

OBITUARIES

The College regrets to record the deaths of the following members notified during the period covered by this *Record*.

Mrs Kath Wheatley (widow of Fred Wheatley founding Steward of the College); **Russell Fifield**, Senior Common Room Member 1963-4, **Kofi Hadjor** (Student 1980-1), **Gailan Ramiz** (Student 1960-3), **Alan Davidson**, Alistair Horne Visiting Fellow 1978-9, Senior Associate Member 1978-82, Senior Common Room Member 1983-97 and **Sergei Utechin**, Student 1952-3 and Research Fellow 1962-5.

Fosco Maraini (1912-2004) Research Fellow 1960-2 and Trinity Term 1965

If there were a prize for the most colourful character ever to have stayed at St Antony's, the winning candidate might well be Fosco Maraini. He was born on 15 November 1912 and died on 6 June 2004, aged 91. He held a research fellowship at the College between 1960 and 1962, and this was renewed for Trinity Term 1965. These bare facts give no hint of his extraordinary versatility. An Italian source describes him as 'ethnologist, anthropologist, orientalist, traveller, alpinist and photographer'. To these could be added 'wordsmith', 'polyglot' and 'humourist'. He invented an Italian word, 'endocosmo', meaning the reflection of the world in the interior of the individual, and argued that the more varied a person's cultural experiences, the more open and adaptable that person was likely to be. He was fluent in Italian, English, other European languages, Tibetan and Japanese. He also wrote poetry in a language of his own invention, which he called "la lingua delle fânfole". According to those who have read it, it bore a haunting resemblance to Italian, but the closer you came to its meaning, the further its meaning slipped away.

Maraini was born in Florence of an Italian sculptor father (of Swiss origin) and an English mother who was a writer. He was thus programmed to feel at home in diverse cultures, even, as he put it, "with English relatives, for whom food was considered solely as nutrition". He took a degree in natural sciences at the University of Florence, and in 1934 taught English to naval cadets on the *Amerigo Vespucci*, visiting Egypt, Turkey, Lebanon and Syria. In 1937 he went on an expedition to Tibet, together with the anthropologist, Giuseppe Tucci. He described their six months in that country as a plunge into the unknown: "ten wars could have broken out while we were there, but we would have known nothing of them". Tibet set him on his career as ethnologist and photographer (and no doubt mountaineer as well). Working with cumbersome technology (flash was produced by a flint setting fire to magnesium powder on a plate), he created a photographic record of

pre-war Tibet that includes the detail of many temples destroyed under Chinese hegemony after 1950, particularly during the Cultural Revolution. His Tibetan experiences are chronicled in his book *Secret Tibet*.

In 1938 he won a scholarship to Japan to study the Ainu, a minority people sharply different from the Japanese, in the northern island of Hokkaidô. Here again, he produced a valuable ethnographic record. He also met Richard Storry, who was teaching in Hokkaidô at the same period, and later directed the Far East Centre at St Antony's. Dorothie Storry, in *Second Country*, a biography of her late husband, recounts their first meeting. Dick said: "I come from Doncaster, a famous railway junction". Fosco replied: "I come from Florence, a famous cultural junction". They got on wonderfully well after that, and it was the start of a lifelong friendship.

Experience of Japan led to a lectureship in Italian at the University of Kyoto, and Maraini remained in post after Pearl Harbour. He was, however, like most of his compatriots in Japan, deeply anti-fascist, so that when Mussolini declared the Republic of Salò in northern Italy in 1943, Maraini refused to declare his allegiance to it. With his wife and three children, and other Italians, he was interned at an isolated location inland from Nagoya, until near the end of the war. In his book *Meeting with Japan* (1959) he gives a moving account of their two years of internment, subjected to a starvation regime at the hands of corrupt police officers (pp. 380-425).

He returned to Italy in 1946, participated in another expedition to Tibet in 1948, and embarked on many mountaineering and photographic expeditions to the Himalayas and elsewhere. He was Professor of Japanese at the University of Florence until his retirement in 1983, and founded AISTUGIA, the Italian Association of Japanese Studies. He wrote, in Italian or English, at least four books on Japan, of which *Meeting with Japan* is the best known (and wonderfully illustrated with Maraini's photographs of a Japan that now seems far in the past). Contemporary social anthropologists might regard it as more of a travelogue than as serious anthropology, but in fact it contains surprising aperçus. This, for instance: (during the American Occupation after the war) "To say that American men and Japanese women got on well together is a gross understatement; they flung themselves into each other's arms as if they had been waiting for each other all their lives" (p. 90).

He once used the following illustration of the differences between Italian and Japanese attitudes. When the Italian Pavilion was being built at Expo '70 in Osaka, the Italian architects assumed, as a matter of course, that their plans would be modified during the period of construction. The Japanese construction firm, however, simply could not cope with this, and demanded a set of plans that would be complete and unchanging down to the smallest detail.

In 1999 he published an autobiography, written in the third person, entitled

Case, Amori, Universi (Houses, Loves, Universes). Much of his library and his ethnographic photographs have been acquired by the City of Florence.

I only met Maraini once, at a conference on Japan in London in 1973. One thing he said in his lecture has stayed with me. He argued that Japanese family morality had remained much firmer than in the West because moral standards were not tied to unscientific religious dogma. No doubt this proposition could be questioned from several different perspectives. But it has a certain cogency, and has influenced my own thinking on the matter.

His daughter, Dacia Maraini, is a leading Italian writer.

J.A.A. Stockwin (Emeritus Fellow)

The Rt Hon. Lord Bullock of Leafield (1914-2004) Honorary Fellow 1996-2004

With the death of Lord Bullock of Leafield on 2 February 2004 the College lost one of its most distinguished Honorary Fellows. Alan Bullock was a staunch friend of St Antony's from the earliest days of its foundation. He and Sir William Deakin were close colleagues, both being committed to furthering the study of recent European history at Oxford, a cause which now seems self-evidently important, but which in the 1950's faced considerable difficulties. Supported by the College's first Sub-Warden, James Joll, both men worked hard to establish Modern and Contemporary European history as part of the mainstream of postgraduate study and research at this University. Alan also used his not inconsiderable weight in University affairs to support St Antony's at a time when the very existence of a graduate college was still controversial. On a less exalted but just as important plane, Alan was generous with his time in supervising St Antony's students and chairing seminars in the College. The writer of this obituary looks back on B. Phil. tutorials with Alan at his house in North Oxford with admiration and nostalgia.

Antonians should also not forget that we owe him our appropriately non-denominational grace at High Table. On the first occasion when dinner was served in the old College building, Bill Deakin invited Alan Bullock to be his guest. Before the meal began he turned to Alan and asked him how he should start the proceedings. He was firmly told that he had to say grace, and was urged to adopt the brief but elegant version used at New College - 'Benedictus benedicat'. Bill duly did as Alan suggested and the College continued to use this grace thereafter. Since it blesses that which should be blessed without specifying exactly what is being blessed or by whom, it is entirely suitable for an international and genuinely multi-cultural establishment.

Alan Louis Charles Bullock was born on 13 December 1914 in Trowbridge in Wiltshire. He was the son of a gardener and a lady's maid, and it is clear that his

parents were remarkable people. His father, Frank Bullock, self-taught and a voracious reader, became a minister in the Unitarian Church. In 1915 he took over the chapel in Leigh in Lancashire, and the family stayed there until 1926, when Alan's father was appointed minister in Bradford. Towards the end of his life Alan wrote *Building Jerusalem: A Portrait of My Father*, a brilliant and touching account of his father's career. The move to Bradford was fortunate for Alan because it enabled him to win access to Bradford Grammar School, where he was soon immersed in the Classics. The Principal of Harris Manchester College, in his address at Alan's funeral service, pointed out to the congregation that Alan had learned Greek in a windowless room lit only by a sky-light which collapsed one day under the weight of the soot which had collected on it. This anecdote illuminated very well the combination of grim industrial power and the protestant ethic that characterised the North of England during the inter-war period. Although Alan won a state scholarship and an open scholarship at Wadham College, it was perhaps not surprising that he took a considerable time to acclimatise himself to the softer - and snobbier - atmosphere of Oxford. Despite this, he won first class honours in Greats and Modern History, completing five years of undergraduate study in 1938, and going on to win a Harmsworth postgraduate scholarship at Merton. In June 1940 he married Hilda Handy, affectionately referred to as Nibby, whom he had known since they were teenagers, and who had studied at St Anne's College. She remained a tower of strength throughout his life, and her presence doubtless reconciled him to existence in a southern environment. Being asthmatic, he was unable to serve in the armed forces during the war, but he worked very effectively in the European Service of the BBC.

In 1944 he was elected to a tutorial fellowship in Modern History at New College. Whilst shouldering a full teaching load, he embarked on his magisterial biography, *Hitler, A Study in Tyranny* (1952). This established itself as the standard work on Hitler throughout the second half of the twentieth century and is still the best single-volume biography of the German dictator.

1952 also saw an important development in Alan's career, when he was appointed to the post of Censor of St Catherine's Society, a non-residential College situated next to Oxford Police Station. Demonstrating enormous energy, and the determination for which he became famous, Alan transformed St Catherine's into a fully-fledged residential college with magnificent new buildings designed by the Danish architect Arne Jacobsen. St Catherine's became one of the largest Oxford Colleges in student numbers, with a particularly strong intake in the natural sciences. In 1969 Alan became the first 'professional' Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, following the recommendations of the Franks Commission. Thereafter he became involved in many public duties, including high-profile inquiries into the teaching of English and industrial democracy. He also served on several boards of trustees and was a director of *The Observer* from 1977 to 1981. He was created a baron in 1976.

He remained, however, Master of St Catherine's and continued to produce important works of scholarship. Having described the career of an evil tyrant in *Hitler*, he turned to writing the life of one of his heroes, Ernest Bevin. In several of the obituaries that appeared immediately after his death the importance of this work was rather shamefully played down. Bevin was by far and away the most successful British Foreign Secretary in the Twentieth Century, the European statesman who brought the Marshall Plan to fruition and an architect of NATO. He faced up to Communist dictators at a time when the outcome of the confrontation could not be foreseen and a Third World War seemed highly likely. Bullock rightly saw that Bevin's earlier career as a trade union leader and as Minister of Labour during the Second World War was also of great historical importance. The result was a three-volume biography exhibiting immense scholarship (1960-1983). Unfortunately this expansive treatment limited public interest in the book, even though each volume remains essential reading for scholars of the issues with which it deals.

More general interest was aroused by his comparative study: *Hitler and Stalin, Parallel Lives* (1991). It was from this book, and from his biography of his father, that extracts were read at his impressive funeral service. In one of these, the congregation was reminded that Bullock, though a staunch British patriot, was also a committed European. Alan pointed to the remarkable resilience of European civilisation, despite the devastation wrought by both Hitler and Stalin. He stressed the hopeful situation created by the 'inspired initiative of Jean Monnet and Robert Schuman in inviting a defeated Germany to join them in launching the European Community. Now for the first time there is hope that after all these centuries of self-destruction war may become... unthinkable between any of the peoples of Europe'. Alan was quite consistent in this European commitment, having supported British membership of the European Community from at least the early 1960s.

The funeral service began with the strains of Bach's 'God's own time is the best of times' and went straight on into *Jerusalem*, including - of course, - the question: 'and was Jerusalem builded here amid these dark Satanic Mills?'. It ended with Richard Wagner's Ride of the Valkyries, a dramatic and entirely appropriate finale to the life of a very big man.

Tony Nicholls (Emeritus Fellow)

Hilary King CBE (1919-2003) Supernumerary Fellow 1965-6

The number and warmth of the farewell parties for Hilary and Margaret King was a gauge of their popularity. The partying started after his lecture to the Russian Seminar in Seventh Week of Trinity Term because coincidentally it was followed

by the Senior Members' Dinner. The next week they hosted a lunch for the Seminar Speaker (the late Alfred Zauberger); in Ninth Week Harry Willetts, as Director of the Soviet and East European Centre, and his wife Halina gave them a farewell lunch in the Crypt SCR (now a Library Reading Room), and three days later Deborah and Kenneth Kirkwood held a buffet lunch for them in the Old Vicarage (now the Middle East Centre). The link with Eastern European well-wishers was his service as Commercial Counsellor (and in 1960 Chargé d'Affaires) in the Moscow Embassy and his imminent departure for Warsaw as Counsellor, while Africanists saw him as recent Ambassador to Guinea, whence he had come to the College. His later Diplomatic Service career is relevant to yet another College Centre – as Consul-General at Hamburg – and also to our general remit when he was Head of the United Nations (Economic and Social) Department. Fitting easily as they did into an academic environment – he a Cambridge classicist (Corpus, on the eve of the War) and Margaret a physician – they were all the more welcome for their range of activities outside the diplomatic round, his war-time experiences and their interest in sailing. Warden Bill Deakin welcomed a fellow officer who had served with Tito's Partisans in occupied Yugoslavia: Hilary's knowledge of radio technology, even before a commission in the Royal Signals at the outbreak of war, put him at Partisan HQ as communications officer in 1943. When German paratroops stormed Drvar, King dismantled his equipment (cumbersome in those days of valves and battery accumulators) and with two companions carried it and the cipher books to an even more remote mountain hideout. For this, he was appointed MBE (Military) in 1944. Sub-Warden James Joll shared the Kings' enthusiasm for sailing, and College files carry his letters of support for election to membership of the Keyhaven Yacht Club and the Hurst Castle Sailing Club, citing Hilary's membership of the Royal Fowey Yacht Club and the couple's two 160-mile voyages to Freetown and back in a 16'6" sailing dinghy when at the Conakry Embassy.

Hilary had married Margaret Borrowman in 1947 when appointed Vice-Consul in Yugoslavia and endowed their two eldest daughters with Serb first names, Lasta and Zora; by the time they came to Oxford another daughter and a son, Tiggy and Lloyd, were teenagers. They took a large house on Hinksey Hill and Bursar Peter Hailey provided a Winchester Road work-room, as he noted, 'convenient for the Soviet and East Europe Centre' (then in Church Walk), where Hilary became a regular at the weekly seminars and in the library. His studies on techniques of Soviet intrusion and influence in Eastern Europe, results of which he presented in his Trinity Term seminar, were later to be widened by observation of developments in Warsaw, his next post – the erosion of Wladislaw Gomulka's 'Polish road to socialism', which was to culminate in the student riots of March 1968, the subsequent purges and Polish participation in suppression of the 'Prague Spring'. During his final posting as Consul-General in Hamburg, Hilary gave a much-reported speech for 'Glasgow Week in Hamburg' in which he contrasted Hamburg's

economic miracle after devastation by bombing with what progress might have been made 'had the Luftwaffe done to Glasgow what the RAF did to Hamburg'. Subsequently, perhaps influenced by Margaret's childhood in Tighnbraich and their devotion to sailing, they retired to Luing, a small isle off the Argyll coast with just a single-track road and a ferry to connect with the rest of the UK. Hilary added a little Gaelic to his fluent French, German, Polish, Russian and Serb and played an active part in the local community. Margaret, three daughters, four grand-children and a great-grandchild survive him, but their son unexpectedly died three months after his father.

Michael Kaser (Emeritus Fellow)

Raphaela Lewis (1920-2004)

(The following text is a "collation and condensation" of the eulogy for Raff, given at her funeral by her son-in-law, Mark Freedland, and some additions by Geoff.)

Raphaela Lewis, Raff to her friends, was a truly exceptional person, perhaps the most singular personality that those who knew her have encountered in the whole of their lives.

She was a Cockney, born on 5 November 1920 within the sound of Bow Bells. She and Geoff met at school when she was 4 and he was 4° but they did not meet again until 1938. Her father was an engineer and the family moved for some years to Rio de Janeiro, where Raff was educated at a convent and was retrospectively proud of having been a schoolmate of Aurora Miranda and her elder sister Carmen, who later became world-famous.

When the Second World War began, Raff was working in Customs and Excise. Her department was evacuated to Blackpool, where Geoff was miraculously sent by the RAF. The newly arrived Civil Servants were for some time badgered by the national as well as the local press. She soon grew tired of telling reporters what part of London she lived in and what did her father do, and did she help him in the garden. Eventually she told one of them that her home was in Chingford where her family had to live because Daddy was a coalminer. And the interview was published verbatim in the *Daily Sketch*.

She and Geoff were married in 1941. Six months later he was posted to the Middle East (for three years), and she resigned from the Civil Service, returned from Flamborough Head where he had been stationed, and with two friends created the country's first Day Centre, in Stepney, the home of workers at London Docks and their wives, who were thus enabled to find employment.

For over thirty years after the war she taught French to the young diplomats on the University's Foreign Service Programme (and exceeded her duty by taking on

their pastoral care), except for 18 months which the family spent in Istanbul and during which she collected material for her *Everyday Life in Ottoman Turkey*. The children then were Lalage – Lally – born in 1947 and Jonathan in 1949. Lally died tragically early, in 1976, leaving Leo aged 20 months and Emily Tabitha 10 weeks, and Raff brought them up with the unfailing support of Mark Freedland, their father. As soon as she thought they were old enough (7 and 5) she naturally took them to Turkey. (Emily Tabitha is now a solicitor in London, and Leo works in Japan for *The Times*.)

She was a brilliant lecturer, her favourite topics being Turkish sociology and Turkish cuisine. Last September she lectured at Uppsala University on Turkish superstitions. After speaking for 50 minutes she invited questions, but the audience in the Royal Library protested indignantly and did not let her stop until she had spoken for an hour and a half.

She was also a brilliant hostess. A cherished memory of hers was of a usually sober clergyman friend who said to her as he was leaving one of her parties, ‘Dear lady, your admirers are many, one of whom I am legion.’

She loved St Antony’s and merited her place on the Furnishing Committee for the Hilda Besse Building: she secured the partners’ desk now in the SCR and, on permanent loan from the Ashmolean, the stupa in the Combined Common Room.

She always found time for everything. When she retired from teaching she became a volunteer worker at the Oxford Eye Hospital and a French interpreter for Thames Valley Police (and was surprised to learn that she would be paid for her services to the latter).

It is said jokingly, and no doubt inappropriately, that there is no adequate Irish translation for the word *mañana* because Erse lacks a word which conveys quite that sense of urgency. By the same token, the English language lacks words which neatly encapsulate Raff’s extraordinary energy, vivacity, and intensity of engagement with the world around her and the people in it. The result of those qualities, which Raff possessed to a rare extent, is that there are many people who say, ‘Without her, my teenage years would have been wholly different,’ or ‘But for Raff I would never have travelled to those places and had those experiences,’ or ‘I would not be what I am were it not for Raff.’

Alan Birch (1924–99) Senior Associate Member 1972–4

Alan Birch came to the College as a Senior Associate Member for the first time in Michaelmas Term 1972 and fell in love with it. He would return again and again over the years whenever he could find an excuse. When he did eventually retire in 1984 from the University of Hong Kong, where he was Reader in History, he and his wife bought a house in Abingdon so that he could come to the College to visit his friends easily. In the end he did not manage to spend as much time at the

College as he would have liked, as his wife, Sandra Suk-ye Lee, an Antonian herself, was a rising star in the Hong Kong Government. She was posted to the British Embassy in Washington to help represent Hong Kong's interests as Alan set up their home in Abingdon, and Alan had to choose between spending time between his two greatest loves. The College lost, gracefully of course, and a happy Antonian family settled in Washington for a few years, before it relocated back to Hong Kong. In the end, Alan returned to this country where he died while Sandra headed the Hong Kong Special Administrative Region Government's representative office in London.

Alan's connections with the College are inextricably linked to Hong Kong, not only because he worked in Hong Kong when he visited the College and married a native of Hong Kong, but also because, by then, his academic interests focused firmly on Hong Kong. Although he spent his earlier career working on the economic history of Britain and Australia, he is remembered, above all, by his colleagues mainly for the work he did on the history of Hong Kong. A kind, generous, unpretentious, friendly, open-minded and easy going person, Alan is loved by his former students and friends for what he was.

Alan was born in Wenesbury, Staffordshire on 28 June 1924 and died in 1999. He was educated at the University of Manchester, where he also earned his doctorate. After teaching at the Universities of Manchester and Sydney, he went to teach at the University of Hong Kong in 1967. He was author, editor, and co-editor of 11 books, the last of which *Hong Kong: The Colony that Never was* (Odyssey Press, Hong Kong) was published in 1991. He is survived by his wife, Sandra, who works in Hong Kong as Permanent Secretary for Economic Development, and one daughter, Ingrid, and three sons, Nicholas, Alexander and Matthew, who are all by a previous marriage and live in Britain.

Steve Tsang (Student 1981-6, Research Fellow 1992-4, Governing Body Fellow 1994)

Lady Sara Carr (1926-2004)

(This is the text of Malcolm Deas's tribute to Sara given at the service to celebrate her life on Thursday 1 July, at St Mary's Church, Deerhurst in Gloucestershire).

Sara died eight days ago.

In those eight days we have all gone over our memories of her. Many have written letters to Raymond and to her family, which Matthew has read to me. I have talked with many of her friends I know, to try to sum something of what Sara meant to us.

What has made it easier is that everyone agrees.

First, her complete selflessness, a selflessness that did not come from any diffidence or weakness, but from strength of character. It never occurred to her to put herself first. She was by nature unswervingly kind and considerate, untouched by convention.

One story told to me last week: it was during an early visit to the Spain of Franco of the 1950's. She and Raymond were staying in the Hotel Victoria, Plaza de Santa Ana. There was a bar nearby, a haunt of bull-fighters, low-lifers, working girls, and some of these with children. Sara made it her business, regardless of what anyone thought, to provide those children with milk.

Selflessness with steeliness – a word that came to mind to several this last week. She was fierce defender of those she loved and liked. She was combative. She discriminated.

There was nothing bland about her mind: she put one on one's toes, she was a judge of wit. She had great powers of observation. Though her sharpness usually stopped short of cutting, she was sharp.

She was extraordinarily well read: Keats, Turgenev, Tolstoy, Larkin, Dickens, Edith Wharton ... She was an engaged reader. The last book that Matthew remembered her reading was a recent one, *Chopin's Funeral*. This produced in Sara fierce feelings of disapproval of the less attractive aspects of the moral characters of Chopin and George Sand.

She loved animals, dogs and horses: innocent creatures to her, not brute beasts. She loved the country, particularly the country here about. She loved hunting: Raymond's love of hunting and his book on hunting came from her, and the hunting anthology they produced together.

Sara was in her youth an artist, a painter, and she said she left off painting because she knew that she would never be really good. But she never left off looking: on her visits to Spain – she acquired somehow excellent Spanish – she would always visit the Prado or the Thyssen, with an eagerness and excitement that never flagged. She was one of those who combined unerring taste with indifference to material things.

She was very beautiful. The first I saw of her, in 1959, was a self-portrait that Raymond had in his rooms in New College, 12 New Buildings, looking round the edge of her canvas. Antonia Frazer remembers her at Great Milton in the mid 1950's, "with her long golden hair like a princess."

I can remember when I first met her: a sunny day; she was driving a car, which must have been new, a smart car that had not been reduced to the dog-haired shambles that the Carrs can make of a car in about a fortnight. She had on dark glasses. She was a bit grumpy – as she might have put it herself, "rather annoyed about something." To me she looked like something out of Antonioni, whose *L'Avventura* was the height of fashion around that time, as some of you may remember. The tall and impossible women in Antonioni films were not usually in

very good moods.

I was awestruck.

Soon, of course, I was not awed. Sara was one whom one felt one had always known, and always when one met, even after long intervals, one had that feeling of ease, of no trouble about picking up the threads again. She always made me feel, in the pleasantest way, about eighteen.

She and Raymond had met because she was studying at the Slade, which had been evacuated during the war and for a time afterwards to the Ashmolean, where she died. Raymond was at that time a Fellow of All Souls.

He was determined to marry her, and she was determined to marry him.

We all know that they had much in common: the gift of rapport with all sorts of people, the un-analysable life-enhancing touch, the essential kindness; the deceptive appearances – Sara’s occasional appearance of scattyness, Raymond’s affectation of disorder, absent-mindedness, deafness and insobriety. Both so easy to see in the mind’s eye, to hear in the mind’s ear.

She had a fine sense of humour, and a fine ear for false notes.

Benjamin Jowett, Master of Balliol, once ended a funeral sermon on one of his Fellows with the words “ He was a remarkable man, and I never quite did him justice.” I think those unfortunate words might have made Sara laugh. We have all realized this last week how remarkable Sara was. The idea that no one had quite done her justice would never have crossed her mind, or if it had, she would have dismissed it as ridiculous.

She was the centre of her family: Raymond, Adam, Angela and Rosie, Matty, Anne and Ella, Laura, Richard, Sybil, Milo, Conrad and Theo, Charles.

I am sure she knew how much she was loved. I can say it now she is no longer here to tell me that it does not need to be said.

Helen Lund Callaway (1927–2003) Student 1981-85, Senior Common Room Member 1990-2003

Helen Ann Lund was born in Plentywood, Montana on 15 June 1927, the second child of Hertha and George Lund. His parents had been Danish homesteaders in North Dakota.

She grew up in the remote and tiny town of Reserve, hardly more than a couple of grain elevators on the edge of the Fort Peck Indian Reservation. Her father ran the local bank and strove to maintain the family ranch through the droughts, crop failures and dust storms of the Thirties. He succeeded in both endeavours and modest prosperity ensued.

Music was important to Helen from an early age. She practiced the piano assiduously; her way, says her sister, of reaching out to the world of art and ideas that lay beyond her background.

Leaving Medicine Lake High School when she was just sixteen, after a few months working in the bank, she succeeded in persuading her parents that she should go to the University of Montana. She later transferred to the University of Washington at Seattle, graduating as an English major (*magna cum laude*) in 1947. Two letters then arrived on the same day. One was from *Mademoiselle*, at that time virtually required reading for college educated girls, offering her a guest editorship in New York for the summer. The second was an invitation to join Phi Beta Kappa.

These two paths were to shape her intellectual and working life for the next few years. At *Mademoiselle* she was Assistant Editor and could have stayed. She did continue as a freelance writing on a wide range of topics, American, British, European and African. Substantial, meticulously researched and well written, the most distinctive feature of her articles was her fascination with people, whose experiences and opinions, when sympathetically presented, could bring life to almost any topic. This fascination was ultimately to make her a social anthropologist.

Helen's M.A. in English Literature at Smith College with a thesis on 'Religious Symbolism in James Joyce's Ulysses', and the award of a Trustee Fellowship might have led to an academic career. But the wider world always beckoned. In 1949 she was asked by her father to escort the young daughter of a friend to Denmark. In Copenhagen she happened to read about a youth Congress in Czechoslovakia, recently taken over by the Communists. Hoping for an article, she got on the train and went. In Prague she met the wife of an ex R.A.F. Czech pilot who was desperately worried about their future. Helen smuggled out letters and the couple later escaped to the U.S. where they were supported by the Lund family. They named their first child, Helen.

The following summer she was in Oxford, which was to be the place to which she always returned, and met Archibald Callaway, a New Zealander who had fought in the Eighth Army and was a graduate at Balliol. They married at St Peter's in the East in November 1950 and four children, Alison, David, Stephen and Matthew were born between 1952 and 1957.

While coping with motherhood, Helen continued to stay on her two paths with articles for *Mademoiselle*, and teaching English Literature on University of Maryland courses at the U.S. bases around Oxford. She also made her first slight contact with St Antony's. Arch, a good cricketer, was recruited as a ringer to a college team badly in need of talent, and Helen would occasionally appear on a village green, trying to make some sense of what was going on.

Life changed on Christmas Day 1959 when the Callaways flew into Lagos where Arch went, in a team from M.I.T., to pursue the interests in education and youth

employment in Nigeria with which he continued until his death in 1987. Helen found herself in a small bungalow remembered by the children as surrounded by dense bush and jungle with green and black Mambas in the trees and vipers in the long grass. A testing time with four children to take care of but Helen was characteristically determined to explore Nigeria and to discover as much as she could about the lives and beliefs of Nigerians with a particular focus on women.

On one trip to central Nigeria she took the children with her. It was the rainy season and on the return they were unable to cross a swollen Niger. They stayed a few nights in a very remote area with a French Canadian priest who drew his congregation from the bush. They were lucky not to be marooned for weeks but Helen showed not the slightest concern.

She also made a start on fieldwork in aid of Arch's research but this evolved into working on interests of her own with a growing concentration on the uses and significance of literacy in various social contexts and the role of women in social and economic development. Her modest and unassuming ways in conversation and natural ability to get on easy terms with people, irrespective of their class, race or beliefs made her an ideal fieldworker.

On one occasion, she decided to visit and interview the local diviner and at one point asked him for a prediction of her own future. The diviner cast the lots and pronounced a verdict that he thought would be well received. He told Helen that she would have twins, "Oh no", replied Helen, "I already have four". To have twins is considered a great blessing among the Yoruba.

She once rationalized the origin of these first forays into social anthropology as unemployment but a deeper cause is that Nigeria cast something of a spell over her for much of the Sixties. She never forgot "the many Nigerian friends who welcomed me into their midst during that splendidly flourishing period of the arts-painting, poetry, novels and plays – at the time of Independence". One of these friends also named a daughter, Helen.

The decade ended, however, with civil war in Nigeria and the personal complication that all four children were at school in England. Arch, too, had some work to do in Oxford and became for a time a Senior Associate Member of St Antony's. By the time of the return, Helen's own commitment to social anthropology had become absolute even though she knew that it would mean descent to the bottom rung of the academic ladder. She read for the Diploma followed by an M. Litt. on the processes by which social groups transmit systems of thought and action from one generation to the next and a D.Phil. on attitudes to European women in Nigeria, 1900-1960.

As a regular participant in the seminar on 'the anthropology of women' at Queen Elizabeth House, she became one of the founders of the Centre for Cross-Cultural Research on Women in 1972; she later became its Deputy Director and then Director. The Centre has had a difficult time in arriving at its present high standing.

Financial backing from the University has always been paltry but it has been fortunate in having a lodging in Q.E.H.

There was also some hostility within the discipline. In 1989 Helen and Judith Okeley were successful in their efforts to make Autobiography the theme of the annual conference of the Association of Social Anthropologists. When they came to organise the sessions they had a woman speaker or chair at every one, a demonstration of Helen's meticulous skill as an organiser. At her suggestion, they put on one panel an anthropologist called Crick with one called Watson. The woman in between got the joke and referred to herself as Rosalind Franklin. The book of the conference, *Anthropology and Autobiography* edited by Helen and Judith is now thought of as a classic.

During these years Helen was immensely productive with articles and reviewing and much in demand as lecturer, chairman and participant in this country and around the world. Her growing reputation was amply confirmed when *Gender, Culture and Empire: European Women in Nigeria* (1987) won the Amaury Talbot prize for a book on African Anthropology. It made an immediate mark on the burgeoning discipline of gender studies with its comprehensive demolition of the view of "Women of the Empire as representative of the worst side of the ruling group-its racism, petty snobbishness and pervading aura of superiority".

To the non-specialist reader however, what stands out is firstly the excellence of the writing at a level now rare in the academic world, the product of a natural talent, honed by years of hard work and close attention to structure and detail: and secondly, the impact of the many women in the book who come to centre stage with freedom to give their own narratives as contributions to the general theme. That, too, was the product of a long apprenticeship. It is a great pity that Helen died before she could bring these skills to bear on the writing of the life of Flora Shaw which she and Dorothy Helly had been preparing for some years. "Flora" is now left to Dorothy to complete.

Helen greatly enjoyed a close relationship with St Antony's for over twenty years. As a Junior Member she wrote her D.Phil under the supervision of Anthony Kirk-Greene, a Fellow of the College, and derived valuable support from the weekly African Affairs Seminar of which she became a member. In 1990 she was elected to the Senior Common Room. How much the College meant to her was made plain when in 1996 she instituted an annual Archibald Callaway Prize to be awarded for the best piece of work on Africa by a Junior Member. To have St Antony's as her collegiate base was a sustaining pleasure to Helen but one largely repaid by the qualities she herself brought to the life of the S.C.R.

What these were was made abundantly evident by letters pouring in after her death from around the world. A brief selection must suffice: her generosity and goodwill to younger colleagues, her warmth, gentleness and caring nature, her intellect and humane heart, her intellectual curiosity and openness to ideas – all

with an easy sense of style that permeated every aspect of her life and work.

For the last twenty months or so of her life, the under-signed had the total delight of sharing an idyllic Indian Summer with Helen. Alas, too short; she died suddenly and unexpectedly in Washington D.C. on 29 October 2003.

Maurice Shock (1951-54)

Mrs Gladys Wilkinson (1929 – 2003) Accounts Office Staff 1975 – 94

Gladys Wilkinson was born in Newton Le Willows, Lancashire in January 1929, the youngest of six children. She moved to Oxford in the 1950s and worked for some time at the USAF base at Upper Heyford, joining the College in 1975. She retired in July 1994 and died on 16th November 2003.

Gladys was a quiet, unassuming person, always calm, efficient and unflappable; she gave good support to a succession of colleagues, accountants and bursars. Remarkable for a person of her generation, she readily adapted to new technology: she joined St Antony's 'BC' (before computers) when manual ledgers and hand operated comptometers were the norm. Her time covered the progressive development of office IT systems and she even delayed her retirement to help in the introduction of a new system.

During her 19 years in the Accounts Office at St Antony's she will best be remembered as being in charge of the Junior Battels; she had an encyclopaedic memory of all the Junior Members she had watched over - probably well in excess of 2,000. She took a close, almost maternal, interest in her charges and was always ready to listen and offer advice to those who called upon her; and to chase up those who should have called upon her, but hadn't. Gladys was interested in people and always looked for the best in them. She supported the College and was well known, liked and respected by all who knew her.

Gladys was very much a family person, with her two children, Graham and Julie; to her grandchildren she was a "wonderful Nan". Her husband, Neville, also joined the staff of the College for several years, working mainly in the Nissan Institute; sadly, he died some 12 months before her.

Her interests reflected her personality: she was a keen gardener and an avid reader; and each year, summer holidays were always taken at Boscombe. Surprisingly, one of her joys was rugby, and she had a special fondness for Jonny Wilkinson. It is a pity she did not live to share his moment of glory.

Peter Baseby (College Accountant 1989-2003)

Dennison Rusinow (1930-2004) Student 1959-63, Senior Associate Member 1970-71

Dennison Ivan Rusinow came to St Antony's in the autumn of 1959. He received his D.Phil. in February 1963. Departing for his beloved South Tyrol, Balkans, and Eastern Europe, he continued his already academically illustrious career as an interpreter of their histories, cultures and politics. Denny, as he was known to a world of admirers, was struck and killed by a small truck on 20 January 2004 near his residence in St Petersburg, Florida. He had a copy of the *Economist* under one arm, and a packet of printer paper in one hand. He was 73 years old. His wife, Mary, and daughters Alison and Tamara survive him.

The details of Denny's distinguished intellectual history appeared early. He graduated from St Petersburg High School in 1948, the 'salutorian' of his class - meaning, explains wife Mary, that he was number two, having been vanquished by a young woman because he got a B plus, not an A, in geometry. Next, he graduated from Duke University at the top of his class, and won a Rhodes Scholarship to New College. There he read PPE and in 1954 got a First.

Denny put formal intellectual activities on hold for the next four years. He spent these in the U.S. Navy, largely in the Mediterranean as an air intelligence officer. Denny liked to tell how the admiral praised the encompassing character of his briefings, for which Denny relied considerably on the *Economist*. He came to St Antony's with a year remaining on his Rhodes, and then received a fellowship from the Institute of Current World Affairs/Crane-Rogers Foundation in New York. The Crane in this case being Charles R. Crane, the Crane of the King-Crane Commission on Palestine and, on several other occasions, President Woodrow Wilson's emissary.

Denny's arrival at St Antony's may have had something to do with Rhodes House Warden E.T. Williams's support and his friendship with our own Warden, F.W. Deakin - not yet Sir William. Coincidentally, James Joll, who had been Denny's tutor at New College, had become Sub-Warden at the College. By this time Denny had become interested in the goings on in Italy's Alto Adige - or South Tyrol, depending on your language. "People were blowing things up over there, and I went to ask WHY." Both the Warden, who supervised Denny, and James Joll urged him to expand his interests to Venezia Giulia. The result was his thesis, later a book, *Italy's Austrian Heritage - 1919-1946*, published in 1969. Two volumes and 753 pages long, the thesis evoked the History Faculty's limit for theses at 100,000 words. Denny's thorough research had taken him to the distant corners of these territories. Indeed, he walked the boundaries of the South Tyrol and Venezia Giulia. The prospect of facing his examiners, Chris Seton-Watson and A.J.P. Taylor, caused Denny some apprehension: Taylor had served as advisor to the Trieste Commission; he might know more than Denny did. Happily, Taylor did not.

Denny's writing career - which he pursued with pipe alight - had just begun. As a fellow of the Institute of Current World Affairs he wrote a series of the pre-

scribed ‘newsletters’ about his adopted territories. Moving on to the Universities Field Staff International (an academic organisation of peripatetic professors who lived in their chosen areas for two years, went to the United States for a year’s teaching in member universities, and then returned to their foreign bases) Denny wrote 76 reports about Italy, Eastern Europe, and the Balkans from his bases in Zagreb, Belgrade, Oberbozen, and Vienna - establishing himself as an authority on the Balkans. In 1977 he published *The Yugoslav Experiment - 1948-1974*, which still is considered authoritative on Yugoslav history. In 1988 came an edited volume, *Fractured Federalism*. Over the years, countless articles and chapters appeared in other’s books.

While teaching in the United States, Denny became known for his commentaries on National Public Radio. “I learned to talk in sound bites,” he said, but listeners recall his “wonderful baritone” and measured commentaries. When living in Belgrade he also held a fellowship at the Institute of Mediterranean Studies in Rome, where, among other things, he is remembered for his contributions to its 1973 international conference on Cyprus. In 1967 he served as Executive Director of the Institute of Current World Affairs. His tenure there was brief, for, graciously and generously, he handed the job back to his predecessor, Richard H. Nolte, another Oxonian, whose own tenure as Ambassador to Egypt had been cut short by the embassy’s closing occasioned by the Six Day War.

The Chancellor of Pittsburgh University, Wesley Posvar, a fellow Rhodes, brought Denny to its faculty in 1988 as Research Professor in the Centre for Russian and East European Studies. On the occasion of Denny’s retirement from the Pittsburgh faculty in 2000, Strobe Talbott, sometime Rhodes, then the Deputy Secretary of State, spoke in Denny’s honour. He spoke of his own “nearly 60 semesters” as Denny’s “non-tuition-paying student”. He spoke of Denny’s description of Kosovo after his first visit in 1965: “a colonial dependency ruled, neglected, exploited, and ruthlessly oppressed” by the Serbs. Talbott repeated Denny’s prediction in 1980 that if violence broke out there “world peace ... [would be] at hazard”. It was in the eighties, Talbott recalled, that from Denny he first heard the name Milosevic.

Similar tributes to Denny’s kindness and vast knowledge came from colleagues and students. Anuska Ferligoj, Dean of the Faculty of Social Sciences at the University of Ljubljana, where Denny had been an exchange scholar, wrote appreciating his “expertise and kindness” and of the “opportunity and privilege” of working with him. St Antony’s Archie Brown wrote that his favourite book on the reading list for his Politics course on Communist Government(s) was *The Yugoslav Experiment*. “I had long learned from him and appreciated his insights before we finally met.”

Arnold Suppan, director of the Austrian East and South East Europe Institute, Vienna, called Denny one of the “rare experts” who “understood the soul of the Slovenes, Croats, Serbs and Bosnian Muslims”. Said a letter to Mary Rusinow

from Mark Wheeler - advisor to Paddy Ashdown, High Representative, Bosnia and Herzegovina - "Denny was a hero, a pioneer and a model for those of us who work on and love this part of the world." Wheeler continued, "His curiosity, analytical penetration, fair-mindedness, eloquence and sanity were - and will remain - an inspiration." Other expressions of sadness and respect came from as far away as Japan and Australia.

My own seminars with Denny over whisky or breakfast expresso taught me more than I could, or can, remember about Europe. But they taught me his methods. Geology and geography were his starting points: which rivers ran where and why, how these features had affected the routes of armies and the passage of cultures, how they and mountain ranges were used in treaties and fought over as frontiers. Denny's genius - and I mean genius - was explaining current events in terms of their historical antecedents. He was a master at understanding, and then conveying, how peoples' pasts cause them to behave as they subsequently do. He also was remarkably prescient about their futures. If 'modesty' means pride concealed, Denny had none. He seemed unaware of his talent. He simply loved his subject.

Our generation at the College rather was a family affair. The JCR, I remember from the time, comprised 44 members speaking 14 languages. The campfire days, Ralf Dahrendorf called them. Many of us were older; the line between JCR and SCR was indistinct. Fred Wheatley, the Steward, seemed to watch over each. (Once I asked Fred how he assigned to SCR members' battels the beverages they consumed in the SCR after dinner. "I know something of the gentlemen's capacities," Fred explained.) Fred also presided over dinners of the Freres de St Antoine. Arranged in the Buttery by Fred with appropriate dishes, wine, brandy, and cigars, these occasions enabled Denny and his brothers' pursuit of learning. Which brings this essay to the family of Dennison Rusinow and Mary Worthington Rusinow.

Mary Worthington was a force in her own right. As Mary Rusinow, she still is. Some years ago I began addressing my letters to the Professors Rusinow. She is as much a product of this College as a degree holder. She came to the College as Bill Deakin's secretary, was sent by Mrs Deakin, Pussy, to Paris to polish her French as *au pair* for the Paul Reynaud family, and returned to be James Joll's secretary. Housed, or officed, in the Bursary, she was but a short trot to the tennis courts, where her determination was legendary. Denny and Mary were married in 1965 in St Mary's Church in Warwick, the family home. This, too, was a St Antony's affair, with guests from the SCR and JCR. A wife, yes, and later a mother, Mary became Denny's vital intellectual companion and collaborator - having German and having learned Serbo-Croatian and possessing an apparently limitless memory. She also became something of an authority on Balkan and East European naïf painting, amassing her own extensive collection.

Denny had a second great skill, about which his friends twitted him: studying history where the living was good - the mountain rocks and pastures, the wines,

the farm-made slivovitz of the Ritten; the fresh trout and new wine in pubs about Vienna. Ken McDonald remembers a Rusinow summer. Driving with fellow Antonian Henry Horowitz from a visit to Antonian Albert Cruickshank in Istanbul, Ken recalls stopping over in lower Austria with Denny in the Schloss Albrechtsberg. Equipped with a good cellar, crypts, bones, and a chapel, the schloss entertained a goodly company throughout the season - including a Hungarian lass from Denny's past.

In their apartment in Vienna, whence they had moved from Belgrade, the Rusinows hosted soirees fierce with wine-fuelled discussions in several languages among a wide variety of nationalities and intellects. Participants speak of the evenings' glow, the hosts' charm and erudition.

Dennison Rusinow was a lovely man with an extraordinary mind, cherished by many.

Granville (Red) Austin (1959-64)

Paul Joachim Friedrich (1938-2003) Student 1972-74

Paul's friends from St Antony's were shocked to hear of his death at his home in Bonn in January 2003 in his early 60's. Although he had previously been battling against cancer, it seems that he may have died after a stroke.

Paul came to St Antony's in 1973 to study French politics, particularly the ways in which the Left in France handled the politics of Defence. In fact, his interests were far broader than this and he read and conversed voraciously in three languages with unshowy fluency. He loved the politics of France, Germany and the USA in particular, and got through more newspapers and journals – taking cuttings – than anyone else I have ever met. One of his ideas of true contentment was to build a fire in the enormous fireplace of the house he shared for a while in the Vaucluse in France after a supper of raw onions soaked in olive oil, and read his enormous pile of newspapers until the dawn filtered through the shutters. It was sometimes a mystery as to when he slept.

Moreover, although he would cheerfully talk for hours about politics, his interests extended far beyond to virtually all aspects of art and culture, and in a different dimension to personal and family joys and sorrows, the detail of everyday life as well as broad ideas. He had a splendid appetite for life at all levels, which is partly what made him such a wonderful companion. He was a great traveller, and an expert in finding economy air fares as he assiduously maintained warm friendships across whole continents. He was the most faithful of friends. Year after year, he came to London with the primary purpose of visiting an elderly couple, one of whom had Parkinson's disease.

When he came to Oxford, he was building a new life after working in Helmut Schmidt's private office in Bonn. In one dimension he was a handsome, even

glamorous figure, accustomed to life in the fast lane in the capitals of Europe. He maintained elements of this life for a while as a consultant to US aircraft companies and friend of world statesmen. At the same time, he often lived frugally and always assumed that he would probably spend the later part of his life modestly and quite content so long as he had his family, friends, and plenty to read.

Paul valued family relationships very highly and the break up of his marriage before he came to Oxford caused him continuing heartache. He loved his son and daughter deeply, became a proud grandfather, and was also a much loved uncle-figure to the children of his many friends.

When it came to writing up his thesis, he could not overcome writer's block. He leaves no great legacy of written work from his time at St Antony's. But he does leave the lives of those of us lucky enough to meet him there much richer. Cosmopolitan, hungry for life, deeply civilised, good humoured, modest, kind and loyal: who could ask for a finer friend?

Andrew Purkis (1971-4)

Albert Wirz (1944-2003) Senior Associate Member 1973-74

Albert Wirz, Professor of African history at the Humboldt University Berlin since 1993, died in May 2003, after a few months of illness. At the time of his death, he was only 59 years old. With him, the Institute of African Studies at Humboldt-University experienced a decisive upturn. Albert Wirz, with his argumentative personality, brought with him from Switzerland a style of ironic scholarship and academic generosity to Berlin from which those who had the pleasure to know greatly benefited. Previously he had worked at the Universities of Stuttgart, Zurich and Basle, but even before accepting his appointment as professor in Berlin, he became increasingly interested in cultural history without ever denying his social and economic history background. He has written numerous books and articles, mostly in German, on the history of early colonial Cameroon, the transatlantic slave trade and military conflict in Africa. His later work comprised studying colonial eating habits, missionary photography and, more recently, his opus magnum, the invention of the 'jungle' as a topic in bourgeois colonial discourse. He also wrote numerous reviews and articles for newspapers and journals. Not only for his students, but also for his friends and colleagues in Europe, Africa and the US his unexpected death came as a great shock. It is indeed very sad, that such imaginative scholar was unable to finish his life work.

Jan-Georg Deutsch (Research Fellow 1991)

Ranjit Kumar Roy (1958-2002) Senior Associate Member 1993-4 and Trinity Term 1995

Ranjit Kumar Roy had a sudden and untimely death on 13 May 2002 when he breathed his last while asleep at New Jersey, USA. He had a distinguished academic career, and became a Professor of History at Rabindra Bharati University, Kolkata, at a relatively early age. His Calcutta University Ph.D. dissertation on the role of students and women in twentieth century nationalist politics of Bengal won wide acclaim. Ranjit edited three books on social and cultural transformations in colonial Bengal and contributed research articles on nationalist politics to both national and international journals. He himself edited the *Modern Historical Studies*, the history journal of his University. As Head of the Department of History, he took the initiative of introducing fundamental changes in the history curriculum of Rabindra Bharati University and successfully organised national and international conferences. He also deserves the credit of establishing the Centre For Gandhian Studies which continues to be a focal point for Gandhian studies in eastern India. Ranjit was respected by his students and loved by his colleagues.

In recognition of his scholastic acumen, Ranjit was awarded the Commonwealth Post-doctoral Fellowship at St Antony's in 1998. He found Oxford academically and socially rewarding and always spoke fondly of his days at St Antony's. Ranjit was also a recipient of a Charles Wallace India Trust Fellowship, a Fellowship at the Maison des Etudes Hautes (Paris) and a Fulbright Teaching Fellowship at the State University of New York. In fact, at the time of his death Ranjit was in the USA as a Fulbright Teaching Fellow. A much-travelled academic, Ranjit spoke in seminars at the Oxford University, the School of Oriental and African Studies at London, the University of Kent at Canterbury, Harvard University, Cornell University, the University of Florida at Gainesville, the State University of New York at Oswego, Leiden University and the Universities of Heidelberg, Paris, Milan and Rome. Ranjit had all the promise needed to become a leading historian, but sadly that didn't happen.

Academic preoccupations did not prevent Ranjit from concerning himself with social welfare activities. As the General Secretary of the South Asia Research Society, a non-government organisation, he was deeply involved in helping the rural women of Bengal with micro credit. He was an active member of such professional bodies as the Indian History Congress. As the Treasurer of the Calcutta Historical Society – one of the oldest associations of historians in the country – he rendered a yeoman's service.

Ranjit was gentle, soft-spoken, good-humoured, warm-hearted and amiable. He was someone who could be confided in and entrusted with responsibility. He remained committed to his friends, ever willing to be at their side in hours of need. Both I and my wife – also an Antonian - had a deep personal friendship with Ranjit, and his death has deprived us of a trusted companion. For me it is difficult to reconcile myself to the harsh reality that Ranjit is no more with us. Ranjit will

be remembered as a conscientious scholar, a friend who could be relied upon, and someone whose fellow-feeling knew no restraints. He is survived by his wife and a son.

Suranjan Das (1984-7)

Christopher Robert Kedzie (1960-2003) Visiting Student 1996

Chris Kedzie left St Antony's in 1996 to join the Moscow Office of the Ford Foundation as a program officer. He spent six years in post before moving to Kiev to join a USAID Democracy-building programme. His death from cancer a year later cut short the life of a remarkable and much-loved individual.

Fifteen years earlier cancer had cost him a leg and his career as a fighter pilot in the US air-force. He completed an MA at Harvard, learnt Russian in Irkutsk, set up an electronic network, Silk-net, in Tashkent, and completed a Ph.D. on communications and democracy at RAND. His task, while working for the Ford Foundation, was to identify and support initiatives by Russian organizations that would strengthen civil society and local governance in Russia, and in pursuing this he earned the admiration and affection of colleagues and grantees.

What made him such a remarkable person? Perhaps it was his bravery, persistence, and his unwavering belief that we should and that, if we tried, we could make the world a place where people would respect and care about each other. This sounds a little old-fashioned, and Chris was, at heart, a peace-corps volunteer. Yet he combined this with a passionate belief in the capacity of electronic communication to help us to understand each other. He was always prepared to listen, and always sought to reconcile conflicting opinions. Sometimes he took one too seriously. Once when, exasperated, I asked "is there anything you can't do, Chris?", he considered the matter gravely before replying "Windsurfing is very difficult" and then he added "but the only thing I miss is not being able to walk down the street holding my daughters' hands".

I had not meant his disability because Chris was more able, with one leg, than most of us with two. He did not consider himself at a disadvantage, and nor did we. Why were people staring, I would wonder, as Chris hopped up the rickety airplane steps on windswept airfields, probably carrying my bag too. He skied, and bicycled, and danced. He drove his car like a racing driver. At a memorial evening, organized by some his grantees, I was struck by how many reminiscences involved physical activity – picking himself up time after time as the ski lift knocked him over until he had mastered it, felling timber with alternative service volunteers at a summer camp on Solovki.

Many NGOs, across Russia, benefited from his advice and appreciated his involvement in their activities. The activists and participants warmed to him as person; they felt he cared. He played an important part in initiating charitable giving

over the internet, his input was crucial to the development of a successful micro-credit programme for women entrepreneurs. Probably the topic he was most interested in was youth service and, in particular, the campaign to introduce a workable and fair alternative service program for conscientious objectors. He contributed skill, tact, and encouragement in this difficult area.

The unexpected recurrence of cancer was a cruel blow. His response was in keeping with his character. “The doctor has given me a 1% chance of survival but the surgeon who cut off my leg gave me a 2% chance – and I made it – so let’s just say he has only cut the odds by half. I’ll make it”. There were many who believed he would. He leaves a wife, Ira, and three small children, a mother and sister. There is a web-page: www.chriskedzie.org

Mary McAuley
(SCR Member 1986-95 and Representative, Ford Foundation Moscow Office,
1995-2002)