

PHILIP NOCHLIN

1924 - 1960

Philip Nochlin was thirty-five years old when he died; it is hard to keep from thinking of the seed work that never will be done. All of his teachers, all "his students, all of his colleagues, all of his friends - at Hamilton where he began his undergraduate work, at Oberlin where he completed it as a member of Phi Beta Kappa; at Oxford where he took the B. Phil. on a two-year Fulbright sword; at Columbia where he earned his M.A. and his Ph.D.; at Duke, Hunter College and Lone Island University where he taught before coming to Vssssr nine years ago - all who knew him knew that philosophy should gain by his life. We shall never know all that has been lost by his death. His book on aesthetics, started while Philip was on American Council of Learned Societies Fellow in 1953-59, remains unfinished. A publisher's request that Philip write a logic book will not be not. The draft of an article on the philosophy of language lies on his desk; there, also, awaiting Philip's scrupulous revision for publication is a paper on ethics he read to the Eastern Division of the American Philosophical Association. Philip Nochlin was seldom free of pain, but he never stopped thinking, and he never stopped working. His wide-ranging and sensitive mind was never far from the technical problems of philosophy; the seriousness and purity of his concern with philosophy was felt by his students, and helped make him the effective and respected teacher that he was, as did his utter generosity of time in behalf of students. He was unable to say no to any opportunity to teach, and in addition to numerous lectures to classes in other departments, he constantly undertook regular teaching loads well beyond the call of duty. Nor was he respected only: he was loved. He was loved for his gentleness, his unfailingly generous good-will, his deep humanity, and not least for that rich humor which hid his pain, and brought to the most serious subjects the unmalicious laughter which saves us from solemnity, which shows all things in their clearest light, which preserves us from pedantry and disproportion. Philip Hochlin's life was very short; now we have only his unfinished work, and his memory. Now we must carefully remember the short life of this accomplished teacher, this dedicated philosopher, this tall, stooped, laughing, gentle human being. If we hold to the memory of his richness we

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may hope that the thought of Philip Nochlin will work in our lives like a seed, will grow into some worthy consequence, and will in some part redeem his loss.

C. Douglas McGee

Ria Stavrides

Vernon Venable

XV-254

