ANTHONY QUINTON

Anthony Meredith Quinton
1925–2010

> He always seemed to be in a good mood. He had what many *really* intelligent people have, which is not being serious or solemn. They *know* what they are talking about so they have no need to be earnest about it. (Lucian Freud on Sigmund Freud)

Tony Quinton (as everyone who knew Lord Quinton called him) had many sides. Here it is appropriate to concentrate on his work as a philosopher and on his career in academic and public life, rather than on the genial polymath who became well known to a wider public as the host of *Round Britain Quiz*. But Tony's personality, his style and wit, are hard totally to repress even in an academic memoir. Opening by borrowing the words of Lucian Freud echoes the start of Paul Levy's obituary in *The Independent:* 'Tony Quinton lit up a room as soon as he entered it.'[1]

He was born on 25 March 1925 In Gillingham, Kent. His father was a naval doctor and the family moved around with him—Tony's earliest memories were of living in Malta; he died in 1935. Despite her reduced income, Tony's mother was determined to get him the best education she could; he went to Stowe School and from there became a Scholar of Christ Church, Oxford, reading history, until this was interrupted by war service as a navigator in the RAF. On returning to Christ Church, and already interested in philosophy, he won a distinguished first in PPE, followed by a Prize Fellowship at All Souls.

He sometimes recalled undergraduate intellectual awakenings, among them reading Ayer's *Language, Truth and Logic*, Ryle's *Concept of Mind*

[1] 25 June 2010.

Biographical Memoirs of Fellows of the British Academy, XI, 515–528.

and Popper's *Open Society*. He was perhaps warmest about J. L. Austin's lectures, for which he, David Pears and Geoffrey Warnock would arrive together early to get good seats. One of Quinton's enduring features was a refusal to see philosophy as separate from the rest of humane letters, or philosophical thought as being quite independent of the style in which it is expressed. The comments on Austin's lectures showed how early this was present. He delighted in the felicities of language and in jokes after the style of P. G. Wodehouse. (Quinton enjoyed Austin's explanation of why every thought needs both a subject and predicate: it would be no use getting an unsigned telegram saying 'Look here, old man, am in an awful hole.')

As an undergraduate, at Elizabeth Anscombe's request, he showed Wittgenstein round Christ Church garden before the famous clash with Prichard at the Jowett Society. (Although Quinton found Wittgenstein an enthusiastic sightseer, years later he did not remember what he had said.)

Quinton's philosophy tutorials were mainly with J. O. Urmson, but also with Michael Foster, J. D. Mabbott and Paul Grice. As well as developing his philosophical skills, they developed his eye for tutors' foibles. One later comment was that Paul Grice had 'spent most of the two and a half hour sessions in silence, but the fragments of conversation were excellent'.

Quinton's distinguished career started with the All Souls Prize Fellowship. (The pleasure of winning it may have been heightened by an overheard comment by another candidate before the exam. He reported Marcus Dick saying to Richard Wollheim, 'Not much competition here, Richard.' Perhaps there was a touch of reciprocity in Tony's later description of Marcus Dick as 'the only professional philosopher I have ever heard of in Oxford who never published a single word'.) On his time in All Souls, as in much of this memoir, I draw on his contribution to the autobiographical volume *Before We Met* (New York and London, 2008), by and about himself and Marcelle Quinton. The account of that period sometimes gives glimpses of other philosophers, as in Quinton having to call on Michael Dummett at ten in the morning to shake him into consciousness so he did not miss breakfast. But some of the inhabitants of the college brought out his comic instinct. His powers of caricature make some of his descriptions into verbal cartoons. The historian John Cooper was 'a human Eeyore, slow speaking and given to banging himself on the head while the conversation oozed out'.

Quinton went on to become a Tutorial Fellow of New College (1955–78) and a Fellow of the British Academy (1977: Vice-President, 1985–6). He was President of Trinity College, Oxford (1978–87). A bronze portrait of him, made by Marcelle in 1980, is in the British Library, near the Chairman's office.

Bronze of Anthony Quinton by Marcelle Quinton, 1980, in the British Library.

His breadth of reading was awe-inspiring, both in philosophy and across the range of the humanities. So there was a symbolic appropriateness in his appointment as Chairman of the Board of the British Library (1985–90). His period of office was at a turbulent period for the Library, the time of the debate over moving from the British Museum to St Pancras.

Some felt that he should have fought to retain the Round Reading Room in the Museum and against the St Pancras move. Others saw the separation from the Museum as being to the advantage of both. The architecture of the new Library was famously attacked by the Prince of Wales, who compared its Reading Room to the assembly hall of an academy for secret police. Fortunately the Royal Assent had not been required for the plans. Some of us think the spacious building, the colour of St Pancras, and in style echoing the Victorian station without imitating it, is one of London's recent architectural glories.

Quinton's polymath side served him well as Chairman of the Kennedy Memorial Trust (1990–5). As a fellow trustee I enjoyed his ability to interview Kennedy Scholarship candidates without preparation. One morning, glancing down at a candidate's papers, he said, 'Ms Robinson, I see your field is Chinese literature. Not a field I know about, except of course the three late Chinese novels everyone has read…' I sat there hoping not to be found out.

He was a member of the Conservative Philosophy Group, sometimes attended by Margaret Thatcher, who made him Baron Quinton of Holywell in 1983. He obviously enjoyed being in the Lords. He did not, as some of us had hoped, use his position to defend the universities from the attempts to remodel them along the lines of commercial corporations as conceived in some dim 'management' textbook. (I forgive him this, just as, if he were able to read the previous sentence, he would forgive this mild hijacking of his memoir to make a political point he would be sceptical about. It was not in his nature to let political disagreement impair friendship.) In the Lords he did campaign against the bad behaviour of some cyclists on the roads and on the pavements. When he first told me this, I thought it was a rather P. G. Wodehouse issue to take up. When I later heard that a cyclist on the pavement had hit Tony's wife Marcelle, causing her serious injury, I thought again.

Other positions that he occupied included being President of the Aristotelian Society (1975–6), President of the Royal Institute of Philosophy (1991–7), President of the Society of Applied Philosophy (1988–91), Fellow of Winchester College (1970–85) and Chairman of the Governors of Stowe School (1963–4).

But this career nearly did not start at all. As a boy in the Second World War, his time at Stowe was interrupted by a planned evacuation (with his mother) to Canada. They went, with many other children, on the *City of Benares*, which was torpedoed and sunk by a U-boat. Many died, but a few, including Quinton and his mother, were rescued and brought back to England. He took all this in his stride. On getting back they went to his

grandmother, who looked up from her gardening and said, 'Oh, so you're back, are you?' Describing this later, he wrote, 'I felt that with this kind of sang-froid we were not going to lose the war.' Reading his own unruffled account of the episode suggests he inherited some of his grandmother's war-winning temperament.

His personal life centred round his marriage to the sculptor Marcelle Quinton, with whom he had their children Joanna and Edward. (Joanna, at Tony's memorial service in New College, before reading a passage from his beloved P. G. Wodehouse, gave a vivid account of the noisy, choking and convulsive laughter to which these books could reduce him.)

Marcelle's contribution to their jointly authored book describes how, as a Jewish child, she had escaped Hitler's Berlin with her mother and eventually reached America. Her temperament was artistic, passionate and creative, while he had the calm passions of a twentieth-century English version of David Hume. They made a brilliant combination of opposites, one that included being able to work together on jointly translating Frege's article on 'The Thought'. Marcelle's account of this was, 'I did the German and the translation and Tony did the English and the philosophy.'

They shared a preference for the interesting over the conventional. They met at Sir Keith Joseph's wedding, where Marcelle unconventionally accepted Tony's equally unconventional invitation to go on with him afterwards to another wedding. Just as Tony's career was nearly prevented by the U-boat, their marriage was nearly prevented by Marcelle's father. He knew what English people were like. He had seen English couples in hotels after dinner, reading and not speaking to each other before silently going up to bed. This was surely the only time in his life when Tony was nearly blackballed because he would have nothing to say.

I

Quinton's work in philosophy was marked by its range, its intellectual power, and its clarity. The range was unfashionable in the Oxford of his early days. He was against what he described as 'the market garden school of philosophy', where each person cultivates his own little strip, producing the ultimate account of the influence of Leibniz on Kant, or of proper names.

The clarity and intellectual power made him a stunningly good lecturer. My wife, when reading Biochemistry in the 1960s, went to a Quinton lecture about political philosophy. She still remembers the impression made by the clarity and power of what she called his Rolls Royce mind.

That clarity made him the sworn enemy of all philosophical obscurity and the bad writing linked to it. He detested the darkly portentous style of Heidegger. Noting scholarly disagreements about whether Hegel died of cholera or whether it was 'some kind of upper gastro-intestinal disease', he unkindly remarks that it is somehow typical of Hegel that the cause of his death should be so vague and ambiguous. And style is a matter where he manages to be gloriously unimpressed, at the same time by a great philosopher and by the culture of professional philosophy: 'Kant, with his university post, his regular habits, and the crabbed technicality of his writing, is more the ideal of a philosophy professor than of a philosopher proper.'

Quinton's own main published work consists of his book on metaphysics, *The Nature of Things* (London, 1973), his outline of a conservative political philosophy in *The Politics of Imperfection* (London, 1978), and of books of essays on an astonishingly wide-ranging set of philosophical, historical and cultural topics (*Thoughts and Thinkers*—London, 1982; *From Wodehouse to Wittgenstein: Essays*—Manchester, 1998; and *Of Men and Manners, Essays Historical and Philosophical*—Oxford, 2011.)

II

The Nature of Things was written in conscious reaction against the minutiae of the Oxford ordinary language philosophy, a reaction towards metaphysics, which he defined as 'the attempt to arrive by rational means at a general picture of the world'. It asked—and tried to answer—many of the largest questions in philosophy:

> What is the ultimate stuff or raw material of the world?
> Which of the many kinds of thing that the world seems to contain, really or fundamentally exists?
> What gives a thing—or a person—its identity across time?
> What makes some of our experiences those of a unified object existing independently of them?
> Does empirical knowledge have foundations in immediate awareness (whether of our own sensory experience or of physical objects), on which is built the superstructure of our knowledge of science, the past, other people's minds, and so on?

The answers, reflecting Quinton's sanity of judgement, added up to a materialist picture of the world, with no room left for divine or other supernatural intervention. (Lucretius might not have objected to the appropriation of his title.) The things we perceive without inference go beyond

our own mental states to include objects in the world. Experience of these objects is the foundation of our knowledge of everything else. Experiences themselves are states of the brain. Quinton also gives a naturalistic account of values, which guide conduct through their links with desires. Morality is marked off from other values, not by some formal criterion but by its content. And, by the slightly brisk means of the claimed tautology that all desires are for satisfaction, he argues that this content is broadly utilitarian.

The book is a good one, systematic, generally well argued and with sane conclusions, but not one of ground-breaking originality. It shares another limitation with most of the philosophy of forty years ago. It is striking how the discussion of what is the ultimate stuff or raw material of the world has almost no contact with modern physics.

But the book's virtues are substantial. Quinton's large and discriminating familiarity with the history of philosophy liberated it from other forms of parochialism common in the analytical philosophy of its time. The range of reference is remarkable. Gilbert Ryle said it was a *summa.* Indeed it was, taking central questions about the world and our knowledge of it and giving a systematic account of possible philosophical answers to them. In this way it is a kind of Platonic ideal of a philosophy textbook. Yet the thinkers mentioned are never part of a mere historical survey, but always brought under control of an organised argument for Quinton's own naturalist worldview.

Perhaps this 'textbook' aspect is what led Quinton almost entirely to exclude from it his witty and sometimes devastating personal take on thinkers and ideas he opposed. Here his inimitable voice was, probably rightly, subordinated to unadorned argument. *Almost* entirely. Writing of Norman Malcolm's view that dreams are not experiences had during sleep, but are dispositions to tell stories when we wake up *as if* we had had such experiences, he calls arguing for this claim 'the philosophical equivalent of the Charge of the Light Brigade'.

The exclusion of serious reference to the sciences is a real and substantial limitation. But the clarity and verbal economy showed that the metaphysical project of using rational means to obtain a general picture of the world could avoid woolly speculation, and even to some extent be realised.

III

One of the features of both moral and political philosophy is the extent to which the broad rival parties and categories supposed to define the major

debates are so blurred or porous. Adherence to a view such as utilitarianism or Kantianism in ethics, or to conservatism, liberalism or socialism in politics, tells so little about the actual content of someone's beliefs. Liberalism may take the form of Mill's principle defended in *On Liberty*, defended by him partly because it would encourage fuller rather than stunted versions of the good life, or it may take the modern American form of political neutrality between different versions of the good life. Utilitarianism takes very different forms according to the possible different conceptions of happiness and of human interests. And a utilitarian philosophy may inspire either political radicalism as in Bentham and Mill or conservatism as in Hume and to some extent in Sidgwick.

Quinton's ethical naturalism took a utilitarian form. And the utilitarianism took a conservative form. The conservatism was explored in his 1976 T. S. Eliot Memorial Lectures on *The Politics of Imperfection.* Characteristically (for Quinton and perhaps for conservatism) the nature of conservative thinking emerges from reflecting on its history. The subtitle of the lectures is *The Religious and Secular Traditions of Conservative Thought in England from Hooker to Oakeshott.* The religious tradition, in England linking conservatism especially to Anglican doctrines and institutions, did not ignite enthusiasm in one whose conservatism was part of a utilitarian outlook linked to philosophical naturalism.

Quinton characterised conservatism by different strands of thought, none of which were distinctively religious, and which found their fullest expression in Burke. One is respect for traditions, and the importance of preserving them. This is sometimes linked to belief in the organic nature of society: a society lives and grows, like a tree or a plant, and is not something like a machine that can be taken to bits and redesigned according to some blueprint. Another strand is scepticism, especially about political theories: political wisdom 'is not to be found in the theoretical speculations of isolated thinkers but in the historically accumulated social experience of the community as a whole'.

Another reason sometimes offered is the practical wisdom of our forebears: our constitutional, legal and political practices were not created out of some abstract doctrine but by wise continuing adaptation of them to give workable results in very different settings. Quinton was sceptical of the 'ancestral wisdom' view. When Evelyn Waugh was asked about how he was going to vote, he replied, 'I would not presume to advise my sovereign on her choice of ministers.' Quinton wrote that 'It is hard to be a conservative in the manner of Burke or Johnson in the present age.' To manage it, he thought, one would have to be either very imperceptive or else

fall into the 'combative pretence' of comments like Waugh's. He sees the modern Conservative party as having effectively abandoned ancestral wisdom in favour of a meritocracy in which ability and effort are rewarded: 'The ancient constitutional pieties are invoked only for ritual purposes.'

Another defence of being guided by tradition is that of Michael Oakeshott. Central was Oakeshott's well-known opposition to 'rationalism' in politics, which he interpreted as formulating lists of clearly defined ends and then making technical choices about the most reliable and efficient ways of realising them. The opposition centred round the claim that such a project ignores all knowledge that is not technical, particularly the kinds of knowledge that cannot be articulated, but only imparted and acquired through participation and practice: the kinds of knowledge embodied in a society's traditions.

It is interesting to compare Oakeshott's and Quinton's similar but differently based versions of conservatism. They share the rejection of politics driven by the kind of ideology that tries to realise formulated abstract ends, but their reasons are very different. Quinton says of Oakeshott that his conservatism is much more exclusively epistemological than that of his predecessors. Quinton's conservatism is also to a large extent based on epistemological doubts, though on different ones. Quinton, whose commitment to rationality in *The Nature of Things* had not diminished when he wrote *The Politics of Imperfection*, was clearly a bit pained by Oakeshott's use of 'rationalism' to denote the rejected commitment to abstract ideology, pointing out that the term 'technical rationalism' might have been better. He grants that there is some plausibility in some versions of Oakeshott's claims about the priority of inarticulate practical knowledge, but sees them as too weak to form the basis of conservative thought.

Oakeshott was concerned to confine the activities of the state to such things as the making and enforcement of laws. But Quinton recognised that, while 'the all-engulfing kind of bureaucratic collectivism' was alarming, on the other hand he noted with apparent agreement that 'it has seemed not merely convenient, but imperative, for government to take on itself all sorts of functions that were previously discharged by other institutions, such as the Church or the family, or in a private, non-institutional way'. (One wonders if, at those meetings of the Conservative Philosophy Group, the then Mrs Thatcher heard this bit?) For Oakeshott the need to limit the state's activities came from our traditions. But, as Quinton pointed out, traditions evolve. His question (without mentioning these names) was: could the activities of Lloyd George, Keynes, Beveridge, Attlee and Bevan plausibly be excluded from our traditions? He called

Oakeshott's account of tradition a 'nostalgic illusion'. The vagueness of the appeal to tradition made it too insubstantial to do the work required.

Quinton himself believed that the desirability of setting limits to the more ideologically motivated state programmes came from the conservative's awareness of human imperfection. Because of human intellectual—especially epistemological—limitations, large, abstract projects of political change are likely to come unstuck and so should be avoided. And human moral imperfections mean that abuses need to be guarded against by the restraints of established customs, laws and institutions.

There is obviously considerable truth in both these points. But those of us less sympathetic to conservatism are likely to raise questions about the harm done when bad customs and institutions are among those already established. Was the abolition of slavery a large, abstract project? This problem faces most political positions. Modern conservatives are not sorry slavery was abolished. And modern radicals know that the French and Russian revolutions fell under the control of ideologues who were oblivious or uncaring about the horrendous human costs. Where do we draw the line: what is too large or too abstract a project to risk?

When he was giving a Tanner Lecture followed by a conference in Warsaw, during the communist period, Tony Quinton generously invited some of us to go with him. We were appalled by the secret police at the conference, by the general obstructiveness created in daily life by the bureaucracy, and by such things as the censorship of letters.

In *The Politics of Imperfection*, Quinton quotes Burke saying that no generation should 'think it among their rights to … commit waste on the inheritance, by destroying at their pleasure the whole original fabric of their society; hazarding to leave to those who come after them a ruin instead of a habitation … By this unprincipled facility of changing the State as often, and as much, and in as many ways, as there are floating fancies or fashions, the whole chain and community of the commonwealth would be broken. No one generation could link with the other. Men would become little better than the flies of a summer.' Tony was a conservative and I am not, but I cannot read him quoting this passage without remembering our shared Burkean reaction to a society made more like a ruin than a habitation. But we were also heartened by the wonderfully public disrespect our Polish hosts showed for the easily identifiable secret policeman, and by their determination that soon all this would be overthrown. Perhaps it is harder permanently to ruin a society than Burke thought.

IV

Richard Ellmann once said to me that Tony was a man with his own voice. In his writings, that voice is heard most in his memoir in *Before We Met* and in his books of essays on philosophical and cultural topics. (The final book of essays—*Of Men and Manners*—was posthumously edited by Sir Anthony Kenny.) These collections are perhaps the very best of his writings. A Quinton essay is rather like a good soufflé: enjoyable, easy to consume, and nourishing while being light in texture.

The breadth of these collections is suggested by the title of one of them—*From Wodehouse to Wittgenstein.* And even within a single essay the breadth can be remarkable. The one published in that book on 'Religion and science in three great civilisations' argues that the flourishing of science in the West as against China or India comes from the influence of Christianity as against Confucianism or Hinduism. The essay contrasts Chinese inventiveness in the Han dynasty (paper, magnets, water-wheels, printing and gunpowder) with the Chinese lack of mathematics and of fundamental research. It moves easily from there to the effects on science of the seventeenth-century vulgarisation of Hinduism and then to the seventeenth-century development in Christian Europe of analytic geometry, probability theory and the calculus.

Quinton claims that the naturalistic common sense of Confucianism did not encourage curiosity about any reality behind surface appearances. Chinese mathematics was for measuring land or counting money, not for calculations about the stars. The mindset was for peaceful coexistence with nature rather than any deep exploration of it. Hinduism, on the other hand, was thoroughly otherworldly, seeing nature as a kind of bad dream people should passively submit to in the hope of eventually liberating the soul from it. By contrast, Christianity taught that God had set creation to work according to intelligible laws that were not immediately obvious but which could be explored. This encouraged the idea that the natural world gave mankind the opportunity to explore its underlying nature and ultimately to put it to practical use.

Analogies are drawn with alternative approaches to epistemology and philosophy of science. Hinduism is likened to intuitionism, Confucianism to instrumentalism (the views of Berkeley, Mach and the pragmatists are said to be 'Chinese in spirit'), and the Christian or Western approach to Lockean realism. The latter is endorsed in a way that is consciously slightly comic. H. A. Prichard made a remark, meant seriously, but which has been mocked as absurd: 'In the end, when the truth is known, I think it will turn

out to be not very far from the philosophy of Locke.' Quinton quotes this, endorsing it, but in words of self-conscious mild pomposity signalling awareness of the absurd side of Prichard's testimony: 'I must confess that I share the belief attributed to my distinguished Oxford predecessor . . .' He loved to tease. One form of this was to say things he really believed in a tone of mock seriousness that might leave people wondering. He knew what he was talking about and saw no need to be earnest about it.

Only someone with a wider range than I have would be in a position to assess the truth of the main claims of the essay. But one question is whether Judaism does not deserve some of the credit here given exclusively to Christianity. Christianity's creation story is taken from Judaism. The idea of the natural world reflecting the mind of a God both immanent and transcendent is shared by the two religions. There is also the history of Jewish contributions to Western scientific and other thought, a contribution surely disproportionate to population size. In any competition between religions about whose believers (or whose secular grandchildren) have done most to look for explanations beneath the surface of things, Judaism would deserve to be at least a finalist. Einstein, Marx, Freud and Wittgenstein would not be a bad opening bid.

The essay encapsulates virtues that are quintessentially Quintonian. The philosophy is not presented as some dry academic argument, but appears in a larger context of religion, science and history. There is the breadth of learning in a small compass. And the learning is not filed away in some antiquarian way. It is put to work to argue for a claim which is clear, important and, above all, interesting.

Even the slighter essays usually have enjoyable touches. In a review of Pinkard's biography of Hegel (published in *On Men and Manners*), Quinton makes the by now platitudinous point that blanket condemnation of Hegel is undiscriminating. But he follows it with the splendid qualification that espousing Hegel's logic would be like buying tsarist government bonds. (Equally obvious, but stylishly so.) And the essay unpromisingly titled 'The tribulations of authors' (in *From Wodehouse to Wittgenstein*), which is partly about original drafts that were lost or destroyed, gave me two bits of miscellaneous information I am glad to have. T. E. Lawrence lost the manuscript of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* by leaving it in the waiting room at Didcot Station. And the low side of one's nature finds it hard not to laugh on hearing that the manuscript of Carlyle's purple-passaged *French Revolution* was used by John Stuart Mill's maid to light a fire.

Among the more major contributions is a cluster of three essays—also included in *From Wodehouse to Wittgenstein*—about what the point of

universities is, and about the relation between them and philosophy. These together add up to a strong defence of a broad and humane learning against the narrowing academic professionalism that is now such a threat to it.

The central essay is on 'The idea of a university: Newman's and others''. As might be expected, Quinton was not an unreserved admirer of Newman's beliefs and writings. He quotes the preposterous claim that 'it would be a gain to the country were it vastly more superstitious', as well as the famously absurd and repellent view Newman attributes to the Church that 'it were better for the sun and moon to drop from heaven, for the earth to fail and for the many millions who are upon it to die of starvation in extremest agony … than one soul … should commit one single venial sin, should tell one wilful untruth'. Quinton comments that 'to ascribe such frenzied cruelty to the Church must itself be an untruth, even if hysterical rather than wilful'.

Despite these reservations, he rightly admires much of *The Idea of a University*. What he most admires are two of the book's doctrines about knowledge: that it is a good in itself (though not necessarily an absolute good) and that knowledge is a unity. That knowledge is a good in itself is contrasted with the view that it is *only* of instrumental value, useful for its practical applications. This first doctrine is a platitude, likely only to be denied by Mr Gradgrind or by some of his descendents who, having become politicians and civil servants, managed to stop funding for the humanities in universities.

The second doctrine, that knowledge is a unity, might seem an uplifting vacuity, but Quinton brings out the content Newman gives it. Newman's version of knowledge was intellectual culture. That, in turn, was 'not high expertise in some branch of learning, the attribute of the scholarly specialist, but a just appreciation of the bearing of the different departments of universal knowledge on each other. A scholar who lacks intellectual culture will be the grotesque pedant of traditional comedy.' For Newman this was a justification of institutions like the Oxford colleges, with students and teachers drawn from many different fields and so having the chance to get to know a bit about subjects not their own.

The account of intellectual culture as a just appreciation of the bearing on each other of the different departments of universal knowledge is, to the degree to which it is attainable, not a bad picture of Quinton himself. And he endorses the value of such culture, saying that there is 'no more eloquent and finely judged defence of intellectual culture than Newman's'.

The commitment to Newman's vision of intellectual culture leads, in 'Reflections on the graduate school', to a fairly sceptical view of much graduate study in the humanities and the social sciences. He is broadly against its excessive professionalism. He distinguishes between professional graduate schools (in subjects such as law or medicine) and academic graduate schools, whose function he sees as to train university teachers.

Obviously university teachers need to understand their subject and keep up with developments in it. And, as Newman believed, they should see their subject in the context of some larger intellectual landscape. But, Quinton wonders, do they have to do research, particularly of the kind typical of the Ph.D.? The long period spent on the Ph.D. gives universities a supply of cheap teaching, but 'at the cost of a good deal of distress to those who supply it'. And he doubts whether there is much correlation between successful research in a subject and being good at teaching it. (Possibly remembering Paul Grice's largely silent tutorials, he says that in his own case as an undergraduate he did not see the correlation.)

In the essay on 'Philosophy as an institution', Quinton asks what kind of institution it is, and characteristically his answer draws on philosophy's history. He claims that it has alternated between mainly literary phases and predominantly academic and scholarly periods. From the middle of the nineteenth century it has grown more academic and has 'perhaps unfortunately, more and more addressed itself to an academic, thoroughly professional audience'.

And one bad thing about this professionalisation is that 'academic philosophy tends towards an introversion which is scholastic in the bad sense of the word and from which it can be rescued only by individual initiatives of thought from outside'. In this context he cannot resist (and probably was right not to have resisted) a dig at his own local philosophical environment: 'Scholasticism declined from the mid-fourteenth century, but has remained alive to this day … in all Christian countries, Protestant ones included, Aristotle remained the primary philosophical authority in universities until the nineteenth century. I sometimes think he still is in Oxford.'

V

I conclude with a brief personal memory of Tony as a colleague.

When David Wiggins gave up his Fellowship, New College was really looking for another distinguished classical philosopher. I was a Greekless

person, but somehow Tony persuaded the College to have a second modern philosopher and to gamble on me. I have been grateful ever since. He was the easiest and most generous of colleagues. Once I was away for several weeks with mumps. I dreaded the amount of teaching there would be to catch up. When I got back, I found that Tony had taken over all my tutorials in addition to his own. He did not tell me this, but the undergraduates did. He would have hated to be held up as an example of moral virtue, but he did manage to do good by stealth.

He also set an example of disregarding conventional opinion, acting and talking with a glorious indifference to all the pressures in academic life towards a grey conformity and professionalism. At a time when most Oxford tutors rode bicycles or drove Morris Travellers, he was the uninhibited driver of a stylish Cadillac.

I loved the wit, and how unrehearsed it was. One year, at the interviews for the Kennedy scholarships, in the early days when *The Independent* was worth reading, I was one of several trustees who turned up carrying the paper. In a flash Tony was expressing pleasure at this herd of independent minds. His stylish but unmalicious teasing was a joy.

Tony died on 19 June 2010. Like Hume, he faced death without wobbling in his scepticism about an afterlife. I don't want him to be wrong about that, and I don't think he was. But, contemplating the bare possibility that there may be an afterlife, there is one cheering thought. Heaven, since Tony's arrival, must be a lot less pious and boring than before.

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