card, with the signatures of those present. Bernard has repeatedly scrawled his initials: 'B.A.O.W.', 'B.A.O.W.' and then, tiring of that, 'B.A.O.R.', 'B.O.A.C.' and other abbreviations of the day.

Forty years later, I was thrilled to have him as a colleague at Corpus. In advance of his arrival my colleagues were fairly worried. How would this exotic bird of paradise settle into our nest of dowdy pelicans? Would he be bored? How would this ex-head of house comport himself as a junior fellow, particularly one who was said to be no friend of the colleges, preferring the Cambridge system of strong central faculties? Would he be subversive? If Bernard was bored, he gave no sign of it. On the contrary, as a former pupil of Eduard Fraenkel, he enjoyed the classical strengths of Corpus, embodied in such figures as his old Balliol contemporary, Robin Nisbet, who, when they were preparing for the greats exam, had given Bernard some much-needed last-minute help with his ancient history, which he had neglected, having been too busy conducting a sort of philosophical clinic on Balliol lawn for undergraduates from other colleges. Neither was Bernard subversive. However sorely tempted, he refrained from offering the President unsolicited advice and was in every way a model colleague.

We overlapped once again at All Souls, to which Bernard had returned on his retirement from the White's Professorship. He was delighted to find the College an academically more serious place than it had been fifty years earlier. He brought wisdom and psychological penetration to the choice of Fellows. He had no respect for age or authority, and his hilarious, frequently irreverent, *sotto voce* comments enlivened the longueurs of College meetings for those fortunate enough to sit next to him.

Looking back, three of Bernard's qualities stand out for me. First, the quickness of mind, the speed of repartee, the fertility of invention, the sardonic, puckish wit and the hilarity. No one had a greater sense of the human comedy. No one remained more youthful in spirit; and no one had

more of that wonderful capacity of making others in his company feel that they were wittier and cleverer than they really were. Dr Johnson's college friend, Oliver Edwards, had to give up philosophy, because cheerfulness was always breaking in. He should have met Bernard; it would have revised his view of the subject.

Secondly, underlying Bernard's wit and gaiety there was a deep seriousness. It was reflected in his relentless insistence on quality when making academic appointments, in his readiness to serve on numerous public committees on social problems of the day, and, above all, in his total commitment to the search for truth, stripped of all self-comforting pretence. For him, philosophy was a humane subject, embracing history, literature, art, politics, and religion, and written with lucidity and elegance. It had the widest range of reference and was of the deepest importance.

Finally, there was a certain emotional detachment about Bernard, even a streak of pessimism. He did not believe that the world was specially made for humankind or that history told a purposive story. It was because the real truth was so painful that most people tried to protect themselves with reassuring illusions. The same detachment showed in his relations with his colleagues. To describe someone of such natural sociability and fun as withdrawn would be absurd. Yet many of his friends noticed his autonomy, his apartness, his psychological completeness. He thrived in the company of other people and they adored him. But he did not need them. Perhaps the only times when he abandoned that emotional self-sufficiency were when he was with his family and when he was listening to music.

Music was deeply important to Bernard. He did not just like it. He studied it, practised it, and wrote about it. He was, for eighteen years, a director of English National Opera and his essays and talks on opera, which range from Mozart to Tippett, will, we hope, soon be published as a book. Meanwhile, it is appropriate that music should play the central part of our commemoration of Bernard today.

Keith Thomas

Bernard was brought up, as we all were, within what we often call analytic philosophy: this is a peculiar mixture of modes and rigours of argument, on one hand, and certain core unquestioned assumptions, on the other. These two sides are not united by logic, but rather by the accidents of history.

Bernard was the most brilliant exemplar of this style of philosophy:

sharpness, rigour of argument, integrity of truth, and also brilliance, quickness. He was always several steps ahead of one or, at least, that was my experience.

He was brought up in this package of methods and assumptions, but he worked his way out of it. I was also struggling to get out, although we went in somewhat different ways, and so I was arrested by this progress, over the years, more and more into new terrain. Because he burst the bounds of the philosophical consensus of his early years, but by continual use of its methods, there was always something striking in his formulations. People who had a vague sense that something new needed to be said, would be brought up short with the realisation that here it was being said, clearly and convincingly.

One of the core aspects of the consensus, a mood or atmosphere, rather than a belief was that just in virtue of its methods, philosophy was a discipline for experts, in which outsiders, including those from other disciplines could only make fools of themselves. This has had the unfortunate effect of keeping thought running within disciplinary ruts: history, literature, social science, philosophy. One of the things Bernard did was to dismantle these barriers. In his hand, philosophical thinking became inescapably historical thinking. This was already evident in *Ethics*, but it becomes a major feature in *Shame and Necessity*, and *Truth and Truthfulness*.

In each of these books Bernard broke new ground. And each time, you had opened for you a new avenue, with tremendous potentiality. With one side of oneself, one could have wished ardently that he were the kind of totally dedicated scholar, a kind of Husserl of latter day, who would himself explore exhaustively the new terrain. But with hindsight it is clear that what drove Bernard out of the corral was just that in the end he could not be satisfied with a philosophy which did not try to make sense of all life. He did not just write moral philosophy drawing on his highest moral intuitions, he had to write it with a sense of the whole human life, with its nobler and baser sides. How do the heights and depths of human motivations co-exist in us and how can the best of humanity emerge from this often contradictory, always messy, reality? In this Bernard was more like the ancients than like many contemporary moral philosophers. And this was the basis of his affinity with Nietzsche, with Diderot, with the often excluded dark side of the philosophical canon, or the bits often dismissed as mere 'literature'. Only a vital, many-sided person, who took joy in many of these sides, could write like this. Husserl, my antipodal contrast case, memorably complained

late in life about how much he had sacrificed of his other activities to pursue his crucial insights. But anyone who did that could never have given us what Bernard did. The philosopher who gave this had to be, at the same time, the lover of opera, the public intellectual, and much else besides.

And this is another remarkable thing about Bernard. We live in an age where public intellectuals have become an endangered species; driven out on one side by 'experts' of all kinds, and on the other, shrinking themselves from a public sphere more and more flooded by sound-bites and quasi-magical images. The professionalisation of philosophy, as itself a form of 'expertise', has not helped the process. It can easily breed the kind of fastidiousness which shrinks from engaging in a public debate where repetitive slogans and charismatic celebrities impinge more and more.

Bernard sailed through these barriers, with a kind of ease and confidence which is truly inspiring. It is as though he did not see how, having learned to think clearly and rigorously, one could then refuse to think together with others about crucial questions of public policy. The call was so self-evident to him, he could not credit any of the reasons we often offer for holding back. He deserved well of his country, but the benefits flow well beyond this country.

All this – the philosophy, the public commissions, could seem effortless, partly because he enjoyed it so much. But of course appearances deceive. The joy, the tremendous vitality, could also be seen just as a gift, a superb bit of moral luck. And, of course, there is an element of gift here. But over a full human life, there has to be more. There has to be the courage, formed through struggle, to face setbacks, and fight down discouragement, and the 'black dog' of melancholy. The gift of joy is also over time a hard-won virtue.

He showed this courage supremely and astonishingly in the last years, but he built to this capability over his whole life. There are many things I am grateful to Bernard for, not least his philosophical work, and his creative public life, but perhaps most of all I cherish the continuing reaffirmation of the joy of living through all its facets, and the friendship in which I was privileged to see this close up.

Charles Taylor

The most powerful of Bernard's intellectual dispositions was his humanism: a great delight in what people can be, at the beauty of what they can make in music, art and ideas, at the rich varieties of culture they can imagine and

live, but also an empathetic sense of people's limitations and failures, their humanity in the sense of weakness as well as achievement. He often quoted Nietzsche, who said that he could never completely embrace an idea until he understood what was wrong with it. Bernard applied that maxim to people as well as ideas, I think. He was frighteningly perceptive about everyone he knew though always gentle. Maybe he felt particularly close to people when he knew what was wrong with them, too.

Bernard's bi-polar humanism gave him his main intellectual targets. He hated large philosophical systems like utilitarianism and Kantian moralism that try to integrate ethics, morality, politics and metaphysics in some overall structure magnetised by a pure ideal of good or duty or freedom or equality. These great systems, he thought, make irrelevant or even shaming most of the projects, convictions, ambitions, and worries that give people's lives their colour and drama. But he also disliked the compartments into which professional philosophers now divide themselves. He rejected, as Charles Taylor said just now, the guild-protective separation of analytic from humane philosophy, and philosophy from the social sciences; and he insisted even more strenuously, that philosophy is history, that we cannot understand the ideas through which we live without understanding how those ideas came to be, and how we became who and what we are.

Humanism is the key to Bernard's positive philosophy as well, though it might be harder to see this because his ideas were so many, so varied, so fresh, so un-repetitive that they were not even candidates for the kind of system he disliked. But his ideas do have an important unity: they all reflect what we might call his distinctly *ethical* perspective on philosophy. I am using Bernard's own distinction between ethics and morality: morality, he said, is what we owe to others, but ethics is how to live ourselves, how to make some distinctive and authentic and if possible good of a particular human life.

Of course, Bernard did not ignore morality; quite the contrary. But he insisted that any effective study of the character and jurisdiction of morality must begin in the untidier domain of ethics. So he distinguished between what he called the thin concepts that moral philosophers mainly write about, the concepts of goodness and duty, and the thicker, denser, moral concepts that actually play a role in our lives, like loyalty, kindness and courage. He argued that our knowledge of these thicker concepts comes from life itself, from living immersed in a culture in which these virtues are environmental, part of the air we breathe, and that we can actually lose

rather than improve that knowledge through a-cultural or a-historical philosophising.

His political philosophy is also rooted in ethics: like his friend, Isaiah Berlin, he argued for pluralism rather than system among political virtues and vices, and when he sought to explain a political virtue, like equality or liberty, he looked for the value it actually has for people. He was very impatient with my suggestion that high taxes do not infringe liberty. He gave a politician's reply: try telling that to people on their doorstep, he said.

Bernard's ethical perspective shines through every page of the last book published in his lifetime, the amazing tour de force *Truth and Truthfulness* that he wrote mainly while sick. He took up one of the most ancient of philosophical puzzles: the nature of truth. He catalogued the mess much philosophy has made of that idea either by trying to define truth in terms of something supposedly more basic like correspondence with reality or coherence among convictions, or by denigrating truth and trying to do without it, like the post-modernists and self-styled pragmatists Bernard called the 'deniers'. He proposed, instead, a wonderfully original idea: that we can come to appreciate the subtlety and importance of truth by seeing the idea at work in a larger network of associated ideas; in particular in the virtues of accuracy and sincerity and the opposed vices of wishful thinking, artificiality and pretence. These ideas he explored, in turn, in an exhilarating variety of tangents – in a schematic anthropology that might explain how these needed to be virtues for us, then in an exploration of how history emerged from myth in ancient thought and then in a fascinating contrast between Rousseau and Diderot to display the complexity and dangers in the fashionable ideas of authenticity and self-knowledge.

I could have used any of a dozen other examples to show how Bernard's humanism, his commitment to looking out on philosophy from inside human life, explains his distinct philosophical voice and his stunning originality. If you want, against his warnings, to take an overall message from his work, that is it. But of course he needed more than that insight. He needed all the dimensions of his brilliance to bring it off, and he also needed to be the person he was. His erudition came out of an intense contagious curiosity, for example, and the remarkable achievements of his public and institutional life, which would have been career enough for someone less gifted, from a natural and unquenchable sense of personal responsibility that was part of the air *he* breathed. His intelligence danced in everything he did, and made his generosity special. When my wife was

dying and Bernard had just learned he had an incurable disease as well, they asked Patricia and me to let them talk alone for a while, and Betsy told me later that his ability to find words for what she felt was both uncanny and deeply kind.

I knew Bernard for a very long time. I never had five minutes in his company that were not great fun, that were not, in his word, a giggle. But I also never had five minutes with him in which he did not teach me something. He was, as so many of you know first hand, in addition to everything else, an intuitive teacher. We taught a seminar together in this university for six years. We called it, some years, Liberalism of Fear and Liberalism of Hope. Bernard was supposed to be Fear but Hope kept creeping in to surprise him. We always met for lunch before the seminar to prepare, always at the King's Arms down the road from here. We lunched off an alarming mix of pork pies and Kit Kat candy bars and maybe a glass or two of wine. Our preparation was, I have to say, sporadic; for one thing we were interrupted by a dozen of Bernard's admirers each week, coming to our table to shake his hand. And after each left, it was gossip-time, because Bernard had to tell me at least the three funniest things about whoever it was. But we did talk about the seminar as well, which was lucky for me because when I told him what I was going to say he replied that I could not possibly think *that*, and then, a pen magically in his hand, he diagrammed on a paper napkin, with all logical connections noted, what I was probably trying to say.

All his greatness was there each week in the King's Arms. His gaiety, his uncabined brilliance, his incandescent charm, his intense concentration, when the time came, on the philosophical matter at hand, as if nothing else could possibly matter, at least just then. Those lunches were the happiest academic moments in my long career here. I miss him very much.

Ronald Dworkin

SIMON KEITH WALKER

24 January 1958–26 February 2004

Delivered by Dr G.L. Harriss, Professor John Vickers and
Mr Keith Walker on Saturday, 15 May 2004

Simon took the entrance exam at Magdalen in 1974 at the age of sixteen, deferring entry until 1976. Charterhouse had already identified his 'remarkable potential', which was quickly confirmed in his undergraduate career. He won the H.W.C. Davis Prize in 1977, the Gibbs Prize in History in 1978, and was awarded a first class in final honours in 1979. He was then elected to a Prize Fellowship at All Souls which he held for the next seven years, and subsequently to an Extraordinary Research Fellowship. As an undergraduate Simon had a severe speech impediment, later overcome with therapy, which restricted interlocution in tutorials. Nevertheless these were, for me, memorable occasions, by virtue of the startling originality and accomplished style of his essays. It was as if the natural fluency of speech which he was denied had been channelled into his writing, which effortlessly combined academic precision with an almost conversational tone. My respect for his intellectual eminence was coupled with affection for his modest and humane nature. When I came to supervise his post-graduate thesis I simply followed as he framed his new insights into a cogent argument.

He had chosen for his subject the retinue of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, the greatest magnate of his age. It was an ambitious and demanding project, which not only encompassed a great volume of documentation but went to the heart of the current debate on how late medieval political society was organised. Did it revolve around the greater magnates, whose retainers wore their livery, enjoyed their protection, and did their will, forming a kind of mafia which was the instrument of magnate control? Or did the numerous gentry of a county form a community, their collective wealth, ties of kinship and neighbourhood, and co-operation in local government, affording them an independent role? In this debate John of Gaunt promised to be a test case. Simon's approach was both novel and

demanding. He decided against a straightforward investigation of Gaunt's retinue as the instrument of his lordship, and instead approached it through the eyes of his retainers. He believed that the tensions and convergencies in their relationship with Gaunt would mirror those in 'bastard feudal' society as a whole. What induced men to serve John of Gaunt; what benefits did they look for and receive; how did Gaunt's interests tie up with their own; and what was the nature and degree of their loyalty to him? He at once encountered a paradox: that while Gaunt recruited retainers for military service in his campaigns, for them the rewards for serving him came not primarily from the spoils of war (wages, plunder, and ransoms) but from Gaunt's favour and protection in time of peace. Did that therefore imply that the retinue indeed formed a kind of mafia, importing the ethic and solidarities of war to disrupt peacetime society? Earlier historians had seen retinues as being just that, whereas more recently others had stressed their contribution to domestic political stability. How indeed did they fit into historians' concepts of gentry society? To address this problem Simon chose four areas for intensive examination: Lancashire, the north midlands, Norfolk, and Sussex. He showed that Lancastrian lordship did not operate as a uniform system, but was adjusted to the political structure of each region. In elucidating its actual working he revealed the limits of its power. The conclusion overall was that the duke's influence, though always considerable, could never encompass the whole of gentry society whose networks and interests set intrinsic, if often intangible, limitations to magnate power. This moved the study of 'bastard feudalism' on to a new plane. When it was published in 1990 *The Lancastrian Affinity, 1360–1399* was named as *proxime* for the Royal Historical Society's Whitfield Prize; it was reprinted in 1996, and has become required reading for undergraduate work on the period.

Simon did not have the opportunity to produce another book on this architectural scale, but in a series of articles he explored diverse aspects of late medieval society, from the perspective of those who served rather than those who ruled. They can be roughly grouped by theme. Nearest to his book was a scrutiny of the status and work of the Justices of the Peace in Yorkshire. This demonstrated that justice was not (as had been argued) debased by being made the responsibility of the local community. Then, in two studies of Lancastrian retainers, Sir Richard Abberbury and Navarese Janico d'Artasso, both representative of the class of soldier-courtier-diplomats, he traced their rise to prosperity in royal and seigneurial service

but also the fragility of their success. Abberbury's son dissipated his father's fortune in pilgrimages to the Holy Land; d'Artasso never won a place in gentry society and ended up not with an English country seat but a poor Irish one. Service in the chivalric world offered glittering prizes, but upward mobility had its hazards in a competitive society.

It was the period of political revolution centring on the deposition of Richard II that more recently attracted Simon's attention; not for the high drama of the leading figures – though he did, fruitfully, examine Richard's own view of his kingship – but for the dilemmas it brought for lesser men. He argued that the popular belief that the murdered Richard would return, to avenge his death and usher in a golden age, became a means of criticising Henry's rule without incurring the penalties of treason. Similarly, the popular canonisation of religious leaders like Thomas Becket and Archbishop Scrope, who had been martyred for their opposition to the Crown, permitted the political confrontation of Crown and subjects to be subsumed into the veneration of the martyr's cult. In such studies he was exploring the language, concepts, and moral economy of popular, or 'infra', politics, the sophistication and complexity of which he believed had been underestimated.

Then there were those studies specially commissioned, notably the lecture and longer biographical article on Richard Andrew, the first Warden of All Souls, generously funded by the College. Andrew, one of Chichele's bright young ecclesiastical lawyers, confidential secretary of Henry VI, and finally Dean of York, was rescued from virtual anonymity and presented as an exemplar of Chichele's ideal of learning and piety in the service of Church and State. His individuality was revealed, as one who declined to sacrifice his integrity to political pressures, and who found fulfilment in steadily maintaining religious discipline and devotion in the Minster. Simon's evident sympathy with Andrew reflected his own identification with the institutions he served, both in Oxford and Sheffield. One monument to this will be the building accounts of the College which he had finished editing before his death. A very different *pièce d'occasion* was his contribution to the Festschrift for Karl Leyser, making a new appraisal of the date and context of the poem celebrating Athelstan's victory at the battle of Brunanburh in 937. As an undergraduate, and later as a lecturer at Sheffield, Simon had been attracted to the early middle ages, and this solitary article, remarkable in its learning, subtlety, and sensitivity to the poem, shows that he could have become an equally distinguished interpreter of an

earlier age. Finally it is appropriate to mention that Simon was a splendid reviewer, sought after especially by the *London Review of Books*. Although firm and critical, his tone was always constructive and irenic, particularly where a novel approach or discipline was being explored.

If there is a single theme explored in these varied studies it is of the linkages between the 'high politics' of the centre and the perceptions of those who served or suffered at a lower level. He was using case studies to build up a picture of collective political mentalities among different social grades, hoping ultimately to construct a new approach to the tensions and achievements of the late medieval polity. It was a very challenging approach, for it meant working against the grain of the central sources, displaying a sensitivity to other incidental evidence, and using conjecture and imagination with the utmost discipline. But he believed that this was the only way to understand a political culture which he saw as increasingly encompassing all levels of society. He brought to this a phenomenal range of reading, and entire mastery of the sources in a range of different fields – judicial, financial, military, and ecclesiastical. One can only speculate about how this work would have developed, though it would have had the range and depth of his outstanding intellect. But whatever we have lost by his untimely death, what he has left has permanently enriched our understanding of the period with which his name will always be associated.

G.L. Harriss

Simon was a Fellow of the College for most of his short life. For the five years that were to be at the centre of his life, All Souls was Simon's home.

The College elected Simon on 3 November 1979 with Euan Cameron and me. The three of us were such exact university contemporaries that neither the by-laws, nor even convention, could determine our order in the list of Fellows. This question, though of limited significance, called for an urgent answer. Warden Neill had to innovate. He ruled that the matter should turn on the dates of foundation of our undergraduate colleges. Thus medieval history placed Simon, of Magdalen, in the middle.

Self-control, not self-assurance, was Simon's way. For him as a twenty-one year old newcomer, All Souls must have felt a daunting place. The College in those days had a good number of Great Men who had originally been elected around fifty years before. Far from being intimidating, they were a source of immediate friendship to the young, and they sometimes

seemed to suppose that we had been but a few years behind them at school. They were also a treasure-trove of anecdotes, of which none escaped Simon's acute attention. Simon was a superb listener – a talent well used after Adrian Wooldridge and Simon Green came to the College.

For storytelling and eccentricity none matched E.B. Ford, geneticist and polymath, whose sometimes lonely game, which Simon saw and played, was to live as if in an intricately-embroidered bygone era more eventful than our own. Ford was also a leading subject of Simon's repertoire of impersonations. He would mimic not so much how people spoke as how they were when just about to speak – their throat clearings, inhalations and sighs. He did this not to mock or pass judgment, but with insight and often affection.

Simon observed tradition and his personal style was conservative. He wore baggy corduroys; his dinner jacket was his father's. He was for the austere, not the louche; for the understated, not the loud. He was serious about wine, and the depth of his appreciation of old claret owed much to the extraordinary kindness of Bryan Wilson. Simon was courteous and considerate to all. He liked and respected the College staff, perhaps especially Mr Louth, who would serve a tray full of whitebait with the ironic whisper: 'I think it's two, sir'.

Fundamentally, but discreetly, Simon was liberal-minded, indeed liberal-hearted. This went far beyond mere tolerance: it was a desire sympathetically to understand others. As Mike Braddick has put it so well, although Simon was shrewdly aware of the vanities, affectations and weaknesses of others, he was always able to respond with a deep humanity.

Simon nonetheless had a good sense of mischief and of humour at the mild misfortunes of others. On a Sunday in high summer we went into the garden after lunch. There were three deckchairs. One looked especially inviting except, as we noticed, it was split. We sat in the other two. A while later Charles Monteith, a large man who lunched late, padded across the lawn. Alas, we had not put away the defective deckchair, and, unaccountably, we sat in wide-eyed silence as he eased slowly into it. So it was that Charles, his coffee, the deckchair, and the grass became one.

Simon was, by some distance, the most athletic of the younger Fellows. We could all manage bowls on the Great Quad, usually played after dark, and even climb the ladders to the top of the tower, where James McConica first guided us one Sunday after dinner. But none could run like Simon, still less play squash. Late in summer afternoons we would run by the river

to Iffley lock, and occasionally, led by Charles Wenden, go out beyond Oxford, once to the Windsor half-marathon. For Simon these excursions were a breeze, yet he would insist, with politeness approaching the absurd, how exerting he found them.

In 1982 Simon and other younger Fellows took a short holiday – in Leningrad in early February. The idea was Derek Parfit's, who went there to do architectural photography. He assured us that it would be less cold than we might imagine. It was not. Also at the hotel were some surly members of the British Communist Party – 'here to see their controllers' said Simon knowingly – and some ladies of the Tunbridge Wells Conservative Association. Of the various untruths that we pretended to believe, a favourite of Simon's was that one of these paragons saved Derek's life by shouting to warn him, as he stood hunched over his camera tripod on the frozen River Neva, that an ice-breaker was ahoy.

By day, as we saw the artistic and architectural treasures of the city, it irritated Simon that the same man appeared behind us in queue after queue. Simon had high standards in all things. He didn't mind being followed, but he did mind being followed badly. In the evenings we went to the Kirov, to the opera ('Eugene Onegin'), and on the last night there was a choice between a Sibelius concert and the state circus. Simon went to the circus.

Simon's move to Sheffield in 1984 did not undo the bonds with All Souls. Before long he began his work on Richard Andrew, the first Warden. His request to the College for modest research support for this enterprise began as only Simon would: 'You've probably had enough of Fellows of the College finding new ways to spend money on themselves but here is another one'. Simon went on to work with Simon Green on the College history, and completed his study of the building accounts just before he died.

For two years from 1998 Simon was Sub-Warden, and so on lots of committees. One morning the Estates and Finance Committee was deciding to sell some land at Padbury that had been part of the Founder's benefaction in the fifteenth century. The pecuniary advantage of sale was clear. 'May I ask a question?' inquired Simon. 'It is purely factual and has absolutely no moral element. It is this: is nothing sacred?'

Of Simon's Fellowship papers, nearly twenty-five years ago, the examiners' report said that 'his debonair approach to sombre issues sometimes makes his own views hard to judge'. That was so true in life, even to the end. Near Christmas before last Simon wrote a card to the Warden: 'I don't know if there is a by-law about this but I thought I'd tell you anyway: I have been

diagnosed as having cancer'. Throughout his illness Simon somehow managed to convey a sense of both realism and optimism – just shake off the cough and get round the next corner. That was not going to be, but sustaining the possibility was Simon's ultimate kindness to his friends.

In the middle of his illness Simon played cricket again – in the revival last June of the match between College Fellows and staff. Andrea and the children came to watch. For all his love of the game, Simon was not one for cricket statistics, but on this occasion his match figures seem just right. He made sixteen elegant runs, not out. He bowled three overs, one maiden and took two wickets for three runs. Economy and effectiveness without show.

Philip Larkin, who talked cricket with Simon when he came into College, ends his poem *Church Going* with these words:

A serious house on serious earth it is,
In whose blent air all our compulsions meet,
Are recognised, and robed as destinies.
And that much never can be obsolete,
Since someone will forever be surprising
A hunger in himself to be more serious,
And gravitating with it to this ground,
Which, he once heard, was proper to grow wise in,
If only that so many dead lie round.

Simon gravitated to this ground, and to those here long ago. Now he too has departed. We shall remember him always, for fellowship of the truest kind.

John Vickers

Simon was my only child. He was born in Kuala Lumpur in January 1958 during my secondment to the Malayan Government from Sandhurst for the purpose of creating a military college in Malaya. When he left there at the age of four-and-a-half, he could chatter in Chinese to his Amah. For the next fifteen years he lived at Sandhurst, but never showed much sympathy for the Army.

At an early age he did develop a love for cricket, and in his prep school days had ambitions to be a fast bowler.

After school he joined two friends (both with him at Oxford) in forming

a private, and what appeared to be a rather exclusive, cricket club – the Coots, which rather resembled All Souls in membership – it was by invitation only! Simon kept detailed records and reports of each match – valuable research material, perhaps, for some future historian? When he went to Sheffield he played for nineteen seasons for the University Staff XI in one of the Yorkshire leagues, and so acquired a unique knowledge of the village greens and pubs of neighbouring Derbyshire. He also took a few wickets!

There was a time when Simon was headed for the Home Civil Service, and had been posted to the Ministry of Education. I well remember walking with him on the heathland above Camberley in the late summer of '79, when he stopped and said 'Dad, I want to go back to Magdalen. I know I can get a grant, and my tutor thinks I would stand a chance in the All Souls exam'.

I agreed, and he immediately began to prepare for what was to become twenty-five years of devotion to the College.

I have been thankful that his mother was to learn of his election before she, too, died of cancer in 1980. Before he was born, she rather jokingly announced to friends at a dinner party in Malaya, 'I want my son to be six feet tall, open the innings for England, and be a Fellow of All Souls'. At least she achieved one ambition, and I had a friend and colleague who used to relate this prophecy at similar gatherings many years later!

For the last seventeen years, Simon has been coming to his home in California at least once, and sometimes twice, each year, and so became very familiar with San Diego and the surrounding area. One of our favourite trips was to the high country around Julian, a former gold-mining town where we could also enjoy the local apple pie for which the town is renowned.

When he was researching for his doctorate, John of Gaunt (and his Affinity) was long the centre of his attention, so it is fortunate that on his last holiday he was still fit enough to visit and enjoy Dunstanborough Castle on the Northumberland Coast, once a John of Gaunt stronghold, and also fitting that Andrea, his widow, should have donated a bench and assigned a plaque to be installed where the portico would have been – all part of a project for Dunstanborough by English Heritage. Had Simon lived, I think he hoped one day to write a new biography of John of Gaunt.

In a well-ordered universe, children would not die before their parents. Simon was a very dear and devoted son: to the very end he tried to protect us from a full realisation of his imminent death. It is some consolation to

Keith Walker

my wife and myself that in the short time remaining to us, we shall have only proud and happy memories of him.

Keith Walker

PETER BIRKS

3 October 1941–6 July 2004

Delivered by Professor Andrew Burrows and Lord Rodger of Earlsferry on
Saturday, 20 November 2004 in the University Church

As I was taught by Peter Birks and taught with him, I have been asked to say some words about Peter as a teacher and as a colleague here in the Oxford Law Faculty.

I first met Peter thirty years ago when I came to Brasenose for my Oxford entrance interview. He was interviewing with the senior law tutor at BNC John Davies who, in customary fashion, began the interview by trying to relax me with some general questions. Peter said nothing during those first ten minutes but I was very conscious of him sitting restlessly on the settee. Then suddenly, pushing his hand back through the mop of hair that he then had, he said this:

I am a Roman barber. I have set up stall in an open square. As I am shaving the beard of a customer, my hand is knocked by a ball kicked by boys playing nearby and I slash the face of my customer. Should I, the barber, have to pay compensation to the injured customer?

I cannot recall what answer I gave but I vividly remember the feeling of nervous excitement as whatever I said and whichever way I turned Peter was there firing another variation at me as we explored aspects of negligence and causation and *volenti*.

Tutorials in Brasenose with Peter engendered similar feelings of excitement tinged with fright. Peter was so passionate about the subjects he was teaching and so anxious for his students to share in the enterprise of constructing clear and elegant pictures of the law. But it could be nerve-racking because he would sometimes ask fiendishly difficult questions and expect us to come up with acceptable answers. Many people here may remember the grandfather clock that he had in his room. It had a very loud tick and Peter would ask these questions and we would sit in silence some-

times for several minutes with just the clock ticking away while Peter waited for us to come up with some sort of answer that he could use to guide us further towards the truth. He was also a meticulous marker of essays. Earlier this week I found one of my tutorial essays entitled 'The Relationship between the Doctrine of Consideration and the Doctrine of Promissory Estoppel'. In typical Peter style there is half a page of tightly written comments at the end, which begin, 'Very Good but Fundamentally Flawed'.

When I returned to Oxford as a Tutorial Fellow it was a particularly great privilege to teach with Peter on the Restitution postgraduate BCL seminars (which I had attended as a student a decade earlier when being run by Peter and Jack Beatson). By now Peter had become the Regius Professor of Civil Law and, following on from the great pioneering work of Robert Goff and Gareth Jones, he had published his seminal book *An Introduction to the Law of Restitution*. Lord Rodger will be saying more about Peter's scholarship but it is noteworthy here that, for Peter, research and teaching complemented each other so that it was natural for him to continue to use the Restitution seminars to develop his published views. Those seminars constituted the most rewarding experience as a teacher that I have ever had. And it was all down to Peter. He assumed that the students had carefully read the cases on the reading list and knew what the judges had said; and Peter would take it on from there, provoking and challenging them with his latest interpretations and forever being able to cut through the detail with a masterly, decisive, crisp explanation. At times the depth of Peter's knowledge was simply breath-taking. He could move seamlessly from the latest case through English legal history to Roman law to German law. In Peter's legal world there was no place for misleading labels and fictions and so it was that, in those seminars, we first heard the new precise language that so permeated Peter's work: unjust factors, subtractive enrichment, stultification, disimpoverishment and so on. What was being discussed was at the cutting edge of the law and many of Peter's views as to what the law was, or what it ought to be – which was just about the only distinction that he did not draw sharply – have subsequently become law. Of course, Peter was never afraid to change his mind in the search for an ever more precise and stylish picture of the law so that as one came to the seminar one could never be sure what he was going to say. Indeed it was possible for what was indisputably correct one year to be indisputably incorrect the next – and vice versa. That all added to the fun. It was a two-hour seminar. We never had a break and we always ran out of time. Peter adored it and the students adored him. It is no surprise that many

came to Oxford primarily to attend his seminars and that many went into academia, or out into practice, preaching the Birksian message of the importance of clear classification and of transparent rationality in the law.

Peter was not only a gifted teacher. He was an inspirational and dedicated doctoral supervisor, as several here today will testify. He regarded a DPhil as a joint project in which there was as much for him to learn as for the supervisee. It is a humbling experience to see in his rooms at All Souls a shelf laden with the bound theses of his many doctoral students.

Peter was a warm and entertaining companion but I am not sure he ever really switched off from thinking about law or legal matters. When they were under 9s, his son Theodore and my oldest son played in the same football team. I was once acting as linesman in a match but that didn't stop Peter expecting me to explain, as I was trying to concentrate on the offside, when, if ever, you could refuse restitution because of a change of position that was not a disenrichment. I also remember going round to Peter's house in Boar's Hill one Sunday lunchtime to drop off a book. Peter was there under the trees in the garden working away with a rake and looking very relaxed. As he saw me he came over and said, 'I've had a really good hour's gardening. I've sorted out *Boulter v Barclays Bank*. The Court of Appeal has definitely got the burden of proof point wrong.'

Never attracted by practice, Peter regarded working in a university law school as a privilege in enabling one to search for the truth unhindered by the demands of clients or the fear of falling out with an employer. In the Oxford Law Faculty, as well as being our intellectual leader, he worked tirelessly and selflessly for the Faculty's well-being. He would respond with an unconditional yes to any request to take on extra teaching or an administrative task or supervision. In addition to serving on many other committees, he was twice Director of Graduate Studies (Research), three times Chairman of FHS or BCL examiners, Chairman of the Management Committee at the Centre for Socio-Legal Studies, the person behind the Clarendon Law Lecture Series now in its tenth year, and, taking huge amounts of his time and energy over several years, he was the driving force behind the creation in 1994 of the Oxford Institute of Legal Practice and was still Chair of its Board of Studies until a few weeks before he died. And it is not as if he did these jobs in a token way. On the contrary, he threw himself into them and often spearheaded important and lasting reforms.

There have been many great figures in the long and distinguished history of the Oxford Law Faculty. But surely no-one has combined the roles of

teacher, supervisor, administrator and scholar with such brilliance and such passionate commitment as Peter Birks.

There are many here today who became academic lawyers because of Peter and many others whom he helped in some way through his work. We are so grateful to him for being our mentor, our generous friend and our inspirational colleague.

I want to conclude by reading a small extract from the cover of his *Introduction to the Law of Restitution*. Over the years, I have read this extract to students both here and abroad and although Peter would not express it in quite the same way today – in particular, he would be referring to the law of unjust enrichment rather than the law of Restitution – this passage will for me be a poignant reminder forever of Peter's passion and enthusiasm for the subject and indeed for the study of law generally.

Restitution is an area of the law no smaller and no less important than, say, Contract, Tort, or Trusts. A series of intellectual and historical accidents has, however, scattered its raw material to the fringes of other subjects. Homes have been found for it under dishonest or opaque labels: quasi-contract ... constructive trust, money had and received, and so on. Dispersed in this way, Restitution has escaped the revolution in legal learning which has happened over the past century. It has been the age of the textbook. Successive editions have settled the case-law of other subjects into well-trying and now familiar patterns. The case-law of Restitution remains disorganized: its textbooks have only just begun to be written ... It is the last major area to be mapped and in some sense the most exciting subject in the modern canon. There is everything to play for.

Andrew Burrows

We are here to give thanks for the life of Peter Birks. In the short time available it would be impossible to outline his career, far less all his achievements. But it is scarcely necessary to do so, since most of the story is well known to this congregation, if only from the two excellent obituaries which appeared shortly after Peter's death in July. In any event, we have come here from far and wide because Peter was one of the best loved, as well as one of the most distinguished, scholars in the history of the Oxford Law Faculty. What we are trying to capture today are some of those qualities that made him so.

Inevitably, on a University and College occasion such as this, the focus is on *iura virumque*, laws and the man. The double aspect is not inappropriate since the qualities that shaped the private man were essentially those that made the academic lawyer. First and foremost, Peter was a man of passions. For that reason, his public career could never have been one of smooth progress against the background of a serene and ordered private life. Rather – as Peter would readily acknowledge – until his late thirties, his relationships often seemed to bring more misery than happiness both to himself and, unfortunately, to those around him. Inevitably, that misery took its toll. But, in 1979, just when he was at his lowest ebb, he met Jackie; and, at a stroke, his life changed. Or, as he put it more passionately, in the words from *Fidelio* that he used in dedicating his *Restitution* book to her: ‘Your faithfulness has saved my life’. Peter believed that, quite literally. His life began anew; Peter and Jackie married on 29 October 1984 – significantly enough, the notional date that he gave to the preface to *Restitution*. In due course, Theodore was born. No doubt, Peter’s family still had to make sacrifices, but, for the rest of his days, his home life was supremely happy and secure. With this dramatic change, his academic life too could flourish as never before. Even Jackie might admit that the statistics go far towards proving the point: in the 11 years from 1969 to 1980, Peter published 13 items; in the following 11 years, from 1981 to 1992, he published 47. Doubtless, the advent of computers also had something to do with the upsurge. The early printers, spewing forth lengths of faintly printed text, gave terrifyingly concrete form to Peter’s enthusiasms. Six feet on the intricacies of Roman procedure could be daunting, to say the least.

From the outset, Peter had no doubt about his vocation as an academic lawyer. Not for him the temptations of practice: though he was delighted to be made an honorary QC in 1995, he had never qualified as a solicitor or barrister and it did not cross his mind that he might be better as a practitioner or sitting as a judge. He had no desire to concoct arguments that might serve the needs of the hour or of some particular client. This did not mean that he underestimated the role of litigation or of the courts. On the contrary, he always insisted that ‘the law was an intellectual and academic discipline which derived its autonomy, its difficulty and its satisfactions from its focus on litigation and, ultimately, adjudication’. But he wanted to take part in that difficult intellectual and academic discipline, rather than in the underlying litigations or adjudications. With this unclouded perception of his role, Peter did not suffer from the kind of inferiority complex

that, at one time, crippled academic lawyers in this country. Let practitioners practise and judges judge; academics had their own job to do. And for Peter that job was, ultimately, more important than the others.

Not only more important, but more enjoyable too. Peter simply loved what he did. If he could never really see the point of taking holidays and was bad at the so-called work-life balance, this was because he was far too busy enjoying himself, in the congenial surroundings of Brasenose or All Souls, working with friends who happened also to be his colleagues and pupils. His ability to transmit this enjoyment to others was central to his success. He made any project seem not only worthwhile but enormous fun. Why did even hung-over young men and women prise themselves from their beds to attend the Restitution classes which he loved to schedule, quite deliberately, for the early morning? Surely, because, under his leadership, the classes were both the most rigorous, and the most enjoyable, show in town. There were jokes galore but, above all, a feeling that the participants were lucky to be spending a couple of hours engaged together on an unendingly fascinating exercise. Similarly, more often than not, letters or, latterly, emails on a matter of business would contain a devastating aside on some absurdity or pomposity that had caught his eye. If you found yourself sitting near Peter at dinner, you knew that an entertaining evening was in prospect.

There was more to it than that, however. Like Justinian – not a comparison he would have permitted – Peter believed that there is a *cupida legum iuventus*, that there are young people eager to learn the law. Teaching, whether in Oxford or elsewhere, was therefore not a chore, but an opportunity to engage with them. He regretted not having been able himself to study full-time for a higher degree. In compensation, he was a devoted supervisor of his DPhil students, tirelessly questioning and probing but, above all, encouraging. His reward was a succession of fine theses which turned into important books. To his intense pride, his pupils went on to distinguished careers in practice and in universities throughout the Commonwealth and beyond. For instance, in Germany you constantly come across successful young lawyers who delight in recalling his Restitution classes. It is no accident, either, that Peter received honorary degrees, for example, from Nijmegen and Regensburg. By his teaching, as well as his writing, Peter maintained and spread the influence of Oxford. And if in his approach one could sometimes detect Imperial Echoes, Peter was, after all, a son of the Raj. Indeed, while, to his regret, the sun might be setting on the Privy Council in Downing Street, Peter was a kind of one-man Privy

Council, welcoming the contributions of scholars and courts everywhere, but aiming to bring order and reason to the common law throughout the world. Outbursts of legal nationalism, whether in Scotland or in the far Antipodes, he treated with particular contempt, precisely because he saw them as introducing essentially irrational considerations into an area where they had no valid role to play.

Although Peter is best known for his work on unjust enrichment, his first love was Roman Law, which he learned in lively discussions with his tutor at Trinity, the charismatic John Kelly. At University College London the ebullient Tony Thomas encouraged his interest in the subject, and most of his early published work was on Roman Law. His Roman Law articles have many of the hallmarks that distinguish his work on English Law: a refined sensitivity to language and a concern with the precise wording of the pleadings, with what the parties would have said in court and, more generally, with the procedures that they used. Most importantly, perhaps, when the judges came to decide the cases, where did they find the law in the days before it was written down? In all this, the influence of English legal historians, especially Toby Milsom and Sir John Baker, is unmistakable and it gave Peter's work on Roman Law its distinctive character.

For Peter, at least, there was nothing strange in applying insights from English legal history to Roman Law. For instance, his fascination with fictions in both systems meant that, when, in 1983, he was shown the text of the recently-discovered *Tabula Contrebiensis* from first century BC Spain, he immediately spotted – what other scholars had missed – that the second of the two formulae contained a remarkable and sophisticated fiction. Peter's insight proved to be the key to unravelling the inscription. And perhaps the key to unravelling Peter's career and his understanding of the role of the Regius Professor of Civil Law lies in his belief – which had also been the belief of Rudolf Jhering – that, fundamentally, Roman and English lawyers were doing the same kind of work – work, besides, which only trained lawyers could do. So, as Peter liked to remark – if not rebuked by the Lord Chief Justice for using Latin – Ulpian could sit in the appellate committee of the House of Lords on Monday morning, whereas, not being a lawyer, even so omniscient a Roman historian as Sir Ronald Syme could not. The study of Roman Law was therefore an essentially legal pursuit not remote from, but complementary to, the study of modern law, and *vice versa*. Peter's work on Roman Law flowed into his work on English Law.

Contrary to what is sometimes suggested, Peter's concentration on

modern law in his more recent publications did not mean that his enthusiasm for, or commitment to, the study of Roman Law had diminished. A moment's conversation with him would have exploded that myth. Moreover, his unfulfilled ambition was to write a history of the Roman law of delict, for which he had prepared the way in a series of penetrating articles on the Lex Aquilia. But, although Peter loved the countless intellectual puzzles to be found on every page of the Digest, he was not seduced by them. He, at least, never doubted that the importance of Roman Law for university education today lies in the Institutes of Gaius and Justinian, which offer a unique overview of the grammar of a legal system – the distinctions between property and obligations, between ownership and possession, etc. In Peter's judgment, only Barry Nicholas's *Introduction to Roman Law* could provide some of the same necessary insights. But the Institutes were the genuine article and so, along with Grant McLeod, Peter produced a marvellously readable translation of Justinian's version.

Peter loved the (true) story of the Scottish advocate who said to the judge in an insolvency case, 'Speaking personally, I have never seen much difference between rights *in rem* and rights *in personam*'. The story appealed to him because it demonstrated so clearly the pitfalls which lie in wait for lawyers, even intelligent lawyers, who have never had an opportunity to absorb the basic concepts. Hence Peter's very real concern about the proliferation of conversion courses, which profess to turn botanists into lawyers in the space of a year. Of course, when friends screwed up their courage to confess to him that their son or daughter had actually embarked on one of these courses, Peter tended to say, 'Oh, well, Sophie's different: I'm sure it will be all right in *her* case'. But he felt real anger – bitterness would not be too strong a word – at what he saw as the unthinking way in which, with the connivance of the profession, English law faculties had abandoned the study of Roman Law and so had deprived their students of the insights which that study offered. Even his beloved Oxford had taken a step in the same direction while he was on sabbatical leave in Freiburg. In Oxford Peter could, and did, fight relentlessly, and successfully, to maintain the position of Roman Law. He did so, not out of any selfish motive, but because he believed, with every fibre of his being, that today's students, just as much as their sixth-century counterparts, deserve the best possible start to their legal lives.

As early as 1971 Peter devoted a paper to the group of quasi-delicts in Roman Law. This is surely one of the dreariest topics known to man and

one which not even Peter could really cheer up. In his view, however, it was a current legal problem deserving our attention, because it related to the manner in which a great legal system classified obligations. Years later, Peter felt unable to acquit his hero, Gaius, of responsibility for introducing the vocabulary of quasi-contracts and quasi-delicts, but he added, in mitigation, that Gaius probably did not expect 'them to do two thousand years of taxonomic service'. In the 1971 article we find a throwaway line that quasi-contractual obligation 'should be based on the redress of unjust enrichment'. In those few words one can already detect the beginnings of his thinking on Restitution or, as he later came to see the subject, unjust enrichment.

At the very core of his revolutionary work on this subject lay questions of classification or taxonomy. Jackie introduced him to some undergraduate texts on taxonomy in the natural sciences and reminded him of Darwin. Soon his articles and books began to be peopled, so to speak, with aquatic and herbivorous animals, as well as wolves, dingos, labradors and six other breeds of dog. Those of us who had tended to skip over such abstract issues soon found ourselves confronted with grids, boxes and maps, which were subtly revised as publication followed publication. Where was it all going?

The answer was that it was eventually going to end in a fundamental reassessment of Peter's own work on the English law of Restitution. Nothing could better illustrate the importance which he attached to these issues of classification. For him the classes which he so painstakingly identified were not mere inventions which one could apply or not apply to the law, at will. Rather, for Peter, when Gaius set out the classifications, he was in effect giving the results of a discovery which he had made about the nature of legal systems. That discovery had indeed been imperfect, especially so far as unjust enrichment was concerned. Peter's aim, therefore, was to go further. Eventually, he reached a point where he had to change the entire focus of his work from the response of Restitution to the event of unjust enrichment. That done, he set out to show how the obligation to reverse an unjust enrichment operated in English law. At first, he thought that English law worked differently but, under the pressure of the arguments of one of his Restitution pupils, Dr Sonja Meier, a German lawyer, he came to believe that this could not be so and that the 'no basis' approach had to be followed in English law too. Moreover, he thought that, coincidentally, the courts had in effect reached the same position in the swaps cases. Hence, in what was to be the last year of his life, there came forth his book on Unjust

Enrichment – the New Testament, as one of his colleagues has called it. The thesis has met with resistance, as he knew that it would, but Peter's view was that, ultimately, there was no answer to the criticisms of the old approach and so there could be no going back. Even his critics pay generous tribute to the sheer power and intellectual honesty of his argument. Whatever the personal cost, Peter felt compelled to make the argument and then, when he knew that he was fatally ill, to revise it.

Time and the courts will tell whether the new approach prevails and, if so, in what form. It is not only sad, but a great misfortune for the law, that Peter is not here to take his part in the arguments as they develop. That is no mere conventional compliment to an academic lawyer, such as judges frequently pay in after-dinner speeches or on occasions like this. Although, in a rather unattractive conceit, judges sometimes like to portray themselves as brutish day labourers who look to academic lawyers for a deeper understanding of the law, the truth is that only comparatively rarely do academics actually produce those novel fundamental insights. But one who did, to an exceptional extent, was Peter. To accord him his own highest accolade, Peter was 'the real thing'. Quite simply, everyone recognises that he knew far more about unjust enrichment and its impact on other fields of private law than anyone else in the world. Judges do not scatter references to his writings through their opinions in order to give a spurious impression of intellectual depth. They refer to Peter because they find in his work insights into the law which they could never hope to achieve for themselves. In most areas of unjust enrichment, it is Peter who has guided the courts. In Scotland, for example, two short articles which he wrote during his time as a professor at Edinburgh were sufficient to reinvigorate a previously moribund area of the law.

Sometimes critics in any given system might feel that he had rationalised some of the cases in a manner that would have surprised the authors of the judgments. But, in a very real sense, that was to miss the point: in his view, Peter was fitting the cases into the true structure of the law which he had worked out or – as I think he would have put it – which he had uncovered. In that respect, his writings more closely resemble the jurisprudence of German or French professors. It is therefore no coincidence that he was the first British academic lawyer to be honoured with an obituary in the *Juristen Zeitung*. In this kind of scholarly work, the opinions of the judges are just as likely to be criticised as those of other academic writers. The fact that, thanks to Peter, among others, the courts now welcome constructive

writing of this kind means that the standing of British academic lawyers is higher today than at any time in the past.

Perhaps of all things, his role in that development would have pleased Peter, the immediate Past President of the Society of Legal Scholars. It has rightly been said that the Society owes a greater debt to him than to anyone in living memory. During his time as Secretary of the Society of Public Teachers of Law between 1989 and 1996, he not only embarked on a root-and-branch reform of its structures but somehow found time to organise a remarkable series of Saturday seminars in All Souls which attracted senior judges, practitioners and academics from around the world. The whole point of these occasions was that everyone took part on an equal footing and that they all learned from one another. That was Peter's vision of how our understanding of the law would grow.

Unavoidably, my time has run out before the tale of Peter's life and works is even half told. That is, perhaps, as it should be, since it is all too clear that Peter's life too came to a close when there were still many things which he wished to say and do. In fact, however, he achieved an extraordinary amount and his influence was felt all over the legal world. Above all, Peter laid the intellectual foundations of a whole area of the law. That is given to very few.

With Peter's death, the legal world has lost one of its most inspiring figures; his University and colleges one of their most faithful servants; his family and friends a warm-hearted, generous, entertaining and loyal companion. In our sadness we all have much, very much, for which to be grateful.

(CHARLES) PATRICK WORMALD

9 July 1947–29 September 2004

Delivered by Professors Dame Jinty Nelson and Jenny Wormald on
Wednesday, 13 October 2004 in the University Catholic Chaplaincy

Patrick's life was too short, his death a painful tearing of fellowship; and we are here, all of us, to share with his family the pain and the work of grieving. And yet I want not only to mourn, but to celebrate and rejoice in *his* work – the work that was so well accomplished – and still more in *his life* – a life that touched and at one time or another lightened all our lives. To me Patrick was a dear friend for nearly thirty years – and many here I know were his friends for longer than that. We met – where better? – at Leeds, at a colloquium on early medieval kingship. Patrick taught me a lot about that subject – and then about early medieval ideal and reality. After that, we always stayed in touch, not least through what we came to call the Bucknell Group, which Wendy Davies hosted, and to which Jenny too belonged. Most of the group are here this morning and those that cannot be here are thinking of Patrick and of us at this moment. Patrick acknowledged Bucknell as 'a fount of ideas and a foil to my conceptual and stylistic extravagances'. It was certainly a place of lively, and sometimes, yes, extravagant, intellectual exchange – Patrick could begin at breakfast-time and still be going strong seriously late – when perhaps only Tim Reuter was still up for founting and foiling. Bucknell was also a place of fun. Our games of charades were sometimes a bit intellectual as well. I wish you could all have seen Patrick's enactment of Ganshof's *Feudalism*. It was a difficult one – and the rest of us took a while to get it. Another regular part of Bucknell was a picnic on Offa's Dyke. I remember once – and the sun always seemed to shine on those days – when we were all sitting munching happily away at Bucknell bread. Patrick espied a group of ramblers and overheard a puzzled conversation – about Offa. You can all guess what happened next. At a bound he was up and along there with the ramblers, answering their questions, making everything as clear and bright as the summer day. They did not know what had hit them – they were absolutely delighted – and I bet they still remember.

And that is what *I* most want to remember today about our Patrick. He was the most inspired teacher and guide, a shedder of light. I'll quote from one or two of many messages I've had in recent days from Old Europe and America as well as the UK. First, this, from a modern historian colleague: '[t]hat hour with Patrick in my first term, talking about Bede, was the most exciting in all my undergraduate years'. Then, from a young colleague from abroad: 'I could not believe how friendly, helpful and interested he was in my work – one of the most generous academics I've ever met.' And this, from another young colleague: 'He defined the historical landscape in which I work – I just wish I'd been able to tell him that, and thank him.' Then, from a former student: 'Patrick could admit he'd been wrong and would rethink his work ... so many of us remember the encouragement we got from him because it was *considered* ...'. And finally, this, from a not-so-young colleague in America: 'We must remember the extent to which we have been brought together by his times of abundance – the energy which he gave to us all'.

We all remember those times of abundance – not least the colleagues who were with him at the medieval congress in Kalamazoo just last May when Patrick was at his most effervescent. And yes, Patrick, after all your inspiring and all your editing, *Lay Intellectuals* will be got into print in memory of you. We remember Patrick the scholar with huge respect. For me, the preliminary chapter of *The Making of English Law* threw more light on *Continental* law than anything I've read in any language. From Birmingham, Glasgow, York, from Cambridge, London – and so many places – but, always, Oxford, you his friends were there for him too in the less than happy times. But generosity, abundance, energy, focussed consideration: those are the defining traits of Patrick the *man* whom we remember with love. His death changes all our landscapes.

Patrick was sensitive to the natural world, and to the world of the spirit – about which he talked to me quite a lot in later years. He understood about the *Camino* to Compostela, or Sigeric's road to Rome. I remember watching the eclipse in 1999 with Patrick, Jenny and Luke (who were wishing Tom there too). It was a moment of natural magic, of communion – of amazing stillness – followed by a slow lightening. Now is the time we remember all that Patrick's family did – truly his nearest and dearest – to support him when the going got rough. Dear Jenny, Tom and Luke, we know how much you have all been through, with and for him; Jenny, how much you always were to him; Tom and Luke, how very delighted he was to

have such sons as you. He loved to talk about you, and in listening we shared that delight. You have done him proud – and will do so enduringly.

The world is full of enigmas. Our friend Patrick chose well the music he wanted for his funeral and who better than *his* friend Henry to play it so beautifully. Patrick himself was an enigma (perhaps we all are) even to those who loved him best. This was at the root of his humanity. Words for the mystery of *Patrick now* are far beyond me (though, Patrick, I like to imagine that you and Tim may be discussing away somewhere – just a wee bit extra-vagantly).

I will end with Sophocles' words on the passing of Oedipus the King:

He was gone from sight:
That much I could see ...
No god had galloped
His thunder chariot, no hurricane
Had swept the hill. Call me mad, if you like,
Or gullible, but that man surely went
With a guide he trusted down to where
Light had gone out but the door stands open.

Jinty Nelson

I have been overwhelmed since Patrick's death by the number of letters, emails and telephone calls I have had; and so there are very many people whom I want to thank. Your sympathy and understanding of our loss mean a very great deal to Tom, Luke and me. On a personal note, I know that the circumstances were somewhat unusual, in that I was no longer Patrick's wife, and I can only say how moved I was that you remembered the many years of our life together and knew what sorrow his death has brought to me.

I used to think, during these years, that our marriage service should have had an extra piece put in: 'for better for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, in storm, fury and the occasional bit of calm if you're really lucky'. I am not saying that just about Patrick; I am perfectly capable of producing plenty of thunder and lightning of my own. But as his family and his many, many friends all know, Patrick lived a life of storms and crises; his was a tortured soul, and the tragedy is that no-one and nothing – not even his ever-deepening religious faith – could bring him the peace that

he sought. The Patrick I knew for thirty-one years was never, however much he tried, a fundamentally happy man. He could certainly be happy and have fun – and he could be the most marvellous company. It was that deeper, inner happiness which brings security which was lacking.

Ultimately the alcohol to which he increasingly resorted to find oblivion from his pain killed him. No-one should ever worry that he killed himself. I am haunted by how alone and shut away he was in the last months of his life, this man for whom the company of family and friends was so crucial. But even then, he was battling on for life. There is a too widely held view which – perhaps the more so as an addicted smoker myself – I deplore: that if only alcoholics had a bit more guts and determination, they could beat the drink. Let no-one ever have any doubts about Patrick's enormous courage. It had been a very long fight before he so sadly lost it. But what was he really fighting? I have always believed, as did he, that it was not the demon drink which was the fundamental reason for the nature of his life, even if it caused his death. It was another, much older, demon, who had been introduced into his heart and mind and soul very early on in his life, of whom he was terribly aware, against whom he endlessly struggled, but whom he could never really exorcise; it was too firmly rooted. That was the demon who made him believe that he would be loved only if he achieved great things, was more brilliant than anyone else, wrote more stunning prize essays, and so on throughout his life; that was the demon who made him believe that what made him interesting was being screwed up, when it was so blindingly obvious that someone who in fact had so much would have suffered far less, and caused far less suffering to others, if he could only have settled for being an ordinary, if remarkable, guy. He could not do it. And so the endless striving for recognition and success, the impossible goals he set for himself – to be the new Maitland, to write not just his interpretation of, but the truth about the past.

Hence his passionate fear of criticism of his writings, which could look like arrogance. It was not. It was born out of his terrible vulnerability. Hence the terrifying spectacle of his moods becoming increasingly black in the 1990s, as his achievements piled up. Who but Patrick could manage to lose both his Fellowship and his marriage in 2000, that triumphant year when his book, written in such pain and agony, was published? I well remember, only a year earlier, one of the most joyous evenings I ever spent with him, when we celebrated the completion of the book: we had finished the index – and boy, what an index! Much more sadly, I remember the

green folders containing the early chapters of volume 11, which I was reading just two weeks before we parted. They did not yet have the brilliance which shone through volume 1. He was floundering, perplexed, and in renewed pain and agony; Everest was there to be climbed again. And so Patrick, who was sadly deficient in the instinct of self-preservation, gave free rein to his capacity to self-destruct. As he himself later said, he plunged down into a time of madness, followed, in the next two years, by sustained drinking at a level we had never before experienced. Once again, thanks to Veronica's help and that of Tom and Luke, he recovered. But the dreadful and all too familiar pattern was repeated: the strenuous attempt to make sense of his life and cope with it, and then the building up of pressures, the mounting need to prove himself, yet again as a genius at Kalamazoo last May, possibly even the growing fears about turning back to volume 11 – and that first and fatal drink.

So why are so many here to mourn the passing of this difficult and demanding man? Patrick was a very complex person. But the answer is simple. A lot has been said recently about the tragic waste. I do not want to think of waste. No wonder that the marvellous letters I have had have included those from former students. He was an inspiring teacher. But that is not just about brilliance of mind, although that Patrick had in abundance. It was about his infinite capacity for showing that he really cared about his students, would give them his unstinted time and trouble, go the second mile for them. It may be sad that his early death deprives future students of that experience. But waste could not be a more inappropriate word when thinking of those who did experience it. And the same was true of his fellow academics. They knew well enough the problems of Patrick. But they equally knew his endless willingness to think deeply about their work, give his whole mind to commenting seriously on it, give what help he could in full measure. He was always far more than just an academic whose views people sought. His greatness lay in the depth of his personal involvement, the personal concern which added such immense warmth to his academic dealings. In this dreadful age when we are all assailed by the RAE, the TQA, the XYZ, or whatever, finding the time as Patrick always did was an increasingly rare and much-to-be prized quality. That is not a tribute to a wasted life.

For myself, who lived with him for twenty-five years and therefore lived with more of the explosions of grief and pain than anyone else, other than Tom and Luke, I was often asked, then and in the last two weeks, why I sur-

vived as long as I did, until I finally ran out of steam four years ago. It was a question which I sometimes asked myself. I will answer it now. It was not because I was a saint and a martyr, any more than Tom, Luke and Veronica were saints and martyrs – though perhaps I should apologise to Tom, Luke, and Veronica for making this somewhat sweeping assertion on their behalf. In any event, I know that I was not. Nor was I wholly loopy. I am well aware that I imposed on very kind and patient friends when the going was rough, and that was a burden on them. But – with apologies to them for that burden – I stayed because, frankly, that is what I wanted to do. For all the problems, there was a remarkably deep and strong bond between Patrick and me, which seemed worth nurturing and cherishing, and is what I shall remember; and again I have been greatly moved by those who have commented on it not only during our lives together but since his death. There were our two fantastic sons, who gave us both such joy; memories of the difficult times will fade away, but memories of the wonderful times we had as a family will not. And there was an endlessly stimulating academic partnership. It won't surprise you when I say that of course Patrick thought himself as much an expert on my subject, James VI and I, as he was on his own early medieval world. But it so happened that, in the weeks immediately before his death, I was writing up for publication what was probably the most important lecture I have ever been asked to give, for the quarter centenary of the union of the crowns in 2003; and I was touched, warmed and affectionately amused when I came across two emails from Patrick sent at the time of the lecture giving me his ideas on the subject. I don't think that I ever dared to tell him that I didn't quite agree! And the bond we had of course changed after 2000, but it was still there. His long-lived habit of talking to me about himself because he believed that I had a particular understanding of him, continued on many occasions; and as so often in the past I wanted to believe in his confidence that this time he had really sorted out his problems, had come to terms with what had happened to him, and to hope that, with Veronica's love and support, he would succeed. But however I might hope, as did Tom and Luke, we could not be confident. It was always the combination of increasing stress and increasing confidence that made him forget that he was not cured of his alcoholism, for no-one is; he was in remission. So many lovely periods of remission ended for that reason. This one, tragically, was the last. But I will not end on that note. Why do I find it so hard to come to terms with Oxford without his compelling presence? Because he was a very loving man who inspired love. He was

a very gifted man, who inspired admiration. That is a pretty good epitaph.

Patrick, you infuriating and impossible old bugger: the world of your family and friends which you have left is less dramatic, less crisis-ridden, less noisy; but far more importantly, it is immensely impoverished. You are greatly missed. I miss you and I mourn your death. But I do not – cannot – grieve for you. I did my grieving for you during your life. That is past, because I hope – no, this time I am utterly sure – that you know now that you were deeply loved, not because of your many brilliant articles and *The Making of English Law*, but because of who you were; and you know now that you have left us not only enduring memories of you, but an academic legacy as towering as ever you could have wished. For you are in the hands of God, where you wanted to be, and under His protection and at last at rest. Your pain was our pain; and your peace is our peace. *Patricie: curis vitae carens requiescas in pace.*

Jenny Wormald

BRYAN RONALD WILSON

25 June 1926–9 October 2004

Delivered by Professor David Martin and
Dr Simon Green on Saturday, 26 February 2005

It is a special privilege to offer this eulogy and respond to the Warden's invitation to place Bryan Wilson's work in the context of his life. This is, then, a *Sitz im Leben* of a life which began in poverty and leaving school at thirteen for work as an office boy on *The Yorkshire Post*, and led to a Fellowship of the British Academy.

We ought first to recollect how many people have already testified to his countless acts of kindness and of care. At his funeral I mentioned how in the absence of secretarial help he typed an article for me. I also recollect that when we were successively presidents of the International Conference of the Sociology of Religion it was always Bryan who remembered we should go off together to buy flowers for Mies van Dongen, the woman who effectively ran it.

People have also testified to his meticulous sense of duty as teacher and colleague; to his breadth, punctilio and rigour as a scholar; and to his devotion to All Souls. These qualities were woven seamlessly alike into life and work, and were evident from the very beginning at the then Leicester University College to the end.

Yet such a unity of thought and practice realised here in a collegiate atmosphere where communal obligation is taken for granted, focussed on the breakdown of that unity into what he called discrete role performances, and on the widespread collapse of communal sanctions and obligations. As a result, his life and work, outwardly so conformist, was a radical nonconformist protest in every sense of the word. Read in one way Bryan Wilson's writing appears to be a pure sociology in the tradition of Weber, Durkheim, Tönnies and Parsons, without even a psychology or intellectual history. Read another way it is a lament over the advance of technical reason, and the closing of the door of what Weber called the 'iron cage'. It was above all a lament for what Christie Davies discussed in his recent book, *The Strange*

Death of Moral Britain. Like Dr Johnson he needed and created precise order lest the winds of chaos whistled around.

Bryan Wilson brought together two disparate cultures. One was a Yorkshire working-class world infused by a sense of the difference between the rough and the respectable, and reinforced in his case not by domestic piety but by seven years at a Methodist Sunday School. The other was the *pietas* of an ancient university. For Bryan Wilson, making his way along the precarious rungs of evening courses, there must have been bridge passages. Fellowship is a shared word and you can translate an honest day's work as scholarly integrity, neighbourliness as reciprocal obligation, respect as courtesy and civility, sobriety and cleanliness as what he called comportment. Like so many of us, Bryan Wilson might, only a generation earlier, have remained what he much admired, the office clerk devoted to personal service. By sheer intelligence and diligence, he joined Coleridge's clerisy.

I hope it is not too fanciful to suggest that there was a bridge passage between the 'Sunday best' of a Yorkshire respectability and formal academic dress as protective clothing against a raw, chaotic and dangerous world. The only sermon I knew him to have preached took as its text 'Be ye not conformed to the world'. The jacket, tie and gown also denied access to any who would 'pluck the heart out of [his] mystery'. The sanctity of the inner forum needed safeguards, including decent distance. The tactile was the tactless.

Why then did Bryan Wilson turn to the study of religious groups once the target of his mother's scorn, and (latterly) to 'New Religious Movements', all of them likely to cause a very private person maximum embarrassment? Partly it was his own experience of Christian Science. But in his writing even Anglicans are referred to as 'votaries', and most of these groups and movements were prone to ecstasy and kinaesthetics. They insisted on opening 'windows into men's souls' and expecting testimony to new life within. Nevertheless, they were his life's work, beginning with his LSE thesis, later published in 1961 as *Sects and Society*, an analysis and an ethnography so fascinating that when I called it up in London University's Senate House Library I waited over an hour while the library assistant pored over it. The magisterial culmination of his work was the global survey *Magic and the Millennium* (1973), and most of it given over to analysing groups of people deluded by their emotional needs, with boundaries against the world certainly, but emphatically not against each other.

What brought together Pentecostal aspiration (say) and the spires of

Oxford was community, as well as obligation and discipline or discipleship. Both the fraternity of sovereign reason and the fraternity of emotional delusion were *Gemeinschaftlich*. And Bryan Wilson believed technical or procedural rationality had set the axe to both. The institutions of faith and disinterested learning were subverted by the forces of utility, instrumentality and function. In both cases 'These fragments I have shored against my ruins'.

The deteriorations brought about by crass functionality, alien criteria of performance, economism, bureaucracy and impersonality were deepened by what only appeared to be their opposite: crass individualism. In practice both functionality and individualism were inimical to qualitative judgement, as well as to the constraint of form, the integrity of disciplines, markers of distinction and difference, and cumulative wisdom. Though quality, distinction and value might have no ultimate grounding, for Bryan Wilson they were apodictic. Unlike the majority of sociologists, he really believed the best that had been thought and said should be transmitted to as many of the young as would receive it, not used for social engineering, not reduced to a technique or a mere expression of social structure, and not deployed to deconstruct and subvert. Sociology was itself civilising. Indeed, it was part of what Norbert Elias at Leicester, wrote about in his great book, *The Civilising Process*, which incidentally included the invention of the fork. He kept in contact with Elias and patiently suffered the multiple frustrations facing anyone anxious to have more translated from the work of that wayward genius. Sociology also belonged to the idea of tradition as analysed by Edward Shils.

Bryan Wilson wrote about education because he understood teaching in its root meaning of *educere*: to lead out. He contested any reduction to technique and had no truck with the destructive sociology of knowledge once popular in the Institutes, for which knowledge was only power in the pejorative sense and radically relative to social perspective. For one who made his own way to the LSE and Oxford, knowledge was power in the best sense and our teachers should be our exemplars. In Bryan Wilson's vision there were affective, diffuse and humane obligations traditionally embedded in the role of teacher (or priest) threatened by functional specificity, the notion of training, and 'career development'.

I am saying that moral passion impinged on his social science and that his sociology of religion was existentially motivated. He once told me he was surprised students lacking such motivation should come to him, mod-

estly forgetting he had virtually recreated the sociology of religion in Britain, and held a graduate seminar at All Souls which was a nursery of distinguished scholars of sectarianism. But by viewing sociology as objective social science he could avoid several slippery slopes, and he covered his own existential tracks to the point where his religious background was more a matter of curious rumour than knowledge. In the actual practice of social science as he saw it there were no inflections derived from personal biography or from belief or its loss. Observation was not angled, situated, interpreted. He eschewed words like hermeneutic, paradigm and ideological, and avoided reference to Adorno, Marcuse, Gadamer, Ricoeur, and such like. That kind of writing was a continental intrusion on the plain common sense of the Anglo-Saxon, even when filtered through the United States.

His prose and expository style were deliberately plain. Surprisingly for a humanist he thought writing sociology as literature unprofessional. Though beautifully crafted, his own writing avoided resonance, echo, adornment or paradox. For that, and for the clarity and constancy of his position, students and writers of textbooks were grateful. Few could have imagined the intimate thespian and microcosmographer of everyday academic fad, foible and wickedness. As far as possible he kept the voice of lamentation low, except in one of his later essays on 'Salvation, Secularisation and De-moralisation' (2001) where the horror cracks the professional mask.

Nor would casual readers have guessed Bryan Wilson read English poetry, listened to classical music – 'the more classical the better' – and furnished his rooms with the English watercolourists. In this respect the work and the life were set apart. In Weber's disenchanted world only the private consolations of the arts and the table remained: good taste, good living, good conversation, good wine. After Schubert and Mozart, (even before, he once said), the bouquet of champagne. His choice of wine could be almost too exacting: after half an hour's agonising in a Paris restaurant he sighed, and sighed again, before reluctantly settling for the house red.

It is obvious why Bryan Wilson loved Japan, because it had avoided the 'iron cage' by a prior elision of the intrusively personal through rules of comportment and coded respect. Japanese new religions, sensitively discussed in *A Time to Chant* and *Global Citizens*, appealed to him as ways of being, lay and reformed rather than priestly or monastic. The only time I saw him make an obeisance was to the earth gods of old Japan, who only

solicited piety without requiring belief. I think he shared Wordsworth's sentiments in his sonnet about the way we lay waste our powers in 'getting and spending':

Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

On separate occasions I remember two people, one an LSE Marxist, the other an Oxford Christian philosopher, wondering why Bryan Wilson did not join the Church of England. However, that is to forget his residual Protestantism, when it came to ritual and vestments in religion, as distinct from ritual and vestments in the university. Any suggestion that donning a gown for the murmurous and tenebrous proceedings of the dining hall had some continuity with processions in chapel or the courtesies of the communion table, was anathema. So was the prospect of dialogue between sociology and theology. Error had no intellectual rights, though he sacrificed serious time to the legal rights and popular repute of groups like The Brethren. He probably held William James' view that theology and ecclesiastical organisation were parasitic on direct experience. Like most agnostics he preferred the simple reasons of the heart to the subtle reasonings of theologians, and had no time for contemporary up-dates and re-presentations. When together we examined a member of an Irish order who had gone to Rome for a course in *aggiornamento* he remarked, 'He'll apply it, alas, and in a decade the order will fall to pieces'. The archaic should not pretend to modernity, so he was happy to respond in the sixties when the editor of *Theology* solicited a critique of *The Paul Report* on reorganising the Church of England.

In his sociology Bryan Wilson sought to bring particulars, even the particular narratives of history, within the scope of general categories and processes. That was true equally of his pioneering work on the theory of secularisation and his work on sects. With regard to secularisation he created the standard model based on the cognate nouns of process: modernisation, urbanisation, rationalisation, differentiation, bureaucratisation, societalisation, privatisation. In his work on sects he created order out of descriptive

chaos by the typology set out in a key article published in 1959 and later extended. These two arms of his achievement provided major reference points for us all, and were summed up in his 1982 book, *Religion in Sociological Perspective*.

For all the rigours of generalisation Bryan Wilson remained a very particular man, concerned with such particulars as the gentle induction of students into a way of life as well as a technique of understanding. He was particular in his affections and generous in his time. All Souls was his home, its collective reputation his personal point of honour, its ways his delight, its civilities his sure defence. For him to leave All Souls was to absent himself from felicity. With his death the College lost someone who kept faith with its ethos, statutes and ordinances; and his colleagues everywhere lost someone gifted in so many things, but above all gifted in friendship.

David Martin

One of the pleasanter surprises that once greeted novices at All Souls was the fellowship of Bryan Wilson. It was a surprise to many for no better reason than that this unexpected boon also marked their very first acquaintance either with the man or his mind. Distinguished scholar as he was, before ever setting foot in the College, Bryan nonetheless professed what was long regarded – especially in the ancient universities – as an exotic science: about which, the conventionally learned invariably granted themselves a right of ignorance; and from which, so it was widely believed, the impressionable young were best protected. Back in 1963, when Bryan came here, some took the terms of that indulgence very seriously indeed. One senior colleague, ironically a firm friend in latter days, refused even to speak to him for three years. His was a heroic, if misguided, protest against Oxford's unconscionable decision to sponsor a University Reader in Socialism. Most junior Fellows proved quicker to grasp the more plausible purposes. Indeed, as the years passed many of them were moved to note the striking difference between *homo sociologicus* as legend had him – whether by customary attire or generic expostulation – and the dapper, polite confidant who so kindly eased their path down this society's more obscure cultural byways.

Perhaps that explains why it so frequently proved such a pleasant surprise. Certainly, Bryan's elaborate welcome combined a winning friendliness with delicate reserve that embraced if not all then a fair preponderance

of new Fellows and made callow youth especially feel at home in this place: almost instantaneously; comfortable in a college that might otherwise have seemed alternatively neglectful or overwhelming. To that end, his solicitude never disdained trivial domestic intelligence. This he rightly respected in an institution where everything was provided yet nothing easily found. But its more serious object – again, conceived mainly for benefit of the young – was to furnish polite, almost unobtrusive, advice about how to best deploy so many years of luxuriously-appointed leisure.

Subtle souls soon appreciated that such concern was not entirely selfless. As a bachelor, living in College, Bryan cared a great deal about precisely with whom he was expected to share its facilities; scarcely less about exactly how they intended to conduct themselves in its public places. But more generous spirits also acknowledged that what was thereby conveyed, seemingly as an ensemble of unconnected conventions, actually added up to a fully articulated vision of what it meant – or anyway, of what it might mean, of what it could and should mean – to live and work as a Fellow of All Souls. That vision was, I suspect, as easily misunderstood by friend as foe. One old acquaintance once observed that Bryan behaved in All Souls almost as if he had died and gone to heaven. This was charming. But it was quite untrue. He acknowledged no paradise, celestial or mundane. By much the same reasoning, his low-church agnosticism was never attracted to a monastic understanding of collegial ends. In spite of, or perhaps because of, the difficulties of his own upbringing, Bryan never doubted for a moment that human beings flourished best in families. He loved his siblings and enjoyed being an uncle. To close friends, he freely admitted that the greatest regret of his life was never having had children of his own. No one who saw him in the company of the very young ever doubted the force of that confession.

If this made for an incomplete life, it never precluded the possibility of a worthwhile existence. Thus Bryan's Fellowship at All Souls transformed commendable professional ambition into a very special vocational fulfilment. To understand why, it is first important to recall – in truth, some of his earliest sparring partners here were seldom inclined to let him forget – that this was his only Oxford college. He was educated elsewhere and secured his first academic appointment in what used to be called the provinces. His election, in 1962, to what was then the most senior position in Sociology at Oxford came without a formal college attachment. A fellowship followed fully one year later; and that as a result of what turned out

to be an inspired collective choice rather than automatic individual entitlement. So he arrived a fully formed man, but he was cast out of most untypical clay. Elegant rooms in Hawksmoor's Quadrangle represented more than the usual good fortune to an infant born in a house which, as he later recollected 'might have been flattered to be called a back-to-back'. The heavy Codrington key felt like a jewel in the hands of a boy whose formal schooling had ended barely before he entered his teens. Even common table seemed like a very civilised alternative to the adolescent whose first notion of collective dining had been nurtured in a wartime mess. For one of his background, convictions and temperament, an academic career prosecuted under such circumstances could never have been conceived as a mere wind-fall. It had to be justified as a priceless personal trust.

Vindication began with the imperative of work: for its own sake; as an aspect of self-improvement; ultimately as a way of being worthy of the institution that had so imaginatively patronised him. Eight books and more than one hundred published papers bear witness to the efforts of thirty years, efficiently deployed. That he eventually won those few academic honours he ever coveted suggests that they were also fruitfully spent. Obligation ended with the duties of conservation: inspired by a past about which he refused to be ashamed and protective towards a future whose inheritance he cherished. It was also directed both towards goals now generally admired, such as the preservation of a peculiar college in the Visiting Fellowship scheme and ends subsequently derided, most notably, the prolongation of a single sex society.

Such burdens did not prevent good cheer. To the contrary, few better appreciated Bagehot's dictum that 'the way to keep old customs is to enjoy old customs'. Few, in fact can have delighted so much in this College; especially in its old customs, even in some of its disreputable habits. I recall sitting next to Bryan at dessert on the very evening after my viva. With what I later learned was no more than his habitual good manners, he offered me first choice of the delights still lying undisturbed on the table. Affecting a fastidiousness of manner that did not long survive my election, I initially declined to take anything, pleading 'that after such a dinner, it seems greedy to want any more'. He smiled benevolently and unhesitatingly replied, 'Oh, don't worry. Greed is institutionalised here'.

Yet his own avarice was almost entirely limited to the various acts of appreciation. He neglected nothing on offer at All Souls. Certainly nothing of its physical environment: buildings, pictures and gardens. Still less, of

the traditions of public service and disinterested learning reflected in them. Notoriously protective of its wine, he was actually more interested in the lives both of those who had adorned the community and many who had merely passed through – Wardens, Fellows (well, most of them), staff (ditto). The least sentimental of men, he dedicated his major scholarly treatise to All Souls. That in simple recognition of its contribution to his personal happiness. He led the life it made possible at a level of intensity occasionally reminiscent of Newman in Oriel. Its demands could never have satisfied all his peers. But their gifts spread further than some suspected. He made many friends here. None was more devoted to him than Denis Hambridge. Loyal to the last, he refused innumerable offers to spend his declining years outside Oxford. For that, he was rewarded by the care of Mark Phillips when physical disability finally struck.

‘A virtuous man, he passed mildly away.’ He died untainted by any delusions of indispensability. So some of us will have to be forgiven for thinking that this place will never be quite the same without him.

Simon Green

CHARLES HILLIARD FEINSTEIN

18 March 1932–27 November 2004

Delivered by Sir Bob Hepple, Professor Paul David,
Professor Avner Offer and Professor Anne Digby
on Saturday, 4 June 2005 in the Library

The inspiration for Charles' life and work as a scholar came from his youth in South Africa, where he was born in 1932.

My earliest memories of Charles are of us trying to sell a left-wing newspaper to African workers while they stood in queues waiting to catch their crowded buses back to the squalor of Alexandra Township. Charles, at the age of 21, was already a seasoned political activist. He was one of the founding members in 1953 of the Congress of Democrats, a small organisation of whites who allied themselves unreservedly to the freedom struggle led by the African National Congress. He built up and chaired a Youth Branch, which set itself the impossible task of persuading whites of the need for black liberation. Charles insisted that we had to 'connect with the black masses', and this led us to the bus queues every Friday night. The queues were notorious for muggings and stabbings, especially on Fridays which was pay day, and you can imagine the astonishment of the waiting black passengers to see young whites ducking and weaving among them apparently impervious to these dangers and to the risk of arrest. Charles' innocent smile would soon melt any hostility. Frequently there were animated discussions.

I believe that Charles was attracted by Marxism in his youth because of its social and economic optimism. His disillusion with 'really existing socialism' came later – the watershed for him was the Soviet invasion of Hungary and Khrushchev's famous denunciation of Stalin at the xxth Congress of the CPSU. After these events Charles, by then at Cambridge, wrote to me saying, 'We must never take anything on trust again'. His later study of Soviet economic development deepened this disillusionment. Things had looked differently to him in South Africa in the early 1950s. Marx was not on the official reading lists for Economics at Witwatersrand University,

where Charles took his first degree; indeed, Marxist works were banned by the South African censors. But Charles managed to read them. He told me that, like Keats when first looking on Chapman's Homer, he '... felt like some watcher of the skies/When a new planet swims into his ken'. Marx seemed to offer a 'scientific solution' to South Africa's twin problems of racial domination and economic exploitation. Charles thought these were explicable by the way in which capitalism had developed in South Africa since the discovery of gold and diamonds in the 1870s. No doubt, Charles' Jewish parents contributed to their son's outlook. His father, Louis, had come to South Africa from Latvia. He was an 'armchair Marxist' who had struggled out of a difficult and desperately poor childhood to become one of Johannesburg's leading stockbrokers – to use an old phrase, a 'rich red'. For Jews like Louis, Marxism and the new Soviet Union, appeared to offer an alternative to the pogroms and discrimination of the Tsarist period and held out the promise of assimilating Jews into a movement for universal liberation.

Charles was intellectually gifted, skipping grades to matriculate at Parktown Boys' High School (a state school modelled on pre-war English grammar schools) two years ahead of his peer group. He entered Witwatersrand before reaching the age of 16 and graduated with a BCom degree at the age of 18 in 1950. He wanted to continue with an academic career but his father, already anxious about Charles' political involvement at a time when the Broederbond Nationalist Government was swooping down on the Left, insisted that he had to keep his feet firmly on the ground by qualifying as a chartered accountant. So Charles served his articles and qualified as a chartered accountant in 1954. He had no intention of practising, but the training obviously stood him in good stead for his later academic work. At the same time he became a part-time student for a BCom (Honours) degree. Charles was the star student of Professor Ludwig Lachmann, Head of the Economics Department. (Lachmann used to remark that when he had arrived at the LSE from Germany in 1933 almost everyone was a Hayekian, but by 1939 only two were left, himself and Hayek. He enjoyed a prosperous retirement in the 1980s when Hayek came back into fashion!) Charles achieved a First in his examinations, but his Honours essay which advanced claims for the labour theory of value and drew some political implications from this was rejected by the external examiner, the politically ultra-conservative Professor W.H. Hutt of the University of Cape Town. Lachmann advised Charles that he would do better submitting the essay to

Moscow University.¹ He was encouraged by Maurice Dobb – whose *Festschrift* he later edited² – to come to Cambridge, and this he did in October 1954.

He was attached to Fitzwilliam and took his PhD in 1958. The subject of his dissertation was ‘Home and foreign investment: some aspects of capital formation, finance and income in the United Kingdom, 1870–1913’, a classic topic that remained close to his life’s work in economic history. There began a long association with his supervisor, Professor Robin Matthews, whom Charles was instrumental in bringing to Clare College as Master in 1975. He was also taken under Professor Brian Reddaway’s wing as a Research Officer in the Department of Applied Economics from 1958 to 1963. In 1963 he was appointed a Lecturer in Economic History in the Faculty of Economics and on Reddaway’s nomination elected a Fellow of Clare College. Others will speak of his academic achievements. I want to say a few words about his outstanding contribution as Senior Tutor of Clare for eight eventful years from 1969 to ’77. (He was on leave of absence in 1977–8, his last year at Clare.)

Charles’ election as Senior Tutor was bold and imaginative. One very senior Fellow supposed him to be a ‘dangerous Marxist’ – Charles was at the time active in the peace movement (as Chairman of Cambridge CND). He had not been an undergraduate in Cambridge and he had never been an undergraduate tutor, but Sir Eric (later Lord) Ashby, the then Master, and the majority of the Fellowship saw in him the qualities of leadership which could guide Clare through two fundamental changes. The first was the admission of women. In April 1969, the Governing Body decided by a two-thirds majority to make Clare co-residential, one of the first three colleges to do so. There was a determined minority opposed to the decision. They had to be won over to work for its implementation. The second challenge was from revolting students, much more modest in their methods and objectives than their post-1968 Continental counterparts but still willing to take direct action for a variety of causes including greater student participation in decision-making.

Charles met both these challenges magnificently. One senior Fellow, to the right on the political spectrum, has recorded how Charles won the respect of all the assistant tutors because of his flexibility, humanity and

1. B.K. Murray, *Wits: The Open Years* (Johannesburg, 1997), 232.

2. C.H. Feinstein, ed., *Socialism, Capitalism and Economic Growth: Essays presented to Maurice Dobb* (Cambridge University Press, 1967).

complete integrity. He was a stickler for order and administrative efficiency, but his colleagues found that he would never ask them to do anything he was not willing to undertake himself. As his Registrar (tutor) for Admissions I had to get the letters of acceptance out so that candidates would receive them before Christmas. Charles insisted on sitting up with me until late at night to help me get this done. He also found ways to persuade old Clare men – potential benefactors – that not only academic standards but also the cultural and sporting life of the College had vastly improved as a result of co-residence.

The students found in him someone willing, in a way many other senior members would not have been, to engage with them in patient and good-humoured discussion about student grievances. They also admired his respect for the special relationship between tutors and students. One example of this was when he declined to pass on to the Proctors the names of students who had participated in a peaceful occupation of the Old Schools. Another was when he took a sympathetic approach to students who were convicted of rioting outside the Garden House Hotel in protest against a visit by the Greek colonels, resisting the demands of those who wanted them expelled. It was the general view in the College that the success of co-residence in Clare – which became a model for other colleges in both Cambridge and Oxford – and the achievement of sensible student participation was in large measure due to Charles' wise leadership.

1977 was a difficult year for Charles. His marriage to Ruth Loshak was breaking up, and he had become disenchanted with the Cambridge Faculty of Economics, increasingly divided by bitter internal disputes. He needed a change of scene. Ashby told me that he would have had no hesitation in recommending Charles for a Vice-Chancellorship or Headship of House in any university. However, Charles chose instead to return to his first love, economic history, and accepted a post at York University. Clare elected him an Honorary Fellow in 1994.

I enjoyed over 50 years of friendship with Charles. He came to my aid in times of need, not least when I arrived as a refugee in 1963, and I know that he helped countless others as well. He was a private man who rarely discussed his personal problems with friends. Some found him austere. His long silences in social discourse are legend. But behind the reserve was a man of great warmth, innate generosity and loyalty, a true friend and wise leader.

When I retired from the Mastership of Clare in 2003, friends and colleagues put together a scrapbook for me. Charles' contribution was a photo-

graph of the two of us with other friends taken in December 1953 at the end of an exhausting ten-day hike over the Drakensberg Mountains into the Kingdom of Lesotho where we stayed with BaSotho peasants and learned about their lives. I felt that by giving me this photograph fifty years later, Charles was saying: remember the idealism of our youth and whatever our later academic achievements we should always connect, as we had done in those bus queues and peasant households.

Bob Hepple

It was the achievement of Charles Feinstein's research career to have laid the foundations for the systematic quantitative study of the performance of the British economy during two centuries – from the Industrial Revolution through the 'Golden Age' of economic growth in the post-World War II decades. He did this by undertaking and carrying through, largely single-handedly, three grand statistical projects: first, the reconstruction of the national income, expenditure and product accounts (at the aggregate, sector and industry levels) for the UK published in 1972;³ secondly, the national capital stock estimates from 1760 through the interwar period, which appeared in revised form in 1988;⁴ and thirdly, in the project on the course of nominal and real wages and earnings for male and female workers in Britain from the 1770s through to the 1880s, which issued in a stream of papers between 1991 and 1998.⁵

Charles brought to these undertakings a capacity for the sustained, painstaking 'unglamorous' work of mobilising the available statistical

3. C.H. Feinstein, *National Income, Expenditure and Output of the United Kingdom, 1855–1965*, Studies in the National Income and Expenditure of the United Kingdom, Number 6 (Cambridge, 1972), a work that incorporated the results of study Number 4 in the series edited by Richard Stone: C.H. Feinstein, *Domestic Capital Formation in the United Kingdom, 1920–1938* (Cambridge, 1965).

4. C.H. Feinstein, 'National Statistics, 1760–1920: Sources and Methods of Estimation for Domestic Reproducible Fixed Assets, Stocks and Work in Progress, Overseas Assets, and Land', Pt. II of C. H. Feinstein and Sidney Pollard, eds, *Studies in Capital Formation in the United Kingdom, 1750–1920* (Oxford, 1988). These revised, expanded and extended the estimates for 1760–1860 published previously in C.H. Feinstein, 'Capital Accumulation and Economic Growth in Great Britain', in P. Mathias and M.M. Postan, eds, *Cambridge Economic History of Europe*, vol. 7 (Cambridge, 1978).

5. C.H. Feinstein, 'A New Look at the Cost of Living 1870–1914', in J. Foreman-Peck, ed., *New Perspectives on the Late Victorian Economy* (Cambridge, 1991); 'Changes in Nominal Wages, the Cost of Living and Real Wages in the United Kingdom over Two Centuries, 1780–1990', in P. Scholliers and V. Zamagni, eds, *Labour's Reward: Real Wages and Economic Change in Nineteenth and Twentieth-Century Europe* (Aldershot, 1995); 'Wage-Earnings in Great Britain during the Industrial Revolution', in I. Begg and S.G. Henry, eds, *Applied Economics and Public Policy* (Cambridge, 1998).

sources, sifting and synthesising the contributions of others, removing the conceptual inconsistencies and improving upon the quality of the data wherever possible, presenting the results transparently and evaluating with utter candour the strengths and limitations of the results as they emerged in print, were revised, and re-revised.

The sheer scope and complexity of those statistical projects are daunting. No less awe-inspiring is the grandeur of the evolving overall architectural design and the consequent manifold interdependences among the resulting estimates: annual capital stock estimates were built up (by the perpetual inventory method) from the figures for gross fixed tangible domestic investment (in constant prices) which were drawn from his work on the national income accounts; his aggregate average wages and earnings series made use of a weighting scheme based upon industry-level labour income figures from his national income estimates; the price series for the cost of living index (used to obtain the real wage and earnings figures) drew upon his estimates of the average flow of rent on dwelling units in the capital stock, and the component price indexes were aggregated using weights derived by combining his estimates of the changing composition of consumer expenditures with fragmentary household budget data.

But what we in the field of economic history remain impressed by and grateful for, above all, is Charles' unstinting commitment to build foundations that would endure. The intricate details, the accounting refinements, lush meadows of source notes through which stream his explanatory text coursed, the demi-folio pages displaying the tabulated statistical results, followed by annexes and supplementary tables that scrupulously reconciled his estimates with the work of others – all these are simply overwhelming to peruse. But examine them one must, for their author's insistence upon making them available and readily accessible sustains our confidence in the soundness of the work.

Thus, he accomplished largely single-handedly the preparation of quantitative foundations for the study of the economic and social history of modern Britain – the construction of enduring platforms that others might extend and revise (as he revised and successively expanded upon the early layers of this structure), and upon which could be erected new and more penetrating interpretive analyses. Charles' efforts to reconcile and synthesise the available data on domestic capital formation during the interwar decades greatly illuminated the difference in the performance of the aggregate economy between the 1920s and the 1930s, and identified the underly-

ing divergence between the residential construction and other forms of capital formation that was traceable to the effects of the shift in government economic policy during the latter decade. His statistical measures of the growth rates of real gross domestic product and real capital stocks formed the basis for the monumental analytical and interpretative study published by Matthews, Feinstein and Odling-Smee, which examined Britain's post-World War II economic growth in depth, detail and an appropriate historical perspective.⁶ That landmark work provided (among other novel findings) the first estimates of cyclical and long-term trend movements in the total factor productivity growth rate over the entire period from 1856 to 1973, and revealed the latter's critical contribution to the comparatively fast pace – in terms of the economy's past performance – at which labour productivity and per capita real income were rising during what has come to be referred to as 'the Golden Age' of economic growth.

What Charles also accomplished was the resolution of some big questions over which there had been endless and inconclusive arguments – sustained by implicit shifts in conceptual framework and reliance upon partial, inconsistent and sometimes needlessly distorted data. The question of what happened to the standard of living of the British working class during the Industrial Revolution was the biggest, and undoubtedly the most thoroughly muddled, of the historical debates that he managed to bring to a close – or, at least suspend for the seven years since the publication of the *Journal of Economic History* article in which he pronounced 'pessimism perpetuated' – the oft-reasserted claims from the 'optimist' side of the debate notwithstanding.⁷ The mass of systematically aggregated statistical evidence that Charles had brought to bear cracked this old chestnut, revealing that the first three generations of working-class men and women in the epoch of industrialisation beginning in the 1770s actually had only enjoyed very modest sustained increases in average real earnings; and even those paltry payoffs at the lower end of the income distribution appeared to be all but erased when quantitative allowance was made for the effects of the greater adulteration of foodstuffs and the deteriorating quality of the increasingly urban environments in which they toiled.

6. R.C.O. Matthews, C.H. Feinstein and J.C. Odling-Smee, *British Economic Growth, 1856–1973* (Oxford, 1982).

7. 'Pessimism Perpetuated: Real Wages and the Standard of Living in Britain during and after the Industrial Revolution', *Journal of Economic History*, 58(3) (1998), 625–58.

I think it is particularly important to underscore the fact that in entering such debates Charles eschewed any resort to the transient force of rhetoric, and counted instead on the sustained power of clear reasoning and monumental, thoroughly documented improvement of the evidentiary base. An abiding faith in this patient and painstaking approach to writing 'new economic history', ultimately a faith in the intellectual standards that his disciplinary colleagues would find compelling, was expressed by the introduction to Charles' now-classic 1998 article on the standard of living controversy:

Clearly we should not expect to find a single answer to the large query 'what happened to the standard of living of the British working class?' But if we explicitly specify a number of crucial conceptual and statistical issues we should at least be able to maximize the possibilities for agreement and understanding.⁸

Maximising the possibilities for agreement and understanding was Charles' *forte*; it was, for him, the goal of 'useful' scholarship.

When I first encountered Charles in Cambridge in the Fall of 1956, I was a Fulbright Scholar recently arrived from the States who was experiencing acute sensations of being somewhat out of his depth. Conversations with Charles at that time did little to alleviate my feelings of relative inadequacy. Although only three years my senior, and two years in advance of me as a newcomer to Cambridge, he impressed me as thoroughly 'grown up'. Helpful, but mightily reserved, his strongly held convictions at that time surfaced minimally, and only gradually in the course of our usually brief conversations. Yet, what came through to me with great force from the outset was a seriousness of purpose uncommon among the many talented post-graduate economics students in Cambridge at that time, and a correspondingly advanced degree of intellectual clarity regarding the research project on which he had already embarked – a study of home and foreign investment in the late Victorian economy, which was the subject of the doctoral dissertation Charles completed in 1958, under the supervision of Robin Matthews.

Over the subsequent course of my long, admiring and increasingly close friendship with Charles, his example continued to leave me feeling that in

8. 'Pessimism', p. 626

the realm of useful scholarship I still was not yet fully 'grown up'. In this experience I do not think that I am alone. Many of Charles' colleagues have remarked on his qualities of personal integrity, ethical probity, conscientious dedication to responsibilities that he had undertaken, and readiness to devote his efforts to improving the welfare and well-being of others. What I wish to add, and what I hope that my previous remarks have indicated, is that the personal characteristics and qualities that he brought to collegial relations and institutional responsibilities also are hallmarks of the research contributions for which he gained well-deserved international recognition.

Charles' concerns for the welfare of the poor and politically marginalised members of society surfaced only barely in his 'scientific' writings, and even then were voiced in the most carefully balanced terms possible. Nevertheless, they reflected themselves fully and profoundly in the big and challenging questions upon which he chose to focus his efforts: the effects of changes in the economic policy on unemployment and other aspects of macroeconomic performance in the interwar decades; the relationship between capital accumulation, education and improvements in the productivity of labour and capital inputs as sources of the long-run rise in material conditions of life for the mass of the population; and the prolonged initial phase of the industrialisation process during which Britain's workers toiled without enjoying a marked improvement in their standard of living.

And these concerns were revealed ultimately in the Ellen McArthur Lectures on the economic history of South Africa, which he delivered in Cambridge before the onset of his final illness, and which he succeeded in completing and dispatching to the press only shortly before his death. You will hear more (from his beloved Anne), I believe, about the making of this splendid, recently published book⁹ and its meaning in the context of Charles' life following his retirement from the Chichele Professorship at Oxford. Within its brief compass he managed to integrate and comprehend the whole of the complex story of European settlement and economic exploitation and industrial development of South Africa, its political legacy in the genesis of the misguided and tragic effort to impose the Apartheid regime, and the contradictions between that racist, ideologically-driven system and the requirements of an industrial capitalist economy – a conflict that is seen to have been fundamentally responsible for its eventual political

9. C.H. Feinstein, *An Economic History of South Africa: Conquest, Discrimination and Development* (Cambridge, 2005).

collapse and the dawning of opportunities to construct a better life for all the peoples of his native land.

I believe this last book from Charles Feinstein's hand will take its place among his great and enduring achievements; however different in nature from the others, it is surely an equal cause for celebration of his wonderful abilities and dedication as an economic historian. Alas, it is also another reason to mourn the further gifts that have been denied to us by his untimely passing.

Paul David

For academics, administration is almost their only taste of the business of 'real life', where they have visions and carry them out, where they bargain and persuade, form alliances and fall out, achieve or fail.

To this field of action, Charles brought two qualities. The first was a gift for order, an uncanny x-ray intuition that penetrated beyond appearances and emotions down to the basic elements of a problem. He was able to convey this understanding in lucid, well-paced, ordinary language, and to make other people feel as if they were similarly endowed with clarity, understanding and reason. The second gift was an innate integrity in the management of affairs. Having this compass within him was a great strength. Like Adam Smith's 'impartial spectator' (and I paraphrase) 'he could be more indifferent about the applause, and, in some measure, despise the censure of the world; secure that, however misunderstood or misrepresented, he was the natural and proper subject of approbation.' On some occasions he failed to persuade. These rare setbacks may have come about because the deeper depths of *unreason* were not as open and clear to Charles, maybe because he had so little unreason in himself.

Visitors to Charles' room will recall an impossible austerity, a clear shiny desktop without a single loose scrap of paper to be seen. It sent a powerful signal: the master of his own desktop suggests a capacity for mastery in his dealings with the world as well. Charles had an excellent grasp of university decision making. But his gift for order also revealed the opportunities lying latent within rigid academic structures. Largely these opportunities consisted of the reserves of dedication and goodwill that used to be, and still are, so abundant within our universities. He had the imagination to see that this goodwill existed, and the moral authority to appeal to it. At York, in the 1980s, he was able to expand the Department of Economics and reinforce it

with young people, at a time when universities were stagnant or contracting. At Oxford in the 1990s he designed and implemented a Master's course in economic and social history which continues to flourish to this day.

At Cambridge, Charles was a tutor in economics, and his main body of work up to that time had been a contribution, primarily, to a branch of economics. In coming to York he also remade himself, willingly, into an historian. Economic and social history is an interdisciplinary venture which tries to combine two diametrically different mindsets. On the one hand, the conceptual and rigorous approach of economists, who have a prior understanding of human nature and its possibilities, and who look for confirmation in numbers. On the other, the speculative approach of historians, who if they generalise at all, are happy to make inferences from the quirky, unique, one-off parade of people and events. Many colleagues, in the secret of their hearts, and sometimes more openly, proclaim the superiority of one method over another. Charles pursued the truth as he understood it, but he also understood that there were many ways to the truth. He had a genuine respect for alternative visions, and for the people who held them. This made it possible to establish a large and heterogeneous community under one roof, with approaches ranging from the analytical to the anecdotal, from the mathematical to the post-modern. In his role as supervisor of last resort to struggling doctoral students, he likewise ventured well beyond the range of his own style, without querying the legitimacy or importance of a serious investigation, whatever its method. This ability to overstep the boundaries is one of the great appeals of our discipline, and Charles tried to keep the subject open to the larger world outside.

Charles was also committed to wider ideals of academic diversity and freedom. Ron Weir remembers that the University of York produced a draft mission statement, which included an objective that 'the University should serve the needs of the government'. But Charles insisted that it might be the university's duty to oppose governments, and had the clause removed. When the university administration at York tried to cancel the appointment of the whistle-blower Clive Ponting to a visiting fellowship, Charles insisted that the invitation should be upheld.

In the years that I knew him, Charles several times expressed his belief in the primacy of economic self-interest. But his own practice often belied these beliefs, and was driven by a great personal generosity. His instinct was to be a giver, not a taker. At York, despite the burdens of a department, a chair, and a journal, he taught as much as, and possibly more, than anyone

else. When faced with a crisis, Charles did not look for someone to blame, but rolled up his sleeves and took responsibility; one experience in particular stands out. At Oxford, teaching statistics to graduate historians was a recurrent problem. After several years of frustration, Charles took a sword to this Gordian knot. Only a few years short of retirement, he set aside a whole summer, and wrote from scratch an original textbook of quantitative methods for historians. He then taught this demanding course himself, over and above a full load he was carrying already. After retirement the textbook was revised and published together with Mark Thomas, and leads its particular field. Charles also gave himself readily to the wider community, and spent many tedious hours on the councils of the Economic History Society, the Royal Economic Society, as Vice-President of the British Academy, an advisor to the ESRC and to the University Grants Committee.

It was not easy to get to know Charles as a person. But during his last few months, we had several long conversations. He was reading the novels of Trollope, and we talked about them. It has struck me since that there are affinities between the two men. I think of both of them as engineers, as specialists in different dimensions of the same Victorian infrastructure. Trollope, apart from being a novelist, was a senior post office official, who devised the red pillar-box, and established universal deliveries. Charles in his turn, deconstructed the Victorian economy and reassembled it as a dynamic machine. His last, unfinished project was a study of 1851, the year of the Great Exhibition, conceived as a total of its economic inputs and outputs. In 1852, only one year later, the first pillar box was installed by Anthony Trollope. Trollope's novels convey a sense of stability and order; beneath the surface narrative, society rolls along in firm grooves of convention, habit, and self-interest. Charles showed us a similar regularity in economic life. But on almost every page, Trollope also picked up the nuance of emotion and personality, without succumbing to any sentimentality himself. Charles had a similar kind of emotional intelligence, broad-hearted as well as broad-minded. This underpinned his appeal and authority as a colleague and administrator, as a teacher and a friend. It was another of his gifts. He was not only respected, but also loved. He was an immensely able man, and also a good and moral one. It is hard to be without him.

Avner Offer

I'm going to focus on the closing academic years in South Africa. But I'll begin a couple of decades earlier in order to illuminate the connection between the personal and the academic in Charles' life.

A leisurely Sunday breakfast was in progress in our York home in 1980 or thereabouts, when Charles broke a peaceful silence.

I've been looking at the 1851 religious census – what do you think the average number of pews and desks would have been then?

Not long married and as yet not accustomed to breakfast brainstorming, I struggled to address the issues. A brief pause ensued before – with a twinkle in his eye – he asked, 'And what do you think the average width of a country road would have been in the Edwardian period?'¹⁰

Here I'm encountering a personal tension between participation and observation, but instances like this suggest the centrality of academic concerns. While his family provided his fixed emotional core, his mind was far from static and rarely remained in neutral gear. This intellectual activity seems to have been intimately related to a sentence Charles had read in his youth, and then internalised as part of his philosophy of life. It came from Lionel Trilling's novel, *The Middle of the Journey* (1947): 'He knew that he would never be great, he was reconciled to being useful.' Paradoxically, it seems that in aiming to be the second, Charles achieved a measure of the first.

Some of the characteristics so conspicuous in his personal life – integrity, self-discipline, and perfectionism – were attributes he brought to his historical work. He also carried into some footnotes his dry – but kindly – wit, although lamenting that very few noticed these hidden jokes. In other respects than footnotes, however, Charles touched many lives, and did so in important ways. The sense of wholeness and integrity in his personality were prominent features that many of his academic colleagues and friends remarked on in the letters that preceded and followed his death. However, Charles' innate modesty meant that he avoided a public stance of being an intellectual. Perhaps the only exception was when he accepted his Cape Town neighbours' affectionate name – 'the prof'. How he acquired such neighbours is itself interesting; his return to South Africa brought many strands of his life together.

10. Detailed research underpinning the answers to these kinds of questions ultimately found fruition in Feinstein, 'National Statistics, 1760–1920', in Feinstein and Pollard, *Studies in Capital Formation*.

As a political activist Charles had had to leave South Africa in 1954, and did so to the farewell of his black political comrades shouting '*Mayibuye i Afrika*' or 'Return to the old days of freedom in Africa'. This return to the true Africa began to be fulfilled in 1990 when Mandela was released from prison. Charles came back to South Africa for the first time shortly afterwards. What became apparent then was that Charles had *always* been a South African – to an extent that not even he had appreciated. Long dormant, his South African identity then strengthened by the year, culminating in his recent resumption of South African citizenship.

With the benefit of hindsight one can recognise that a defining moment in his life was the Wits Initiative Conference of April 1991. It was designed to recall distinguished people – born in South Africa but driven out during the apartheid years – so that they would be stimulated to make a contribution to the Democratic Transition. Here Charles was greeted by 'giants of the struggle': his old comrade, Joe Slovo (later a member of Mandela's cabinet) and the veteran ANC leader, Walter Sisulu, for whom he had worked earlier. The big bear hugs attested to the warmth of relationships forged forty years before.

Charles was good at creating opportunities and then seizing them! Going straight from the conference to the University of Cape Town (UCT) he committed himself – and his wife – to teach a course there the following year. And from 1994 to 2002 Charles donated his talents to UCT's School of Economics in teaching a course on the Great Depression. This recruited the largest numbers on any final option, winning glowing student evaluations.

1994 is generally remembered as the year of momentous democratic elections in South Africa. The Feinsteins also recalled that year for a second, more personal reason because they purchased a house on Table Mountain. This became a source of great pleasure and a base from which to view and participate in the country's transformation. It also facilitated Charles' remarkably productive retirement. After a first diagnosis of cancer in 2001 there was an unspoken but very real sense of fleeting time. Getting up early to enjoy the rosy dawn breaking over Table Bay, Charles swiftly disappeared into his study.

The first of Charles' research projects in South Africa, on which he worked with passionate dedication for about a decade, was on input/output data for the British economy for 1851. This huge social accounting matrix, known in the household as SAM, involved his usual awesome amount of research to establish each figure and then thousands of statistical

calculations. Since all of these were interdependent they relied on his exceptionally ordered mind in managing the knock-on effects of changes made to figures in one economic sector, through his extensive recalibration of the statistics in other economic sectors. (To a fellow member of the household this sometimes seemed like a wheel of perpetual motion!) Although focusing on a single year, the project's significant findings were intended to enhance socio-economic understanding of investment, production, consumption and much else over a longer period. This research was planned as a book called *Making, Spending, and Earning*. Mark Thomas will be completing the final few chapters and carrying it forward to publication.

For his second research project Charles returned to South African economic history – a subject he had not studied since 1950, when he used de Kiewiet's economic history as a course book. This classic text of 1941 inspired him to become an economic historian.¹¹ No similar study had appeared since, and so it seemed appropriate for Charles to choose the economic history of South Africa as the subject of his Ellen McArthur Lectures in Cambridge in 2003. Working them up into a book took up most of his final months.

Fittingly, the text embodies both the marvellous clarity he had as a teacher *and* the powerful statistical work that became his signature as a researcher. The book's analysis of how the 'distressed' state of the economy had come about during the apartheid years provides an important climax. His interpretation was that this was 'a major factor in the collapse of white rule', and that

cheap black labour was not really cheap. On the contrary, some 80 per cent of South Africa's labour force was compelled by apartheid to live and work under conditions that were profoundly prejudicial to vitally necessary improvements in productivity.

This analysis had not only an academic significance, but also an individual one because it linked back to his earlier championing of the human rights of the black population.¹² Through this academic work he completed an important personal journey, and one that deepened his own sense of identity.

11. C. W. de Kiewiet, *A History of South Africa: Social and Economic* (Oxford, 1941).

12. Feinstein, *Economic History of South Africa*, pp. 149, 249.

CHARLES FEINSTEIN

Charles would have been happy to see CUP publish his book this month, and gratified to have this academic commemoration in the Codrington. Hawksmoor's beautiful building was a place where he felt very much at ease, and one can envisage his wonderful smile breaking out as he entered the library.

Anne Digby

(ROBERT) REES DAVIES

6 August 1938–16 May 2005

Delivered by Professor R.J.W. Evans
on Saturday, 15 October 2005 in the University Church

Ganwyd Rees Davies ar y chweched o Awst 1938, ger Llandderfel, pentre yn nyffryn Dyfrdwy uchaf, yn yr hen sir Feirionydd.¹ Rees Davies, that is to say, was born on the 6th of August 1938 near Llandderfel, a village in the upper Dee valley, in the old county of Merioneth, a place at that time peopled almost wholly by first-language Welsh speakers. Hence my preamble. He was youngest of four sons of a tenant farmer (Edward) and his wife (Sarah Margaret), who shortly afterwards moved a few miles eastwards and upwards, to Blaengwnodl Uchaf, where Rees was brought up.

I visited the place in early August this year, on a gorgeous summer's day: buzzards mewing overhead and redstarts in the hedges; a riot of meadow-sweet and willowherb by the roadside. A steep track up from the by-road, past an old chapel (*addoldy*). The house has been sold on and rather Anglicized, *wedi ei Seisnigeiddio*, with a luxurious conservatory and flashy cars on the drive. But it's still a four-square *ty fferm*, standing proud on the 800 foot contour line, with its green sward falling away sharply in front to afford a superb vista of the Berwyn range on the opposite side of the valley. And there's still a very real farmyard adjoining, which remains in the possession of the family.

This little region or *pays*, the cwmwd/commote of Edeyrnion, was Rees's *cynefin*, his native haunt if you like (but the Welsh word is much stronger).

1. Obituaries I have consulted include *Heritage in Wales*, 31 (summer 2005), 22–3 (Ralph Griffiths); *Y Bedol. Papur Bro Rhuthun ar Cylch*, 28, rhif 7/8 (Gorffennaf 2005) (Elwyn A. Jones); *The Independent*, 23 May 2005 (J. Beverley Smith and Llinos Beverley Smith); *The Guardian*, 26 May 2005 (John Watts); *The Daily Telegraph*, 25 May 2005; *Cherwell*, 20 May 2005 (Josh Spero); *The Times*, 9 June 2005; *Glasgow Herald* (Dauvit Broun); *Royal Historical Society Newsletter* (Ralph Griffiths); *Trafodion Anrhydeddus Gymdeithas y Cymmrodorion*, 2004, CN 11 (2005), 232–6 (Brynley F. Robert [Teyrngeid adeg angladd R.R.D. yn Aberystwyth]); *Postmaster and the Merton Record*, 2005, 142–4 (Niall Campbell). Through the kindness of John Watts I was also able to see in advance of publication the introductory 'Appreciations' by David Morgan (on ucl) and John Davidson (on Aberystwyth) in *Power and Identity: Essays Presented to Rees Davies*, ed. H. Pryce and J. Watts (Oxford, 2007), 5–10.

He attended school at Cynwyd, a 2½-mile walk away; then he became a weekly boarder at the Ysgol Ramadeg y Bechgyn, Bala/Bala Grammar School. There he learned, among much else evidently, the English which he subsequently employed with such elegance and precision. But in his control of the *iaith fain* was also a certain studied distance. For his was Glyndwr country, an easterly salient of the Pura Wallia of yore, ever in creative tension with the Saxon influences from just across the mountains or just downstream. The impact of family and locality on Rees was profound and lasting. It helps explain how questions of identity claimed an increasingly central place on his historical agenda. And it yielded one pole of the unique symbiosis and synthesis with which his career presents us.

The other pole was England, whither Rees, his huge academic talents already part-unlocked by Bala, looked for a university education in History. He found, not Jesus College Oxford (they were right, claimed Rees, in typical downbeat fashion, to turn him away), but University College London, where he studied with Geoffrey Barrow, May McKisack, and Ralph Davis. The last of these, anxious for a pupil described as 'the ablest undergraduate we've had in the department since the war', opined that it would be a 'great mistake for a medieval historian, even if Welsh, to *start* his postgraduate work by tackling Welsh history'.² Wisely Rees opted for a halfway house, and for study of the lords of the Anglo-Welsh Marches. This would in many ways determine his life's work. For the present – the year was 1959 – it took him to Merton, as a student of the redoubtable McFarlane at Magdalen.

After one or two monosyllabic initial encounters, K.B.M. clearly hit it off with Rees, who later recalled his friendship as 'utterly direct and totally equal', his 'intellectual honesty and integrity' as sometimes 'terrifying'. Rees recognized McFarlane could be 'petty and uncharitable', a product of his 'shyness, melancholy and proud reserve'. K.B.M. for his part appreciated 'some Welsh sharpness' in Rees, 'not wholly blunted by good nature'.³ The fruit of their collaboration was Rees' dissertation on the Lancaster marcher lordships in the fourteenth century, carefully matured for, as McFarlane observed, 'he can't bear a slovenly sentence, a misplaced comma, or a reckless generalisation'.⁴ Another reason for delay was Rees's burgeoning academic career in both his countries. Firstly signed up as an assistant Welsh-medium lecturer at Swansea by that remarkable talent-scout, Glanmor

2. Morgan (as n.1), 6.

3. K.B. McFarlane, *Letters to Friends, 1940–66*, ed. G.L. Harriss (Oxford, 1997), 210–13, 215–17, 251f.

4. *Ibid.*, 226 f.

Williams in 1961, he was then recalled to University College two years later.

In the capital Rees 'pined for the Welsh hills', according to McFarlane. Certainly he had joined Welsh circles there, as well as taking an active role in the Cymdeithas Dafydd ap Gwilym at Oxford.⁵ Through the London Presbyterian Church he met Carys, but hesitated to tell K.B.M. about his engagement till he stood on the departure platform at the end of a weekend spent with his bachelor supervisor: 'I thought it might come to this', was the response. They married in 1966, the same year as McFarlane's sudden death. Professional duties soon trenched into the life of the young family. Besides cutting his administrative teeth, Rees became assistant editor of *History* (the Historical Association journal) under Alfred Cobban.⁶

Meanwhile the subject-matter of his thesis broadened into a stream of highly suggestive articles over a further decade, before being reconfigured as his first book, *Lordship and Society in the March of Wales, 1278–1400*. Critical acclaim was immediate for this momentous *thèse*, which interweaves political, administrative, legal, and social approaches. Opening up a vast, rich and intricate world, the work nevertheless rests on a single basic juxtaposition, within and between the myriad petty jurisdictions it examines: that of Welsh and English, native and immigrant. It is surely no accident that Rees' own Edeyrnion at the time formed part of the Principality; but was surrounded by marcher lordships: Denbigh, Dyffryn Clwyd, Bromfield and Yale, Chirkland, Powys.⁷

By the time of the book's publication in 1978, Rees had taken a chair at the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth (as the institution was then known). That decision had been part-conditioned by the desire of Rees and Carys for Prys and Manon to grow up in a Welsh-language environment. The interplay of cultures found clear reflection in his inaugural, on *Historical Perception: Celts and Saxons*, which muses mainly on English views of the Welsh, from Giraldus Cambrensis to Arnold and Seebohm. Rees tells us he actually intended to deliver it in Welsh, but for *diffyg amser*, lack of time, presumably because he knew he would have to issue it in English to make his points.⁸

5. *Beth yw'r Ots gennyf I am – Brydain: Darlith Goffa Syr Thomas Parry-Williams* (Aberystwyth, 1999), 1.

6. Cobban said, when appointing Rees to lecture in European History: 'I expect you would agree that Wales could more correctly be described as part of Europe than as part of England' (Morgan, as n.1, 6).

7. Cf. the map in *Lordship and Society*, xvi.

8. *Historical Perception: Celts and Saxons. An Inaugural Lecture Delivered at the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, on 22 Nov. 1978* (Cardiff, 1979), 28, n.4.

From the start Rees found himself head of department, in a traditionally hierarchical structure; he remained so for sixteen years. Between 1988 and 1991 he served as Vice-Principal of the entire College. He was the prime mover in a complete redesign of the history syllabus, and earned golden opinions in what others were coming to call personnel management. But Rees assumed a far wider pedagogical brief too while at Aber. In 1989 he was nominated to chair the National Curriculum, History Committee for Wales/Y Cwricwlwm Cenedlaethol, Pwyllgor dros Gymru. Whatever the agenda of the Tory education secretaries who set it up, this body achieved truly pioneering work, and laid out for the first time a vision (and a fully bilingual one) for the study of History in Wales. In its resolve to give pupils a “map of the past” and of its salient “contour lines”, i.e. its ‘formative phases’, a ‘sense of its “otherness”’, with a ‘pivotal role’ for their own Welsh past, but never ‘artificially separated’ from the history of Britain and beyond, in its stress on ‘social development’ as the ‘connecting thread’ within that past, it surely enunciates the views above all of Rees, its only professional historian member.⁹ Small wonder he was forthwith elected permanent president of the Association of History Teachers in Wales.

In the meantime Rees had delivered, for the new and authoritative OUP History of Wales, one of the finest-ever treatments of any period in the Principality’s past. His *Age of Conquest*, as it became known,¹⁰ brilliantly conceived and pellucidly executed, won him the Wolfson Prize and constitutes a high point in the renaissance of Welsh historiography which has coincided so exactly with his career. Quaintly, however, Rees taught no Welsh History courses at Aberystwyth. Indeed, having become a historian of his homeland largely in England, he was now in process of retooling himself as a British historian while in Wales. After organizing a major conference on ‘Comparisons, Contrasts and Connections’ in the medieval British Isles,¹¹ he delivered the 1988 Wiles lectures which were published as *Domination and Conquest: The Experience of Ireland, Scotland and Wales*, and disclosed a whole new research territory. To us in Oxford, at least, the logical consequence of this trajectory must appear to be his appointment to

9. National Curriculum: History Committee for Wales, *Preliminary Advice to the Secretary of State for Wales* (June 1989); id., *Final Report* (April 1990). The Committee’s remit was to advise on ‘the extent to which the Welsh perspective should influence the wider study of history’. Cf. also Rees’ article in *Welsh Journal of Education*, 5, no.1 (1995).

10. Originally published as *Conquest, Co-Existence and Change: Wales, 1063–1415* (Oxford, 1987).

11. The proceedings appeared in 1998 as *The British Isles, 1100–1500: Comparisons, Contrasts and Connections* (Edinburgh).

our Chichele chair in 1995. In his native *bro*, 'Rees Davies Blaengwnodl' mutated seamlessly into 'Rees Davies, Rhydychen'.

The move followed a hard decision. Rees was always quizzical about this place: to the end he genuinely believed others understood Oxford better than he did. There continued to be darker moments of self-doubt. Yet Rees brought an immensely fertile blend of outsider shrewdness and imaginative creativity within the system. In faculty terms Rees was an innovator here in two principal ways. Firstly, as a devoted supervisor and mentor to graduate students he turned doctoral research on medieval topics into a more coherent academic enterprise with an enhanced *esprit de corps*. He ordered much of the associated research culture and provided personal guidance to nearly a hundred graduates at any one time. Secondly, as chairman of the Board he initiated major and overdue reforms in the structure and conduct of business. We owe our current committee structures, our revised contractual arrangements, our constructive responsiveness in face of external pressures very substantially to Rees, a man who set no store by such things in themselves, but recognized that someone had to instigate them and see them through.

At the same time he knew his authority ultimately rested on intellectual leadership, and this he supplied in abundance. Many here will recall his memorable inaugural, which told a disturbingly Oxford-centred story of the replacement of the British heritage by the 'Matter of England', as the main strand in the grand historiographical narrative of these islands, first in the twelfth century, then confirmed with full professional gravitas in the later nineteenth, by the likes of Stubbs and Freeman. The theme was soon elaborated in his Ford lectures, where he won a token victory at home, with the renaming of the entire time-honoured series itself to embrace 'British' history at last, and a broader triumph when the resultant publication gained him the Academy book prize. The *First English Empire*, in Rees' graphic phrase, analysed an Anglicization of the British Isles, from 1093 (and All That) to 1343, and of course beyond, which yet confirmed the exclusion, and the passive or active resistance, of the 'Celtic' lands.¹² He describes a deep divide within Britain, with 'two political culture zones', and a border between (as they came to be perceived from the centre) 'sweet civility' and 'barbaric rudeness'.¹³ That frontier lay just down the valley, or

12. A point illustrated, *inter alia*, with a picture of King Arthur in All Souls College Chapel: *The First English Empire*, 1 f.

13. *Ibid.* 110 f.

across the Berwyns, from his beloved Edeyrnion.

Rees and Carys could build on Welsh traditions here, particularly those established by O.M. Edwards (born at Llanuwchllyn, just the other end of Bala Lake) as historian, at Lincoln, and educationalist; and then continued by another historian Goronwy Edwards (who also hailed from north-east Wales), at Jesus. Like them Rees presided over the Dafydd, as well as making many friends among the Oxford Welsh outside the university, organizing St David's Day events, and the rest. The chronicler of the identity of others had by now constructed his own, across that notional border he wrote of. I cannot call it an Anglo-Welsh one, since that means something very different. Perhaps I may call it Cambro-British.

This was reflected in the multiplying accolades and commitments of his latter years. Rees became FBA in 1987 – and typically knuckled down to some very hard work for the Academy, especially in his chairmanship of the Research Projects committee through some troubled years. In 1995 he received the CBE (the full wording of those initials must have afforded him some wry amusement). Alongside a fistful of honorary fellowships and degrees in both countries,¹⁴ he was awarded the Medlicott medal for his services to the Historical Association, even as he presided over its sister organization in London, the Royal Historical Society. In that capacity he delivered four notable presidential addresses,¹⁵ and instituted vigorous programmes to help postgraduates, develop publications (including a newsletter), manage business more openly, and speak out for History in matters of topical concern.¹⁶ On the Welsh side of the fence, Rees' longest involvement was with the Ancient Monuments Board for Wales/Bwrdd Henebion Cymru, of which he had been the youngest member ever in 1977, and succeeded Glanmor Williams as chair in 1995. In the Cymmrodorion too, the oldest and broadest-based of Welsh learned societies, Rees played a leading role, being elected president in 2002.

In much of this we can discern a *cursus honorum* strikingly like that of Goronwy Edwards before him. Yet by now the issues, even more than in O.M.'s day, had been sharpened by a whole new series of political debates about Welsh nationhood, within or beyond Britishness. Of course, Rees

14. Hon. Fellow Swansea, 1993, Aberystwyth, 1996, UCL, 1998; Hon. DLitt University of Wales, 2001.

15. Published as 'The Peoples of Britain and Ireland, 1100–1400', in *Transactions of the Royal Historical Society*, 6th series, 4–7 (1994–7).

16. Rees was also, in the early 1990s, convenor of the History at Universities Defence Group.

had long experienced that *prise de conscience* (Welsh patriots in this audience will be aware that Cynwyd lies not far from Tryweryn), before he articulated it in historical terms through his most deeply-felt and popular work, *The Revolt of Owain Glyn Dŵr* in 1995. This is, above all, a gripping and definitive narrative of the great independence struggle of the late medieval Principality. At the same time it was explicitly animated by ‘local affection for the neighbourhood and its people’,¹⁷ that is to say for Edeyrnion, where the insurrection broke out. And Rees took visible pleasure in assuring Owain his secure place in the Cwricwlwm Hanes, as in producing a compacter and more demotic Welsh-language version of his *magnum opus*.¹⁸

The phenomenon of Glyn Dŵr helped inspire Rees to his maturest reflections on the identity of nations in general and of the Welsh in particular. He pointed to the limitations of the historian’s craft:

carcharu dyn yn ei gyfnod [imprisoning men in their period]; [whereas]
campwaith yr arwr yw dianc o’r carchar hwnnw ac addasu ei hun a’i neges
i bob cenedlaeth [the hero’s feat is to escape from that prison and adapt
himself and his message to every generation].

Yet the historian has the privilege of helping to shape and sustain popular memory – and that’s crucial for nations.¹⁹ In an Eisteddfod talk in 1998, Rees spoke from the heart about the British dimension of his Welshness and vice versa: how England’s unique achievement of a real 1000-year Reich had undermined the pristine equilibria of the ‘Matter of Britain’, and left us in its decline to rebuild the crumbling edifice of Britishness, as the best carapace for the survival of Welsh culture too.²⁰ At the same time he revisited earlier themes in his scholarship. One of his last lectures, on the ‘King of England and the Prince of Wales’ in the final years of independ-

17. ‘Unfashionable as are such sentiments in the austere world of academic historiography, I proudly affirm that this is so’: *Owain Glyn Dŵr*, Pref.

18. Cf. *Owain Glyn Dŵr: Hanes a Chof Gwlad. Darlith Eisteddfodol y Brifysgol, 1995* (Cardiff, 1995), 5 (Cwricwlwm); *Owain Glyn Dŵr, trwy Ras Duw, Tywysog Cymru* (Talybont, 2002).

19. *Owain Glyn Dŵr: Hanes a Chof Gwlad*, 10. Cf. *ibid.* 12: ‘Gall yr hanesydd olrhain hanes cenedloedd sydd wedi peidio a bod a chymdeithasau a diwylliannau sydd wedi marw; dim ond y gymdeithas ei hun drwy’r cof y mae’r aelodau yn ei rannu, y cof gwlad, all benderfynu a yw am ddal gafael ar eu heideintiti fel cenedl. Chwalu cwlwm y cof cymdeithasol yw un o broblemau mawr cymdeithasau’r Gorllewin yn ein dyddiau ni, nid yw’r problem yn fwy difrifol yn unman nac yma yng Nghymru.’

20. *Beth yw’r Ots*; cf. ‘On Being Welsh: A Historian’s Viewpoint’, *Trans. Hon. Soc. Cymmr.*, NS, 9 (2003), 29–40.

ence, ponders in a steely way the nature of power relations, which conflicts over laws and rights only overlay, and illustrates the thesis that all rulers and governments manipulate history and language.²¹ For all his emphasis on identity, mythology, and other cultural markers, Rees always saw material authority as very real, enduring and irreducible. Thence his feeling for those looser-limbed traditions of marcher lordship, with which he began his career, and to which he returned, in the widest European context of *seigneurie* and *Herrschaft*, in some of his last, sadly uncompleted work.²²

I have deliberately made little play in the body of this address with Rees' personal qualities and his private life. I feel sure that he would not have wished me to expatiate on them in public – least of all from such a great height as this pulpit in St Mary's, an offence to his nonconformist conscience. Besides, most people in this congregation know about them at least as well as I do. So let me just conclude with reminders. Here was a deeply unassuming man, dutiful, utterly professional, who bore huge burdens with never a complaint; whose daunting organisational skills were always deployed to achieve results through a gentle, even diffident, but infinitely patient manner, through painstaking and selfless application, and through a radiant generosity of spirit. We salute a brilliant teacher (all tributes to him concur about that); a colleague whose sometimes slightly reserved exterior soon dissolved into quick wit and good humour; a correspondent whose always holograph letters and memoranda, in what has been called a 'hand as meticulous as that of a medieval Chancery scribe',²³ apparently never needing correction; a walker and lover of the natural world, with the eye of a countryman (though more of an urban turn of speed) and a sharp sense of place and landscape; an active devotee of music and literature, who liked – for instance – to recall his Dafydd lecture, many years ago,

21. *The King of England and the Prince of Wales, 1277–84: Law, Politics and Power*. Kathleen Hughes Memorial Lecture, 2002 (Cambridge, 2003): 'The past is the handmaiden of authority and power', 14. 'The continuum from law to politics to power was unbroken. It has rarely been otherwise, even in modern democracies', 23.

22. [See now R.R. Davies, ed. Brendan Smith, *Lords and Lordship in the British Isles in the Late Middle Ages* (Oxford, 2009).] Already in *Lordship and Society*, 65 f., Rees describes lordship as the 'generic term which was used for the great variety of rights which men exercised over other men and over their lands', then cites Bloch and Duby for its role as 'for more than a thousand years ... one of the dominant institutions of Western civilization' and 'the main framework of the medieval economy'; though he notes that the word is far less used than its continental equivalents *Herrschaft* or *seigneurie*. Cf. Rees Davies, 'The Medieval State. The Tyranny of a Concept?', *Journal of Historical Sociology*, 16 (2003), 280–300.

23. J. Beverley Smith and Llinos Beverley Smith in *The Independent*, 23 May 2005.

on the verse of Thomas Parry-Williams, and identified especially with that classic poem of Welsh *Angst* which ends:

Ac mi glywaf grafangau Cymru'n dirdynnu fy mron
Duw a'm gwaredo, ni allaf ddianc rhag hon.

Above all, a man of firm, humble, quiet spirituality; of unswerving devotion to Carys, Prys, Manon and the rest of his family; of exemplary selflessness and stoicism through his long period of suffering; of eloquent and poignant farewells, to the Faculty last year (when, though too ill to attend the dinner, he sent a whole splendid speech to be read out for him) and on the conferral of his well-earned knighthood in All Souls College just a few months ago. It has been a privilege for me, in this *teyrnged*, to be able to assemble some of our collective memories of Rees, as well as to seek to convey something of his greatness.

Robert Evans

JOHN SIMON GABRIEL SIMMONS

8 July 1915–22 September 2005

Delivered by Mr Alan Bell, Dr Christine Thomas, Mr Peter Bower and Lord Neill of Bladen on Saturday, 28 January 2006 in the Library

I first came across John Simmons some forty years ago, when sorting through some older departmental correspondence at the National Library of Scotland. There was a small batch of letters he had exchanged with William Beattie, our Librarian (and, like John, a friend of the great Johnsonian L.F. Powell). One of the Simmons letters was signed ‘Ever yours adjuvantly’. It is not a usual form of farewell, and it is one that – with my taste for uncommon words and usages – has always stuck in my memory. Unlike many other forms of signing off it is sincere and purposeful, and I was in due course to discover that it characterised John’s entire attitude to his professional life. Were this a sermon, *adjuvant* would certainly feature in its text.

I had of course encountered his name as author of various articles, not least as a contributor to *The Book Collector*, the prominent bibliographical quarterly. And we met occasionally at bookish lectures and social gatherings. Our friendship was finally consolidated during my time as a Visiting Fellow here in 1980, then when I became associated with the College during my years at the Bodleian, in charge of Rhodes House Library. And we became neighbours in north Oxford, though I was soon working in London at the London Library, though keeping a family house in Upland Park Road.

We were fellow members of The Johnson Club, to which he had been introduced long before by L.F. Powell and Esmond de Beer, two of the older scholars to whom he was a devoted friend, and John Sparrow was also a member of this Johnsonian dining club. Other links were emphasised when I became a trustee and then chairman of The Marc Fitch Fund, the historical research charity founded by John’s friend Marc Fitch, the grocer-genealogist who was incidentally a benefactor of the Codrington and briefly an Associate Member of All Souls. One of Fitch’s aims in setting up

his charities was to help scholars 'to get things finished', and that was certainly a bond between him and John Simmons when dispensing assistance – adjuvancy – in the world not just of librarianship but of humane scholarship at large.

None of this activity mentioned so far refers to his work in Slavonic studies or paper history, about which we will be hearing from specialists, nor indeed about John's work at All Souls and indeed here in the Codrington, about which we will hear from Lord Neill. John's wider interests would in themselves have merited a celebration such as the College has arranged despite its honorand's misplaced diffidence.

Many of us today are wearing the 'insignia' he designed for friends – eventually over 200 of them – whom he reckoned to have qualified for the award. The four interlocking Cs stand for Conserve, Consider, Contribute, Cooperate. These were the 'categorical imperatives' John decreed for his 'club'. Its principles applied of course to his own scholarly activities. They were in particular a much valued, informal link between John Simmons in Oxford and his many contacts in the learned world, not merely on the Slavonic or even on the library side: it embraced many aspects of the life of this College, too.

One might have ventured a fifth sub-categorical. If Cs and the design of the tie allowed, the extra 'C' would have conveyed persistence. John liked to see things through, when all due effort had been expended, to proper completion. One example from his home life in north Oxford. Near the top of the Banbury Road, as it flattens out towards the roundabout, there is a pedestrian crossing near the end of Upland Park Road. It is very useful, indeed essential, for elderly residents. However much John disapproved of memorials to himself, that facility could well be called the Simmons Memorial Crossing. He badgered street associations, individual neighbours, and above all a reluctant City Council, and months of effort succeeded in getting the crossing installed. It is now possible to reach the bus stops in safety, thanks very largely to John Simmons's prolonged efforts.

This was characteristic of his overall helpfulness. His connection with John Sparrow wasn't just a bibliographical one, useful (indeed essential) though it proved when Warden Sparrow's library was being transferred from the Lodgings here to his apartments at Iffley. He was immensely kind in running errands in town, not least for the less mobile elderlies from the Ritchie Court retirement home near his flat. I mention these domestic details because they were reflected too in his approach to books and curat-

orship. For him it was a matter of identifying a problem or an opportunity, seeing it through to a solution or placing it in more appropriate hands, all with a minimum of fuss and no taste for overstated gratitude.

One of his additional appointments before he came to All Souls was as Printer's Librarian of the Oxford University Press, with responsibility for the historical collection held at Walton Street. This was at a time when Harry Carter was preparing his first (and as it turned out, only) volume of the Press's typographical history, and when Stanley Morison was at work on his great folio *John Fell, the University Press and the Fell Types*, published in 1967. It contains several appendices John Simmons contributed from his own expert knowledge of the history of the Press.

He was not much given to producing aphorisms about professional conduct. Most points were covered by his four categoricals, and he was so certain of them that they did not need further codification. There is much that can be gleaned from his writings. For example, he believed strongly that

the mere intermediary, informant, and bibliographical recorder has an important part to play in the process whereby learning advances.

The innumerable notes he sent to friends show how much he practised what he preached.

He notoriously disliked *Festschriften*, which he regarded as 'mass graves in which the trivial and vital are equal made in common oblivion', and his attitude to tribute volumes in general 'is, I fear, that of the Preacher towards sin'. It was not that he was overwhelmed by personal diffidence, but that he felt professionally that they were an unsatisfactory medium, since it was difficult to record their disparate contents by normal bibliographical procedures. He himself took refuge in preparing an 'autobibliography'. It came out in 1975. It listed substantial work along with juvenilia, and some of the many products of his skilled use of his golf-ball IBM electric typewriter, then an innovation and now an antique.

At 60, when this first volume appeared, he admitted that he was 'seeing *agenda* in the light of a shortening perspective'. He was, as we know, even with his enduring sense of 'so much still to *do*', very successful in getting a very great deal completed in the next three decades. These later years saw the publication in 1994 of *Likhachev's Watermarks*, which gave the correct (silent) response towards those wiseacres among his colleagues that studying watermarks was somehow akin to stamp collecting. They saw, too, the

publication of his long chapter on 'All Souls in the 19th Century', contributed to the *History of the University of Oxford*, and a chapter in his and Sir Howard Colvin's Chichele lectures on the buildings of All Souls. These further contributions to watermark studies and University history were recorded, along with aelurophilic ephemera, in the decennial supplements, 1985 and 1995, to the autobibliography. And those Christmas cards with historic cats and learned commentary should not be underestimated. They enjoyed a wide circulation, not least in the remoter parts of the Russian republics.

In his later years he gradually disposed of his substantial library, making sure that the more important sections of it went to the most appropriate recipients. Much bibliographical thought – the 'C' for 'consideration' in his categoricals – was given to where the various groups would be most useful. But let me give you a non-bibliographical example of how a practical use could be found for something, after due consideration and conservation. John had inherited the huge padlock that had secured his father's silver-smithing workshop in Birmingham. Bernard Simmons, who had in 1953 retired from business (unwillingly, at the age of 85), had registered his hallmarks at the Birmingham Assay Office in the 1890s. John retained the lock as a souvenir of the family firm, but later – very characteristically – found a good use for it: it went to Chubb's factory museum. They were delighted to have it, not least because it had a full servicing record and was in excellent working order. And giving it to the lockmakers found a practical use for it in Chubb's history. It had echoes, too, of Simmons family history, recalling the dozen asparagus tongs from the parental sideboard that John presented to All Souls, and for some time gave an annual lunch in College to ensure that these curiosities were actually used. The same sort of thing happened time and again with the bibliographical dispersal of his later years.

Another non-bibliographical example of his consideration, showing how thoroughly his categoricals were observed, came to me from Professor Mike Daube, son of David Daube, the Fellow of All Souls and eminent historian of Roman law. I learnt from him of John Simmons's consideration in caring for Daube's divorced wife, left behind when her husband departed for California. John took over managing her finances and organising her life as she became less and less able to cope with a much-loved house in Park Town. She is but one example of John's understated, indeed virtually silent, sense of care and responsibility. This is a personal rather than a bibliophilic aspect of those four categoricals, but it should not go unremembered today.

Conserve; consider; contribute; cooperate. Together, they were a programme for his life as well as his labours. It was to Mike Daube, a medical professor in Western Australia, that John wrote one of his very last letters, ending with the words *non frustra vixi*. From that sense of 'so much still to be done', that had consoled and challenged him after Fanny's death, he had gradually moved to the view that he had not lived in vain. And that gives us reason to be grateful for his long and full life, and for all that he had achieved in it.

Alan Bell

The significance of John's contribution to Slavonic studies is marked by the presence of those who are here today and those who are with us only in spirit – his friends and fellow Slavists in many countries. I am greatly honoured to have been asked to speak on behalf of all those who have benefited from his endeavours over the past seventy years.

Yesterday, when I was sitting, head in hands, overwhelmed by the impossibility of finding the right words, I leapt with gratitude on to two emails from Russia which landed in my inbox, one from St Petersburg and one from Novosibirsk. Both asked me to pass on their messages to you today. It would take too long to read them aloud – they are on display in printed form and I hope you will read them – but between them they gave me the shape and essence of what I wanted to say.

The St Petersburg message from Nikolai Kopanев, Head of Rare Books at the National Library of Russia, described John as an outstanding representative of that generation of English intellectuals who even in the most difficult years managed to maintain links between Russian and English culture. He also paid tribute to his particular and original contribution to Russian culture, in that he studied topics which had escaped the notice of scholars in the Soviet Union, and went on to quote a letter written in 1970 by Professor Konovalov to the Russian medieval historian Vladimir Pashuto which spoke of the numerous Soviet scholars to whom John had given help.

The Novosibirsk letter from Vladimir Alekseev and Elena Dergacheva-Skop announced an exhibition of books on Siberia donated by John which has just opened at the Academy of Sciences Library in Novosibirsk, and also characterised the authors' twenty years of correspondence with him during years that were difficult for Russia as being like a 'gulp of freedom'.

Both letters expressed the joy and pride which the authors had experienced when nominated as members of the 4Cs Club.

Their words led me to think of the many layers of John's contribution to Slavonic studies.

The most visible layer consists of some 500 publications, all erudite, informative, useful and to the point, the samizdat creations also examples of his virtuosity on the typewriter.

Among his publications, I would have to single out: his descriptions of rare (and in some cases unique) copies of early printed Cyrillic books in collections outside Russia; his article on the 1696 Ludolf grammar, the first ever grammar of the Russian language, printed not in Russia but in Oxford; his scholarly and entertaining 1974 Sandars lectures 'A History of Printing in Russia to 1917: a View from the West', still the only English-language account of Russian printing history, which cry out to be updated and published; and his memorials – *pamiatki* – of eminent Russian scholars, mainly bibliographers, who were his friends:

The next layer, harder to track down, consists of a vast number of books and articles on a surprising variety of subjects which contain expressions of gratitude to John, testimony to his wide-ranging knowledge, his generosity, and his conviction that it is the duty of librarians to be helpful.

A further, even less visible layer is to be found in John's voluminous international correspondence, much of which will soon reside in the Leeds Russian Archive. In his letters he informed, encouraged, praised and chivvied. My own most memorable experience of his encouragement and chivvyng was in a letter of 1982 written soon after his retirement in which he asked: 'Will you not make yourself the British expert on early Slavonic printing?' I remember, while being sensible of the honour that was being accorded me, how my heart sank. I never quite lived up to his further exhortation to 'carry on the tradition of Antonina Sergeevna Zernova' (she, characterised by John in his 1964 *Times* obituary as 'the doyenne of Russian historical bibliography') but he did over the years make me complete my work on British Library holdings of early Cyrillica and do a few other things.

An additional manuscript source for future biographers would undoubtedly be John's files in the KGB archive, beginning with his bold (and, of course, unsuccessful) application to go to Russia in the 1930s as an exchange librarian, in the hope of studying essential sources for his dissertation on the history of printing in Russia, and later documenting his

intrepid excursions to the flats of brave Soviet scholars in the Cold War years.

The least visible and most ephemeral layer, but traceable in memoirs and the results which it produced, is that of many conversations, over the telephone, over lunch at All Souls, tea in Upland Court or in Soviet libraries, studies and kitchens.

Nearly all of the separate strands of John's contribution to Slavonic studies go back to convictions and interests which were already formed in Birmingham in the 1930s when, he told me, he already had a double interest: Slavonic, and bibliology in the widest sense, that is, the history of printing, distribution and so on, of books which he considered to be 'one of the major themes for any civilised society'.

Perhaps his most constant lifelong mission was to bring about the creation of an international union catalogue of early printed Cyrillica. In 1964 when giving an address in Moscow at the celebrations of the 400th anniversary of printing in Russia, he surprised his audience by departing from his prepared text to urge those present to start work on such a catalogue, which he followed up in 1966 with a letter sent to some seventy bibliographers in nineteen countries. With the realism that was characteristic of him, he recognised that this would be an ambitious project, difficult to realise, and stretching to breaking point his ideals of Considering, Conserving, Contributing and Cooperating. But even in this he has achieved partial success. He has seen the publication of the Union Catalogue of Cyrillic books printed before 1701 in British and Irish collections, which without his groundwork, advice, encouragement and moral and financial support would never have seen the light of day. One of many examples of his 'doing good by stealth' was that, under strict instructions that it should be confidential, he funded a visit to London of our Russian compiler. His old friend and companion-in-arms, Evgenii Nemirovskii, one of the recipients of the 1966 letter, is well on the way to completing a heroic enterprise, an international union catalogue of all Cyrillic books published up to 1550, while Aleksandra Guseva of the Russian State Library in Moscow, a pupil of John's friend Tat'iana Kameneva, has published a catalogue for the second half of the 16th century. Both are 4Cs members, and it is no exaggeration to say that without John's encouragement, neither would have accomplished so much.

Which brings me to the 4Cs, categorised by John himself as a 'serio-comic' enterprise. Founded in 1985, a time when he considered that in the

era of glasnost membership might not be a danger or an embarrassment to those in what we then called the Soviet bloc, it was a formalisation of the hugely important moral support which John gave to Soviet bibliographers and other scholars in the Cold War years. Since we British are so bad at uttering serious sentiments without embarrassment, I will close with the words of John's long-time friend, Aleksandr Khaimovich Gorfunkel, once Head of Rare Books at the Leningrad Public Library:

In my view, in John Simmons's serio-comic extravaganza lies hidden an attempt to hint at the human bases and values of European culture, so cruelly under attack during our totalitarian century ... In strengthening his almost invisible society, we hope that we may be worthy successors to our predecessors and teachers, including those he has memorialised in his *pamiatki* – themselves true exponents of the 4Cs.

I think that John would on the whole have been pleased by today's gathering. He might have said gruffly that we would all be better employed sitting at our desks getting on with all the many things that there are still to be done. But what would please him most of all would be if we all went off inspired to continue to Conserve, Consider, Contribute and Cooperate, even without him here to chivvy us.

Christine Thomas

Other speakers have talked of other aspects of John Simmons's life and I have been asked to say something on his contribution to the field of Paper History. He was quite simply one of the most remarkable men I have ever known. A stalwart of the Paper Publications Society and a member of the British Association of Paper Historians since its early days, he was always ready to assist in any way he could.

John Simmons's greatest contribution to the study of the history of paper was the work he did for The Paper Publications Society, which had been founded in Holland by Emile Joseph Labarre in 1945. Labarre had recruited fellow enthusiasts from several countries, such as R.H. Clapperton, Dard Hunter, André Nicolai, Henri Gachet, Armin Renker and Andrea Gasparinetti, in order to 'publish or cause to be published ... books relating to paper for which it would be difficult or impossible to find a publisher. Such publications shall be produced and

issued without any intention of making profit or obtaining economic advantages.'

In the late 1940s the study of paper and its history was little thought of. In the preceding hundred years or so a few enthusiasts in different countries had published various watermark catalogues and descriptions of paper-making practice, but it was a very small field. Labarre was well aware of how much information every sheet of paper held, regardless of what was on the paper, and his mission was to educate and inform all those whose fields of study depended upon paper. He was also aware of what a small readership such publications could expect, at least initially.

These books were all to be produced to the highest possible standard as limited edition volumes of a series entitled the *Monumenta Chartae Papyraceae Historiam Illustrantia* with Labarre as General Editor of the series. The first book in the series to be published was Edward Heawood's *Watermarks mainly of the 17th and 18th Centuries*, which appeared in 1950. Despite the initial feeling that the books would have only a limited circulation, this first volume in the series has been reprinted, with addenda and corrigenda, four times.

John Simmons's involvement with the Paper Publications Society began in April 1960 when he inquired of Labarre whether there was scope for a publication of a volume on Russian papermills and watermarks. This resulted in the publication two years later of volume IX of the series, Z.V. Uchastkina's *A History of Russian Hand Paper Mills and their Watermarks*. John translated and edited this extremely complicated work and directed its production through every stage of the process. Labarre was now in his eighties and had suffered a slight stroke but he continued to work on new publications. One of his long-standing ambitions had been to publish a facsimile edition of Tromonin's watermarks, originally published in 1844, and this became the second volume in the series to be translated, edited, augmented and produced by John Simmons who had also arranged through S.A. Klepikov in Moscow that the newly rediscovered missing part of the original text would also be incorporated into the new publication. A few days after receiving the first page proofs of the Tromonin volume in the summer of 1965 Labarre died suddenly of a heart attack.

If the Paper Publications Society was to continue its work a new General Editor needed to be found. John Simmons offered his help; his wide knowledge of foreign languages, his experience as an editor, his bibliographical expertise and his enthusiasm for the *Monumenta* project made him an ideal

candidate. K.J. Cath, the treasurer of the Paper Publications Society, paid tribute to his skill and dedication in the introduction to the last volume of the *Monumenta* series, describing him as 'the rock on which the Society could depend'. John believed in collaboration and the study of paper history has very much benefited from the thirty-year collaboration between John and the tireless Bé van Ginneken van der Kastele, the Society's Secretary and Assistant Editor.

Since John Simmons became General Editor and the publication of K. Tromonin's *The Watermark Album* in 1965 further volumes have been added to the *Monumenta* series:

Volume 12 O. Valls and I. Subira, *Paper and Watermarks in Catalonia*,
2 vols, 1970

Volume 13 V. Mosin, *Anchor Watermarks*, 1973

Volume 14 H.M. Fiskaa and O.K. Nordstrand, *Paper and Watermarks
in Norway and Denmark*, 1978

Like many of the volumes in the series, the final volume to be published, Nikolai Likhachev's *The Palaeographical Significance of Watermarks in Paper*, originally published in St Petersburg in 1899, had a very long gestation period. Labarre had first contemplated publishing this groundbreaking text in 1956. In his introduction to the work John has described some of the problems associated with this work:

Although Likhachev's work was a quite remarkable pioneer contribution in its day, far in advance of its time in fact, it was in part polemical, and many of the author's insights of the 1890s have become the common-places of the nineteen nineties. Secondly it would have been base intellectual treason to have issued the work uncorrected and unsupplemented with new information (the easy option so often adopted by reprint houses more concerned with balance sheets than with the advancement of learning). For example, an attempt had to be made to establish the present-day locations of the hundreds of originals which Likhachev had drawn on for his watermarks. After a Revolution and two world wars this was no easy task, and it was, moreover, one that had to be carried out in the USSR itself either by the General Editor or by Soviet Colleagues.

With glasnost came the opportunity and in 1994 the fifteenth volume of the *Monumenta* series, *Likhachev's Watermarks*, was published in two volumes.

As well as the *Monumenta* series the Society also published several 'out of series' books and under John's General Editorship two major contributions to paper history were published. 1968 marked fifty years since the death of Charles Moise Briquet and the Society decided that it was time for a genuinely updated reprint of Briquet's ground-breaking masterpiece, *Les Filigranes: Dictionnaire Historique des Marques du Papier des leur apparition vers 1282 jusqu'en 1600*. John supervised the production of this four volume work, carrying out much of the editing himself. Over 150 pages were added to the book, including important preliminary essays by Allan Stevenson and much new material provided by the many cooperating scholars. This Jubilee edition of Briquet has become the standard edition of this classic reference work.

The second of these 'out of series' monographs supervised by John covered a slightly different aspect of paper-making, not watermarks or paper mills, but a fundamental piece of equipment used in the paper-making industry, the paper-making mould upon which hand-made paper is formed. Edited by Richard Hills, Edo Loeber's *Paper Mould and Mould-maker*, published in 1982, covered every aspect of the development of the paper-making mould and has proved an indispensable reference book.

With the publication of *Likhachev's Watermarks*, John and Bé van Ginneken, neither of whom were getting any younger – John was 79 and Bé 80, felt that the time had come to pass on the baton to a younger generation, but this has proved problematic. In the brief history of the Society written by Bé van Ginneken in 1994 John added a few words of his own:

Throughout its more than forty years of existence the Paper Publications Society has been a shoestring operation – and in many ways all the better for that. It was built on the enthusiasm and self-sacrifice of its founder and the generosity of its collaborators. It was never 'profit making': Labarre until towards the very end of his life never took a penny from PPS, the members of its Committee and Board and the authors and his successor as General Editor [John himself] gave their services voluntarily; such paid staff as there were received what were almost token salaries. Now that both the Society's Secretary and its General Editor feel that the time has come for them to lay down their offices, it will occasion no surprise that they

should have been unable to find successors able and willing to take up on similar terms the complex scholarly and administrative tasks involved in the continuation of the Society's work. The Paper Publications Society will remain in a state of suspended animation with its Headquarters and stock located in Amsterdam University Library until the happy day when human and financial resources can combine to bring it back to life.

The problems in finding people to take on this kind of work are not just the voluntary and unpaid nature of the organisation but, something which John doesn't mention, namely the gift for languages that both he and Labarre before him had.

When you consider what else he was involved in the magnitude of what John achieved with the PPS becomes even more apparent. The importance of these publications lies in their practical use. Every sheet of paper tells a story and the study of paper and its history has become of increasing importance to people working in a wide variety of disciplines.

I first came in contact with John in the early 1980s when Edo Loeber's *Paper Mould and Mouldmaker* had been published and soon became aware of his generosity of spirit, his humour, his painstaking attention to detail and his powerful belief in the advancement of learning. Not long after the British Association of Paper Historians was founded in 1989, he wrote to me, as editor of the Association's journal suggesting that, given the increasing numbers of articles and books being published on various aspects of paper-making history, the Association should publish an annual 'British Bibliography of Paper History and Watermark Studies' in our journal. The thirteenth such bibliography, cataloguing some 100 articles, essays, conference papers and books published on various aspects of the subject during 2005 will appear in the 57th edition of our journal in July 2006.

John was consistently helpful. After a passing remark in a letter to him some years ago about researching blind embossed stamps on paper in relation to a case I was working on and thinking it might make for an article in the British Association of Paper Historians' Journal, John sent me copies of several articles and continued to send me material on the subject until quite recently. In addition he had contacted other people in many countries who have also generously sent material. This collected information now runs to hundreds of pages, much of it unpublished research, documenting some two hundred years of blind stamps on paper. That essay will never be written but, in the fullness of time, will become a book, dedicated to him and

perhaps suitable for publication by a resurrected Paper Publications Society.

I would like to end with a simple story that gives a flavour of the man. Once after one of our cats had destroyed my computer, by spraying into the disc drive, I had to type a letter to John on our old manual typewriter. Being in a hurry my typing was full of errors and crossings out and handwritten annotations. John replied, promptly as always, answering all my questions and refusing 'to relinquish his position as the world's worst typist'. Some days later Biggles, our cat, received a letter, addressed to him personally, from John, complimenting him on his attitude to modern technology and enclosing a small booklet as a gift. It was a biography of Nelson's cat, complete with portrait frontispiece of the cat which John had written and produced himself. The text was erudite and well referenced with masses of footnotes, but the whole thing was a delightful spoof.

Out of the blue one day through the post I received an Oxford blue tie with the monogram of four Cs entwined that John had devised for all those, in so many different fields, that he considered shared his belief in the four Cs: 'Conserve, Consider, Contribute, Cooperate'. It was an honour to receive it and I am proud to wear it today. John wanted no memorial, but he has one in the gratitude, respect and affection of all those who knew him.

Peter Bower

John Simon Gabriel Simmons was the fourth in a succession of five All Souls Librarian Fellows who between them held the post for some 110 years. The names will be familiar: Oman, Craster, Jacob, Simmons, Lewis. Admittedly Oman got the series off to a good start with a tenure running from 1888 for close on 50 years. Simmons's links with the College covered a considerable span of years though by no means all as Librarian.

His life falls neatly into two parts: Birmingham – interrupted by war service – until 1948 and then, from 1949, Oxford.

Born in 1915 he went to school in Edgbaston and Birmingham; then on to Birmingham University where he acted as Student Librarian while working for his degree in Russian and Spanish. On graduating he became a Sub-Librarian at Birmingham and started working part-time on his PhD. In his own words this degree became 'a war casualty'. He served from 1939 to 1945. Not much is known of this period. What we do know is that he was mentioned in dispatches in March 1945. Thanks to the industry of

Dr Norma Aubertin-Potter we know that the citation was for 'gallant and distinguished service in North-West Europe'. In October 1945 he was awarded the MBE.

It seems probable that the project in which he was involved was the creation of the Intelligence Library for the use of the Control Commission for Germany. This project was conceived by 21st Army Group and resulted in a specialist library of some 20,000 books and pamphlets relating to German affairs – the Army, the Air Force, the Nazi Party Organisation, the Hitler Jugend, the police and so forth. Much of the library was formed from records seized as the Allied troops advanced into the heart of the Reich.

On demobilisation John Simmons returned to the University Library at Birmingham as Sub-Librarian. That is 1946–1948. Then in 1949 came the move to Oxford. He was appointed Librarian-Lecturer in Charge of Russian and Slavonic Books, in the University of Oxford. His express function was to build up the holdings in these fields in the Taylorian and Bodley. Over a twenty-year period that was a task in which he succeeded triumphantly. Amongst other accomplishments was the establishment of a reading room at the Taylorian for contemporary Russian and Slavonic publications. It was the only one of its kind in the country. In 1961 John Simmons was made a member of the Common Room at All Souls. Thus began the link. John acquired the right to lunch and dine in College and the right to use the Codrington Library whenever he wished.

Why was he made a member of Common Room – a rarely awarded privilege? The answer to this question is not to be found in documents – or at least not in any which I have seen. But the recollection of Fellows and my own indicate two influences which were at work. First, Isaiah Berlin was a strong supporter of John Simmons and was of the opinion that the association with the College would benefit both John and the College. In addition we know that Simmons was making a mark in the bibliophile circles of Oxford in which John Sparrow, the Warden of the College, moved.

In 1965 John Simmons was elected a Fellow of the College. He was elected into a category of Fellowship which can be held in tandem with a University post. That was his Librarian-Lectureship to which I have already referred.

It rather looks as if two years earlier in 1963 John Sparrow had raised with him confidentially the possibility of a Fellowship. The files reveal a letter of 12 May 1963 from Simmons to the Warden with which Simmons enclosed a cv and a list of publications. The language of the letter is so

ambiguous, referring as it does to a convoluted conversation with Sparrow, that interpretations other than the idea of a Fellowship may be possible.

The letter from Simmons opens thus:

Please forgive my incoherence on Friday. The tact of your opening salvoes was so consummate that at first I feared that I was about to be carpeted for some unsuspected violation of some unwritten law. The denouement was therefore overpowering and left me gasping.

Even an old-fashioned materialist such as I am appreciates the *idea* as much as the reality and I'll not be disappointed – only inexpressibly grateful, and flattered by your compliment.

As College Librarian

By 1970 Ernest Jacob was finding the burden of office as Librarian a heavy one and the College gave thought to providing support and then a replacement. The office fell to John Simmons and with it came a new category of Fellowship – a Senior Research Fellowship which acknowledged his stature as a prolific scholar with an international reputation. John brought to the office of Librarian all his highly developed skills of which we have heard this afternoon. But at All Souls he was more than a first-class Librarian. He had special gifts and enthusiasms. He became a leading historian of All Souls itself. Ultimately he produced for posterity a catalogue of some 1900 Fellows spanning the years since the Foundation of the College – a great labour of love.

He became fascinated by the history of the buildings at All Souls. He lectured on the theme and collaborated with Howard Colvin on a series of Chichele Lectures which led to the book *All Souls: An Oxford College and its Buildings*. He encouraged the filling of gaps in the College's history: as, for example *The Last of Their Line* – written in 1976 by the last two surviving Bible Clerks, Eason and Snoxall. But above all John Simmons distinguished himself by his willingness to give whatever assistance lay in his power to the research being carried out within the College. (Lawyers apart, I suppose. He once remarked to a redoubtable Professor of Law – 'Lawyers don't do research do they?') It was a known fact that he would cease whatever he was doing and help any Fellow with their work. He was a remarkably erudite man and could often of his own knowledge point the way to solving the problem. If he did not know, he would find out.

He made it a custom to welcome Visiting Fellows and their families and to show them proudly the jewels and beauties of the Codrington Library.

Frequently he would seize on some anniversary as the occasion for a display of relevant holdings of Codrington archives or books. This would invariably be accompanied by a scholarly leaflet or keepsake. On one occasion he self-deprecatingly called it a 'kickshaw', as if what he had written was a trifle of no value.

The Sundial

One of the topics on which John Simmons had strong views was the positioning of the sundial in the Hawksmoor quadrangle above the door on the south face of the Codrington Library.

The sundial – with Martial's grim warning of the ephemeral nature of human life ('the days perish and are reckoned against us' – *pereunt et imputantur*) – was designed by Christopher Wren and placed by him in 1659 between the pinnacles in the centre bay of the south wall of the Chapel. John, in recording this fact, cites evidence to the effect that thereafter Oxford watchmakers as they passed All Souls were in the habit of looking through the Lodge gate and setting their watches by reference to the sundial. The first threat to this useful custom arose in 1871 when it was found that the sundial was badly in need of repair. It had to be removed from the Chapel wall so that the necessary work could be done.

Worse was to follow (according to John Simmons and those of his way of thinking). The College voted twice. In 1874 a motion that the sundial should be restored to its original position was defeated. Then in 1877 a motion that it should be placed where we see it today was carried by a majority of the Fellows. Among the dissentients was the future Warden Anson who voted piously but in vain in favour of the restoration of the *status quo ante*. John's scathing criticism of the majority vote merits citation:

And there it remains, a splendid and disproportionate anachronism, breaking Hawksmoor's uninterrupted roof-line, gratuitously destroying the perfect symmetry of his North Quadrangle, and leaving the answering cartouche of arms (which he had set over the south front of the Hall) unbalanced.

He might have added 'and seriously disadvantaging future generations of Oxford watchmakers'.

For years John ran an unsuccessful campaign to persuade the College to reverse the 1877 decision. He produced a postcard which showed – in colour – how the Front Quad would look were his advice to be followed. His opponents looked on this as an own goal by John as it made manifest the wisdom of the decision to move the sundial. I believe that John continued his campaign after death by a provision in his will which would pay the costs together with the additional cost of laying paving stones to replace the grass in the Hawksmoor Quadrangle. This offer has not been taken up by the College.

John as book-collector

John not only made the Taylorian and the Bodleian great repositories of Russian and Slavonic books but over the years he built up a formidable collection of his own. He was aware of John Sparrow's four 'golden rules' to aspiring book collectors:

1. Never lend anyone a book
2. Never sell a book
3. Never give anyone a book
4. Never read a book

John Simmons (by some means or another) managed to build his own collection without complying fully with these strict rules.

The Codrington Club

No tribute to John Simmons at All Souls would be complete without a reference to the Codrington Club. In the Long Vacation of 1977 – coincidentally perhaps in the closing days of Warden Sparrow's reign and before a new Warden had taken the oath – he spirited into existence this ghostly body – with no habitation, no premises, no rules, and no dinners. What it did generate in abundance was goodwill towards the Codrington (evidenced by innumerable gifts of books). And it had a tie (designed by John) which many of us are proud to wear today in his memory. I think he knew that he had cut a good many corners in creating the Club without reference to any committee still less any Governing Body meeting. He signed a letter to me about the Club on 1 November 1977 'JSG Simmons, Machiavellian Librarian.'

In 1982 the statutes decreed the end of his Fellowship and of his tenure

of office as Librarian and so he became an Emeritus Fellow and was honoured by being specially appointed as Deputy Archivist.

Final Impressions

Two last impressions.

John conducting visitors round the Library. It was a task he loved. He never tired of expatiating on the beauties of the Codrington. If the audience was English-speaking such a tour was, for John, bliss. If the audience was Russian-speaking then the tour was, for him, very heaven. I once accompanied such a tour. It was of Communist lawyers from Moscow studying a concept known here as the rule of law. As they listened with amazement to John's impeccable Russian one could witness their growing respect for this speaker of an intelligible but strange language.

A last memory. I have an indelible memory of John in motion. On countless occasions I have seen his trim military figure hurrying around the College as if on some urgent mission. Usually his hand held a clutch of papers. For him the mission was urgent – *Soles pereunt et imputantur*. You could be certain that he was pursuing the interests of the College or furthering the research work of the Fellows.

He was a great Librarian and the most loyal of friends.

Patrick Neill

JULIAN LEONARD BULLARD

8 March 1928–25 May 2006

Delivered by Sir John Graham and Lord Neill of Bladen
on Saturday, 14 October 2006 in the University Church

Julian was a truly remarkable man. Lord Neill will speak of his academic career. My privilege is to celebrate his life as a distinguished public servant, probably the most outstanding of his generation in the Diplomatic Service.

In the words of one who worked for him he was ‘a role model for a whole generation of younger diplomats’. An all-rounder, at Rugby he was only prevented from being Captain of Cricket by the fact that he was also Head of School – it was thought inappropriate to combine the two.

Julian met Margaret at Oxford but owing to a series of mischances did not manage to catch her until after his army service – with an invitation to an outing, ‘bring your painting things’ – which Margaret immediately went out to buy.

In 1951 he passed top into the Foreign Service as it then was, and in 1954 after national service, he was posted to Vienna. There, having learnt German in his spare time in the Army, he took lessons in Russian.

In 1956, he was posted to Amman. It was then that I first met him: recently returned from Amman, I was able to offer what I hoped was helpful advice. That posting coincided with the Suez debacle and one of Julian’s early tasks, not the pleasantest nor, surprisingly, in my experience, the easiest, was to burn the Embassy’s confidential papers. There he added Arabic to his quiver of languages, including French and some Italian.

Sadly it was in Jordan that he contracted polio which left him weakened in the legs.

Postings followed to Bonn, Moscow, Dubai and in 1975 to Bonn for the second time. In an interview in Germany before his retirement, he declared, perhaps to the surprise of his interviewer, that of all his postings he had most enjoyed Dubai, as his first independent command, in a region where personality is all-important.

These foreign postings were interspersed with appointments in the For-

eign Office, notably from 1971 to 1975 when he was Head of Eastern Europe and Soviet Department. It has been suggested that Julian inherited his profound distaste for Soviet Communism from his father's experience of it in the 1930s. Be that as it may, it was as head of that department that in 1971 Julian persuaded ministers to take the bull by the horns and expel 105 members of the KGB who had been operating out of the Soviet Embassy in London. The inevitable response was limited by the proviso crafted by Julian that for every retaliatory expulsion from our Embassy in Moscow, the ceiling on Soviet numbers in London would be cut by one. This bold action was much admired by our allies and was welcomed in this country, despite misgivings before the event. Relations with the Soviet Union did not seriously suffer even if on one occasion in a meeting with the Russians he was toasted as the head of the Anti-Soviet Department. We have learned through defectors that the operation effectively destroyed the Soviet espionage effort in the UK.

As a Deputy Under Secretary from 1979 to 1982, also Political Director and Deputy Permanent Under Secretary, Julian loved being at the centre of policymaking and being spared much administrative and ceremonial work, neither of which appealed to him. Successive Foreign Secretaries came to rely on his wisdom and judgement.

He was a thoroughly well organised person with a very practical side to him. He would produce draft conclusions at the end of an office meeting before others had put pen to paper. As recounted in a letter to *The Times*, foreseeing that in a meeting in Moscow the Soviet side would try to exact concessions by delaying the promised lunch, Julian arranged to take in sandwiches. These were produced opportunely, to the astonishment and no doubt chagrin of the Soviet side. On another occasion, in Rome he passed a note to a member of the Embassy staff in attendance: 'where can I buy artichokes?'

In 1984 he and Margaret went for the third time to Bonn, this time as Ambassador. It was been said of him that he was the best Permanent Under Secretary that we never had. I doubt however if he felt much disappointment, given the heavy burden of administration that the PUS has to carry. The four years in Germany before retirement were notably successful and happy. Germans appreciated his knowledge of and interest in German history and culture. Typical of his thoughtfulness, when told of an old lady who had spent her pre-war childhood in the house which had become the Ambassador's residence, he arranged for her to visit and be shown round.

Life was not all work. A colleague remembers being roused at four in the morning, to join a party to listen to the dawn chorus. Others recall skating parties and the Christmas parties at which charades played a prominent part, a game that Margaret tells me lives on among some of their many German friends.

All who served with him in Bonn speak of his brilliant mind, his integrity, his humour – he could be very funny – and his thoughtfulness for others.

On a different note, symptoms of the disease which finally overtook him first appeared in Berlin on his penultimate day in the Service, when he had difficulty in holding out his glass to drink the Queen's health.

Julian as all those here will know was an extraordinarily talented man. Intellectually he towered above most of his contemporaries. He combined this with absolute integrity, a clear eye for the truth, great humility, kindness and an underlying strength of purpose. One colleague recalls that at the height of the Falklands war, when people were working long hours in the Emergency room, Julian, alone of other senior staff, would drop in at the end of the day, often bringing a bottle of wine. He carried his learning lightly. He was totally devoid of arrogance. He could correct an error or a misquotation without making you feel put down. He was respected and much loved, not only by his fellow countrymen – as a member of the group of EC Political Directors, he earned warm tributes on his departure, from his European colleagues, one of whom wrote

You have been for me ... dear Julian, an inspiring example ... I will always remember your great kindness, your admirable sense of humour, your vast knowledge of the problems ... your frankness and patience ... your lucid intelligence and your splendid human qualities ... we will miss you.

For all his easy manner and quiet sense of humour, he was fundamentally a serious man.

Julian loved acting and music, especially opera. However, despite attempts to master, in turn, four musical instruments, he never achieved any great skill as a musician. This was possibly his only failure to achieve complete mastery in whatever field he chose.

Oxford had been his home as a boy and that was where he returned in retirement. As a Fellow of All Souls he took with zest to renewed academic life. He and Margaret edited and published his father's letters and diaries

from the latter's time in 1930s Russia. He was for many years a much admired Pro-Chancellor and Chairman of the Council at Birmingham University. He cultivated his allotment, having acquired the taste when he inherited an allotment with the house he and Margaret at one time owned in Filkins. He played a significant part in Margaret's fund-raising for the Bodleian.

Slowly, however, Parkinson's began to take its inexorable toll. His voice dropped and his balance faltered. The mind remained, almost to the end. Throughout, Margaret never fussed him, but with the help of their family bore with kindness and patience the burden of supporting him in his indomitable determination to live life to the full and not to let his growing disability hinder him. Finally it became too much. His service to our country was outstanding; he was a great and good man.

John Graham

Julian Leonard Bullard was born on 8 March 1928. As befitted a future classical scholar of such accomplishment he was born in Athens. His childhood was spent in Oxford as were most of the last two decades of his life. He died in Oxford on 25 May 2006. His mother, Miriam, was one of seven beautiful daughters of A.L. Smith, the Master of Balliol. Julian's uncle Lionel Smith (godson of Jowett) had been a Prize Fellow at All Souls (elected in 1904) subsequently moving to Magdalen where he assisted in the tuition of the Prince of Wales. Of Julian's father Reader Bullard – himself a knight and ambassador – I will have more to say later. Julian was third in line of four brothers (Matthew, Giles, Julian, Godfrey). A sister, Dorothea, was born in 1931. Following Julian's death the sole survivor today is Godfrey.

Sir John Graham has spoken about Julian's great public career as a diplomat and servant of the state. My focus will rather be on Julian in his Oxford setting – in particular on his role in educating and inspiring students of current international affairs.

Julian attended the Dragon School where much success attended him. He excelled in all sports, was notable for his bowling, and won a scholarship to Rugby. He was a very good actor; his Brutus and Oberon have lived in the memory. One member of the audience then present recalls 66 years later how he spoke Oberon's line: 'I know a bank where the wild thyme blows'. The hearer was startled: 'it was the way Julian said the words: they became beautiful and mesmerising. Julian always spoke verse beautifully'.

The thespian strain was not confined to Shakespeare. Julian was just as much at home in Gilbert and Sullivan.

At Rugby success again awaited him. Winning all available prizes he was in the xv and the cricket xi; Head of School; on stage as a notable Othello; remembered for his style as orator making the Greek Declamation, the customary role of the Head of School on Speech Day. At the age of 16 Julian won an Oxford scholarship – a Demyship at Magdalen.

He came up to Magdalen in 1946 at the age of 18 without doing his military service first. (Some followed this pattern.) He embarked upon the customary four year cursus of Classical Mods followed by Greats.

I was slightly older than Julian and had gone into the Army (the Rifle Brigade) at the tail end of the War (September 1944). I was demobilised in time to get to Magdalen for the Hilary Term of 1948. It was then that I first met Julian. He was half way through his second year.

I suppose that what struck one about him was his strength of purpose, his charm and his sense of humour. Gradually one found out that he was regarded as one of the stars in a highly talented Magdalen group of classical scholars and philosophers. Evidence of this was the Gainsford Prize for Greek Verse which he won in 1947, a year later winning the first Craven Scholarship. He distinguished himself in the Chancellor's Latin Verse Prize (*proxime accessit* in 1948) and other major contests for the classicists. Magdalen teams benefited from his appearance on the field of sport.

For the last year of his undergraduate life (1949–1950) Julian held the elected office of President of the Junior Common Room. He discharged the duties of this office to universal satisfaction. There was only one excitement that I recall. A debate was engineered on the topic of newspapers and journals. For discussion was the question: which should be bought for the JCR and which should be culled. Large numbers attended the meeting, many 'full of passionate intensity'. Very few 'lacked all conviction'. The arguments veered wildly, from left to right, volleying and thundering.

I am not sure that the debate was altogether to Julian's liking. But throughout it he maintained a magisterial calm and with the rump still in attendance (the majority having left for early dinner) he succeeded in negotiating an approved list. The next day, of course, the whole matter had been forgotten.

Julian, having already gained a first in Mods, was placed in the First Class in Greats in the summer of 1950.

In the autumn, he decided to enter that well-known lottery, the All Souls

Prize Fellowship Examination. When the results were announced on All Souls Day 1950, although two fellowships only had been advertised, it transpired that three elections had been made: Julian Bullard, Michael Dummett and myself. (There was a nice precedent in 1932 for the election of a diplomat, a philosopher and a lawyer, again only two fellowships having been advertised. The individuals concerned were Patrick Reilly, Isaiah Berlin and Richard Wilberforce. But of course comparisons are odious and rather dangerous.)

Sadly, Julian's obligation to do his military service now caught up with him. Without more ado he was bundled off into the army in that very month (November 1950). When I say bundled off, in fact Julian was able to make an election and he had chosen the Rifle Brigade. Whether I had the slightest influence on this decision I cannot recall, but I do remember that when he was commissioned I was called upon to lend him my Sam Browne belt. While this metamorphosis was taking place the alert Warden of the College, Warden Sumner, was becoming anxious on account of the requirement in the Statutes that a Prize Fellow should 'undertake ... some [specified] course of study or investigation'. It was thought that Julian would not be able to comply with this obligation as a rifleman in the barracks at Winchester. So after solemn conclave duly held within the College, the Warden wrote to the Visitor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Geoffrey Fisher, seeking a dispensation for Julian from the statutory requirement. (This could all have been written very well in the eighteenth century.) The Visitor replied within three days granting the required dispensation and raising very practically the question: does the College really need this particular statutory rule? His ruling was of course expressed in archiepiscopal and visitorial prose and not as crudely as I have just put it. Julian thus 'dispensated' set about his career in the army.

There are one or two good tales arising out of his military service.

The first derives from the fact that Rugby School at that time had a healthy disdain for State or external examinations. Thus Julian had not passed School Certificate. His platoon sergeant promptly put him down for remedial education.

The next event was that in his first weeks in the army Julian won a prize. There is a discrepancy in the sources as to what the prize was for. According to an account directly confirmed with Julian by his daughter Antonia many years later, the prize was for the best polished pair of boots.

The rival account claims that it was a prize for the best made bed. This

seems unlikely as in those days bed making at Winchester consisted of making a neat pile of two or three rectangular blankets.

For the third army story, I will quote from a letter written to his parents when Julian had become a Company Commander and he was expressing his pleasure at the success which his own men had had in various competitive events. He wrote:

My own Platoon was pronounced the BEST in the unit at March Past and my own team of six men recorded a time of five minutes six seconds in the assault course, i.e. within twelve seconds of the all time record. (These triumphs won't interest you, but at my end they seem all important.) I can find no difficulty in displaying (and so arousing) enthusiasm for such competitions. I have always hated being worsted in any contest, whether or not prowess in that particular direction is something I admire. This shows a lack of independence, I know, but of course it goes down splendidly with the army.

After the two years' military service were over (much of it spent in Germany) Julian almost immediately entered Her Majesty's Foreign Service. In the entry exam, as you have heard, he passed out top with the best possible top marks. The interview was a flying success.

Julian's Foreign Office career made it difficult for him to attend the College on anything like a regular basis and he was an absentee from some Stated General Meetings of the College where the Statutes bound him to attend. He came when he could and when he could not he wrote an amusing letter to the Warden. On my calculation, during his period of service in the Army and the Foreign Office combined, he held a Fellowship in one category or another for a period of sixteen years.

It may be convenient to note here the full extent of Julian's tenure of a Fellowship. On retiring from the FCO in 1988, he was at once offered a Distinguished Fellowship which he accepted. In that capacity for fourteen years he took a full part in College life and participated in collaborative educational work with Professor Robert O'Neill as I will describe. In 2002, with his full consent, in the light of his deteriorating health, he became an Honorary Fellow which released him from the burden of attending any College or Committee meetings. Overall he was in Fellowship for thirty-four years.

If I may revert to the period when he was in the Foreign Office, my wife

and I were fortunate in being able to maintain our contacts with Julian and Margaret and their growing family. I remember bracing walks at Blackheath and when they came up to the Highlands to visit us, they would disappear onto the moors and reappear with a clutch of supposedly edible fungi of which the slimiest to handle and eat were the *cèpes*.

When Julian was Ambassador in Bonn I had to give a lecture in the University there and we were lucky enough to be invited to stay with the Bullards. It was very interesting to see him in action, totally in command and evidently highly respected by all those whom he was meeting.

Julian was keen to share with us his interests in music, architecture and art. We visited the *Beethoven-Haus* where the Director was named Sieghard Brandenburg, a former Visiting Fellow of All Souls. Julian took us to see the wonderful Cologne Cathedral, which, in a manner directly comparable to St Paul's in London, had survived the bombing, notwithstanding the surrounding devastation. He also introduced us to the work of August Macke, the German painter (killed in action in September 1914) who had achieved fame through his sensational use of colour. I was much impressed. It was typical of Julian – with his amazingly retentive memory and care for his friends – that he should send me some years later a commemorative German postage stamp depicting Macke's elegant painting 'The Hat Shop'.

I remember Julian saying to me in Bonn that he loved listening to perfect German as spoken by high ranking officials in the German administration and by some others.

To hear the language, he advised, the words had to be savoured without too much regard to their substance. An acolyte would be present at the meeting to record the content (if any) of what was said. Thus equipped Julian could sit back in his chair and enjoy the cadences, the rise and fall of the complicated sentences, with their parenthetical clauses, waiting with a thrill of anticipation for what might turn out to be the main verb.

Connoisseurs of Julian's linguistic skills remarked upon the ease with which he would address an international gathering, moving seamlessly from English to the French and German tongues, possibly others. It was like the Pope in St Peter's Square (though I never heard that Julian claimed any expertise in Polish). My wife and I heard such a performance in Bonn when he was opening an exhibition of watercolour views of the Rhine (especially the castles such as Ehrenbreitstein).

Years earlier when Julian was learning Arabic at the Middle East Centre for Arab Studies in the Lebanon he had reported on his progress to Warden

Sparrow: 'I get along steadily with Arabic', he wrote,

which I suppose is the fourth foreign language in which I can say: 'Our policy is one of peaceful development on the basis of mutual interest', and the fourth in which I am tongue-tied when it comes to 'Don't put in the egg until the water boils'.

Returning to Julian's love of German, he much regretted that in this country there was so little knowledge of the German language and such ignorance of Germany and German culture. He once said on German radio that it was a sad fact that there was no teacher exchange scheme enabling children to be taught at least partly by native speakers. He said:

I think that in that way you could transform the quality of the knowledge of foreign languages. If you ever go to a school where there's a first class native foreign language speaker, you can almost immediately see the effect it has.

Subsequently Julian had the opportunity to further the German Government's plan to set up a German studies institution at a UK university. From 1989 Julian had been the Chairman of Council of the University of Birmingham. He was able to help Birmingham in its bid for the Institute. Their bid won the contest and in 1994 Birmingham was able to open its Institute of German Studies. It has been a success story ever since. Julian held the office of chairman of the Institute until 2000 and supported it with his energy and his wide range of contacts. When he died he bequeathed all his German books to it.

As Sir John has mentioned, Julian was Chairman of Council at Birmingham from 1989 to 1994 and Pro-Chancellor over the same period. He won golden opinions in these roles. The Vice-Chancellor of his time, Sir Michael Thompson, has written that he was 'Quite the best Pro-Chancellor I ever knew or even heard about'. There is an annual Chamberlain lecture at Birmingham. Characteristically, Julian volunteered to give the lecture one year. He covered the Chamberlain dynasty but paid particular attention to the career of Sir Austen.

When the time came to retire from Birmingham Julian made a valedictory speech. It was in verse – and in English.

I have earlier mentioned that on his retirement from the FCO in 1988

Julian was welcomed back to All Souls with a Distinguished Fellowship.

In 1990 the All Souls Foreign Policy Studies Programme was established. The originator of the idea was another Fellow of the College, Professor Robert O'Neill (hereafter, Bob O'Neill). Julian immediately joined in the planning. Julian and Bob O'Neill worked together for ten years taking them through two five year cycles of grants in aid from the College and the Ford Foundation. Julian and Bob complemented each other. Julian had deep knowledge and experience in the international affairs of Europe, Russia and the Middle East and Bob O'Neill's area of expertise was Asia, the Pacific and the United States.

Julian and Bob O'Neill regularly put on a series of seminars on Friday evenings. These took place in the Old Library at All Souls. They were principally aimed at graduate students working in the field of international relations. But the audience might change if the topic for the evening related to (say) international law or economics. Attendance ranged from 30 to 100 – often with standing room only for late arrivals.

The customary format was that under the chairmanship of either Bob or Julian a distinguished outside speaker would be invited to open the discussion. Julian had the advantage of his vast range of contacts. Ministers, high ranking officials, diplomats, judges: all of these might receive an invitation. And they accepted because they knew Julian and admired him.

The audience were young men and women who in many countries have since gone on to make fine careers in diplomacy, academia, journalism and business. In their education Julian's 'contribution was as immense as it was subtle, kind and self-effacing'. (I take these adjectives from O'Neill.)

In addition to the seminars, Julian and Bob from time to time put on weekend conferences to which academics, politicians and diplomats were invited. These had the great merit of involving participation by many members of All Souls College.

In a tribute Bob O'Neill has written:

Julian was a superb partner in this enterprise: wise, expert, highly regarded in Britain and abroad, considerate, articulate and endowed with a fine, dry sense of humour. He was also a natural chairman who could control a discussion without trammelling those taking part, challenge those who put forward strong views without equally strong evidence, draw important conclusions out of a wide-ranging debate and leave everyone feeling that they had been privileged to take part in a discussion under his chairmanship.

In the year 2000 Julian and Margaret made an important contribution to historical knowledge about the early days of Soviet Communism by publishing (with the title *Inside Stalin's Russia*) the deciphered text of the Russian diaries kept by Julian's father Reader Bullard. (Later he was to become Sir Reader and was the British Ambassador in Teheran during the war years.) The diaries cover the years 1930 to 1934. Reader Bullard was then the Foreign Office's man (Consul General) in Leningrad. The diaries are extraordinary – horrifying for what they observe about the cruelty of the regime, fascinating for their record of the men and women caught in the toils of the system or naively visiting from abroad intent on proclaiming its triumphs.

For my family the diaries were a revelation because they included many exasperated passages in which Reader Bullard set down his thoughts about my wife's grandmother, Lady Muriel Paget. Lady Muriel was the head of a relief organisation which she had set up in Leningrad to help DBSS as they were called, i.e. Displaced British Subjects. She was an incurable optimist and very determined. When he first encountered Lady Muriel and her works in 1930 Reader Bullard's diary entries are relatively mild. Thus: 'She is a kind steam-roller, but I prefer not to be in her track.' Later his comments became more acerbic. (I refrain from further quotation.)

Julian had an aversion to wasting time. For example, the walk from his mews property in Lowndes Close across the park to the Foreign Office – albeit health-giving – was at risk of falling under the anathema – time-wasting.

So Julian devised various projects. One was to learn each day by heart a Shakespeare sonnet as he strode forth. How this was accomplished on a rainy day I am not quite sure. Possibly a quick glance (before he set out) at the page containing the next fourteen lines would be sufficient to imprint it on his short term memory whence he could learn it as he walked.

Further light on Julian's views on time-wasting comes from a conversation reported to me by a much younger man who was about to go up to Magdalen. Julian advised him:

Do not make the mistakes I made. Do not spend too much time on the cricket pitch or in libraries. Your time will be better spent meeting people and talking to them. They will prepare you for life.

We recall with gratitude Julian's many other contributions to Oxford. He served with diligence and diplomatic skills as the Chairman of the Oxford

Society. He participated with enthusiasm in numerous fund-raising events on behalf of the University and particularly the Bodleian. Here the University owes a great debt to Margaret's imagination and dynamism as a fund-raiser. Julian was at her side.

Sir John has spoken movingly of Julian's closing years, of his courage and of Margaret's wonderful support for him. I would like to mention Julian's own kindness to those in distress in earlier days. I have particularly in mind the brilliant scholar who was stricken with Alzheimer's disease. Julian gave him every possible help and continued to visit him in a home until he was no longer recognised – in Emily Dickinson's phrase until his friend 'could not see to see'.

Julian was, as Sir John has said, a remarkable man, a great man. He was always kind, always modest, always taking note of the shy in the throng. His keen sense of humour balanced the keen eye which saw to the centre of things. No obfuscation was permissible.

Sir John has remarked that though Julian loved music he never became a successful instrumentalist. But he had a lovely voice and knew much of the German lieder repertoire, especially Schubert. The night before he died the nurse heard him singing in a foreign language. The probability is that the language was German and that a song by Schubert was on his lips.

Patrick Neill

JOHN McMANNERS

25 December 1916–4 November 2006

Delivered by Dr John Davis
on Saturday, 10 February 2007 in the University Church

In his *Theory of Moral Sentiments* Adam Smith remarks that people desire not only to be loved but also ‘to be lovely’. Jack McManners possessed self-knowledge, and practised self-scrutiny; throughout his adult life he had the discipline and strength to change himself, to eliminate falseness and superfluity and to create from the resources of his own spirit somebody approaching very closely his ideal of a good man. It’s not that he was one-dimensional: he had had to find his way; and even in later life he knew shadow as well as light. But by effort of will he made decisive changes of direction that brought him to be ‘lovely’.

The first came in 1939 when aged 23 he enlisted in the Northumberland Light Fusiliers. He had been raised as the son of the parsonage. It was an unusual parsonage because his father had been a tough and perhaps not especially Christian miner before Jack’s mother (a school teacher of iron will) persuaded and then helped him to read for Holy Orders. Jack learned his Bible and his theology at home from an early age, listening to his mother rehearsing his father. At Oxford – at Teddy Hall – he read History and played tennis, and was also in his own words an ‘insufferably eloquent’ member of the ordinands group. He was probably in his own mind, certainly in his mother’s mind, destined for the Church. He had a brother already in the armed forces, and his parents urged Jack to ordination, which would allow him to escape call-up. But he thought his vocation was not strong enough, or was tainted by the secondary motive of escape from war; and he enlisted as a soldier.

His war began as a squaddie of pious life: when his fellow recruits went out to booze he stayed in barracks to read poetry. He made life under training bearable by his excellence – strength and speed – at football. In the course of the war he was promoted Major, and for a while he was Adjutant of the First Battalion: he was a temporary soldier, in for the duration, and to

hold such a post in a regular battalion was extremely rare: it was one of the honours he valued most highly. By the end he had become worldly-wise, practised in army ways of by-passing the bull required by the brass. He celebrated VE Day in 'the most respectable club I knew' in Alexandria, drinking a soft drink,

watching [the dancers] and brooding ... These years of devastation and dying, so many vanished, so many broken; so many left alone, and this was all we could do to mark the end of the cruelty. (*Fusilier*, 2002, pp. 197–8)

Jack describes most of this progress in his book *Fusilier*. Among other things it describes two events that led him to his second adjustment of direction. First, as a newly arrived Lieutenant in the defence of Tobruk, he was sent with an Australian officer to capture an enemy machinegun post. They found the entire personnel already dead – bodies shattered and smashed. He acquired an immediate knowledge of the scarcely restrained brutality of warfare. Second, on an expedition with his Colonel to test a new kind of compass, he passed an evening in desert stillness, on 'Conical Hill', experiencing 'the serenity of the night, dwarfing us and every human endeavour' (*Fusilier*, p. 94; also his All Souls sermon of 9 June 1996). Together these led him to resolve to read theology and seek ordination if he survived the war. He did survive, and he went to St Chad's at Durham to train for the priesthood. These events following his first 'change of direction' had brought him back to the Church of England; but his route there made his faith less theological and biblical-critical: it was grounded in experience of horror, and of beauty.

His second turning point came after his ordination as deacon in 1947 and as priest in 1948. He was appointed to a curacy in Leeds, a post associated with high-flyers such as Lang, with prospects in the Church. But he received an invitation to become Chaplain and Tutor at Teddy Hall. In 1939 he had barely started work on a thesis. A journalist, visiting the North African front in 1941, recorded in his diary:

The Second-Lieutenant said 'I was doing a thesis at Oxford on a seventeenth-century chap – doesn't seem so important now'.

Jack's return to College in 1948 suggests that a parish life with possibilities of advancement on the pastoral and administrative side of the Church

was unattractive. He had found life without historical creativity was less than he wished. His College duties, pastoral and tutorial, gave him scope for research. He was cheerful and relaxed: his nickname during his time in Teddy Hall was 'McHappy'.

He got married to Sarah in 1951, fifty-six years ago. So, then, a third change, although it is difficult for later observers to imagine any other state for Jack, or for Sarah. Her influence on his work was limited in the sense that he did not welcome her comments on work in progress; but he did listen carefully to what she had to say about the finished article. She is the dedicatee of his greatest work, and she was entrusted with the delicate and demanding task of indexing earlier volumes. If that sounds slightly peripheral it is because it ignores the love and support she gave him, and the security without which he could not have become as he did. The solid and profound trust and love that bound them and saw them through such troubles as they suffered, was the indispensable basis of his creativity. In the course of time his loving support for his children, two daughters, two sons, was combined with the pride he took in their independent achievements. Hugh and Peter joined the armed forces and, greatly to Jack's relief, survived the Falklands campaign.

But to return to the early days. In the summer vacations he went to France, chiefly to Angers, to work in the archives. This fieldwork proved decisive: he was an Anglican priest, but he was also a historian. One of the great set-pieces in his book on Angers (*French Ecclesiastical Society Under the Ancien Régime*, 1960) is a description of the celebration of Corpus Christi. It was a procession in which the town paraded itself in due order – statues first, then the guilds in order of precedence, then professionals, then magistrates side-by-side with town councillors because their relative ranking hadn't yet been agreed and so on, bishop at the last, followed by any soldiery. Jack takes the procession as formally emblematic of a society which believed and tried to re-enact a ritual of entirety, each component absolutely ranked against each other (except where they couldn't agree, litigation pending). He is brilliant on how Corpus Christi fitted into the cycle of the more fragmented and factioned celebrations of the liturgical year. And then on how these contested manifestations related to the realities of changing daily life – the theological and ideological disputes of eighteenth-century France, the discontents of the parish clergy in Angers and elsewhere.

Jack completed that work in Tasmania where he had taken up a chair in

history. This was also a decisive change. In effect, while a College Chaplain can expect preferment in the Church, he had turned his back on that and had chosen history and the academy for his life path. He was forty years old. He had a wife and children. He was no doubt attracted by the independent spirit and inventiveness of the forthright Australians he had fought alongside during the war a decade before: they shared a combative Northumbrianness perhaps, but certainly they were healthy, sun-tanned, sporting and courageous as he wished for himself and for his children.

From Tasmania onwards his history, too, took a new turn. In Hobart and later in Sydney he became a historian of French intellectual and organisational life, in which, realistically, the Church played a major part. He brought to this the understanding of a clergyman, himself with experience of the cure of souls; an eye for the vagaries of organisations and the occasional tribulations of those who man them (Tasmania painfully illuminating in this regard).

But his range broadened. No doubt this was partly because journals such as the *Mémoires de la Société des Antiquaires de la Morinie*, published in St Omer, were not easily available in Hobart. He acquired a scholarly appreciation of the world of *philosophes*, of the *Encyclopédie*, Diderot, Rousseau, Voltaire. Jack's strengths enabled him to see with sympathy the different ways in which churchmen adapted to Enlightenment, as well as the different ways in which say Voltaire or Rousseau retained an allegiance to religion. They may have been deists or atheists, but they remained in some sense Roman Catholic or at least Gallican deists and atheists. He found his path in recreating a world in which very few people were wholly conservative and rejectionist, nobody wholly Enlightened. And he was blessed with another fifty years to explore its certainties, to enjoy its ironies, to explain its intellectual, doctrinal, organisational developments; and to describe with tenderness the doubts and dilemmas that assailed his protagonists.

Jack remained in the antipodes until 1967 when he moved from Sydney to Leicester (his inaugural lecture there on Rousseau's revolt against society); and in 1972 he became Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History, and a Canon of Christ Church. That was an unusual appointment. Most of his predecessors had been historians of the early church – a consequence of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century concerns about ecclesiastical renewal. Those men were in important ways associated with the professor-canon of theology. Jack aligned himself more with historians (his inaugural lecture of 1975 was *Reflections at the Death Bed of Voltaire*); and in College to some

extent with the Students rather than the Canons, though both tendencies have McManners stories in their folklore. He visited the National Archives in Paris, and in 1980 was *Associé* at the Ecole Pratique des Hautes Etudes (Section IV).

These years saw the preparation and publication of *Death and the Enlightenment* (1981), a book which drew on his expertise in the Church and church history, and explored the changes in ideas, beliefs and practices with regard to this important topic. Apart from chapters on for instance the good death, on executions, he wrote about new inquiries into death: the collection of statistics about age of death, about causes of death and the incidence of diseases, all of which were the product of a new spirit of inquiry and an embryonic hope of control. This book won him the Wolfson Prize in 1981.

Jack had been a Trustee of the National Portrait Gallery from 1970 (when he was at Leicester), and a member of the Church of England Doctrine Commission from 1978. He became chairman of the History Faculty, and was able to keep a study there when his term of office ended. He performed his duties as a Canon, preaching and officiating at divine service. He lectured on France, the Church, Jansenism, de Tocqueville, the revolt of the *curés*.

In 1984 he reached retirement age and was appointed Chaplain of All Souls and elected to an Official Fellowship. The duties were light: conduct of services in term; some call on his gentle pastoral insight; advice to the Warden and the Fellowship on Chapel matters. All Souls has no organ and no choir. He had time for tennis where his cunning increased as his agility declined. Above all he had time for his scholarship and writing.

He edited the *Oxford Illustrated History of Christianity* (1990), and in 1998 – 38 years after his study of Angers – he produced the two-volume summation of his life work in *Church and Society in Eighteenth-Century France*. It is the perfectly ripe fruit of his dedication to history, of patient work in the archives, of synthesis of the fragments he found there, and of his exhaustive and nearly always sympathetic reading of secondary sources. It begins with an account of the coronation of Louis XVI in 1775 at Rheims which (like Jack's account of the Corpus Christi procession at Angers) is a grand anthropological set-piece – the prelacy, the secular nobility in its various kinds, the citizenry are shown in their proper places, and in relation to each other; and he then broadens this tableau out to consider the relation of Church to State and society, the differences of opinion about the matters

symbolically represented. The 71 chapters cover the range of religious experience and organisation in the changing worlds of the eighteenth century. He notes the presence in the cathedral of the young *abbé* who was to become Talleyrand; and, in the crowd outside, the schoolboy Danton: the succeeding generation already present in person, as well as *in potentia* in ideas and social movements.

‘No good story knowingly omitted,’ Jack said of this work (as he might equally have said of his earlier volumes). His history was firmly based in an understanding of the great changes, and he was careful to illustrate this from his cornucopia of individuals’ life histories: their wisdom, their time-serving compromises, their bewilderment and their sometimes absurd lapses from propriety. This method – acute understanding of the broad sweep of an eventful history, illustrated by a mosaic of incidents – was appreciated, especially in France where the volumes received exceptional reviews. In England and America his interest in peoples’ lives was sometimes held as a defect. Jack had anticipated that.

At some point in his life – perhaps in his father’s house, perhaps in Leeds, he had acquired a dislike or mistrust of church musicians. You sense his satisfaction at finding this disposition confirmed in eighteenth-century Angers, where Canons had the power to fine *psaltiers* for misconduct.

All concerned in organising church music from that day to this would agree that, while complacent and senior musicians are most insufferable, a greater measure of original sin seems to manifest itself in choir-boys.
(*French Ecclesiastical Society under the Ancien Regime*, p. 30)

It was a theme that recurred from time to time in his conversation, and appears also in *Church and Society* (I, p. 454). *Psaltiers* sometimes misbehaved (he again mentions their unseemly ration of original sin). Sometimes, for example, they were apprehended in the ‘circulation of manuscript works whose content is unknown to the chapter’. Jack’s comment is to the point: ‘Had they been confiscated, no doubt by now they would be in ... some study of the clandestine literature of the Enlightenment’.

Jack finished this monumental work in All Souls. He was a true and complete Fellow. In College, in Hall, Buttery, Common Room Jack was keen and informative, warmly responsive if asked, but he wore his learning, distinction, interests discreetly. It was noticeable that when Jack dined and took dessert, numbers rose because young and old found such pleasure in

his company: they would sign in because they anticipated a good evening. He could be mischievous, for instance reducing a very eminent and voluble literary critic to silence when he told her that Shakespeare was too long, required too much attention; an episode of 'EastEnders' about as much as he could take. Younger Fellows hugged themselves when Jack – moved by others' pretensions – decided to don his Northumbrian cloth cap. College meetings can wander off course: with important and significant matters to decide, Fellows can be distracted down by-ways of cleverness and quibbles. Jack could bring everyone to their senses with a few short sentences, turn a debate to a real and humane conclusion.

He was also tactful. Warden Neill once invited him to lunch and as he arrived through the garden gate he was attacked and bitten by the family dogs. You can imagine his hosts' apologies and embarrassment. A lesser man – a Trollopian chaplain, a Jane Austen curate – might have claimed pleasure or privilege at being bitten by a Warden's dog. Jack wrote a poem, pretending he had discovered a seventeenth-century manuscript fragment:

With weary steps the man of God
Tottered to the Warden's Lodge.
His remaining fringe of hair was white,
A tonsure in the winter light.
His coat was long, his hat was strange,
His look was learned, but deranged,
A sight that might provoke a hound
That saw him wandering around.

...

The Warden's dogs, out in the cold,
Were justly banished from the fold,
And in the garden's freezing calm
Were meditating doing harm.

...

O gentle reader, read no more!
For Nature, red in tooth and claw,
Was plotting mischief on that day
And sought a victim for her prey.

The point is, he turned his hosts' embarrassment into a self-deprecatory joke in a moderately elegant way. Warden Neill appears – from Jack's thank-

you letter – to have rewarded the poet with two bottles of ‘a fine vintage’.

He had held no post with pastoral duties since he went to Tasmania in 1956. But in Christ Church and All Souls his awareness of others, his openness, led Fellows to approach him for guidance and help. They included A.L. Rowse, most remarkably, who sought him out in College and in correspondence, part of which is cited in Jack’s memoir of him for the British Academy. No Fellows were imprisoned during his tenure, but Jack visited those who were recovering in hospital, comforted the dying and their families. He was of course practised in such matters; but he was also motivated by fellowship, membership of the same community. Comforting the dying, officiating at funerals (as well as at weddings and baptisms) were what a Fellow who was also a priest did for his friends.

In addition to *Fusilier* Jack’s other work in this period was *All Souls and the Shipley Case 1808–1810* (2002). He was working for a lecture on Bishop Heber and J.S.G. Simmons showed him a sealed parcel of papers. They concerned Shipley, a young Fellow, son of the Dean of St Asaph, grandson of the radical Bishop there. He was accused of minor homosexual misconduct, and acquitted in the Oxford Court. The acquittal came about mostly because Heber – gumshoe-ing in London and Oxford – discovered that the complainant had made a habit of drawing young celibates into indiscretion; his brother was also associated with small blackmailing enterprises of the kind, and their father apparently connived. The College disregarded Shipley’s acquittal and expelled him from the Fellowship: he had brought the College into disrepute. Even if he were innocent as charged, he had acted in ways that were incompatible with that high office in Church or State which was the destiny of Fellows of All Souls. Nobody except Heber really comes out well, but it is, as Jack put it, a gripping yarn; and it involves the nobility of friendship, anxious family, the excitement of detection, the drama of a court case and the abject timorous conformity of men in authority – Warden, Bursars, Deans. All these were topics dear to Jack’s heart, joined together in the sealed package that unfolded into his final work.

The preface to *Shipley* remarks that his years as Chaplain were the happiest and most productive of his life. The College reciprocated his regard, and knew that it was a better place for his presence. When he eventually retired he was elected to an Honorary Fellowship, which is a small category in All Souls. Jack said the pleasure of that election was equal to being made Adjutant of his battalion so many years before.

While he was a member of the Doctrine Commission of the Church of

England Jack had stood out against those members who asserted that Belief was a corporate or communal matter. On the contrary, he said, it was as individual as could be, unregulated and unregulatable by those in authority (sermon of 4 November 1984). *Church and Society* has a passage on hermits that bears on this. They increased in numbers in the eighteenth century. They were free spirits, seeking their own unmediated salvation, providing spiritual and ritual services to their local populations, but living so far as possible outside the Church. Jack notes that they were often veterans of the French army, profoundly changed by their experience of war. His sympathy with their choice is matched by his irony as he describes how bishops and assemblies tried to bring them under control, to create a regulated hermitry (*Church and Society*, II, pp. 131–40).

In a sermon in Chapel in 1996 he told us what were the sources and content of his belief. He had known the scholarly and theological bases of Christianity and the Church of England from an early age. It was experience (discovering a machine gun post manned by horribly dead enemy soldiers; contemplating the desert sky during the night at Conical Hill) that led him to the priesthood. In the course of years, as a historian of diverse beliefs, practices, he had pared his religion down. He no longer found the specialised and refined intellectual apparatus of Christianity a necessary support. He was sustained by an unshakable knowledge that Christ had died to redeem human kind; and that

... when we die, defeated and disoriented, we meet the Eternal Reality behind all things. And we are called by our name. (Sermon, 9 June 1996)

John Davis

MICHAEL HART

7 May 1947–20 February 2007

Delivered by Mr Colin Hart, Professor Sir John Vickers and
Lord Hoffmann on Saturday, 13 October 2007

Mike was born in 1948 at Guy's Hospital where Dad had resumed his medical studies after four years as an involuntary guest of the Axis powers. I had been born 15 months earlier. Over the next four years we were joined by Nick and Ol.

We were brought up in a small Wiltshire town which William Cobbett had described as a particularly rotten borough. By the 1950s nothing much had changed. A fraud squad raid on the home of the local solicitor's clerk, the early retirement of the bank manager following a head office audit and the jailing of various councillors and builders on corruption charges may well have played an early part in stimulating Mike's interest in the law.

After three years at the local primary school, Mike joined me at the prep school we all attended – Chafyn Grove School in Salisbury. At this moment I expect a collective sigh of despair to go up from all our wives present, because whenever we get together it's all we seem to talk about. So I will try and exercise some restraint.

It was at Chafyn Grove that Mike's intellectual gifts soon became apparent. He excelled in every subject – particularly Latin and Greek – and appeared to have no problems with Mathematics. He was even pretty good at French – though never fully mastered the accent.

As anyone who has visited his inner sanctum at Champion Hill will know, he was a keen and able performer on the stage and he knew how to combine authority with popularity as Captain of the School – unlike his predecessor. Nor was that all. He was a brilliant gymnast and the most graceful of divers.

But my abiding memory of Mike at prep school was as full-back for the school rugby team. It has to be said we were pretty useless that season though we did establish a record of sorts – Played 8, Drew 1, Lost 7. That Drew 1 was the only match Mike was able to play in as he broke his leg,

afterwards, and couldn't play for the rest of the term.

But the result was entirely down to him. Time after time the muddled oafs from Clayesmore – a name to conjure with – would break through our ragged ranks to be faced by our last line of defence. Mike. And he brought them down. Every one. Every time. True grit.

Next stop Winchester. I can't tell you much about what went on there as, very sensibly, our parents had decided to send us to different schools. But I did see him cox the Winchester Eight at Henley, slightly hampered though by the fact that he had lost his voice.

Away from school in the holidays, with a mother who was passionate about riding and a father about sailing, Mike had every opportunity to indulge in both and did so with skill and enthusiasm, topped up from time to time with a requisite dose of filial duty.

However, I suspect that Mike's endeavours on horseback may have been partly motivated by the fact that membership of the Pony Club conferred the benefit of being part of a group of adolescents where the girls seriously outnumbered the boys.

We were to pay for this of course by both being summarily expelled from Pony Club Camp for being found in the wrong place at the wrong time. I am afraid I may have led him astray. In an earlier age such conduct could have led to being sent off to work out one's shame in the colonies.

That is *not* why Mike chose to spend the time between school and university as a vso teacher in Zambia. Whether or not he managed to fully impart his knowledge of the iambic pentameter to his charges, he certainly left his mark on one of them.

Coincidentally, our father was having a mid-life gap year as a flying doctor in Nigeria and on his way back home found himself on a connecting flight from Rome sitting next to a young black African who it turned out was from Zambia.

'My son is teaching there at the moment,' said Dad.

'What is his name?' asked the young man.

My father told him. Back came the reply: 'He is a very good teacher.'

At Oxford, Mike discovered that, unlike the Pony Club, the numbers worked the other way. The boys seriously outnumbered the girls.

However, as a large proportion of the boys were seriously serious, or in some cases not seriously anything, the balance was somewhat redressed. In

any case I don't think he found himself unduly disadvantaged. Certainly he didn't let it affect his work. We're all familiar with his academic achievements – the congratulatory first, the BCL and his Fellowships of All Souls. He not only appeared to take them in his stride but, more importantly, he bore them with great modesty.

As his brothers, we could be genuinely proud of him. Added to which, it does relieve the pressure on the rest if they know there is already one high achiever in the family.

After Oxford, Mike moved to London, read for and then practised at the Bar. Or rather, I should say Mike and Melanie moved to London because they were already what today we would call 'an item' and set up home close to Marble Arch in the flat with the curved door.

With parenthood imminent, they moved to Clapham and it was there that their daughters Jess and Zoe grew up.

Much later, with Sara, Mike became a father again when Jasper was born and he had already become a step-father to Sara's son Zack.

Jasper, Jessie, Mel, Sara, Zack, Zoe. I name you alphabetically because there is no hierarchy in which he held you in love, affection and respect.

None of us who were there will forget how you were there to support him, and one another, over the past few weeks.

None of us who were there – and the many friends who visited – will forget that time. But his immediate family have many other happy times to recall. Times you all spent in Cornwall, in Ireland and in Wales.

I have just realised what a complete Celt Mike really was.

Which brings me to the Law. I am probably one of the people here least qualified to talk about Mike and the Law – I've done my best to stay out of the courts.

From time to time I would read his judgements in the papers. Actually, I usually had to read them three times before I had an inkling of what they were about.

But I do know that he was held in the highest esteem by his peers, both as a QC and as a High Court Judge. All of his family can and do take great pride in that.

I also know, from things he said from time to time, that he was genuinely motivated by the highest ideals of his profession.

He would never have put it so pompously himself. In fact he was sometimes guilty of the grievous sin of levity. But the wit, the occasional cynicism, the irreverence even, masked a deep sense of the importance of

justice and a great respect for the truth.

He abhorred mendacity and intellectual dishonesty. He had a moral compass and he knew north wasn't the same as south.

It is a tragedy that the Law and public life in our country have been deprived of someone who had such talent and integrity. But the greatest loss has been for all of us who made up his family.

The last few months, and certainly the last few weeks, were not easy for any of us.

But Mike made them easier. His wit and humour sustained us. His courage inspired us. We loved him. We shall miss him greatly.

Colin Hart

Michael became a Fellow of this College on Hallowe'en 1970 – the first candidate in Law destined for the Bar to be elected for thirteen years. His success seemed natural. At Winchester, where he studied Classics, Russian and French, Michael had won not only the prizes that with hindsight one might expect, but even the one for 'non-specialist natural science'. He coxed the first Eight, and is remembered by the then cox of the second Eight, who in due course would marry Susan Hurley, for his wise advice on how, and how not, to shout at much larger boys.

From Winchester Michael proceeded to Magdalen – 'quite a good College', as he used to say – via Zambia, where he taught for two terms at a school in Lusaka. A first in the BCL and the Vinerian Scholarship followed a first in the Honour School of Jurisprudence, and then came the All Souls Prize Fellowship exam. John Morris of Magdalen, a strong disapprover of this College, took his pastoral duties towards his student so seriously as to press on Michael, as he came out after the final paper, a copy of David Caute's infamous magazine article attacking All Souls – a rather flattering way of getting one's retaliation in first.

Soon after Michael's election, Warden Sparrow wrote to him, London Fellow though he was, to ask for his proposed course of academic inquiry. 'You will appreciate', he added helpfully, 'that there is no requirement in the Statutes to report on the course of your studies ... or to satisfy the College in regard to them'. Michael wondered about examining the concept of legal personality with special reference to the trust, but chose instead the Pure Theory of the jurist Hans Kelsen, with results that have not been easy to trace.

How to combine College duties, together with the week-end teaching at Magdalen that he took on, and professional life? Rupert Cross, egged on by John Morris, wondered if Michael the 'embryo barrister' was spending too much time in College. Michael certainly came to agonise that it was more time than was good, or right, for his growing family.

Slim and exceptionally good-looking, and in those days with a mass of dark curls, Michael was held to possess the 'College face', that rare and ineffable quality of which the ultimate judge, and no mean exemplar, was his hero Lord Wilberforce. After Michael's practice began to prosper, Wilberforce would ask by way of greeting: 'Still plying your lucrative trade?' It would not have suited Michael to be 'don poor'. Another sardonic Wilberforcism that Michael relished was his instant remark, almost to himself, after watching a backgammon move by Jeremy Lever: 'You will lose now'.

After a two-year gap, Michael accepted an invitation to return as a £50 Fellow despite, as he put it, his sex and marital status – this being the first year when women could become Fellows. Before long, however, he made a determined offer to resign, writing that the prospective claims of others on the category had prompted him to take a rather stern view of his own merits. Warden Neill would have none of it. The category must not come to be regarded a sub-class of Research Fellow, and

you contribute a voice of rationality and detachment to the hysterical proceedings of the General Purposes Committee and you give us aid and comfort on the estates front.

Also, one might add, a voice of crisp jibes, just out of the victim's earshot, during pompous speeches at College meetings.

Despite his anti-establishment streak, Michael was still more anti-ideology and anti-fad, so he was most at home towards the centre ground, even as he inspected it with a quizzical eye. The politics of the early 1980s, with Thatcherism ranged against increasingly hard-line collectivism, therefore depressed him: a plague on both their houses. (Incidentally, Michael's houseboat was called *Mercutio*.) SDP hopes rose but did not come to much, and when New Labour at last got going, it was all a bit trendy.

It is a measure of Warden Neill's regard for Michael that he arranged for him to return again as a two-year Fellow in the 1990s. With Adrian Zuckerman, who had known him in Magdalen days, he held a series of

seminars on 'Reconstructing reality in Court'. The topics included false confessions and false memory. Michael practised to a high degree the art of understanding by taking things other than at face value, and this was how he appreciated All Souls.

In 2001 Michael became a Fellow for the fourth time – Distinguished, following his elevation to the Bench. Now he was the subject, not perpetrator, of High Court Judge jokes of the 'What is an iPod?' genre. Did he enjoy the collegiality of All Souls more once that of the Bar had gone? Possibly, and at all events he increasingly attracted kindred spirits who, after dinners, by some curious Darwinian process, tended to be the younger Fellows who survived beyond midnight. The natural habitat for the ensuing gossip and bouts of uproarious laughter was the alcove of seats known as the railway carriage in the (no longer eponymous) Smoking Room.

On one such evening, not long ago, discussion turned to the principles by which to consider the lawfulness of contracts for sexual slavery. Mr Justice Hart had revealed that he was shortly to give judgment on a dispute that had arisen between one of the parties to such an arrangement – an air steward with, believe it or not, Virgin Atlantic – and his solicitors. The idea came to the assembled company that, whichever way the case was decided, the judgment should rest entirely upon All Souls authorities. (Ground for appeal in itself, Michael later confided.) Indeed it did, as this excerpt illustrates:

[Counsel] invited me to consult a dictionary as to what Professor Treitel may have meant by his use of the word 'meretricious'. I did not feel it necessary to undertake this (admittedly not onerous) task. The concept is not a difficult one once one appreciates that in the eye of English law all sexual relations outside of marriage are, as Professor Honoré put it in *Sex Law*, 'unlawful'.

Others have noted Michael's physical courage, whether on horseback, motorbike, skis, or the dance floor at Ronnie Scott's after a Moot. To which may be added the fearless way in which, as an opening batsman, he faced the pace attack of the College staff in the annual cricket match against the Fellows.

Michael broke the news of his illness in a letter apologising for missing the cricket match in June last year. In the dreadful months that followed, his appetite for Oxford gossip was no less keen. The row about the constitu-

tion of the University was one fascination. Was everyone polarised, or was there a mass of floating Jellies in the middle? 'The world at any rate we can agree', he observed, 'is divided into those who think the world can be divided into only two types and those who don't'.

Michael's last words to me were: 'Sorry about the voice, but I think you'll agree that the mind's as sharp as ever'. It was almost as if to say: that endures, and remember me for it. As we surely will.

John Vickers

Michael was called to the Bar in November 1970 and joined the Chambers of Sydney Templeman and Martin Nourse at 2 New Square, Lincoln's Inn. His decision to join the Chancery Bar was over-determined: the subtlety of his intellect, the sparseness of his style, the imprint on his mind of Winchester, Magdalen and All Souls, his admiration for Richard Wilberforce; all of these made the choice inevitable. It is not easy today, when the better sets of barristers' chambers resemble the premises of Wall Street investment banks, to recall the atmosphere of the Chancery Bar of the early 1970s. Its members regarded themselves as an élite: a priesthood (still almost entirely male), which combined a public school cult of squalor and disdain for comfort or even convenience in their working conditions, with a good deal of friendship and conviviality. This mix of intellectual monasticism and out of hours hedonism suited Michael to perfection. A theme of the memories which members of his Chambers have provided is, on the one hand, the brilliance of his analytical powers and the lucidity with which he could express himself, and, on the other, the occasions on which work was done at the last minute because Michael had more enjoyable things to do. He would go home from work at the week-end with an impressive pile of papers but leave them untouched until they were hastily scanned over a glass of whisky on Sunday night.

Michael was a very fine advocate. Advocacy at the Chancery Bar does not require histrionic skills. I once heard a common law practitioner complain rather sourly that at the Chancery Bar, even audibility was considered something of an affectation. But advocacy before a judge, in the Chancery Division, or an appellate tribunal, requires two qualities. The first is an ability to explain a complicated subject in simple language. The second is to be a nice person, someone whom the tribunal feels they want to engage with and listen to. Michael had both of these qualities in the highest degree. His

ability to analyse and dissect a complex problem was breathtaking. And his personal charm, courtesy and sensitivity to his tribunal made him a pleasure to hear.

During the course of his career at the Bar, Michael was involved in some important cases. It would be tedious to list them or try to explain why they were interesting; if you find no fascination in capital gains tax or variation of trusts, you might not share my opinion. So you will have to take it on trust. But he also had some very dull and boring cases. That is the nature of life at the Bar and some people accept it more easily than others. I once asked Herbert Hart why he did not return after the war to his successful practice at the Chancery Bar and he said he found it too trivial; a remark which left me feeling guilty and inadequate. And I think Michael sometimes found the thought that he was making inadequate use of his immense talents rather depressing. He would tend to lapse into lengthy periods of silence. Of course, the Pinter-like silences in Michael's conversation were famous. One conversation, which I can vouch for personally and of which a garbled version appeared in his obituary, depended for its effect entirely on silences. He was asked what he thought of a notoriously erratic member of his Chambers. There was a very long silence. Then he said: 'Well, he is very good at making bricks without straw'. Another long silence. And then, after grave consideration: 'Even when he has the straw'. But one of his pupils can recall an occasion on which Michael said nothing whatever the whole day; realised that he had been discourteous and suggested they go out for a drink, where Michael was again entirely silent. But the general picture is of pleasure in his life and his work: riding his motor bicycle rather fast into Chambers; showing at a party that he could still turn a cartwheel; taking the younger members of Chambers to a jazz club. And there is no doubt that Michael loved the law and would have wanted no other career.

I think that Michael's feeling that he was doing something worthwhile improved when in 1998 he was appointed to the Bench. His powers of organising complicated material and setting out the facts and the argument in elegant and economical prose came to the fore. If you read a lot of his judgments, as I have had occasion to do, you are impressed by the concentration of his thought. There are few adjectives and no repetitions. But everything is beautifully organised and absolutely clear. What is also very striking is the degree of detachment. He carries detachment to the length of not only setting out his process of reasoning, but offering the occasional comments as if he were a third person watching himself think. In more

than one judgement, after setting out a complex train of thought, he says 'And so, rather to my own surprise, I came to such-and-such a conclusion'.

There is also a complete absence of polemicism in his style. I think that most judges tend to express themselves with greater certainty than they may actually feel, possibly because they think that any suggestion of doubt will undermine confidence in the oracular quality of the law. But Michael dealt carefully with each argument and accepted it or rejected it briefly without praise or abuse. Only occasionally would he permit himself a dead-pan comment. For example, after teasing out the consequences of counsel's argument, he allowed himself a side swipe at Lord Woolf's campaign against the use of Latin in court:

That result would be odd. Some, risking an affront to a modern sensibility, might describe it as a *reductio ad absurdum*. Preferring myself to choose words which are, in the language of [Lord Woolf's] Civil Procedure Act 1997, 'both simple and simply expressed', I think that the result is simply mad.

Even life as a High Court judge did not, I think, sufficiently stretch Michael's powers. Herbert Hart was right in saying that a lot of the work is fairly trivial. Judges of first instance seldom give what the newspapers call landmark judgments. That is not their function. If the case is important, the business of the trial judge is to find the facts and identify the issues for the benefit of the Court of Appeal and possibly the House of Lords. Michael did this superbly, but it was in the higher tribunals that he would have been able properly to use his talents. The tragedy is that if he had not taken ill, he would almost certainly have been promoted to the Court of Appeal last autumn. It is there that the promise which had so long been held out by his academic career, his work at the Bar and on the Bench, would have flowered. When he was dying, Michael said that this was not something about which he thought a great deal. What he regretted was not being able to grow old with Sara and see his children's lives. But for the legal profession and the country, it is a huge loss.

SUSAN LYNN HURLEY

16 September 1954–16 August 2007

Delivered by Professors Nancy Peretsman, Cecilia Heyes and
Paul Seabright on Saturday, 26 April 2008 in the Library

It's lovely to be here at All Souls which Susan so loved. I can still hear the thrill in her voice when she phoned to tell me she'd be leaving Harvard after one year, to come to All Souls, in order to pursue her work in philosophy. 'I'll be back,' the Californian declared, 'I can't stay there forever.' Susan told me, on that call, she'd be the first woman admitted to All Souls, and we joked that, once again, she would be the lab rat for coeducation – just as we had been five years earlier at Princeton. And I reminded her then that if philosophy as a career wasn't to her liking, she still had one career choice left to explore.

It had only been a year since we sat in my dormitory room discussing our future. I was going to Washington DC to 'save the world', and Susan had just been admitted to Harvard Law School and was musing over her three identified career possibilities: lawyer, philosopher, or dress designer. She considered the merits and challenges of each path with her usual analytical rigour. Law was the obvious and common choice, but Susan had really engaged in philosophy at Princeton and wondered, 'Could this possibly be a career?' While certainly the allure of dress design lay in the opportunity to finger textiles and consider fabric colours as a job requirement, we both recognised that if she pursued this somewhat unusual career choice for the Salutatorian of our Princeton graduating class, Susan would have to operate in the commercial world. She would have to design for a mass audience in order to make a success of it, and, as we all know, Susan Hurley was not a mass audience kind of girl.

Actually, Susan's beginnings as a philosopher coincided with the beginning of our friendship. We were both enrolled in Professor Walter Kaufman's introductory course on Philosophy. I was taking the esteemed philosopher's course out of sheer curiosity and considered myself fortunate not to fail. Susan was a natural from the first day. She was dazzling, and one

couldn't help but notice her. She was stunningly gorgeous with a Hollywood glamour that was certainly unusual on an Ivy League college campus. She was perfectly composed and extraordinarily intelligent. Susan was a phenomenon.

Professor Kaufman's class quickly evolved into a conversation between the professor and Susan. She would seat herself in the front row, dressed in full costume. I, as the only other woman in the class, sat by her side trying to hide in the camouflage of a tee shirt and denim overalls. Upon reflection, I don't think Susan was trying to stand out with her clothes. She just found the standard uniform of blue jeans utterly unattractive. The rest of us were conformists, comforted by the practicality of our choices ... She understood the rationale: Jeans were cheap, didn't need to be frequently laundered, and allowed we, the few women on campus, to look like the men. Susan's choices were *never* driven by the practical or a desire to conform, and not much changed over the ensuing thirty plus years.

As friends, we were an unlikely match. She grew up in Santa Barbara, California, one of the most beautiful towns in America with views of the Pacific Ocean and a lush floral landscape which fostered her lifelong love of gardens. She attended a private girls' school, nurtured by a highly cultured father who would encourage her esoteric reading choices and a mother who was deeply religious. In contrast, I was raised in a small industrial city in liberal Massachusetts with a dad whose only true passion was for the Boston Red Sox (for you Brits – the equivalent here of Manchester United).

Distance normally doesn't help nurture the friendship of recent college graduates with no common intellectual or professional interests, but on the ski slopes we were in perfect harmony. I have one particularly vivid memory of a trip we took to Switzerland in the early eighties. Staying in a small, modest chalet, we would eat family style every evening. After a few days, Susan asked why the other guests ignored her, yet were friendly towards me. Susan wasn't really insulted or upset; it was just an observation she had made. I suggested that her insistence on bringing a book to every meal was perhaps perceived as a bit off putting by our fellow vacationers. I assured her that if they got a chance to know her, they would like her. Susan said she had concluded that many of these people weren't really that interesting, and her time was better invested in her reading material. She, of course, was totally right.

One of Susan's most interesting interpersonal tendencies was her ability to entrap you into an argument you didn't care to have. Once when she was

on a prolonged visit to the United States, she became obsessed with the quality, or the lack thereof, of American television shows. Since I worked with the media industry, she wanted to know how I could let this state of affairs continue. Carefully, I explained that people liked these shows, and, therefore, their popularity determined their commercial success. The next thing I knew we were in an argument about why the government couldn't shut down the television networks, which were filling people's minds with trash.

The years went on ... Susan fell in love with Nicholas, and we both married, coincidentally and without collusion, in small ceremonies in blue pleated dresses. (I never asked if her mother-in-law was as upset as mine about our choice of colour for a wedding dress.) We both bore our first child in 1989, and would make an effort to speak on the phone or have a brief visit when I'd be in London for business, or she travelling through the States on the way to a lecture or symposium.

Regardless of the amount of intervening time, our conversations would quickly pick up where they left off. The topics never varied much, as we both were jugglers – raising children, running a household, and pursuing careers. Susan wondered whether she could ever really belong to her adopted world, and I wondered – were her feelings typical of all expats? Was it because she was female or rather because she was an unconventional intellectual who couldn't really fit into preconceived disciplines? I had no answers for her – only comfort – and then we'd resort back to our favourite subject – her adored boys, sharing pictures and news of Alasdair and then, of course, Merryn.

Our 'glass half empty or half full' discussions would go on year after year. We both loved our work in male-dominated fields and would often compare misogynistic stories ... Hers were far more endearing ... Mine were certainly R-rated.

When Susan's cancer was first diagnosed, the treatment schedule was incomprehensibly awful, and I felt there was little I could do. Nicholas would say, 'Just call and make her laugh or at least smile'. And so, I'd share stories of the crazy world of Wall Street and all its absurdities. She'd ask with piercing clarity why I did this work, and I would reply that it was all about the game. She understood that explanation as little as I understood the complicated ideas behind the books she sent to me, sometimes in draft form, before their publication.

But there was one publication of Susan's I did understand, *and* it came with diagrams. Susan will be forever famous for her treatise on the toilet

training of cats. It was one thing when she explained and then, subsequently, demonstrated the intricate system she had devised for toilet training her two Siamese, but *then* she decided to share her knowledge with the world and published the definitive work on the subject – in pamphlet form. This brought her much notoriety and great success on the London radio talk shows. With a devoted following, I believe her system remains the standard to this day. And, *no*, they don't actually flush.

When the cancer returned a decade later, our relationship took on a different intensity. Our time was short, and being practical, there were things that had to be done. As a break from the lawyers' calls and meetings, we decided to take a girls' trip, and Susan chose Florence as our destination. At the time, I was apprehensive and fearful of the potential melancholy of the circumstances, but I need not have worried: we had a glorious time. I saw the city through her eyes, her pleasure unparalleled in taking me to places she had curated over many years of visiting this city she so loved. We talked nonstop for four days. We found the best gelato. We explored the most out of the way shops spending hours considering possible trim and tassel combinations for draperies in the Bristol flat she was intent on decorating. And we spoke of the practical ... She wanted to pursue some alternative treatments and to arrange her affairs, so I became an accomplice. For the next year the frequency of our conversations increased as we worked our way through the 'to do' list, coordinating introductions, paperwork, and endless numbers of conference calls.

A few months before her death, we arranged to visit a well known cancer specialist at Sloan Kettering in New York City to pursue possible experimental treatments.

She extended the consultation visit, asking the doctor to critique the treatment choices made thus far. Ever rational, she wanted to comprehend the linkages, the science of what had occurred to her body. That morning before her doctor's appointment, I suggested a list of possible activities including museums and exhibits throughout the city. In true form, Susan chose to go to the Design and Decoration Building – the decorator's Mecca. As we walked through showrooms of fabrics and textiles, Susan admired the beauty of the craftsmanship, mankind's equivalent to her beloved Seychelles or Zermatt while all morning I knew the hardest thing I ever had to do would come at lunch.

Over fresh mozzarella and tomatoes, I broached the subject I had so dreaded raising, but as her financial advisor knew was necessary. She had to

sell her condo in her beloved Santa Barbara, a place she believed she and Nicholas would, one day, go to in retirement. Over the years her love and devotion for Nicholas, Alasdair, and Merryn had become the rationale for so many decisions regarding her career. This time, too, they were the basis for my appeal, ‘Susan, don’t burden them with this remote place ... The resources can be better used by them elsewhere,’ I said. I didn’t outwardly ask her to give up hope, but my message would be hard to reconcile otherwise. She chewed her food and pronounced it delicious. After her return to England, Susan called to announce she had already spoken with the real estate agent. Her desire to make life easier for those she loved most was evident through her actions, and her courage and grace during this difficult time was remarkable.

I’ve met very few of you in this audience, but I know quite a bit about you. Susan would recount the stories of those in her life. She wasn’t a gossip, rather her intention was to have me participate in her world, a place I did not live in, but could vicariously share.

I know that Nicholas’ family became her family, and that her friends and associates here were vital to her sense of well being. Susan took great pleasure in your shared lives and professional collaborations. You became her life.

Someone who cherished Susan also left this earth prematurely. His name was Jon Bowie. Jon once described his relationship with Susan like that of the character created by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry in the beloved classic *The Little Prince*. In that book the little prince is defined by the care he takes of his flower the rose – who had only four thorns to defend her against the world. He keeps his flower safe by putting it under glass. I suppose Jon, I, and her other non-academic friends all felt as if our collective care and feeding of Susan was our indirect contribution to a world beyond that of our everyday commercial lives.

This is not my first visit to All Souls. Susan revered All Souls and was always delighted to bring me here. But a few years ago, she gave my daughter Emma Scully a special tour, showing off her old room, Lawrence of Arabia’s room, and pointing to all the pictures on the wall of Susan and the other women in their black tie garb, who made their mark on this institution’s history, as gender equality changed the landscape.

Susan would be really pleased to know that Emma will attend Princeton this fall, entering a class which is half female. Emma’s challenges will be different than those faced by Susan and the other women of our time, but sometime in the next few years, Emma will find her Susan, a friend from a

different place with different gifts and different professional pursuits, and they, too, will stay connected through the sheer human joy of friendship and of love.

Nancy Peretsman

Susan had 'her colours' – a palette that she used quite deliberately and to magnificent effect when choosing her wardrobe and sometimes in her interior designs. Her attitude towards these colours was very matter-of-fact; they simply appealed to her, and suited her complexion. But in the 12 years that I knew Susan, her colours came to mean a great deal more to me. They included: lapis lazuli, yellow ochre, rich chocolate brown, burnt umber and a deep, pure cyan. These colours didn't just complement her dark beauty, they expressed her vibrancy, her generosity and, when combined, the subtle complexity of her mind.

I first met Susan in the mid-90s when she invited me to give a talk here in Oxford. At that time, and in spite of having only just recovered from her first bout of serious illness, she was expanding her frontiers – actively extending the already impressive range of her interests – from political philosophy and philosophy of mind into the cognitive science and neuroscience of social cognition.

As a scientist working on social cognition, it was my great good fortune to become one of the very large number of people – friends, colleagues and students – drawn into Susan's network; the people with whom she regularly collaborated and conferred, laughed and groaned, argued and agreed, thought with and thought through, shopped, dived and danced. Were we part of an intellectual network, united by common academic interests, or a social group, linked with Susan by bonds of affection and loyalty? Susan would have rejected such a distinction *vigorously*. One should not, she said, 'over-intellectualise the mind' or make the mistake of imagining that 'a mind' or 'a self' is confined by what she satirised as the 'magic membrane' enclosing one brain or one body. No, Susan argued compellingly that a mind is an embodied and a fundamentally social thing – a mind is tangible, and visible, and spread out – not only within one brain – but across the surrounding world, and into what are traditionally understood to be the minds of others. By these lights, the members of Susan's network were actually parts of her embodied mind. It was a privilege; and an exciting place to be.

My copies of Susan's manuscripts are *covered* with my own feverish scrib-

bling; marginal notes, questions and exclamations, inspired by Susan's text. On occasion, these notes say 'Surely not?' or 'No! That *can't* be right!', but even in these cases, or perhaps especially in these cases, each scribbled note represents something that I learned from her – a possibility I had never seen, an angle I had never considered, or a study – often from my own field of science – I had never heard of.

Susan was, to use the term she revitalised, a 'natural philosopher', a philosopher who embedded her work in empirical findings. But even among natural philosophers, she was extraordinary in her command of the empirical literature. She not only *knew of* all the important studies in her chosen fields of cognitive- and neuroscience, she could give you – without crib notes or hesitation – details of their methods, their findings, the issues that any given study failed to resolve, and penetrating thoughts about the kind of experiment that would help to resolve those issues.

In many of Susan's publications, her mastery both of an empirical literature and of a philosophical literature allowed her to break important new ground. In one of these, a fine example of her synthetic power, and a study that will, I think, be of particularly enduring significance, she drew together social science research on the effects of media violence, with work in cognitive- and neuroscience on mirror neurons and automatic imitation. This was, already, a very significant innovation. Before Susan came on the scene, these two lines of research proceeded in blinkered mutual isolation. She showed for the first time that recent discoveries about mirror neurons might explain *how* exposure to media violence engenders aggressive behaviour in the real world. But that was only the first stage of her project. She then used her expertise in legal philosophy to draw out the implications of this scientific marriage with respect to free speech, autonomy, and moral responsibility.

While reading this paper, and many of Susan's other writings, one would never guess that she is fluidly combining what had previously been massive, tectonic plates of disparate scholarship. It's only when I look at her reference lists that I realise fully the magnitude of her synthetic achievements. There one finds scientific papers published in journals such as *Animal Learning and Behavior*, *Human Ecology*, and *Neurophysiology*, jostling for space with articles in the *Philosophical Quarterly* and the *Northwestern University Law Review*, and with cases such as *New York v Ferber*, and *Ashcroft v Free Speech Coalition*.

Susan could be feisty and daring. To bring us closer, as she put it, 'to understanding minds and their relationships to society', she strode across

and redrew traditional boundaries – between disciplines and between the entities acknowledged by those disciplines – and did this with real courage; in the full knowledge that her insights were at risk of being challenged and misunderstood by all sides. This was never more clear than when she sought to reconcile feminism with ‘evolutionary psychology’, a school of thought that often seems to place men on the savannah and women at the kitchen sink. If Susan’s approach had not been *truly* open-minded, if her arguments had been less than *exquisitely* subtle, the warring parties would have been united only in their conviction that Susan was wrong! As it was, she ‘excavated connections’ between feminism and evolutionary psychology that open a clear path to their reconciliation.

It was part of Susan’s natural generosity that she did not herself scold. The breadth of her scholarship, her magnificent aerial view, gave her ample opportunity to chastise narrow specialists for our muddles and myopia, but she just didn’t do it. Instead – and especially when developing her ‘shared circuits model’ – she listened very intently, she gave opposing views plenty of ‘air time’ in her conversation and writing, and she would gloss over the weaknesses of a colleague’s work, extracting the good stuff and weaving it, with ample citation, into the richly textured fabric of her thesis.

And, as is so often the case, her natural generosity went along with great loves – not only the bedrock, life-sustaining loves of Nicholas and Alasdair and Merryn, and of her dearest friends and family – but also her love of beautiful places, buildings, objects and even an institution. It is not an exaggeration to say that Susan loved All Souls, and that her election as the first female Fellow of the College was one of her proudest achievements.

Her capacity for love and care also extended out along the many branches of her intellectual-cum-social network, expressed in the way that she brought people together, linked them with one another, and took a warm interest in their individual preoccupations and needs. I am indebted to Susan both for insightful academic counselling, and for the way in which, on shopping expeditions, she gently guided me away from the polar excesses of tweed and Terelene, and toward the dramatic, black, alpaca overcoat that will always remind me of her.

Not long ago Susan invited me to be her guest at a Chichele feast here at All Souls – a delightful and rather grand occasion. Before the evening began, she put me at my ease chatting about the history of the College, posh frocks, and the inferior frontal gyrus. Later, as I followed her into the reception, I experienced one of those moments of reflective clarity – I could

see that she was a beautiful woman of extraordinary talents, and I was glad to be near her. That night she wore another of her colours – Renaissance gold.

Cecilia Heyes

If Susan Hurley sometimes appeared to others like a bird of paradise blown by some freak of the weather to live among the sparrows of an English garden, that was not how she saw herself. She often relished being an outsider in the circles in which she moved – in Oxford, in Britain, in professional philosophy – but she could become frustrated when she felt the insiders ignored her, and this frustration sometimes fuelled a darker shade of thought. When I spoke at her funeral I talked mostly of her major key, the one that charmed and delighted so many of us, gave colour and melody to her friendships, was a source of fizz in philosophy and, in more ways than one, put the ‘also’ into All Souls, giving the period she spent there in the early 1980s an almost operatic quality in retrospect. Mozart rather than Wagner, I hasten to add. Today I want to say a few words about her minor key. This is not just about completing the picture, but also because I want to acknowledge the courage and lucidity with which she faced up to these shadows, and the role of her final illness, and above all of her family, in helping her to do so.

Episodes of depression provoke in almost anyone a process of questioning about the relationship between the conscious mind and the emotions, about how much the rider can do to steer the wayward horse, about whether one’s occasional sensations of lucidity and control are any more than a cruel illusion. But under the searchlight of Susan’s intelligence the interrogation was ferocious. Sometimes a professional setback could be blamed, sometimes not. If it was a professional setback, sometimes she would see a circle of insiders ring-fencing their privileges; sometimes she would blame herself instead for her indecisiveness, or her hopeless lack of political skills. If it was more general dissatisfaction she would sometimes rail at others, sometimes even more fiercely at herself, for a chronic inability to recognise what she valued even when it was right before her, indeed for a thoroughly destabilising fascination with the grass on the other side of the fence, which in her case often meant the other side of the Atlantic. Though Susan often suspected that being a woman made it harder to be taken seriously in British academic life, and wondered whether her own setbacks

could be attributed to this, she mostly resented the fact that women had to deal with that question at all, since even without it the relentless pressures to be original and creative, and the fact that everyone, always, achieves less than they hope, are hard enough for anyone to handle. More generally she underestimated how much of the energy of most institutions comes from their co-opting people who still feel themselves not quite to belong; Oxford's senior common rooms are full of people who even in their fifties are still wondering how they have come to be there. She certainly had more kindred spirits, in Oxford and elsewhere, than she ever really knew.

At the time I first knew Susan, when an episode of depression struck, rationalisations such as these never drove away her sense that when all the words had been uttered nothing had really changed. The enemy lay somehow indistinctly beyond their reach, ready to poison anything she really cared about. When Nicholas became an important part of her life, she felt at the beginning something of an outsider with him too, his amused Apollonian nonchalance sometimes causing her to wonder whether he was in on some secret about the world that she had failed to understand. She was to look back on this bafflement in later years with some amusement of her own. But at the time she was all the more alarmed at the idea that she might be too unstable to remain in his orbit, since it both delighted and frightened her that he was the only person she could ever in her life as a wandering comet have imagined provoking such a fear.

Over the course of time Susan's sense of this indistinct enemy changed. An important first step came when she was persuaded, at first reluctantly, to follow a course of cognitive behavioural therapy; she discovered with some surprise that it really helped. She would say that talking didn't address the real problem, but she was simultaneously developing a philosophical theory of mind according to which what you say and do are no less a part of the real inside self than what you think and feel. There is no inside, in fact, no little gremlin projecting thoughts and actions onto a big screen. Or as she liked to put it, the mind goes all the way out into the world. So when she changed what she said under the influence of the therapy, she changed herself, and sheer intellectual rigour obliged her to acknowledge the fact – an impressive, if unusual victory to chalk up for philosophy in its age-old but ultimately doomed war against common sense.

When her first cancer was diagnosed in her early forties, it had a remarkable shock effect. Though at moments she could rage against yet another conspiracy to muzzle her influence in philosophy, any initial tendency to

feel tragic privilege soon disappeared. She had known too many other cancer victims, including both her own parents and her mother-in-law, to see it as anything other than a horribly ordinary affliction. The enemy was no longer vast, insidious and just out of reach, but microscopic, located in some very specific and dangerous places, and requiring a concerted and ruthless battle plan. It was with almost a sense of relief that she realised that a shortened life would require her to choose between the things she cared about, and that faced with such choices there was no longer any hesitation. Yes, her work was important, but no, it was not more important than Nicholas and her sons. Yes, philosophy was big, but the world was bigger, and the world didn't care about the comparison, and that was its big beautiful strength. She recognised that her own professional setbacks were but the counterpoint to an extraordinarily privileged and indeed successful life, and that to be taken from her children would be far worse than to be denied this or that academic job or congratulatory book review. To have built something so magical with Nicholas, Alasdair and Merryn was, she came to see, the greatest achievement of her life. She won a decade's reprieve against her illness, following a battle plan based on the oncological equivalent of Shock and Awe. I don't know how convinced she ever was that she had won the war, but when the secondary tumours returned in early 2006 she was in no doubt that if what that decade had brought her was not happiness, she could not imagine what else the word might mean.

I had never seen her so lucid and magnificent as after that terrible second diagnosis. She quickly concluded that she had to make the most of the time that was left. That meant trusting her sons with the news so that they worked as a team; it meant focusing on the philosophical work that would be of most lasting value; it meant seeing what else she could of the wonders of the world. She went straight from a hospital bed to a coral reef off Thailand and, perfectionist as ever, qualified for a diving certificate. When we met her in Zermatt in the last days of 2006 she was fresh from the ward after an emergency admission in the aftermath of chemotherapy; if I thought this might lead her to take over my usual place as the slowest skier in any group I join, I was very much mistaken. She was not just brave; she was light, she was sparkling, she was fun, whether she was pointing out distant peaks, savouring the hay soup, seeking opinions on a new sweater, or standing with her eyes lit up by the fireworks greeting what she must have known would be the last New Year of her life.

Susan's conviction that you really are the things you say and do, that they

are not just a mask behind which lurks the real you, went very deep. She would often write things down not so much to record them as for the revelation of discovering her own thoughts. Sometimes the discovery was unnerving; but as she grew older she was increasingly able to realise that you can outdistance your own thoughts, just as you can outgrow the preoccupations of your youth without denying them as an authentic part of yourself. When we talked about her depression in the early years she would sometimes utter defeated and bitter thoughts until she ran out of things to say. Then, in the exhaustion, when the rage had run its course, there might steal upon her some of the consolations of a world that you couldn't argue about but could only contemplate, a world that contained cats and tuberoses and the Matterhorn and coral reefs. Even its most elaborate pleasures – the arch quarter-smile on the face of the Angel Gabriel in Simone Martini's Annunciation in the Uffizi Museum in Florence, to name one that never failed to move her – did so quite without the help of words. 'There', she would say, 'don't talk, just look'. She knew the limitations of the corner of the world she had made her own, one whose inhabitants, to use Auden's words, were

Adjusted to the local needs of valleys
Where everything can be touched or reached by walking,
[And whose] eyes have never looked into infinite space
Through the lattice-work of a nomad's comb.

We had fewer such conversations in later years, and geographical distance was not the only explanation; there was much less need for them. But once, two months before she died, on the only occasion when I began to fear that the old demons might have returned as stowaways in her secondary tumours, she began to cast around in fury for someone to blame for her illness. Tumours could be triggered by stress, she said, and began to embark on a list of all the culprits who had caused her stress. It was ridiculous and I told her so, not because such a theory couldn't be true but because any theory could. To my surprise she smiled and with a calmness of which she would not have been capable twenty years before said:

I don't really believe what I've been saying. But the thought just seemed to have taken up residence in my head and I couldn't find a way to make it leave. I'm glad I've been able to say it; I can take my distance from it now.

I don't think that in saying this there was any striving for effect, but the testimony it gave to the power of courage and lucidity over fear struck me deeply. It seems strange to say this of someone with such command of poise and grace, but she could often be curiously artless about her effect on others. Susan was immune from the temptation to which so many academics succumb, in the words of Auden again, to 'ruin a fine tenor voice for effects that bring down the house'; she would simply not have known how to bring down the house. Philosophy was hard, she thought, too hard for most people, too hard for her, too hard really for anyone. In a sense she was incapable of superficial crowd-pleasing because the only person she could calculatingly please was herself. Stories of her generosity to students, colleagues and friends are legion, but she once said to me 'I'm not the nurturing type; I need too much nurturing myself'. She just did things because she wanted to. If you had annoyed or displeased her she would let you know it, as quite a few of us in this room can wince to remember. But if you had pleased her it was all the more gratifying to know that delight was something she just couldn't fake. She loved this magnificent Codrington Library, she loved All Souls, she loved Oxford even if at times it was as you can love an old house for what once happened there rather than for its current ordinary presence; she loved Bristol and the warmth and respect she sensed in its academic community for her and for each other. She loved to dance the tango with Nicholas, and her solemn concentration as she did so seemed to draw him in until they were, to borrow an image I once heard her use, like two columns of smoke curling round each other. She had an utterly dumbstruck admiration for her sons, a kind of wonder at their solid presence, a baffled acknowledgment that something quite unexpected had dethroned her previously unshakeable conviction that cats are the pinnacle of creation.

If Susan thought philosophy was hard, she also thought that only really hard problems deserve our respect. The world was an even harder problem for her than philosophy, and philosophy seemed at times too frail a vessel to navigate the silent currents that can threaten to draw each of us under before anyone else has even noticed we are struggling. But her respect for the world was unshakeable, and by the end of her life she had made her peace with it too.

PETER MARSHALL FRASER

6 April 1918–15 September 2007

Delivered by Professors Stathis Kalyvas, Sir Fergus Millar
and Tony Honoré on Saturday, 31 May 2008
in the Old Library

I am a political scientist, not a scholar of classics; and I met Peter Fraser only once, in the Fall of 1999. Hence you would be right if you are wondering why I am addressing you today. Perhaps it would clarify things if I told you that I study civil wars and, that in the context of my research, I conducted a study of the Greek Civil War, including a regional study of the Peloponnese during the 1940s. I use the word ‘perhaps’ on purpose, for not many people call the occupation of Greece in 1941–44 a civil war, and even fewer know about Peter Fraser’s wartime role in Greece: possibly a handful of historians of modern Greece, but certainly not the majority of them; and a few old men in the Argolid region of the Peloponnese, whom I interviewed as part of my research and who retained a vivid memory of Fraser, such as Yorgos Marangos, the baker of a village called Fichtia, who wanted to organise a ceremony in his honour and who kept wondering whether they were ever going to meet again after all those years. They did not.

But why isn’t Fraser better known by historians? His relative historical anonymity, if I may use this expression, is due to two reasons.

First, he did not play a major historical role. He was among a dozen or so young British men whose knowledge of, and interest in Classical Greece led the Special Operations Executive or SOE to select them for missions in occupied Greece. These young men became subsequently known as British Liaison Officers (or BLOs). Apparently the SOE thought that knowledge of Classical Greece made one fit for demanding duty in Modern Greece. As it turns out, however, the SOE was right. These men adapted admirably to the conditions of occupied rural Greece. Some became famous, at least in Greece – men such as Chris Woodhouse or Patrick Leigh Fermor. Most remain little known.

Second, Fraser did not write a memoir – at least not a published one. As far as I can tell he did not write about his wartime experience and he does not seem to have spoken about it publicly either. When I interviewed him, I asked him about this reluctance of his and he told me that he had no desire to write, downplaying any kind of interest that his experience could possibly elicit. I wonder, though, and would really like to find out, whether he was more open in his private life. In any case, his public reluctance may be due to the fact that, unlike Woodhouse who brokered a major treaty between rival resistance organisations and became the confidante of a major resistance leader, or Leigh Fermor who participated in the famous abduction of a German general in the island of Crete, Fraser did not play a highly visible political role. His public silence may be also due to another reason, about which I will speculate in a few minutes.

As it is, Fraser wrote two brief reports for the SOE, both of which were declassified relatively recently. The first one, consisting of four pages, only covers the period of July to April 1944, and was likely written while he was still in Greece.¹ The second one, consisting of 13 pages and two appendices was his final report; it covers the same period and was probably written after he left Greece.² These two reports give us the general contours of Fraser's mission in Greece, as well as a glimpse of his personality. I will give you a brief overview of the former before turning to the latter.

Fraser parachuted into the Peloponnese, the southern peninsula of Greece, near the town of Kalamata, on 12 July 1943. Eventually, he moved to the Argolid and Korinthia regions of northwest Peloponnese where he spent the winter and spring of 1943–4. On 4 April 1944 he was evacuated back in the southwest Peloponnese (the region of West Messinia) where he spent six weeks, following which he went to Pelion and Thessaly, in central Greece. In terms of both intensity and importance, however, the core of his mission took place in the Argolid and Korinthia – and these are the regions that shaped his wartime experience in Greece.

Let me first give you some background about occupied Greece and British policy. Greece was under Italian, German, and Bulgarian occupation following its defeat by the German army in April 1941. Unlike neighbouring Yugoslavia, armed resistance in the hinterland emerged rather late, in

1. 'Report by Capt. P.M. Fraser on some aspects of the Peloponnese' [Dates: July 1943–April 1944] PRO HS 5/698 S6557].

2. 'Narrative of Capt. P.M. Fraser', PRO HS 5/698 S69557. There is also a shorter note: 'Names of Influential Personnel in Argolido Korinthia'. Same file.

early 1943, but it did spread quickly afterwards. There were two strands in the armed resistance movement. One was the communist-controlled resistance of the National Liberation Front, EAM, and its armed wing, the National Popular Liberation Army, ELAS. The other was made up of scores of local groups dominated by officers of the Greek army. EAM/ELAS became dominant despite the marginal pre-war status of the Communist Party for a number of reasons: its clandestine know-how, the appeal of its radical message among certain sectors of Greek society, its centralised organisation and, last but not least, its ruthlessness in eliminating competing groups. Concerned as much about the post-war political future of Greece as by the military imperatives of the war, Great Britain sought to achieve some kind of balance between communist and non-communist guerrillas, or *andartes* as they were called in Greece. This task was complicated by policy fragmentation on the British side – the Foreign Office and the SOE were not always on the same page and this turned out to have dramatic consequences for Fraser's mission.

In the spring of 1943, the Peloponnese was still relatively virgin territory from a guerrilla point of view. Peter Fraser's mission was as political as it was military. He was given the task of locating, assisting, and arming 'officer bands', as the non-communist guerrilla groups were known. The fate of his mission can be easily captured in one sentence: 'too little, too late'. Fraser (and the other members of the mission) were late, failed to arm the officer bands in time for them to withstand ELAS attacks, and attempted to strike deals with local EAM leaders that were condemned to failure. By October 1943, all non-ELAS resistance activity in the Peloponnese had ceased and the objectives of the mission turned toward the collection of military intelligence and, close to the war's end, toward what we would call today the provision of humanitarian support to villages. All this was taking place under considerable hostility by ELAS. Indeed, if one wartime actor is more or less absent from Fraser's reports, it is the Germans. In fact, it is easy to read these reports and forget that Greece was occupied by the Germans. The BLOS moved with relative safety in the vast swaths of the Greek mountains that were relatively free of German presence. In contrast, a civil war raged between the Greeks and the danger to the BLOS typically came from EAM/ELAS. On the one hand, EAM attempted and succeeded in eliminating all non-communist resistance groups operating in the Peloponnese (and pretty much around Greece). On the other hand, and partly as the result of EAM's success, an anti-communist collaborationist army, generically known

as Security Battalions, was formed by the Germans and met with considerable success, especially (but not only) in the Peloponnese. The ensuing war between EAM/ELAS and the Security Battalions was extremely bloody.

British missions were not always welcome in this context. 'In reading my present comments on the *andarte* movement', Fraser writes in one of his reports,

it must be borne in mind that my personal relations with EAM/ELAS were always of the worst, since my original mission in that area was to try to find and, having found, to arm non-ELAS *andartes*. I succeeded in finding them (but was not permitted to arm them) and consequently I was always a suspect in the eyes of ELAS. This meant that most of their propaganda in the area was turned against me and I liked them no more than they liked me. I make this personal statement only to make it clear that I am not able to adopt an Olympian neutrality.³

In this context, Fraser's reports display a sharp sociological and ethnographic eye, laced with considerable humour and irony. For instance, his description of the 'influential' people of villages includes doctors but '*not* schoolmasters, who represent the worst element of the mountain population' ('Names of Influential Personnel in Argolido Korinthia'). 'I reached', he writes in another passage,

the neighbourhood of Strezova ... with only one untoward incident, namely – when an EAM guide ('a most reliable chap') led us straight on to the main road at a point where a German convoy was having an early breakfast.⁴

Fraser's use of metaphors betrays his love for the classics, as when he describes the 'conversion' of the leader of an officer band into an ELAS cadre following a clash which 'resulted in a swift, decisive victory for ELAS, and Vaseos, captured, sung his palinode';⁵ or, when he expresses his gratitude to a colleague who may have saved him from execution by ELAS:

3. 'Report', 1.

4. 'Narrative', 6.

5. *Ibid.*, 7.

It was an incident in the true tradition of Greek tragedy; a *deus ex machina* and a forced anticlimax.⁶

Lastly, his descriptions of ELAS military prowess are rather stinging: 'As we approached ELAS HQ,' he writes about an incident,

there was a large flash and a loud bang and the entire guard, with cries of Germans took up fire positions, in places where they could neither fire nor be fired upon. I, unfortunately, was riding a mule or ass, and was unable to take precipitate action.⁷

He describes an ELAS team he was training for a sabotage action that never took place as having 'decided to abandon warlike sports and return to gentler arts'.⁸ Here is his description of a local ELAS chieftain, Kosta Cannelopoulos, alias Akritas. He was:

a miniature Ares Velouchiotis [a famous military leader of ELAS], not so clever, but equally cruel, and though unbalanced, quite an amusing conversationalist.⁹

As for the logic of EAM leaders, consider the following passage about the negotiations to sign an agreement of cooperation between ELAS and an officers' group:

Frangos [a local EAM leader] was, however, I feel, anxious to sign some superficial agreement, to strengthen his position in the event of his attacking officer bands: for, if he signed it, he would be able to say 'I cannot have broken this agreement, otherwise I would not have signed it in the first place.'¹⁰

All this sounds quite funny, but it was not. Fraser was moving in a bleak universe. Consider this passage from one of Fraser's reports on the local helpers of the British mission:

6. Ibid., 9.

7. Ibid.

8. Ibid., 10.

9. Ibid., 5–6.

10. Ibid., 5.

The names of people in the towns are not really of much value because so many have been killed by the Germans and Security Bns of EAM according to their respective proclivities. Any such list needs to be kept very much up to date.¹¹

To make matters worse, the behaviour of the resistance movement was hardly commendable. Quite the contrary. In fact, the term 'concentration camp' was used by Fraser (and other BLOs) to describe camps run by ELAS in the 'liberated' countryside.¹²

So, let me conclude this brief description by going out on a limb and advancing a possible explanation for Fraser's reluctance to talk and write about his experience. One of the ugliest, and I believe most traumatic dimensions of his mission was the fate that awaited the villagers who helped him personally and the mission. He writes:

... our mere presence in a village was a most unwelcome burden to the villagers, who were almost certain to be maltreated by ELAS if they gave us any assistance whatever.¹³

In his report on 'influential personnel' he singles out a local doctor:

Dr Karas is one of the most influential men in the Argolid, the most influential in the Inachos valley. Keeps his opinion to himself, except behind closed doors. Is very pro-British and was very good friend to me. Recommend him for medical services 100%.

This report was written in the Spring of 1944. A few months later, in June 1944, Karas, his wife and several of his friends were arrested by ELAS, tortured, and executed. The same dreary fate awaited several other people who helped Fraser survive the winter of 1943–4, including a few with whom he was very close. Their names are all but forgotten today and in some instances they are singled out in highly partisan 'histories' of the period as collaborators of the Germans on the basis of the logic that if they were killed by the resistance they must have worked for the Germans. My own sense from my single interview with Peter Fraser is that of a sense of

11. 'Names of Influential Personnel in Argolido Korinthia'.

12. Appendix 'B' to 'Narrative of Capt. P.M. Fraser'.

13. 'Narrative', 12.

sadness he felt about the loss of these individuals – and this may perhaps explain his silence.

It is perhaps fitting to end this address with Peter Fraser's own words, from the last paragraph of one of his reports:

To draw a conclusion from experiences is peculiarly satisfying: it ties up loose ends, and gives to the experiences a formal nature they would otherwise lack. In my own case, no conclusion is possible for the conclusion lies in the future of the Greek people, certainly the most tiresome people in Europe and certainly the most loveable.¹⁴

Stathis Kalyvas

I should like to begin with a few words on my enormous personal debt to Peter Fraser. I met him first when I was elected to a Prize Fellowship in 1958, half a century ago, and was already committed to writing a thesis on the third-century Greek historian of Rome, Cassius Dio, a task for which I was wholly unqualified and unprepared.

From the moment that I came to the College, Peter's technical knowledge, advice (often delivered in brisk and firm terms), and above all his sweeping knowledge of the Greek world, from Homer to Byzantium (and indeed to the present), and from the Balkans to Afghanistan, was absolutely vital. I often wonder whether without his presence and support I would ever have got through.

One example which sticks in my mind is the moment when I showed him a draft of my first, and long-forgotten, article, 'Some Speeches in Cassius Dio'. It was not only that I got an instant lesson in how to formulate citations of books, articles and ancient texts (and represent these in typescript), but that the first paragraph as drafted contained the proposition that Dio 'should not be despised or neglected'. The text came back with a note in the margin: 'Who would?' There were two vital lessons here. Firstly, to Peter, it was not just the central canon of 'great literature' which was valued, but the whole legacy of Greek culture. And secondly, do not go in for vacuous rhetoric.

In the Summer of 1959 Peter, I and one of the most original, engaging and regretted figures of post-war All Souls, Alan Tyson, made an unforgettable journey on foot across the central Peloponnese from East to West, in

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, 13.

the process visiting many of the sites of his wartime experiences. If my memory is not playing tricks, at one point he showed us the fortification on whose construction he had been conscripted by the occupiers to work, unaware that he was a British agent.

Though of course it did not then seem so to me, Peter was at that time still a young man in the early stages of his career. What I could not mistake was his splendidly irreverent and sardonic view of personal pretensions, institutional respectability and what would later be called political correctness. Hence his one-line characterisation, with echoes of T.S.Eliot, of the British School at Athens: 'Schoolmistresses in print frocks talking about Mycenae'. That sceptical style did not prevent him later from playing an important role as its Director.

In 1958 Peter was 40, and in 1957 had published *Boeotian and West Greek Tombstones* with T. Rönne, which should be recognised as a forerunner of the modern style both of local or regional studies and of the treatment of inscriptions in their physical, artistic and architectural contexts. The same year had seen his masterly edition of Rostovtzeff's great *Social and Economic History of the Roman Empire*, a still unsurpassed demonstration of how local material can be woven into a sweeping overall narrative.

By the 50s and 60s, Peter, working very much on his own, had acquired a vast range of knowledge of the Greek world from the Classical period to Late Antiquity, and was recognised as a scholar with a grasp on the local history, and local evidence, of many parts of the Greek world, from the Greek mainland to Samothrace, Rhodes and Egypt. But I do not think that anyone then would have anticipated the scale, variety and novelty of the major accomplishments that were to come.

Firstly there was his great three-volume *Ptolemaic Alexandria* of 1972. I still wish that someone had had the sense to get him to change the title to *Alexandria under the Ptolemies*. 'Alexandria' has a resonance which 'Ptolemaic' decidedly does not. But Peter had no time for such frivolities. As for the book itself, massive and austere, with enormous notes, it shows a very distinctive side of Peter's engagement with, and mastery of, the evidence from the Ancient World. That is to say his extensive and detailed examination of the intellectual activity conducted in Alexandria, including philology, geography and antiquarianism. His writing in this area is seen at its best in the last main chapter, 'The World of Callimachus', perfectly matched by his British Academy lecture of 1970, 'Erastosthenes of Cyrene'. I still wonder if, equipped with an appropriate introduction, these two

great pieces of writing could not be put together in a paperback, bringing out the high points of the Alexandrian culture of the third century.

Peter's very individual engagement with the scholarly and technical writing produced in Antiquity reappears again in his *Cities of Alexander the Great*. He was of course deeply interested in Afghanistan, which he visited several times, and in Alexander's legacy there, and the book has a wonderful sense of the vast landscapes of Central Asia where Alexander established Greek cities. But, I would suggest, his real focus in this book is on Greek geographical writing (and indeed it also deals with Chinese writing). Who wrote what, and in what form, with what motives? In short, this book too is above all a contribution to intellectual history.

The same is also true of his truly major posthumous work, *Greek Ethnic Terminology*, which the kindness of Simon Hornblower has enabled me to read in typescript. Again, why, one might ask, the forbidding title? Any younger scholar would have called it something like *Individual and Community in Greek Culture*, or at least have included the word 'identity' in the title. The book, which will be published by the British Academy, does indeed use a vast range of evidence, literary and documentary, and is an important contribution to Greek social history. But the word 'Terminology' is not there in the title by accident or oversight. Firstly, much of it concerns a work of Late Antique Greek scholarship, the *Ethnica* of Stephanus of Byzantium. Secondly, there is Peter's own interest in Greek philology. How were adjectives indicating ethnic, communal or geographical identity formed from the corresponding proper names, of peoples or areas? Thirdly, to Peter, as to that other great Ancient Historian from All Souls, A.H.M. Jones, the Ancient World, in all its aspects, did not have to be *made* interesting. It just was interesting.

But that is not all. His other monumental achievement is of course the *Lexicon of Greek Personal Names*. Four volumes have so far been published. The three parts of the fifth volume, on Asia Minor, are still to come, with the first of them due for publication next year.

To appreciate the originality of the conceptions which went into this project, the significance of the fundamental classification of the entries by regions, and the sheer scale of the literary and documentary material which had to be gathered and stored, one needs to read the Introduction to Vol. 1, a truly humbling experience.

The project began in the early '70s. However profound the thinking which went into the choices which structured its design, it is surely now

beyond question that it could not have been brought to fruition without Elaine Matthews' involvement, her mastery of the ever developing and changing capacities of Information Technology, her independent grasp of the subject-matter, and, especially towards the end, the personal support which enabled Peter to remain at work in the new Ioannou Classics Centre until only a short time before his death.

In a different era, the pages of a major work of reference such as this would have been set by hand by professional printers. As it is, the pages of the *Lexicon*, entirely composed in camera-ready copy in the project's office, represent a masterly demonstration of intellectual and visual design in combination. It is very rare for a major work of reference to be simultaneously a profoundly original work of scholarship.

My last extended conversation with Peter, in his home before he had to be moved to a hospice, touched on the family holiday which we spent last year in Corfu. Instantly, Peter brightened up, and began to talk eagerly of the history of the island, at all periods, and of the collection of books on it which he had gathered over the years. It is a pleasure and comfort to know that, as he wished, his ashes have now been interred not far from there, in the British Military Cemetery on Cephalonia.

It is due to that unquenchable energy, and that love of Greek culture, language and history of all periods and areas, that today we can not only look back with gratitude and admiration, but can still also look forward – to the completion of his great project on Greek personal names, and to the publication of a major new book. I suppose that there have been few scholars who died in their ninetieth year of whom that could be said.

Fergus Millar

Peter Fraser's connection with All Souls was important to him and valuable to the College. He did not come to All Souls, or indeed to academic life, by any ordinary route. He was averse to ordinary routes. As a classical scholar he did Classical Mods at Brasenose in 1939, but did not go on to Greats. Instead he joined the Seaforth Highlanders soon after the outbreak of war. The choice of unit reflected his pride in his Highland Scottish ancestry. He liked malt whisky and had a Gaelic speaking grandfather who, he said, knew no English. Nor did he obtain a doctorate as a step up on the academic ladder. He disdained ladders. His first treatise, on Rhodian history and epigraphy, was never published but was entered successfully for the

prestigious Conington Prize of the University.

In the post-war period, however, formal qualifications were less important than they now are, and a good reputation with the leading scholars in one's field could serve to secure an academic appointment. In this Hugh Last, who was Camden Professor of Roman history until 1949 and then Principal of Brasenose until 1957, helped Peter on his way. When after the war Peter was a candidate for a Fellowship at Oriel in competition with Brunt (later Professor of Roman history), Last reassured Brunt, who was afraid that Fraser would be elected in preference to himself, that he need have no fear. Peter had told the Fellows of Oriel that he did not want to teach. He meant by that: not to have his time taken up by tutorial teaching, which with the combination of numbers returning from the war and the rising generation was then very demanding. With Last's support Fraser was instead made a university lecturer in Hellenistic History in 1948. But this did not give him a lasting college connection, and in his mid-thirties he needed one.

The connection with All Souls came in 1953, shortly after the election of John Sparrow as Warden in 1952. Last, Bowra and Dunbabin recommended him to the College Research Fellowship Committee and so did Major Antony Andrews, who had been with him in Greece during the war and became Wykeham Professor of ancient Greek history in 1953. Fraser had acquired a formidable reputation in classical circles at a young age, and the College offered him an Extraordinary Research Fellowship. He accepted with delight and took up the Fellowship in 1954.

When he arrived in College he was at first, like others coming to All Souls for the first time, somewhat at sea. He asked the Manciple, the formidable Bert Watson, how he could have his books moved from Brasenose to All Souls. 'Don't worry, Sir,' Watson said, 'I will get a couple of Fellows to go across and collect them.' His sole duty was to pursue academic research, and in his first couple of years he spent more than a third of his time abroad, mainly in the Middle East. Despite occasional debate about whether his class of Fellowship should be changed, he retained the Extraordinary Research Fellowship until retirement from his University post, later converted into a Readership, in 1985. He then served two further years as Acting Warden of the College during the Vice-Chancellorship of Patrick (later Lord) Neill, who had succeeded Sparrow as Warden.

Sparrow certainly approved his appointment. Though he was in general no admirer of research as a way of life, he had a shrewd eye for talent and

admired Fraser's war record and research, which reflected well on the College. The Warden was apt to divide academics in All Souls into those who could have pursued another career and those who could not. Peter properly belonged in the former class. He was in charge of a liberated area of northern Greece when only 26. He filled a number of College and University offices with serene competence. More telling still, he combined for the three years 1968–1971 his duties as an Oxford Reader and a Fellow of All Souls with being the head of the British School of Archaeology in Athens. Usually, those holding the Athens post took leave from their universities while they did so. But this anomalous, perhaps unprecedented, combination was agreed by both College and University. Moreover, in the course of his academic career, Peter applied for some administrative posts. One of these was the secretaryship of the British Academy, another the headship in 1972 of Van Mildert College at Durham University. In short, he had reason to think that he had more than books to give the world.

Sparrow's view of Peter was respectful, and he once said in a letter to the Registrar of the University, 'I think that Fraser probably cares more about work and less about money than any other member of the College'. Another way of putting it, from Peter's point of view, comes in a letter to Sparrow from the Kyklades. 'Life here is cheap and unexciting, which is what I like.' During his long tenure in College he was away earning money only in the year 1973–4, when he was a professor at Bloomington, Indiana. He and Sparrow got on well and were good friends in later years.

As stated, Peter did not arrive in All Souls by the ordinary route of a Prize Fellowship, a route which by a long-standing tradition marked the Prize Fellows as the College élite. Aged 36 on arrival, he welcomed those whose research was on what he saw as the right lines but found others, younger than himself, clever but patronising. He liked to meet people from different walks of life but naturally resented condescension. He dined regularly in College and made an agreeable companion, being particularly kind to Fellows who arrived without having known the College previously. His reserve was however such that he was not easy to get to know well. He shared the view, then prevalent, that one should not in a social context talk about one's subject. Peter felt at home with some of those who had interests outside academic life, such as Rohan Butler, Jeremy Morse, and Patrick Neill, not to mention, going back to his Brasenose days, Robert Runcie, who later came to All Souls for a term when, as Archbishop of Canterbury, he was the College Visitor.

Although to the outside world he conformed to the All Souls image of doing no teaching, he in fact not only gave graduate seminars but taught a number of able pupils individually: Brian McGuinness, the biographer of Wittgenstein; George Forrest, later Wykeham Professor of Greek History; and Robert Wade-Gery. To Fergus Millar and Simon Hornblower, two future classicists who were doing doctorates during his time at All Souls, he was in effect a second supervisor, not formally appointed as such but readily available for consultation upstairs in his splendid rooms between the Hawksmoor Towers. All of them warmly appreciated his efforts.

But research was his core concern, and together Oxford University and All Souls College enabled him to devote his career to research on the ancient Greek diaspora and its aftermath in the Islamic world. In this respect he followed in footsteps of Edgar Lobel, the papyrologist, a Senior Research Fellow of Queen's from 1938 to 1959, who likewise disdained teaching, academic gatherings and other distractions from his research on the *Oxyrhynchus papyri*. Indeed the Lit. Hum. faculty mentioned the two together when pressing for Fraser's promotion to a Readership in 1959. The faculty initiative took time to mature, since there was a limited quota of Readers, but in 1965 he was appointed to an *ad hominem* Readership in Hellenistic History, which he held until 1985.

In a modest way the College supported his research financially. In 1955 it provided him with a grant to visit Egypt. In 1969 it helped with the index to his work on Ptolemaic Alexandria. In later years the College supported the *Lexicon of Greek Proper Names*, an enterprise entirely of Fraser's devising. The project was at the time criticised by some philistines as pointless but has in the long run proved of great scholarly value. In 1976 the College agreed to help subsidise it for five years and provided renewed support in the later stages of the project. As a reviewer remarked in 1995:

A dusty loft in Oxford's strangest college, All Souls, is where the whacky but worthwhile *Lexicon* was born more than twenty years ago.

Though the British Academy from 1973 provided funding, in particular for Elaine Matthews' crucial role as his chief assistant, the Academy did not pay Fraser anything. As he remarked, 'the credit belongs to All Souls for supporting me in a lifetime of seclusion'.

Is seclusion the right word? Peter was reserved, not merely about his war-time service but about other phases of his life, such as his period running

the British School in Athens. He shunned praise and thanks but at the same time welcomed appreciation. His attitude to many people besides himself, and indeed to the College, was equivocal. The modern Greeks were 'both lovable and tiresome'. He was

pleased to hear that the General Board [of the University] will have the opportunity of looking at the terms of my post – it is a ghastly body of petty politicians, but good may come of it.

The fine collection of College memorial addresses that he edited in 1989 took anonymity to its limits. There is in it no indication of the editor's identity. But in *Who's Who* Peter listed the book among his publications. As regards the College, despite his mistrust of the slick or pompous he was a loyal and affectionate Fellow who took the Prize Fellowship seriously and read the classics scripts most carefully. He could say harsh, often amusing, things about people he really quite liked and respected. Living examples would jar, but of a deceased scholar he remarked 'Islamic studies have lost their acutest, if not their most organised mind'. When the work of a candidate was described at a meeting as an *opus classicus*, he dissolved in laughter. This bent fitted a scholar who once remarked that 'I must think up some indiscretions for my after-dinner speech'. His dismissive remarks did no harm, since the victims did not know what had been said. They could if needs be savour a quip made by the last surviving pre-war Fellow of All Souls, Tony Woosley, who died recently. When criticised for something he had done as Proctor, he told me 'I don't mind what is said behind my back. It was what is said to my face that bothers me'.

Peter regularly took on the chores he was asked to perform for the College. In 1960–61 he was Junior Proctor, a post which it is now difficult to get academics to fill. In 1962 he took over the Domestic Bursarship from James Fawcett. There should be no interregnum, he thought, since

fellows need to have a Bursar to complain to, and also like to feel that their domestic comfort has not been forgotten for too long a time.

Peter relied a good deal on Manciple Watson, whom he treated as a sergeant-major to himself as adjutant. He held the Bursarship until the long vacation of 1964, when physical and mental exhaustion induced him to resign, to be succeeded by another academic, Peter Salway. Warden

Sparrow regretted his decision, since 'he was rigorously conscientious and entirely efficient. The dryness of his manner was seasoned with humour'. Fraser thought at the time that a full-time professional Domestic Bursar should be appointed, but that has happened only very recently.

He was Sub-Warden in 1980–2 in the time of Warden Neill, who 'very much enjoyed working with him and being guided by him in the ways of this strange academic world'. His reading of the New Testament in Chapel was particularly appreciated. He liked the Warden, but disagreed strongly with his advocacy of the admission of women, in view of its likely effect on the domestic life of the College. But when women were admitted his usual courtesy and solicitous concern were in evidence. When Neill became Vice-Chancellor in 1985 Peter was an obvious choice as Acting Warden. In that role he kept the College on an even keel for two years and was, in the words of one obituarist, 'an unexpectedly popular, even cult, figure with' the All Souls fellowship, especially some of its younger members, 'largely because of his amusing, but subversive and unprintable, "Fraserisms"'. He was a good chairman, imperturbable and impartial. In retirement he continued to turn up in College and enjoy festive occasions; and his affection for the College led him to compile the admirable collection of 33 Memorial Addresses that was published for private circulation in 1989.

He prefaced these memorial addresses with an (unattributed) fragment of Pindar, to the effect that: 'the body of all men is subject to overpowering death, but a living image of their life still remains.' Few Fellows of the College have proved themselves so loyal, imaginative, and lively.

Tony Honoré

GEORGE ARTHUR HOLMES

22 April 1927–29 January 2009

Delivered by Sir Keith Thomas on Saturday, 30 May 2009
in the University Church

Scholars are not always very admirable people. In a world of constant ratings, appraisals and assessments, they jostle for recognition and reward. Learning becomes a competitive activity and solitary study generates a sort of moral solipsism. Concern for other people does not come easily. George Holmes, however, was one of those rare persons who combined very high scholarly achievement with transparent decency and unselfishness. He was neither competitive nor confrontational, but a warm, generous man, and a delightful companion.

He was the child of an Anglo-Welsh marriage, as his two Christian names remind us: George (patron saint of England); Arthur (legendary hero of the Welsh). His mother was short, dark and Welsh-speaking. His father was a tall, fair Englishman, who had met his future wife when he was on a cycling holiday in Wales. To marry her, he gave up a promising job with a London firm and set up as an independent watch-maker in Aberystwyth. He walked with a limp, the legacy of the tuberculosis he had had as a boy, and he died when George was doing his national service. Both parents were extremely supportive to George and his sister Liz.

George went to Ardwyn County School, where he was very well taught, learning among other things to speak excellent French. A clever and precocious schoolboy, he enrolled at University College, Aberystwyth, at the age of sixteen. There, the medieval historian, J. Conway Davies, then an archivist at the National Library, spotted his potential and encouraged him to apply to Cambridge. In 1945 George won a minor scholarship to St John's, without which he could not have afforded to go. It was typical of his life-long generosity of spirit that when it was his sister's turn to contemplate university, George, by then a research student, offered to leave Cambridge and get a job, in order to pay for her. Fortunately, this proved unnecessary, though George went on to support his mother financially in her widowhood.

Predictably, he flourished as an undergraduate historian, enjoying college life, gaining firsts in both parts of the Tripos, and coming under the triple influence of Edward Miller, the medieval economic historian, who was his mentor at John's; M.M. Postan, the great interpreter of the medieval economy, whose charismatic lectures he attended; and David Knowles, the monastic historian, whose special subject on St Francis he studied for Part II of the Tripos. This ability to appreciate both the material and the spiritual dimensions of life would become a feature of George's subsequent historical writing, and indeed of his view of the world more generally.

After graduating, he spent a year and a bit doing national service. Unwilling to apply for a commission, he served as a sergeant in the Education Corps. At one point he found himself under the command of his old Cambridge friend and fellow-medievalist, Second Lieutenant Christopher Brooke, an arrangement which George accepted with characteristic good humour.

He then returned to John's on a graduate scholarship, followed by three years as a junior research fellow, one of which he spent at Göttingen, making his acquaintance with German historical scholarship. A more important acquaintance was Anne Klein, whom he had met when she was reading modern languages at Newnham and whom he had greatly impressed by his readiness to talk about Proust on the first occasion he took her out to dinner. His year in Germany coincided with her year doing research in Paris. They became engaged in July 1953 and married five months later.

Nobody can speak with confidence about someone else's marriage, but anyone who knew them had no doubt that George and Anne were perfectly matched. They shared the same acute intelligence and sensibility, the same cultivated interest in literature, music and art, the same warmth and openness. They were life-enhancing together; and it was impossible not to come away from their company cheered and encouraged. The one great blow to their happiness would be the death in 1968 of their eldest son Peter, at the age of thirteen, in a canoeing accident on the Cherwell, a tragedy which they endured with indomitable stoicism. They found consolation in their three younger children: the twins Cath and Sue, and their younger brother Nick, and, later, in their six grandchildren.

George's marriage coincided with his move to Oxford, where he had been appointed to a tutorship at St Catherine's by its head, the young Alan Bullock, whom he had met in Germany. This was the post which, in one

form or another, George would hold for the next thirty-five years.

The contrast between St John's, Cambridge, and St Catherine's, Oxford, could hardly have been greater. The St Catherine's of that time bore little resemblance to the self-confident college of today. Indeed it was not a college at all, but a non-collegiate Society, which had catered for those who could not otherwise have afforded to come to Oxford, and was ruled by a Censor and a Delegacy, on which the tutors were barely represented. It was a friendly place, with a strong community spirit. But its students, who lived in lodgings, tended to be modest in intellectual attainment as well as in means. In 1954 only 38% of them got firsts or seconds in Schools, and in the following year more than a third of the freshmen in arts subjects failed to pass the First Public Examination at their first attempt. When George arrived, the Society was housed in dismal buildings near the police station. The food was terrible (V.J.K. Brook, Bullock's predecessor as Censor, had doubled as chaplain of All Souls and preferred to dine in comfort there on Sunday nights, while forbidding wine in St Catherine's as 'not being in the ethos of the Society'). When the Magdalen historian K.B. McFarlane dined with George in 1954, he wrongly assumed that the low quality of the meal was Alan Bullock's revenge for a disagreement at a meeting earlier in the day.

Understandably, George made a bid to escape by applying, unsuccessfully, for a fellowship at another college, after being warmly encouraged to do so by some of its Fellows. Rather unreasonably, Bullock regarded this as an act of disloyalty, though he remained supportive and helpful to George in later years.

After that, George buckled down and set about raising the Society's academic standards and working hard to attract abler students. He threw himself into the life of the Society, even turning out for the cricket match between Tutors and students, an occasion recorded in a group photograph taken in 1955, which shows a youthful and faintly rebellious-looking George, clad in well-pressed white flannels. He played an important part in planning the transformation of St Catherine's into the new College, which opened on Holywell Great Meadow in 1962, and of which George became a Founding Fellow. In this planning process he showed all the qualities of hard work, good judgment, and cool reason which would later distinguish his two years as Vice-Master of the College (in effect, acting Master) when Bullock became Vice-Chancellor in 1969.

George was also the College's Librarian, which was quite a challenge.

Until a few years before his appointment, the sparse collection of books which constituted the Library of the old St Catherine's was kept locked behind doors with wire grills, and could be consulted only with the aid of a library clerk with a key. A decade later, when the Duke of Edinburgh came to see the new St Catherine's building, he greatly admired the Library, but asked, rather disconcertingly, 'Where are the books?' George changed all that. By perusing the catalogues of second-hand booksellers and by diligent cadging, he built up a fine college library, where his portrait now, very appropriately, hangs.

But it was above all as the organising History tutor that George made his greatest contribution to St Catherine's. Teaching sixteen hours a week and supporting the College historians in their Dean Kitchin society, he gave unstinting advice and encouragement to generations of undergraduates. Many old pupils have written to say how warm and understanding he was, how kind to those with personal difficulties, and how welcoming to women students when the College went mixed. At the entrance interview they found him sympathetic and unaggressive, though persistent. His standards were high and he had little sympathy for the dissolute or idle. He did not cram or deliver mini-lectures, but probed, interrogated and encouraged his pupils to write coherently and persuasively, and, above all, to think for themselves. He and Anne entertained generously at home. On one occasion an innocent student turned up for dinner, clad in T-shirt and jeans, when all the others were in suits. George, tactful as ever, eased the situation by remarking how very much he admired the new St Catherine's T-shirt. His concern to raise the College's academic standards was shared by many of his colleagues, and in 1970 the once lowly St Catherine's came third in the Norrington Table.

Yet although George was a model tutor, he was a severe critic of the tutorial system. Coming from Cambridge, where the faculties rather than the colleges set the tone, he deplored the priority given in Oxford to undergraduate teaching over research, and he disliked the competitiveness between colleges epitomised by the Norrington Table. Years later, writing in the *Oxford Magazine*, he would surprise his colleagues by the vehemence with which he asserted that the primary purpose of a great university was not to teach undergraduates, important though that was, but to promote scholarship and generate original ideas. If Oxford was to be a university which the world took seriously, he wrote, then it had to devote far more attention to research. The existing system of teaching, he believed, made it

almost impossible for tutors to produce scholarly work unless they neglected their duties. His suggested remedy was a move from the individual tutorial to teaching in small groups and a much greater concentration on research and the training of graduates.

This article expressed the frustration of someone who himself felt ground down by long years of tutorial teaching. But its message was prophetic. The shift to graduate work and the greater emphasis on research distinguish today's Oxford from the university George encountered in 1954. Yet George was still not content. Only eighteen months ago, he wrote a letter to the *Financial Times*, asserting that the chief purpose of a university was neither teaching nor research, but the fostering of intellectual originality.

Despite his gloomy diagnosis, George did, in fact, find time as a college tutor, not just to research and to write, but to do so prolifically. He was a dedicated scholar who loved research, though he was not a workaholic; he did not get up particularly early, and he always relaxed in the evenings. But he followed a disciplined routine. His excellent powers of apprehension and memory enabled him to grasp a subject in its entirety and to keep it in his head without having to stop repeatedly to check details. He wrote fast and fluently, without backtracking and crossings-out, and in that beautifully clear, uncomplicated handwriting, which mirrored the honesty and clarity of his mind. His prose was invariably lucid and calm; there was no guile, no meretricious striving for effect.

His first book in 1957, *The Estates of the Higher Nobility in Fourteenth-Century England*, was based on his PhD thesis. It explained how the Bohuns, Mortimers and other great magnates, 'from motives of despotic aggrandisement', built up their landholdings, exploited them as a source of profit, and transmitted them to their descendants. Based on a huge amount of new or little-known material in the Public Record Office, the book signalled his arrival as an authority on late medieval England.

He consolidated that position five years later with a textbook, *The Later Middle Ages 1272-1485*. Like all his writing, it was unflashy and unpretentious; it explained things simply, without condescension or passion, and it showed a total grasp of all aspects of the period – a time when, as he put it, 'spiritual and intellectual life were controlled by a Church which played a full and ruthless part in economic exploitation and imposed its system of belief on a largely illiterate population'. There was no better way to get a glimpse of that lost world, he thought, than to stand in a medieval cathedral and try to imagine the aims of its builders.

George retained his interest in late medieval English history and for a time even collaborated with its leading exponent, the formidable, and formidably difficult, K. B. McFarlane. In 1975 he produced a crisply definitive study of *The Good Parliament*, the famous political crisis of 1376, when the Commons attacked the agents of an ineffective and allegedly corrupt government. But that book was a by-product of George's teaching for the Oxford Special Subject on Richard II and John of Gaunt. It did not reflect the new route he had taken in what had become an unceasing intellectual odyssey. For George was always moving on. His life is a story of continuous self-education, arising from an increasing desire to understand historically and to explain, as much to himself as to his readers, the circumstances which made possible the highest creative achievements of the human mind.

After his book on the English nobility, he made an abrupt change of direction, by choosing to work on the Bohemian religious reformer and martyr, Jan Hus. Having taken lessons in Czech, he set off for Prague, only to spend a frustrating month during which the Communist regime denied him access to the archives. He had no choice but to give the subject up, though he later published an impressive article on Cardinal Beaufort's attempt to raise an English army to fight against the Hussites; and his fine textbook, *Europe: Hierarchy and Revolt* (1975), would contain an extended discussion of the Hussite movement.

From Czechoslovakia he turned to Italy, originally because his work on English economic history had led him to the Florentine merchants and financiers in late medieval London, but ultimately because of an increasing involvement in the art and intellectual culture of the Renaissance, for which these traders and bankers provided the material basis. By comparison with the rich creativity of the Italian cities, the cultural life of fifteenth-century England seemed to him 'flat, dull and unenterprising'. A sabbatical year in Florence in 1960-1 enabled him to explore the archives of Lucca and the Vatican, as well as of Florence; and there he began his long love-affair with the churches and art galleries of Tuscany and Rome.

This move into Italian history required courage. With the notable exception of Nicolai Rubinstein in London, who became a great friend and ally, the established British Italianists did not particularly welcome the incursion of this neophyte. But George was undaunted and in 1967, during a six-month stay at the Princeton Institute for Advanced Study, he wrote *The Florentine Enlightenment 1400-1450*. Like his later books on Italian history, it was not a specialised research monograph, but a work of synthesis and

interpretation, bringing together for the student and general reader the fruits of his extensive reading in Latin and Italian humanist literature, drawing on his archival labours, and skilfully steering his way between conflicting traditions of Renaissance scholarship. The book engaged with what he called 'one of the most delightful and original episodes in the aesthetic history of Europe', the age of the realistic art of Masaccio and Donatello, and the humanist architecture of Brunelleschi. George hailed it as a brief period of secularisation and free thought, inspired by the classics and made possible by the temporary weakness of the Papacy. In what he claimed was a greater intellectual revolution than that of Wyclif and Hus, the humanists bypassed Christianity altogether and erected an alternative structure of values, based on the idea of an independent secular republic. Only the revival of papal independence in the 1440s would bring an end to what he saw as a remarkable anticipation of the eighteenth-century Enlightenment.

For his next Italian project, George turned to the years around 1300, the age of Dante and Giotto, both of whom he admired intensely. (In his excellent introduction to Dante for the Past Masters series (1980), as valuable now as when it was written, he remarked that the *Divine Comedy* 'contains more sustained poetic beauty than any poem written since'.) George was always concerned to ask why things happened in the way they did; and *Florence, Rome and the Origins of the Renaissance* (1986) is a richly detailed attempt to explain why art and literature flourished so astonishingly in early fourteenth-century Tuscany. He stressed the influence of Rome; and he pointed to the link between cultural creativity and commercial success. For George was always aware of the material underpinnings of artistic achievement. He was that rare kind of historian who was as interested in explaining how it was that the Medici became the Pope's bankers as he was in interpreting the *Divine Comedy* and the Arena chapel. In half a dozen important articles based on his research in the Florentine archives, he made highly original contributions to the economic history of the city whose culture so fascinated him.

His splendid illustrated survey of 1996, *Renaissance*, summed up his distinctive view of the Renaissance as a mental revolution, culminating in the achievements of Shakespeare and Rembrandt, and rooted in the commercial cities of Europe. Once again, he stressed the intimate connection between art and money-making, between, as he put it, 'those aspects of the European spirit that appear the most magnificent and [those that appear] the most deplorable'. Years earlier, in a brilliant paper to the Royal Histor-

ical Society, he had argued that it was city life that encouraged the formation of new ideas; and the theme had recurred in his inaugural lecture on *The First Age of the Western City 1300–1500*, where he mischievously pointed out to his academic audience that one crucial reason for Florence's intellectual progress was that it did not have a great university.

Paradoxically, George himself was not a natural city-dweller, and when their children had finished their schooling, he and Anne moved out of Oxford to live in the countryside at Bampton. There they entertained their friends at Highmoor House in an atmosphere of what one visitor described as 'gently elegant and learned tranquillity'. There, too, George was able to engage in his favourite recreation, walking – if not in the beloved Welsh hills of his childhood, then at least in the cosier sublimities of Chedworth and Swinbrook. All his life, he was a great country walker, not just for the sake of exercise, but because he looked to the countryside for spiritual refreshment.

His years at St Catherine's had been unbelievably busy. On top of his teaching and research, he did, without fuss or complaint, a vast amount of other work which was landed on him by others. He examined regularly, both in Oxford and elsewhere, and he more than pulled his weight in the wider historical community, serving seven years as assistant editor of the *Economic History Review*, another seven as joint editor of the *English Historical Review*, and ten as chairman of the national committee for the Victoria County History. He also did two terms as a Delegate of the Press. In all these influential roles he was efficient, prompt, tactful, and encouraging, invariably following the excellent rule for administrators that no piece of paper should pass over his desk more than once. The Holmes household was a very busy one, for, as the children grew up, Anne was able to resume her own academic career, teaching French for many Oxford colleges and becoming in succession, Lecturer, Fellow and Admissions Tutor of Hertford.

In 1985 George was elected to the British Academy, and four years later to the Chichele chair of medieval history. He greatly enjoyed his new college, All Souls, though without losing his affection for St Catherine's; and he was now able to promote Renaissance studies in the undergraduate syllabus. But the appointment came too late in life for him to do as much with it as he might have liked. Moreover, as chairman of the History board, he found himself burdened by heavy administrative responsibilities, notably that of goading a reluctant faculty into preparing for the RAE. The

strain took its toll. He had long suffered from high cholesterol and when the inevitable heart attack came in 1992, it nearly killed him; he survived, thanks to the skill of his surgeon Steve Westaby; but, six years later, after he had retired from his chair, he underwent another operation, this time for a twisted gut; it was followed by five desperately worrying months in hospital, punctuated by one crisis after another, and then a further eight months on intravenous feeding. He and Anne showed enormous courage and cheerfulness in face of this protracted illness. He continued to lose weight until 2001, when he went into hospital yet again, for what this time proved to be an entirely successful operation, carried out by Neil Mortenson.

Thereafter he was transformed. George's last eight years were radiantly serene, a golden period when he was relaxed and happy. In Florence, he was a welcome visitor at I Tatti, the Harvard Center for Renaissance Studies; and in Oxford he read happily and avidly in the Bodleian Upper Reading Room and the Taylorian. He took his lunch alternately in St Catherine's and All Souls, where he was highly agreeable company for the Fellows lucky enough to sit next to him. He completed another, as yet unpublished, book on Italian history, this time focusing on the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, when the northern Italian cities were shattered by the French, German and Spanish invasions, and cultural supremacy moved to the Papal court in Rome. He began to think that his early dedication to medieval history might have been a mistake; and he developed some very different new interests: in the French Revolution and in Darwinism. But, when a chest infection struck in January this year, his heart was not strong enough to cope. He went cheerfully into intensive care and his last words were characteristically self-deprecating.

It was during these final years that he became a Catholic. This move surprised many of his friends, for much of his historical writing was firmly secular, even anti-clerical, in outlook. George never made a parade of his feelings and few of those who knew him can have guessed how complex was his internal life. His interest in religion was lifelong, though his faith came and went. He read a wide range of religious writers, and at different phases of his life was influenced by Carl Jung, Aldous Huxley and R.C. Zaehner. From the Codrington Library he borrowed A.D. Nock's *Conversion* and William James's *The Will to Believe*. He was what in the seventeenth century they would have called a Seeker, a restless searcher for spiritual understanding; and the quest was intensified by his son Peter's death and his own life-threatening illnesses. His deep feeling for Italy attracted him to Rome; and

he felt that to understand the medieval period it was necessary to experience it from the inside. In April 2001, he entered the Catholic Church; or, more precisely, he joined the Burford flock of his friend, the scholarly priest Ian Ker. He drew great comfort from the eucharist, because of its linking of the material and the spiritual, the great theme of his historical work. But his spiritual odyssey was not yet over; in the last year of his life his scepticism returned and he began to think about writing a history of European secularism.

George was a highly independent scholar, who ploughed his own furrow and belonged to no identifiable school. His interests were exceptionally broad and his outlook was genuinely European. He believed that history should be a unifying discipline concerned with the simultaneous evolution of politics, economics, culture and the life of the spirit. This conviction enabled him to make notable contributions to every kind of history, and to excel in a variety of genres, from monographs and learned articles to textbooks and works of broad synthesis. He regarded history as an art form, and his view of art was always historical. History and life were not separate categories for him. Each enriched the other.

He was no narrow specialist, but a very cultivated man. He adored Italy; and there was hardly a town which he and Anne did not visit over the years. He was enraptured by Italian painting, his enthusiasms shifting according to the period he was working on, but his tastes also extended to Picasso and Braque. He was delighted when several of his pupils went on to become distinguished art historians. He loved books, for their look and feel, as well as for their content, and he read very widely. The borrowing register in the Codrington reveals that his interests stretched from ancient Greek tragedy to the Oxford Movement. Fittingly enough, the last two books taken out, a month before his death, by this most stoical of men, were both on Montaigne. After he died, the volumes by his bedside included the *Odyssey*, Shakespeare and *Don Quixote*.

George was widely loved because he was so receptive to others, so open, unaffected and good-humoured. He never preached or showed off; and he treated everyone with equal friendliness, greeting them with that winning smile and taking a greater interest in their doings than in his own. The same empathetic understanding that underpinned his historical work shaped his relations with other people. At his funeral, his son Nick recalled him as a father who taught his children to be true to themselves, never imposing his own views or interests upon them.

In some ways, perhaps, George could have been more assertive. From time to time, he was stirred into making some remarkably effective interventions in the conduct of college business. But, more often, he seemed to acquiesce in decisions of which he did not really approve; and his outward manner, like his prose, was not always emphatic enough to convey the strength and originality of his views. Many did not realise that his calm demeanour concealed a restless, questing spirit and a mind of great complexity. But no one could doubt his intellectual curiosity, his scholarly achievement or his human warmth. He was a wonderfully accomplished historian whose sweet nature enriched the lives of others. His memory will be an abiding inspiration to those who believe that the study of the humanities can indeed make people more humane.

Keith Thomas

LESZEK KOŁAKOWSKI

23 October 1927–17 July 2009

Delivered by Professor Charles Taylor on Saturday, 28 November 2009

I first met Leszek Kołakowski in this College. It was in the late 1950s; I was an Examination Fellow, and he, in the aftermath of the upheavals of 1956, had been able to travel to the West for the first time since the deep freeze of Stalinism. He was known then as one of the foremost theoreticians of a renewed, humanistic Marxism, which many people hoped might help bring about an internal evolution of the Communist societies towards greater freedom, and perhaps even democracy. I should say that Leszek was virtually lionised by a big part of the Left in Western Europe, just for this reason.

But it was not to be. The ideal of a more humanist socialism was crushed, in 1956 and again in 1968; and Leszek himself evolved intellectually, became a strong critic of Marxism, and wrote one of the most important books on its rise, its inner divisions, and its – as he saw it – grave inadequacies.

What we can see through this whole development was the tremendous intellectual integrity of the man. Neither the threats of the apparatus, nor the prospect of acclaim in the Western Left, could turn him an inch from the course he was engaged on. He was involved very young in a truly catastrophic political project, which he at first supported, and he owed it to himself and his country and his world, to work out how and why this had gone wrong. Nothing was going to deflect him from this path.

But he had another quality which doesn't always accompany undeviating integrity, and that was his humour, his wonderful ironic sense of humour; an irony which was often self-irony. A saying of his comes to my mind:

True, I was almost omniscient (yet not entirely) when I was twenty years old, but, as you know, people grow stupid when they grow older. I was much less omniscient when I was twenty-eight and still less now.¹

1. 'My Correct Views on Everything', in the book of the same title (South Bend, IN, 2005), 19.

It was these qualities, together with another which I'll mention in a minute, which made for the extraordinary moral authority that Leszek enjoyed in Poland. It hasn't always been the case that people who were in public opposition to Communist regimes have remained important figures in the freer societies that emerged after their fall. Think of Solzhenitsyn; even to some extent Havel in today's Czech Republic. But the respect, I could almost say reverence, for Leszek Kołakowski, remained undimmed in Poland. People went on turning to him until his death three months ago.

This has a lot to do with the courage and integrity he showed during the most difficult years. But it also has to do with his deep knowledge and understanding of Polish thought and the European matrix in which it has evolved, and which it refracted, always in its own special way.

Leszek was one of the key thinkers who articulated a new path for a free Poland. If the engine driving Poland's striving for freedom from the dead hand of Communism was a kind of nationalism suffused with Catholicism, the outcome of this freedom was anything but a return to the pre-War past. The triumph of the new Poland – alas, still somewhat fragile – is that it has begun to free itself from the sterile and destructive features of the old nationalism, from chauvinism, anti-Semitism and clericalism. Poland has been able, for instance, to establish a new kind of relation with its eastern neighbours. The vision which enabled this turn was nourished by a handful of thinkers, including Czesław Miłosz, the publishers of *Kultura*, and of course, John Paul II. But a leading, unique figure in this crucial constellation was Leszek Kołakowski.

But Leszek was not only a Polish thinker; he was also a philosopher with an impact on the world. Can we try to formulate what this consisted in? A number of different qualities contributed to it: the depth of his scholarship in European and Christian thought, certainly; the wry, ironic turn of mind, undoubtedly. But I would like to mention something else which I think gets close to the heart of it.

Much of contemporary scholarly and intellectual work strives to reduce the sense of perplexity, even of mystery, that we naïvely feel when we contemplate the evolution of human life, and the development of human reason, and the history of human thought. Loud voices pronounce with unshakeable certainty on these questions, in the name of science, or of Revelation, or of some *a priori* moral principle. Amid the shouting, it is sometimes hard to get a voice heard which points out how little we still

understand about all this, and how much the big questions are not only still unanswered, but still deeply puzzling.

This is what Leszek continued to remind us of, sometimes half in jest, but always with full limpidity. Here is someone whose early training took place in the vicinity of two traditions whose strong suit was denying mystery: Marxism, and the Polish brand of positivism. He emerged out of these, but not – as with so many ex-Marxists – to rush into an equal and opposite dogmatism.

But nor did he flee into a disengaged agnosticism. On the contrary, we have to understand Leszek's path in terms of the Marxist-Leninism he rebelled against. For him, this ideology in its Marxist roots was profoundly Promethean. It denied or ignored the essential limitations of human beings. Among these limitations, which the Promethean spirit is tempted to deny, Leszek counted our need for a sense of the Good, of Truth, of meaning, as values independent of our own choosing. Without these, he thought, human life, in particular the common life of a culture, would be impossible.

So to see through the fragility of the dogmatic answers, by science, religion, metaphysics, was not – could not be – to invalidate the questions. This was the uncomfortable – some might think aporetic – site that Leszek occupied, and that he elaborated in a series of striking images.

The lesson he drew from our terrible twentieth-century experience of state Marxism was that the important struggle is to keep the questions alive, to define their contours in our lives, against all Procrustean attempts to iron them out and make them tractable.

For this we are all – Poles, Europeans, everyone – deeply in his debt. He still lives with us, and inspires anew our undying gratitude.

GERALD (JERRY) ALLAN COHEN

14 April 1941–5 August 2009

Delivered by Professor Philippe Van Parijs, Professor John Roemer,
Mr Myles Burnyeat and Professor Timothy Scanlon on
Saturday, 19 June 2010 in the Library

Old Library, October 1978

After a year in Berkeley I'm back in Oxford to complete my DPhil. I look at the lecture programme for Michaelmas term and what do I see? A seminar on 'Historical Materialism', by Professor C. Taylor and Mr G.A. Cohen. Never heard of this G.A. Cohen, but should be interesting, I thought.

I was not the only one. On Friday, 20 October 1978 at 5p.m., I was sitting on the floor in the packed Old Library seminar room of All Souls College, along with a crowd of other people, including Charles Taylor himself, waiting for this Mr G.A. Cohen, waiting, waiting.¹ He finally appeared half an hour late. The train from London was late. He had run all the way from the station. Puffing and sweating, he soon undertook to give a glimpse of the main claims in his then forthcoming first book, *Karl Marx's Theory of History*, the galley proofs of which were going to serve as the basic text of the seminar.

I cannot say that I had already guessed on that evening that no one would have a more formidable impact on my intellectual life than this young Reader at UCL with abundant grey hair, who was struggling to recover his breath while explaining that the central propositions of Marx's theory of history could only make sense as functional explanations. But it took me few minutes to realise that there was something very congenial going on here, an impression soon confirmed by our first exchanges.

After the second session, the shy foreign student I was felt bold enough to send him a note I had written shortly before, which strongly resembled

1. Mark Philp and Michael Rosen first met Jerry on the same occasion and have now corrected my memories. The seminar was scheduled in the Wharton Room, and that is where we first waited (with Charles Taylor on the floor). As more people kept trying to find their way into the packed room, we moved to the Old Library, and that is where Jerry entered our lives.

what I had just heard. I received by return of post the first of many letters I was to receive from Jerry over the next thirty years. It starts as follows, in a typical Jerry style, which many here will recognise.

University College London

Nov 2, 1978

Dear ~~Mr Van Parijs~~ [crossed out by hand and replaced by 'Philippe'],

I have just read your discussion note, and I cannot tell you how delighted I am. Our views on functional explanation are not similar, unless identity is a form of similarity. We are sensitive to exactly the same considerations, we have exactly the same intuitions, and we formalize them in (pretty well) exactly the same way. You and I are animated by the same demon. And I am sure there is between us the further agreement that what explains the agreements already listed is that we are both right. [...]

September Group

Subsequently, Jerry became the external examiner of my DPhil thesis. He put me in touch with the publisher of my first book. I received from him a huge amount of extraordinarily detailed and generous typewritten feedback on my work, typically starting with 'Think of each page as being divided into 4 parts, called "a", "b", "c", "d"'. Above all, he took the initiative, jointly with Jon Elster and John Roemer, of founding what became known as the 'No[n?] Bullshit Marxist Group', or, less narrowly and less arrogantly, the 'September Group', an exhilarating intellectual adventure that has now been going for three decades and has involved in addition, from the start, Eric Olin Wright, Robert van der Veen, Hillel Steiner, and later also Pranab Bardhan, Sam Bowles, Josh Cohen and Seana Shiffrin, all present here today.

Jerry was not only uncontroversially the wittiest member of the group and therefore the centrepiece of its group dynamics, he was also among us the most untiring prosecutor of sloppy writing and lazy thinking, and the member of the group best at imposing upon himself and upon others the discipline required to keep such a group going for so long. Thus in 1989, Jerry was the convenor, and we all received the following stern message, on paper with the September Group's letterhead (including its motto *Marxismus sine stercore tauri*).

April 13, 1989

Dear Member,

I write further to mine of September 1 last, about next September's meeting.

I very much regret that most of you have not responded to the request expressed in the last paragraph of the September letter, where I asked you to say whether or not you wanted to give a paper at the next meeting. At the moment there are three paper-givers, and we need one more. Whoever volunteers first will be that one more. The three to hand are [...]

Obsessional Perfectionist

The first sentence of a quick response I sent a few days later ('Thank you for the September Group circular, characteristically unindulgent with the weaknesses of human nature.') triggered, a few months later, a reaction I had not anticipated.

London, July 29, 1989

Dear Philippe,

In a letter to me of some months ago, which is in Oxford and therefore not to hand as I write, you thanked me for a circular NBMG letter, which, you remarked, showed my usual lack of indulgence towards weaknesses in human nature.

I was very struck by that remark, which I saw, immediately, was very much to the point, but which nevertheless conveyed news to me. You were, of course, right, but I had not been aware of this feature of mine before you said it, and I am grateful to you for pointing it out so that I can curb its operation. What is more, I read your remark as having been composed in a generous and at most teasing spirit, rather than in a stern and admonishing one. That is, I readily recognized that you, for your part, *were* indulging *my* weakness of rigidity, or whatever we should call it.

I am very hard on *myself*. I am an obsessional perfectionist, and that is no doubt part of the reason for the largely approving judgement that my work receives: its virtues aren't all wholly due to special talent. And I slip

easily into being equally hard on others. But, admonished by you, I now hope to have that tendency under control.

That is prelude to my assuring you that I am not blaming anybody for the events which have led me, as I now announce, to decide not to come to the conference next month, a decision for which, having read my explanation, I hope you, in turn, will not blame me. [...]

Then followed an explanation for why he had decided not to attend a conference I had organised in Louvain-la-Neuve, for a combination of reasons in which his family's 'right to a relaxed Jerry for three weeks' played a crucial role. Among the countless letters and messages you receive in your life, this is the sort of letter you never forget, because of its specific contents, but above all because of this so characteristically Jerry-like way of trying to get things straight, both morally and intellectually.

Promises to Keep

Even more than his letters, most of them directly work-related, many personal conversations I had with Jerry – and conversations with Jerry could easily become very personal – are unforgettable for me. I shall mention just one such conversation, one of the last ones, still very vivid (and somewhat sore) in my memory, which ended leaving us both with tears in our eyes.

First a brief word about the context. Both before and after his retirement, several of our conversations touched upon his succession at the Chichele Chair. As several of you know, Jerry would have liked me to apply and gently insisted on several occasions that I should. As some of you know, there is no academic position in the world in which I would have been more tempted to show interest than this one, for a number of diverse reasons, including the fact that the first holder of the Chair, G.D.H. Cole, was the first academic advocate of an unconditional basic income, or the fact that I met my wife just across the wall in the Nun's Garden of Queen's College, but above all because of my great admiration and deep affection for Jerry himself. Yet I would not apply and Jerry understood my reasons and sympathised with them.

The last time we talked about it he was taking me to the bus stop on Cowley Road. As the bus approached, Jerry summarised my reasons by reciting the end of a poem no doubt familiar to most of you but unknown to me at the time. Because I didn't know it, Jerry cut it out of some book a couple of days later and posted it to me. It goes like this:

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.²

Jerry suddenly went to sleep last summer when many miles, we thought, were left for him to go, and with many promises we wish he had been able to keep. But the demanding yet tender Jerry is still with us. He lives on with Michèle, with his children, with her children, with their families. With the many students he supervised, taught, inspired. He lives on with each of us in the September Group. With some Marxists, with some ex-Marxists, with many not-Marxist-at-all. With the non-bullshitters and those who honestly try. He will live on with the readers of his first book to appear – very soon – in French: *Si tu es pour l'égalité, pourquoi es-tu si riche?* And with a bunch of fishermen on a Greek island. And with half the Asian shopkeepers on Cowley Road.

For many of us, the strength of Jerry's meticulous writings, for all of us the power of his radiant personality, will enable us to go many more miles, to keep many more promises, than we would have managed without him.

Thank you, Jerry, for all you've been, for all you've meant, for all you've done for me – and for so many of us in this room today.

Philippe Van Parijs

In 1978, Jerry's book *Karl Marx's Theory of History: A Defence* was published, revolutionising Marxian social science and philosophy. In this book, Jerry subjected the theory of historical materialism to the acute analysis that we should demand of any political theory. The tools he used were the ones of contemporary analytical philosophy. This marked a break with Marxism as it was then practised, both in the west and in the socialist countries, where it was the norm to apply so-called 'dialectical' reasoning to Marxian issues. Dialectics was supposed to be a different mode of logic from stand-

2. Robert Frost, 'Stopping by woods on a snowy evening'. After the memorial event, Pranab Bardhan and Sam Bowles told me that Jawaharlal Nehru had these verses next to his desk and, later, next to his death bed. Did Jerry – fascinated as he was by India – know this? (Jerry's striking account of his first trip to India is published in volume 2 of his posthumous writings edited by Michael Otsuka, [*Finding Oneself in the Other*, Princeton, 2012.])

ard logic, in which the Hegelian ‘thesis, anti-thesis, synthesis’ was the underlying guide to explanation, and explanation of social development in particular. Whether it was mainly the dogmatic use of dialectics or the apologetic role that social science and philosophy played in the socialist countries which hampered Marxist analysis is perhaps hard to say. Jerry’s book brought Marxism back into modern social science; this is not the same thing as saying that the theory of historical materialism emerged unscathed.

At around the same time, other young Marxist social scientists were applying the same method: that is, using the tools of contemporary social science to analyse Marxian questions, in an objective way. In 1979, I think it was, Jerry and the Norwegian political scientist Jon Elster organised a meeting of ‘analytical Marxists,’ which over several years stabilised into a group of a dozen or so young scholars, social scientists, historians, and philosophers. The somewhat arrogant name of the group was the No-Bullshit Marxists, later changed to the anodyne September Group.

Since we are remembering Jerry, it is appropriate to reproduce a section of a letter that he wrote to me (I don’t have the date), with a little skit, spoofing the kind of discussion in which we engaged:

BOB (BRENNER): [concluding a ten-minute disquisition] ... so that the Moravian peasant was tied to the soil, while the Transylvanian peasant was tied directly to the Ukrainian peasant, and not to the soil at all.

JON (ELSTER): Well, then, you get a combination of the free rider problem and the prisoners’ dilemma.

HILLEL (STEINER): Only if the Rider and the Prisoners *agree* to combine.

SERGE (KOLM): And they can only agree if each is willing to sacrifice his life for the sake of one extra util for any of the others. Otherwise, you have exploitation.

JERRY: No, no, no. Not *exploitation*. *Exploiting*. They have completely different counterfactual conditions.

JOHN (ROEMER): It doesn’t affect my theory anyway.

BOB [yawning]: ... Yeah, well, I’m sure there’s an important difference between exploiting and exploitation, but why bother with it?

JERRY: It’s very important when you’re arguing against the bourgeoisie.

ROBERT (VAN DER VEEN): Which bourgeoisie? I distinguish seven bourgeoisies, and eight in Holland.

JOHN: None of them understand my theory.

The September Group has continued to meet these thirty years; Jerry was, as Jon Elster once put it, its moral centre, as well as its intellectual one. To paraphrase what Engels said at the grave of Marx, 'Jerry was a genius. The rest of us were merely talented'.

However, by the end of the 1980s, most, though not all of the members of the September Group, thought that we had done our job with Marxism: that is, we had revived what was correct and important, discarded what was wrong, and it was time to continue doing social theory without the constraint of having to tie it to Marxian concepts. Nozick, as Jerry put it, 'awakened me from my dogmatic socialist slumber'.

Why was Jerry so taken with Nozick's philosophical argument for laissez-faire capitalism, while other prominent left-liberal philosophers, notably John Rawls and Ronald Dworkin, dismissed him? Perhaps it was because Jerry was deeply honest and serious about argument. Jerry, however, gave another reason, that there is a commonality between the Nozickian notion of self-ownership and the Marxian notion of exploitation. For exploitation, to the extent that it is a normative concept, maintains that workers are being unfairly treated if their surplus labour is expropriated by the capitalist, which presupposes that they are the rightful owners of that labour. Self-ownership. Of course, Marx also said that ownership of one's own labour was a bourgeois right, and that in full communism, people would contribute according to their ability and receive according to their need, but it is nevertheless the case that, to an extent that exploitation comprises a moral condemnation of capitalism, that is most easily justified by the view that the worker is a self-owner. And so Jerry's problem was to criticise Nozick's theory *without* dropping what he called the thesis of self-ownership, that a person should have the rights over his bodily powers that a slave-owner has over a slave. This was not Rawls's problem: for at the foundation of *his* theory was the view that personal talents were morally arbitrary, and so self-ownership was rejected *ab initio*. The same can be said for Ronald Dworkin's theory of resource equality, although his rejection of self-ownership was not quite so militant as Rawls's.

Now Jerry was a militant egalitarian, and would certainly agree that the distribution of talents is morally arbitrary, and that view is implicit in the communist formula of distribution of which I just spoke, but the intellectual problem was to display the weakness in Nozick's argument without rejecting self-ownership. And this Jerry succeeded in doing. Indeed, Jerry eventually said that he could not argue effectively against the thesis of self-

ownership: it was a moral premise that one either had to accept or reject. He rejected it, but did not want to make the attack on Nozick depend upon that rejection.

I have discussed the first two great contributions that Jerry made to social theory, his analysis of historical materialism, and his anti-Nozick critique. The third, I believe, was his critique of John Rawls from the left. Rawls, as you know, did for egalitarianism what Jerry did for Marxism: he made its advocacy respectable in twentieth-century social theory. But the equality that Rawls called just was not full equality; inequalities were accepted, by Rawls, which were necessary because of private incentives. If the highly talented will cut back their labour supplies if taxed at 60%, the amount of public revenue may be smaller than what would be collected if they were taxed at only 30%, thus rendering the worst-off, who are the recipient of those revenues under a redistributive scheme, worse off than they would be at the 30% tax rate. So maximising the welfare of the worst-off might require countenancing more inequality than would be achieved at the higher tax rate. Indeed, Rawls called the tax scheme 'just' which maximises the welfare of the worst-off group. In this case, it might be a 30% tax rate rather than a 60% rate. Jerry pointed out that to call the 30% rate just is inconsistent with Rawls's own theory: for a just society must be well-ordered, which means that its members must embrace the concept of justice. If the high flyers withdraw their labour supply when facing high taxes, thus rendering the worst-off worse off than they could be, they are not embracing the Rawlsian concept of justice. Now this argument requires that justice apply not only to social institutions, but to personal behaviour, and this involved Jerry in a discussion of the *site* of distributive justice. I think this critique of Rawls is correct and very important.

The fourth major contribution of Jerry's is the argument that fundamental concepts of justice do not depend upon facts about the world; they are general principles which are fact-independent. A proposition about justice takes the following form, if it is spelled out properly:

The principle of justice is x . If the facts of human nature and the world are y , then this means that x reduces to x_1 . If the facts of human nature, etc., are z , then x reduces to x_2 .

Notice that this statement does not depend on whether the facts are y or z ; it is true independent of what the facts are. Jerry's claim is that whenever we

think deeply enough about our principles, they can be stated in this form; the deep principle is independent of facts. This claim has generated at least three reactions: first, that it is obviously wrong; second, that it is obviously right and trivial; and third, that it is right, not obviously so, and important. I subscribe to the third view. But, being objective, I would have to say that this contribution has not yet stood the test of time, like the others I have mentioned, and so we will have to assess its true value in the future.

I am, however, reminded of a conversation I had with the great economic theorist, Leonid Hurwicz, who died recently, in his nineties, shortly after being the oldest economist or perhaps individual to receive the Nobel Prize. Leo was very much a theorist: he is known to have said, 'I don't believe something unless I can prove it'. He and I were arguing about socialism some years ago, and were discussing the history of the Soviet Union. (Leo, incidentally, was born in Moscow in 1916.) I brought up some facts about Soviet development, and Leo responded, 'Don't bring facts into a serious discussion'. I think he would have agreed with Jerry's view on facts and principles.

It is almost as if Jerry planned his death. With hindsight, many of us remember the swan song he sang at his retirement conference in January 2009. Some of us were taken aback that he felt such equanimity about retirement. Michael Otsuka discussed this in his talk at Jerry's funeral last August. The second premonition was his publication of the short essay *Why not Socialism?* as his final book. (There will be a posthumous book, however, edited by Mike.) For that book-essay was atypical for Jerry: it was an outline of an argument, and a plea, rather than an iron-clad logical demonstration, as was his wont.

Why not Socialism? leaves us with an important question, Jerry's final legacy. Suppose that a society has the right social ethos: its members subscribe to an egalitarian theory of justice, they want to implement equality. But in a complex society, with millions of people and millions of productive activities, how can they arrange their affairs to do this? As Jerry says, we know how to implement a distribution of income based on the emotions of fear and greed, using markets and private property in productive assets. But how can we implement an egalitarian outcome, even if people want to do so, given the complexities of an advanced economy? Jerry says, what we have is a design problem. I think this is absolutely correct. The design problem is not trivial.

Jerry leaves us, then, with two major questions. What can we do, if any-

thing, to hasten the transformation of our societies into ones with a solidaristic ethos, where most people subscribe to an egalitarian theory of justice? And once we are there, how do we implement equality, in that willing society? Perhaps the solution of the former problem requires us to solve the latter one first: for if we can produce a credible design, and perhaps only if so, will people move towards a solidaristic world-view. To quote Marx, 'Therefore, mankind always sets itself only tasks which it can solve ...' I so much wish that we had Jerry to cut the brush away from the hidden path to the answers, but, alas, we will have to hack away without his clear vision to guide us.

John Roemer

It may surprise some of you if I start by saying that I think of Jerry Cohen as the most *serious* person I have ever known. He passionately believed, as not all philosophers do, in the possibility of getting difficult philosophical issues *right*, and therefore he believed also in the importance of constantly striving to get them *exactly* right. I would suppose that this seriousness was the carrying forward into his adult life of the seriousness of the political commitments of his Marxist upbringing in Montreal.

But it was equally manifest in his seriousness about getting non-Marxist philosophers right. They too were no joke for him. He once got me to read through a set of lectures he had written – for his own enlightenment as well as that of the audience – on Plato's *Republic*. I was to read them and tell him what mistakes he had made in his interpretations. He was not at all hospitable to my defensive response that interpretations of a great philosophical work of the distant past were often not such that one could take a given passage, perhaps a very famous one, and pronounce someone's interpretation of it definitely right or definitely wrong.

That encounter was during the time we were colleagues here in All Souls. But we first met in the Autumn of 1963, when we both arrived at University College London, he coming from the Oxford BPhil to his first Lectureship, I from my BA degree in Cambridge to start graduate work with Bernard Williams. When Bernard left for his first Professorial Chair, they gave me a Lectureship too, with the result that Jerry and I were colleagues together for over ten years in the wonderfully open atmosphere encouraged by Richard Wollheim, the Grote Professor of that period. From time to time Jerry and I would give a term-long seminar together. I recall one term

in which we explored the then current debates on knowledge and belief – neither his nor my specialty, just a shared interest in finding out what was going on in various areas of controversy. Philosophy was so much less specialised in those days than it is now, and there was little pressure to publish before you had something of your own to say. I am confident that for both of us these excursions brought benefit to our more specialised work, about which both of us were extremely serious and full of youthful ambition.

Eventually, I left London for Cambridge, leaving Jerry behind. But we continued to meet and I would like to tell one story which puts Jerry's jokes in an admirable, serious, even heroic light. He was visiting me one day in Cambridge with Gideon, then a small boy of perhaps four or five. Gideon was on a swing in a playground somewhere when he fell off backwards and hit his head. Tears at once, of course, but then also, more worryingly, his eyes began to droop and close. Jerry knew this meant a threat of concussion and serious damage if the child was allowed to nod off into unconsciousness. For some reason he thought it important to get him back to a London hospital rather than risk being stuck in Addenbrooke's at Cambridge. We rushed him to catch a train to London, on which Jerry contrived to keep Gideon awake, eyes open, with a heroic stream of jokes and funny stories. Jerry's ability to joke and be funny turned out to be a deeply serious asset. Gideon survived, but tells me he does not remember the occasion.

I should like to close with a more recent report on University College London, where a memorial meeting for Jerry took place this past Thursday (17 June 2010) in the Philosophy Department there. A large body of people gathered in the room, overlooking Gordon Square, where we used to have seminars and departmental meetings. I found myself constantly hailed by middle-aged men and women whom I did not recognise in return, for the good reason that they were no longer the fresh-faced, twenty-something year-olds that Jerry and I had taught all those years ago. Hardly any of them were academics; they had come simply to share their memories of Jerry and to express their gratitude for what he had given them in their student days. I have no doubt that the same is true of everyone here today, not only those he taught. All of us have reason to celebrate Jerry's life and be grateful for his seriousness as well as (some at least of) his jokes.

It is tempting to talk about what made Jerry so remarkable as a philosopher, and people will be doing that for many years, I am sure. What I am thinking about first today, however, is what made him so remarkable as person and a friend. Two things that made Jerry a remarkable person and friend, however, are also part of what made him such a good philosopher. The first was his unusual intensity of focus. In a conversation with Jerry, one always had the feeling that he was concentrating intently – concentrating on the subject at hand, of course, but also concentrating on you, on what you said, and also on how things seemed to you, on what you were feeling. He would sometimes surprise me by commenting on this in insightful ways, sometimes long after the conversation in question. He would say things like,

You know when we were talking last year about ... it seemed to me that you were surprised and shocked that anyone would hold such a view.

And then he might add, with a slight bouncing chuckle that looked like a hiccup, 'It was very American of you to be so shocked by that. No European would be so surprised'.

This aspect of Jerry's gift for friendship – his capacity to focus on and identify how things seemed to others, which might be called sympathetic curiosity – is what I want mainly to discuss. I am not saying that he always got it right. We all have our limitations in understanding others, as well as ourselves. But Jerry did, I believe, focus analytically on other people's feelings in a way that many of us do not. This focus was the other side of his perceptiveness about his own feelings and his openness in describing them. His remarkable and moving self-reflections at the close of the conference in his honour in 2009, analysing his feelings about teaching, the striving involved in work, retirement, and advancing age are a good illustration of this capacity.

I was struck by the same quality recently when I reread some of Jerry's letters to me. These were letters from the mid-1970s just after his visit to Princeton when we first became acquainted. They were remarkably frank and open, about his feelings about trying to do philosophy as well as other worries and concerns. All of them were responses to letters I had written him – they began by thanking me for my letter, or apologising for taking so long to respond. I have no idea what I said in those letters of mine, but when I reread Jerry's I was left worrying that my letters were cool and reserved by comparison with his.

I say that this openness is ‘the other side of’ Jerry’s focus on the feelings of other people because I take both to express a desire for direct and meaningful connection with other people. This capacity was also illustrated in Jerry’s distinctive brand of humour. He was famously funny and entertaining. Many people are famously entertaining, most often by being witty, quick, and verbally adept. It is fun to be humorous in this way – it is a skill and a way of showing off. It can also be defensive – a way of dealing with nervousness, or unease about oneself. Jerry certainly enjoyed being amusing, as anyone would who was so good at it. But his humour was of a different kind. There was an element of showing off – it was a high-level performance – but it was not a defence mechanism, and was not about him, or a reaction to how he felt.

Jerry’s impersonations were so appealing because he got inside of those he was representing, and made you feel how they felt. This was increasingly true in later years, when he turned from impersonations of particular individuals to routines involving general types of people. I am thinking here, for example, of his routine involving interaction between a British philosopher and an American philosopher, both of them types from the 1950s or early 1960s, and his representation of a somewhat pedantic German philosopher giving a lecture. In each case, Jerry made you feel keenly his characters’ enthusiasm for what they were saying, their sense of urgency about the points they want to make, and their frustration at the difficulty of getting them across to the audience. Of course Jerry also made these characters seem ridiculous. But they were not *merely* ridiculous, and the whole thing would not have been so funny if they had been merely ridiculous. One would not have laughed so hard if Jerry had not made one feel so acutely how *they* felt – their mixture of self-absorbed eagerness, enthusiasm, anxiety, frustration, and impatience. Even when it was clear that Jerry identified more with one side of the confrontation he was depicting, he brought out what was right and reasonable about what each of the parties was feeling, even while displaying what was ridiculous about both.

Once Jerry and I met at Paddington to take the train together to Oxford. As the train was leaving the station, he told a joke about a philosopher, a priest, and an economist who are playing golf. The foursome ahead of them on the course is playing more and more slowly. They have to keep stopping to wait for that party to finish a hole, and they all become very impatient about the delay. Finally, they send their caddy to see what is holding things up. The caddy reports, ‘They can’t play any faster. They’re blind’. The philo-

sopher berates himself. 'I think of myself as being rational, capable of impartiality and of seeing that other people's interests count just as much as mine, but there I was, complaining rudely about them!' The priest consoles him, 'Don't be too hard on yourself. None of us is without sin'. But the economist says angrily, 'If they are blind, why the hell don't they play at *night*?' After telling the joke, and bouncing up and down with silent laughter, Jerry commented, 'The thing I like about that joke is that it does not put any of the three down. Each of them is right in his own way'.

That was, I think, typical of Jerry's outlook. Not that he did not strongly disapprove of some people, or even strongly dislike some, although I think that was relatively rare. But over a remarkably wide range of cases he was more able than the rest of us to see how things were even for people he disagreed with, and to appreciate what was reasonable in how they felt.

I can't resist concluding with a related point about Jerry's philosophical views. As he grew older, Jerry's writing in philosophy took on a more personal cast. *Karl Marx's Theory of History: A Defence* dealt with very abstract issues. By contrast, *If You're an Egalitarian, How Come You're So Rich* and *Rescuing Justice and Equality* characterise issues of justice in very personal terms. I myself understand morality in terms of personal relations, and see the question of justice as a question of what our institutions would have to be like in order for us to stand in the right kind of relation to our fellow citizens. But Jerry went much further, and saw justice in much more personal terms.

I remember a conversation with him when he was first thinking about normative political philosophy, in which I expressed surprise at his attraction to Robert Nozick's work – not to Nozick's particular views, but to the way he saw justice in terms of interactions between individuals, in contrast to Rawls for whom justice is fundamentally about institutions. I was puzzled how Jerry, as a Marxist, could fail to see that it was institutions that were crucial, not the attitudes or choices of individuals within those structures.

I think I now have a better understanding of this difference. Like Rawls, I experience injustice as one who is put in the position of benefiting from the unjustifiable ways in which institutions treat other people, whom I will never see or meet. The discomfort of injustice has to do with the relation in which I stand to those people. But the problem is created by institutions, and I therefore naturally see the solution in institutional terms. Jerry, not merely as a Marxist but as someone who grew up in a working-class family,

saw things differently. His perspective on injustice was from the point of view of the exploited and took the form of a confrontation between two people, one of whom asks the other, 'How can *you* justify doing this to *me*?' The challenge to injustice was, for him, personal and dramatic, like the interaction between the participants in one of his vignettes, in which it is demanded that each take seriously how things seem to the other.

Jerry's death is a loss for philosophy. But the loss of a remarkably perceptive friend and sympathetic human being is what we now feel most keenly.

Timothy Scanlon

IAN BROWNLIE

19 September 1932–3 January 2010

Delivered by Professor Sir John Vickers, H.E. Hisashi Owada and
Professor Vaughan Lowe on Saturday, 23 October 2010

We are gathered to remember and honour Ian Brownlie, whose life with that of his daughter, Rebecca, was so terribly cut short in Egypt in January.

Ian was for nearly twenty years the Chichele Professor of Public International Law at this University. Archbishop Chichele, founder of All Souls, with this Chapel at its heart, would surely have approved mightily of that subject, and especially how Ian forged it both in thought and deed.

The College is honoured that His Excellency Judge Owada, President of the International Court of Justice, has come to Oxford today to speak about Ian's work on the international stage. Professor Vaughan Lowe, Ian's successor in the chair, will then address the intellectual power of his work.

Let me say a few words about Ian the College Man, indeed the man of several colleges – Hertford as student, Wadham as tutor, and here as Professor and, later, Distinguished Fellow. In All Souls Ian had a special bond with (and was very generous to) the young Fellows, with whom he had a running conspiracy against the trendy and the pompous. His tactic against pomposity was to outdo it, as when he confounded a name-dropping guest by casual reference to 'one of my clients, the United States of America ...'.

At the same time Ian admired and took huge pleasure in the old. Though hardly cut from the same cloth as, say, Lords Hailsham and Sherfield, he was as much, if not more, conservative as them about College matters, in that special way reserved for those who have been on the political Left.

It has been said that Ian believed that a decent lunch was always necessary. This proposition can be generalised. Indeed Ian's forte in College was breakfast – cooked, of course. His regular breakfast sparring partner in the 1980s was Rodney Needham (uncooked), Professor of Social Anthropology, who always came prepared with a sharp conversational gambit. 'A most curious thing has happened,' said Rodney one morning, 'it normally takes 153 paces to go from my room to breakfast, but today it took 154.'

‘So,’ said Ian, between mouthfuls of black pudding, ‘your legs must be getting shorter.’

Then there was Ian the lover of books and of maps, spread out in his fine room. His generosity to the Codrington Library was magnificent.

The loss of Ian is all the greater, and so shocking, because he was so splendidly in his prime. As we mourn him, we can give thanks for that.

John Vickers

There is an old oriental saying which goes ‘the real worth of a person can be determined after his coffin is sealed’. This is certainly true of Sir Ian Brownlie, who so suddenly left us under such tragic circumstances. His death, which stunned us all, has brought home to his colleagues and friends that with his passing we have lost one of the greatest international lawyers of our generation. Sir Ian was indeed a towering figure among the giants of eminent international lawyers from all corners of the world.

It was my great privilege to have known Sir Ian Brownlie for over fifty years. My first encounter with him came in 1955, when Ian and I shared our time together as graduate students of international law at Cambridge University. Fresh from far away Japan, I had just been accepted to join a group of young research students, whereas Ian had also moved from Oxford to spend a year at Cambridge, having been elected as Humanitarian Trust Student in Public International Law. In those days, Cambridge was a ‘Mecca’ for promising young international lawyers from all over the world. In the monthly evening seminar organised in his room at Jesus by Professor Robert Jennings, who had just succeeded Sir Hersch Lauterpacht as Whewell Professor of International Law, such illustrious personages as Lord McNair, Sir Hersch Lauterpacht, Kurt Lipstein, Clive Parry, and Elihu Lauterpacht regularly gathered, at which a number of students, such as Hans Blix, Steve Schwebel, Ted Meron, Ian Brownlie, and later, Rosalyn Higgins and Georges Abi-Saab, flocked together. In this intellectually exciting environment, Ian Brownlie and I – both lonely newcomers exposed to this galaxy of scholars – soon became close. I immediately felt the warmth of his personality and he showed me great kindness. One factor which bound us together so quickly was the discovery that we in fact both shared almost the same birth date – he was born on 19 September 1932 and myself on 18 September 1932. Since that encounter fifty years ago our paths have crossed many times. Our meeting at Cambridge in fact signalled the start of this intertwining pattern of friendship premised on our shared passion for

international law. Indeed, a few years later in 1958 I was to follow in Ian Brownlie's footsteps when I myself was elected the Humanitarian Trust Student of International Law.

Sir Ian pursued a brilliant academic career. During his impressive career he taught at a number of prestigious universities in the United Kingdom, culminating in his appointment as Chichele Professor of Public International Law, followed by Emeritus Chichele Professorship and Distinguished Fellow of All Souls College.

Despite his enormous academic success, however, Sir Ian was not content simply to be an academic confining himself in an Ivory Tower of pure theory. He always maintained his keen interest in international law as practised by States, so much so that when he was invited to Japan in 1991, he chose to speak on 'The Practitioner's View of International Law' as the subject of his lecture in Tokyo.

It is against this background of Sir Ian's orientation as an international lawyer that we should understand the enormous interest he later developed in working as counsel and advocate to States who he represented before many international courts and tribunals, in particular before the International Court of Justice. Sir Ian served many times as counsel before the International Court of Justice.

His first case before the Court, which consolidated his reputation as formidable counsel and advocate, was the case brought by Nicaragua against the United States in the early 1980s. Nicaragua's pleadings were suffused with clarity of logic and unassailable argument buttressed by rich material from the case law, which characterised Ian's style of arguing a case. There followed a number of noteworthy cases in the 1990s in which Ian acted as counsel, such as the case between Denmark and Norway concerning the maritime delimitation in the area between Greenland and Jan Mayen, and the case concerning the land and maritime boundary between Cameroon and Nigeria.

Since I became a Judge at Court in 2003, I had the pleasure of hearing Sir Ian's eloquent presentations in 13 cases, some of them involving various phases. To offer a comprehensive overview of his legal contribution to these cases would require a seminar – so I shall limit myself to highlighting some of the salient characteristics of the most recent cases in which Sir Ian participated as counsel.

Sir Ian passed with ease between disparate and complex areas of the law, from the use of force to jurisdictional issues to methods of maritime delim-

itation. His sure-footed delivery was characterised by a lack of pomp, a great eye for detail, and an encyclopaedic knowledge of the law. More importantly, Sir Ian had an ability to identify the critical elements in a case, highlighting the strength of his arguments on those points, and leaving opposing counsel struggling to regroup. Not for nothing was Sir Ian such a popular choice of counsel for States appearing before the International Court of Justice. In terms of his vision of international law, Sir Ian looked at the reality of States' behaviour and in that regard sought to avoid an over-theoretical approach; he believed in the utility and practical application of international norms to the everyday lives of people and his interventions reflected this. From this perspective Sir Ian shared in the tradition of such eminent, and sadly departed, international jurists as Sir Robert Jennings, Sir Derek Bowett, and Sir Arthur Watts – luminaries who combined academic prowess with a clear-sighted pragmatic focus.

In fact, his frequent appearances before the International Court of Justice as counsel and advocate to one or other of the parties, and especially his participation in certain cases which were sometimes regarded as politically controversial, attracted attention and even invited some critical comment from some of his colleagues in the academic world. He took a firm stand against such criticism in the belief that a barrister's duty was to take any case offered to him on the 'cab rank principle'.

While his adherence to this principle no doubt reflected his approach to the profession, I personally feel that there was something more intrinsic in his approach to cases than a simple application of the 'cab rank principle'. When we were at Cambridge together, we had occasions to talk about our experiences respectively in England and Japan as a child during the wartime days. While our two countries were in opposite camps during the war, both of us had seen enough of the tragedy and havoc that the hostilities had brought to our civilian populations. Ian had had the experience of growing up in a city – Liverpool – that was bombed almost nightly, while I had witnessed the calamities of the 'scorched earth' operation caused by incendiary bombs dropped on Tokyo and elsewhere in Japan. These common experiences convinced us strongly of the importance of international law as genuinely the 'law of civilised nations'. Ian was a man of integrity and of independent mind. It is my view that when he was approached by States for his counsel, he acted on his own convictions and did not care much about what people in the mundane world might think.

Sir Ian was one of the most sought-after advocates in cases brought

before the International Court of Justice – though he never represented his own country before this Court. It is thus all the more significant tribute to him that he was knighted for services to public international law both as scholar and as practitioner. He was, in fact, very pleased with this recognition of his contribution. Moreover, this distinction was widely welcomed around the world as fitting recognition of his standing and achievement.

Sir Ian was essentially a very proud man and justifiably so. He was indeed very happy with his reputation of being a ‘formidable advocate’ before the Court, and enjoyed advancing an argument faced with 15 eminent Judges on the Bench as intellectual equals and trying to persuade them so eloquently. Coming from a typically ‘non-U’ background (to use the jargon fashionable in my day), it was his sheer personal gift of extraordinary intelligence, coupled with enormous determination and hard work, that brought him to the position of pre-eminence that he was to occupy in the glittering constellation of international lawyers of world renown.

Against this background of his upbringing, it is easy to understand the complex dichotomy in the personality he presented to the world: on the one hand he was legendary in his reputation of demanding as a supervisor ‘rigorous standards and hard work’ from his disciples; on the other, he was at the same time known to be an extremely caring tutor in relation to his students. A number of my former students from Japan studied under Sir Ian and they all, in one voice, told me how kind their Professor was on a personal level, confirming what I had felt about him fifty years ago when he took me under his wing at Cambridge, showing kindness to a naïve young student from a far away Asian country which at that time he had never visited.

Since those long ago days, Ian did have opportunities to visit Japan. Especially memorable was the occasion in 1991 when Ian and Christine visited Japan as guests of the Government. At that time I was Deputy Foreign Minister and was to be the host during their visit. Ian thoroughly enjoyed his stay in Japan and he was fascinated by diverse cultural aspects of this country in the old tradition, visiting a number of places – Tokyo, Kyoto and Hiroshima among them. Of the many places he visited and liked, he was particularly impressed by what he saw in Hiroshima.

It is a great honour for me to have been able to share with you my deep appreciation for the great contribution that Sir Ian made to the work of the Court. I join with you to celebrate the memory of a man who lived his life with verve and enthusiasm. Let me close my tribute to Sir Ian with an ancient epitaph from my part of the world:

A tiger will remain in the memory of many people by the beauty of the fur he leaves behind;

A great man will remain in the memory of many people by the fame of the achievement he bequeaths.

Ian's death, under tragic circumstances, is a true loss to international justice but he will remain in the memory of all of us as a guiding star in the quest for the development of international law.

Hisashi Owada

We have come together, from all over the world and from many different walks of life, to celebrate the life of Ian Brownlie and to express something of our gratitude for what he gave to each of us, whether as husband or father, as colleague, as scholar, or one of the most formidable legal practitioners in the world of international law that he did so much to shape.

Ian was the epitome of the legal scholar-practitioner. Some would say that he moved effortlessly between the ivory towers of academia and the rough playing-fields of legal practice. But I think that would misunderstand the man. Ian did not *move* between those worlds. Perhaps he did not even see them as two separate worlds. Ian the scholar and Ian the practitioner were one and the same, indivisible.

It is almost forty years since the first time I heard Ian lecture. I have heard him often; and on many of those occasions he would say, early in his talk, like the announcement of a Wagnerian theme, 'I am not an academic; I am a practitioner'. Coming from the holder first, of the chair in international law at the LSE, and then for two decades, of the Chichele chair in public international law in Oxford and a fellowship at All Souls, the declaration could sometimes raise an eyebrow or two.

His comment may have been more accurate as a credo than as a self-description. Sir Robert Jennings observed in his preface to the *Festschrift* prepared on Ian's retirement by some of the many distinguished international lawyers whom he had taught, that Ian always regarded himself as first and foremost a teacher, and took great trouble to get to know his pupils personally. But the comment certainly pinpoints his greatest strength and the core of his contribution to international law.

Ian was, above all, a lawyers' lawyer. Not a pundit; not a weaver of

dreams and theories; not a radical critic of outmoded intellectual fashions. He saw with clarity and perceptiveness what the law could and should do, and what it cannot and should not try to do. And he saw with the eye of a craftsman; as a cabinet-maker might eye a fine piece of oak and see in it both its potential and its limitations.

One of my first encounters with Ian was at a conference sponsored by the Ford Foundation in a series known as the Ford Legal Workshops. Walking behind him out of the room after a rather theoretical discussion of his paper by the audience, I overheard him say, 'The trouble with workshops is that they are full of semi-skilled operatives': a neat reflection of his insistence on the need for lawyers to understand properly how law works before they start to deconstruct it.

Ian was not at all a narrow legalist. One of his great legacies at Oxford is the continuing collaboration between international lawyers and international relations scholars, borne out by a series of seminars which he and Sir Adam Roberts, among others, used to lead jointly. But Ian had cut his teeth as a lawyer first, on the teaching of English law and second, on his appearances in cases in the English courts; and the rigour and discipline of that grounding in English law remained with him throughout his career.

After his studies in Oxford, under Cecil Fifoot and Peter Carter, and then in Cambridge, Ian became an academic, specialising in public international law – a subject then widely regarded by lawyers as little more respectable than legal philosophy and of no greater practical value – but maintaining a very active interest in public law and in tort. International lawyers in those days were not able to confine themselves to their specialist subject: they also had to teach and practice in the mainstream.

In 1956, Ian began his academic career, teaching at Leeds and then Nottingham University, and later for thirteen years at Wadham, before taking the chair in international law at the LSE in 1976. Four years later he was elected to the Chichele chair in Oxford and the Fellowship in this College, where he held a Distinguished Fellowship at the time of his death.

During his long and remarkable career he wrote a great deal. His name is synonymous with what may prove to be the last great single-author monograph on public international law. For a generation, his *Principles of Public International Law* – 'Brownlie', as it was universally known – has had an almost canonical authority in the English courts and in international tribunals, and stood as a standard exposition of the subject.

The reputation of his text in the courts is exceptional. Legal academics

have always been looked upon, rightly, with suspicion by practitioners; and there was long a tradition in the English courts that no living legal writer should be cited. A similar restraint is practised in international tribunals, as was emphasised in the instructions given to student lawyers some years ago by the organisers of an international law moot competition. 'Legal writers are not themselves sources of law and should be sparingly and cautiously cited', they were told. 'And only the most distinguished among them should be quoted, such as Grotius, Vattel, and Brownlie.'

The peculiar status accorded to *Brownlie* no doubt owes something to its lapidary style – a daunting obstacle to anyone who has the unenviable task of arguing in court that *Brownlie* might be wrong. But for those who knew him, or his early monograph on the *Use of Force in International Law*, or his encyclopaedic work on *African Boundaries*, it is evident that the confidence and clarity with which the *Principles* stated the law is the result of immense learning and a profound feeling for the fabric and structure of international law.

Ian's contributions to scholarship were manifold and incisive. His stature was recognised in his election to the British Academy, and reflected in his election to the United Nations International Law Commission, which at one time he chaired. His writings alone would mark him out as one of the handful of dominant figures in international law of the last half-century: but his influence on the development of the subject has been of a more subtle and persuasive nature.

Ian is not associated with any grand or novel theory of the nature of international law, or with any particular doctrine or approach to the subject. It is rather the close attention to detail, to precise language and rigorous analysis, and to procedure, that Ian took with him from his practice in English courts into the world of international courts and tribunals. It was his unassailable craftsmanship that enabled him to carve out some of the most remarkable legal developments in recent decades.

Ian had been called to the Bar in 1958, when he was 26; and he practised in the courts and tribunals of England. His first major contribution to the Law, and to the peace of mind of the parents of an entire generation that reached the age of independence in the 1960s, was his appearance in the case of *Sweet v Parsley*, where he and Rose Heilbron QC persuaded the House of Lords that Miss Stephanie Sweet could not be convicted of being 'concerned in the management of premises for the purpose of smoking cannabis' contrary to the Dangerous Drugs Act because Miss Sweet was entirely

unaware that the tenants she had allowed to use her kitchen were indulging themselves in that way.

Ian was a firm believer in the great tradition of the cab-rank rule, and did not shrink from appearing for the unpopular or against the mighty. He was counsel for Libya in the Lockerbie cases brought in the International Court by Libya against the United Kingdom and the United States. He was counsel for Nicaragua in its International Court case against the United States, which laid open to the public scrutiny of the Court the record of US intervention in Nicaragua, and resulted in a significant victory for Nicaragua and had a profound effect upon US foreign policy. He was counsel for Serbia in the *Genocide* case in the International Court of Justice.

He believed in the principle that everyone had the right to have their case put forward as well as it could be, no matter how unpopular or how thoroughly prejudged that case might have been by the media.

He never flinched from that responsibility; and the rigour with which his pleading compelled courts to analyse the issue before them has made a major contribution to the development of international law, and to its increasing sophistication and robustness.

Opinions differ on which is the most significant of his cases. Some would say it is his victory in 1995 in the European Court of Human Rights in the case of *Loizidou v Turkey*, which established the principle that a State's obligations under the European Convention on Human Rights extend to areas in which the State exercises effective control, even if that area lies outside its national territory. Delivered in the context of Turkey's responsibility for events in occupied northern Cyprus, the decision has had – and continues to have – an enormous impact on the conduct of military operations where British (and other European) troops are deployed abroad, particularly in Iraq and Afghanistan.

Others would say that *Nicaragua* was his greatest success, giving real and rare credibility to the principle that no nation is so mighty that it is above the law, none so small that its rights can be ignored. Few cases can have done so much to bolster the credibility of the idea that the Rule of Law in international affairs is not a mere metaphor or aspiration, but a reality that can, at least on occasion, be brought forcibly to the attention even of those who might prefer to forget it.

It is here that I think Ian's greatest contribution to international law lies. He brought to it the same standards of thorough and precise analysis, the same concern to see it develop as a coherent, practical, working system, that

we take for granted in municipal legal systems. He brought it professional credibility, ballast, keeping eyes focussed on that middle ground where real life is carried on, the often-neglected area between the navel-gazing and blue-sky thinking to which academic international lawyers are prone to fall prey.

Ian was still working at full force at the time of his death in a car crash in Cairo earlier this year. That brought a shocking and tragic end to a distinguished career.

While Ian's publications will stand as his most tangible monument, it is as a colleague, mentor and friend that he is most keenly missed. Those who barely knew him might sometimes have thought him a forbidding figure, as awesome as his reputation. Those who knew him better and had the privilege of working with him, recall a man of measured judgement, immense learning, and a quiet but profound commitment to the values of justice and humanity. We have lost a remarkable man.

Vaughan Lowe

JOHN DONNISON BAILEY

24 August 1931–7 July 2011

Delivered by Professor Roger Hood on Saturday, 21 January 2012

John Bailey was proud to be an Australian: 'A Quiet Australian'. Indeed many of us for some time did not even know he was an Australian. This is not because he was trying to hide his origins: far from it. He and Faye, his beloved wife of 57 years, never forsook their Australian nationality and never applied for a British passport.

I got to know John very well when he came to All Souls as Senior Bursar in 1990, as at that time I was Steward of the Kitchen which a little later was subsumed under the somewhat broader remit of College Steward on the retirement of the Domestic Bursar, Bryan Wilson. This meant that I worked closely with John and we became good friends. Nevertheless I knew little of his earlier life and career for John was a modest, even self-effacing person. I recognised that he had exceptional qualities but ne'er heard a word from him of his achievements. A member of a distinguished Australian family; a fine sportsman in his youth and a tennis player into old age; a lover of the outdoors, including fishing; an outstanding student of economic history at Melbourne and Oxford who became sought after by Australian universities; a financial doctor to several British manufacturing companies during difficult financial times; and the guardian of the fortunes of three Oxford Colleges, he has left a mark that is worthy of high esteem and celebration.

John was born with an Oxford connection. His father Kenneth (later Sir Kenneth Bailey, CBE, QC), had been a Rhodes Scholar at Corpus Christi College where he won a blue for athletics and only two years after obtaining a first in the BCL had been appointed Professor of Jurisprudence at Melbourne University Law School at the age of 27. He went on to be a top advisor to the Australian Government on constitutional issues and foreign affairs, led delegations to the United Nations, became Solicitor General, and High Commissioner to Canada. He was described as being of 'scholarly countenance and unflinching courtesy [who] spoke in mellow tones and

measured language ... [but] not given to outward displays of emotion'. Like father like son you will say: I never once heard John raise his voice. John's mother Editha Yseult Donnison was British: an art student at the Slade, she became an excellent potter. Like her, John had a deep appreciation of art, design and music. His eldest brother Peter who had also been a Rhodes Scholar is a distinguished human rights lawyer. Brother Vernon, a retired medic, rose to be head of the World Health Organisation for Africa, South of the Sahara. John's roots were planted deep in the soil of Victoria's reputation for probity, public service, Christian devotion, and high achievement.

But John's connections with Britain were also deep, secure and long-lasting. From 1955 onwards, when he and Faye, just married, came to Oxford he spent almost all his life in this country. At first it looked as if John was destined for an academic career. He had proceeded from the BA in History and Economic History at Melbourne to an MA and from there to a Research Assistantship at the Australian National University. His MA dissertation, *Growth and Depression: Contrasts in the Australian and British Economies, 1870–1880*, was published by ANU in 1956, by which time he had taken up a scholarship to pursue his DPhil at his father's old college, Corpus, although he spent much of his time in Nuffield College. He worked fast: his thesis was submitted in November 1956 and the degree awarded in 1957. It concerned the flow of capital from Britain, through finance companies, to the Australian pastoral economy, in particular wool producers in the years 1870–1893. Articles in the *Economic History Review* and *Economic Record* followed. While at Oxford John, like his brother Peter before him, came very close to earning a rowing blue in the Oxford Eight.

What to do next? He was torn between academic life and following his interest in finance in the world of business. He chose the latter. He tried working as an investment advisor for Sun Life in London and Montreal, but after five years decided that this didn't suit him. It was real industry, especially minerals and steel, that caught his imagination. After seven years of experience and rising responsibilities in a company producing heat-resistant materials he reached a major crossroad. He had not neglected his interest in economic history, for he had taken on an entirely new project in his 'spare time': a meticulous centenary history of the *Australian Mercantile Land and Finance Company, 1863 to 1963*, which was published by Oxford University Press in 1966. One reviewer noted that, by definition, it was rather dry, but that it had perked up when the author got to the disastrous impact of the plague of rabbits that hit the sheep pastures. This book cemented his already

high reputation, especially in Australian academic circles, as the authority on overseas investment, and led in 1971 to the offer of a Professorship in Economic History by the University of New South Wales.

At the same time John had been offered the post of Development Director (later to be upgraded to Executive Director) by a Sheffield steel manufacturer, Balfour Darwin, a company with Australian connections. Utterly unsure to the last moment which position to accept, he wrote two letters, one to each accepting the offer, walked a long mile to the post-box and only when there chose industry. It was a tough decision and a tough job in what a Union leader called the 'socialist republic of South Yorkshire', especially as the company was in decline like others in the steel industry. After five years he went on to try to save another company, but by 1983, after 24 years in the business world, he had had enough.

Faye tells me that it was at Christmas 1983, sitting before a blazing fire with a glass of good wine, that the decision was made. John announced that he would like to try to become a Bursar. Surely his financial experience, his administrative ability, his skills in personnel management, combined with his academic background and understanding of the demands of research, would all come in handy. And so it proved to be.

John Bailey was snapped up by St Antony's where he spent six happy years and contributed a great deal to the life, administration and financial stability of the College. So successful was he, that when he was approached by All Souls in 1989, both the then Warden, Sir Ralph (later Lord) Dahrendorf, and his predecessor Sir Raymond Carr, men with very different personalities, attitudes and approaches to life, could find no words but praise for his achievements. Here are some excerpts:

He has been 'an unqualified success' wrote Sir Ralph, and shown 'an amazing ability to remain unflustered under pressure'. 'A person of natural authority,' he was 'unworried about winning or losing small battles and wholly devoted to finding the best answer to problems'. He had been 'generally respected and much liked' and 'a natural fellow among Fellows'. Sir Raymond noted 'his capacity to get on with people' and his 'qualities as a human being, which he regarded as 'truly extraordinary'. He concluded 'I have wracked my brain in an attempt to find a defect or failing ... I cannot discover any such failings. This may sound extraordinary but it is true'.

So it was not surprising that when Charles Wenden, in his final year as All Souls' indomitable Bursar, and Tony Honoré, the very percipient Acting Warden while Warden Neill was serving as Vice-Chancellor, went in search

of a successor to Wenden, they were very keen to lure Dr Bailey to this College.

John took up his post in January 1990, as Sir Patrick (now Lord) Neill returned to resume as Warden. Charles Wenden had such confidence in John's ability that he did not stay around for a protracted 'hand-over' but took leave to South Carolina. He was right. The new Bursar stepped seamlessly and confidently into the big boots of his predecessor. It was a very big job: which involved

taking charge of the College investments, estates and financial relations with other Colleges and the University, for authorising or refusing to authorise expenditure, subject only to the College statutes and the authority of the various committees, and the appointment, discipline, terms of service and dismissal, subject to the authority of the Warden, of all staff.

John's aim was, he recorded, to 'work ... with a minimum of fuss and intrusion and a maximum of flexibility; eliminating any sense of tension between Fellows and the Bursary'. And he described his management style as 'characterised by quiet but firm leadership achieving long-term results by working together as a team'. He could be stubborn but when he had to concede he bore no grudges. This clear vision of what was required was the key to his success.

He ran a tight ship, as they say. Within a few years the College Financial Delegates 'welcomed the tighter control being exercised over expenditure' and the establishment of a long-term funding strategy. He was against extravagance, making sure for example that the cost of ingredients for College meals was kept within definite limits and sending detailed statistics every month to me, the Chef and the Butler. He even went to the kitchen to see fish being filleted so that he could understand why portions of it appeared to be so expensive. He was careful but he was not mean. If work had to be done it would be of the highest quality, such as restoration of paintings and their frames; of the Warden's Lodgings when John Davis took office; and especially the fitting out and furnishing of the Sparrow Building in the grounds of Harris Manchester College of which he, with Faye's help, took command. His and Faye's expertise in property development, eye for elegant interiors and passion for gardening, were all on display at their marvellous home, Bradenstoke Barn in North Aston.

He was progressive too. As soon as he could, he stealthily expanded the

role of women in College life. One day I looked up at dinner in Hall, and lo: there was a woman serving, a sight never before seen. On the cultural side he was a great supporter of music in College, including the operas organised by Margaret Bullard in support of the Bodleian.

John was kind and supportive to Fellows, young and old. He was particularly keen to increase the opportunities for post-doctoral Fellows and welcomed new Fellows to College warmly and put on a proper basis the joint equity scheme to help them to purchase accommodation in Oxford. He strongly supported the academic allowance scheme introduced by Tony Honoré and Charles Wenden, and did his best to extend it as far as he thought seemly. His thoughtfulness to those who became ill and needed support was legendary, his care for Alan Tyson as he declined in health being a much admired example.

Leaving aside these important domestic considerations, he worked hard to identify good investment opportunities and although always exercising due care, was ready to act swiftly when a great opportunity presented itself. With the support of his colleagues on the Estates and Finance Committee he staged a great coup in beating all-comers to snap up a block of property in Portland Place in central London and the site of Early's blanket factory in Witney, a town marked for development. I am told that in due course, and after all the opportunities this gave had been exploited, this alone apart from all his other shrewd investments, had increased the College endowment by as much as 10 per cent, so ensuring the maintenance and even broadening of the Fellowship.

As far as his academic interests were concerned, John supported the History of the College. Particularly keen to examine the development of the College Estates he set about the necessary archival research. But alas he was not able to complete this work, as cancer began to bite even before he retired in 1998. There is, though, Faye assures me, a wealth of material available to anyone who would care to take up this fascinating subject.

At the end of his tenure John handed over everything in perfect order to his successor Tom Seaman. In writing to Warden Davis to express his gratitude to the College, a College as he put it, 'that is unique and impossible to comprehend from the outside,' he was modest to the end, saying: 'I have been fortunate as Bursar to live through a mostly prosperous period and so the endowment has multiplied agreeably'. So much was in fact directly due to him.

John was elected to an Emeritus Fellowship, but was not ready for full-

time retirement. He agreed to be financial doctor to Sulgrave Manor, which was greatly appreciated. At the end of 1998 his reputation as an outstanding Bursar was such that he was snapped up by Sir Brian Fall, President of Lady Margaret Hall, who had been anxious about the state of the College finances. John agreed to a half-time appointment as College Treasurer for two years, subsequently extended to three years. As Sir Brian put it, with 'quiet authority' he quickly stabilised the expenditure and put everything in good order. Yet again his sensible, balanced approach to college life and financial affairs had inspired confidence and great respect.

I cannot finish without saying that Faye gave tremendous support to her Johnno, and both have been marvellous parents to their daughters Melissa and Tamsin and to their five children. It was to be near to all of them that John decided to leave Bradenstoke Barn and move north to spend his final days in Cumbria. I hope it will be of comfort to them to know that John Bailey will be remembered by all of us as an exemplar of service, rectitude, utter reliability, good judgment, sincere friendship and behind his apparent reticence a warm and loveable personality. There are far too few of his ilk.

Roger Hood

PETER SHERVEY LEWIS

4 August 1931–30 July 2014

Delivered by Sir Keith Thomas on Saturday, 11 October 2014

Peter Lewis was a dedicated scholar who combined great learning with imagination and subtle analysis. By his writings and his encouragement of others, he breathed new life into the study of late medieval French history and fostered an impressive community of British practitioners of the subject. A Fellow of All Souls for forty-five years, he loved the College for its buildings, its library and its traditions. A devoted husband, father, father-in-law, and grandfather, he was an extremely sensitive human being, complex, and intensely private.

His academic distinction owed much to his genetic inheritance. His mother was a former school teacher, with a powerful intellect and a dry sense of humour. She nearly died of pre-eclampsia when Peter was born and he spent much of the first year of his life with his father's sister, to whom he would remain devoted. His father was a clerk with the Great Western Railway and a splendid example of the cultural vitality to be found in the South Wales of those days. He was a gymnast of Olympic standard, an active member of the Neath Little Theatre, and principal pianist for the Tonna Male Voice Choir. He used to read detective stories in German, and after his retirement successfully taught himself Mandarin Chinese. Peter was the only child of these two unusual people.

He also had the advantage of an excellent secondary education. The Welsh grammar schools were beacons of light in the local communities, and Peter went to one of the best of them, Neath County. His contemporaries included Roger Howells, who would later become Production Manager at the Royal Shakespeare Theatre in Stratford-on-Avon and a life-long friend. His schoolmasters included some notable figures. Many, perhaps most, academics have been set on their future path by inspirational teaching at school. Peter was no exception and he always remembered Elis Jenkins, who taught English, both to him and to Emrys Jones, who would become Goldsmiths' Professor of the subject at Oxford; Laurie Thomas, who taught

French and Spanish; and 'Hoppy' Hopkins, who inspired the school's strong musical life and conducted the school orchestra, in which Peter played first violin. The school was very successful at getting its sixth-formers into Oxford and most of them became academics.

Peter duly won a demyship in History at Magdalen, but before he could take it up, he had to do National Service. In his case, it took a very unusual form. He joined the Royal Engineers and, after his basic training, became an officer cadet and was commissioned as a second lieutenant. He then volunteered for Bomb Disposal and spent several months defusing unexploded German bombs in London. After that, he was summoned to an interview in the War Office and assigned to unidentified 'special duties'. He was sent in a windowless train to Trieste and put on a troopship for Port Said. It turned out that he, with a major and half a dozen other ranks, was to spend a year or so on a Royal Naval ship cruising in the Eastern Mediterranean as part of a NATO operation. From time to time Peter was sent ashore in Turkey for purposes which still remain shrouded by the Official Secrets Act, but which we may reasonably surmise involved assessing the suitability of beaches for a landing, should deteriorating relations with the Soviet Union make that necessary. Peter enjoyed it all enormously and rightly thought himself lucky to have had more time at sea than many people who did their National Service in the Navy.

In 1950 he came up to Magdalen. With Karl Leyser, K.B. McFarlane, John Stoye and A.J.P. Taylor as the tutors, it had some claim to be regarded as the best college in Oxford for History. Peter won two top University prizes: the Stanhope Prize, for an essay on the prescribed topic of 'Bastard Feudalism', and the Gibbs Scholarship after a written examination. These achievements, along with his First Class in the Schools, made him an obvious candidate for an All Souls Prize Fellowship and this he duly won in 1953 in what was, by all accounts, a very strong field. His 'twin' was Jeremy Morse. Morse and Lewis: a happy combination, as it turned out.

I arrived at All Souls two years later. By then, Tony Quinton and Bernard Williams, whose highly entertaining conversation Peter greatly enjoyed, had moved on and there were very few other Prize Fellows around in the week. So Peter and I saw a lot of each other. We came from similar backgrounds, though I was from Barry rather than Neath, and from Balliol rather than Magdalen. We became fast friends, we travelled abroad together, and we followed each other's romantic entanglements with keen interest. In 1957 Peter met Jill Morton, who was reading history. Her suc-

cess in Schools that summer prompted him to draft a telegram to her which read, 'Let me not to the marriage of first-class minds/Admit impediments'. I'm not sure whether he sent it, but they did indeed marry, on the 12th of September 1959, when Jill was a research student. It was a fortunate day for them both. They were a very close and united couple, complementary in temperament, but with a great deal in common. My wife and I spent many happy hours in their company. In due course, Jill became a Tutorial Fellow of St Anne's and carved out her own identity as an early modern historian. But she also did the cooking and the driving. Indeed she was (and is) a phenomenally good cook: I remember Peter boasting that in the first year of their marriage they never had the same meal twice. Like Peter, Jill was an only child, and so was Adam, their son, who was born in 1963. After a few years living in Leckford Road, they bought a house in Harbord Road, just north of the roundabout. In 1970 a relative of Jill's sold them a cottage and cowshed attached to the Denbighshire farm, where Jill, whose parents were Liverpool Welsh (and Welsh-speaking), had been evacuated during the war. Peter and Jill converted the cowshed into extra accommodation and went there regularly in vacations if they were not in France.

On his arrival at All Souls, Peter embarked on his career as a medievalist. Although he had not been taught fifteenth-century history by Bruce McFarlane at Magdalen (and, amazingly, had written his prize essay on bastard feudalism in ignorance of McFarlane's celebrated articles on the subject), he had encountered him as a first-year undergraduate, when McFarlane had plunged him immediately into the study of Anglo-Norman source-material; and he fell under his spell at the open evenings when McFarlane welcomed undergraduates to listen to music on what was apparently a very superior gramophone. So when he started research, he did so under McFarlane's supervision and on a topic on which McFarlane was expert, namely William of Worcester, secretary to the rich and childless soldier of fortune, Sir John Fastolf. For two years, Peter applied himself to transcribing and editing Worcester's remarkable records of his antiquarian journeys through England in the late 1470s, only to discover that another scholar, John Harvey, was also working on the subject and claimed priority. It was a devastating blow. Harvey's edition did not appear until fourteen years later, but Peter abandoned the topic and chose instead to collaborate with McFarlane and Roger Highfield of Merton on a new edition of the Paston Letters, the largest surviving English collection of fifteenth-century correspondence and an indispensable source for the history of the period.

Three years later he published his first article, a skilful reconstruction of one of the lawsuits by which Sir John Fastolf sought to secure his title to the land he had acquired.

Peter was unsuccessful in his repeated attempts to secure a tutorial fellowship at another college, but he became a lecturer at Wadham in 1956 and by virtue of that was appointed to a CUF University Lectureship. He proved to be an intellectually challenging tutor, excellent for the able and committed pupils, though perhaps rather too allusive for the weaker ones. He would ask disconcerting questions, like, 'What did a medieval king do all day?' or 'Where would you go for a doctor in fifteenth-century Dijon?' He greatly valued the Wadham connection. It gave him the opportunity to encounter a succession of lively undergraduates and to be involved in their selection at the Admissions stage. He also enjoyed his membership of what was initially a very small SCR under Maurice Bowra, and appreciated being the colleague of Pat Thompson, Lawrence Stone, Cliff Davies and Jane Garnett.

To discharge his new duties as a CUF Lecturer, and, no doubt, to avoid clashing with McFarlane's lectures on fifteenth-century England, Peter prepared a course of lectures on war, economy and society in late medieval France. This was the beginning of a decisive shift in his interests. When his Examination Fellowship expired in 1960, he successfully applied for another seven years, this time as a Junior Research Fellow. In his application, he explained that he wanted to continue his work on the Paston Letters, but that he was also planning a book on late medieval France, in which he would treat the way of life (including political life) of the various elements of society, setting it all in a European context. This was virgin territory for a British historian.

McFarlane's sudden death in 1966 put an end to the Paston letters project, but well before then Peter's work on France had gathered momentum. In the 1960s he published a series of seminal articles of great originality which foreshadowed his book. In one of them, he showed that the failure of representative institutions in France was not, as was previously thought, because they incurred royal hostility. On the contrary, kings saw that such assemblies could be useful, especially in granting subsidies. When this became apparent to the clergy, nobility and members of the third estate, they ceased to attend. In another piece, he showed that, contrary to received opinion, the *alliance*, or non-feudal contract for life service in peace and war, played much the same part in bolstering up the relationship

between lord and servant in France as the indenture did in England. Similar reciprocal relationships were created by the Orders of Chivalry, founded not only by kings and dukes, but by lesser nobility, who cemented the loyalty of their allies and dependants with badges, mottoes and ceremonies.

This conception of France as an amalgam of alliances and clienteles, increasingly held together by a monarchy which offered favours, offices and pensions to many ranks of society, underlay his great book, *Late Medieval France: the Polity* (1968). Published when he was thirty-seven, it was a staggering achievement for a young man. It blew away the cobwebs which had enveloped fifteenth-century French political history and replaced them with a penetrating analysis of patronage, connection, and material interest, a technique which had originated with Sir Lewis Namier in his study of eighteenth-century British politics, been developed by early modern historians in their debates about the origins of the English Civil War, and perfected by Peter's mentor Bruce McFarlane in his work on the nobility of late medieval England. But Peter applied this method in a delicate and sensitive way, with a strong awareness of the cultural as well as the social dimensions of power, for he was expert in iconography and literature as well as politics. His book is very broad in its coverage, subtle in argument and stunningly erudite. Its central concern is power and the many different ways in which it could and could not be exercised; and it analyses the structure of French political society at every social and regional level. It combines concise judgments with vivid examples and apposite quotations drawn from a huge range of contemporary sources. It also displays Peter's deep sense of the complexity of things. Invariably preferring nuance to simplification, he repeatedly warns the reader that matters are more complicated than they seem, that reality is made up of ambiguities and inconsistencies, and that abstractions and generalisations are to be distrusted. One distinguished historian of the later Middle Ages characterises Peter's *bon mot* that 'power was everywhere and nowhere' as 'the perfect depiction of the later medieval political world, with its disaggregated and overlapping means of authority and its sudden and drastic changes of fortune'.

In his foreword to the French translation of *Late Medieval France*, the French historian Bernard Guenée described Peter's account as 'magisterial' and hailed him as the leader of a brilliant band of young British historians who had revived the study of the social and political history of late medieval France. Forty-five years later, the book is still regarded as the best and

intellectually most sophisticated guide to how a late medieval political society really worked.

Peter followed it up with a volume of *Essays in Later Medieval French History* which appeared in 1981. Along with eleven previously published pieces on the political structure and political thinking of the period, it included new work, notably an important essay showing that the pensions paid by Louis XI were used, not to create a crown affinity, but to recompense administrators who were carrying on the work of government. Although these essays were the product of intensive research and reflection, Peter was not satisfied: in his brief Conclusion he wrote, 'There is so much more to do, so much more discovery, and excitement.'

On the very first page of *Late Medieval France* Peter cites a passage from Jean Juvénal des Ursins, the archbishop and adviser to successive fifteenth-century kings of France, and Juvénal is a constant presence throughout the rest of the book. He was a man who began his career when Henry V seemed likely to conquer all France; he served the Dauphin, whose coronation as Charles VII was secured by Joan of Arc; and he died when Louis XI was laying the foundations of French royal absolutism. In his early essays Peter drew extensively on the voluminous, unpublished manuscripts in which Juvénal commented with acerbity and passion on the political events and moral issues of his day; and he was the natural choice of the Société de l'Histoire de France to edit them for publication. This assignment fitted in well with his growing interest in the role of polemic and propaganda in the formation of French political opinion, but it was a massive task, involving reference to some hundred and fifty manuscripts in repositories scattered across the world from New York to St Petersburg, and it occupied him for several decades. Publication was slow because of the Société's lack of funds, but Peter's two volumes of Juvénal's *Écrits Politiques*, comprising half a million words of text, transcribed from microfilm, checked against the manuscripts, and accompanied by variant readings and explanatory notes, appeared in 1978 and 1985. The third volume, a substantial monograph on Juvénal's life and work, came out in 1992. It was a huge scholarly achievement, meticulously performed.

After that Peter resumed his work on what he called the 'literature of persuasion' in late medieval France. He began by concentrating on the very complicated manuscript history of the French chronicles of the period. As he explained, 'the textual problems have, of course, their own attraction, but there is as well the excitement of, I hope, again developing a new

approach to a subject.' His initial papers on the topic were highly technical, but they revealed his expertise in codicology and they illuminated the contribution made by fifteenth-century historiography to the underpinning of the Valois monarchy, a subject he had opened up thirty years earlier.

Alongside his own research, Peter did a huge amount to stimulate the study of late medieval French history in Britain. In Oxford he helped to establish a popular new Further Subject on France and Burgundy in the fifteenth century, a Special Subject on Henry v, and, later, an Optional Subject on English Chivalry and the French Wars. He also supervised most of the best research students working in his area. For the wider world, he edited in 1971 an influential volume entitled *The Recovery of France in the Fifteenth Century*. This contained translations of a dozen sparkling and decisive pieces by the most innovative French scholars of the time. The availability of these articles had a transformative effect upon the teaching of medieval French history in the Anglophone world.

Above all, he organised and chaired a seminar on Later Medieval France which met in All Souls every Hilary term for more than twenty years. This became the powerhouse of the subject and many would regard it as his greatest contribution to the advance of historical knowledge. Peter usually delivered one paper himself, but the others were given by scholars from all over Britain and also by leading historians from France. Those who attended these meetings are warm in their praises of the way Peter conducted them. They stress his generous and courteous hospitality, his obvious respect for all the participants, whatever their status, his kindness to younger scholars, whose confidence he boosted, and his readiness to allay the anxieties of those who came from other universities and might have found the prospect of speaking in All Souls intimidating. They cherish the memory of his vast knowledge, his acute obiter dicta, and the gentle way in which he punctured some of the pomposities of French historiography. The seminar put late medieval French history on the map in Britain. It encouraged a variety of approaches and it had a decisive impact upon the development of the subject.

Peter's retirement in 1998 was marked by a colloquium held at Liverpool in his honour and the resulting Festschrift, edited by Christopher Allmand, was published two years later. A third of the contributors were French or Belgian, an index of the affection and respect in which he was held on the continent. Peter's plans for an active retirement included teaching in France and pursuing his work on the *Grande Chronique* of Normandy, but they

were cruelly interrupted by illness: first, throat cancer, then prostate trouble, and finally Alzheimer's. His last years were very sad. Yet he never lost his intellectual curiosity. A day or two before he died, when he was lying in the A&E Assessment Unit, he suddenly sat up and asked Jill whether she thought baroque architects consulted baroque musicians about the appropriate acoustics for their buildings.

Neat in his habits, and orderly in his working methods, Peter built up a superb private library of monographs and source materials, along with scores of microfilms of manuscripts, all of them meticulously arranged and beautifully shelved. He made no use of card indexes, but made his notes in pencil on sheets of paper, from which he had no difficulty in extracting the relevant fact or quotation when he needed it. He was an excellent palaeographer who revelled in deciphering difficult manuscripts. His knowledge of the published and unpublished sources for late medieval French history, particularly its political and historical literature, was unsurpassed by anyone on either side of the Channel. Every summer for more than thirty years, he and Jill went off to spend a month or more in Paris to conduct what Peter called his 'campaigns' in the libraries and archives. They became friends of many leading French historians of the period, including Philippe Contamine and Bernard Guenée; and Peter functioned as a sort of honorary academic consul for French scholars visiting England. The historical figures he studied also came to be numbered among his intimate acquaintances. 'I know what he looked like,' he wrote of Jean Juvénal, 'I have tried to see through his mind ..., but I am still not certain that I see him.' He even thought in medieval French.

Peter was an elusive person who did not wear his heart on his sleeve. He had qualities which Montaigne would have admired: distance, reserve, moderation and self-control. Although sensitive to other people and taking pleasure in their idiosyncrasies, he remained cool, detached, and reticent. Even at home, he could sometimes be quiet and reserved. With his colleagues he was self-effacing, invariably courteous and kindly, but rather withdrawn and seldom expansive. In correspondence, he was usually brief and laconic. His closest friends in College tended to be those whom he had known since the 1950s: Robin Zaehner, Jean Seznec, Peter Fraser, Evans-Pritchard and, especially, Rohan Butler. With strangers he was shy. When he was Fellow Librarian, he hated visitors bursting in on him unannounced. On one celebrated occasion, a stranger marched into the Codrington office, where Peter was talking to Norma Aubertin-Potter,

the Sub-Librarian, and asked where he could find Mr Lewis. Peter shrank into the farthest corner, while Norma, with great presence of mind, explained that, unfortunately, Mr Lewis was in London that day. The stranger marched off. Whereupon Peter looked gratefully at Norma and asked, 'Where in London am I?'

He had that quality, rare in the academic world, and no more so than in this College, of genuine modesty. When presenting his case for election to a Senior Research Fellowship, he explained that he found it difficult to write about himself: 'the razor's edge between simple information and self-advertisement is very sharp,' he remarked, 'and I'm afraid that I may have cut myself at times.' When applying for a further renewal, he remarked of his monumental edition of Jean Juvénal only that 'it appears to have been helpful to scholarship'. The Acting Warden, when thanking one of the College's referees, remarked that he had provided an account of achievements, 'which, given Peter's modesty, would otherwise have remained largely unknown.' Few of his All Souls colleagues realised how highly esteemed he was in France or knew that his work had attracted a succession of high French honours, culminating in his election as a foreign associate of the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres*, which entitled him to call himself a member of the *Institut*, the highest distinction that France can give to scholars in history, classics, archaeology, and letters.

Although he rarely spoke at College meetings, he took College business very seriously and did not shirk College office. A colleague describes him as a quiet and reassuring presence in his various posts, innocent of any personal agenda, and dedicated entirely to promoting the common good. As Dean of Visiting Fellows for seven years, he showed a strong preference for younger scholars who still had to make their way up the academic hierarchy; and he took great pains to help them settle in. As Fellow Librarian in the sixteen years before his retirement, he appointed Norma as Sub-Librarian and was very supportive thereafter. Unlike his predecessor, he was agreeably non-interventionist. But he encouraged her to pursue her doctorate, foiled her half-hearted attempt to move to another college, and protested forcefully when the important project for cataloguing the early printed books was threatened with closure. Otherwise, his method of presenting the Librarian's report was to stand up and say, 'I have no business for the College, unless the College has business for me'. He was always considerate to the College staff, whom he treated with the same respect and courtesy that he extended to everyone. It was largely because his scout,

George Louth, a clever Irishman, came from a family of lifeboatmen, that he became a Life Governor of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, though his own experience of the sea must also have helped.

He was good with his hands, a fast and accurate touch-typist, and an early convert to the computer. He knew how things worked and had a large collection of cameras, not to take photographs with, but to admire as artefacts. He designed the bookshelves which enabled him, when he retired, to fit an astonishing number of volumes into the modest-sized house in Harbord Road. He could draw likenesses and he painted in gouache. He had a vivid imagination, an acute feeling for period and style, and a marvelously whimsical sense of humour. He spoke and thought in metaphors; and his conversation, like his prose, could be allusive, elliptical, and not always easy to follow. He made up entrancing bed-time stories for Adam as a child. He loved literary games and excelled at pastiche. Relaxed and at home, he was enormous fun to be with. He listened regularly and intently to music, especially early music, and was greatly moved by it, retaining his appreciation until the very end.

He drew great joy from his family life, though it was in no way separate from his academic life, for he was always working. To Adam he was an immensely tolerant and non-judgmental father, inspiring him by his example of intellectual rigour and commitment, rather than by injunction. He did, however, often take him on long silent walks, forced marches, as Adam called them, and with some reason, for, like the subaltern he once had been, Peter would even issue him with salt tablets to prevent dehydration. On one occasion, Peter asked Warden Sparrow whether he could bring the three-year-old Adam to tea in the Lodgings, explaining that 'he seems to possess at the moment a (probably transient) charm'. He was proud of Adam's success as a QC, specialising in the law of sport, and he was delighted by his marriage to Beate, a Norwegian and a fellow-lawyer. Peter and Jill knew Norway already, and Peter impressed everyone at the wedding by making a speech in Norwegian, admittedly a rather short speech. Thereafter, they went to Norway every year, staying near Beate's family for Christmas and again in the summer. He was adored by his bilingual grandchildren, Magnus and Marianne, to whom he was always benign and grandfatherly.

Peter did not do things by half. When in 1980 he gave up alcohol, he did so for ever. Advised to be moderate in his consumption of certain foods, he renounced them altogether. When he retired, after 45 years, during

which he had worked in the College on virtually every day of the week, he scarcely entered it again, save occasionally to collect mail or to attend a memorial service. His friends regretted this self-imposed absence, but he was determined not to outstay his welcome; and, very soon, illness would make it increasingly difficult for him to return. Perhaps he loved the College too much to be reconciled to his emeritus status. The walls of the bedroom in Harbord Road are covered with pictures of All Souls, particularly the Codrington, and the bookshelves contain many biographies and memoirs of the Fellows he had known.

We must not allow the sadness of his final years to overshadow the memory of Peter in his prime. His enduring achievement as an historian, his service to this College, his close family life, and his utterly distinctive personality give us so much more to cherish and to celebrate.

Keith Thomas

ROBERT WADE-GERY

22 April 1929–16 February 2015

Delivered by Sir Jeremy Morse, Sir Francis Richards and
Ms Fleur de Villiers on Tuesday, 24 April 2015 in New College Chapel

Sally has asked me to say something about Robert at Winchester, New College and All Souls, since at all three Colleges our courses ran closely parallel. We arrived at Winchester on the same day in the summer of 1942, and it was a poignant coincidence that some 70 years later we retired on the same day from the governing body of All Souls.

Robert was born and brought up here in Oxford. His parents were both academic. His father Theodore, Wykeham Professor of Ancient History in this College, managed to register his birth wrongly, so that all his life Robert had two birthdays. His mother Vivian was a formidable archaeologist. Both had achieved firsts in Greats. In the 1930s they spent a lot of time in Greece, and they took Robert with them, and Greek figured largely in his upbringing. Visitors to the Wade-Gery home were liable to be asked about Herodotus at breakfast, and I am told that there is a museum on Delos which still displays a hoard of objects picked up by young Robert on holiday.

He had an unhappy year at the Dragon School, and was later sent to board at Harris Hill, from where he won a scholarship to Winchester. He was the youngest on his Roll and the lowest placed; but over the next nine years at Winchester and New College he steadily moved up to the front of the field. As an only child, his early reading had been voracious but, by his own account, cursory. It was in College at Winchester that an older boy Tony Cockshut helped him to read more deeply in the treasure house of English poetry and prose. He won a fistful of school prizes for Greek and English, but not for Latin which he somewhat despised.

Excused National Service for his eyesight, he came straight up to New College in October 1947 and joined a strong group of older classicists, including Walter Ulrich and George Forrest. But he easily held his own with a first in Mods, the Passmore Edwards scholarship in 1950 and –

despite a huge disregard for Roman history – a Congratulatory First in Greats; and in the end it was he who won a Prize Fellowship at All Souls alongside the philosopher Bernard Williams. He had already been accepted by the Foreign Office, and he had also been awarded a Henry Fellowship at Harvard; but these two were incompatible, and he decided not to take up Harvard's offer. With hindsight, this was one of the big decisions of his life, and it was certainly one that he never regretted.

For his first three years in the Foreign Office he was in the Economic Department in London, so he was able to fulfil the pernoctation requirement for a non-academic Prize Fellow by spending his weekends at All Souls. And dramatic they were, with two Wardens dying in quick succession and then the hotly contested election in which John Sparrow defeated Leslie Rowse. They were also significant for him personally because, his parents being much away in America, his well-furnished rooms at All Souls became his home from home, engendering a lifelong devotion to the College. He kept in touch during his years abroad; and on his final return from India he was renewed as a Fellow, and played a leading part in organising a series of high-level seminars on public and foreign policy issues. There followed a Distinguished Fellowship, and eventually an Honorary Fellowship to match the one he already held here at New College, of all of which he was justifiably proud.

We will be hearing more about his adult career; but to finish I want to recall two things about the younger Robert which augured well for him and which struck me at the time. First, he showed already at Winchester that he could work effectively within an institution and at the same time remain true to his inherited academic scepticism and independence of thought, whether in relation to Latin or to compulsory Chapel. He was proud that his second name was Lucian.

Secondly, although he was in no way gregarious, he made good friendships with good people – I have mentioned the names of some of them. But he never made a better friend than when he met and married Sally. It was a marriage to which each of them brought many and diverse gifts, and over the next 52 years they blended their differences and deepened what they had in common. And William followed his father and grandfather as a scholar of Winchester and New College, a rare achievement over three generations.

Jeremy Morse

Sally has asked me, as a friend and former colleague of Robert, to say a few words about his Foreign Service career. Robert's independence of mind came close to bringing that career to an end almost before it began. After Suez he went walking with a colleague in the woods at Fontainebleau to decide what to do. Fortunately the pair concluded that – in Robert's own words – as long as the government didn't do it again on a regular basis, they weren't actually going to resign. But he never afterwards hesitated to challenge the collective wisdom of the foreign policy establishment or the ill-judged enthusiasms of politicians.

He was a natural choice to write the Duncan Report, offering his masters in the Foreign Office unpalatable and perhaps even today not fully digested truths about Britain's place in the world. He enjoyed describing how Margaret Thatcher said to him, with the rudeness that reduced so many of her cabinet colleagues to jelly, 'I think only someone as stupid as you could have written this paper'. Robert of course stood his ground and won both the argument and her lasting respect.

Robert once said that he was a staff officer rather than a battalion commander. This was perhaps misleading. We tend to associate staff officers with a comfortable life well removed from the front line. But Robert preferred the overworked and unglamorous life of Whitehall precisely because that was the front line, where he could influence and help execute the great decisions of the day. And what a staff officer he was: whether negotiating Cypriot independence or the future of the British independent deterrent; playing a central role in the Falklands campaign; conducting secret contacts with the Irish government; or masterminding contingency plans for the miners' strike. He preferred to be a participant, not an observer.

Robert clearly sometimes chafed at the constraints of diplomatic life abroad. He once remarked that in Spain the crime you must never commit was to be boring, but if you tried to be a diplomat in the Soviet Union and weren't being boring, you weren't doing the job right. I don't think Robert could ever be boring – but he could be bored, and though he never lost his enjoyment of the absurd, he had little patience with the hypocrisy and mendacity of official Moscow. But he was of course a wonderful diplomat – and it was overseas that he and Sally made such a formidable and much-loved team. And never more so than in India, where I was lucky enough to work for him. As High Commissioner, Robert got India, and all the complexities and contradictions of its relationship with this country, as few of his countrymen ever do. There are few harsher judges of British official rep-

representatives than the Delhi élite, and he and Sally won its respect and made many friends among its number.

He was an incomparable boss. He gave those who worked for him freedom when they deserved it, guidance when they needed it; and support all the time. Silly administrative instructions from London he simply ignored. He told Sally during the Tet offensive in Saigon that if he obeyed the Foreign Office, he would spend all day lying on the floor of a darkened room, instead of getting out and doing his job. And his and Sally's hospitality, in residences made welcoming and beautiful by Sally's unerring eye, was legendary. His staff quickly saw beyond his slightly Olympian exterior, and were both fond and proud of him. Otherwise, when he received a KCVO after the Queen's visit to India to add to his KCMG, they would hardly have entitled the High Commission's Christmas revue 'Twice a knight at your age'.

Robert and Sally threw themselves with boundless energy and enthusiasm into exploring the countries in which they served. Travelling with them was an adventure. Whatever one's plan might have been at the start of the day, it was rapidly overtaken, as they would remember yet another unmissable church or Visigothic ruin, usually some miles up a stony track which threatened at every moment to disembowel one's car; one would reach one's evening destination late and dusty, but happy. Even in Russia, where the watchers were rarely far away, Robert could never resist the lure of a No Entry sign or a locked gate if he thought that something worth seeing might lie behind it.

More than 2000 years ago the great Indian administrator Kautilya wrote of public servants that they should be 'born of high family, influential, well trained in arts, possessed of foresight, wise, of strong memory, possessed of enthusiasm, dignity and endurance, pure in character, affable, firm in loyal devotion, endowed with excellent conduct, strength health and bravery, free from fickle mindedness, affectionate, and free from such qualities as excite hatred and enmity.' In other words, just like Robert.

Francis Richards

I have been favoured in my life by the occasional visitations of luck; few more felicitous than when in the late 1990s I joined the Board of the International Institute of Strategic Studies and discovered that I was blessed to have Robert Wade-Gery as a colleague. Robert had played a vital role in the

development of the Institute for more than 50 years and then from 1991–2005 as Honorary Treasurer. It was in this latter role than I came to know and to value him for the wisdom of his counsel and for his, and Sally's, supportive and enriching friendship.

It was typical of Robert that, when he was required to produce his CV for the Institute's website; he restricted it to only 14 lines – 14 lines to encompass a life and career of outstanding achievement and success. This modest brevity provided a telling illustration of the character and personality of the man who had lived that life.

Robert, of course was not a man who needed to advertise either his talents or his accomplishments. The first were there for all to see and the latter, including a congratulatory Double First in Mods and Greats followed by a Fellowship of All Souls (where with a few interruptions he was to remain a Fellow for 29 years) and a brilliant Foreign Office career were the natural and inevitable consequence of the former.

Some years ago an old Wykehamist I knew recalled the origin of a phrase which he told me had pursued Robert all his life. Robert's Classics don at Winchester was so overawed by the brilliance of his pupil – the son, of course, of a famous Classics scholar – that he would regularly defer to his opinion with the question what does Wade-Gery think? (This despite a famous incident when Robert – possibly through an excess of zeal had inadvertently set fire to the College Library.) Despite this foray into accidental arson, the phrase 'what does Wade-Gery think?' was to echo and re-echo down the years in a Foreign Office career during which he was a close witness to some of the defining events of the second half of the twentieth century, from an occupied Berlin, to Suez, Cyprus and the Tet offensive in Vietnam, the death of Franco and the assassination of Indira Gandhi. As a diplomat, who was regarded as one of the cleverest of his generation, he also played a key role in advising and shaping British policy on issues as diverse as Trident, the birth-pangs of the Anglo-Irish agreement and the Falklands war, serving under eight Prime Ministers, from Churchill to Thatcher. The question 'what does Wade-Gery think?' was certainly heard during his time in the Cabinet Office where Margaret Thatcher, whose fame did not rest on her willingness to seek or take advice, appears nevertheless to have made Robert Wade-Gery a notable exception to this rule.

It probably helped that his advice – as I was to experience later – was always offered with quiet courtliness, charm and humour which never obscured his clarity of thought or the firmness of his opinions.

When Robert finally retired from the Foreign Office, he moved seamlessly into banking and also several *pro bono* roles, most notably as Chairman of Governing body of the School of African and Oriental Studies in London, and as Honorary Treasurer of the International Institute for Strategic Studies.

What Wade-Gery thought was certainly a deciding factor when during those years we were faced with any problem or dilemma. His knowledge of the financial world and his skilled diplomacy were to prove invaluable to the Institute, steering it as it grew – and outgrew – its accommodation through occasionally very choppy waters to the comparatively secure haven, both in its balance sheet, and in Arundel House, which it occupies today.

At a time in the late 1990s when many UK charitable institutions saw their endowments evaporate on a plunging stock market, Robert's advice secured our future and financial stability. In 2002 when I became Chairman of the Executive Committee, the re-structuring of the Institute owed much to his diplomatic skill. It also imposed new fiduciary responsibilities on the Board of Trustees. The fact that despite these demands and responsibilities I was able to sleep well at night was due in no small measure to his wise counsel.

I am told that these qualities were also much in evidence during his 12 years as Chairman of SOAS, which saw it grow from an important, but under-valued, element within the great body of the University of London into a world leader in its field. During his time SOAS secured a £5 million benefaction from the Sultan of Brunei. To secure the Sultan's personal approval for the project, Sir Robert led a party to Kensington Palace Gardens for an audience, standing round a table in the drawing room on which was a scale model of the new building. In ten minutes the gift was confirmed. The Brunei Gallery is now the heart and centre-piece of the School.

Some months later when building permission was being obtained, Sir Robert's diplomatic skills were again called in when it was discovered that London University had forgotten an undertaking to the Marquis of Tavistock that his approval would be sought by the University for any development impinging on the family's historic connection with Russell Square. The Tavistocks were minded to refuse consent. Sir Robert knew Lady Tavistock's parents from his time at the Madrid Embassy, and he exerted his charm to defuse the tension and work out an interesting compromise: a plaque attached to the Brunei Gallery recording London University's

apology for failing to consult the family in advance. This plaque I am told is now something of a tourist attraction.

SOAS, I believe, was a little miffed later when Robert decided that the Sultan's generosity could also be deployed to the benefit of Oxford, his first and enduring love. But he knew that philanthropy is, and indeed should be, promiscuous in its affections and its benefits.

When he eventually retired as Honorary Treasurer of the Institute he was able to indulge his new passion for dry stone-walling at his and Sally's home at the Old Vicarage, Cold Aston, his old passion for opera and, once he had speedily shed his business suit, a rather alarming lifelong predilection for the baggiest of short trousers in even the chilliest weather.

During the 57 years of its existence the Institute's success and reputation has owed a great deal to the contribution of a few great men. Sir Robert Wade-Gery was one of that number. It, and I believe every field he adorned during his life, feel much the poorer for no longer being able to ask the question: what does Wade-Gery think?

SHEPPARD SUNDERLAND FRERE

23 August 1916–26 February 2015

Delivered by Professor Roger Wilson, Mr Mark Hassall and
Dr Roger Goodburn on Saturday, 16 May 2015

Sheppard's reputation as a superlative excavator was forged in the post-war excavations of bomb-damaged Canterbury, in what became a pioneering example of urban rescue archaeology prior to modern rebuilding, of the type that was later to develop in many of Britain's leading cities. His digging seasons there lasted from between six and ten weeks every year from 1946 until the mid-1950s, and for shorter periods thereafter until 1960. It was not easy work, much of it conducted by means of small, deep cuttings, but the gains in knowledge were considerable. Quite apart from elements of the pre-Roman settlement and of Saxon huts in the era postdating the Roman town, much new information about the Roman city of Durovernum was recovered – about its defences, its street layout, some of its public buildings (including baths and a theatre), and parts of private houses. As with all the best archaeology, the results were obtained through meticulous attention to stratigraphy and to the observation of the smallest details. The importance of the latter, for example, Sheppard underlined in his summary of results for the general public, *Roman Canterbury: the City of Durovernum*.

In 1955 he was appointed Director of Excavations at Verulamium, where major archaeological investigation was necessary in advance of the widening of a road running through the heart of the Roman city. The research was to continue there for seven years. The importance of these excavations is hard to overestimate. They rewrote completely, with a wealth of intricate detail, the history of the development of Verulamium as a Roman city, hugely amplifying and in part overthrowing the conclusions of Wheeler's excavations there two decades before. They were among the largest excavations of their time, with up to a hundred diggers on site on any one day – many who later went on to distinguished academic careers of their own cut their archaeological teeth, as it were, under Sheppard's guidance (and that of his trusted supervisors) at Verulamium. Then, from 1958,

Sheppard pioneered the use of what we now call open-area excavation, instead of the box-grid system of trenches favoured by Wheeler with which Sheppard's Verulamium excavations had started. Nor must we forget that it was Sheppard's invitation to Martin Aitken, who traced the buried line of Verulamium's earliest urban defences (the so-called '1955 ditch'), that resulted in a very early and triumphantly successful application of what we now call geophysics. Sheppard was responsible also for devising at Verulamium a new technique for rolling mosaics entire onto a drum when lifting them, rather than cutting them up and so partly mutilating them, as had hitherto been the practice. The Verulamium excavations also marked a watershed in developing new ways of saving and raising large areas of fallen wall plaster, masterminded by Norman Davey, and building on techniques first pioneered only a few years before in the recovery of painted wall plaster from the Roman villa at Lullingstone. In all these aspects, Sheppard's work at Verulamium made a colossal impact on Romano-British archaeology, reinforced by his magisterial publication of it between 1972 and 1984 in three immensely detailed volumes of reports.

The other excavations that Sheppard conducted over the course of his career, alone or in partnership with others, read like a roll-call of some of the key sites in Romano-British archaeology – the Roman villa at Bignor, where the successive building phases of the site explored by Samuel Lysons were for the first time established and dated; Dorchester-on-Thames, where an especial highlight was the evidence for sub-Roman occupation, with early Saxon *Grubenhäuser* erected beside still-used Roman streets; Longthorpe near Peterborough, still the only 'vexillation' fortress of the early Roman military campaign period to have been extensively excavated; Brandon Camp in Herefordshire, on the Welsh border, another early military base, with a ramshackle collection of timber buildings which bucked the usual trend of orderly military planning; Bowes, a fort at the eastern end of the Stainmore Pass, where the defences and part of the interior were examined and a long sequence of occupation established; and Strageath in Perthshire, where a fort occupied in both the Flavian and two Antonine periods was extensively investigated. There is, indeed, much to be grateful for.

Up until the mid-sixties Sheppard was mainly known for his excavations and for publications that were related to them or were concerned with wider issues arising directly out of them. In 1967, a year after his transfer from London to become Professor of the Archaeology of the

Roman Empire here in Oxford, and a Fellow of this College, was published his great book, *Britannia: a History of Roman Britain*. This work immediately established itself as the definitive statement of its subject, universally acknowledged in reviews. The subtitle is important. Sheppard firmly believed that archaeological evidence was to be evaluated for the information it could provide for social, economic and military history, and that, along with literary, epigraphic and numismatic evidence, the overall goal was to construct a narrative which took due account of all forms of available evidence. It was the first full-length study of Roman Britain since Collingwood's of thirty years before, and its impact on the subject was huge. Sheppard issued revised editions at intervals; the fourth and last, handsomely produced in hardback and in a slipcase, and now with 20 images in colour, was published in 1999, over three decades after the first. It is, however, a matter of regret that this was issued by the Folio Society for its members only, and not in a commercial publication at all. As a result this edition, which is rarely cited, did not receive the widespread circulation that it deserved at the time, and still deserves. There have been many attempts at writing monographic accounts of Roman Britain since, but not one of them has established itself as having quite the same *auctoritas*, quite the same level of judicious balance, as Sheppard's *Britannia*. Its place as a 'classic overview' in the historiography of Roman Britain is secure.

Another aspect of the impact of Sheppard's contribution to scholarship was his extraordinary selflessness, his willingness to give huge amounts of his time to help his colleagues, to get their work to completion, in order to enrich Roman and especially Romano-British studies as a whole. This took many different forms. The most obvious was his contribution as Founding Editor of the journal *Britannia*, the first volume of which appeared in 1970. He served as Editor for ten years, twice the length of the tenure of his successors. Almost more remarkably, he served on the journal's editorial committee for 40 years, resigning only in 2009 at the age of 93. The deployment of his literary skills and his desire to polish and improve the work submitted by others, as well the many other myriad tasks that fall to anyone who takes on an editorial role, was one that he greatly enjoyed. In the same vein was his work on preparing the final English text for publication of a volume in the 'History of the Provinces of the Roman Empire' series (of which his *Britannia* in 1967 had been the first), that on Pannonia and Upper Moesia. Another valuable service was the annual round-up of

‘Sites Explored’ that he compiled for *Britannia* for ten years, from 1983 to 1992. Then there was the writing-up of work conducted by others, such as Sir Ian Richmond’s re-excavation in 1961 of the Romano-British church at Silchester, or Donald Atkinson’s explorations from 1929 to 1934 of the forum, baths and south defences at Caistor St Edmund. Perhaps most remarkable of all was his readiness to travel hundreds of miles to visit the excavations of others, putting his vast archaeological experience at their disposal – a vivid illustration of his unselfish personality, the strength of his resolve to serve, and the sheer quantity of his indefatigable energy.

In 1983, when Sheppard retired from his Oxford Chair, he was presented with a Festschrift, *Rome and her Northern Provinces* (and he was to receive another on his ninetieth birthday in 2006), in which John Wachter, one of its editors, wished Sheppard and Janet a long and happy retirement. Sheppard’s productivity in the period that ensued was little short of astounding. This was no *otium* of the traditional kind: no less than twenty-one books, an astonishing statistic, and over two dozen major papers, flowed from his pen (some in collaboration with others) in the 28 years between 1983 and his last publication in 2011. The books included some of the final reports of excavations I have already mentioned – two of the three volumes on Verulamium, the last two reports, written in collaboration with Sally Stow, on Canterbury, and the definitive account of Strageath, jointly with John Wilkes. Another was *Roman Britain from the Air* (1983), co-authored with Sheppard’s close friend of many years, J.K. St Joseph. Stunningly illustrated with a selection of the latter’s air photographs taken over the previous three decades, this book represented the fulfilment of a project originally conceived some twenty years earlier. The volume, beautifully produced on coated art paper, remains a compelling and extremely useful introduction to the Romano-British landscape, of continuing value to students and experts alike. A further collaborative product of Sheppard’s retirement was his monograph with Frank Lepper on Trajan’s Column, to which Sheppard contributed above all his expertise on Roman army organisation, arms and equipment, and on their Dacian counterparts, as well as on the organisation of the Trajanic province of Dacia. Sheppard’s final book, 203 pages on his excavations at Bowes fort with Brian Hartley, was issued when he was 93. His last paper was published, as I mentioned, in 2011, when he was 95, an astonishing 72 years after his first, which appeared in 1939.

One project of Sheppard’s retirement, however, stands out from the rest.

His achievement in bringing the whole of *Roman Inscriptions of Britain Volume II* to fruition in eight separate fascicules in six short years, after many years of delay at the hands of others, was truly *mirabile dictu*. It was carried out with the help of Roger Tomlin, in an extraordinary surge of academic activity between the late 1980s and the mid-1990s. To put the amount of work required into perspective – had the separate fascicules been published as a single volume, *RIB II* would have constituted a book of 1,329 pages, bigger than *RIB I*. Its publication meant not only that Britannia is unique among Roman provinces in having its entire corpus of inscriptions, including its *instrumentum domesticum*, so readily accessible in one place; it also gave Sheppard immense satisfaction that he was able to oversee the completion of a project (to compile a corpus of every known Roman inscription in Britain) that had been originally envisaged by Francis Haverfield – that other Lancing schoolmaster and later Oxford professor, whose work he so much admired, and who had trodden a similar path to Sheppard two generations earlier.

The impact of Sheppard's scholarship was of course felt internationally, and he was frequently invited to French colloquia (and he also excavated in France, most notably with Brian Hartley at Lezoux); but his closest continental links were with Germany, where he was Corresponding Fellow of the German Archaeological Institute, and where he remained life-long friends with Harald von Petrikovits, one-time Director of the Rhineland Archaeological Service and of the Rheinisches Landesmuseum in Bonn, and with his successor, Christoph R ger. In editorials for early issues of the journal *Britannia*, he drew attention to important German scholarship which anyone interested in Roman Britain should read, and it is not surprising that he could count among his pupils German students who made the pilgrimage to Oxford to study with him, pupils who have since gone on to distinguished careers in the German archaeological service and in German academia. One of them, Michael Mackensen, is happily with us here today.

Sheppard's impact as a teacher was profound, and he supervised numerous doctoral theses over the years that were published after due revision as books. One of his most important legacies was his demand from his students for the same lucidity and clarity of expression that he showed in his own writing. The words that he himself used (in a lecture delivered in this College in 1987) to describe R.G. Collingwood could apply equally to himself: 'he could write English like an angel'. He was in fact a great

stickler for the correct usage of the English language. When, over forty years ago, I used in a draft for him the word ‘hopefully’ in its now widely accepted modern sense, he rebuked me in the margin with the comment, ‘ghastly neologism – avoid’. I have never used it since. Like all great teachers he dispensed wisdom in unobtrusive ways – words of advice were often offered without his always realising the significance of their impact on his students. He strove for excellence in all that he did himself, and expected his pupils to have the same high goals.

Being a student of Sheppard was therefore always demanding, but also immensely rewarding: he was quick to give encouragement where encouragement was due. For those of us with offices in the attics of the Institute of Archaeology in Beaumont Street, who wondered whether or not he was in the building, one only had to open the door to find out – the evidence being the unmistakable whiff of pipe tobacco smoke rising up the stairs. I can’t vouch from my own personal experience for certain eccentricities reported by diggers and fellow students, for example that his trousers were sometimes held up by a tie serving as a surrogate belt, or of his picking up sausages by spearing them by a six-inch archaeological nail fished out of his pocket, or his attending a Christmas party here in Oxford wearing a pretend laurel wreath consisting of a tie to which paper leaves had been stapled; but I do recall one occasion, after a day’s digging at Bowes, when he invited me along to what was my first visit to the Bowes Moor Roman signal station nearby (Sheppard wanted to test its intervisibility with the fort we were digging), when he said disarmingly that my role was to flatten the barbed wire fences that would lie in our path. Once these were safely negotiated, he was as ever the consummate teacher: his ability to read and interpret an archaeological landscape in the field was awesome.

Sheppard’s outstanding career was recognised by his peers in many ways – including his election to the Presidency of various societies, the award of the Gold Medal by the Society of Antiquaries for distinguished achievement, election to Fellowship of the British Academy, his appointment as a CBE, and honorary doctorates from the Universities of Leeds, Leicester and Kent. Sheppard bestrode Romano-British studies like a colossus, inheriting the mantle of the leadership of the field worn in turn by Francis Haverfield, R.G. Collingwood and Sir Ian Richmond before him, and wearing it with enormous distinction. His legacy to the subject will long endure. And those who were privileged to have been his pupils and close friends will remember, with gratitude and deep affection, the sagacity of

his advice, his ever-present sense of humour, his many personal kindnesses, and the warmth of his humanity.

Roger Wilson

I was very fortunate as a young boy in my early teens at Lord Williams's Grammar School Thame, to have been befriended by a distinguished classical archaeologist based at Newnham College in Cambridge, Jocelyn Toynbee. It was Jocelyn Toynbee, along with Beatrice de Cardi, then secretary of the Council for British Archaeology, who arranged for me to give a short talk at the January meeting of the CBA in 1954 in the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries in Burlington House. I spoke about a discovery I had made while field-walking – of a Romano-British pottery mould. My achievement in addressing the Great and the Good on the CBA, 'hit the headlines' in the National Press – well, something like that – and one of the newspaper accounts was picked up by the headmaster of Lord Williams's, Hugh Mullens. Now Mullens was the uncle of a young woman named Janet Hoare, and Janet was the close friend of Sheppard – indeed half a dozen years later she married him. Mullens invited Sheppard to come to Thame and speak to us boys about Roman Britain and afterwards he invited the 13-year-old Mark to join him and Sheppard – and Janet too no doubt – for dinner. As a result I participated in Frere's excavations at Verulamium along with a group of other boys from Lord Williams's, including my brother Tom. Later I went on to study under him at the London Institute, but here I shall only speak about the excavations.

Verulamium

Somehow the shadow of Wheeler always seemed to be present. Through the new medium of television he was very well known. I remember hearing one old man in a pub at St Albans saying of him: 'This Sir Mortimer, he be the son of his father', little realising that they were one and the same man! At least once Wheeler came round to visit the excavations and Sheppard introduced a group of us to the Great Man. I was so overcome at the great honour that I blanched, and Wheeler addressed me with the words 'You are the pale face here'.

On this or another occasion when Wheeler visited, he was buttonholed by old Mrs Frere, Sheppard's mother, who had a small stall selling rusty Roman nails or broken potsherds. She hadn't the faintest notion who the

great man was and she attempted the 'hard sell', at which Wheeler feigned alarm and tried to get away.

Then there were the wheelbarrows. These had names in white painted on their sides – names all of which I have forgotten – except one: it was called 'The Single Wheeler' – thus was the great man immortalised. (There was also 'The Damn Yankee'.)

Life on the excavation

This was pretty basic. We lived in tents just off the lane down to a ford across the river, and the river itself was the only provision we had for washing facilities. Its purity was not improved by the horses and ponies which periodically crossed the ford.

We ate communally in the dig hut. We used to have sing-songs there, and I can still remember some of them: Geoff Dannell was a leading singer; among other numbers were *The Rajah of Astrakhan*, *Was you ever saw*, *'Twas on the Good Ship Venus* and *Oh, the Sons of the Prophet*. Then I remember on one occasion when a photographer turned up from the somewhat risqué (by the standards of the 1950s) periodical *Reveillé* with some scantily-clad young ladies to take photos of them posing as pinups around the wheelbarrows: an embarrassed Sheppard had to welcome them while we all hung out of the windows of the dig hut laughing.

Subsequent Excavations

I shall just mention three more excavations.

DORCHESTER-ON-THAMES (1962–63): My parents were away from our home at Wheatley near Oxford during the excavations and Sheppard and Janet came and stayed with us, where Janet did the cooking. Sheppard then drove Tom and myself over to Dorchester in his vintage Rolls. I now quote from the account written by Tom:

It happened that the excavation coincided with the Great Mail-Train Robbery. The public were on high alert for suspicious characters and the presence of 'three rough youths' in an unlikely vehicle was duly reported to the police by a sharp-eyed member of the public. Janet Frere was accordingly interviewed by the police and had to explain the situation.

LEZOUX (1963): Another excavation in which my brother and I particip-

ated about now was at the samian manufacturing site of Lezoux, near Clermont Ferrand, which Frere co-directed with Brian Hartley. I remember here Marcel, an old local with a plumb bob which he called his 'pondule' and used in the manner of a dowsing rod to discover buried structures as he claimed, and the maid, Josette, at 'Les Voyageurs' where we stayed, and who stuck little notices on the backs of unsuspecting victims with the aid of burrs. The notes said things like: 'Shut up the hens the cock is loose', and, on Sheppard's back I think, 'My carburettor works on Beaujolais'.

IVINGHOE BEACON (1963–5): Ivinghoe is an Iron Age hillfort near Chessington, Buckinghamshire. This excavation was directed by Sheppard and Alwyn M. Cotton, or 'Molly' Cotton as she was called, whom my father had known during the war. There was also a friendly local antiquarian Jack Head, the author of a book on the archaeology of Buckinghamshire, who sometimes entertained Tom and me in the pub when he would say: 'It's very kind of you boys to let me buy you a drink!' and to quote from Tom again:

The site was near Chessington where the Glasgow to Euston mail-train had been stopped and £2.3 million stolen. The farmer in whose barn the diggers were camping was the local Justice of the Peace and the Great Mail-Train robbers were brought before him in turn as they were caught.

Though I subsequently dug with Sheppard and John Wilkes at Strageath, I shall conclude with Ivinghoe Beacon, and if I may be allowed to finish things off from my own personal point of view, I will just mention that as a result of getting to know Molly I joined the excavations at Francolise near Capua in Italy and, through contacts made there, went on to participate in the excavations by The Institute of Fine Arts at the University of Long Island at Knidos near Bodrum in south-west Turkey, which is where I met Catherine Ward Perkins, who was to become my wife – and we are now grandparents!

Mark Hassall

Sheppard was born at Graffham near Petworth in Sussex on 23rd August 1916. He was the eldest of three sons, and the family came from East Anglia, where his great-great-grandfather was John Frere of Roydon,

of palaeolithic Hoxne fame. As with many of the family, Sheppard's father Noel worked in the colonial service, mainly in Sierra Leone.

Sheppard's prep school was Earlywood at Ascot. When he first arrived there in his Aunt Joan's Model-T Ford, he remembered being embarrassed because everyone else had come in Rolls Royces or Bentleys. He started Latin and Greek there, but did not enjoy being forced to have Greek lessons by post in the holidays. He did, however, then win a scholarship to Lancing, where he became interested in archaeology, and where B.W.T. Handford, to whom *Britannia* is dedicated, had founded the archaeological society. This was named for Francis Haverfield, who had once taught there. When the boys were 'turned out of doors on Sunday afternoons', Sheppard's choice was to explore nearby sites such as Park Brow, Cissbury and Lancing temple, which also kindled his interest in ancient ceramics. He used Curwen's books, which he said he found 'inspirational'. Later, he got to know the Curwens, Elliot and E.C. On one occasion he was invited to lunch, during which old Mrs Curwen asked Sheppard: 'Are you Saved?' to which, uncharacteristically indecisive, he mumbled 'I don't know', which did not go down very well.

He read Classics and Ancient History at Magdalene College, Cambridge. There, the Master, A.B. Ramsay, made his scholars do 'saying lessons', i.e. learning a Greek or Latin text, adding twenty lines more each week. Even in 1935 this was considered old-fashioned, but Sheppard never regretted his learning by heart. Even though Demosthenes evaporated over the years, he could to his latter days recite long pieces of the *Aeneid* and the writings of Tacitus. In his early reading, Sheppard's critical faculties were already sharp: in one of his books the opinion of an eminent scholar is quoted, and receives Sheppard's marginal note, 'But it is well-known that he ought to be locked up'. In the undergraduate archaeological society he made friends with Rainbird Clarke and dug for Grahame Clark at Peacock's Farm. He also went digging in 1938, not as was fashionable, with Mortimer Wheeler at Maiden Castle, but with Gerhard Bersu at Little Woodbury.

After Cambridge, he taught at Epsom College (1938–40), where he founded the school archaeological society and had his first involvement in Surrey archaeology, digging at Highdown with A.E. Wilson. He later excavated at the Chatley Farm, Cobham villa (sometimes with the help of his brother David). He also became honorary editor of the *Surrey Archaeological Collections*.

In 1939 Sheppard excavated with Kathleen Kenyon at the Wrekin, and was given the challenging daily task of driving the ancient expedition car, laden with provisions, up the steep, grassy slopes to the summit. During his war service in London, Kathleen Kenyon encouraged him to make a map and survey of bombed sites in Southwark; whilst doing this he came close to being arrested as an enemy agent, but disentangled himself by getting the authorities to ring Philip Corder at the Society of Antiquaries. Kathleen Kenyon also encouraged Sheppard to organise the Sussex, Surrey and Kent Regional Group of the newly-formed Council for British Archaeology.

Sheppard's training in methods of excavation derived mainly from Bersu (Little Woodbury), K.M. Kenyon (the Wrekin, Southwark) and A.E. Wilson (Highdown). He never worked with Wheeler, but adopted Wheeler's method of relating stratigraphical layer numbers through section layer-labels and note-book entries. He also used Wheeler's draughtsmanship as a model, but developed his own style. His training in ancient history was a powerful influence, persuading him of the need to tie archaeology with history as far as possible.

He found occasional opportunities to go and dig on bombed sites in Canterbury with Audrey Williams, and when she moved to Verulamium Museum in 1946, he was invited to direct the Canterbury excavations. At the same time he began teaching at Lancing. During the school holidays (Christmas included) he excavated in Canterbury and returned to school each term with tea-chests of finds to be sorted and drawn in his spare time. During term, ex-pupils recount that setting them work in class gave him the opportunity to keep up his reading of *Antiquity* and other journals.

His move to Lancing was particularly fortunate because he became a housemaster and met the sister of one of his prefects – Janet, whom he married in 1961.

In 1955 he succeeded Mortimer Wheeler at the London Institute and became Reader in the Archaeology of the Roman Provinces. He could now concentrate fully on his work in archaeology. The first of his seven seasons of excavation at Verulamium took place in that same year, and he continued work at Canterbury until 1960. Sheppard's teaching in the Archaeology of the Western Provinces led to the writing of his history of Roman Britain, *Britannia*.

His long-standing interest in late prehistory included numerous excavations, mostly in Britain, but also at the hillfort of Charlat in the Corrèze,

with Molly Cotton. Also, together with Derek Allen, he started up the national index of Iron Age coins. But as time elapsed, archaeology became increasingly complex, and increasing specialisation was necessary. Sheppard accordingly concentrated his interests increasingly on the Roman period. After the war, he had become a close friend of Ian Richmond, whom he identified as an important formative influence on his thinking. He also owed much to his friendship with Brian Hartley, with whom he discussed his work and excavated at Lezoux.

In 1966 Sheppard was invited to Oxford University to take up the Chair of the Archaeology of the Roman Empire, which he held until 1983, with a Fellowship at All Souls College. His teaching in London had included splendid lectures on Gaul and Germany. Now it included more easterly provinces, as far as the Euphrates.

During this time, the family extended warm hospitality to many visiting academics, including some from the eastern bloc. The cultural differences there were illuminated by one professor who arrived and was shown up to his room, but failed to appear for supper. Eventually Sheppard went and knocked on his door, which was opened by a figure clad in pyjamas – he thought that he had been sent to bed!

On the other hand, during a visit to the east to give a lecture, he deposited his brief-case in the office before being taken to inspect various sites. On returning at the end of the day, he suddenly remembered the case. The reply ‘What case?’ led to Sheppard’s comment that someone had presumably had the later use of a jolly good lecture.

His various expeditions to Gaul had a gastronomic aspect: one conference fed by the catering college near Strasbourg resulted in his triumphal return home with the chef’s recipe for a superb dessert, with which Janet delighted many of their guests.

In Germany, his excavation alongside those of the Bonn Museum employed current British methods. The German workmen were amazed by the holes and protuberances which Sheppard’s site produced; their finely-honed shovels always produced a beautifully even surface in the sandy soil for each 5cm level, whatever the archaeology. The weather was extremely hot, and the early-morning glass of Schnapps proffered by the men drew his response ‘Glorious oblivion!’ He sometimes had to ‘check some proofs’ in the site hut.

The publication of his Verulamium and Canterbury excavations were heavy tasks, and even Sheppard’s capacity for sustained hard work did not

allow him to diversify as far as he would have wished into other fields of the Roman Empire: his interests remained centred largely on Roman Britain.

Sheppard's interest in the Roman army was illustrated by a number of excavations such as Bowes (with Brian Hartley) and Longthorpe (with Kenneth St Joseph). In 1973 he was invited to direct the Scottish Universities Field-school of Archaeology in succession to Anne Robertson, who had excavated at Birrens and Cardean. The site now chosen was the fort at Strageath, near Crieff. The excavations lasted until 1986, nine of the seasons under Sheppard's direction.

At a reception for the well-wishers of the excavations, including Lady Jane, the landowner, and Mr Brown, the tenant farmer, Sheppard was distributing to the company glasses of sherry from a tray. When he came to Mr Brown and asked would he care for a glass of sherry, Mr Brown swiftly eyed the tray and exclaimed, 'Ah'm a *whisky* man'. So Sheppard dug in his pocket, went to the bar and produced the dram.

The guiding committee arranged for evening lectures by various distinguished visitors. One notable occasion was when Kenneth St Joseph flew into Scone and went over to the Cultoquhey Hotel to talk about his new discovery of Durno, probably Agricola's camp on the eve of *mons Graupius*.

His draughtsmanship was superb – derived especially from Ian Richmond and partly from Wheeler. Janet was sometimes roped in to provide architectural drawings. (Her inclination to digging, however, was limited to Bignor.)

Sheppard's formal retirement from Oxford University brought little change in the volume of his archaeological labours. In 1988 Frank Lepper and he produced a book about the reliefs on Trajan's Column in Rome. They describe it in the preface as an 'old men's book', backing up their claim by saying that on a trip to Bucharest in 1979, they were mistaken for participants in a geriatric convention; but they did follow this up by hoping that their reader 'will detect more evidence of mature wisdom than of senile amnesia'.

Britannia, first published in 1967, has maintained its indispensability through four editions over fifty years. He said recently that 'it was a lot of hard writing'. Down the years, sometimes an enquiry on some point would prompt him to say 'What does Frere say?' and sometimes, leafing through, 'Damn good book this'. It is; and when in the 1990s he was approached by the Folio Society asking whether he knew of an important book which they ought to republish, his confident reply was 'Mine!' (They did.)

Other writing continued and one of his very recent productions was a stout defence and justification of one aspect of his interpretation of the Verulamium discoveries.

Sheppard had a great ability to grasp the essentials of a question. In *Britannia* (1st edn, 1967, 34) he discussed Caesar's campaigns in Kent and suggested that the Roman camp built after the capture of Bigbury would perhaps be found at Harbledown. As recently as October 2010 he came to supper, bringing the new *Kent Archaeological Newsletter* 86. Placing it on the table, he opened it at p.15 to show a LIDAR picture of polygonal earth-works on Harbledown, described there as the *object* of Caesar's assault. He didn't speak, but having also had the newsletter that day, I responded 'Caesar's Camp!' He grinned. Doubtless time will tell.

Sheppard always kept himself abreast of current work, which included many visits to excavations. His reputation pretty well always guaranteed a warm reception. On one occasion, however, a young lady who clearly did not recognise him, extended a rather frosty greeting when he appeared on site. On enquiring for the director, and being asked who he was, mention of his name instantly electrified the said young lady and she hurtled off to find the boss. Sheppard grinned and said 'I do rather enjoy it when that happens'.

Some of his last visits were to the current excavations at Dorchester-on-Thames. Having excavated there in 1962–63, he was gratified to see what the new areas beyond some of his trenches were revealing – and at one point to enquire courteously whether more sections might be useful.

Sheppard was a great scholar, a great friend.

Roger Goodburn

MARTIN LITCHFIELD WEST

23 September 1937–13 July 2015

Delivered by Professors Jane Lightfoot, Alan Cameron
and Robert Parker on Saturday, 24 October 2015 in the Library

Almost exactly sixty years ago, in October 1955, a group of bright young men assembled for the first time in Balliol, that year's intake of Classics undergraduates. One of them would later speak of his idyllic memories of his first two weeks in Oxford, 'with the autumn colours in the parks at their peak and the scent in the air of infinite possibilities, both intellectual and social'. His name was Anthony Leggett, and he was Martin's tutorial partner throughout Mods, the first five terms of the Classics degree. It is a sobering thought that one of that tutorial pair would go on to win the Nobel Prize for Physics in 2003, while the other would go on to become the greatest scholar of Greek poetry in the world.

The philosophy of the liberal education that Greats was, and is, supposed to provide was brilliantly exemplified by that generation. In those days, of course, many of its products went into the Civil Service. Someone else in Martin's year went on to become a private secretary to two Prime Ministers. Whatever they did, their superb linguistic training served them well. Someone in the year below Martin swapped his Greek and Latin for Arabic and served as British Ambassador in various countries in the Middle East. Arabic would become crucial to a comparably gifted young scholar called Gerald Toomer at Corpus Christi, who won the Ireland Scholarship the year before Martin, took Greats in the same year, and became a brilliant historian of mathematics and astronomy in America. We can picture the two of them coinciding at the now-legendary classical seminars on the German model which were introduced into Oxford by Eduard Fraenkel, then Corpus Professor of Latin. Again, what a pair they must have been. Toomer stole a march on Martin by accepting before Martin did the decipherment of Linear B, expounding it to senior colleagues 'like the child Christ among the doctors', as Fraenkel put it. But Martin stole a march on Toomer in that his own interest in astronomy went back to his boyhood. He edited an

astronomical journal at St Paul's; and his first three published articles were in the *Journal of the British Astronomical Association*.

It was an intellect that excelled in formal systems – stars, music, above all words. Those seminars by Fraenkel had a huge impact on the young scholar. He describes it in the lecture he delivered when he was awarded the Balzan Prize over forty years later:

Here we saw German philology in action; we felt it reverberate through us as Fraenkel patrolled the room behind our chairs, discoursing in forceful accents ... We knew, and could not doubt, that this was what Classical Scholarship was, and that it was for us to learn to carry it on.

And he acknowledged his debt when he hailed Fraenkel's spirit in the preface of his edition of Aeschylus, calling him his *magister* (master). The main allusion here is to Fraenkel's edition of Aeschylus' most celebrated tragedy, but there is also a secondary reference to Gilbert Murray, who had already hailed Fraenkel as *magister* at the same point of his own edition of the same poet. Let us say that Martin's relations with literary theory were distant. But he did allow the word 'intertextuality' into his vocabulary – and here, in fact at a time when the word was only just getting off the ground in classical studies, he gives us a little jewel of it.

The allusion to Murray is clever, but it was Fraenkel's influence that mattered. The tribute ends with a quotation from the *Choephoroe*, where Orestes wonders what offering he can make that will reach his dead father's spirit. And behind Fraenkel loomed a far more intimidating presence – Fraenkel's own teacher, the great nineteenth-century German scholar Wilamowitz, whose portrait hung over the desk where Martin wrote his books. In some ways the two are obvious comparisons, though I think that a metaphor Martin used for his own work points up a salient difference between the two. Martin thought of his work as a climbing-frame or mansion of many rooms; all the parts were linked. Wilamowitz was a colossus bestriding the remains of classical antiquity, in that totalising and all-inclusive thing known as *Altertumswissenschaft*, the science of the ancient world. Martin was more selective, his work more integrated, like a suite of rooms – and his personal style quite different. 'Intellectual thuggishness' was what he imputed to Wilamowitz. If Wilamowitz was a Fafner or Fasolt, I'm not sure quite what Martin would be; the mischievous Loge isn't quite right. But the Wagnerian conceit does lead into a little article that seems to

me another gem, a microcosm of Martin the brilliant scholar who made it all seem so much *fun*.

In the first place, it's published in a German journal which is devoted mainly to papyrology and epigraphy: in other words it's for hard-core classicists. It's written in German (Martin's German, which he learned at school and refined during scholarly visits to Erlangen and Berlin, was perfect). What he does is lay out an excerpt from the Greek lyric poet Bacchylides side by side with a passage from Wagner's *Götterdämmerung* and develops their similarities. He asks whether these similarities are coincidental – and refers to an earlier article about a curious coincidence he'd submitted to the same journal ten years earlier. (Hence, he illustrates his own climbing-frame principle, building on his own earlier work.) He speaks of 'a relationship of intertextuality'. He compares the presence of a certain motif in both works and its appositeness or otherwise in its context. That's more or less exactly the way he proceeds when he analyses the strata in the composition of the Homeric poems. Perfectly maintaining the pose of the pedant he talks us through the possibilities. Chronology rules out Bacchylides borrowing from Wagner. There can be no earlier text of which Wagner was aware and we are not, so there is no common source. So Wagner must have borrowed from Bacchylides. But *Götterdämmerung* was premiered in 1876, while Bacchylides didn't see the light of day until over twenty years later. Impasse – and the article ends with feigned bafflement, 'Have I argued falsely?'. As a tribute to-cum-parody of the German scholarly tradition to which he owed so much, with a touch of self-parody too, the piece is graceful, elegant, funny. I doubt whether Wilamowitz could have done it.

I got to know Martin pretty well during my nine years at All Souls, and I could have given a string of anecdotes about his love of fun. After all, I was party to his not-terribly-melodious renditions of the Mallard song, to the surprisingly proficient Churchill impression which he delivered on the night of the great Mallard feast of January 2001, and I was one of the six good men and true who carried the Lord Mallard tipsily round the Great and Front Quad at shoulder-height at the climax of that night's festivities. More importantly, I was the beneficiary of a kindness and generosity and supportiveness which came out in typically unorthodox ways but which were absolutely characteristic. I was lucky to have experienced that, to have been able to add warm humanity to the first aspect of the man that I encountered – the figure whose commentary on Hesiod's *Works and Days* I had borrowed from St John's College library as a jejune eighteen-year-old,

desperately ignorant about most things but profoundly certain, at least, of one thing – that this was a class of scholarship I had never seen before. And of course that awe never really went away. Soon after my obituary notice appeared in *The Guardian* I received a letter from someone who had himself arrived in Oxford as a bright aspiring young classicist. In his case, the year was 1971, the college was Univ, and Martin was his tutor. Martin didn't have the pedagogical leanings of a Fraenkel; but even as he presided over first-year unseens classes in those trademark silences of his, my correspondent recalled how they all regarded him with awe, as an Olympian. Recall Martin's tribute to Fraenkel, as his *magister*. Now, after describing the importance that Martin's work had for him in his subsequent career as classical teacher and scholar, my correspondent concluded: 'He was the best, wasn't he? The master.'

Jane Lightfoot

Martin and I began Greek on the very same day, in U3C at Colet Court, the prep school to St Paul's. Martin, John North (who is also here today) and I were in the same class from 1949 to 1955.

Martin was always top in Latin and Greek, but I have to say I always thought it a bit unfair that he was top in Maths as well. Unlike the rest of us, Martin took O levels in Italian as well as German. Not till the day of the exams was it realised that the Italian and German papers were scheduled for the same time. Martin did both simultaneously and still walked out an hour early. Naturally, he passed in both.

We were in a stream destined to take the scholarship exams for Oxford and Cambridge, though our teachers decided that Martin was perhaps ready to take the exams a year sooner than the rest of us. He got the top scholarship at Balliol.

Not all of you will be aware that Martin's first love was astronomy. Indeed the first three items on his bibliography are astronomical, published in the *Journal of the British Astronomical Association* for 1960 and 1961. At St Paul's, he founded an astronomical society, of which there were three members: Martin, me, and Michael Yudkin, now emeritus professor of biochemistry at Oxford. There was a monthly journal, *Starry Nights*, which ran to 22 issues from March 1948 to July 1952, all of which I still possess, all handwritten and illustrated by Martin. Subscription 6d. monthly, under sixteen half-price (of course, we were all under sixteen!).

As I look at these wonderful documents now more than sixty years later, what strikes me most is that at the age of eleven Martin already knew what a professional journal should look like, with a letter from the editor (Martin, of course), a monthly astroquizz, an art section and an occasional colour section (done with crayons). Readers are exhorted to 'make a little observatory in your bedroom; keep a pair of binoculars there and keep a diary of what you see.' The May 1952 issue notes that 'A.D.E. Cameron has been appointed Director of Lunar Observation' adding that 'lunar work was previously included in planetary work'. Martin was a strict editor. Letter from the editor in the December 1951 issue:

In future, when submitting observations of planets, variables and the Sun, will members please give the Julian date.

And in February 1952:

I would like to remind you that you may obtain from me application forms for reporting meteors. Nobody has asked for one yet.

There were occasional supplements. One on Mars, dated Summer term 1951, in Martin's hand (the same hand and even the same ink that all who received letters from him in the old days, before email, will recognise). More ambitious is *A Theory Concerning the History of the Solar System*, type-written, First Impression July 1952.

Like all British classics students half a century ago we spent what now seems an extraordinary, not to say disproportionate amount of our time on verse composition, in both Latin and Greek. This is where Martin really excelled, up there with the nineteenth-century dons who seemingly did little else and then published their versions. Notoriously, editors of classical texts write their prefaces in Latin, but the preface to Martin's *Iambi et Elegi Graeci* is in witty Latin scazons!

Perhaps the most treasured of my Martiniana is his reply to an invitation to my twenty-first birthday party in five elegant Homeric hexameters, promising to bring an εὐζώνος¹ παρθένος, a well-girdled maiden, to the festivities:

1. I am correcting his one licence *metri gratia*, giving a compound adjective a feminine termination. The reference in the last line is to the fact that I was about to take Honour Mods on the following day, and Martin was expressing the wish that I get alphas on my papers.

οἶδα χάριν, χάριν οἶδα, χάριν χάριν οἶδα μάλ' οἶδα.
αὐτὰρ ἐυζώνην ἐπὶ παρθένον, αἴ κεν ἐφεύρω,
κλήσομαι ἐς ξενίην· τὸ δὲ καὶ μάλα πάντας οἶω
ἄνδρας εὐφρανέειν πυκινὸν κατὰ δῶμα καὶ αὐλήν
αὐτὰρ ἐς αὔριον ἄλφα τελεσφόρον ἀλφήσαιο.

[My thanks to you, I thank you, thank you well.
And a well-girdled girl will I invite,
If I can find one, to the party, which
I think will cheer the heart of every man
Within the college and the crowded hall.
And may you get a healthy A tomorrow!²]

The παρθένος (of course) turned out to be Stephanie.

Alan Cameron

I first encountered Martin West when, as a first-term undergraduate, I went to a lecture by him on Homer's *Iliad*. He greeted his audience in one of the big halls in Schools with a parody of one of those chains of similes used by Homer to indicate huge numbers: like geese or cranes or long-necked swans chattering around the streams of the Cayster, so numerous came the undergraduates down the High to the Examination Schools; like bees or flies around a milking pail, so eagerly did they swarm around the lecturer's dais, and so on: I forget the details, something on those lines, but much better done. Nobody else began a lecture quite like that. It's a small illustration of the delight in linguistic invention and even the restrained touch of showmanship that lurked within this quietest of scholars.

I begin by stressing the creativity and whimsy because, if you just look at statistics, Martin West can seem like a machine for the production of scholarly work. The three volumes of his selected lesser writings contain 93 articles; there are also bibliographies of works in similar areas not included in those volumes. If one does the sum it comes to 35 books, almost all of them major works, eight editions of papyri, 37 sets of contributions to encyclopaedias and the like, 172 articles in addition to the 93, 131 reviews and various *jeux d'esprits*; those figures aren't quite up to date, there will be at

2. [Trans. Armand D'Angour.]

least 2 books to add; there will also be I don't know how many articles on topics not covered in the three volumes. And yet these numbers don't begin to catch the extraordinary character of his contribution. In an affectionate review of Martin's last book Peter Green wrote 'who else alive today could have written either *Ancient Greek Music*, or *The East Face of Helicon*, let alone both?' A very good question, to which one could add several similar. Who else, after writing *The East Face of Helicon*, could have sat down to follow it up with *Indo-European Poetry and Myth*? In relation to *East Face of Helicon* he writes:

I prepared myself for the task by studying the most relevant oriental languages – Akkadian, Ugaritic, Phoenician, Hebrew, Hittite – and reading the relevant texts in the original.

I've been told that his Akkadian was as good as anybody's. In the preface to the second book he writes more coyly 'I have furnished myself with a working knowledge of some of the relevant languages'. Goodness knows how many languages Martin knew at some point in his career: I remember a long time ago a colleague who had connections with Univ where Martin taught reporting that Martin had just made his first conjecture in Anglo-Saxon. But it wasn't just languages that were required for the Indo-European book: the literatures written in them are vast in scope, he also had to master the hugely complicated and massively studied and almost endlessly multi-branched field of Indo-European reconstruction. The result has been declared a work of masterly scholarship by specialists in that field.

Who else, to continue that theme, would have gone on after this to concentrate on one particular Indo-European language, and publish a translation of the *Hymns of Zoroaster* and even a grammar of old Avestan? At that point even seasoned West-watchers had to gasp; the man was incredible, there can't in fact have been just one Martin West, there must have been at least three. The only argument in favour of unity is the grace and precision and wit of his language throughout – as crisp as an apple, as the poet Peter Levi wrote in a review many years ago.

But I've not yet mentioned the most remarkable aspect. I mustn't say that all this Near Eastern and Indo-European work was ancillary to his main interests: from the very start of his career he set Greek culture in a global perspective, this was one of his central convictions and central achievements; but what I can say is that even without these works of com-

parativism, even without the work on music and metre, he would still have ranked among the very greatest Hellenists and indeed classical scholars.

Choosing the 'so many greatest ever' is a game for the colour supplements, not for serious discourse, but let's indulge in it for a moment and align Martin with Wilamowitz and Bentley as the supreme masters of classical philology. An extraordinary fact struck me recently: if we consider the whole field of Greek poetry down to the death of Aeschylus minus a single genre, lyric, once the text of the *Odyssey* that he left all but finished at his death is published, the whole of Greek poetry of those centuries will be available in an edition by Martin; and authoritative comment by him is available on all that ocean of poetry except the *Homeric Hymns*. Lyric missed out only because it was already well served, but Martin also made innumerable contributions in that field. One must also remember that much of his best work appeared in the notes and apparatus criticus of other people's; any sensible person publishing a newly discovered Greek poem in the last 40 years sought Martin's advice. I wish I had time to illustrate some of his crucial interventions. I'll just mention exempli gratia the Greek poem probably of the second century BC discovered on a bronze tablet in Kandahar a few years ago. Immense excitement: it mentioned the Chinese, it provided the earliest written evidence for trade with China – it did at any rate until Martin pointed out that the Chinese had only got in there through a false word division. He provided a quality control on work throughout the world; without being aggressive, he did it in many Oxford seminars, and we are deeply impoverished without him.

What made Martin what he was? Obviously an unanswerable question; one can't explain genius. But in his acceptance speech for the Balzan prize Martin mentioned by name just three individuals who influenced him; two of these were what he calls a 'legendary pair of teachers' at St Paul's School in London. I followed him to the same school thirteen years later and was taught by the same teachers. It was a varied education: it varied between Greek and Latin, in writing the ancient languages one alternated between attempts at verse and attempts at prose. There was almost nothing else; but it was this disgracefully narrow education, combined of course with native genius, that gave Martin his fantastic facility with the ancient languages and acute linguistic sensibility. The third name he mentioned in the acceptance speech was that of Edouard Fraenkel: he credited Fraenkel with opening to him the world of ancient literatures beyond their linguistic aspect. Obviously many other people influenced him, not least his learned wife

Stephanie; I think in the Balzan speech he deliberately didn't mention the living.

But there's a quality of his work that I want to end with which I don't think he got from any of his teachers. It was once said of Ronald Syme, another OM, that he possessed a 'ruthlessly concrete fantasy': one can transfer that judgment to Martin West. Fantasy there isn't intended dismissively; the term just acknowledges that such a scholar applies a trained and disciplined imagination beyond the limits of what's strictly demonstrable to describe in very precise terms what's likely to have been the case. I don't think Martin would have rejected the description: anybody who gives an article the title 'Greek poetry 2000–700 BC', a period from which on his own view no Greek poetry survived, is evidently happy to take calculated risks. All he would have wanted to insist is that every element of his fantasy was supported by analogy and argument. He had an unparalleled instinct for how, for instance, early Greek cosmologies hung together and how mythical genealogies worked: on an earlier memorial occasion Simon Hornblower hailed his reconstruction of the largely lost *Catalogue of Women* of Hesiod as his finest work.

Indo-European Poetry and Myth is a reconstruction on a very large scale. Right at the end Martin characteristically presents an 'Elegy for an Indo-European Hero' of his own composition, in which he incorporates many of his conclusions: we are back again where I began with the scholar who isn't dusty and academic, the man of whimsy and creativity. I don't suppose he thought of himself when composing it, but because of his death the last two stanzas can now, alas, be applied to him:

He has gone the way of no return
to you and the Fathers in the mansion below,
but his name does not fail or grow old:
it lives in the mouth of us earth-walkers.

It will sound until Dieus' fair daughter
embraces her dark sister in one house,
or until the poet's woven songs
are sung no more in the kings' halls.

CHRISTOPHER DUGGAN

4 November 1957–2 November 2015

Delivered by Professor Stephen Gundle and Dr George Newth
on Saturday, 12 December 2015

Christopher Duggan's untimely death on 2 November 2015 was a terrible loss for his family and for his many friends, as well as for his colleagues and students. Christopher was widely-respected, he was full of ideas and was engaged on new research projects. As a writer and scholar, he was in his prime. Those, including myself, who had the task of communicating the sad news to the academic world received messages of sympathy which testify to the affection and the esteem with which he was regarded. Many young researchers fondly recalled his generosity in giving them his time and support, often corresponding with them long after meeting them at a conference or summer school and writing references for travel grants and scholarships. One remembered:

this gentle scholar who, with his simple smile, immediately put me at ease, took time to talk with me about the Risorgimento and invited me to his home.

Another wrote:

To me, he was both a brilliant sounding board for my work and a wonderful human being who went out of his way to encourage a young researcher who was trying to make his way.

His fellow Italianists admired his scholarship and his kindness. A founder member of Association for the Study of Modern Italy (ASMI), Paul Furlong, remembered Christopher as 'a gentle, courteous and thoughtful colleague, a rigorous scholar who was devoted to his subject, and a person without "side", to use an old-fashioned phrase'.

Christopher was born in Petts Wood, a suburb of South East London,

on 4 November 1957. His father was a ship broker and his mother a nurse who later trained as a social worker. The second of three siblings, he attended Dulwich College and Westminster before reading History at Merton College, Oxford. His interest in Italy, initially for the medieval period, began in his teens and he travelled in the country both before and after his undergraduate degree. The encounter with the great Italian historian Denis Mack Smith, who would supervise his Oxford DPhil, was decisive in shifting his focus to modern history. Mack Smith had authored with Moses Finlay a history of Sicily and Christopher too would develop a keen interest in the island's chequered past. The topic of his thesis, Fascism's struggle against the Mafia, made ample use of the papers of Mussolini's 'iron prefect', Cesare Mori. The very first line of the resulting book (published by Rubettino in 1987, two years ahead of the English version, which would be published by Yale with the title *Fascism and the Mafia*) asserted the intensely controversial notion that the Mafia was an idea rather than an organisation. The book was reviewed in the *Corriere della Sera* by the Sicilian novelist Leonardo Sciascia, who employed its central idea to support his idiosyncratic stand against the so-called 'professionals of anti-Mafia'. Although Duggan's thesis was later undermined by the revelations of the repentant *mafioso* Tommaso Buscetta, the debate brought him early renown. Rubettino published a new edition of the book, which included Sciascia's review, in 2007.

Christopher was elected to a Prize Fellowship at his supervisor's college, All Souls, in 1985 and the College would remain important to him. In 1987, he and his wife Jennifer were married in the College Chapel, where their two children would also be baptised. He would return as a Fellow on two occasions, most recently in 2015. Although Oxford would always figure in his life, his entire teaching career was spent at Reading, where he was appointed to a lectureship in history in the Department of Italian Studies in 1987. He would soon rise to Reader and later Professor, before moving to the Department of History in 2013. For many years, Reading was the leading centre of Italian studies in the UK. It boasted a large Italian Studies department, whose members would include the renowned linguist Giulio Lepschy. Two distinguished historians of Italy, Stuart Woolf and Paul Corner, had held Christopher's post before him. Percy Allum was a member of the Politics Department, while Adrian Lyttelton, Richard Bellamy, Richard Bosworth, David Laven and Linda Risso were attached to History for shorter or longer periods. Over the

years, Christopher organised numerous seminars and events there, some of them under the auspices of the Centre for the Advanced Study of Italian Society. These included conferences on Italy and the Cold War and on the 1948 elections.

As a historian, Christopher owed much to Mack Smith, with whom he kept in close contact and whose ninetieth birthday celebrations in 2010 he organised. His work is impregnated with the values of traditional scholarship; it is marked by a preference for interpretation over theory, an interest in the role of the great individual in history and by an ability to write wonderful, engaging prose. Like his maestro, he tackled big questions and engaged in prodigious archival research. He probably also acquired from him the habits of reading very widely and working exceptionally hard.

The most substantial of his books is surely his second monograph, *Francesco Crispi, 1818–1901: From Nation to Nationalism* (published by Laterza in 2000 and OUP in 2002). This was an enormous piece of research which changed the parameters of the Italian historiography. Surprisingly, there had been no modern, full-length biography of this patriot, reformer and warmonger who was a key architect of Italian unification and who served twice as prime minister in the 1880s and 1890s. Indeed, despite being compared in his lifetime to Bismarck, he was a largely forgotten figure, not least because his career ended in disgrace following charges of bigamy. Duggan brilliantly conveyed Crispi's role and ideas. But he also understood the need, in a 700-page political biography, to capture the personality, to bring colour and vitality to the enterprise. The Sicilian emerges in the book a sort of Italian Disraeli, not so much for his views as for his style. A fastidious dresser who spent two hours each morning making his toilet, Crispi cultivated an oriental-style image in order to give himself greater popular appeal.

For some time after this book, Christopher thought of himself mainly as a nineteenth-century historian. However, Fascism would loom large in his later work. In 2006, he joined Giuliana Pieri and myself as an investigator on an AHRC project on the personality cult of Benito Mussolini. The topic was one that had not previously been tackled systematically, despite the huge literature on Fascism, and all of those who belonged to the project team – which included Simona Storch, Alessandra Antola, Vanessa Roghi, Sofia Serenelli, Paola Bernasconi and Eugene Pooley – felt we were engaged on something special. It was a fruitful and happy collaboration which involved archival research, oral history, documentaries and the cur-

ation of an exhibition at the Estorick Collection of Modern Italian Art. For five years, we shared a spirit of adventure and common purpose.

The question of Italy's unresolved relationship with its Fascist past was a subject about which Christopher came to care deeply and which he approached from a moral as well as a political point of view. His book *Fascist Voices: An Intimate History of Mussolini's Italy* (Bodley Head, 2012) was conceived and mostly written during the Mussolini project. Drawing on the letters people wrote to the dictator over the course of his rule and hundreds of diaries, some of them published, others unpublished texts written by ordinary Italians which had been deposited years later in the national diary archive in Pieve Santo Stefano, Duggan was able to offer a particular insight into the nature and extent of ordinary Italians' support for Mussolini and his regime. The book won great acclaim and it was honoured with several prizes, notably the Wolfson Prize for History. In his review in the *London Review of Books*, Richard Evans described *Fascist Voices* as 'a magnificent book, a pathbreaking study that everyone interested in fascism, or Italy past and present, should read'. What was original about the book, he said, was that it treated fascism not purely as a tyranny or as an oppressive dictatorship but 'as a regime rooted strongly in popular aspirations and desires'.

In Italy, the book was not quite so warmly received, indeed at first it was largely ignored, much to Christopher's consternation since his previous books had won him respect. A number of explanations were possible, which included the familiar nature of some of the published sources on which the book drew, and the implication conveyed in the title formulated by the publisher Laterza – *Il popolo del duce* – that the mass of Italians had been Fascist followers. This point, it should be said, was even further emphasised by the French title chosen by Flammarion: *Ils y ont cru*. Long after the issue of popular consent under Fascism had first been debated by historians, this was still a sensitive issue. Paul Corner's book on the subject, *The Fascist Party and Popular Opinion in Mussolini's Italy*, was also published in 2012 and the two historians undertook a number of joint presentations of their works, including one at the British Academy.

In addition to his three important monographs, Duggan also wrote three more popular books. These works aimed at general readers can be found on the shelves of provincial bookstores and many local libraries. The first, *The History of Sicily* (Chatto & Windus, 1986), was a re-elaboration and extension of the text published earlier by Finlay and Mack Smith. The

second, *A Concise History of Italy*, (part of the CUP concise history series) was published in several languages and went through two editions. Through it, more than one generation of students and general readers acquired a flavour of the full sweep of Italian history from Roman times to the present.

Finally, in 2007, there was *The Force of Destiny: A History of Italy Since 1796* (Penguin), another very large book, which considered the project of nation building in historical perspective, beginning with Napoleon and ending with Berlusconi. The approach was inspired by the work of Alberto Banti, who at first, Christopher confided to me, was diffident, unsure whether the book was the work of a friend or a foe. In the English-speaking world, it was widely read by many who wanted to get to know Italy better. Recently, Robert Lumley told me that he gave a copy as a gift to his brother, who later wrote: 'I have finished *The Force of Destiny* which is a genuinely good book. After reading it I feel I can begin to understand why Italy is Italy and so unlike England or France.' Christopher would have been pleased with that judgement. Though accessible and enriched with many references to Italian architecture, art and music, the book is not entirely sanguine in tone and its conclusion is infused with melancholy. It argues that the issue of

how to construct a nation with a shared past and a strong sense of collective destiny and purpose remained almost as pressing in the age of Forza Italia as in the era of the Carbonari and Young Italy.

There is even a suggestion that the whole enterprise of nation-building might have been counter-productive, since 'the very insistence with which the project of "making Italians" had been pursued down to the Second World War had contributed to the scant belief in collective national values'.

Christopher was much in demand as a speaker and he felt the responsibility of the public intellectual. He reviewed widely, notably for the *TLS*, presented books and took part in innumerable events. He took pains to cultivate good relations with the Italian Cultural Institute (especially under the enlightened direction of Caterina Cardona) and the Italian Embassy.

At the time of his death, he had been Chair of the ASMI for barely one year. Founded by the Oxford historian and Fellow of Oriel College Christopher Seton-Watson in 1982, ASMI brings together scholars of modern Italy from several disciplines and a number of countries.

Christopher was an exceptionally loyal member and he held many positions of responsibility in the association over a period of more than thirty years, including those of newsletter editor, secretary and executive member. He also organised a number of ASMI events, including the 2007 annual conference on the fortune of Garibaldi (organised jointly with Lucy Riall), which is remembered for its conviviality. His commitment to young scholars was unstinting and he was instrumental in ensuring the successful transformation of the ASMI postgraduate conference into an annual summer school at which established British-based academics provided postgraduate students and recent PhDs from several countries with feedback and advice. The summer school was held twice at Reading, most recently in 2015. As an executive member, he diligently read and made notes on entries to the ASMI postgraduate essay prize and also helped select the winner of the Christopher Seton-Watson prize, which is awarded each year to the author of the best article. In his short time as Chair, Christopher engaged in a variety of initiatives, establishing new links with other British and Italian scholarly associations and organising a symposium with colleagues in France. He also organised a conference in Oxford on Italy and the First World War.

Over the twenty-eight years he worked at Reading, Christopher supervised many graduate students, a good number of them Italians. They remember him as an assiduous and caring mentor, who always took the trouble to inquire after their well-being and general happiness. Colleagues who appealed to him for help with personal matters also always found him ready to do what he could, often above and beyond any call of duty. As the sole historian in a department of literary specialists, he sometimes felt like the odd one out, yet he served a term as Head of Italian Studies. More recently, a bruising period as Head of the newly-formed School of Modern Languages chastened him. A gentle and naturally shy man, he was shaken by the extent to which changes he sought to implement aroused bitter opposition. In his final months, he struggled with severe depression and was obliged to withdraw from commitments. Yet he worked indefatigably on a large international project on the legacies of Fascism for which he hoped to secure funding from the AHRC. The bid, which was submitted weeks before his death, bore the special imprint of Christopher's intellectual passion and vision. Typically, he had wanted the bulk of the funds to support several postdoctoral fellows.

In some of the various tributes and obituaries, it was remarked that Christopher was 'very British' or, more specifically, 'very English'. Inevit-

ably perhaps, any British student of a Mediterranean country is at risk of having this label attached to them. But there is in this comment a hint that Christopher was in some way *more* British than some of his Italianist contemporaries. This is due first, probably, to the aura of Oxford which attached to him and, one might say, the particular aura of the unique place that is All Souls. Also, despite many years spent studying Italy, he never in any perceptible way went 'native', that is to say he had none of the traits of the Italianised Englishman: he did not drop Italian words into his conversation or emails and he was never spotted with an Italian newspaper under his arm or sticking out of his briefcase, although of course he read them. As far as I am aware, he never expressed the desire to live or work in Italy. Probably for family reasons, his trips there were short. Then there was the look. Christopher had the appearance not of the typical Englishman, but of the ideal Englishman. Although not tall, he was fair-haired, blue-eyed and good looking. Combined with his lightly-worn erudition and quiet charm, these were compelling qualities. There was also something almost boyish about him. Unlike many of his contemporaries, who went grey or put on weight, he remained remarkably ageless. Anyone comparing photographs of him taken twenty-five years ago with more recent ones could be forgiven for seeing very little difference. The tweed jackets of earlier times disappeared though, to be replaced by suits in a flattering shade of blue, almost always worn without a tie.

Christopher will be missed as a friend, as a colleague and as a teacher. His immense knowledge of Italy and his personal kindness will be remembered by all who knew him. Though his loss is deeply felt, the example he gave of personal and professional integrity, and of devoted, humane scholarship, will be honoured and treasured.

Stephen Gundle

Many years ago, when I was still a history student at Cardiff Institute and my friend and colleague Ester was studying history in Palermo, our respective parents, having noticed our growing interest in Italian history decided that a book which dealt directly with this subject was the most appropriate Christmas present for us. We both duly unwrapped a book written by Christopher Duggan: mine was his *Concise History of Italy* and Ester's the Italian translation of the *Force of Destiny*.

At that time we had not had the pleasure of meeting Christopher in

person and we could not even imagine that we would end up pursuing PhDs in Italian History at the University of Reading.

As was pointed out to me by Ester, this anecdote would work better if we had both received the *Force of Destiny* as it would have perhaps signified that we were both 'destined' to end up as Professor Duggan's students. I must say I was tempted to change the story so that it would fit in with this narrative; however, such a distortion of historical facts would not be in keeping with Christopher's integrity and attention to truth as a historian.

Professor Duggan was the reason why I joined the University of Reading, just as it was why Ester, Luisa, Pat, Nicola, Jacopo and Pola, as well as previous generations of students in Italian history, arrived here.

He was an inspiration for all of us not least due to his intellectual integrity, his empathy and his lack of ideological agenda. Indeed, he was more than aware of the perils of having such an agenda and I think I speak for all of his students when I say that we feel lost without our intellectual guide.

Christopher's role was not just as a supervisor, but also as a mentor; he had a capacity to appreciate and empathise with our individual circumstances and to respond accordingly. A typical supervisory meeting with Christopher would begin with a long session in which he would make sure we were all happy within our personal lives. He would apologise to those coming from Italy for the horrible weather – and you could clearly tell that he was genuinely sorry – he would ask the younger among us whether we were satisfied with our housing and flatmates, and would always make sure that his part-time students were not putting too much pressure on themselves by working and studying at the same time. Only after receiving our reassurance, would we begin our stimulating conversation on our research projects as well as on the most recent publications on Italian history.

Christopher always made us feel that our research was important. His wise advice was always discreet, never patronising, and would always bring great benefit to our respective studies.

His reassuring words and guidance will be terribly missed by all his students, but we strongly believe that Christopher's legacy will continue to live in every young scholar with a genuine passion for history, and in every colleague and individual who has been touched by his generosity and great humanity.

'Only he who leaves no legacy of love has little joy in urns', as Ugo Foscolo said in his *Sepulchres*, a perhaps old-fashioned but evergreen piece of Italian poetry.

Buried, does he not go on living, with
Day's harmony to him inaudible,
If he rouse this illusion with sweet care
In friendly memories? It is heaven-sent,
This correspondence of such deep affection,
A heavenly gift for human beings; and often
This means we go on living with our friend,
And he with us, if reverently the earth,
Which took him as a child and nourished him,
Offers a final refuge in her lap,
And keeps the sacredness of his remains
From outrage of the storm-clouds and profane
Feet trampling, and a stone preserves his name,
And fragrantly in bloom a friendly tree
Comforts his ashes in its gentle shade.

Non vive ei forse anche sotterra,
Quando gli sarà muta l'armonia del giorno,
se può destarla con soavi cure nella mente de' suoi?
Celeste è questa corrispondenza d'amorosi sensi,
celeste dote è negli umani;
e spesso per lei si vive con l'amico estinto e l'estinto con noi,
se pia la terra che lo raccolse infante e lo nutriva,
nel suo grembo materno ultimo asilo porgendo,
sacre le reliquie renda dall'insultar de' nemi e dal profane piede del vulgo,
e serbi un sasso il nome,
e di fiori odorata arbore amica
le ceneri di molli ombre consoli.

JEREMY MORSE

10 December 1928–4 February 2016

Delivered by Professor Sir John Vickers and Mr Richard Morse
on Friday, 3 June 2016 in New College Chapel

For the Prize Fellowship at All Souls, 1953 was a vintage year. The College elected Morse and Lewis. We celebrated Peter Lewis, the historian of France, at a memorial service in All Souls two years ago, and today we are gathered to remember and honour Jeremy, especially his Oxford life.

I will not divulge the one-word essay topic in the All Souls exam in Jeremy's year. Suffice to say that it has ten letters and may be solved by the choir's pens. In case you need a further clue, his essay began poetically: 'Now that Autumn and the smell of burning leaves is with us ...'

In an echo of the Wykehamist domination of the All Souls Prize Fellowship twenty-five years earlier – Pares, Sherfield, Sparrow, Jay, Reilly and Wilberforce – Jeremy followed Michael Dummett and Robert Wade-Gery, who had been elected in 1950 and 1951, and both of whom we have recently remembered in this Chapel.

Unlike Dummett, who had to get the Wykeham Chair of Logic to enter New College, Jeremy had taken the straight path from Winchester. He took the first two years of Greats, with its concentration on classical literature, easily in his stride, having covered a quarter of the syllabus at school. Jeremy won prizes galore, for verse and prose, in Latin – 'monumental' – and Greek – 'light as a feather'.

Then came Philosophy, with Isaiah Berlin, Stuart Hampshire and Herbert Hart as tutors. As for modern philosophy, Jeremy considered Ayer's verification principle to be preposterous, and thought that agonizing over the meaning of words was best left to setters and solvers of crosswords. There was History too, the subject in which Jeremy sat the All Souls exam. As a student he concentrated on the ancients, never tempted to lectures by celebrities like A.J.P. Taylor, which 'would have been like going to the cinema'.

Jeremy joined Childs bank after Finals, to the dismay of his Ancient

History tutor, Antony Andrewes, who however conceded that banks need to have some good people. The duties of All Souls – not least pernoctating, mostly at weekends – therefore had to be combined with city life.

Banking gave no exemption from academic pursuits, and Jeremy's proposed course of study as a new Fellow was 'the present stage of a plan of editing Ovid which I first evolved three years ago and which I hope to complete before my death'. Jeremy published an article in the *Classical Review* of 1956 brilliantly construing a colloquialism in Juvenal and the Senecas.

As the junior fellow – for Lewis outranked Morse on this occasion – Latin oratory was also required of Jeremy. Exceptionally, he gave the November gaudy speech on two occasions, there being no Prize Fellows elected in 1954.

There was also Mathematics, an enthusiasm from school days. Jeremy was unhappy with the argument for a proposition about perfect numbers in the great treatise on number theory by Hardy & Wright. (A perfect number, you will recall, is an integer that is equal to the sum of its divisors.) So in the fourth edition of 1960 appears the splendid footnote: 'We have to thank Mr C.J. Morse for pointing out an error in our earlier proof of Theorem 277.'

After seven years as a Prize Fellow, Jeremy stayed on for a further septennium as a £50 Fellow, that being the annual stipend for this non-academic category. On the mid-1960s controversy over the possible admission of graduate students to All Souls, he was on the conservative side. The College would do itself and others most service by not diminishing its differences from other colleges – 'emphasis on research as opposed to education ... and our non-academic element'.

Yet few non-academics have done more for education than Jeremy – as Warden of Winchester, Chancellor of Bristol University, and by his role in the establishment of Classics for All, the charity that promotes classical education in state schools.

Jeremy's main contributions to Economics were of course as a practitioner. At the IMF in the early 1970s he was at the heart of attempts to reform the international monetary system following the collapse of the Bretton Woods regime of fixed exchange rates – or in Sterling's case, not so fixed. His American counterpart in those years was Paul Volcker, later chairman of the Federal Reserve, who has asked me to highlight a lasting achievement of their otherwise ill-fated efforts in those years. The Committee of Twenty, chaired by Jeremy, was designed precisely to bring the

developing world into the discussion, and its offspring are with us today.

A contribution to academic Economics is less well known. In the later 1970s, now at Lloyds Bank and no longer at All Souls, Jeremy was nonetheless an elector to the Drummond Professorship of Political Economy, and therefore of Joe Stiglitz and Amartya Sen, both of whom went on to win the Nobel Prize. Incidentally their predecessor, Robin Matthews, was also a notable chess problemist.

Returning to Oxford, Jeremy became an Honorary Fellow of New College in 1979, and a Distinguished Fellow at All Souls in 1983, making Wykehamists half that group of ten. The Governorship of the Bank of England did not come Jeremy's way that year. How I wish it had. What a central banking duo Morse and Volcker would have been.

Jeremy was a shrewd observer of, but reticent participant in, Fellowship election meetings. When he doubted that non-academics should take part in them, Warden Neill would have none of it. There is no wedge between classes of Fellow, and 'it is very helpful to have present at the meetings those with more detached judgement than some of our academic Fellows'. I remember Jeremy rising on one occasion simply to commend the previous speech as a fine example of how to praise with faint damns.

Patrick Neill died last weekend, in peace at home in Dorset. The association between the Morse and Neill families was close and long-lasting. Indeed Belinda and Caroline first met in the 1940s. One mark of that friendship was Jeremy's handsome generosity to the Neill Fund, set up when Patrick retired as Warden, for All Souls concerts and law lectures. Other fine gifts to the College included a superb Georgian goblet inscribed to the remembrance of the Mallard, and, more earthily, the slates from the barn roof at Barrington.

A measure of Jeremy's values appears on the back cover of his definitive volume on *Chess Problems*: 'in his spare time he has pursued a career in banking'. First came family, about which Richard will now speak, and then the life of the mind and its encouragement in others. What a life of the mind – intellectual brilliance over such a range is simply awe-inspiring. It is to be remembered together with Jeremy's moderation, kindness, judiciousness, decency and goodness as an integral whole. We who knew him have been privileged indeed, and we give thanks.

My father was endowed with extraordinary talents and used them to brighten all our lives. Dad valued precision, so I shall attempt to find a few words to capture what he meant to us as family and all of us as colleagues and friends

First, Dad was knowledgeable. He was gifted with perfect retention of what he read and heard, from Latin and Greek grammar, through the poems of Herbert and Housman, to the latest football scores. He had an uncanny ability to recall this material at will, which helped make him a great public speaker and conversationalist.

He used his knowledge constructively and judiciously, not to show off – to be so disciplined, whether in the workplace or at home, was a mark of his unique mixture of intellect and pragmatism. He brought this judgment to bear in the companies and institutions that he served, notably Lloyds Bank, Winchester College and Bristol University, on all of which he left a benign stamp.

Knowledge was drummed into us at an early age, since it was his custom to send us to sleep every night with three questions – spelling, mental arithmetic and odd man out. Such was his delight in communicating knowledge as well as gaining it and using it.

Dad was also creative. From his early youth, he wrote plays and music. He devised innovative games to be played at our birthday parties. He was a prolific poet. As you have heard he was a renowned composer of crosswords and crossword clues; and also of chess problems.

Dad's creativity extended to the workplace – he was sent to Washington to lead a Committee of twenty countries at the IMF looking at the possibilities for a world currency. His creative vision and diplomatic nous made him an ideal candidate to lead that study. Although the world currency never materialised, Dad was knighted for his part in the project.

In furnishing the name for Inspector Morse, Dad provided Colin Dexter with the inspiration for an enduringly popular character. Colin named all the characters in his first book after other solvers of the Azed crossword, reserving the name of his detective for his rival as a competitor in that crossword. Dad remained a brilliant clue-smith and won the annual championship only a year or two ago. Dad enjoyed this late-flowering eponymous fame but he was always keen to point out that the character borrowed only his name and not his characteristics or manners.

Dad's modesty was disarming in one so gifted. He regarded the team as more important than the individual, and the family as more important

than any one member.

Dad also lived a modest life. He and Mum never moved from their marital home in Drayton Gardens that they bought in 1955. He did not care for luxury and regarded modern essentials such as computers – and mobile phones – with great suspicion. He will be one of the last people never to have had an email address.

Years ago, Dad became the first person to win £1,000 in a TV quiz show. We had to rent a telly to watch the shows – and back it went to the shop after the final show, despite him winning enough to buy it several times over! In fact, much of the prize money went on small presents to the milkman, postman, and a coat for the daily.

So Dad was also generous. He supported many charities, particularly in the realm of education and classical studies. As many here today can attest, he and Mum were brilliant and generous hosts. They loved having guests, particularly members of the wider family, including his many godchildren, or guests from overseas, to lunch or dinner at their homes in London or Barrington.

Latterly, when Mum was unwell, Dad was generous with his time and energy to ensure that she was given the best treatment. Her presence here today is testament not only to her fortitude but also to his care. In turn, her care for him – and us – has been exemplary. What a team! Mum, you have provided generous loving support to Dad for more than 60 years and we all look forward to supporting you in the months and years to come.

Dad was an adored and adoring grandfather to his 14 grandchildren. No event filled him with more joy in recent years than the cricket match in which his eleven grandsons took on – and beat – other members of the family.

Jeremy had an ability to bring this generous caring quality to every interaction with every person he met, whether closely related or incidental to his life. He was easy to talk to, engaged and engaging, and willing to give his time and his help, irrespective whether you were Chairman of the Board or the washer-up.

So there you have it – Dad was Knowledgeable, Creative, Modest and Generous.

Sir Jeremy Morse – KCMG – may he rest in peace.

MICHAEL SHERINGHAM

2 June 1948–21 January 2016

Delivered by Professors Edward Hughes and Laura Marcus
on Saturday, 1 October 2016 in the Library

I want to begin by thanking Cilla and thanking the Warden for their kind invitation to pay tribute today to Michael, to Micky. There is so much to be remembering about him and so much to be holding dear. The tributes that have been paid to him since the time of his death have rightly spelt out how pivotal a figure he was in the field in which he worked but have also pointed to the fondness and loyalty that he inspired in those who had the good fortune to know and work with him.

When Micky was elected a Fellow of All Souls, he embraced the life of the College with enthusiasm and energy, in the same way that he enjoyed immensely his work as the Marshall Foch Professor of French Literature here in the University.

In his book *French Autobiography* he reflected wisely about the subjects whose very varied lives he was studying: ‘Here are real men and women confronting (and evading) in a host of different ways, the intractable realities of their lives’. The ambitiousness of that work was a mark of his capacity to embark on big projects that would take time but would also stand the test of time, making a lasting impact. The name Sheringham has become a reference point for critics working in the field of life-writing. Likewise in work on the everyday.

As we know, Micky read with relish. He once encouraged me to go back to Chateaubriand’s *Mémoires* but said that I should read it in the Gallimard paperback edition as it felt so much better, it was a more intimate experience than handling the paper used in the Pléiade edition. But he had bigger concerns too. In his *French Autobiography*, he reflected on ‘the “empty” miracle of writing’. Micky was thus keenly aware of the idea of writing as power but also as emptiness.

In addition to his exceptional intellectual ability, his generosity and attentiveness as a host was a gift that so many of us enjoyed. And I also of

course remember the generosity and warm welcome that he and Cilla and their family showed to their guests in their homes in Canterbury and Oxford.

Micky was curious about others and their lives, their work, their ideas. He engaged generously in discussions about their projects. As a mentor of academic colleagues and as a supervisor of research students, he would listen attentively to them as they set out their projects before playing the ideas back to them, often from a new angle or in ways that offered greater cohesiveness, clarity and composure. That some of Micky's former PhD students, themselves now established academics in other countries, should have travelled to be present here today says much about the loyalty and gratitude that he inspired.

There are publications in the pipeline, reflecting both new work by Micky and also tributes to him and I would just like to give brief details of these. Legenda will be publishing two books in the spring of 2017. The first of these is a Festschrift for Micky entitled *The Made and the Found: Essays, Prose and Poetry in Honour of Michael Sheringham*, edited by Patrick McGuinness and Emily McLaughlin: the book will consist of pieces of creative writing with contributions by Marina Warner, Patrick McGuinness, Jacques Réda, Yves Bonnefoy, Jacques Roubaud and Ann Smock, among others. The second Legenda volume is a collection of Michael's previously published writings on poetry. That book will be entitled *Perpetual Motion: Studies in French Poetry from Surrealism to the Postmodern* and will be edited by Patrick McGuinness and Priscilla Sheringham. In addition to these, Oxford University Press will be publishing his last book, *The Afterlives of Pierre Rivière: Foucault and the Archival Imaginary*, to be edited by Diana Knight and Johnnie Gratton. And finally, Liverpool University Press will be publishing a collection of papers from the conference held in Micky's honour last January here at the College and the book is being edited by Patrick Crowley and Shirley Jordan.

In conversation with Micky, he once told me, with enthusiasm, about an undergraduate essay topic that one of his colleagues at Kent had set. I think (from memory) that it was about the poet Guillaume Apollinaire and the question ran something like this: 'What was Guillaume Apollinaire driving at?' Micky liked the, as it were, no-nonsense directness of the formulation, its slightly unconventional character; he liked the invitation in the question to reflect on what the author's goal was. In the context of today's memorial,

I have been asking myself: what was Michael Sheringham driving at? What was Micky attempting in his landmark books on French autobiography and on theories and practices of the Everyday in French culture? What was he driving at in his influential work on contemporary French writing (he was so plugged into contemporary French culture and ideas and as we know he relished acquainting himself with new voices in French literature)?

Part of the answer to the question ‘what was he driving at?’ can be found, for me at least, listening to an interview that he gave on French radio on the appearance of the French translation of his book on the Everyday, *Traversées du quotidien: des surréalistes aux postmodernes* (Presses Universitaires de France, 2013). It can be difficult for us to listen now to that France-Culture interview and yet at the same time it shows us Micky at his persuasive best. One is immediately struck not just by his fluency in French, by the cadence in the delivery, by the attention he pays to his interlocutor, but also by the clarity of his reflection on the everyday, and by the skill with which he moves across a century and more of material in pursuit of a subject that is everywhere and yet also evasive.

Many of us will remember Micky at conferences, where, in addition to making highly influential interventions himself, he was again a keen listener to other participants.

He was affable, gregarious, inquisitive in the best sense, and engaged. Yet he was also at home in the more solitary work of writing and composition. Before giving his Inaugural Lecture at Royal Holloway – he was then Head of Department – he wrote to colleagues (this was in the days when you would get A5-size slips of paper in your pigeon hole) to say that he was ‘going into hiding for a number of days in order to write the thing’.

But he was not a prisoner of his study. I was reminded of that on looking back through some old postcards of places he had enjoyed visiting: Morocco (might this be paradise, he wondered), Cape Town, California ... but also places much closer to home. On Monday mornings at Royal Holloway, he would sometimes speak about walks he had enjoyed in East Kent at the weekend. I was often struck by how sensitive he was to landscape.

On one occasion, he and Cilla had been on holiday on the Norfolk coast, in the small town of Sheringham. I wasn’t aware of this and a few days later was in the French departmental office at Royal Holloway where I noticed a large box of sweets on the table. I couldn’t help but see on the top of the box, in large letters, the words: FUDGE FROM SHERINGHAM. I must have looked slightly non-plussed when at that moment I happened to look up and there,

across the room, I could see Micky, standing with a broad, mischievous smile on his face. We all remember his lively sense of humour and the quickness of his wit.

In the conversations about French literature that I had the great fortune to enjoy with Micky over the years, there was one author whose name almost invariably came up, that of the poet Charles Baudelaire. Baudelaire's prose poems were particular favourites of Micky's and indeed in a discussion I had with him here at the College a couple of years ago, he placed the *Petits poèmes en prose* in his Top Ten of French literary texts. As we see in his book on *Everyday Life*, he explores the links between Baudelaire as the poet of modernity and what followed in the twentieth century. Micky writes there: 'Baudelaire urged the artist to [see how] the eternal and the transitory are fused'. He goes on to quote from Baudelaire: "the marvellous envelops and sustains us like the atmosphere; but we do not see it".

I will end by reading from the beginning of one of those prose poems, 'L'Horloge' (The Clock), in which Baudelaire contrasts two views of time: the one chronological, the menacing time of the clock which moves inexorably, taking us destructively with it; and the other time, a time of the imagination, a time indeed of the marvellous. As many here will know, in the poem, a Western missionary in China has no watch and thus no way of telling the time. A local boy comes to the rescue, helped by a cat. These opening lines from 'L'Horloge' I will read, then, by way of tribute to a friend and colleague who elegantly showed us, through his work and conversation and teaching, what the study of literature and ideas and the imagination could mean:

L'Horloge

Les Chinois voient l'heure dans l'œil des chats.

Un jour un missionnaire, se promenant dans la banlieue de Nankin, s'aperçut qu'il avait oublié sa montre, et demanda à un petit garçon quelle heure il était.

Le gamin du céleste Empire hésita d'abord; puis, se ravisant, il répondit: 'Je vais vous le dire'. Peu d'instant après, il reparut, tenant dans ses bras un fort gros chat, et le regardant, comme on dit, dans le blanc des yeux, il affirma sans hésiter: 'Il n'est pas encore tout à fait midi.' Ce qui était vrai.

Edward Hughes

I came to know Micky Sheringham when I was starting my PhD at the University of Kent, where he was then Lecturer in French, having studied there, along with Cilla, for his BA and then postgraduate work. It was a well-established new university by the time I arrived, but I recall Micky telling me of the somewhat improvised conditions in the first years of its foundation, and of the excitement – which stayed with him – of being taught and then of teaching with colleagues across and between different disciplines – in particular, philosophy, literatures and art history.

I was first introduced to Micky by my supervisor, Professor David Ellis, because my thesis (in the English Literature department) was on autobiography: Micky was working on autobiography in the French tradition. We met often to talk about our topics, and he was the most generous and inspiring intellectual guide and companion.

Micky's research in these years culminated in his brilliant book, *French Autobiography: Devices and Desires*. This compendious study moves from Rousseau and confession through to questions of memory in the work of writers including Roland Barthes and Georges Perec. It is characterized by Micky's habitual blend of conceptual precision with imaginative reach. It offers the most illuminating ways of approaching the questions that perplex anyone who works in this field – how do we define the differences between autobiography and fiction? What motivates someone to write the story of their life? Who is the intended, or imagined, audience for an autobiography? What is the relationship between the writing of autobiography and the work of memory?

These are not narrowly literary questions, but reach out to the most fundamental issues of identity and selfhood, as these lines from the book's discussion of Rousseau suggest:

Fixity [in Rousseau] arrives less in terms of a desired self-image ... than in the way an individual's passage through time is apprehended both as a process of constant adjustment, mutation, malleability to external impressions and pressures, and as a constant circling around, and repetition of, basic structural patterns, fashioned in early experience, which recur at different points in the spiral of existence.

We make our lives, we might say, at the same time as they make us. The terms of becoming and of being also lie at the heart of the existentialist autobiography which Micky explores so wonderfully in the book – which is

concerned above all with autobiography, and life, not as a product but as a process. ‘Process’ and ‘project’ are, indeed, the keynotes, or touchstones, of so much of Micky’s work.

I kept in touch with Micky (who was the internal examiner for my thesis) after I’d left Kent and he was always extremely generous in asking me back to participate in and contribute to events he was organizing – then and later when he became Professor of French at Royal Holloway, University of London. Looking back, there seem to have been an extraordinary number of such events – talks, conferences, symposia – organized or co-organized by Micky over the years. I think it was Dominic Rabaté, in the obituary he wrote, (which pointed up the exceptional regard and affection in which Micky was held by literary scholars in France) who noted the happy ways in which he combined the disposition of the scholar, who must be capable of working in solitude for sustained periods, with great sociability and gregariousness. The events were further ways of making these two dispositions work in tandem, and they were immensely productive for us all. Micky’s superb book on *Everyday Life* comes out of this intense engagement and interest in all aspects of experience, ideas, people and things.

I recall many occasions over the years when I met up with Micky for dinner or a drink. He always made me laugh – I recall, for some reason, a long-ago account he gave of the ways in which, in Canterbury’s self-service greengrocer, he would invariably choose for himself fruit and vegetables of an ugliness or decrepitude which no shopkeeper would dare to select for a customer. And there were conversations which seemed to unfold like a never-ending story, one idea, discussion of a book or film, or anecdote (as well as news of his children Sam and Oli) leading on to another and then another, to be brought to a close only by the sudden awareness of the imminent departure of last trains to our respective homes.

It was an immense pleasure to me when I joined him as a colleague at Oxford in 2010 and there were opportunities for shared projects and for the most convivial lunches and dinners, with both Micky and Cilla. Micky loved being at All Souls. He took great delight in its beauty and its traditions, but above all in the community he found here – a collegiality he also greatly valued in his many close friends and colleagues in Modern Languages at Oxford. He was in his element at Oxford’s Maison Française, bringing together friends and colleagues for many wonderful activities and events. And throughout the years of his illness, he kept on researching and writing, so that there are further brilliant books to be published. These

include his exploration of ‘the archive’ and the processes of historical reconstruction, with a particular focus on the work of Michel Foucault, and a collection of his numerous essays on modern French poetry and poetics.

In 2010, during a Leverhulme-funded year of research, Micky was awarded a fellowship at the Camargo Foundation in Cassis, Provence. That September I was at a conference along the coast in Aix en Provence, and we arranged that I would come to stay in Cassis for a few days, in a hotel very close to the Foundation. Micky and Cilla drove to collect me in Aix, where they had spent a year together as undergraduates – we went to take a look at the house they’d stayed in at that time. Then we drove to Cassis and the beautiful Camargo site, which overlooks the bay. They were, typically, completely at home there and with the other fellows.

When I left Cassis, I felt a little as if I’d been expelled from Paradise. So I’m going to leave us there – Micky, Cilla and me – having dinner on the terrace, talking – always talking – and looking out over the twilit sea.

PATRICK NEILL
(LORD NEILL of BLADEN)

8 August 1926–28 May 2016

Delivered by Professor Sir John Vickers
on Saturday, 12 November 2016 in the University Church

In his first year as Warden of All Souls, Patrick Neill sent the Fellows a memorandum entitled ‘Statute I of All Souls College Statutes’. It concerned the second sentence of the statute, inserted in 1926, which stated that: No woman shall become a member of the College.

By 1978 all but one of the formerly all-male colleges had changed their statutes, many of them just recently, to make women eligible for election to Fellowship. But Warden Sparrow of All Souls, who had spent a quarter of a century skilfully resisting change in general, had blocked this one above all. The College had elected Patrick Neill as successor to Sparrow over Bernard Williams. What would All Souls now do? How would the new Warden, a conservative figure in many ways, lead the College on this fundamental question?

The memorandum is a characteristic model of clarity. It deals in turn with questions academic, traditional, and reputational. The conclusion, however, is moral – a ‘compelling consideration of abstract justice’. ‘Why cannot a woman be elected if she has the necessary intellectual capacity?’ the paper asks, with emphasis, and answers that ‘It is simply unfair that there is an absolute statutory bar to the election of any woman.’

Of course. Today it feels shocking that this was even a question, let alone a contested question, less than forty years ago. I hesitated before deciding to speak about it at this occasion, but uncomfortable truths can be important truths, and Patrick would not flinch. A change of statute required a two-thirds majority, and this was achieved, with a little to spare, at a special meeting of the College in February 1979. College grandees from public life, such as Lord Sherfield and Sir Patrick Reilly, stood squarely with Warden Neill.

Would an alternative Warden have secured this result at the earliest post-

Sparrovian opportunity? I like to think so, but the way Patrick did it – with absolute firmness of purpose, yet with sensitivity to conflicting views in a fractured college community – is no less admirable for that.

To amend a statute is one thing. To elect women to Fellowships is another. And for a community to change, especially one which, unlike a student body, admits few new members a year, is something else altogether. Two years later, on 31 January 1981, the College was due to elect to a Thesis Fellowship, what would now be a 'postdoc'. Both leading candidates were women. The first ballot, doubtless affected by tactical voting, produced an impasse that could have thwarted any election being made. There was great consternation all round, except for Patrick, who simply said: 'Let's try again'. We did, with the result of the election of the late Susan Hurley, the philosopher. Of the College's 81 Fellows today, 27 are women and 54 are men.

At the memorial service held in London last month, Johnnie described his father's early life as 'a faint mystery to us – a family characteristic of keeping one's thoughts to oneself'. When Patrick's father, Sir Thomas Neill, died at the age of 80, he was only ten. His mother Annie, who adored him, was a woman of firm resolve, as would be other pillars of his life. At home in Highgate there were hours exploring Chopin on the upright in the dining room. Patrick's keen eye for art was displayed when, aged about six, he observed of Sir John Lavery's portrait of his father that 'the waistcoat buttons are very good'. Patrick had two brothers – Desmond, a librarian and literary scholar, and Brian, who would become a Court of Appeal judge and is with us this afternoon. Their sister Cathie was a pioneer in the treatment of children with congenital heart defects, at Johns Hopkins in the United States.

After Highgate School, Patrick joined the Rifle Brigade, attaining the rank of Staff Captain in Egypt, before going to Oxford mid-year, in Hilary Term 1948, to read Law at Magdalen. Taught by the formidable duo of John Morris and Rupert Cross, he got a first in Jurisprudence in 1950, and then proceeded to the BCL. Together with fellow Magdalen students Guenter Treitel and Raymond Kidwell, Patrick bet Rupert Cross that they would not get firsts in the BCL. They were good losers, and when the exam results were published, they turned up at Rupert's room to pay their debts. The winnings were promptly consumed. Rupert Cross and Guenter Treitel would successively become Vinerian Professor of English Law – the chair first occupied by Blackstone – at All Souls.

Meanwhile, in November 1950, Patrick was elected to a Prize Fellowship

at the College along with Julian Bullard and Michael Dummett. This extraordinary trio – lawyer, diplomat and philosopher – mirrored the great All Souls election of 1932 – Richard Wilberforce, Patrick Reilly and Isaiah Berlin, important figures in Patrick's life. If there is a blot on the academic copybook, it is that Patrick apparently forgot to take his MA degree until reminded of his obligation to do so by Warden Sparrow, almost twenty years later.

Patrick and Caroline married at St Mary Abbots in Kensington in April 1954. They soon established their London home in Milborne Grove and there developed a full and rich family life, with six children. Jeremy and Belinda Morse and their family lived around the corner. Summer holidays in Perthshire led to the acquisition in 1963 of Auchenleish, and when a couple of years later Caroline's parents both died, quite young, Blackdown House in Dorset was inherited. The Warden's Lodgings would therefore become a fourth home in 1977.

There was music in abundance – love of all fine music composed before about 1940, if played at the right tempo, but perhaps especially Haydn, Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, Fats Waller, and Mozart's da Ponte Operas. There were frequent visits to Covent Garden with the Berlins. And in the wake of the success of the Three Tenors, in 1993 the Sheldonian was graced by a piano concert performed by the Three Wardens – Harvey McGregor of New College and Claus Moser of Wadham being the other two.

Sir Mark Waller spoke about Patrick the lawyer at the London service. Described as the 'brightest young man at the bar', he took silk at the age of thirty-nine. As well as commercial and patent law, where his reputation as a junior had been made, Patrick's practice ranged widely – from leading for the defence in the obscenity case against *Last Exit to Brooklyn* – hardly Patrick's cup of tea – to the rapidly developing field of administrative law, as in the appeal to the Privy Council in the case of the New Zealand airline disaster in Antarctica. His combination of acute perception of the wider picture of a case with formidable command of the detail came from the most meticulous preparation, through an immense amount of toil, involving piles of papers, at all hours of day or night, after which the advocacy was as lucid and precise as it was courteous.

Patrick has been described as 'a Gladstonian figure among lawyers: fearless, upright, Olympian'. There was another side too. Lord Hoffmann recalls arguing a case against him when Patrick said to their Lordships: 'I will now deal with the more philosophical part of my opponent's argu-

ment.' Hoffmann said to him afterwards in the robing room 'Pat, I never expected the word "philosophical" to be used as a pejorative expression by a Warden of All Souls', whereupon with that mischievous grin Patrick said, 'You have got to do anything to win'.

It surpasses understanding how Patrick combined the Wardenship with legal practice, the Press Council, the Lloyds Inquiry, the Council for the Securities Industry, and judging appeals in Jersey and Guernsey. The story goes that one Friday, Edna, the College Secretary, reminded him that the Denning Lecture was next week. 'The Denning Lecture? Am I going to it?' 'Yes, you're giving it'.

In consequence of such a rich professional life, Patrick was not omnipresent as Warden in the early 1980s. But a degree of detachment was the counterpart of Patrick's objectivity and impartial integrity. And the ship was steered deftly in partnership with Charles Wenden, the Bursar, and by Peter Fraser and Tony Honoré as Acting Wardens during Patrick's term as the University's Vice-Chancellor from 1985 to 1989.

To that role he brought authority, dignity, and flair for public speaking, naturally without notes. There was formality – even at an early morning meeting in the Lodgings you wore a gown – but great effectiveness too. The burdens of the Vice-Chancellorship had substantially increased in recent years, and these were hard times for British universities.

In one of his annual orations Patrick described the comfort he had drawn from reading the recently published volume on the History of the University covering the Tudor period. 'There was much Government pressure and a shortage of funds in the University Chest. In return for money Kings and their Ministers required performance. There was insistence on the relevance of subjects studied'. 'Sir Keith Joseph', he continued, 'seems to be a sort of latterday Thomas Cromwell.'

Opposition to Government policies towards higher education had motivated the rejection by the University's Congregation in January 1985 of the proposal, moved by Patrick, to confer an honorary degree upon the Prime Minister. The six other post-war Prime Ministers to have attended the University had received honorary degrees while, or before being, in office. For Patrick it was right to honour Margaret Thatcher in the same way; she was moreover the country's first female Prime Minister. For others, however, it was wrong to honour the leader of a Government whose policies were seen to be damaging British universities. Looking back, it is tempting to blame the timing of the degree proposal for this sorry episode, but I'm

not sure that will do. Sometimes important values clash, irreconcilably.

Vice-Chancellor Neill did not hold back in publicly criticising Government policies for higher education. They were ‘crudely materialistic’, and the Government’s intention was to alter the whole relationship between the State and the universities. ‘What sort of policies are they’, he asked, ‘which threaten the annihilation of so much of that which has so recently been judged to be outstanding?’

It was against this background that:

It has become abundantly clear that we will need to find alternative sources of income if the University is to survive in anything like its present shape.

Thus from adversity was born the Campaign for Oxford, launched in October 1988 with a fund-raising target of £220 million. To date the campaign has raised more than ten times that sum.

On demitting office, Patrick summed up what the Vice-Chancellorship had been like –

a fairly unrelenting struggle to sustain what is best in Oxford, to repel attacks and criticism, to preserve financial stability and university autonomy, and to deal as best as we might with a steady bombardment of requests for information, statistics, and critical self-analysis.

There was also extensive entertaining, such as hosting the University’s new Chancellor, Roy Jenkins – a delicate occasion, for Caroline and Roy did not see eye to eye on Europe. But she cheerfully welcomed him to her table once Patrick agreed to buy the bull she wanted for her Welsh Black cattle.

The Neill family dogs – another contrast with John Sparrow – could be spirited. After an agreeable Sunday lunch in the Lodgings, the College Chaplain, Jack McManners, returned to retrieve a pair of spectacles. He commemorated what happened next in doggerel, of which a few lines will suffice:

The Warden's dogs, out in the cold,
Were justly banished from the fold,
And in the garden's freezing calm
Were meditating doing harm.
O gentle reader, read no more!
For Nature, red in tooth and claw
Was plotting mischief on that day
And sought a victim for her prey.

Patrick served six further years as Warden following the Vice-Chancellorship. In 1993, when he and Caroline were in the United States, came the devastating news that Matthew, their youngest son, had been killed in a car accident at the age of twenty-eight. The fortitude which Patrick displayed in his public life in the face of this terrible tragedy was extraordinary. But what really matters is the inner life – the strength that Patrick and Caroline gave to each other for the rest of their lives, supported by their profound Christian devotion.

Patrick stepped down as Warden after eighteen years in all. Not retirement of course, but time for pastures new, including the chairmanship of the Committee on Standards in Public Life. There was also advocacy, such as the BCCI case against the Bank of England, which Patrick argued before the Lords the morning after the night of the once-a-century Mallard feast in All Souls in January 2001.

Caroline died in 2010 after a marriage of fifty-six years, and with grandchildren following children. Only they can know how it was to have Patrick as a grandfather, but it sounds rather wonderful. Never admonishing – the slightest shoulder quiver would do – ever encouraging – listening, eyes lighting up, walking, talking, understanding, and always admiring the free spirit.

Patrick's great friend and hero Isaiah Berlin made famous the saying of Immanuel Kant that 'out of the crooked timber of humanity no straight thing was ever made'. This was refuted by Patrick in his very being – a man as straight and true as could be.

John Vickers

JOHN HORSLEY RUSSELL DAVIS

9 September 1938–15 January 2017

Delivered by Professor Simon Green at the funeral
on Wednesday, 25 January 2017

‘Good afternoon, my dears.’

Most of you will have realised that I am merely quoting. Many among you will also have been the grateful recipients of those greetings, anyway at some point in your lives. The delivery was sometimes ironically inflected. But the sentiments were invariably genuine. For John Davis revelled in his friends. Indeed, this enjoyment of others may have represented the most important aspect of the man, at least as he presented himself to us. There lay a paradox. John scarcely lacked for personal distinction. He sometimes seemed a one-off. But he was far from self-sufficient. To the contrary, he was possessed by a genuine, and endearing, need for friendship. The trusted company of others brought an otherwise surprisingly shy sensibility out of its shell and furnished an oddly insecure intellect with the reassurance it required.

That necessity, perhaps ‘longing’ might be a better word, may have been rooted in the mildly eccentric circumstances of his early life. John was an only child, the product of what would then have been called a failed marriage. He was not particularly close to his stepfather and rarely spoke of aunts and uncles (anyway, of *real* aunts and uncles). He married late and spent much of the last fifteen years of his life single. Family – by which I mean his own family – did eventually come to mean a great deal to him. But even then, one could not help observing how latterly he turned his sons into friends. That they, in the moment of extremis, treated his friends almost as their own family afforded those so privileged a blessing for which they will ever be grateful.

I suspect that John never really conceived of friendship in its purest terms, after the manner of Montaigne. His friends had to be exceptional. Many of them were. His first serious lover was Bertrand Russell’s third wife (Conrad’s mother), twice his age. At Oxford, he moved amongst what

eventually became the *Private Eye* crowd. He remained close to Paul Foot for many years afterwards. He was part of the circle of Peter Jay and Margaret Callaghan. Casual conversation subsequently established that John's ideal soul mate would probably have been: Continental, female, beautiful, clever, sophisticated, and amusing; preferably rich in general and affording frequent access to a villa in or around the Bay of Naples in particular. Few of us met these criteria. But he was generous to those who could pass muster in even one. The most obvious result was that he had many friends. The more subtle consequence was that he kept on making friends throughout his life, routinely adding to, rather than subtracting from, their number.

If his friends had to be worthy of him, their value was never judged by narrow social criteria. They may not have come from every walk of life. But they were truly varied: of both sexes, from multiple nationalities, and most notably drawn out of every age group. John liked the young – but not as a matter of principle. He happened to like a lot of people who were young. Ditto, the old, and probably the middle-aged too. For most of us here today, this trait first became apparent after his election to the Chair of Social Anthropology at Oxford. Some will perhaps only remember him as Warden Davis. But looking around, I can see a few who went back further, and those who do not would do well to remember that John was fully 52 before he ever set foot in this College. Indeed, much of his personal magnetism (I do not deploy that last word lightly) lay precisely in the fact that he appeared, in Oxford, as such a refreshingly un-Oxford, figure. He had obviously lived a bit, been to a few interesting places and learned some difficult languages.

John wanted those he loved to do well in life. This is a rarer ambition than generally acknowledged. Gore Vidal once famously observed that 'when one of my friends succeeds, a little bit of me dies'. He probably spoke for most of us in our more disreputable moments. I do not think John ever felt that way. I do not mean to cast him as a secular saint. His goodwill exacted a price. He made his disappointment known to friends who failed to fulfil their promise. Lesser transgressions sometimes remained unforgiven. And, as one of his firmest friends once observed, 'when John was displeased, the effect could be felt in the next county'.

Fortunately, he was more usually satisfied. However, this was more often true of others than with himself. John enjoyed himself a lot, anyway quite frequently. But he was not an especially happy man. Certainly, his life was

not without unfortunate incident. Much as he loved All Souls, the College was not exactly blameless in some of his later trials. Perhaps in consequence, he very much wanted his friends to be happy. Indeed, if they were young and single, he often appeared intent on pairing them off. He was less interested in the conventional forms of well-being. Outside the narrowest confines, he practised little academic patronage. And he was well aware of the potentially deleterious consequences of preferential treatment. To be in his favour usually meant no more (nor less) than guaranteed access to his magnificent hospitality.

It is only fair to observe that during the years of Wardenship this became legendary. To some, it seemed positively Bacchanalian. By no means everyone entirely approved. Yet it was anything but thoughtlessly hedonistic. To understand why, it is important to appreciate that John took everything he did seriously. What made him so strikingly different amongst Englishmen of his generation was his determination to be as serious about leisure as labour, about pleasure as pain, even concerning the proper interpretation of jokes as analysis of the substantive content of propositions. Above all, it meant taking food seriously.

There remains a strain in the Anglo-Saxon soul that balks at the moral implications of this demand. John had no patience with that attitude. He condemned ethereal superiority in matters of cuisine, deeming it the product of self-deceiving puritanism at best, and unreflective superabundance at worst. It may be that his anthropological training reinforced those convictions concerning the absolute centrality of food – its production, preparation and consumption – in human civilisation. It surely did not originate there. John was fascinated by every means through which food was made, served and enjoyed. Nor was he a mere consumer, still less a simple spectator, in these matters. Few activities gave him greater satisfaction than baking bread. No gift provoked more gratitude than a good cookbook. He was perhaps never more content than when planning, executing and sharing a meal, conceived for his friends, made with the help, especially of Michael, also Henry and Peter.

John gave formal dinners, but he preferred informal lunches. That gave him the whole day to play with. The result was both an end and a means. To ensure the first, the fare was sometimes unusual, even challenging. Free-flowing drink helped with the second. The point was to encourage that kind of conviviality which led to conversation and from there to the right kind of seriousness: that is, seriousness without solemnity – about

everything and anything. Possibly nothing pleased him more than the thought that some of his guests had become serious, un-solemn, friends at his dining table.

This aspiration extended far beyond the groves of academe. Let me try to illustrate. One summer, John telephoned me from Positano. He was on holiday. Some unidentified crisis had ensued. Could we join him? Urgently? Tomorrow? Only on our arrival in Naples did we realise that we had been summoned to play a role not unlike that of Charles Ryder during his first visit to Brideshead. Priggishly, we attempted rebellion. John had hitherto been satisfied with the beaches and bars of Sorrento. We insisted on improving visits to the ancient sites. Initially, he appeared to acquiesce. Day 1: Pompeii. Those who know modern Pompeii will recall that it boasts, in addition to priceless historical treasures, a truly excellent restaurant. Most of the afternoon was spent there, consuming a four-course lunch. Day 2: Paestum. Those who know modern Paestum, will recall that, for all its architectural wonders, it offers hungry visitors little more than a gelato bar. Or so it might seem to the untrained eye. Come lunchtime, John insisted on making for this unprepossessing place. Undaunted by its apparently unambitious menu, he quietly engaged the owner in agreeable conversation. Only later did we realise that this was careful negotiation. John first suggested the possibility of a few additions to the card, some more imaginative ways to prepare the dishes, and the delightful results that might flow from the addition of more refined liquid refreshment.

I very much doubt whether the owner of that café had ever served a four-course luncheon, with appropriate wines, to any of his customers before. But he did for the three of us that day. So far from being offended by the culinary modifications recommended by *Il Professore*, the proprietor seemed inspired. As newly accomplished chef and grateful guest passed seamlessly from acquaintance to confidence, so first one, and then both, of the owner's daughters were summoned to partake in the happy occasion. It may, or may not, have been the case that offers of marriage were made. It is certainly true that the final parting was reluctant – all round. Food had done its magic, once again.

Revealed religion suggests the possibility of an afterlife. Within minutes of John's death, Mike Davis expressed the hope that, in this instance, it was already being enjoyed sharing a drink and a gossip with Ernest Gellner. More prosaic convention demands that the living should remember the dead. Amongst the multitude of gifts that John Davis bestowed among his

Simon Green

many friends, not the least was – is – the certainty that this obligation will prove so easy to fulfil.

Simon Green

DENIS MACK SMITH

3 March 1920–11 July 2017

Delivered by Professor Richard Bosworth
on Saturday, 18 November 2017 in the Library

A commemoration is an occasion for sad pleasure. I trust that Denis's ghost enjoys the oxymoron. Denis was, of course, in his generation the greatest and most influential historian of modern Italy, certainly in the English-speaking world and perhaps in any language. He reached that pinnacle through a combination of careful and assiduous research, penetrating argument and a fine writing style. Like Edward Gibbon, he was a historian who ousted the latest novel from the hands of readers, especially Italian readers. In that country, his colleagues and rivals, Rosario Romeo on the Risorgimento and Renzo De Felice on Fascism, wrote painstakingly and with blithe confidence that their task was to report with complete accuracy 'what actually happened'. In doing so, to quite a degree they passed on the pain to their readers. De Felice, for example, can be found crafting a sentence that runs for a page and a half, a chapter for more than 300 pages, while his (unfinished) biography of Mussolini clocks in at well over 6000 pages. Denis was equally loyal to the Rankean pledge that historians must express the truth (in their opinion). But he did so with panache, wit and a wry eye for the crimes, follies and tragedies of humankind and for our warmth, devotion, sacrifice and flawed achievement.

I was not one of his students and I must express my regret that my friend, Christopher Duggan, is no longer here to speak, as would have been most appropriate. But I should dig out two memories, which are my own. The first was in Rome in 1976. I was on study leave from Sydney University, completing the research and starting the writing of *Italy: The Least of the Great Powers*. Denis had just published *Mussolini's Roman Empire* (in Italian, *Le guerre del Duce*) and was engaged in heartfelt debate with De Felice whether the Italian people had given their consent to Mussolini's dictatorship. In this regard, Denis spoke at the Teatro Eliseo on the Via Nazionale in Rome, a theatre which must seat a couple of thousand and was

filled to the brim. There he lectured vividly in his gentlemanly Italian about Mussolinian violence and aggression. After he finished, his first questioner in halting English asked, 'Mr Mack Smith, why do you hate Italy?' It was of course a silly question. Denis loved Italy with the depth that only critical understanding can give. But the querulous demand was an indication that Mack Smith and his work had penetrated the skins of Italians, irritating and annoying the blinder among them, while stimulating and refreshing those who knew that their nation, like any other, is best viewed in its lights and shadows. As, in the 1980s, he told readers of the establishment journal, *Nuova Antologia*, 'if a writer is not anti-conformist, he might as well keep quiet', and happily ruminated on the paradox that Gladstone had spent far more time reading about the Roman question than Cavour ever did.

My second memory goes back further and has been prompted by a note-taking system that had begun by the time that I was doing my own Cambridge PhD on Liberal Italy after 1966. Around then, earnest little doctoral student, I caught up with what must have been one of Denis's first publications. It appeared in the *Cambridge Historical Journal* in 1949, five years before the book that is often assumed to have made his name *Cavour and Garibaldi in 1860: a Study in Political Conflict* (its Italian translation came out in 1958 with Einaudi). In the *CHJ*, Mack Smith began with what may be read as his credo, one not so far from that of his teacher Herbert Butterfield and that Peterhouse College which he would serve as a Fellow from 1947 to 1962:

A good statesman has been defined as one who does not coerce events but cooperates with them. Yet as we watch the relations between a sequence of happenings and the working of men's minds, it frequently appears that such cooperation is just the coercion exercised over men by events, and that statesmanship is really to be found in qualities of passivity and resilience which accept this hard fact and make what they can of it.

In this regard, he continued, 'whichever interpretation of his actions is adopted, Cavour must have been lying to half the people he spoke to'. Moreover, going rather beyond a Butterfieldian hostility to determinism, Denis suggested, a historian must ask whether 'lies were being used less to conceal a policy than to disguise the absence of any policy'. Finally, he added, Cavour believed that 'history is a great improviser', a cynicism maintained by those archivists who were happy to re-write the statesman's

letters to enhance his greatness and disguise his error. 'Far from helping Garibaldi [and his Thousand] while cleverly appearing not to (which is the traditional view), it seems that Cavour gave no help while cleverly appearing that he might do so', Mack Smith concluded with ringing paradox.

Orrore! In 1949, the English-language historian of the Risorgimento was George Macaulay Trevelyan, Regius Professor 1927–43, Master of Trinity 1940–51. Before the outbreak of the First World War, he had written a trilogy on Garibaldi and the making of Italy where he promised to tell a story that was 'very dear to rich and poor, learned and ignorant [in Italy], in a progressive and a free country conscious that it owes its progress and freedom' to the 'heroes' of those times. National unification had ensured that modern Italy 'is not dead but risen, that she contains not only ruins but men, that she is not the home of ghosts, but the land which the living share with their immortal ancestors'.

In between Trevelyan's effusions and Mack Smith's impiety had come Mussolini's dictatorship, totalitarian Fascism, bloody murder in Libya and Ethiopia (where the shameful national tally was probably around half a million), Italian participation in the Holocaust, the nation's joining of the Axis as Hitler's 'ignoble second' in all the Second World Wars and the resultant military, economic and social demonstration by 1945 that Italy was not even the least of the Great Powers. It was a history difficult to ascribe to the Christ-figure of Trevelyan's imagination and of patriotic Italian historiography.

And over the next decades, Denis Duly became the master historian of the Risorgimento and its limitations. He followed up his careful monograph, *Cavour and Garibaldi in 1860*, with biographies of Garibaldi (1956), Cavour (1985), Mazzini (1994) and Victor Emmanuel II (1972). All automatically appeared in Italian, in the case of the King only in that language. These studies generally resulted in multiple editions and there were documentary collections separately published. Each book furthered Mack Smith's initial concern about the meaning and purpose of 'power' and therefore of the role of so-called Great Men in the historical process. He similarly remained alert to documentary fiddling, in a brief but trenchant Italian-language account, entitled *La storia manipolata* (2000), he highlighted cases where the historical record was by no means pure.

During the previous decade, he himself had fallen victim to the falsified Mussolini diaries, as he now somewhat reluctantly admitted, while urging that the *Duce* certainly had kept such a record and that it must exist some-

where. But there were many other cases across the nation's history where upstanding Rankean academics altered and disguised the record. Catharine Mack Smith told me that Denis was gleeful as he recounted their hypocrisy.

But the book which entrenched Denis into Italians' minds was his *Italy: a Modern History*, first published with the University of Michigan Press in 1959 and many times revised and extended. Its Italian edition appeared with Laterza. The paperback *Storia d'Italia* sold 200,000 copies and became a fixture in bookshops and *edicole* throughout the country; in 1982 it was in its 15th edition. It sells still. The last edition has a postscript dealing with the Prodi government that fell in May 2008 and can be acquired on your kindle for 10 euros. It may be the most influential book published in Italian since 1945.

A grandiose claim for a foreigner! Perhaps Denis' ghost will chuckle if I add that the book's first triumph was based on the author's lucidity and panache but also on its meshing with the theoretics, then much favoured by the Italian communist party and its associates and drawn from the 'martyred' Antonio Gramsci, averring that Italian unification had been a 'rivoluzione mancata', a time of political change when social change was prevented. In the celebrated phrase given to a character in the novel, *Il Gattopardo* (1958), whose author was also no communist, during the Risorgimento 'things changed to remain the same'. There is no evidence that Mack Smith (or Lampedusa) had read Gramsci but the *Storia d'Italia* told of a nation vitiated by an original sin and likely therefore organically, as it were, to debouch into Fascism. Such argument fitted the spirit of the times during the 1960s for Italians unconvinced by post-war Christian Democrat government (Denis then and regularly thereafter made what might be read as an Anglo-Saxon complaint that Italy's real problem was its lack of a genuine conservative party). Mack Smith equally appealed to Italians troubled by the widespread lingering popular nostalgia for Mussolini's dictatorship or by the exculpatory argument of Croce and others than the regime had been a parenthesis in an otherwise positive national history.

Less remarked in Italy, over the next decade Denis reiterated his case all the more readily by approaching Italy from the South rather than the more familiar North. In 1965 he lectured the British Academy on the damaging effect of Sicilian *latifundia*, underlining that, for all the cheap talk about Liberal Italy being a 'democracy', 'up to the First World War, there were many Sicilians who had never seen a wheeled cart'. Such research eventually led to a three-volume history of the island since classical times, where Denis

was joined in authorship by Moses Finley (1966) and, in a revised version two decades later, by Christopher Duggan.

Despite this special southern slant on Italian history, in a fashion that complicated Denis's more innocent claims that he merely aimed 'to understand and report the past', Mussolini and Fascism kept intruding into his work. Already in 1959 he had written a sardonic piece in *History Today*, arguing that the *Duce* was 'an artist in propaganda', a journalistic bluffer who was at heart timid and weak, even while he contemptuously dismissed the Italian people as a 'race of sheep'. Mussolini was not alone in such superficiality. As Denis jovially recalled a journal presided over by major intellectual, Curzio Malaparte, deemed *1066 and All That* a case study of the 'Oxford school' of historiography, while another propagandist maintained that tonsillectomy explained the inferiority of British soldiers.

But it was the personality of the dictator and his management of power that drew Denis to greater commentary in two books, *Mussolini's Roman Empire* (1976), a study of foreign policy, and then the biography, *Mussolini* (1981). It was typical of Mack Smith that, when Rizzoli, this last work's Italian publishers, went bankrupt in 1983, he was listed by *L'Espresso* as owed 65 million lire, second behind celebrity writer, Oriana Fallaci. Perhaps, by now, these studies were growing a little old-fashioned in methodology. At times, in his exploration of the Risorgimento, Mack Smith had deviated from political history into the social, notably in his awareness of the 'absent' peasantry, then the majority of Italians. But he remained in essence a political historian, giving little place to the 1970s fashion for social history 'from below', let alone to the later complications of culturalism or the massive theoretical literature on the 'nature of fascism'. His Mussolini was still a journalist and a guilty man who 'deliberately and even carefully steered his fascist movement into imperialism and into a succession of wars that eventually left Italy prostrate'.

Academic questions about the work may surface, and, in regard to Fascism if not the Risorgimento, Mack Smith relied largely on published evidence for his accounts. But his disdainful view of Mussolini made him ever more famous in Italy. Such renown led him not merely into at times angry debate with De Felice, whose own methodological preference for political history was even more conventional than Mack Smith's, but also into almost becoming a sort of supernumerary British cultural attaché. He was ready to be interviewed, for example, on the fate of Princess Diana, as her marriage turned sour, predicting in 1992, in one of his lesser efforts at

punditry, that she would 'pass into history as one of the grandest Queens of England'. Resuming an old theme and ignoring the complications of ever more hegemonic neoliberalism, he also hoped that Berlusconi and the 'post-fascist' Gianfranco Fini might somehow combine at last to forge Italy its missing conservative party. Nonetheless Mack Smith determinedly urged that 'the antithesis between Fascism and Anti-Fascism is still today historically valid' and therefore firmly rejected what was becoming the fashionable cause of 'anti-anti-Fascism'.

Yet, there were plenty of other moments when controversy could be stilled and Mack Smith could be his genial self. My favourite is a speech he gave in 1982 on the centenary of Garibaldi's death as appointed Orator to the Republic of San Marino. That year he further spoke on the hero at Paris, Jerusalem, Florence, Rome, Montreal, Philadelphia, Pescara, Cesenatico and Prague. But at San Marino, he wryly hailed a place that was 'the most ancient State in the world, ... synonymous with independence, self-determination and, if you like, democracy'. Its fate was guaranteed by its connection with Garibaldi, a man who had 'combined patriotism with a love for humankind, especially the weak and the oppressed'. On such occasion, the historian and his subject meshed. It should not be forgotten that Denis could speak just as graciously about Renaissance art (and cooking), music and wine and all that constitutes the best of human sociability. There are thus very many reasons this afternoon in the splendidly neoclassical surrounds of the Codrington to celebrate our own connections with a long term Fellow of this college, who graced my discipline and the humanities more generally, cast piercing light on Italian history, and never forgot to burnish hope in those processes that connect every one of us to past, future and present.

Richard Bosworth

ANTONY MAURICE HONORÉ

30 March 1921–26 February 2019

Delivered by Professor John Gardner, Professor Dr Detlef Liebs,
Professor Niki Lacey and Judge Edwin Cameron
on Saturday, 8 June 2019 in the Library

I first met my dear friend Tony Honoré – to shake hands with – in 1986 right here in All Souls when I was a candidate for the Prize Fellowship examination. Tony was that year the chairman of the assistant examiners for the College's Prize Fellowship competition. This was lucky for me. It was reassuring to have a chairman who shared so many of my interests.

I didn't really twig at the time but in a way I already knew Tony. He had been the first lecturer I went to hear in the Gulbenkian lecture theatre on my very first day as an undergraduate law student some three years before. He lectured on Roman law – lectures called 'Sources and Delicts'. I warmed to him right away on that first morning because he was a very engaged lecturer although he was also very self-contained. And I think engaged, but self-contained, would be an accurate description of Tony's personality for the whole time that I knew him. In the time I knew him, however, his sense of humour and *joie de vivre* only became more conspicuous. We always had a great time preparing for class, and then playing out our ideas in the company of some of the world's cleverest graduate law and philosophy students. They were golden years.

As these remarks suggest, I was duly elected a Prize Fellow of All Souls and Tony and I went on to work together as teachers and collaborators. He was also my academic advisor in the college for some time. And we quickly became close friends. This continued for over thirty years, from Tony's official retirement as Regius Professor of Civil Law in 1987 until his death this year. During this time our principal collaboration was in the classroom. We offered seminars galore on various topics mostly to BCL students. In particular, we taught seminars on causation which was one of Tony's famous specialist subjects, arising out of work he'd done for many years with Herbert Hart. We also worked on the philosophical foundations of tort law. But per-

haps most memorably for us and for our students we held our Friday evening seminars on problems of general legal and political philosophy. These classes were memorable, not just for the intellectual content, which was formidable, but also because of the atmosphere and style of the classes. In these more general seminars on Fridays we used to teach eight topics a year. We chose two and the students chose the other six. Between us and the students we would concoct a syllabus. And we insisted that the students choose the readings. So that every year the course went off in a different direction: sometimes with tremendous success and sometimes with more difficulty.

It was during this period, officially post-retirement, that Tony did his most important work in the philosophy of law. I emphasise that this wasn't his only work in the philosophy of law. Far from it. He had been a major contributor to the subject for many, many years, dating at least to his 1959 book with H.L.A. Hart, *Causation in the Law*. In those days it was possible to be a generalist who turned his hand brilliantly, as Tony did, to many miscellaneous topics in the philosophy of law: the obligation to obey the law, the nature of and right to revolution, the criteria for the existence of a legal system, and so many others – not least causation. Yet it was mainly towards the end of Hart's life, in the late 1980s, that Tony really began to flourish in his own right as a philosopher of law. And that was because he finally chose to devote himself to topics that Hart had preferred to avoid, and now he wrote systematically about them. They added up to a short book published in 1999, *Responsibility and Fault*. In *Responsibility and Fault*, Tony decoupled responsibility from fault. He defended strict liability in the law and strict responsibility, within limits, in ethics. Our classes were often extensions and developments of these themes. I was often, but not always, persuaded by his arguments. I ended up writing some spinoffs of them myself. Strangely, however, we wrote together only once, last year, in a so-far unpublished paper revisiting, and mostly defending, unfashionable ideas from *Causation in the Law*. We always remained resolutely unfashionable.

Hart was interested in how our causal contributions bear on our responsibility, moral and legal. Those were the main concerns of *Causation in the Law*. Yet Hart drew the line at investigating the question of why our causal contributions bear on our responsibility, moral and legal. This was the question, or these were the questions, to which Tony's post-retirement work turned. The work brought out two sides of his intellect and sensibility. First there was Tony the lawyer, concerned with fairness, institutional arrangements, social alternatives. These, he thought, could be otherwise. Strict liab-

ility in law was but an option among others. On the other hand, there was Tony the humanist, always interested in the underlying human condition. For this Tony, our causal connections with the world, the traces we left behind, were unavoidably ours. They wove the story of our lives. He said that they gave us an identity, a character, a personality. Without them we were nothing.

Thus from strict responsibility, even when things went wrong, we had some things to lose but so much more to gain. Tony always thought that, as what he called a 'son of the Scottish Enlightenment', I also participated in some special way in these two ways of looking at the world. He said that this cemented the bond between us. It is true that Smith, Hume and other great Scots of the eighteenth century shared in them too, and took them out into the world. I tend to think, however, that every philosopher shares the same preoccupations. The relationship between what is unavoidably human and what is open to us to change is indeed the subject-matter of philosophy. Plato and Aristotle shared a preoccupation with it too. Who did the best work on it? Tony certainly did some of it. He was among the finest of all philosophers that I have had the good fortune to meet.

Tony taught me so much about the subject but not only about the subject. He taught me also about the life as a scholar, about how to teach, how to study and how to develop a topic. He was a man with a great deal of patience and tolerance, which was just as well in my case. He was happy to carry me through, even when I was a bit of a laggard or drag on his energy. Most importantly he was a man of tremendous humanity. A man of letters. A man of great depth and zest for living, right into his final months. A man with whom it was a great honour to work for such an extended period of my life, and his life. So thank you, Tony, for everything you did for us, and especially for me.

John Gardner

As a civilist, or as they say on the continent, 'Romanist', Tony Honoré studied with Fritz Pringsheim from Germany, who had taken refuge in Oxford. In this field – addressed for centuries in all European languages – he was especially interested in the personalities of the main players in ancient Roman law, the classical jurists, as he was convinced that 'even lawyers are partly human'. To detect the humanity of the Roman jurists is difficult, as there were no – and probably never had been – written biographies of a

single Roman jurist. And on top of that, the writings of jurists then and now tend to avoid revealing facts about their background and personal history; if sometimes there were references to one's own experience, it usually was of vocational nature. Yet Tony was convinced that if someone has left behind a certain number of texts from his pen, you can find many rather inconspicuous indications of his personality.

Thus the subject of his first three publications on Roman law – they appeared when he was 41 years old, long after Pringsheim had returned to Freiburg – were two Roman jurists and a group thereof: Proculus, Gaius and the Severan lawyers. In his book on Gaius – its title was the shortest any book on Roman law had ever had – he discussed carefully the texts, made many new and detailed observations and brought them into sharper focus. His special interest in biographical details and intellectual influences led him to many possible conclusions from his observations, often enlightening, often keen. His novel ways of finding a fresh access to the Roman jurists' personalities were partly admired, but scepticism prevailed. Some of his conclusions from 1962 were never accepted later, whereas others – almost unanimously rejected in the 1960s – were ultimately revealed to have been substantially correct. At that time he spared his readers neither the consequences of a hypothesis, nor the consequence of a consequence. But he was the first who endeavoured to delineate the individuality of a given jurist far beyond his dates of birth and death, family status, teachers, pupils and offices, as prosopography has been practised since the late nineteenth century. He was skilled in ancient Greek and Latin. From the beginning he exploited those skills to learn more about the Roman legal authors by studying their language more closely. Till then, Romanists had considered single terms and expressions, whereas his approach was from the very beginning as broad as possible. He noticed even the most trivial linguistic characteristics, and concluded from them characteristics of the author. He generously offered hypotheses to be criticised and thus expanded discussion of the Romanistic community to various new research fields.

In the 1960s and '70s, Justinian's Digest became a main subject of Tony's research, as he focused it on the man who was the principal manager of Justinian's legislation, Tribonian. A hundred years before Justinian, the emperor had failed to achieve the then obvious task of legislation: to fix the law by selecting and adapting those texts of the classical law literature that remained important for current law practice; Roman legislation until then had settled the law only sporadically. Tribonian managed that task within

three years. He and his collaborators collected, arranged and updated all still-available texts from the classical Roman law literature which might still be of practical use, reducing more than three million standard lines to almost 150,000, less than 5% thereof. How that was possible to do fascinated scholars for centuries. Tony, occasionally together with Alan Rodger, published a series of articles on that subject, and their work culminated in his book on Tribonian. Here again he took into account not only some linguistic peculiarities as had been done before, but as many as possible. Obvious changes in vocabulary and style in the chronological order of Justinian's constitutions could be stated exactly at the same time, when ancient historians referred to the fact that Tribonian entered upon the office of imperial quaestor, or left it; that quaestor was the one who was normally responsible for drafting the wording in imperial legislation. It was Tony who detected that there was no uniform Roman imperial chancellery style, but that the style of imperial constitutions depended on the personality of the individual responsible for drafting the imperial texts, and that those changed. He developed criteria to identify when there was a change in language use in the chronological order of the laws.

Justinian's constitutions have come down to us in large numbers, at full length, and precisely dated. Less numerous and well-preserved are the constitutions of the third-century emperors. Many imperial rescripts on questions from private people from that period have survived. Literary sources tell us that the emperors employed classical jurists to assist them in managing this task of imperial service to the public. Tony now tried to apply his means of differentiating individual authors of imperial constitutions to that material, beginning by reading the datable rescripts in their chronological order. Here, too, he detected obvious changes in style. Moreover, he detected identical 'marks of style' in a sequence of rescripts and the writings of contemporary jurists such as Papinian, Ulpian, and Hermogenian, later adding Arcadius Charisius. And he extended this research, trying to identify more classical jurists as rescript authors, proposing Modestinus and Arrius Menander. Those studies resulted in his book *Emperors and Lawyers*, vehemently discussed in the scientific community. Tony took notice of all serious objections, and 15 years later he presented a second, revised edition with a palimpsest of all third-century rescripts on a diskette, corroborating his former results and assumptions, or qualifying them. He thus supplemented the classical jurists' writings, adding other legal writers who remain anonymous until now.

He cooperated with the team of Marianne Meinhart and Josef Menner in Linz, who had begun to digitise Roman law texts. That work resulted in the *Concordance to the Digest Jurists*, published together with Josef Menner and consisting mainly of 84 microfiches, a useful help for all those interested in the individual language of a certain Roman jurist. He employed it himself to introduce a study on another Roman jurist, Ulpian. There he proposed solutions to intensely discussed problems. He could clearly distinguish Ulpian's authentic works from those that are not, being pseudo-epigraphs or written by another Ulpian. His results are convincing, if sometimes surprising. The other challenging task with Ulpian was to realise that almost all the indications for dating his works, about 400,000 standard lines, imply Caracalla's short reign. Could Ulpian really have written all of that within five years? How, and especially why, such haste? According to Tony, it was both possible, and there were good reasons for doing so. At the beginning of his reign, Caracalla extended Roman citizenship to nearly all the free inhabitants of the empire. More than half of the population had been lacking it till then, and henceforth they also lived according to Roman law. To be applicable for them as well, the entirety of Roman law had to undergo a new interpretation, which is just what Ulpian did. Tony proposed a five-year plan; he offered a solution for the problem. This book too had a second, completely revised edition 20 years later.

He was one of the first Romanists in law to take advantage of the computer for his research. This he extended to the *Codex Theodosianus* too, later novels inclusive. Again he ordered the datable fourth- and fifth-century laws chronologically. In so doing, he detected a change in style in a certain rhythm, scrutinising the style of each writer who had drafted these laws, and he began to characterise them. His book *Law in the Crisis of Empire* was the result of those investigations, a colourful depiction of legislation and codification at that time.

Tony's contribution to the science of Roman law was 'frisch, interessant und geistvoll', as Franz Wieacker summarised it. He approached to old problems of the old subject 'Roman law' in his very own manner, finding new subjects of research in this field. He was reluctant to follow the paths his predecessors had taken, and he enjoyed overstepping the boundaries of the different fields of science. His argumentation always kept close to the pertinent sources, and he mastered a veritable plethora thereof. His imagination and diligence were infinitely admirable.

Detlef Liebs

I had the great good fortune to meet Tony Honoré in 1981. I had just arrived as a young lecturer at UCL. In those days legal academics were expected to be generalists, and I had been assigned to teaching, *inter alia*, Roman law. Tony Thomas, then professor of Roman law at UCL, convened a Roman law research group, which I gratefully joined in an effort to upgrade my rather meagre qualifications in the field. The other members were luminaries; but the brightest star of all was Tony Honoré. I regarded the prospect of meeting him with a mixture of awe and trepidation. What I encountered was a man of great warmth, who treated me as an equal; whose enthusiasm for ideas, and for life more generally, inspired and engaged me; who showed an interest in me as a person as well as a new recruit to the academy; and who became one of the most important mentors of my career.

It was a particular privilege to be able to spend time with Tony when I was working on Herbert Hart's biography, to which his contribution was as generous as it was large. My memory of those years is filled with images of lively and often very intense conversations around Tony's and Deb's kitchen table, with Tony bringing post-war Oxford and its intellectual and personal dramas alive through his formidable memory, his acute powers of observation, and his fascination with peculiarities of human life – and with Deb often adding her own marvellous aperçus. All those of you who know them personally will understand what a deep pleasure it was to spend time with them, amid the warm embrace of their supremely happy home.

John and Detlef have already spoken about Tony's intellectual contributions. These were radical, rich and often quietly subversive. For Tony was not only distinctive in the range of his intellectual interests and achievements – jurisprudence, Roman law, the South African law of trusts – but also in his boldness and methodological originality. The fresh approach of his studies of the great Roman jurists was ground-breaking. He wrote one of the very first monographs on law's treatment of sex. And his career as a legal philosopher spanned an extraordinary period; one on which Herbert Hart and a few likeminded colleagues brought, in R.V. Heuston's famous words, a town planning scheme to the intellectual slum of English jurisprudence. Tony was a leading light in this programme of improvement – indeed his seminar with Tony Woozley predated Hart's entry into the project; and he held a very distinctive place in it. Who else could have been elected to one, taken up a second, and been eminently qualified for a third chair in the Oxford law faculty, and the subject of three festschrifts? Perhaps

this took someone who had – narrowly – cheated death at the battle of El Alamein, and who rose cheerfully above his injuries for the rest of his life so as to live intensely in every moment.

Town planning schemes – and particularly those of the early post-war years – are notorious for subjecting urban life to rigid systems driven by ideological precepts. Jurisprudential planning schemes are vulnerable to similar problems. The best town plans are informed by a close attention to the varied texture of urban life: tempered by a humane vision, by sympathetic imagination, by common sense and by what we might call wisdom. Luckily, Tony and one or two others were around to provide the jurisprudential equivalent of planning attention to detail, imagination, common sense and wisdom. Tony's sensitivity to the texture of different forms of law, and of law in different systems, allowed him to identify issues which escaped the notice of Hart's philosophical system, as their book on causation testifies. For while Hart in effect used law for philosophical ends, in Tony's scholarship, law and philosophy are equal partners.

Tony had an unerring capacity to go right to the core of issues which had escaped scholars more firmly embedded in one of the established jurisprudential approaches. This is reflected in the titles of essays such as 'Groups, Laws and Obedience'. I first read this essay as an undergraduate, and I can still remember the excitement I felt. Why was it so exciting? Because it identified a key question which had been entirely neglected in the standard debates: how does the fact that we live in groups affect the normative structure of law and its capacity to secure obedience? I have re-read this essay every few years through my career, and if I am ever invited onto the jurisprudential equivalent of *Desert Island Discs*, it will be among my choices!

The same is true of 'Real Laws'. In this strikingly original paper, which bears its considerable philosophical learning very lightly, but which shows that he had absorbed the ideas of European thinkers like Kelsen far more thoroughly than had most of his Oxford peers, Tony ponders what difference it would make it were we to think of law in terms of a very small group of 'real laws' – 'do not commit crimes', 'do not breach contracts' and so on. This is another piece to which I return on a regular basis. I will forbear from discussing my personal favourite, 'Responsibility and Luck', because John has already done so: it is one of the most important articles in legal theory over the last half century.

Last but not least, I want to mention Tony's post-retirement career, and in particular to pay tribute to his and John Gardner's seminar, which was

a true heir not only to Tony's pathbreaking early seminars with Tony Woosley but also to the legal philosophy discussion group initiated by Herbert Hart, which later met in Tony's beautiful All Souls rooms, now so fittingly occupied by John. John has described his first meeting with Tony: shortly before that, a stone's throw away in New College, I received a phone call from Tony to share the good news of John's election and to thank me for encouraging his application. Little did I know at the time that this was the start of a most significant, indeed precious, intellectual and personal friendship as well as a key moment for the future of Oxford jurisprudence. Tony would have wanted that to be celebrated here today.

My time is up, and I have hardly spoken of Tony's brilliance, of the depth of his scholarship, of the warmth and humour which animate his work. All these are fundamental to his stature. But if I were to be asked to draw out just one theme which marks his work out from that of all his contemporaries, it would be his unerring ability to identify and tackle issues which have escaped the view of those approaching the jurisprudential terrain from the prism of a particular town planning scheme. Tony Honoré stands as one of the giants of post-war jurisprudence: Informed by but not dictated to by the relevant town planning ideologies, his contributions have enriched and humanised the whole field.

Niki Lacey

In the autumn of 1996 Tony Honoré and I went for a long walk in Princes Street Gardens, Edinburgh. We had been invited to a seminar on constructive trusts organized by the law school of Edinburgh and the Scottish Law Commission – I on Tony's coattails, since four years before he had taken me in as co-author of the fourth edition of his monumental work on the South African law of trusts.

In the already-chill air of the Scottish October, we sat down on a bench looking down on the city and up to the Edinburgh castle. It was then that I told Tony that more than decade before I had become infected with HIV and that I feared that I might already be falling ill with AIDS.

At that very time, just months before, radical news had emerged that new combination therapies were proving to be the first effective means against the virus, whose grim death toll across North America, Western Europe, Australasia and, increasingly devastatingly, across central and Southern Africa, had thus far proved impossible to staunch.

But the new therapies still seemed uncertain of outcome and were in any event at that time unattainably expensive. Even for me, on the salary of a judge, the position to which, just two years before, I had been appointed in South Africa, the new hope was of doubtful access. So, although Tony was a treasured friend in whom I reposed, like his spouse, Deborah, immense trust and confidence, I felt impelled to tell him for business, not personal reasons. It seemed unlikely that I would be able to be much help to him in ensuring the succession *in perpetuum* of his book on trusts.

Tony was then 75. I was 43. He had brought me in six years before, to take over the treatise – yet my courage had failed me in telling him then of my mortal condition, even though I of course also ardently hoped that, unlike almost everyone else infected with HIV, I would never fall ill. Now, as my body started failing, I had to confront my own mortality and share it with my mentor. Tony listened quietly. He asked a few questions. I was not yet severely ill and might stave off debility until the new medications came within my reach.

And so, there on the park bench in the cold air of Edinburgh, Tony and I did a deal. We would see. In the face of our imminent mortality, we would make only modest plans. We would meet, every year, for so long as we both remained alive; and, at each meeting, we would plan for the next.

And that is what happened. Every year between 1997 and 2018 Tony and I met, always with Deborah, and always in Oxford, to celebrate the improbable fact that we were both still living.

Tony's longevity and my astounding rescue from death in an epidemic in which many tens of millions have died meant that with humble tentativeness in the face of our mortal frailty we could continue to rejoice in our living. I speak these words today heavy with knowing how unequally and undoubtedly arbitrarily life and vigour are distributed to those of us who are here. My continued health meant that Tony could relinquish responsibility for his book on trusts. With Marius de Waal and others, I took it into a thoroughly revised fifth edition and, late last year, into a refreshed sixth edition.

One of the most touching photographs of Tony and Deborah together, which he asked to be specially sent to me, was of him cradling the sixth edition on its arrival in Oxford just two weeks before the mortality which had so long eluded him, and for which he eventually yearned, overtook him.

It is a pleasing paradox about Tony's prolific output as a lawyer and philosopher that most of those who, across the Anglophone and civil law

jurisdictions of the world, revere his name, barely know about his work on the South African law of trusts; while most South African lawyers who rightly treat his treatise as determinative on trusts know barely anything about his work as a philosopher and a Romanist.

The book on trusts has justly earned the epithet ‘monumental’. Its publication in 1966 formed the basis, I believe, for this University’s award to Tony of the DCL. When Tony started work on it, he came upon a scene of scattered, fragmented and somewhat incoherent writing and judicial decisions on trusts. As the historical survey Tony undertook illuminatingly showed, the trust was imported into South Africa after the English conquest of the Cape in 1806. English wealth and English practitioners settled in the colony; the trust proved an indispensable mechanism for their wealth accumulations and their property dispositions.

Tony’s achievement was not merely to collate the sources of trust law – which he did with meticulous and even grinding efficiency, every single decided case and piece of writing, professional, academic or informal – it was also to synthesize this body of material into a novel and coherent exposition. *Honoré’s South African Law of Trusts* was responsible for two sustaining innovations.

First, it propounded the redeeming notion that the trust, in its South African form, was distinct from the English trust, but also distinct from the Romanist legal constructions into which early judicial decisions had tried to squeeze it. Instead, it comprised a blend of Roman, Roman-Dutch and English law – what Tony called *ius triperitum*. Tony noted that it was precisely this distinctive indigenous mix that rendered it so useful to family, business and property transactions.

Second, Tony propounded a heresy. This was that the Dutch ‘bewind’, in which an administrator is appointed to manage property belonging to another, was in fact one manifestation of the distinctively evolved South African trust.

This proposition excited furious denunciation by a Leiden-educated senior practitioner, C.P. Joubert SC, who in two lengthy scholarly disquisitions excoriated the notion that an institution distinctive to Roman-Dutch law could by sleight of hand be assimilated to the alien English institution of the trust. Joubert’s indignation was tremulous, his language scathing. Even his title – ‘opvattinge’ (strange notions); and ‘ons trustreg’ – implied that Honoré was violating a national heritage that should be immune from foreign intrusion.

Timing was of course everything. The first edition appeared in the year the architect of grand apartheid, Dr H.F. Verwoerd, was assassinated. His separatist, race-pure political ideology was at that very time being given resonance in a swathe of Appellate Division decisions under the Chief Justiceship of the formidable L.C. Steyn.

Steyn considered that the doctrinal purity of Roman-Dutch law should be preserved from contamination by English law in just the way Verwoerd believed that whites would be preserved from contamination by racial impurity. C.P. Joubert's vilification of *Honoré* stood in close ideological solidarity with this.

Joubert was appointed a judge in the 1970s and to the Appellate Division in 1977, where he sat forbiddingly for eighteen years. In the 1980s he became part of a bleak apartheid-enforcing panels Chief Justices Rumpff and Rabie specially constituted in crucial cases to render reliable pro-government decisions when executive action or proclamations were challenged. But the quixotic attempt to retain the ideological purity of Roman-Dutch Law in South Africa was as ill-fated as the attempt to maintain the white racial domination that spawned it.

As apartheid lurched dangerously to its end, the legislature, acting on the sound advice of the South African Law Commission – which at that very time produced also an innovative report advising against any attempt to constitutionalise protection of group as opposed to individual rights in South Africa – enacted the Trust Property Control Act of 1988. This defined 'trust' in terms that ringingly vindicated Honoré's conception that a trustee's ownership of the trust assets was not definitive of the institution, but that ownership could be located, indifferently, in either the beneficiary or the trustee, so long as enjoyment and control were properly separated.

Honoré, in liberating the trust on the one hand from its strict English heritage and on the other envisioning it as an indigenous South African legal creature, may well have helped open up the field for the proliferation of the trust beyond elite property accumulations into business, estates and much smaller property transactions.

Indeed, after 1985, when emergency legislation by the apartheid government explicitly menaced independent civil society and non-governmental organisations, we lavishly invoked the trust form to secure their assets against government seizure.

But this very proliferation of trusts also led to debasement. It necessitated what is no doubt the major decision on trusts by the post-democracy

Supreme Court of Appeal, *Land and Agricultural Bank of SA v Parker*.

There the court for practical rather than doctrinal reasons embraced Honoré's conception that the embodiment of the trust was the separation of control (in contradistinction to ownership) from enjoyment. This led it to denounce the evolution of duplicitous family trusts in which unscrupulous family and other debtors could sequester their assets from attachment for debts they had willingly undertaken as trustees while invoking technical formalities of the trust form to resist recovery.

When Tony died on 26 February 2019, with the impress of the sixth edition late in his hands, he could know that the main doctrines of his work and its unexampled coalition of sources and authorities had placed him indisputably at the pinnacle of authority within the field.

But, though I said earlier that Honoré's South African reputation was dominated overwhelmingly by this work, had it not existed, he would nonetheless, for entirely independent reasons, have been a name distinguished in South African jurisprudence. For *Hart and Honoré on Causation*, first published in 1959, has left a deep impress on judicial thinking about causative responsibility in South African law, as it has in other Anglophone jurisdictions.

This started in 1965 in *Wells v Shield Insurance*, a first-instance decision on causation in a motor vehicle collision, and then, at appellate level, in 1968, in *S v Masilela*. There the Appellate Division expressly invoked authority from the book to decide a case where robbers strangled the deceased, and, thinking him already dead, set fire to his house so that he died by asphyxiation. The argument was that, since they admittedly intended to kill by strangulation, but did not intend to cause death by fire or asphyxiation, which did cause death, they could be guilty only of attempted murder.

The majority of the Court eluded this difficult question by differentiating the case from those cited in the textbooks, finding that the two acts of strangulation and arson constituted subsidiary but integral parts of a single overall design that constituted a single course of conduct in which the deceased was murdered, and in which the strangulation was a directly contributory cause of the death by asphyxiation.

Hart and Honoré's influence reached its apogee in the Supreme Court of Appeal in 2007. The case concerned the internationally vexed question whether one may be guilty of murder who with murderous intention inflicts a fatal wound where the victim dies because efficient health care

interventions that would have saved her life were not administered.

The facts in *S v Tembani* were pitiful. The deceased's jealous lover shot her twice. Though her lung and abdomen were perforated, efficient surgical intervention at the Tembisa hospital, where she was taken on the night of her shooting, would have saved her from death. Instead, because of the hospital's inadequate and negligent care, septicaemia intervened and she died an agonizing death fourteen days later. Mr Tembani contended that the promise in South Africa's Bill of Rights of access to health care entitled his victim to reasonable, efficient and safe medical intervention. Since a determinative cause other than his gunshots had supervened, he could not be guilty of murder. But *Hart and Honoré*, in an allusive and somewhat cryptic discussion of the problem, noted that 'improper medical treatment is unfortunately too frequent in human experience for it to be considered abnormal in the sense of extraordinary'. To this they added, intriguingly, that 'the idea one that who deliberately wounds another takes on himself the risk of death from that wound', despite failure to treat it properly, 'has an attraction which may be only partly penal in origin'. It draws, the authors said, on what they called a 'primitive' idea. This was 'that an omission to treat or to cure, like the failure to turn off a tap, cannot be called a cause of death or flooding in the same sense as the infliction of the wound or the original turning on of the tap'.

The book left these Delphic pronouncements hanging, somewhat inconclusively. But they provided the spur for the court's decision, which rejected the assailant's arguments. Appalling wounds had been inflicted with the deliberate intention of causing death in a country where the assailant knew all too well that medical resources are not only sparse but grievously maldistributed.

The court said that it would be 'quite wrong to impute legal liability on the supposition that efficient and reliable medical treatment will be accessible to a victim or to hold that its absence should exculpate a fatal assailant from responsibility for death'. During the course of preparing this judgment, I had the opportunity to discuss the problem with Tony who read the draft. Engaging with him on this was a rich, challenging and inspiring experience.

But Honoré's influence on South African law went far beyond causation. In the development of the class action, the Supreme Court of Appeal invoked his definition of a 'secondary group' to rebut government's contention that the class of impoverished pensioners – to whom it had scandal-

ously failed to pay pensions – was insufficiently defined.

Honoré's powerful thinking on groups was pivotal yet a second time, recently in the Constitutional Court, when the Salem land dispute between the descendants of the 1820 settlers and a group of land claimants descended from the indigenous people whom the settlers had displaced was adjudicated.

The evidence established that black people had been living on the disputed land for many decades, but it was contested whether they constituted a 'community' as the statute required. Invoking Honoré's analysis, the Court noted that, where people live in proximity to one another, conventions develop that would otherwise not have existed. It is the existence of these, rather than the extent of interaction or the time it lasts, that constitutes the defining characteristic of a group.

This proved pivotal in the conclusion that the social and functional arrangements of the particular group of black people living on the claimed land included common rules as to how they accessed and utilized the land. They were thus a community. Honoré likewise left deep tracks in the development of constitutionalized forms of legal duty. His analysis of responsibility and fault was cited in *Olitzki* and again in *Telematrix*. But perhaps the most interesting instance was his citation in a dissent in the Constitutional Court which nearly fifteen years was later embraced by the Court as a whole.

In *S v Manamela*, the question was whether in a country where criminal syndicates massively recycle stolen goods, it was constitutionally permissible for the legislature to require those in possession of stolen goods, acquired otherwise than in public sale, to prove that belief when acquiring the goods that they were not stolen was reasonably based. The Court split 8–2 with Justice O'Regan and myself in dissent. In *Responsibility and Fault*, Honoré propounded that to treat people as responsible agents promotes both individual and social well-being. It does this in two ways: by helping to preserve social order through encouraging good and discouraging bad conduct, while, at the same time, it makes 'possible a sense of personal character and identity that is valuable for its own sake'.

This redeeming assertion of individual moral agency and the responsibilities that flow from it was cited in the dissent, and later unanimously endorsed in *Masingili*. Tony's vision of human agency was liberal and humane, one much in threat at this time, not only in my own country but in yours, in Europe, South Asia and in America. Though steeped in the

Oxford tradition of thought and argument, he brought to it a practical simplicity of expression and humane connection with ordinary problems that made him an inspiring source of authority for judicial decision-making.

Once, when I acknowledged an insufficiency in my own academic output, he consolingly said: 'Oxford is the place for thinking; South Africa is the place for doing'. But, like all consolations, though humane in its intent it was slightly disingenuous. For South Africa's 'doing' drew heavily on Honoré's Oxford 'thinking', and this was a source of profound gratification to Tony, for he never relinquished his sense of intense involvement with South Africa, its issues and its people. His profoundly reflective contributions have continued to resonate through what is done in South Africa as we struggle – as do you here – to sustain the virtues Tony best represented: rationality, gentle though rigorous humanity, humane wisdom, a sometimes childlike animation in argument, an utter lack of vainglory and pride, together with an abiding disavowal of the grand rhetorical gesture, an abundance of gentle enjoyments and – most important of all – an abiding belief in the power of thought to influence action.

Edwin Cameron

GUENTER TREITEL

26 October 1928–14 June 2019

Delivered by Professors Roger Smith, Anne Davies
and Andrew Burrows on Saturday, 12 October 2019 in the Library

The *London Gazette* for 31 December 1996 announced the knighthood awarded to Guenter Heinz Treitel for – and I quote – ‘services to Law’. Richly deserved as this was, it reveals part only of Guenter’s life and his contributions to society. So much can be said about Guenter that I have chosen to concentrate my attention on his connection with Magdalen and, in particular, my knowledge of him over the last forty-five years of his life.

Guenter came to Magdalen as a student in 1946, having been selected by John Morris. When I was Vice-President of Magdalen in 2006, I sat next to Guenter at the annual dinner celebrating the 1688 Restoration of the President and Fellows. I considered myself to be a long-serving member of the College (a Fellow for over thirty years), but I was informed by Guenter that it was 60 years since his first Restoration dinner in 1946 – it being a dinner attended by Demies and scholars, as well as Fellows. His connection with Magdalen was as deep as it was long.

Without family money – it had been lost in escaping Nazi Germany – he was supported by a Mackinnon Scholarship. Having taken a first in 1949, Guenter stayed on to read for the BCL, becoming a Senior Mackinnon Scholar. Immediately on completing the BCL with great success in 1951, he was elected to a Senior Demyship to support research into the law of evidence. However, within a few months he was captured by the LSE. But only two years later he was back in Oxford as a Lecturer at University College. Meanwhile, Magdalen was in the course of deciding to elect an additional law tutor to join John Morris and Rupert Cross. Guenter was their inspired choice and he was to be a Fellow of Magdalen from 1954 until his death. Those three tutors – John, Rupert and Guenter – are widely regarded as being the strongest set of law tutors, past or present, at any College.

Guenter was blessed with numerous brilliant students. It is invidious to mention individuals, but I will mention just one. Ronald Dworkin came to

Magdalen with a stellar record from Harvard. Even by today's standards, after decades of grade inflation, his collection of straight A grades is remarkable. Guenter liked to tell the story of Ronald's coming to see him about his marks in the Final Honour School: candidates at that time could discover their marks only through their tutors. I tell the story as it says much about Guenter's mischievous sense of humour. At the time, Oxford employed the alpha, beta mark scale. It was generally thought that the highest theoretical mark was alpha minus, though it was quite rarely awarded. Ronald had a virtually unheralded collection of alpha minus marks. Guenter started the discussion by observing: 'Rather a lot of minuses here, Mr Dworkin'. As Guenter had anticipated, Ronald's face immediately fell – he was not used to seeing any minus in his grades! Of course, Guenter then put him right as to the excellence of his results.

Returning to Guenter's career at Magdalen, he was soon appointed to the Office of Clerk to the College. This has always been a post involving significant responsibility, as it includes running the Fellowship by Examination competition. It was a role that he was well suited to and he undertook it for some five years. That he did so successfully is manifested in the willingness of the College to appoint several other law Fellows, myself included, to that Office in the following decades.

In 1964, Guenter was appointed to the All Souls Readership in English Law (leading to a reduction in his teaching hours at Magdalen). It was a source of much amusement to Guenter that the fourth edition of *Law of Contract* described him as All Souls Reader in English. That title may be thought to have been prescient – it was just nine years later that his article on Jane Austen and the Law was published in the centenary issue of the *Law Quarterly Review*.

One of his last contributions as law tutor was to serve as the senior lawyer on the panel that recommended my appointment as law tutor from October 1974. I am not sure how one explains that, less than two months after my arrival, Guenter wrote to resign his teaching post at Magdalen. He remained a Fellow, with freedom to devote more of his time to research. It surprised none of his colleagues that he was appointed to the Vinerian Chair in English Law in 1979 – his scholarship was plain to all. I do, however, recall one note of hesitation from Tom Denning, then still Master of the Rolls. I was giving him a lift from the station to Magdalen, where he was judging a moot, when he commented upon the appointment and asked: 'Is he good enough?'. This was doubtless driven by the high regard in

which Lord Denning held the previous holder of the Chair, Rupert Cross. I had little hesitation in assuring him that Guenter was indeed good enough. As Professor Burrows will be demonstrating, my assessment was amply justified. Endorsements from outside Oxford include his election to a Fellowship of the British Academy and appointment as an honorary Queen's Counsel.

In the light of such success, it might be asked whether there were any chinks in the armour of this brilliantly successful lawyer. Well, Guenter would have been the first to admit that his command of computing and the internet left something to be desired. Conversations at lunch quite often centred on computing problems and disasters that had befallen him. Unsurprisingly, he took full advantage of the assistance available in All Souls and was grateful for it.

Following his move to All Souls, Guenter was elected to an Emeritus Fellowship at Magdalen. It was source of delight to all at Magdalen, and in particular the law Fellows, that Guenter maintained active links with us – both before and after his retirement from the Chair in 1996. It was his practice to lunch at Magdalen virtually every Friday, enjoying the almost invariable diet of fish and chips. Guenter was always intellectually curious and conversations would roam far and wide. Perhaps most disconcerting, certainly for me, were questions that related to my own interests or events in which I had taken part. All too often, I discovered that Guenter's knowledge and memory were far superior to mine. But it would be wrong to suggest that he was seeking to embarrass me – it was simply an illustration of his piercing intellect and voracious appetite for detail and ideas.

I will mention three aspects of these characteristics.

The first concerns his relationship with colleagues from other disciplines. Whether they were very junior or renowned scholars, he took a genuine interest in their ideas and work – bringing to bear his own wide reading and understanding of areas well beyond contract and commercial law. During his final illness, numerous colleagues – from a wide range of disciplines – were genuinely distressed to learn of the condition of somebody they were really fond of.

The second aspect concerns the Festschrift presented to Guenter in 1996, shortly before his retirement: *Consensus ad Idem*. The title of the volume is an obvious allusion to the law of contract, but it was more than that. Lord Browne-Wilkinson (who had been taught by Guenter) wrote in his Preface: 'as to the value of Guenter's contribution to the law there is a

true *consensus ad idem*. It is typical of Guenter that I, like other contributors, received a letter (inevitably hand-written) some months later (mine was dated 1 January 1997; I still have it). After some kind words, he then began to take apart one of my propositions – ominously starting ‘I do have to say that I find it hard ...’ The point of law is unimportant for us, but it shows how Guenter thought through legal materially carefully, with great scrutiny as to whether propositions of law can be fully reconciled with a detailed reading of the cases.

The third aspect of his wide-ranging intellect relates to a role upon which he lavished much care and attention at a very busy and productive stage of his career. For fifteen years from 1983, he was a trustee of the British Museum, nominated by the British Academy. He acted as the Board’s representative to the then Department of Medieval and Later Antiquities. It was work that he both enjoyed and took very seriously – such was apparent from conversations when he spoke with vigour as to the people he met and issues that had arisen. Perhaps unsurprisingly, he gave legal advice to the trustees on a wide range of issues and also collaborated in drafting some important agreements. Given his background and broad cultural interests, he was an ideal person to undertake this role and it was much appreciated by the British Museum.

In retirement, Guenter became even more productive. It seemed as if, virtually every time I saw him, he had a new set of proofs to work through. (Guenter took this aspect of scholarship seriously, given that his work is marked by meticulous scholarship.)

Though he was slowing down in his later years, Guenter’s memory and mental agility remained unimpaired right until the fall that eventually led to his death earlier this year. It had seemed that Guenter would continue to be a prolific author for many years. Sadly, it was not to be. When we think back about Guenter and his role over the years, perhaps the most appropriate response is: *consensus ad idem*.

Roger Smith

Guenter was a great friend and mentor to me when I was a Prize Fellow, and one of the things we had in common was a love of Jane Austen’s novels. Guenter published an article entitled ‘Jane Austen and the Law’ in the *Law Quarterly Review*, and was cautiously complimentary about Jane Austen’s legal knowledge. He wrote:

One cannot infer that Jane Austen had any knowledge of law beyond that possessed by the ordinary layman; but she is generally accurate in stating the effects of the law on the situations with which the novels are concerned. The accuracy of her observation rather than any expert knowledge saved her from errors of law.

Today's memorial would not have been complete without some Jane Austen, so I'm going to read a short passage from *Pride and Prejudice*, which was analysed in some detail by Guenter in his article because of the interesting issues of inheritance law it raises.

'I HOPE my dear,' said Mr. Bennet to his wife as they were at breakfast ..., 'that you have ordered a good dinner to-day, because I have reason to expect an addition to our family party.'

'Who do you mean, my dear? I know of nobody that is coming, I am sure, unless Charlotte Lucas should happen to call in, and I hope my dinners are good enough for her. I do not believe she often sees such at home.'

'The person of whom I speak, is a gentleman and a stranger.' ...

This roused a general astonishment; and [Mr Bennet] had the pleasure of being eagerly questioned by his wife and five daughters at once.

After amusing himself some time with their curiosity, he thus explained. 'About a month ago I received this letter, and about a fortnight ago I answered it, for I thought it a case of some delicacy, and requiring early attention. It is from my cousin, Mr. Collins, who, when I am dead, may turn you all out of this house as soon as he pleases.'

'Oh! my dear,' cried his wife, 'I cannot bear to hear that mentioned. Pray do not talk of that odious man. I do think it is the hardest thing in the world that your estate should be entailed away from your own children; and I am sure if I had been you, I should have tried long ago to do something or other about it.'

Jane and Elizabeth attempted to explain to her the nature of an entail. They had often attempted it before, but it was a subject on which

Mrs. Bennet was beyond the reach of reason; and she continued to rail bitterly against the cruelty of settling an estate away from a family of five daughters, in favour of a man whom nobody cared anything about.

‘It certainly is a most iniquitous affair,’ said Mr. Bennet, ‘and nothing can clear Mr. Collins from the guilt of inheriting Longbourn. But if you will listen to his letter, you may perhaps be a little softened by his manner of expressing himself.’

‘No, that I am sure I shall not; [said Mrs Bennet], and I think it was very impertinent of him to write to you at all, and very hypocritical. I hate such false friends. Why could not he keep on quarrelling with you, as his father did before him?’

I’ll stop there. Many of you will know how the story unfolds. By the end of the book, Mr Bennet is still very much alive and well, and the fate of the Longbourn estate does not really matter, because Elizabeth has married – for love – a man who owns most of Derbyshire.

Anne Davies

If one were to collect common lawyers across the world to play the word association game and one were to say ‘Treitel’ there is no doubt whatever that the word that would immediately come back would be ‘Contract’. Indeed, for some, the same would even be true *vice versa*.

Guenter was the world authority on the English law of contract in all its glory. And because the English law of contract underpins contract law in all common law jurisdictions, not least the United States, and because contract law is the foundation of commercial law, Guenter’s impact stretched far and wide.

He wrote the first edition of his great textbook, *The Law of Contract*, in 1962 and it is now in its fifteenth edition under the editorship of Professor Ed Peel. Primarily designed for students, the book is a classic of ‘black letter law’. In other words, you will not find in Treitel, deep theoretical analyses of, for example, the philosophical underpinnings of contract law or a discussion of whether contract law is economically efficient. What you will find is a beautifully clear and accurate account of what the law is, as meticulously divined from the primary sources, especially as laid down by the

judges in past cases. It is an account which combines succinct and precise analysis – where not a word is wasted – with rigorous attention to all necessary detail. Guenter's research was painstaking so that, for example, he would never include a reference to a case, not even buried deep in a footnote, unless he had carefully read the case himself.

I was made acutely conscious of his thoroughness when he emailed me only a couple of years ago saying that he was having difficulty locating the judgment of the Court of Appeal, given by Vos LJ, in a case called *Nextia* which had been referred to in a subsequent Court of Appeal decision. 'Andrew', he wrote, 'you're good at finding cases on the internet. Could you find a copy of Vos LJ's judgment for me?' So I duly investigated and discovered that, unusually, Lord Justice Vos had ordered that his judgment should be restricted to the parties and should not be made public. Presumably the later Court of Appeal had then been given the judgment by one of the parties. So I reported back to Guenter, thinking that I would be putting his mind at rest, that as there was no public record of the decision he could safely ignore it. But that was not good enough for Guenter. A week later, I walked into lunch and he gave me a beaming smile and raised his thumbs. 'I've got that *Nextia* case,' he said. 'Somehow Professor Beale managed to get hold of it for me.' 'Did it say anything of interest?' I asked him. 'Oh no,' he said, 'nothing of interest at all', but added, triumphantly, 'but now I know it said nothing of interest at all'.

In addition to his classic textbook, Guenter produced from 1975 six editions of a shorter version called *An Outline of the Law of Contract*, which he always said he wished he could, but couldn't, write at the start of his career because he did not initially know enough about Contract to write the short rather than the long book. He wrote influential monographs on *Remedies for Breach of Contract*, which compared common law and civil law remedies, on *Frustration and Force Majeure*, and, in 2001–2002, he gave and published the Clarendon Law Lectures entitled *Some Landmarks of Twentieth Century Contract Law*. In 2001, he co-wrote with Francis Reynolds an entirely new edition of *Carver on Bills of Lading*. He was an editor of *Chitty on Contracts*, which is the practitioners' contract bible, for 50 years between 1968 and 2018 and, in the same common law library series, he was an editor of *Benjamin's Sale of Goods* for 40 years, writing four brilliant chapters on international sale of goods. And throughout his career, he produced a steady flow of articles and case notes mainly on various aspects of contract law.

Once he had worked out what the correct picture of the law was, Guenter carried it around in his head. I once told him over lunch, when he must have been in his late 80s, that at a session of the Restatement of Contract group that I had been chairing at the weekend, we had run into trouble – and I am here talking about an expert group of senior judges and academics – in understanding contracts made by deed. He proceeded to reel off the answers to the questions that we had been struggling with and told me that I would find it all on a couple of pages in a particular chapter of his book. And sure enough, when I went to his text, it was all set out in almost the exact form in which he had orally explained it to me.

It is often said that, if you want to understand fully the English law of contract, you must read regularly the *Lloyds Law Reports* which specialise in reporting all the great shipping cases. They were Guenter's food and drink so much so that he was allowed, as a special concession, by the library staff to take out from the Codrington fortnightly the latest copy of the *Lloyds Law Reports*.

In this respect, it is no surprise that, along with Francis Reynolds and Michael Furmston, Guenter was instrumental in setting up, and teaching on, the third-year option called 'International Trade' which was, really, advanced contract. It deals with the three different types of contract in the shipping world – the contract for the international sale of goods, the contract for the carriage of those goods by sea, and the letter of credit contracts by which the sale is financed – and the fascination of the course is the complexity of the overlaps between the three. Guenter loved all that and conveyed his enthusiasm through to the students on that course as I can readily testify.

But although dedicated to serious legal research, humour was never far from the surface with Guenter both in conversation and in correspondence. When I was at the Law Commission in the 1990s, Guenter helped me enormously with the work that led to what became the Contract (Rights of Third Parties) Act 1999. I hunted out earlier this week one of his letters – written in his distinctive, beautifully clear handwriting – which ran to 20 pages and comprised 80 points on our draft report and bill. But it starts off as point 1: 'para 2.1: "I could not have put it better myself!"' In other words, we had without attribution directly copied from his book.

When I was appointed as Senior Research Fellow at All Souls in 2010, Guenter wrote me the following letter which is a characteristic mix of kindness, precision and humour:

I cannot think of a more desirable academic position anywhere – a bold claim, but I have yet to hear it challenged. I am sure that you will find the academic environment stimulating and your time at All Souls enjoyable and rewarding.

In case you think that there are no drawbacks, I should add that the college is so kind to its Emeritus Fellows that you will be at fairly constant risk of running into me. I much look forward to seeing you there.

While one might not necessarily agree with every interpretation of a case that Guenter put forward, it is difficult to think of a single instance where Guenter was wrong about a point of law. Hence one of my favourite Magdalen stories. Colin Tapper who was taught by Guenter and later became his colleague as law tutor in Magdalen was giving a tutorial to a rather pretentious and obnoxious third-year Magdalen student the identity of whom I shall hide by calling him Carruthers. Part way through the tutorial Carruthers said to Colin Tapper, 'We will just have to agree to disagree, Mr Tapper.' There was a pause and then Colin Tapper said this. 'No Carruthers, we will not agree to disagree. You are wrong. When I have a disagreement with my colleagues in the law faculty, then we agree to disagree. When I have a disagreement with Mr Treitel, then I am wrong.'

Just occasionally, Guenter's meticulous attention to detail could perhaps go too far. Anne Smart, who later became my law colleague at St Hugh's, had in her early years been a lecturer at Magdalen. When Anne died in 2010, I was sent by one of my law colleagues a scan of a black and white photograph which he had been sent by Guenter of the famous trinity of Magdalen law tutors, John Morris, Rupert Cross and Guenter himself, all dressed in black tie standing with Anne Smart on the night of the Magdalen schools dinner in 1961. It is a truly wonderful and evocative photograph. I mentioned to Guenter that I had been sent this photograph and asked whether he had the original so that I could have it put up on the law faculty website. He looked very troubled. Yes he had the original he told me but he did not think it appropriate to pass it on to me for the faculty website because he did not now know who had the copyright to the photograph. 'I wouldn't want to risk being sued for breach of copyright', he said. I assumed he was joking but it turned out he was deadly serious.

As I have mentioned, Professor Peel took over *The Law of Contract* for the twelfth edition in 2007. I asked Ed over lunch a few weeks ago, what

was it like taking over the great book from the great man? He told me that he had been somewhat nervous about informing Guenter about the changes he had made from the eleventh edition other than, of course, those necessitated by developments in the law. So for example the twelfth edition introduced a new section on interpretation of a contract, replaced what was 'rescission for failure to perform' by a chapter on 'Termination for Breach', and abandoned Guenter's attempt to identify a category of 'fundamental terms'. Ed thought it prudent to write to Guenter to point out these changes before the new twelfth edition came out. Guenter wrote back in that always beautiful handwriting saying in the first paragraph that it was very kind of Ed to write, that Ed was being needlessly apologetic, and that the book was now his for him to do whatever he thought best. That was the first paragraph. Guenter's second paragraph then began: 'Having said that ...'

Imagine Ed's horror when he received his copy of the twelfth edition, the first for which he had been responsible. He opened it up and on the very first page we there have in large letters *The Law of Contract Twelfth Edition* with Twelfth spelt Twelth.

Guenter was apparently entirely sympathetic to this publisher's gaffe. But perhaps that is not surprising for a person who had suffered a publishing experience that surpasses every publishing horror story that anyone here has ever suffered. If you look at when the editions of his book were published, they follow a rigid four-year cycle just as you would expect with someone like Guenter. But there was one glaring exception. The gap between the third edition in 1970 and the fourth edition in 1975 was five years not four. Guenter explained to me that when the proofs for that fourth edition had arrived, he could not believe it when he discovered that the word 'unlawful' had throughout been changed to 'lawful', the word 'illegal' had been changed to 'legal', every 'not' had been removed and every positive statement had had a 'not' inserted into it. In other words, the book had been transformed from the most accurate account of the English law of contract to the most inaccurate. You may be thinking how could that have happened? The answer, according to Guenter, was that there had been a rogue copy editor or typesetter at Stevens & Sons, the publisher, who was hell-bent on sabotaging Stevens & Sons' business. In the days before word-processing you can imagine just how long it took Guenter to correct those proofs, hence the delay of a year in the normal publishing cycle. With a characteristic twinkle in his eye, he apparently told Professor Peel that,

although he could not be 100% sure, he thought he had picked up every last sabotaging amendment by the time, 30 years later, of the eleventh edition.

Guenter's life and work were, I think, forever shaped by his desire to repay the debt that he thought he owed in the light of what he saw as his great fortune in escaping to this country in the nick of time. For those who knew Guenter or knew his work, his repayment was sweet indeed.

Andrew Burrows

JOHN GARDNER

23 March 1965–11 July 2019

Delivered by Professor Lizzie Barmes, Professor Niki Lacey,
Dr Frederick Wilmot-Smith, Professor Cécile Fabre and
Dr Jennifer Kotilaine on Saturday, 30 November 2019 in the Library

These are despatches from John's very early days in Oxford. He and I met in September 1982 at our New College interviews for a conditional offer to study law and we were undergraduate law students from 1983 to 1986, and tutorial partners for several subjects. Like all of us, I have been thinking back over John's life, with a deep gratitude to have known him, and an equally deep sense of loss and regret about all that will not now happen.

In thinking back I am struck that John's time at New College was a pivot, echoing back to his early family and school life and forward to the man he became, the person and the scholar – so deeply intertwined in him even then. As I recall John, emerging from being a teenager and into the world, there are three aspects that stand out as strong and enduring.

The first was his very particular quality of kindness. I now perceive that as rooted in close, although unobtrusive, attention to what someone needed and to what he, specifically, could do to help – and the conviction that if he could do something, then he should. There was an unusual concern with detail in thinking through what was needed and in what he then did, but no grandiosity. That could make it easy at the time to miss the significance of John's kindnesses. It was often only much later that their meaning truly hit home.

Two things from the early 1980s at New College perfectly exemplify this. I can honestly say that at our interview John was at least as worried about whether I would get an offer as about whether he would. We talked about this last March and he still sounded quite harassed at the thought that him seeking to transfer his Modern Languages offer to law might have deprived me of a place. Thank goodness for all of us that he did not decide the solution was to switch back – and in the end we both got in. You may not be surprised that this was a serious outlier in my experience of brilliant young men at Oxford.

The other instance of John's genius for kindness concerned the weird way that Oxford started exams. John realized, somehow, that I was particularly unsettled by the prospect of someone bellowing that our exam had started and then having to dash (in fancy dress) through the corridors of the Examination Schools to find the correct room and desk. So, with no fanfare, he told me he was coming to get me settled before he went to his desk. In hindsight I marvel at how he made this feel totally natural and normal. It remains a treasured act of kindness, which has only grown in significance and meaning with the intervening years.

The second quality I want to highlight was the seriousness of purpose John showed about intellectual endeavour – of course a wide and capacious category for him. It was obvious from early on that something was happening with John's Oxford education that was quite different to what the rest of us were experiencing. That was clearly to do with his exceptional mind, but there was also dawning realization of the extraordinary commitment he brought to seeing thought, ideas and inquiry through.

That became apparent to me from our tutorials and we both blossomed under Niki's guidance. A particular debate that stands out was from tutorials in Moral and Political Philosophy with Jonathan Glover that Niki directed us towards. John was going through a nihilist phase (who knew?) and his arguments would end up with adamant assertions, not only that there were no moral duties to intervene to save someone, but that he would live by that and never put himself out to save anyone. We endlessly discussed thought experiments that involved John walking blithely by as people drowned in holes. My immediate response was to look at him as if he had lost his marbles, knowing from first-hand experience that he would not be seen for dust if there was someone, anyone, to be rescued: i.e. he would be at the head of the queue – and equally that there was always an ought behind his behaviour. It is crucial to noticing John's deadly intellectual seriousness that these arguments did not descend into fits of giggling, as we all know that discussions with John easily could. There was no letting me off with rolling my eyes. We had to stick with the argumentation to the bitter end and, what is more, to get somewhere. I love and cherish that about John's work to this day. Re-reading his pieces about equality law, there is deep joy in the sheer tightness, rigour, tenacity, courage and openness of the argumentation.

Third, and linked, is the intensity, focus and singlemindedness with which John loved what he loved – and of course who he loved – although

with his playful, self-deprecating and irreverent humour never far away. Philosophy aside, at New College there was already the passion about food, cheese toasties especially in our early, hungry weeks of university life, and some lovely, possibly a little bit out there, sartorial choices. John's love of life was so immeasurably enriching to so many. Amongst an awful lot that I miss, that looms large, not least in the way it led to a great deal of mucking about, chatting and laughing about unlikely things, often at the back of the metaphorical class – or tutorial – room that we never quite left behind.

Lizzie Barmes

Thirty-five years ago, I arrived at New College as Fellow in Law. The impending election of the other law fellow, Harvey McGregor, to the Wardenship of the College was about to effect my meteoric rise to becoming senior law fellow, and Harvey was accordingly keen to engage in an intensive induction period in which he initiated me, a complete novice, into all the secrets of successful law tutoring. Amid the welter of information, one theme, and a number of variations on it, recurred:

Theme: the students are absolutely marvellous.

Variation I: without prejudice to the fact that all the students are absolutely marvellous, the second-year students are particularly strong, with two students getting distinctions in Mods – and exceeding the bounds of legalism by winning the second-year mooted contest while still only in the first year ...

Variation II: without prejudice to the exceptional talents of the entire second year, there is one utterly outstanding student – who, in a happy expression of the natural order of things, also happened to be – like Harvey – a Scot.

This, of course, was John Gardner.

So I was prepared, before I even met John, for the fact that he would be articulate, confident, motivated, energetic. He was all of these, but something much more, and though I was immediately aware that I warmed to him and enjoyed his company, it took me a while to identify those further qualities which made him much more than simply a brilliant second-year student. I had a little time to do so, because as it happened I didn't teach the second years during that first term, which gave me time to get to know them and to think about how to group them for the tutorials which I would be arranging or teaching from then on. It won't surprise you to know that

John's verbal brilliance and speed, which were such a mark of his whole way of being an academic, were already very much evident; but I also sensed in him a capacity to listen; a depth and reflectiveness which is truly rare – perhaps especially in people so gifted with intellectual speed at an early stage of their career. I had also been impressed by unusual qualities of reflectiveness in another, more reserved student, and so originated the tutorial partnership between John and Lizzie about which you have just heard.

I have been fortunate to teach and supervise many extraordinary students in the decades since; but I can honestly say that tutorials with John and Lizzie remain the highlight of my teaching career. The tutorial system can never have been put to better use than it was by John. He wasn't just clever and well prepared; he was positively bursting with ideas and bubbling with intellectual curiosity. It was virtually impossible to find anything in which he wasn't interested. But while he handled the intricacies of technical legal argumentation with something approaching insouciance, it was clear right from the start that his deeper interest was in the underlying principles which motivated and made sense of particular legal arrangements – or which might be deployed to subject those arrangements to criticism. Tutorials simply felt like utterly engaged and fascinating conversations, with John as interested in what his tutorial partner or I had to say as in developing his own ideas. Among my happiest memories of my years at New College are times with John, often with his partner and later first wife Margaret; our tutor/student relationship developing seamlessly into a friendship which endured even as our work diverged.

Harvey had a brilliant future planned for John as Scotland's latest gift to the bar; but I felt from very early on that his real destiny lay in academic work. This became yet clearer when we moved on to Jurisprudence. John was very generous about the influence which I had on him in those tutorials: but of course he would have excelled in the subject even if he had been taught by a block of wood. He took to philosophical argument like a duck to water, and quickly declared his intention to take whatever optional courses in philosophy were available to him. I sent him and Lizzie to Jonathan Glover, and this proved to be decisive in shaping John's future thinking: Jonathan remembers John, as I do, as 'engaged, unfailingly interesting', and as someone who 'often came up with new ideas that put me on the defensive in our discussions.'

John of course went on to excel in his finals, and in due course to take the Vinerian Scholarship for the strongest performance in the BCL. In the

meantime, he had been elected to a Fellowship here at All Souls. When Tony Honoré rang me to ask if I felt his early brilliance presaged great things to come, the answer was clear. Of course, what I could not know at that stage was the key importance of John's and Tony's intellectual and personal friendship to the way John's career unfolded. John's gifts were so exceptional that his equally exceptional achievements often seemed to come naturally. But John was not only an outstandingly dutiful person, he also – like many very creative people – held himself up to the most exacting standards, and could on occasion be very hard on himself. The deep confidence which Tony had in John was, I think, very important to him; both during his time as a Prize Fellow, and when he later took up the chair of Jurisprudence at such a young age.

John's early fascination with philosophy never left him; but the distinctive voice which he found in his later work not only engages his profound philosophical training but infuses it with something very personal, very warm, and often very concrete. Very, very few legal philosophers have illuminated as many doctrinal fields as John. The intensely personal way in which this work communicates with us of course helps to explain his extraordinary courage and commitment in finishing his book on torts in his final weeks. How lucky we are that he did: and how devastating that it will be his last.

In preparing this tribute, and reflecting on my great good fortune in meeting John all those years ago, I have sought in vain for an anecdote which sums him up. Instead, what strikes me is the fact that he remained so essentially unchanged. The world-famous legal philosopher John Gardner was still the witty, eager, sparkling 19 year old John; the open, warm, funny, generous John with his blue eyes and his ready laugh. That is how I shall remember him.

Niki Lacey

Aged 21, months after finishing his undergraduate studies, John Gardner was elected a Prize Fellow of this College, All Souls. Although still a student – he was enrolled on the BCL – his life as an academic had begun.

His election was a transformative event. John had planned to become a barrister; All Souls made him become an academic. And it made him as an academic. He was introduced to an extraordinary array of intellectuals – Cohen, Parfit, Honoré, Sen – and, suddenly, he had the time to develop his own thoughts. He once told me that he would wander this library looking

for new things to read, desperate to know enough, to have thought enough, to warrant his place here. His early work has an electricity owed, I think, to that experience.

John swiftly became a giant in legal philosophy. Giants can sometimes carve clean lines through life's foliage, supremely indifferent to the finer details of the events, and the people, left in their wake. John was not like this. After he died, tributes poured in online, often from people who had scarcely known him. Some striking adjectives – 'kind', 'generous' – recurred. Here's just one example of his generosity. In August 2018, John was in great pain; this, we later discovered, was caused by the cancer which would take his life. In scarcely a week, he read an entire book manuscript of mine – simply to advise me on the best order of chapters.

John loved to teach; students loved to be taught by him. He never lost that love: he taught his last class while receiving gruelling treatment. I wish I could convey just how much fun his seminars were, how people would come back just for the ride. John delighted in discussing ideas, and his enthusiasm, that laugh, was highly contagious.

Knowledge was never handed down, like tablets from the mountaintop; he worked best when ideas emerged from his students, and he showed us how to develop them. 'Here's what you might say', he would chime in, after some half-formed thought was proposed. Timothy Endicott said that John 'was such a good listener that he sometimes heard something better than we had said'. In that way, he would fashion pearls from the grit of our ideas – and we could just about believe that these treasures, too, were ours.

The things we do, John argued, constitute us as humans. He quoted Malcolm Bradbury: 'We meet events halfway; they are part of us, and we part of them.' Thus the value of our lives depends in part on our impact on others. A silver lining to the cloud of John's last illness is that he discovered – with delight and genuine surprise – how much he meant to so many. He saw, I hope, how deeply his life had mattered.

I can perhaps give a sense of his importance to those he taught if I say something of the impact he had on me. Although we agreed on many issues, we disagreed on many others, and he never sought to browbeat me, easy as it would have been to do so. Like all good academic parents, John never wanted disciples. So, in one way, my thoughts seem to me very much my own. Yet such was his influence that I also find it hard to imagine what my mind would have been like had it never come into his orbit.

Derek Parfit, one of John's teachers, coined the term 'the non-identity

problem' to describe a set of moral puzzles that arise where our actions affect which people come into existence. It is hard to express quite what our parents, for example, mean to us in part because we cannot imagine ourselves in a world where they never existed. John's influence was of this nature: so formative as to elude description. He helped make me the scholar I am – and did the same, I think, for all his students. They are all independent, all unique; but we owe our intellectual existence partly to him. In that way, a part of him lives on through us and the work we do.

But I was talking about his early years here. He never forgot that this was where his academic life began and, although he moved across the Radcliffe Camera, to Brasenose, and then on to greater and greater heights, he talked often of All Souls. 'How is the old place?', he would ask me. When he returned as a Senior Research Fellow, he was delighted to be back; we were all delighted to have him. His humour lightened College meetings; his kilts brightened the dinners that followed.

No institution is perfect, this place included. When John first arrived, the atmosphere was quite different from today. Our first female Fellow was elected only in 1981, a mere five years before John arrived. There was a handful of older, male fellows whose own regrets could emerge in spasms of cruelty and, as a junior fellow, John spent some evenings managing their demands for port.

But there were – and are – wonderful, timeless things about this College. Some are obvious: it is a centre of learning; there is perhaps no better place to develop as, and to be, a scholar. Some are less obvious – and eased John's last days. While this is, of course, an academic institution, it is also a community. I would like, on John's behalf, to thank the College for its care of him. The Staff, Fellows and, especially, the Warden came together to help him and his family in their time of need. Some things were quotidian: people prepared food for him, they helped him to climb the stairs; when he was, quite suddenly, very cold and tired, our wonderful Porter, Maria, brought him blankets and a pillow.

Just as John did not realise what his daily kindnesses meant to his students, these people may not realise how much all this help meant to him. He was amazed.

The night before his funeral, John Gardner lay in the chapel of All Souls. He wanted to spend his last night in this College, which he loved, which loved him, and where he will be remembered.

Frederick Wilmot-Smith

Jenny asked me to say a few words about what it has been like to have first been taught by John, and to then have become his colleague and his friend, here in Oxford, and at All Souls, over the course of almost a quarter of a century.

Those words, 'almost a quarter of a century' scarcely seem believable to me. And yet, in 1995, my doctoral supervisor Jerry Cohen went on sabbatical leave for a term and suggested that John take over. I had not met John properly yet: I knew him only from the class he taught with Tony Honoré. Those of you who knew both John and Jerry might be surprised to hear that I was infinitely more scared of John, before I got to know him, than I ever was of Jerry. The reason is quite simple: John's formidable intellect was all the more intimidating for the fact that he was not much older than me.

I only have a very vague memory of our supervision meetings. But I have a crystal-clear memory of the lesson which John taught me that term, and which I try to apply in my own work as a supervisor: how to guide students with a light touch, how to suggest to them where they might be wrong without destroying their confidence, how to persuade them that they have the resources to work out how to get it right. Much more importantly, he also showed me, by example, how to communicate to students that it is important not just that they should do good work, but that they should do it in the context of a good life – a well lived life.

Over the years that followed, John became a colleague and a friend. We stayed in touch after I left Oxford. When I came back, almost ten years ago, we taught a class together in legal and political philosophy; we started hanging out socially, as families – at the school gate dropping our respective children off, at my home eating my pancakes, at the home he had by then made with Jenny eating his pizzas, gossiping, talking about his music band and his latest guitar. And of course, we carried on with our ongoing philosophical conversation.

As Niki Lacey reminded us, John's philosophical interests were unusually wide-ranging. It is impossible to do justice to the breadth and depth of his work here. But I'll mention two of its strands which to my mind best show the scholar and the person he was.

In the earlyish phase of his career, some of his most influential writings tackle issues which are of great concern to women (not only to women, of course, but particularly to them): the wrongfulness of rape, and the wrongfulness of discrimination. John was a feminist. He would not have recoiled from the label. On the contrary, he would have embraced it unreservedly as a

description of much of his work and of the way he conducted himself in his personal and professional life. You heard Lizzie Barmes' testimony to that effect. I too had first-hand experience of John's attitude: I saw his awareness of, and anger at, the many subtle (and not so subtle) ways in which women are still subject to negative gender-stereotyping – myself included. I heard him talk of the insidious effects of 'implicit bias' long before the term became widely used. None of this had to be pointed out or explained to him: he just got it.

John was a deeply humane person. This is obvious in his book *From Personal Life to Private Law*, which came out at around the time of his cancer diagnosis. There he argues that the aim of private law is to protect us from wrongdoings at the hands of those to whom we are vulnerable, or to whom we stand in a special relationship. In so doing – in giving us justice – the law also protects what is valuable about those relationships. And so, to understand private law, John argues, we need to understand anger, blame, and the desire for revenge, but we also need to understand the importance of remorse, the power of forgiveness, and the central place, in a good life, of friendship and love in all their richness and complexity.

The book is relentlessly analytical: full of acute conceptual distinctions, strewn with incisive arguments, scalpel-sharp in its diagnosis of the law. In those respects, it echoes Bach's music: so precise, so rigorous, so exacting. At the same time, like Bach's music, it is also very moving. To those of us who knew John well, that book is John, so strong is his authorial voice. It is the voice of a man who always saw the humorous side of life, even in his bleakest moments, even as he faced death; a man who was slow to condemn and quick to praise; aware of human foibles, not least his own, but never cruel; intellectually demanding, yet always generous. Above all, it is the voice of a man who, however important his work was to him, was first and foremost a family man.

A new gargoyle by John's room in College is of the head of Justitia, Roman goddess of justice. Justitia is blind, as befits the goddess of Justice. In this sculpture, she is not carrying a sword or scales. But she has something else – something which no other Justitia anywhere in the world has: she has a guitar – John's guitar – lovingly nested around her ear. John, a just and musical man, will never know that she is there – and that is a cause of immense sadness. Yet the thought of her, perched right on top of him, with a guitar, would have filled him with delight. In the midst of our sorrow, that, perhaps, is a source of comfort.

Just under six months ago, I was sitting here in the Codrington Library for Tony Honoré's memorial service. It was a hugely moving occasion as it celebrated the life of a great man whose work touched so many different fields in such profound and long-lasting ways. Just under six months ago, I was sitting here next to my beloved John who was by now terminally ill. I knew then with absolute certainty that the next time I would be sitting in the Codrington would be for my own husband's memorial. And so it has come to pass.

Those of you who attended Tony's memorial may remember that the huge doors to the Codrington began to shake and rumble and finally opened of their own accord, letting in from the Great Quad the sweet air of early June. This happened twice, in fact, and the Warden himself stood up to close the doors. Although I am sure that others may have thought the doors opened because of the breeziness of the day, I felt very much that it was actually Tony himself, or at least his spirit, who was trying to come in to see what all the fuss was about. Afterward, when I mentioned this to John he told me that, if he could manage it, he would try to pop back to see his funeral and also, if possible, his memorial. He said that, unlike dear Tony, he wouldn't try to break down any doors. Instead he would, in the case of the Codrington, be observing surreptitiously, just out of sight from somewhere up in the stacks of this great place.

I like very much to think that John is up in the stacks. He would be so very pleased to have heard all the kind tributes from his old colleagues as they traced his academic journey from his undergraduate days all the way to his final days as a Senior Research Fellow here at All Souls. So thank you, speakers, for doing John justice and for allowing us to remember him so vividly. I know that John would also have appreciated the excerpts of the Goldberg Variations played so perfectly by Marius [Ostrowski]. The last concert John and I went to was to hear the Goldbergs, just weeks before he was diagnosed. Thank you, Marius, for reminding me of that day in that other life that I used to have, the one I naively thought would just go on forever.

Of course I also have to thank All Souls, both as an institution as well as the people who are in and of it. John's election as a Prize Fellow changed the very course of his life, and what a life it turned out to be. There is a certain beautiful symmetry that John ended his professional career in the same place he began it. From the very moment he was diagnosed the people of All Souls held him close and looked after him in so many different yet inter-

locking ways. I will never forget all the individual kindnesses that were extended to John in Trinity Term 2019, including but not limited to an endless supply of ice when John's mouth got so sore from the chemo; making the college wheelchair available to John when it was getting harder for him to walk any distance; and John's personal favourite: as much strawberries and cream from the kitchen as he wanted. Anytime.

The fact that he finished his book and taught his seminar of course has everything to do with John's fortitude and single mindedness. But it also has a lot to do with All Souls itself which held him in its strong embrace and allowed him to retain a sense of himself as a scholar until the very end. This preservation of a sense of self might arguably be referred to as 'dignity'; but I advance this thesis only gingerly, knowing all too well that I am in the company of so many better and more philosophical minds than my own. I can only say that it is surely beyond any argument that John's belief that he still had a contribution to make is what allowed him to carry on as long as he did. So I thank the college for its role in allowing John to maintain his dignity and giving him reasons to be cheerful as his career and indeed his life came to an all too early end.

Finally I must also of course thank each and every one of you for coming to John's memorial today. In his last weeks John was worried that he would be forgotten. I told him that he was daft – of course he wasn't going to be forgotten! I hope very much that John has indeed made it to the stacks to see for himself how many people have come to pay tribute to his memory and to see that, once again, I have been proved right! So thank you.

John asked me to make sure that people understood how very much he loved his family. He said in his last days that he was satisfied with his work: his teaching, his writing, his mentoring, his close friendships of many years. He was really only sorry to leave his family behind because at heart it turns out that John was fundamentally a family man. And this is how he wanted to be remembered most of all. Before he and I embarked on a proper relationship, John promised me that he would love Henrik and Annika as if they were his own. And this he did for the rest of his days. He never made any distinction in his mind between his stepchildren and Audra. He always, always said that he was a father of three. And he found such deep meaning in being at the very centre of our little tribe.

To his mother Sylvia, John was devoted and dutiful; to his brother David he was amused and amusing; to his in-laws he was warm and welcoming; to his nieces and nephews he was interested and interesting.

To all three of his children (Henrik, Annika, and Audra): he supported, admired, teased, monitored, assisted, corrected, entertained, embarrassed, provoked, advised, encouraged, consoled, reassured, cuddled, loved and in fact adored them with all his huge and generous heart.

To me, well, John was quite simply everything. He always said that we were soul mates, a perfect match, each other's other half. He said that we were just made for each other, and I agree. But it is what we made together in our teamwork day to day that I miss the most. You see, John and I were warp and weft. And the fabric of the life we wove together was strong and durable and warm; and also intricate, sparkling, sumptuous. Although John's death has caused this fabric to unravel, by some miracle I've managed to save a piece of it, a glorious remnant which I shall treasure and carry with me always. Indeed, to paraphrase the poet Michel Faber:

All I can do, in what remains of my brief time, is mention, to whoever cares to listen, that a man once existed, who was kind and beautiful and brave, and I will not forget how the world was altered, beyond recognition, when we met.

After I speak, Marius will play the *Aria da capo*. The magic of the Goldberg Variations, like the magic of John's career, is that it ends up where it started. So do take a moment to think of that as we hear the theme again. Or you may want to join me in thinking of the very mystery of existence, the circularity of life and death. And please, after this service ends and you go on to remember John in your various ways – as teacher, as scholar, as friend, as neighbour, as colleague, as mentor – please also remember him simply as a man. A man who is missed by his family, indeed longed for, more than mere words could ever begin to say.

Jennifer Kotilaine

SUBJECTS' FELLOWSHIPS

held in All Souls

Abbreviations

£ 50 = 'Fifty-Pound' Fellow	PF = Prize (Examination) Fellow
EF = Emeritus Fellow	RF = Research Fellow
ERF = Extraordinary Research Fellow	SRF = Senior Research Fellow
HF = Honorary Fellow	TF = Thesis Fellow
JRF = Junior Research Fellow	TYF = Two-Year Fellow
PDRF = Postdoctoral Research Fellow	

Bailey	Bursar 1990–8; EF 1998–2011
Beloff	Gladstone Professor of Government and Public Administration 1957–74; EF 1980–1999
Berlin	PF 1932–8; SRF 1950–7; Chichele Professor of Social and Political Theory 1957–66; DF 1976–97
Birks	Regius Professor of Civil Law 1989–2004
Brownlie	Chichele Professor of Public International Law 1980–1999; EF 1999–2004; DF 2004–10
Bullard	PF 1950–57; TYF 1979–81; DF 1988–2002; HF from 2002
Butler	PF 1938–45; JRF 1945–52; SRF 1952–84; EF 1985–1996
Cohen	Chichele Professor of Social and Political Theory 1985–2008; EF 2008–9
Davies	Chichele Professor of Medieval History 1995–2004; EF 2004–6
Davis	Professor of Social Anthropology 1990–5; Warden 1995–2008; HF from 2008
Duggan	PDRF 1985–90; £ 50 1990–7; TYF 2015
Feinstein	Chichele Professor of Economic History 1989–99; EF 1999–2004
Finer	Gladstone Professor of Government and Public Administration 1974–82; EF 1982–93
Fraser	ERF 1954–85; Domestic Bursar 1962–4; Acting Warden 1985–7; EF 1987–2007

Frere	Professor of the Archaeology of the Roman Empire 1966–83; EF 1983–2015
Gage	College Gardener, 1979–90
Gardner	PF 1986–91; £50 1998–2000; SRF 2016–19
Gibbs	Chichele Professor the History of War 1953–77; EF 1977–90
Habakkuk	Chichele Professor of Economic History 1950–67; EF 1980–88; DF 1988–91; HF from 2001
Harrison	Professor of the Archaeology of the Roman Empire 1985–91; EF 1991–2
Hart	PF 1970–7; £50 1979–86; TYF 1993–5; DF 2001–7
Holmes	Chichele Professor of Medieval History 1989–94
Honoré	Regius Professor of Civil Law 1971–89; Acting Warden 1987–88; EF 1989–2008; HF from 2008
Hurley	TF 1981–4; TYF 2000–2; £50 2003–7
Joseph	PF 1946–53; £50 1953–70; DF 1971–94
Kołodowski	SRF 1970–1995; EF 1995–2004; HF from 2004
Leyser	Chichele Professor of Medieval History 1984–1988
Lewis	PF 1953–60; JRF 1960–7; SRF 1967–98; Fellow Librarian 1982–98; EF 1998–2014
Mack Smith	SRF 1962–87; EF 1987–2017
Makins (Sherfield)	PF 1925–32; £50 1933–9; DF 1957–96
Matilal	Spalding Professor of Eastern Religions and Ethics 1976–91
McManners	Chaplain and Official Fellow 1984–2001; HF from 2001
Monteith	PF 1948–55; £50 1956–88; EF 1988–1995
Morse	PF 1953–60; £50 1960–8; DF 1983–2011; HF from 2011
Neill	PF 1950–7; £50 1958–77; Warden 1977–95; HF from 1995
Rowse	PF 1925–32; RF 1932–9; SRF 1956–74; EF 1976–97
Sherringham	Marshal Foch Professor of French Literature 2004–2015; EF 2015–16
Simmons	ER 1965–70; SRF 1970–82; Fellow Librarian 1971–82; Deputy Archivist 1982–2009; EF 1982–2005
Sparrow	PF 1929–36; £50 1937–52; Warden 1952–77; HF from 1977

Treitel	Vinerian Professor of English Law 1979–96; EF 1996–2019
Tyson	PF 1952–9; £ 50 1960–71; SRF 1971–94; EF 1994–2000
Wade-Gery	PF 1951–8; £ 50 1959–73; TYF 1987–9; HF from 2011
Walker	PF 1979–84; £ 50 1985–2004; ERF 1999–2004
Wenden	Bursar 1970–90; TYF 1990–2
West	SRF 1991–2004; EF 2004–14; HF from 2014
Wilberforce	PF 1932–1939; £ 50 1940–54; Estates Bursar 1954–60; DF 1961–90; HF from 1990
Williams	PF 1951–54; DF 1997–2003
Wilson	Reader in Sociology 1963–93; EF 1993–2004
Wormald	PF 1969–76; £ 50 1977–84

