IN MEMORIAM

ANDREW GLYN

Intervention at the funeral ceremony

Corpus Christi College, Oxford, the 4th of January, 2007

"I feel fine, really fine.", you told me on the phone in October, the last time we talked. "They have to start with some nasty stuff next week, which may make me sick", you said. "But every one is so kind to me. And how are *you* all ?"

This was the only time we talked about your illness, Andrew. The next time I rang, you were no longer able to communicate by phone. And when we met at length in September, there was nothing whatever to suggest the presence of what was no doubt already festering under your skull, preparing to kill you. You looked just as youthful and fit, you sounded just as lively and sharp, as when I first met you thirty years ago, when you guided the steps of the young philosopher I then was, with a generosity that amazed me,

into the technicalities of the theories of inflation and unemployment, and also, more surprisingly, with a mixture of moral conviction and intellectual distance, into the subtleties of the politics of the "militant tendency".

From our very first to our very last encounter, your displayed this bubbly interest in everything that interested me and much more, this contagious excitement about the latest surprises, good or bad, that you managed to squeeze out of your tireless number crunching exercises. From your early book with Bob Sutcliffe on the crisis of British capitalism and your reader on the cost of inequality with David Miliband to your recent *Capitalism Unleashed*, your work was driven by the conviction that "it is useless to speculate about the next instalment of the history of capitalism before trying to understand the current episode", by the conviction that it is legitimate, indeed essential, to dream of a better world, but never at the cost of losing touch with the world as it is actually evolving, be it in ways that contradict several of our expectations and shatter some of our hopes.

Whatever your work enabled us to understand, whatever it proved or disproved, your personality and your life disproved decisively several sticky clichés. Yes, it is possible to be British *and* warm. Yes, it is possible to be educated at Eton without becoming the slightest bit snooty. Yes, it is possible to be an Oxford don while being totally unpretentious. Yes, it is even possible to be a committed academic and yet a fully-fledged human being, more deeply concerned about other people, close by and far away, than about the depth or beauty of one's own thoughts.

If there were a heaven, dear Andrew, you would now be looking down at us. You would be looking after us. But it is not because there is no heaven that all you have done, all you have been has become pointless, now that you are forever dead. Your smile, your caring, the spark in your eyes, your

rejuvenating enthusiasms, your unflinching optimism will live on in those who had the privilege to know you, to admire you, to love you.

Without you, dear Andrew, this island will henceforth feel emptier for me every time I shall return. But knowing you has made it dearer to me, and to many others in many countries. On behalf of all of them, whom you have helped, guided, encouraged, consoled, stimulated, inspired, I wish I could give you one last warm, affectionate hug. On behalf of all of them I want to thank you one last time, dear Andrew. So much.

Philippe Van Parijs