

ROBERT DAVID ANDERSON

1927 – 2015

Classical scholar, Egyptologist and musician



Robert David Anderson was born in 1927 in India (his father was a tea planter) and died in London on 24 November 2015, at the age of 88. Not a publicly famous man, Robert was nonetheless a man of immense intellectual ability, capable of storing in his mind the full musical scores of the master composers as well as of interpreting ancient Egyptian scriptures and ruins and making historical sense of them.

Scholar of Harrow School and Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge – where he read Classics and Egyptology – Robert enjoyed twin careers in the field of Egyptology and music. After graduation and military service in Palestine, where he fell in love with Arabic culture and the Middle East, he was appointed Director of Music at Gordonstoun School in Scotland, where, shortly after he left, Prince Charles received his school education.

As an Egyptologist, he was for twelve years (1971-1982) Honorary Secretary of the Egypt Exploration Society, managing its excavations in Egypt and its activities programme in London, where he also taught hieroglyphics extramurally and produced the third volume, on musical instruments, of the British Museum's *Catalogue of Egyptian Antiquities*. He excavated at Saqqara, and at Qasr Ibrim in Nubia, where he was Administrative Director of the Society's dig, with special responsibility for finds of written material – including bilingual texts that enhanced current knowledge of mediaeval Nubian, the longest passage so far discovered of poetry by the first Roman governor of Egypt, Cornelius Gallus, and homilies and biblical fragments from what had once been the cathedral library. He spent almost four decades lecturing widely in the United States, United Kingdom, Eastern Europe, Egypt, and elsewhere.

Parallel with his Egyptological interests, Robert had a second career in music – as joint editor of the *Musical Times*, music critic for *The Times*, and founding conductor of one of London's leading amateur choirs, the Choir of St Bartholomew's Hospital, whom he directed in performances with London's foremost professional orchestras, culminating in concerts at the Royal Albert Hall. His two interests were happily united when he conducted the choir in a performance of Handel's *Alexander's Feast* in the gardens of the British Embassy in Cairo to celebrate the Society's centenary.

After two further years in Cairo (2007-9), he returned to England and to his London-based charity, the Robert Anderson Research Charitable Trust, which supports postgraduate students, many of them Egyptologists or musicians, for short periods of intensive study. At the same time he continued researching and writing on his own special subjects – activity that saw the publication of books on Baalbek; relations between classical Greece and Rome and Egypt; the sites of Ancient Egypt; and the Coptic saint Shenouté. He was a devoted Elgar scholar and contributed greatly to his biography and the work of the Elgar Society.

A Freeman of the City of London, he never took active academic appointments but moved freely from one place to another (including to the Egyptian Museum and Jordi Clos Foundation of Barcelona) generously helping others with his knowledge and experience. He was granted honorary doctorates from the City University and the Moscow State University of the Humanities, and is professor of history *honoris causa* at the Southern Federal University, Rostov-on-Don.

MEMORIES FROM FRIENDS

Frida Robinson

My husband Vic Robinson and I knew the Anderson family from 1950 when they lived near us in Brighton. We often joined them in chamber music parties, lively affairs involving a variety of instruments and their favourite classics Master from Harrow known as “Plum”.

Robert started one of our daughters on her cello career and by that time the family had moved to 54 Hornton Street. Vic and I played in their orchestra when they embarked on their project to play all of Bach’s cantatas in various City churches.

Robert frequently brought his student lodgers over to us for a meal and animated political conversations and he always took trouble to help any child who showed an interest in hieroglyphics. Towards the end of his life we took meals over to Hornton Street with David and Rosemary Cairns and had some of our most inspiring and wonderful conversations.

Robert was a loyal and generous friend, a passionate person whose qualities motivated his prodigious scholarship.

Dr Miguel Hernandez-Bronchud

I met Robert Anderson in the summer of 1976 on the bus from London to Cambridge. Robert was an extremely sociable person and, if genuinely interested, not at all shy to start a conversation with a stranger in a bus or train. Our friendship became so intense that I adopted him as my English father during my fifteen years of scientific and medical training in the UK, and in many ways he adopted me as his only Catalan-Spanish son. He felt particularly indebted to our great Catalan cellist Pau Casals as in the 1950s he had attended his summer music courses in Prades (French Pyrenees) and he promptly accepted my invitation to visit my home in Barcelona in the following few years.

My parents first, and my children later promptly accepted him as a full and much welcomed member of our family and he became Godfather to my son Miguelito, now 20 years of age and probably his youngest Godson. Robert was a spiritual and cultural giant in many ways: in music I seldom failed to attend his many Royal Albert Hall concerts as Conductor of St Bart’s Choir. And he helped to set up the first Egyptian Museum privately owned (by Mr Jordi Clos) and opened to the public. Miguelito will never forget his many birthdays or his tour of the Great Pyramid or Sakkara together with Robert. We shall all miss him immensely and very deeply. His smile for example was a symbol of his soul and noble spirit that will live forever in our memory!

Dorothy Pope

Not for him mere bread and circuses.
He determined his earned wealth be put
to charitable use. And so he formed
The Trust, his money and fine London house
providing for impoverished young men,
a rent-free room as rescue or as home
to make a course of study possible.

His own frugality contrasted
with the privilege he conferred, the treasures
of his learned mind, his author's scholarship -
of course, the archaeology and music
knowledge of exceptional range and depth -
but wisdom too and courtesy and wit
in kitchen conversations famed among friends.

Elizabeth Gray, Goddaughter and Trustee of RARCT

I was honoured to call myself one of Robert's Godchildren. His influence on my life came most profoundly through music, and equipped with the new leather music case Robert gave me, I would travel daily from my home in Essex up to school in the City of London. The school was close to where the Bart's Choir would rehearse, and Robert kindly agreed to me joining the choir for two concerts (aged just 11!) along with a friend of mine who I would stay with in London after rehearsal. My mother had been Secretary of the choir, so she and Robert organized a chaperone to try and keep us out of mischief, and we would go to rehearsals every week feeling very grown-up but recognizing that we were receiving the most rarified of musical educations. Even as an 11 year old I recognized Robert's incredible musicianship, and while I would flinch every time he shouted at the Sopranos, I felt the biggest high of my life when he would look over to us and smile when we'd mastered a particularly tricky section.

We sang in two concerts in 1980 and 1981 in the Royal Albert Hall and that experience gave me discipline, a total love of performing and a huge appreciation of music that has never left me. My parents would sing on Sundays in Robert's epic cantata sessions in City churches, while my brother and I got up to mischief in the pews or churchyards but with Bach ringing in our ears throughout. Robert always took interest in my musical progression through school and now, many years later, I sing with Bath Bach Choir with a conductor who reminds me very much of Robert in those childhood days in London!

In 2008 I began working with Round Square, an educational charity, little knowing how much of a connection that would ignite with Robert. The organization was founded at Gordonstoun and Robert had worked there in the 1950s, coming to know Kurt Hahn who inspired Round Square. Robert wrote to me after I joined the organization to give me this overview of his time at Gordonstoun:

Like Eva Chew, I came south to Gordonstoun, from my home in the Shetland Islands. Mine was a mid-term emergency appointment, as the boys of Duffus House had driven a new master to near breakdown. My name was suggested to Henry Brereton by Martin Doernberg, a member of the music staff, with whom I had played much chamber music. Henry Brereton asked if I could manage till the end of the Christmas term; in fact I stayed more than five years, 1956-62. Brereton took note of my Cambridge degree, in Classics and Egyptology, though for the last two years I had been involved in musical journalism and editing. Main reasons for staying on at Gordonstoun, apart from the teaching, which I greatly enjoyed, were friendships with Godfrey Burchardt at Duffus and Susie Lachmann, perhaps the finest violinist I have ever met. Godfrey soon switched me from French (I think all my students failed O-level) to Classics, where I was in my element. But chamber music with Susie and her

cellist sister, Frau Hoff (Froffie), became an increasing pleasure. I had done some conducting at Cambridge, and Susie suggested I should restart a choral society in Elgin. This won Brereton's approval, as some with wartime memories still thought of Gordonstoun as the 'German school'. Though I was commandeered by the Sea Cadets and certainly climbed a mountain, the choral society became an alibi, involving boys and staff as well as well as a loyal following in Elgin. Susie played in the orchestra for the Elgin concerts, and eventually she asked me if I would take over the directorship of music from her. This was one of the happiest moments in my life. A memorable venture was producing and conducting Purcell's Dido and Aeneas within the Round Square. I had asked for a fountain as central feature, and clouds of billowing black smoke as if conjured by the witches. The smoke was fine as long as the wind behaved; but at one performance it blew strongly in the direction of the orchestra, with hilarious and potentially disastrous results.

Kurt Hahn had not visited Gordonstoun since his departure some years before. I had heard much about him from Burchardt and Susie, who would leave off all make-up if ever she wanted anything from him, entering his study with a ghostly pallor that immediately achieved her aims. He was to address all the Gordonstoun boys, with no masters in attendance. The more I thought about being excluded, the less I liked the idea. So I asked Dr Hahn if I might attend. He said my presence would make him nervous, but I might come. The talk, based on key episodes in Hahn's life, was entirely gripping, and I was very grateful to have been there. It was the beginning of a warm relationship, involving characteristic breakfasts at Brown's Hotel in London, when there was much discussion about the first of the Atlantic [United World] colleges, to be founded at St Donat's Castle in Wales. Hahn was also greatly interested in my own activities, and in 1974 he invited me stay with him at his home near Salem. Unfortunately his illness prevented my going. Plans were already laid for my first conducting venture at the Albert Hall and for archaeological participation in the UNESCO Nubian rescue campaign. I like to think Hahn felt I had not failed him.

My interest in the 'Round Square' movement was sparked by Eva Chew and Shomi Das. I had shared a flat with Shomie in Windmill Lodge at Gordonstoun. He liked the fact I had been born in India, and told me much about the Doon School, where he was later headmaster. Before leaving Gordonstoun, I had promised Eva I would take her to Glyndebourne. This I did, about the time she was going to a 'Round Square' meeting. We kept in touch, and I visited her in her Lake District home after the stroke that hastened her end. My London choir, based on Bart's Hospital, gave me much I treasure, including a wonderful godchild in Liz Gray. Thus things have come full circle now that she works with Round Square.

In 2011, I invited Robert to attend the opening day of the Round Square conference being held at Wellington College in Berkshire. Robert could not have been more delighted, and I met him early that morning off the train. He attended the opening ceremony (being recognized in the opening address as one of the few remaining people who'd known Kurt Hahn) and was introduced to His Majesty King Constantine, the President of Round Square. He spent the rest of the day talking to a huge number of student delegates who'd come from all over the world, and delighted in being quite a celebrity, having his photo taken with students from India, Germany and all over the world! He particularly enjoyed meeting the delegation from Gordonstoun and shared some stories of his time there.



I spent many an enjoyable (and very long) lunch in the famous Hornton Street kitchen and it seemed never too early to have a glass or two of wine along with our discussions. I met many of his resident students, and very much enjoyed the global character of the house and all our discussions over the kitchen table. Robert was generous with his support and praise, absolutely delighting (rather generously) in all my stories, exclaiming “*marvellous, marvellous*” time and time again. He never lost interest in people, or engaging anyone of any age in his interests and passions, and I’m honoured that he asked me to be a Trustee of RARCT, through which he will continue to encourage young people and academics to carry on the work and research he so treasured.

Shomie Das (Indian educationalist, Headmaster of The Doon School, Mayo College and Lawrence School, Sanawar)

I was deeply saddened to hear about Robert’s death. He was such a kind and generous man, a few years older than me but nevertheless concerned about the new Indian assistant master he found himself with at Gordonstoun in the 1950s. We were not really compatible, in that music (western classical) was not my forte and physics was certainly not his, but we had very pleasant chats whenever our paths crossed. This was not very often because he was always doing something or other in the evening and I was marking exercise books usually or going to the local! Alas, I never saw him again after I left Gordonstoun, but kept in touch with him through friends like Mary Burchardt whose husband Godfrey was the Housemaster at Duffus. Robert used to be thoroughly amused when I did some baby sitting for the Burchardts. He wasn’t very certain about my babysitting expertise!

I must say I was lucky that in spite of our different lifestyles I was favoured with his friendship. When I was married rather unexpectedly during one of my trips to India and returned with a bride to Gordonstoun he very generously offered me his adjoining room as a bedroom and vacated. But he had to leave his grand piano behind until it could be dismantled and removed from the tiny room with an even tinier door. We nearly had to use the top of the piano as our bed but didn’t!

Certainly Suzie and Froffy were two characters who I can never forget and with Robert they made one of the best musical departments in Britain I am sure. But the memories of their friendship and the fun we all had remain intact and fresh. The Robert smile – slightly whimsical and yet affectionate – was so typical. I shall never know how he tolerated me, a totally tone deaf person, but he did leave an impression and even though we never met after he left Gordonstoun there were many occasions that I was lucky to remember him as part of my fondest memories of my time there.

David Walser

Robert was such a complex character with so many talents that any attempt to throw light on his life must surely begin with saying that he was a good man and achieved a great deal of good during his 88 years.

I was fortunate enough to get to know him when I went back to say good-bye to my contemporaries at Gordonstoun in 1955, a year after I had left. Robert's arrival had coincided with my departure so he had already been at the school for a year and was living in my House when I came back for a weekend's visit. We hit it off straight away and talked long into the nights. He asked me to keep in touch and when he left the school four years later, I had just come down from Oxford and was living in London not far from Hornton Street. We became close friends and he even helped me with cello lessons when I took up the instrument after meeting Jackie du Pré at his house and listening to her play, sometimes unaccompanied, sometimes with Robert on the piano and on one occasion with an Octet of players that included Maxwell Davies and Robert's brother, John, on his Stradivarius viola.

At Gordonstoun, Robert was inspired by a superb musician, Susie Lachmann, who had been one of the founding members of the school under Kurt Hahn. She had been in a leading Quartet in Berlin in the 1930s but had to flee Germany along with other Jews fortunate enough to escape. He claimed to have learnt a lot from her.

Robert was given to pet hates, and the number one was the creation of Israel, which he considered a disaster for the Middle East, for Palestine in particular and for Jewry itself. Another was the European Union and time will tell if he was right to believe Britain had made a hideous mistake in joining it!

But more important than his hates were his loves: he was passionate about helping young men with talent to achieve their aims and this, as we all know, led to the foundation of his Trust.

One might also say that his loves included people of any age. He was toward the end of his life devoted for instance to Cully, the young son of his neighbour Karin, and would be on the doorstep to wave to him on his way to school each morning. Cully and Karin were equally devoted to Robert and when I called in on him on Thursdays from time to time on my way back from Notting Hill Gate to Barnes, he would tell me about his latest encounter with Cully, his face suffused with real joy. He might also enthuse over the kindness of an assistant in the chemist shop or some other store he patronized. He was without snobbery and very quickly sussed out and responded to a person's good qualities, regardless of age or background.

Food needs a special mention: his diet was really awful and he had no appreciation of or interest in good food, but his health was surprisingly robust in spite of what I considered his abysmal diet, so who am I to criticize?

One last surprise: when Robert was a young man, he became a very good ice skater and was even told by a coach that if he gave the time to it, he could become a champion. What an amazing man and what a good friend!

Jean Middlemiss

What can I say that is appropriate for a public obituary? Robert was one of my greatest friends whom I met at a Musical House Party at Rhianva in Anglesey in 1946 (Rhianva was home of the Verney family. Sir Harry Verney was noted, if not notorious at the time). We formed there a String Quartet with his brother John, and another friend Lenore, which was eventually named "*the Enigmoid*". We played continuously throughout the following 10 years covering most of the classical repertoire. During this time we spent one month in the Shetland Isles where Robert's father was born and his Aunt Thomasina was still living. There we studied the late Beethoven Quartet Op. 131 in C sharp minor, and every New Year was greeted with the playing of Bach's great *Art of Fugue*, one variation of which was meant to be memorized each year!

We spent several holidays exploring the great places in Europe, which was an exciting experience for those of us who grew up during the war, and Robert was always eager to find out the important history of each place visited. Robert embarked on conducting all Bach's cantatas in City churches during this time and we all played in the newly formed Chelsea Opera Group that Colin Davis conducted, enjoying all the Mozart operas, and important Berlioz works.

Robert was always very close to his brother John, and we had a memorable visit to him in Denmark in the summer of 2013. One of the most enjoyable occasions was a visit to the Circus, which Robert enjoyed with childish glee and enthusiasm. He never lost his zest for life, and his last words to me were "*It was all such fun*".

Helen Barnes

I feel like I knew him best when I was a child and my memories of him always link back to my childhood. A man of, what seemed to me to be, infinite wisdom. A man who was so clever and knowledgeable but yet so current in some way, never more proven in my mind than when he told me that he went to see the Spice Girls movie! A man who always made me feel like I was interesting and intelligent, even though I couldn't have been even a millionth as interesting and intelligent as he was. A man who looked after people that I care about very much, and a man who will be very, very greatly missed.

Emma Singer

I don't even know where to start with my memories of such a kind-hearted, lovely grandfather figure who featured throughout my life from a very early age. I remember from an early age the excitement of knowing Robert was coming to visit. From the choosing of cake and knowing the teapot would come out, to the drive to Wokingham station to meet him! It was always clear to us all how much mum and dad thought of

him and how special his visits were to our family. I used to love the interest he had in everything we had done and were planning on doing, and he always had fascinating stories and tales to tell.

He was an incredible man and will continue to be an influence on everyone who had the fortune to come across him in his lifetime.

Steph Singer

Robert was a man made from music, passion and curiosity. He had an energy that felt greater even than death could take away. It was 1997, and the Spice Girls movie had just come out. I was only 8 years old, and so of course this moment was make-or-break for me. How was I going to see the movie? Where and when? And could I see it before any of my friends did? The trouble was ... no one else would go with me. No one but Robert. Robert the Elgar scholar, Egyptologist, learned, brilliant, exceptional, inspiring Robert. So Robert and I went together. He in his red jumper and tweed jacket, and me in my Girl Power T-shirt. And why I tell the memory is this. As we walked out of the dark theatre back into the busy London daylight, I saw these smiley, playful creases appear either side of his bright, shining eyes. “*What fun!*” he said.

This was Robert. Even though the Spice Girls are absolutely **not** ever, ever, what you would associate with him, he found a joy within it. Not the most profound memory, but it illustrates a profound side of Robert and how he lived his life. No matter what, Robert allowed himself to truly live in each moment he was alive. He carried with him a truly wise, youthful, caring, inspiring and playful energy. And it was the same energy he carried with him into death.

Janet Singer

When I close my eyes and think about Robert, these are just a few of the things I remember and love:

His warmth, humanity and sense of humour.
His willingness to open his mind to all manner of experiences and ideas.
His ability to talk to anyone about anything and to never be judgemental.
His enthusiasm for and total commitment to whatever he was doing.
His exuberance and unflagging zest for life.
His constant thirst for knowledge.
His giant intellect and his skill and artistry as a musician.
His passion for, and deep understanding of Egypt and its history.

But most importantly I remember:

His bright, twinkling eyes and his firm hugs,
And the way he said my name and embraced me when we greeted one another.

I am so happy to have known him and had the good fortune to have him as my Godfather and I will miss him more than words can express.

Colin Singer

I came across a brief review of one of Robert’s books, *Elgar and Chivalry*, which summed him up far better than I can.

“Dr Anderson's knowledge is encyclopaedic. He appears to have total recall of all Scott's novels, and to be familiar with all the great galleries of Europe. It is awe-inspiring! Yet this knowledge is lightly worn and perfectly at the author's command. When reading Dr Anderson's fluent and often witty prose one is left with no sense of an author struggling clumsily from card to card in some gargantuan index system. One can guess that, as the author hopes, this is a book which Elgar would have enjoyed, and one can sense Dr Anderson's pleasure, too, in sharing his knowledge with his reader.”

I especially like *“Yet this knowledge is lightly worn and perfectly at the author's command.”* Combine this with an extraordinary sensitivity and perception of each of us, individually of course – he loved individuals, not crowds – and this encapsulates why I, after every conversation with him, came away lighter, happier, unburdened, cleverer than I was before we spoke and more sure of what is right and more at peace with myself. I seemed to understand myself better through him. Extraordinary. If only all the prime ministers with whom he corresponded, knew the true nature of the man and acted on his advice, I cannot help but feel we would be living in a more giving, safer, more artistic, more spiritual and generally more fulfilling country.

It occurred to me that perhaps I should be a little sad that Robert left us without a genetic inheritance. But I rather think that he left many “children” behind him, and all of us are just a small part of the extended family that are united in our love for the Great Man. Had he tried to father as many real children as we all represent, his legacy would be the poorer and he would certainly have had less time to satisfy his restless and energetic intellect. And that would probably have driven him mad!

He lived, mainly I believe, for his work from which he derived such deep satisfaction and pleasure. I gather that, in the last few weeks, he was prone to say *“My work is done”*. It was only when I was looking through Cardinal Newman's *Gerontius* (which, of course, was a work he much admired) that I realized it was also a direct quote. The Angel, at the moment of release of Gerontius's soul from his earthly frame, says:

*My work is done,
My task is o'er,
And so I come,
Taking it home
For the crown is won,
Alleluia,
For evermore.*

But I also looked at the words spoken by Gerontius's soul immediately before the Angel speaks these words. They also seem rather apposite:

*I went to sleep; and now I am refreshed
A strange refreshment: for I feel in me
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense
Of freedom, as I were at length myself,
And ne'er had been before. How still it is!*

*I hear no more the busy beat of time,
No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse;*

*Nor does one moment differ from the next.
This silence pours a solitariness
Into the very essence of my soul;
And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,
Hath something too of sternness and of pain.
Another marvel: someone has me fast
Within his ample palm; . . .
. . . A uniform
And gentle pressure tells me I am not
Self moving, but borne forward on my way.
And hark! I hear a singing; yet in sooth I
cannot of that music rightly say
Whether I hear, or touch, or taste the tones.
Oh, what a heart-subduing melody!*

I like to imagine that Robert has been “*refreshed*” after this last “*sleep*” and also feels an “*inexpressive lightness and a sense of freedom*”. However, not all the words work! “*... as I were at length myself, and ne’er had been before*”? That is not Robert on this earth – he was always himself and always did exactly what he wanted to do and said what he wanted to say. He spoke his truth unremittingly honestly.

In a way, I think he lived his own dream life. He sought no other life than the one he had. And, all the more remarkable, he always wanted everyone he loved to have that same privilege. So, I think a large part of why he was so enduringly inspiring to me, and almost certainly to others, was because he tuned into my dreams. He only wanted the best for me, and them, and, after conversing with him, one felt as though one had a draught of the most uplifting spiritual tonic so you could go and achieve all the more. How many people do you know who have that level of universal inspiration?

I have only just started to put a few thoughts into words and I am quite sure a long and carefully researched book on Robert would still leave many gaps. But I have said enough and just hope he will forgive me for indulging myself in speaking of him when it appears he would rather fade away without particular mention and let us get on with our lives without him. But how can we, those who are left behind, not pause and celebrate our luck in sharing this imperfect planet for a while with one of the most treasured human beings I shall ever have the privilege to meet?

Robert

Bounce, bounce, bounce
Light and swift padded feet bound down the many steps
And Hornton Street is awake.
It is 6am and Robert can hardly wait for the day to start

Did he sleep? Did he allow his body to rest?
Possibly.
Did his mind switch off in Morpheus’ embrace?
I am not so sure. Even if so, it just kept on and on

Connecting everything up – asleep or awake.
Or, so it seemed to me.

It was over 20 years ago and I was staying overnight
In this house that hummed with a buzz far beyond electronics.
Its source was a different electricity – Robert's intellect, his warmth and
Endlessly infectious enthusiasm that spread his love for life
Before everyone lucky enough to meet and know him –
To all of us.

Let us pause and imagine – just for a moment
You are looking forward to seeing Robert a while ago and ...
What do you first notice?
Not his unchanging attire but, instead, his wonderful face
His shining eyes and his endlessly positive smile.
Without saying anything, if you were like me, and Janet,
You were just happy to be in his presence.

Now, pause again, and listen to Robert in your head ...
What do you hear?
His voice, of course, in its wonderful English precision
But, wonderful as that is, what I hear first is his laugh.
Only the most serious conversations were without a laugh
Robert loved to laugh and just did because
He was always having such fun being alive. Being with you.
Being with me. Just being.

This endlessly positive, and permanently young it seemed, Robert
Was the visible and easily accessible Robert.
But behind the twinkling eyes lay a giant intellect
Endlessly seeking and absorbing knowledge
Of quite stunning diversity

This part of Robert is only partially known to me
But I hope to know more with time.
Scholar, teacher, lecturer, classicist, Egyptologist, musician, musicologist
Author, reviewer – and all at a level of excellence that the rest of us
Might aspire to for just one of that list.

How many lives can one person have?
Such talents placed in a less modest soul could have been
Quite unbearable. Not so Robert.
His vast knowledge was lightly worn albeit perfectly at his command.

He lived the only life he wished
How spiritually uplifting to be in the company of such a man
Who, by the perpetual fulfilling of his dreams
Made everything seem possible – even
For much less talented people. For me

Robert had 88 years of fun and work
And, as far as I know, his only down-time
Was the last few weeks of his life.
What a life!
What a man!
How lucky am I, and all of us here,
To have known you, Robert, and shared precious time with you.
The enduring power of your Self is such that, doubtless,
We will have many imagined conversations with you yet ...

Joshua Terzi

Robert – How lucky I am to know someone who listened so intently. You had stories that could make the most well-travelled man jealous, you were someone who was always happy to see me. In my experience a very modest man, but very stubborn with your views on life. I will never forget our conversations over which we shared a bottle of wine along with life lessons and advice. I will keep your words with me for life. It was a pleasure meeting you.



Carole, Mark & Kai Westwell

We feel truly fortunate to have had Robert in our lives. Mark met him on a train journey about 36 years ago. Mark was reading a book (Apuleius' *The Golden Ass*), and the gentleman sitting across from him (who turned out to be Robert) commented that he had also read the book ... but in Latin. They began talking and kept up their friendship throughout the years of both Robert and Mark living and working overseas.

When Mark became ill we returned to the UK to live on the Isle of Skye. Robert came to stay with us for a short holiday, and met our son Kai, who was about 8 years old at that time. Robert was wonderful with Kai ... patient, gentle and funny with a true gift of imparting the knowledge and wonders of Egyptology.

Although Mark is unable to travel now due to his illness, Kai and I were able to make a couple of trips to London and spent a memorable time with Robert. He asked where we would like to visit with him, and we will genuinely never forget Robert with his

raincoat, Ugg boots and twinkling eyes dashing at full pelt around the British Museum Egyptology department with us desperately trying to keep up with him.

In recent times he kept up regular contact with our son through emails and had such a genuine interest in Kai's future. A lovely, lovely man.

Bruno Ringewaldt

I am from Germany and I once met Robert on a journey in Baalbek in 2003. That time I was a student and on a backpacking holiday. Robert was doing research for his book on the excavations. We met in the temple and sat down there. Sitting in the sun and talking, we forgot the time and spend the whole afternoon together. From time to time I visited Robert in London and kept up our friendship together.

John Owen

I first met Robert when I was about 16. My father Douglas Owen was Rector of St Peter upon Cornhill and Robert was looking for a Wren City Church where he could perform the complete set of Bach Cantatas set for the Gospels of the day. He found his church and with it a lasting friendship with the Owen family: my father Douglas, my mother Patty, myself and my younger brother, Simon. He was a loving friend to each of us and to many others who were brought together to know him and each other through a triple connection with the Cantatas at St Peter's, with the St Peter's Players (who performed plays in the church from the Medieval Mystery Cycles) and with St Bartholomew's Hospital.

It was in St Peter's with Robert conducting that I first heard that wonderful chorus "*Christians rejoice and praise your salvation*" or "*Jauchzet, frohlocket*" from Bach's *Christmas Oratorio*. I know of no more joyful piece of music and I have loved it ever since.

Patty Owen had been a leading light behind the St Peter's Players from their start after the War. She adapted the medieval English of the mystery plays and occasionally acted in the plays, as did we all. She got Robert to arrange music for the plays, first with a small live choir and later recorded. I still get goose bumps whenever I hear "*The Angel Gabriel from Heaven Came*", my cue to appear as Gabriel to a very virginal looking Kathy Armstrong, later Gray. Howard Davies also joined the Players, which was how he met Robert and became a life-long friend.

After my father died in 1964 Patty went to work at Bart's Hospital as Social Secretary for the Nurses. She imported Robert to create and conduct the Bart's Choir and Orchestra. My wife Julie sang in Robert's choir (from before I met her) as did I briefly (and badly because I never could sight read). We remember Robert telling us before we started rehearsing the *Dream of Gerontius* that we all had to become honorary Roman Catholics as we couldn't possibly do the *Dream* without believing in Purgatory!

On one occasion he asked his friend Jacqueline du Pré to perform the Elgar Cello Concerto with the Bart's Orchestra. She was habitually late but Robert wasn't going to wait so he lifted his baton and started without her. She arrived in the nick of time, got out her cello and came in exactly on cue! The rest was sheer magic. She came to us with Robert for Christmas dinner one year in our council flat in Golden Lane near

the Barbican. My mother cooked all the traditional bits which we devoured with gusto washed down with plenty of cheap wine but what I really remember was Jacqueline getting out her cello when we put the telly on for the Queen and starting to accompany the National Anthem off key before collapsing with the giggles. Robert didn't have a telly himself but often used to watch it with us, his particular favourite being the animated antics of the two little pigs Pinky and Perky miming to pop songs of the day greatly speeded up to produce a high-pitched squeal! This had him in hysterics.

After my mother died tragically young in 1968 Robert was a loyal and supportive friend to me and my brother Simon and did everything he could to help us. I was thinking of applying for the Civil Service but wasn't sure, so Robert said I must meet his good friend Robert now Baron Armstrong (they used to play string duets together). Robert Armstrong was then Roy Jenkins' Private Secretary at the Treasury and went on to be Cabinet Secretary (he once famously admitted to being "*economical with the truth*"). He gave us both lunch at the Athenaeum and told me all about the fast stream competition and what life was like working for Ministers. I was sold and duly applied, though when I joined the service I found it was all a lot more mundane than appeared in the rarified atmosphere of a London Club!

When Julie and I married in 1971 Robert Anderson was there of course. He was to be godfather to our son Charles who visited him in Hornton Street when he was older and remembers him with great affection. Robert was there again, much older, at my 60th birthday party. He came with Patrick Gaskell Taylor. He was the life and soul of the party and he and Patrick got very tiddly.

Robert was of course accomplished and brilliant in so many ways, but to me he was just Robert. He was never stuffy, he had a wonderful sense of humour, he was an excellent listener and a sheer joy to be with. He will always be with us.

Nigel Hill

Robert was one of my mother's cousins, and though seven years apart in age (my Mum, Patricia, being older) they shared a lot of common experiences and a close bond over the years. It might be fair to say that in later years my Mum was a surrogate mother to him, in the best sense.

Their mothers were two of three sisters – the Clayton girls. They started out in Manchester – the Stretford area, I believe – and in the early years of the twentieth century moved with their parents to run a hotel in Felixstowe, Suffolk. At some stage that came to an end and the family moved to Brighton. His mother, Gladys, a young war widow, met his father – known in conversation to us as Uncle Andy – on a ship out of the UK after the First World War. Andy was on his way to India and Gladys was going further afield by herself. Conversation must have ensued aboard ship and I think Andy subsequently wrote to Gladys with a coded proposal of marriage. Andy was a Shetland Islander, very well educated, and things moved on and the proposal was accepted.

Robert was born in Assam, India on 20th August 1927. Apparently, the climate caused baby Robert a few health problems and his parents were told that a return to more temperate climes would be better for his health. Shortly after, they all moved to

Brighton where extended family (grandparents and an aunt) lived. I understand that Robert was keen to exercise his vocal abilities even as a young child and was not easily pacified. He had a lot to say, and apparently did a lot of screaming and getting worked up. My mother, who by now was nearly 10 years old, apparently took on the task of pacifying him by gently flicking cool water over him. This seems to have worked!

Thereafter the Anderson family moved to London and apparently Robert's father acquired a car to get around. However, driving cars was not one of his chief skills, and Robert and John were known to hide behind the front seats for fear of passing somebody they knew! Their father was also prone to talking to Robert and his brother John in their bathtub in Latin!

I was able to take Robert flying from Shoreham in a light aircraft on his birthday one year and several of his big birthdays were celebrated with a family party at Barcombe, our family home – most notably his 70th and 80th. Each of these occasions was accompanied by many a witty story from Robert. I had earlier had the privilege of his company on the trip we took to Australia when my brother Philip got married in 1988. On the flight from the UK we were able to get seats by the Emergency Exit and he declared that he needed a small pill to assist his rest and proceeded to sit back with his eyeshades on. Upon waking up and finding that one part of his eyeshade had dropped down due to elastic failure he declared that he thought he'd had a nightmare!

My final and favourite personal memory of him latterly is when he visited us in Sussex when my daughter Ellen was probably about three years old. Robert joined Ellen in her plastic sand pit, and proceeded to build many sand castles, only for them to be demolished by her almost instantly. When writing to us afterwards with thanks, he strongly asserted that he had had a lot of fun and would quite happily have carried on this game all day!

Robert was really a man of the people. He is much missed.

Howard Davies

Like many of his friends, I met Robert on a journey. Ours was only from Cambridge to London, but it might have been to the Pole, so intense was the conversation, and so long in retrospect does it seem to have lasted – all the more so, since it began in the twilight of a winter's afternoon and ended in the darkness of Liverpool Street Station.

It was January 1968. I had gone up to Cambridge to collect my Master's degree, bestowed automatically on any graduate of the University after three years, whether they deserved it or not. Pat Owen, of St Peter's Players (which I had joined a year or two before) – the church where Robert was then performing his cycle of Bach cantatas – knew I was going up, on a day when Robert was also visiting the city. She arranged that we should meet on the four o'clock train back.

I was in my mid-twenties, had been in Greece the year before, and was on the point of taking early retirement from my job as a novice editor in the publishing firm of André Deutsch. There was much to discuss. The discussion, on one subject or another, went on for years. That summer I gave up work and hiked north via the abbeys of Yorkshire and Northumberland, before heading, to my parents' horror, for the

Benedictine monastery of Pluscarden near Elgin (not far from Gordonstoun, though I didn't know it then), where it chanced that Robert – as well as my landlady – knew the Guest Master, Father Basil Robinson, to whom Robert sent me a letter of introduction. It was sufficient to have me accepted, and ejected after three weeks – the length of time it takes me, anywhere, to put down roots, welcome or not.

By this time, with trips to operas, conversations over tea at Hornton Street and in the odd London café on errands in town, the friendship was fixed. Naturally, Robert visited me also at my lodgings in Highgate, and came to know my remarkable landlady at Holly Terrace, Mrs Van – then in her eighties and widow of Hubert van Hooydonk, a painter and interior designer who had his heyday in the late 1890s.

A year or two later, after a long summer away, I returned to Highgate to find Mrs Van ill. After some coaxing, she revealed that she had lent what was for her a large sum of money to one of her lodgers, and was unable to meet her mortgage repayments on the bathroom extension she had had built twenty years before. She had in effect been robbed.

At that time, 1970, Robert was looking for a house in London for himself and his mother – then still alive – as their Kensington house was on a lease which would run out, if not in his mother's lifetime, certainly in his. Hearing of Mrs Van's plight, he suggested that, in return for releasing her from her mortgage, he acquire an option to purchase the house – an arrangement that suited both sides, since she had no children and Robert was in need of somewhere to live. Mrs Van had already attended several of his concerts with Bart's Choir – as well as our plays – and, an amateur musician herself, come to admire him as a man and a musician, for his artistic interests and his readiness to accommodate her wish that the house should preserve her husband's legacy of paintings and furniture.

Two years after that, Robert, with his brother John, went ahead with the purchase of 9 Holly Terrace, giving Mrs Van a life interest and a capital sum which enabled her to live out her days there until, ten years later, in 1982, she died at the age of 96.

By then the law had changed and Robert and his brother had been able to acquire the freehold of 54 Hornton Street – allowing the family to remain there and rendering the Highgate house superfluous. By then, though, Robert had seen another need.

During a visit to Poland in 1980, at the time of Solidarity, he had been shocked by the paucity of research facilities for Polish scholars, and by the sufferings of the academic community first under Nazi occupation and then under Communist rule. The impulse for the Trust had been born. Before long Robert began inviting visitors, first to Kensington then to the Highgate house – initially from Poland (our first, a young Marcin Fabiański, now professor at the Jagiellonian University where he was then a student); then from other countries visited on his travels. In 1988 the embryonic Trust was officially constituted as a charity, with Dr John Milner of City University – where Robert had been made an honorary Doctor of Music in recognition of his musical activities within the City – joining Robert and myself as founding Trustees. Gradually Robert bought out his brother John's share of Holly Terrace, transferring the house to the Trust in 2000, as in 2006 he transferred to it his share of Hornton Street – placing virtually everything he owned at the disposal of the Trust, and

handing over for others' benefit the rich inheritance that has already proved such an inspiration to many.

Thus it was that friendship – first at home, then abroad – and Robert's power of inspiring it, laid the foundations of the Trust. So it has continued to be: the Trust flourishing by virtue of a network of contacts that foster not only the scholarship in whose civilising power he so firmly believed but also ever an ever expanding ring of friendships for the Trust to develop – indefinitely, one hopes – into the future.

MEMORIES FROM HIS MUSICAL LIFE

Kathryn Gray

Nursing at Bart's in the mid 1960s was hard work with long hours and unsociable shifts. Coming off duty there was little inclination to seek distraction outside the hospital environs and only a limited amount of choice within it. All this changed in 1965 when Pat Owen, the newly appointed Social Secretary at Bart's, met Robert Anderson and persuaded him (easily, I suspect) to start a choir at Bart's for the nurses and students.

There were about fifty who attended the first rehearsal in Gloucester House, for Gilbert and Sullivan's *Trial by Jury*, and we learnt then what a completely compelling and mesmerising conductor we had before us. Few of us could read music. It didn't matter. With charm, enthusiasm, wit and some exhortation, especially towards the basses, we were always brought to performance standard. One glorious exception, when he felt a need to reprimand the sopranos and altos, was the first time the choir sang *The Dream of Gerontius*. In total exasperation at their inability to enter into the spirit of the demons' chorus, Robert said pleadingly, "You wonderful Bart's virgins, try to sing 'Hagh! Hagh!' and not a tentative 'Ha-Ha'."

This scenario was to continue for another twenty-five years with the choir growing in strength from the first few members to over four hundred performing in the Royal Albert Hall. Not all these choristers came from within the hospital for once the choir was registered by the City as an 'evening class' people from all walks of life began to arrive on a Monday evening, bringing the outside world to us. Some of my long-standing friendships were found amongst them.

In 1970, and two years after leaving Bart's, I became the choir secretary. This involved numerous tasks apart from organising membership; marking scores; phoning around for session musicians and clearing up after concerts. There were unexpected requests: at 3.30pm one Monday afternoon, I was left a phone message asking if I could find a pair of junior boxing gloves to bring to choir that evening. No explanation until I arrived with the desired items to be told sheepishly that they were a birthday present for someone!

Another particular event I remember vividly followed the Service of Thanksgiving in St Paul's Cathedral to celebrate 850 years since the foundation of the hospital in 1123. The organist at the time had been of great assistance to Robert and the day after the event Robert wanted to take him a bottle of wine as a thank-you. He thought it inappropriate for us to enter by the main entrance with a bottle in hand but said he

knew of a side entrance via the crypt from where we might reach the organist's office relatively unobserved. He was not to know that a funeral was taking place, and the usher, assuming we were there to attend, duly showed us to our seats. Robert hid the bottle under his brown mac. We sat solemnly to the end. Neither of us had any idea then or later whose funeral we had attended.

Christmas never mattered much to Robert, except, perhaps, in the years when he took the nurses round the wards on Christmas Eve to sing carols. Cloaks were turned inside out to show the red lining, and with candles in hand we followed Robert round the wards. On one occasion, on Christmas Day, and accompanied by no less a person than Jacqueline du Pré, Robert played cello duets on the wards. Whether he performed before or after Graham Chapman, I cannot now remember but I do recall the surreal feeling of it all.

Apart from Jackie, Robert introduced many other famous soloists to take part in the concerts with us from Covent Garden and English National Opera, widening our own knowledge and experience and bringing an enduring love of music for which I know many to be deeply grateful, including my own family.

On April 13th, 2016, with my daughter, Elizabeth (also Robert's God-daughter and one of his Trustees) I attended a performance of Haydn's *The Creation* in the Royal Festival Hall sung by the present Bart's Choir and dedicated to Robert. Watching the two-hundred strong choir I was struck by their obvious love and commitment to the music, and their discipline. They sang their hearts out, and I could think of no greater tribute to their founder conductor especially as only a few in the present choir knew him. What a legacy he left. How pleased he would have been.

Jennifer Halliday and Stephen Ainsleigh Rice

Robert popped over to see Jennifer and I in Leiden for a few days back in the 1980s. He wanted to be a tourist, see the city and its Museum with fine Egyptian gallery, and share with us happy reminiscences of his guiding tours in Egypt and beyond.

On the second day, we were sitting in a café watching cyclists and shoppers go by, when we got to musing about his involvement with the St Bartholomew's Choir and the annual concert in the Royal Albert Hall that he conducted. All very innocent. Then somehow we found ourselves wondering why the choir, all 300 of them, shouldn't have a tour visit to Holland and incidentally give a concert or two. Silly idea ... we had no experience of being Impresarios (I'm just an engineer!). Perhaps perform something that they know quite well. Verdi's *Requiem*. Yes, straightforward choice. The rest will follow. Obvious. But no orchestra, no venue, no contacts. Undaunted, Robert set about raising our confidence level, seeing it as an opportunity for us to integrate a little with the community. Oh yes, he worked his magic. Over the next months a University Orchestra was found, Hartebrugkerk in Leiden and Westerkerk in Amsterdam were booked for two consecutive performances, posters put up, tickets sold ... all under his gentle guidance and control.

Both performances were sell-outs. A day before the Leiden concert Robert was rehearsing with the orchestra along with its conductor, Roland Kieft. The choir came over on the night sailing to the Hoek van Holland with six or seven coaches. Next morning Robert melded soloists, choir and orchestra. While outside cafés that

afternoon, choir members in black nearly outnumbered cyclists and shoppers. That evening Robert conducted in a passionate and masterful performance repeated on the Sunday afternoon in Amsterdam, this time conducted by the student orchestra's leader. Both performances were enthusiastically received.

All had happened seemingly effortlessly, another characteristic that Robert had of raising one's confidence and achievement. A year or two later, Robert leaped at the chance to take the Choir to perform *The Dream of Gerontius* in Köln Cathedral.

Tremendous fun. Quite irrepressible!

Rafael Olbrich

I have known Robert for at least 30 years or so. We met in Krakow, Poland. Robert was to give a lecture at the Krakow University. The meeting was arranged by John (his brother). At the time I was studying cello, both in Poland and Denmark. I remember that straight after the lecture we went for a bite to eat – a wonderful trout with new baby potatoes. As the restaurant was not far from the main square, afterwards we ventured to admire paintings at the Sukiennice Gallery and visited Mariacki Church with Weit Stoss' altar inside.

So, our friendship had begun. During my cello studies at RCM London I stayed at 77 Pennard Road. The distance to Hornton Street was negligible, so frequent visits were a norm. I was privileged to hear Robert's advice on my interpretations which was always constructive, encouraging and honest.

As years went by, we enjoyed wonderful meals with wine and fantastic conversations. Not only on musical matters. I remember vividly Robert's excitement of going or rather 'rolling' around London on his new roller blades ... His sailing journey on the high seas ... His amusement after seeing the new then 'Spice Girls' film at the cinema. Robert was always eager to discover and experience new things. I still can see Robert playing a video game called 'Lego Races' with my two young sons (at the time). Whether Robert was allowed to win I don't know but as the race led through Egypt, Robert's driver 'Kufu' was more than confident. It was a late night for us all. It seems like yesterday!

I invited Robert to my students' annual concert in Chislehurst. We were told stories about Jackie, cello, music and Egypt. Everybody listened with the greatest interest and admiration. On numerous occasions Robert would take my sons to the British Museum to give them private tours. They could not be happier in his company. Robert was treated by them like their closest friend and peer. I often shared my thoughts and life experiences with Robert. He always had time to listen with great interest and give me sympathetic and positive advice.

Shortly before I left for Asia in November I had a long conversation with Robert (which turned out to be my last). We agreed to meet for wine and sandwiches upon my return in December. What a shock it was when Jean informed me of Robert's passing away. I have lost in Robert a very close friend and mentor. Somebody that I looked up to for the many values and beliefs he represented. Somebody with music in his heart and everyday life. I hope I can lead my life with the same principles as Robert. He was an exemplary and extraordinary human being.

Stephen Stuart-Smith (Enitharmon Press & Enitharmon Editions)

Choosing the words carefully, I can say that I revered and loved Robert, for all he taught me of the magical power of music, for the intellectual charge he generated, for his exhaustive knowledge of the classical and the modern worlds, for his rich humour, matchless support and fellowship. He was an inspirational figure and a man of multiple accomplishments.

In my ten years in the London Philharmonic Choir, singing under Boulez, Colin Davis, Gardiner, Haitink, Jurowski, Handley, Masur, Menuhin, Norrington and many other great names, I never experienced the same level of thrill that Robert's performances with the Bart's Choir generated. The Elgar concerts were highlights ~ particularly *The Kingdom* and *Gerontius* ~ but everything he conducted was done with a complete mastery of the score and a supreme ability to inspire amateurs to raise their game and give him total attention and every shred of their energy. The results were electrifying. And how well I remember the enthusiastic reactions to his conducting by those hard-baked professional orchestral players (a notoriously cynical breed), who recognized immediately that his skills were the equal of any of their musical directors, and his passion even greater than theirs. As a choral trainer he was superb: tough, focused, determined, and when strategically advisable, capable with a joke or anecdote of reducing the choir to tears of laughter.

David Wells (Bart's Choir)

My memories of Robert are inevitably derived from the highlights of my time in the choir in the 1970s. The first is the concert in December 1973 to mark the 850th anniversary of the foundation of St Bartholomew's Hospital – a grand occasion to end a year of celebrations. We sang the Bruckner *Te Deum* (and some shorter pieces) and Evelyn Barbirolli played the Strauss Oboe Concerto.

1975 brought two exciting events – our tenth anniversary concert – Elgar's *The Kingdom* in Westminster Cathedral (like St Paul's, a difficult acoustic for performers) and the choir's first appearance at the Royal Albert Hall. The latter followed a meeting Robert and I had with a committee of formidable ladies at the Marie Curie Memorial Foundation (now Marie Curie), which we had agreed to support at the request of a choir member whose mother had recently died in a Marie Curie home. Asked about the venue, we said that we usually used Central Hall, Westminster. "*Why don't we go to the Royal Albert Hall?*" they asked. After a stunned pause, we replied "*Yes, why not?*" And we did; we performed *Messiah* to a packed hall, in the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. That event secured us an annual date there until 2013.

In 1976 the choir recorded Mozart's *Regina Coeli* (with Jill Gomez, who was often our soprano soloist) and *Ave Verum*. The other side of the disc contained more church music by Mozart, sung by the choir of St Bartholomew the Great. That was a busy, and occasionally fraught, day in the church, but we made it.

Robert was devoted to the choir and worked hard for it and with it. He had good contacts in the musical world and we were privileged to have first-rate players in his Sinfonia of St Bartholomew and eminent soloists, often from English National Opera. Robert's particular enthusiasm for Elgar introduced me to the composer's other works; I remember being bowled over by *The Kingdom* when I first heard it. As well

as the usual choral works, he taught us some rarities, for example Dvořák's *Mass in D*, Constant Lambert's *Rio Grande* and Liszt's *Via Crucis*. His programme notes were original and witty, often containing tart observations on the composer's life.

I shall always be grateful to Robert for these and other happy experiences with the choir.

Sara Bristow

I was Secretary of the Bart's Choir – I don't remember the name of the person I took over from but Robert suggested I could do it and hey presto, I was on the committee! Looking back, I realize Robert had that ability of giving you confidence to do something and at the same time being persuasive so of course one couldn't refuse. I learnt a great deal from being in the choir under his leadership.

Ann Bird

Robert, the founder conductor of Bart's Choir, was an excellent musicologist in addition to being Professor of Egyptology. He wrote many books on Elgar, including *Elgar in Manuscript*, also *Elgar and Chivalry*. He had contacts throughout the world, and we travelled abroad with him to many destinations, singing at major venues – on the Nile, at the British Embassy in Cairo and in Cologne, where we had a standing ovation for *The Dream of Gerontius* which lasted ten minutes! We were all thrilled to bits, especially Robert. Visits to Holland and to Elgar's birthplace in Malvern took place; we sang *The Kingdom* at the Albert Hall, and the Curator played a vinyl record of Elgar conducting this work at the Town Hall, Birmingham, on Elgar's own HMV record player. That was a fabulous occasion, thanks to Robert.



His great friend, Jacqueline du Pré, became our Deputy President. This was a great honour indeed for Bart's Choir.

Robert was a most generous man who bought 100 tickets for our Albert Hall concerts and gave them to his students at the Royal College of Music. He also got sponsorship for his cycling to all the City churches at the weekend in aid of Bart's Choir. His death is a great loss to all who knew him.

Jenny Brockless

I knew Robert through my late husband, Brian Brockless, who was for many years Director of Music at the Priory Church of St. Bartholomew-the-Great, the sister foundation to the hospital. He and Robert collaborated on a recording featuring both the Hospital Choral Society and the Priory's choir. There was a further collaboration when Robert conducted Bach's *B minor Mass* at the Royal Albert Hall.

We also had a Shetland connection with Robert. We were booked to holiday in a croft cottage on Yell, which turned out to be running with damp and not a good prospect for a happy holiday. A phone call to Robert, in London, solved the problem in minutes and we stayed very happily in the Old School House. I have been spending much of most of my summers on Yell ever since. I know there are many islanders who remember Robert with respect and affection.

Jean Morton

Whatever the weather, Robert cycled across London from his home in Kensington to choir practice on Monday evenings. He drove the choir to achieve a standard unimaginable for such a large un auditioned body of over 400 singers. The same drive and enthusiasm led to hugely successful performances at the Royal Albert Hall. “*Beastly*” was often a word he used to describe the choir but he was so proud of us!

Audrey Twine

I have many memories of Robert as a kind friend and colleague over many years. I have kept all the letters he wrote to me. It was extraordinary how much information and amusing comment he could get into about six lines of typescript. It was always good to work with him on the *Musical Times*, and to be able to play in the Bart’s concerts and the Sunday Bach cantatas. Before I played in them, I went to a Bach concert conducted by Robert. Somehow, without apparent emphasis, he revealed Bach more than any other conductor does. Once, when he felt that he needed more outlets than the *Musical Times* and whatever else he was working on, I suggested more conducting. He quietly took on (I think temporarily) a small, mainly professional choir and orchestra. I thought he could, and should, have been a full-time conductor. He said that would not suit him as he didn’t like to keep on repeating the same works. This aversion to repetition seemed to influence his activities generally.

Now, like a great many other people, I just want him back.

Andrew Morris, Master, Worshipful Company of Musicians

I was very sorry to hear of Robert’s death – he was such an interesting man. I knew him not through the Musicians’ Company but through the St Bart’s Choral Society. All through the 1970s I was Organist and Director of Music at St Bart’s the Great and Robert and I collaborated a great deal including making a disc together. It was then that I got to know him. I then moved to Bedford School as Director of Music and, sadly, we rather lost touch.

Robert was a very thoughtful and clever musician who knew exactly what to programme and when to perform certain works. His interpretations were always very well thought out and appropriate, not least because of his very acute sense of style. To work with him, despite his somewhat academic approach, was actually great fun and he was extremely encouraging to everyone including me. We had many jolly times together.

Oliver Rudland (Composer)

Robert was a very dear friend of mine, whom I had the privilege to know for about the last decade of his life. Although I was therefore a latecomer in his astonishingly rich and active life as a scholar, musician, teacher, patron, and so forth, I felt that I got to know him very well. We spent many hours in his famous kitchen discussing Wagner's operas, contemporary politics, and even the vagaries of mothers-in-law! He was a wise counsellor, and was always a source of great encouragement and sound advice regarding my various compositional endeavours, which I was always most keen to share with him. When I attempted to write a first draft of my memories of Robert, in fact, it indeed began to resemble a mere recital of my own projects, since he was always so willing to help my cause – and of course those of so many other people in so many fields as well. So I will limit myself to one little vignette, which I feel sums up the man as I knew him, and his generosity.

We were attending a concert at the Cadogan Hall together, and the first half had finished. I was keen to speak to the organizers of the event and friends in attendance. Robert, however, was immediately engaged in conversation with a small child who had been sitting nearby, obviously enthused by the performance, asking what instrument he played, whether he was practising enough, whether he wanted to be a musician, and taking a genuine interest in fostering and encouraging the prospects of a budding young musician he had only just met, to his and his mother's delight.

This, for me, encapsulates Robert's inexhaustible concern to help everyone with whom he came into contact, and to foster those who deserved his championship, whatever their field of interest or walk of life. But of course, I will always remember Robert with the most heartfelt gratitude for being that guardian angel for whom I was hoping. He happened to attend the premiere performance of my first opera, *The Nightingale and the Rose*, at the Royal College of Music, invited me round to review the piece because of his admiration for its aims (see *Opera Nights and Nightmares*), and subsequently made it possible for my next two operas to come into being. I am not the first musician whom he has helped onto the professional ladder, and who owes him a great deal – the renowned conductor Thomas Dausgaard being a case in point – but, as a deeply English composer, with an opera brewing in a Wagnerian vein that will conclude with an arrival at the pyramids of Giza, I hope that Robert's legacy will live on in a small way through my own work. And, for his influence over me, I will forever be truly and deeply grateful.

Ken Atkinson

I had the pleasure of meeting Robert through music – especially through his valiant intention to perform all of Bach's cantatas. The concept itself was a typically "Robert" one – and both in this context and in the ranks of the St Bartholomew's Choral Society I soon came to recognize his sterling qualities – unlike some other conductors, he knew the score intimately and was able, time and time again, to explain what the composer was trying to achieve. I was unable to take part in the Delius *Mass of Life* but attended the concert, and in a letter from Robert shortly afterwards, Robert signed off saying "*Shetland evening has fallen, and I'm still haunted by those magic Delius phrases at the end of No. 1 in Part 2. What music.*"

Robert stayed at my Edinburgh pad in the summer during one of his Scottish "tours", his stay preceding a business meeting with the Northern Lighthouse Board in

Shetland! Robert wrote shortly afterwards *“I reached home (London) late last night. Those Edinburgh days were most exciting and I’m so grateful to you for that wonderful, welcoming base after my manifold adventures. And what a city you inhabit; it makes me think a lot as I re-adjust to higgledy-piggledy, mucky, all-over-the-shop London!”*

Juliet Buckley (Willmott)

Having arrived at Bart’s to train as a nurse in November 1966, it was a joy to find that the nurses’ recently invented social secretary, Pat Owen, and Robert Anderson, had founded St Bartholomew’s Hospital Choral Society the previous year. I learned that Pat had felt moved to try and organize some social activities for the staff when her husband, rector of the City church of St Peter’s Cornhill, was dying of leukaemia in the hospital’s Harvey ward. At that time, Robert had been conducting the Bach cantatas, week by week and year on year, on Sunday afternoons at St Peter’s: a labour of love and dedication typical of Robert. She persuaded him to set up and run a choir with her at the hospital.

There were no auditions, and you didn’t even have to be able to read music in order to become a member! And rehearsals were from 8 to 10pm, so that night staff could practise for an hour before going on duty, and day staff for an hour when they came off duty at 9pm. It was so good to sing! I remember an early concert we performed at St Sepulchre’s church in Holborn in our nurses’ uniforms!

We were soon a strong enough choir to sing Elgar’s *Dream of Gerontius* at Southwark Cathedral. And in 1977, we sang it in the Albert Hall, Robert conducting without a score. The reviewer in *The Listener* magazine commented that the hospital choir and the Sinfonia of sister foundation, the Priory Church of St Bartholomew the Great (which also supplied the semi-chorus), *“brought life and fresh meaning to the score”*. He continued: *“It is unusual to hear an amateur performance with so much dynamic light and shade; while the subtle inflections of timing that allow a great work to breathe almost like a living organism, made this one of the most eloquent and apparently spontaneous interpretations I have heard.”* Praise indeed!

Robert, in a letter a few weeks later, wrote: *“The choir did magnificent things in Gerontius, and I was proud to be at the helm and at their service. If ever soloists (Kenneth Bowen, Raimund Herincx and Elizabeth Bainbridge) were wayward, I knew it was only moments before the choir would be on its feet again and I should be able to mould everything as I wished.”*

In preparation for *Gerontius*, Robert, already an expert on Elgar, had taken a sabbatical at author Cardinal Newman’s Oratory in Birmingham, in order to immerse himself in the work.

As a student nurse up from the freedom of a countryside childhood in Dorset, the rarefied and even oppressive atmosphere of Bart’s was challenging. In comparison with its authoritarian, often misogynistic, male prima donnas who were the doctors, the terrifying spinster dragons of ward sisters, and what with the daily emotional roller-coaster of nursing the extremely sick and the dying, Robert, with his amusing, quirky character and his passion and commitment to choir and music, provided a nurturing lifeline and a refreshing oasis of inspiration and delight.

Apart from the wonderful concerts, especially singing in the Albert Hall, the two records Robert made with the hospital choir and choir and organists, Brian Brockless and Andrew Morris, of Bart's the Great, under the auspices of its greatly loved and distinguished rector Dr Newell Wallbank, serve as a tangible and treasured memorial to Robert – I could never thank him enough.

John Norris *From an obituary published in the Elgar Society News*

The middle two weeks of last November saw the deaths of two towering Elgarians. Together Brian Trowell and Robert Anderson had formed one half of Novello's Elgar Complete Edition team during the 1980s, and yet neither would consider himself a dedicated Elgarian. Both were academic polymaths, both graduating from Caius College, Cambridge, and yet their greatest achievements were essentially practical. I was aware of little of this when I first got to know them through publishing activities in the early 2000s and, since neither of them was self-promotional, it is only in the past two months since their deaths that I have come to fully understand the breadths of their legacies. [...]

Although I didn't realise it until many years later, I first encountered Robert during the late 1980s when I was still a newish Society member and he was conducting the first performance of *The Kingdom* we attended, given by the Bart's Choral Society at the Royal Albert Hall. I first met Robert face to face in 2001 when he offered *Elgar and Chivalry* for publication to Elgar Enterprises, the Society's trading arm. We have since published twelve books together, he providing the text and illustrations, I setting them and dispatching the print files to publishers of Robert's choosing, usually in Eastern Europe. The range of titles shows a little of the breadth of Robert's interests: books on Baalbek and Palmyra (the latter well under way before DAISH's destruction of the city), a guide to the treasures of the Nile (a record of his lectures to passengers on Nile cruise ships), five anthologies of his music reviews (of which he wrote around one thousand in total, over 400 for the *Music and Vision* (www.mvdaily.com) website, and one relating to Pope Shenouté. If that isn't a name with which you are familiar, I should explain that this Pope Shenouté was probably the most noteworthy leader of the (Egyptian) Coptic Church, not the Roman Catholic Church, but my mistake was to assume that Robert had written a short biography of Shenouté. Not at all, he explained: the book contained his own translations from the Coptic language of Shenouté's own writings.

Robert was born in India of Mancuno-Shetland parents and educated at Harrow School and Cambridge University (where he developed his passion for Egypt, following a posting to that country during National Service). Thereafter, he divided his life into decades alternating between music and Egyptology. His achievements in the latter field, which included being one of the first to enter the re-opened Tutankhamun's tomb, are recorded more fully than space here allows in an interview in the November 2002 issue of the Society's *News*. Apart from his prolific output of reviews, his musical achievements included radio and television broadcasts for the BBC, a season as assistant to Thomas Schippers at Gian Carlo Menotti's *Festival of Two Worlds* at Spoleto in Italy, and serving as accompanist to Jacqueline du Pré when she called round at his Kensington home to rehearse the Elgar Cello Concerto. (Ironically, the 'cello was also Robert's first instrument.) His conducting experience extended to such major orchestras as the London Philharmonic, the Royal Philharmonic, London Mozart Players and English Chamber Orchestra in a mainly

choral repertoire, as well as founding and directing Bart's Choral Society for many years.

Elgar was not his composer of choice, however – for him, Bach, Wagner and Sibelius all ranked higher – and his close association with Elgar came about partly by chance. He became an associate editor of the *Musical Times* which, being published by Novello, led to an invitation to join the editorial board of the Elgar Complete Edition, and this in turn led on to commissions from the publisher J M Dent to write the latest Elgar volume in the Master Musicians series and from the British Library for the seminal *Elgar in Manuscript*. In Novello's day, many of the Complete Edition volumes were edited directly by members of the editorial board, with Robert taking a leading role in many of the volumes, making him the preferred choice to become General Editor on the Edition's 2001 relaunch. He never intended this to be more than a stop-gap and stood down four years later, but then became a guiding light in the formation of Elgar Works, his resolute sense of direction steering us round many of the pitfalls a new company faced. I was surprised when he asked if the first volume to be published by Elgar Works could be dedicated to him as this seemed out of character. When he explained that this would allow him to tap his wealthier friends for donations in support of the dedication, all became clear. Within two weeks he had raised £7,000 towards our publication costs, including £500 from a donor who felt it hardly worth getting his chequebook out for so small an amount – the donor's surname was Rothschild.

Money meant little to Robert; nor did an honorary doctorate from Moscow University and an honorary professorship from Rostov-on-Don because, as Robert explained, this was in return for lecturing engagements and the universities could better afford to pay him in honours than in roubles. But he was acutely aware of death duties so, with no heirs to whom he could hand on the valuable properties he had inherited from his parents, in 1988 he set up the Robert Anderson Charitable Trust. He had always given board and lodging freely to students from Eastern Europe and the Middle East wishing to study in London. The establishment of the Trust not only put his generosity on a more formal basis but, by transferring ownership of the properties to the Trust, ensured that the arrangement could continue after his death.

Robert was not without his eccentricities – visitors were invariably entertained in his thoroughly unmodernised kitchen; his e-mails, whatever their subject, were always headed with the name of his latest cause; and, before a hand tremor deprived him of the ability to write, his letters were always dated according to what I assumed to be the Egyptian calendar until he put me straight: his dates derived from the putative date of the invention of writing. But there was no doubting his sense of fairness, and a determination that right must prevail, virtues which no doubt served him well during his Lairdship of a large part of the Shetland island of Yell. He was always a fascinating conversationalist, and I shall miss our meetings in the kitchen, frequently interrupted by the latest lodger or phone call from far-flung lands.

Keith Bramich, Editor, Music & Vision

I first came across Professor Robert Anderson in what I would come to know as the year 1999, when Basil Ramsey and I launched our daily online classical music magazine, *Music & Vision*. Robert and Basil had both previously worked for Stanley Sadie at the *Musical Times*. Basil rounded up many of his high profile contacts and

asked them to write for our new venture. Robert wrote once a month, later increasing this twice or fourfold when his schedule allowed.

At this time, manuscripts generally arrived by post, typewritten on paper, and one of my tasks, learning my craft as a trainee editor, was to re-type the material, sub-editing as appropriate, and send printed proofs to the authors for checking. Basil made it very clear that I must never alter *anything* written by Wilfrid Mellers or Robert Anderson.

I raised an eyebrow at the dates shown on Robert's replies – the year was shown as 4999 or 5000 instead of 1999 or 2000. Later I learned that this was deliberate. Robert considered all religion absurd, believing that it only caused problems. He felt it more appropriate to start the clock with mankind's first writings, rather than the birth of Christ.

Highlighting absurdity was one of Robert's great skills, inspiring me and no doubt others to re-think established views on many subjects. The opening sentences of one of his reviews provide a flavour of this:

“Cecilia became patroness of music through a misunderstanding. Legend had her vowing perpetual virginity while an organ played during her unwelcome wedding. Having made Christians of her husband and his brother, she secured martyrdom for them all and was mistakenly thought to have made her vow while performing at the organ herself.” – *Charpentier's dramatic strengths, Music & Vision*, 3 September 5000

After months of receiving postal correspondence from Robert stating ‘no corrections’ (since he seemed never to make a mistake), he suggested that it might be quicker and more convenient to phone this message through. To my great surprise, the first ‘no corrections’ phone call lasted several minutes, during which Robert and I discovered that we had spent our undergraduate days at the same establishment, albeit thirty years apart.

Within days I was invited to make the first of many visits to Robert's famous Hornton Street kitchen, usually for afternoon tea and biscuits, and often one or more of Robert's other friends would join us – and sometimes John Phipps from the basement flat, to whom Robert acted *in loco parentis*. Robert, beaming and genial, a young man in an old body, held court at the kitchen table, calmly in charge of proceedings. Delivery of CDs and DVDs for review and collection of manuscripts for publication became simply an excuse for hours of fascinating conversation, and sometimes for viewings of complete opera recordings.

I was flattered to be taken seriously by such a great man, and became increasingly amazed by the variety of Robert's friends, who ranged from well-known architects, composers, conductors and the cellist Jacqueline du Pré, to a young man serving in the local pharmacy. His embracing of nearly everyone around him was one aspect of an acute sense of fairness. When Robert's friend, the conductor Colin Davis, left his first wife April Cantelo for the family *au pair*, Robert never forgave him.

Teatime conversation was often about music and mutual colleagues, but more often about politics. I learnt that Robert appreciated Russia far more than the USA, that he despised George W Bush, and he explained how the European Union was simply an

extension of Germany's ambitions for domination of its neighbours, using economics rather than warfare:

"I have every sympathy with the stage director Calixto Bieito while he complains at some length about the political corruption and inertia of his country. If the present masters of Europe have decided to reduce the Spanish minimum wage, the obvious reaction should be to quit the euro, devalue the peseta to a practical level and probably depart from the EU also." – *Disturbing Nightmares, Music & Vision*, 4 June 5014

Sadly, Robert didn't live to vote in the UK's June 5016 referendum on continued membership of the European Union, but there was no doubt about how he would vote.

I also discovered how unfairly the world treats its Arabic populations, not only from Robert himself, but also directly from Atef, the Palestinian lodger whom Robert had taken in when Atef was made homeless by the death of his host, a neighbour of Robert's in Hornton Street. Robert believed that Israel would never be able to make peace with its neighbours. He was so incensed by Israel's treatment of the Palestinians that, having started to use his computer to communicate, I suspect that every email he sent, regardless of content or recipient, would begin with the subject line 'Occupied Palestine' (sometimes abbreviated as 'OP').

I'll always regret not taking up Robert's invitation to visit when, aged eighty, he emigrated to Cairo at the end of 5007. During this period, although contact with Robert was minimal, I met several more of Robert's amazing friends (including Howard Davies, who managed things in London whilst Robert was away), as we arranged for a steady flow of review material to Egypt in various of Robert's friends' suitcases. What came back by email continued to astound:

"Having finished conducting all the Bach church cantatas some thirty years ago, I have totally forgotten most of them. There remain the glow of many hours' wonderful music-making, ever-increasing admiration for Bach's genius, and a vague distaste at the rivers of blood apparently necessary for our redemption. Only two of these cantatas ... are in any way sanguinary, and Bach's poetasters have thrust on us nothing worse than the apples of Sodom, which may have been, before the local doomsday, as good as any others growing round the Dead Sea. Indeed Lot's wife, for all I know, may have bought pounds of them until she became a pillar of salt and could presumably go to market no more." – *An Orchestral Conception, Music & Vision*, 4 June 5008

Robert had to return to England at the end of 5009, and admitted that he had never before felt so depressed. But this didn't last long. He was soon back at work, and tea parties at Hornton Street resumed, with anecdotes about Robert's career as Egyptologist, choral conductor, editor of the Complete Elgar Edition, and reminiscences of his time as a Shetland Laird. There were also two improbable visits to Norfolk, the second with Robert's lodgers Atef and Fernando in the back of my car, to visit ninety-year-old Joanie, who had befriended Robert decades previously, when he lectured on cruise ships.

Robert was able to continue writing books and reviewing for several more years. He became highly selective when choosing review material, and openly complained about various interruptions that prevented him from working – in particular the telephone. He devised a scheme where he simply ignored incoming calls, except at three particular times of day, to the consternation of many of his friends. Using speech

to text computer technology, he was able to write as fast as ever, but this caused us great hilarity one day when, proof-reading one of Robert's reviews, I discovered a passage in which Robert, whilst dictating, had turned away to speak to Atef or Fernando, and the computer had faithfully recorded this conversation in the middle of Robert's review.

Living increasingly like a hermit, and having inherited Scottish frugality, Robert had adjusted his diet to be as economical as possible. I was amazed, on volunteering to fetch shopping for him one day, to discover that he survived, day by day, on the local supermarket's cheapest pasta and pasta sauce, available for just a few pence.

Robert had for some time been planning his next voyage, and during 5015 he resigned from various commitments, including *Music & Vision*, and put pressure on Atef and Fernando to find somewhere else to live. From what would be his deathbed, he continued to control his household, his Research Trust, and to continue and/or wind up various projects, mostly by sending messages via Howard. When I was allowed to visit, just a couple of days before the end, he held my hand and told me in a whisper of his hopes that his Research Trust would continue. I asked if I could visit again, and his reply was 'Who knows?' Many of us didn't completely understand Robert's motives for deciding to leave us when still able-bodied and in apparent good health. When I queried this, Robert calmly replied: 'It's the next stage.'

David Cairns (writer, musician and leading authority on the life of Berlioz)

I don't remember when I first met Robert, but it must have been in the early days of the Chelsea Opera Group – if not COG's first concerts, in 1950, then soon after. Robert (cello) and his brother John (violin) became stalwart members of the group's orchestra, under Colin Davis; John for longer than Robert, who disappeared to Gordonstoun, thus missing the life-changing performances of *The Trojans*, which might have converted this devoted Wagnerian to the music of Berlioz, as they did John – I shall never forget John's already angelic face shining with a kind of holy radiance as he exclaimed, after a rehearsal of Act 1 of the opera, 'It's beyond anything!'

Robert remained sceptical, and we had arguments. We often disagreed. Convinced Elgarian though he was, he was quite caustic about the development sections of the first movements of both symphonies, which I did my best to defend. But, almost the last time I saw him (shortly before his death), when he said there were four operas that for him stood out from the rest – *The Magic Flute*, *Fidelio*, *Die Meistersinger* and *Falstaff* – I could only agree, while adding that if the number could be raised from four to seven, I would also include *Idomeneo*, *Don Giovanni* and, of course, *The Trojans*.

The years of our closest friendship, when we saw most of each other, were the mid and late 1950s, when he was music editor of *Record News*, the creation of Miles Henslow (which for a time, thanks to Robert, was the liveliest record magazine around). How Robert came to be signed up by that engaging rogue I have no idea; but he was the ideal editor, with his profound and comprehensive knowledge of music, his intense musicality, his precise, well organised mind, his contacts with up-and-coming writers (Jeremy Noble, Arthur Boyars, Stanley Sadie), his tolerant

appreciation of their various idiosyncrasies, and his whimsical humour and keen sense of the absurd.

I owe him more than I can say. My first forays into music criticism were carried out under his wing at *Record News*. Here was the chance, which I had not had before, to hold forth, and chance my arm uninhibitedly, on a whole range of composers, sometimes at considerable length, as happened when one was doing a comparative review of half a dozen recordings of a Mozart or Beethoven symphony, or of Rimsky-Korsakov's *Scheherezade*. I used to take my reviews (often at the eleventh hour) round to the house in Hornton Street, and we would rush, with the complete copy for the next issue, to St Pancras together and put it on a train to wherever in the provinces the magazine was printed.

Those were memorable occasions. Robert was wonderful company. I'd never met anyone quite like him. He missed nothing. He had the sharpest eye for the oddities of his more eccentric reviewers and could be extremely funny about them. And he wrote masterly and utterly characteristic reviews himself, whether on subjects like The Trapp Family or on Wagner et al. I wish I had kept more of them. (Anyone writing a memoir of Robert would have to look up back numbers of *Record News* in the British Library.) But I still have these typical phrases of his on *The Seasons*:

...the bewitching Jane, up with the sun and shrewd enough to send any young lord packing; Lucas her sterling swain willing to back his choice against the gay and painted city girls; industrious Simon, watchful for the thunderstorm, the scenting spaniel, his daughter's honour, or the opening of heaven's gates – the Baron's characters gave Haydn every chance to roam once more the countryside he loved and to produce at 69 a joyous masterpiece for the enchantment of a sorry world.

It was also typical of Robert, too, that his eloquent evocation of the birdlike woodwind writing in Dvorak's cello concerto should find room for a reference to the cellist Beatrice Harrison playing to the nightingales in a Hampshire wood.

Other delights included dinner at the house of his revered Harrow master 'Plum' (a blissful evening which gave me a glimpse of one source of the rich culture that made Robert exceptional), and a fortnight as his and John's guest at the family home on Yell, in the Shetland Islands. Were the other members of the famous 'Enigmoid' Quartet there too? I don't remember. I do recall, though with rather less pleasure, joining the quartet, in Hornton Street, as a far from impeccable pianist, and somehow managing to play the great Brahms quintet with them. Fortunately, however it went, it didn't blight our friendship.

Robert's Scottish ancestry no doubt explains his on-the-face-of-it surprising decision to go north and join the music staff at Gordonstoun. I saw less of him during those years, but it did give me the chance to meet his much-loved colleague the violinist Susie Lachmann and to understand why that captivating woman meant so much to him. Gordonstoun also, I imagine, gave Robert the chance to begin, or at any rate develop, what would become a central and crucial part of his life, conducting large-scale choral works.

Even before he went to Egypt our paths crossed more rarely, but when they did the old warmth quickly rekindled. We may have disagreed about Berlioz, and I may not have gone all the way with him on Wagner, but we were at one still on many things, not least our common admiration for the music-making of Sir Thomas Beecham. I am so glad that, thanks to our close mutual friends Frida and Vic Robinson, my wife Rosemary and I were able to visit Robert several times at Hornton Street in his final years, when, frail as he was, his mind was sharp as ever and his smile as warmly welcoming.

MEMORIES FROM TRUST VISITORS AND ACADEMICS

Dr Cedomir Antic, Trust visitor and Fellow of the Institute for Balkan Studies in Belgrade *The following tribute was published in Politika, the Serbian newspaper of record, just after Robert's death*

It happened just over 16 years ago. Serbia fell victim to attacks of Great Powers led by US and Britain. Thousands of our citizens died, hundreds of thousands were driven off. The state lay in ruins, divided by feud, overcome by a foreign enemy, and under an authoritarian government ... At that time I had just graduated. I could not even hope for employment or going abroad for further education. One evening, while the political elite of Serbia celebrated its 'war victory' in Belgrade's 'Sava Centre', a friend of mine rang me up and said 'Any port in a storm'! He conveyed me a message from his cousin in Britain and gave me a phone number of a professor from London who wishes to sponsor a student or a scientist from Serbia for a brief study visit. My friend's cousin went on a cruise down the Volga once and the professor, who gave a lecture on Russian art to the passengers on the ship, said my friend's cousin's last name reminded him of Slobodan Milosevic. In the time when Serbs in Britain were portrayed as criminals and killers this professor – Robert Anderson – expressed a wish to bring a Serb to London.

In the British Embassy in Belgrade they were suspicious at first when they received an invitation letter written on a typing machine, but later they were amazed by a high-ranking intervention from London which removed their doubts. At the airport in London I was greeted by an old hunched man in his 70s on whose tie I discerned depictions of many little camels. The beginning of Parkinson's disease visible on this tidy gentleman with blond hair, who looked as if he came from the 19th century, and this made the overall impression more memorable and authentic. We took the subway to his house in Kensington where he showed me to my room, introduced me to a Pole and a Russian girl who were also on a scholarship, and pointed out which part of the refrigerator is 'mine'. Then he 'led' me to the supermarket, showed me where I can buy the map of London, and counted a £50 allowance for one week and £64 for a monthly tube pass for Zone One. The following day we went to all institutions where I intended to conduct my research. He went to the officials in order to recommend me and in the course of the following years I was a guest of Dr Anderson three times and I gathered more material for four books.

The Research Trust of Dr Robert Anderson later sponsored 21 researchers from Serbia, among them historians, lawyers, politicologists, archeologists, art historians. As of the 1980s the Trust helped more than 250 scientists from all continents. The only condition was that they came from countries that were not members of the EU.

Dr Anderson was an Orientalist educated at Cambridge. Over his decades long work he

published several books dedicated to studies of culture and history of ancient Egypt, Middle East, and also to the history of 19th century music. He authored a volume of the catalog on the Egyptian collection of the British Museum. Since his early days, this son of a British company official in India was dedicated to philanthropy. I remember how this man – a friend of Lord Oliver Poole and an acquaintance of British Prime Ministers – took in foreigners from distant countries just on the basis of an unclear and intermediated reference; how with much dignity he helped homeless people from his neighborhood, bringing some of them to his home in winter months to give them a few hours of shelter and a decent meal.

Professor Anderson visited Serbia in 2003. He held a lecture at the Museum of African Art and visited the Faculty of Philosophy. A year ago he suggested that his book *A Traveler in an Ancient Land* could be published in Serbia, in English. The book was consequently published by the Faculty of Philosophy in Belgrade.

Dr Anderson's legacies are his great work, hundreds of grateful students, the Palestinian nation whom he helped since 1948, when he was in Egypt as a soldier. However, the most likely greatest heritage of Robert Anderson is his miraculous kindheartedness. Until Monday, November 23rd 2015, in Britain – the country of corporations, homeless people, imperialism, Cameron and Blair – lived a man who was, decades before he was born in 1929, unintentionally depicted by Charles Dickens in dozens of his surreal positive characters.

I think it is true that upon the death of a man a whole world dies. However, I am convinced that the life of Robert Anderson is proof that Good still exists.

Professor Alexander Logunov, Faculty of History, Political Science and Law, Russian State University for the Humanities, Moscow

It was with deep regret that we learnt of the sad demise of Dr Robert Anderson. He had always been for us not only the founder of the Robert Anderson Research Charitable Trust, and an honorary doctor of the Russian State University for the Humanities, but also a great friend of the faculty of history, political science and law.

There had always been a strong academic connection between Dr Robert Anderson and our faculty in the field of oriental studies. A considerable number of faculty members (professors, assistant professors, postgraduates) had a unique chance to visit London and proceed with their research in the richest of libraries.

The passing of Dr Robert Anderson is also a terrible loss for the academic community. His scientific contribution to Ancient Egyptian Studies as well as the theory of music is truly unique. His personal qualities, his willingness to support bright young researchers from different countries made him a true citizen of the world and person of the XXI century. We do hope to continue our long-standing relationship with the Robert Anderson Trust.

Stephen Quirke, University College London, Institute of Archaeology

Robert would first have come across my name in the letter to the Egypt Exploration Society, requesting membership as a schoolboy irrevocably hypnotised by ancient Egypt. Where others on the Committee would have surely told me to apply later, he saw the chance of a serious interest, and I was admitted into the Society thanks to his support. During his inspiring, generous years as the EES Honorary Secretary, I entered an essay for the Wainwright Prize. For this, Robert advised me to consult Barbara Adams, curator at the Petrie Museum of Egyptian Archaeology in University

College London, and I remember her showing me the ivory lion gaming-pieces from the First Dynasty tombs of the king and his court at Abydos, and providing me with photographs for my illustrations. This was my spell-binding entry into Egyptology in the museum, which has been my first home from the very start, and again I owe this to Robert. My efforts at archaeological drawing were not particularly successful renditions from not the most accurate sketches in the book on predynastic and Early Dynastic art by Massouard – “B minus”, Robert thought out loud, but he liked the essay itself, and his encouragement meant an enormous amount to me, then and later.

I remember vividly how he guided me in my initial attempts at learning hieroglyphs from the standard Egyptian Grammar by Alan Gardiner, and how, over my many years of study, he would offer his crystal-clear wisdom on Egyptology, literature, and music in visit after engaging visit. All those conversations came to form an essential part of my learning, and I saw him providing the same support and motivation again and again for the many students and colleagues who arrived from Egypt and Palestine and a host of other countries, in his ceaseless dedication to helping anyone thirsty for knowledge. It has been a special honour to witness that openness and impact, and keeps the memories fresh and full of his unique brands of wit and humour.

I remain always grateful that I knew him and for all that he has accomplished for so many, especially in Egypt and Palestine, and for all that his Trust continues to accomplish into the future.

Dr Chris Naunton, Director of the Egypt Exploration Society, London

I don't exactly know when I first met Robert but it must have been around 2001 when I began working for the Egypt Exploration Society. He had brought one of his students to our London offices as an introduction to the organization and its library in particular. At that time I met a lot of people who were obviously *something* in the world of Egyptology, but it wasn't clear to me why he was helping these students out, or in what capacity. But he was part of the small but richly diverse *dramatis personae* of the Egyptological world, and after a while I became familiar with what I realized were regular visits like this to the EES. They became more frequent for a time when Robert came regularly to consult our run of the archaeological journal *Syria*, for a book he was writing about Baalbek. I remember one such occasion in early 2003 (it must have been), when he had a long conversation with a colleague and fellow archaeologist who at that time was living and working between Beirut and Damascus as part of the French Institute for Archaeology in the Near East. I listened in silence while they agreed vigorously with one another that a US-led intervention in Iraq would lead to all hell breaking loose. How right they were.

Robert moved to Egypt a few years later, permanently it seemed, which was quite striking: Egypt is not an easy place for anyone used to the relative comforts of Kensington, let alone a man in his 70s, I thought.

It must have been soon after he moved back to London that we became much better acquainted. In the intervening years my outlook on Egyptology had changed quite a lot. I had come to appreciate modern Egypt much more than I had previously, and to understand archaeology and Egyptology in the context of the country's more recent past, and the way its relationship with Britain had evolved. I had also learnt much

more of my organization's own 125 years of history, and had come to play a role in helping it to modernize, as the Society's Deputy Director.

By this time the Society had inaugurated an 'Oral History of Egyptology' project under my direction, for which we interviewed a number of senior Egyptologists who had played leading roles in the work of the Society. It had become clear to me that the standard history of the organization, and by extension our discipline, had concentrated almost entirely on scientific work, and that there was something of an unwritten, behind-the-scenes story which revealed many other factors to have shaped the subject. I had not really known exactly *who* Robert was when we first met as he had not written very many of the kind of academic articles etc. one reads as a student of Egyptology, but as I became more involved in the running of the EES, it became clear to me that Robert had been much more influential than I had previously realized. He was Honorary Secretary of the EES, its day-to-day chief executive, from roughly 1971 to 1982.

I interviewed Robert for the Oral History Project in summer 2011 and discovered, to my great delight and wonderment, that many of the initiatives I had introduced as part of the modernization of the Society, found echoes in Robert's work during the 1970s. We had begun to offer classes in reading hieroglyphs, of just the same kind that Robert had taught in the same room, 40 years before. I had come to think that my more senior colleagues were wrong to shun television documentaries about Egypt, and to see them as an essential means for communicating Egyptology to a broad audience. I began showing films at the EES, and found that Robert had been doing exactly the same thing. When, shortly afterwards, I had the opportunity to appear on television myself, I did so recalling that Robert had himself, very capably, represented the EES on the small screen.

His first act as EES Hon Sec was to announce the death of the legendary excavator Bryan Emery who had had a stroke at his Saqqara dig house while excavations were in progress, in Spring 1971. In the years that followed Robert ran the EES as one half of a formidable double act along with its secretary, Mary Crawford. He delivered copies of the *Journal of Egyptian Archaeology* to members in London on his bike (he always seemed pleased that I would cycle to his house for our chats, and loved my folding bike: "marvellous" he would say); he recruited dozens of new subscribers while lecturing on Swan's Nile cruises; and he did everything he could to create the perception, particularly among his colleagues at the other foreign institutes in Cairo, that the Society was a big player when it was, in reality, tiny by comparison with 'the French' and 'the Germans' especially. Robert had cultivated such good relations with the British community in Egypt that the then-ambassador Michael Weir invited him to live in the Embassy. Robert declined on the grounds that he wouldn't have enjoyed the endless socializing but he took an office there instead. Despite my best efforts, I have yet to receive any such invitation myself!

At around the same time as the interview, the Society's then Director (the post into which Robert's Honorary Secretary role had evolved) announced that she would be retiring. I let Robert know that I would be applying for the job and he immediately assumed the role of mentor, and could not have been more supportive and encouraging. I got the job. With hindsight, I suspect that many of the stories he told me of his own experiences during the interview but also over the course of our many

conversations in the years that followed, were very deliberately offered as guidance. He often invited me to Hornton Street where we would talk for hours over coffee or white wine. He cared deeply about the EES and I was, I'm afraid, worried about some of the challenges the Society was, and still is, facing.

Robert and I seemed to be of like mind when it came to the running of the Society. If any part of me was a little disappointed to find that so many of what I thought were my ideas had already been tried and tested by Robert a generation previously, those feelings were quickly overcome by a pride at the association with someone I had come to admire enormously.

Robert had decided to see the Society through its Centenary year in 1982. He planned a series of events to raise awareness and attract new subscribers, the most outrageous of which was a performance of Verdi's *Aida* at the pyramids of Giza, which was only scuppered by a last-minute bureaucratic change in Egypt. Instead, he conducted a performance of Mozart's *Magic Flute* at the Royal Albert Hall. My EES colleagues and I could only dream of doing any such thing now.

I hadn't realized until this time that Robert had in fact been keeping a distance from the Society since his retirement as Hon Sec. As he told me more than once, he was very clear that when he left he would step aside and allow his successors to take over without feeling the slightest interference from him. He had since watched from the sidelines. When he took part, at my invitation, in a seminar on 'Egyptology on television' as part of which a documentary in which Robert appears was shown to the audience, it was the first time he had participated in any of the Society's activities since his retirement as Hon Sec. He was 'back' for the first time, and he let me know that this was in part because he could see that the Society had taken a new direction, and that his return was a sign of his approval. I will forever be grateful for the encouragement.

More recently, the Society has embarked on another 'new' programme of activities that resonates with work undertaken by Robert over many years. In 2014 and 2015 the Society, with the support of the British Council, invited groups of young Egyptian archaeologists and Egyptologists to London to spend 6 weeks furthering their research by using the EES' library, visiting museums and archaeological sites, and meeting colleagues. In this the Society has closely followed the model established by Robert's Trust. This has been an enormous success for the EES, and, unsurprisingly, warmly welcomed in Egypt. Providing assistance to our Egyptian colleagues this way is entirely new to the EES, but has quickly become an essential part of its activities and new direction. Robert, of course, had seen the need, and had quietly been addressing it, years before we had. I am delighted to say that several of the young Egyptians who have benefited from the Trust are also among those who have been awarded various opportunities, including visits to London, by the EES.

I cycled over to see Robert several times in 2015. I valued and enjoyed our conversations enormously, perhaps the more so now that I know they were our last. On those last few occasions we talked almost as much about the Trust as about the EES. Robert often said that once his last book was finished his work would be done. I didn't know exactly when that would be and perhaps hadn't taken him seriously anyway. I was frustrated that I hadn't seen him more recently than July, but realized that he must have decided not to say goodbye, and that that was how he wanted it to be. I suppose he wouldn't have liked the fuss. It is perhaps another of his achievements that this man who achieved so much, and was so accomplished, did it all with such quiet grace. I suspect he knew himself well, and recognized his abilities and achievements, but he chose not to shout about them.



“I was a *buccaneer*, Chris,” he said to me during one of our last conversations when talking fondly of his days hustling for the EES in Cairo. “*Such fun*” ... (said with great emphasis and a twinkle in his eye) is the other phrase he often used that sticks in my mind.

What a life. I admire every part of it that I knew about, and I suspect that was only a fraction of the whole.

Dr Hany El-Tayeb, archaeologist and Ministry of Antiquities Inspector at Saqqara, Egypt

Dr Robert was interested by my work in Saqqara in the Tomb of Rashepses. He told me that he liked Saqqara so much because he worked with Dr Emery in his excavations in 1953. He lived in Saqqara in “biet Emery” and he liked it. He gave me 1400 British Pounds to enable me to work in the 2014 season in the Tomb of Rashepses. He helped me many times through his Trust and they have given me another chance to come to London to complete my Research. I cannot forget Dr Robert, I miss him. May he have rest and peace.

Oussama Tadros, Trust scholar, Chief Prosecutor, Administrative Prosecution Authority, Ministry of Justice, Egypt

Behind my knowing Dr Robert, as I used to call him, there is a long story that goes back 25 years. It started when I met him for the first time in 1990 in Mokattam, part of Cairo the capital of Egypt. At that time I was only 15 years old and he was 63. Despite this big difference of age, culture and language between us, he was able to communicate with me. We started our talks in French and little by little through the years in English.

During these 25 years, my regard for Dr Robert has changed. First, I thought that he was merely a tourist like the many tourists who visit my country, but soon I discovered that he had known Egypt for a long time and much better than me. Once we went to the Egyptian Museum, and he read and explained to me the hieroglyphic

language, and when he returned to London, he sent me a book about how to read hieroglyphics.



When I got older, I started to realize the human side of his personality. He was able, on the one hand, to deal with respect and love with a poor doorman in Egypt, and on the other hand, to deal with the Queen of England and impress her. He was able to play with children and make them laugh, and at the same time, able to enter into the hardest discussions with adults and gain them as friends in the end.

Dr Robert was a well-known and trusted academic authority in Egyptology. In addition to this, he had a long history in music: he conducted concerts in many famous places, the Albert Hall among them; nevertheless, he was always humble and patient with everybody. He had the ability to transfer his experience and advice to others, smoothly without appearing as a lecturer who gives lessons. Even if he was very busy he always had time enough to listen to those who sought his opinion, and then say what he thought and offer them a solution if he could do something. He thus became a teacher for me of how to be human.

He believed that access to science and knowledge is one of the most important features of the British way of life, and that science and knowledge should be accessible to everyone. It was with this in mind that he established his trust in 1988. This trust, in my view, is the literal translation of his ideas and beliefs. It receives students from almost the entire world and of different ages. It affords them free accommodation in London, which is as such a great opportunity; it helps them to study and use all the available resources of knowledge in the British universities and libraries, and sometimes provides them with financial help when necessary.

Personally, I came under the trust for one month in 2003 and 2007; now I am under the trust again for one year to study an LLM, and I could not do so without the help of the trust. Throughout the last years, the trust – with Dr Anderson as its head and Mr Davies at its heart – has successfully achieved the goals that it was established for. Dr Robert will continue to live through his books and through the work of the trust as it continues to realize his aims, as I do believe it will.

Peter Hudston, former Anderson Scholar, City University Music Department

Robert generously gave me a scholarship to complete a Master's in Ethnomusicology at City University, and because of this, I came to know a great and wonderful man.

In May 2014, during the middle of radiation therapy for my non-Hodgkin's lymphoma, I decided to drag myself into London for the University's scholarship ceremony. I wanted to thank Robert personally for his patronage, so I suited myself as nicely as I could to deflect from the effects of my treatment. To my disappointment, Robert was not at the awards ceremony, and none of the organizers had bothered to inform me beforehand. I was, of course, surprised, but took it upon myself to meet Robert in person. After prodding a few people at the University, I was given Robert's contact details, and after exchanging a few emails, Robert invited me to tea at his home on Hornton Street. I was so happy to have a personal audience with my benefactor at last, and felt that this was rewarding beyond what could have been achieved at the awards ceremony.

It is customary in Indian culture to bring a gift when entering someone's home the first time. I had *kaju katli* (an Indian cashew nut dessert with silver gilt on top) at my home in Oxford. It is a sweet that I have enjoyed very much, so I decided to share it with Robert at our first meeting. I remember the look of elation on Robert's face at our first meeting when I presented him the boxed and decorative sweets. He said to me "*Oh, how did you know I love Indian sweets? You must have known I grew up in India!*" I had no idea at that time of Robert's history, and my gesture was purely serendipitous in nature, and also a catalyst for our wonderful, but yet all too brief friendship. Henceforth, when Robert would invite me for tea, I would always bring an offering of sweets or fruit; a gesture which would always bring him joy.

I thoroughly enjoyed listening to Robert's enchanting and historic anecdotes, and my one regret is that I had not recorded any of them as recording oral histories is one of my passions. Our talks about India, music, history and the UK were always so engaging, and I particularly remember his disdain for regional UK accents and how he had stopped listening to the BBC because of it; that gave me a chuckle! His enthusiasm and passion for music was truly inspiring.

Something that may be so silly and insignificant to some, but to me will be a lasting memory is that my first and only time trying cherry brandy happened during our last meeting. Robert was always able to perk up for a shot of brandy! He was cheery and upbeat straight to the end, and I admire the fact that he was able to do things his way and without looking back.

Robert taught me about time. To respect it and make use of it. I regret, as does everyone, that we never have enough of it, but the short time I had to get to know Robert – that time spent means the world to me.

**Professor Jerzy Miziolek, Institute of Archaeology, University of Warsaw:
remembering Robert through his letters and some personal recollections**

“I am busy with a book on Baalbek (or Syrian Heliopolis). It occurs to me you have mentioned it when working on ‘sun’ matters, and might have something of interest for me, even if only a bibliography.” This is the last paragraph from Robert’s letters to me dated: 5003, day 96. He was an Egyptologist, after all, and therefore at some point, precisely on 16 January 2002 (i.e. 5002) he wrote: *“My new dating system begins at the origin of writing, which I have fixed at 3000 BC (near enough). I’m v. pleased with it.”*

His sense of humor, and his power of imagination have always been very impressive and even more his numerous fields of interest. One of them was of course archaeology, which paved the way for our first meeting. It took place in the late Summer of 1987 thanks to Marcin Fabiański, my colleague from the Jagiellonian University. In December of the previous year I had defended my PhD concerning the solar cult in the late-Antiquity and its impact on Christianity and the visual arts in that period. This was a subject of interest also to Robert and thus – in August and September 1987 – we spent many hours discussing the problem of monotheism, the differences between the cult of the sun in Egypt and in Syria. It was delightful to see Robert browsing through his numerous books, often unknown to me, and particularly when showing and interpreting to me several passages in the small volumes of the famous Loeb Classical Library. Needless to say he was in possession of all of them and the room in which they were kept remains in my memory as one of the most impressive in his big house at Hornton Street. Plato, Cicero, Plotinus, Julian the Apostate and numerous Fathers of the Church, such as Clement of Alexandria, Augustine of Hippo and Ambrose, were offering us their ideas and explanations.

These first unforgettable meetings with Robert during a two-week stay at Hornton Street and next longer stays in London in the coming years, when I was a full fellow of the Robert Anderson Trust, allowed me to complete three “solar papers” in English (one of them, on the Transfiguration mosaic at Sinai, was published in 1990, in the *Journal of the Warburg and Courtauld Institutes*) and a book in Polish (*Sol verus*, 1991). Robert is of course mentioned in them and I am immensely grateful to him that he not only invited me to London but he also very strongly encouraged me to publish the result of my ‘solar’ studies in English. This soon appeared to be very helpful in obtaining fellowships from the Warburg Institute and the Getty Grant Program. However, from the perspective of today I am likewise happy in the fact that already in the late 1980s and early 1990s Robert, while working on Elgar, was already thinking about his Baalbek book, of which of course I have my own personal copy. It has always been placed in a prestigious place in my private library and I am happy to read it from time to time hoping to be able to visit Baalbek one day. I am also happy that the book was published by the Instytut Sztuki in Warsaw, the institution in which he often stayed, almost always delivering there his lectures either on musical matters or on the history of Egyptology. So many scholars employed at the Instytut Sztuki visited London and conducted their research thanks to Robert. This support to several studiosi was honoured with a medal and commemorated in a paper which appeared in the *Biuletyn Historii Sztuki* (a journal published by the Instytut Sztuki). Referring to this in a letter dated 18 July 2001 Robert wrote: *“Warmest thanks for the offprint and the generous things you have written about me. What a lovely association it has been with Poland.”*

To convey the atmosphere of his very busy life and his visits both to Warsaw, Cracow and to so many other places, it is worth citing passages from another letter: *“Your welcome letter was waiting for me on my return from India; since then I have been in Egypt, and Serbia comes later this month. That underlines my problem. I must cut down on travel if I am to get written the various books that simmer in my brain. I have to be in Cracow for a conference in September; but I shall make it very brief. For the future it will just be India and Egypt”* (5003, day 96).

But what was the atmosphere in Robert’s castle at Hornton Street? In a way, because of his astonishing library, it was a temple of study; there were also short breaks for tea or coffee, at times with some modest meal. Liam O’Connor, now a distinguished architect, used to bring a kind of dignity and elegance; Robert, it seems to me, was never particularly preoccupied with his cloth. And of course Music. It was played often in a variety of ways; Elgar’s *Cello concerto* and his *Enigma variations* I remember the best. My wishful thinking is to read all his books on Elgar. I remember him leaving for Paddington Station on his way to places connected with the great composer. On January 5002 Robert reported: *“I have been very naughty but also very busy. I got the third Elgar book finished four days before Christmas and then started to pick up the pieces neglected over so many months.”* Elgar, Egypt, solar matters, India, Central Europe, a small book on Wagner and short discussions on Chopin came to my mind when Howard informed me that Robert had passed away. I am happy that I have preserved his several letters to me (I hope to find some more); each of them is a piece of something like poetry. Through them I can remember better also our discussions on mythology and biblical subjects on Italian *cassoni*, or marriage chests, so popular in Renaissance Italy of which astonishing collections are to be found in both the Victoria and Albert Museum and the Royal Wawel Castle in Cracow. To one of them Robert refers in his letter of 16 January 2002: *“I was delighted to get the ‘cassone’ article. You should send a copy to Bush in the States, as he needs to learn something about ‘giustizia’.*” There is also a very nice biblical reference: *“It’s pouring with rain and south-east England is flooded. I have to attend a wedding in the midst of the floods; I shall need Noah’s ark”* (16 October 2000).

And there is also a story about a small fish named Robert. In the recently cited letter he wrote: *“I assume Robert is still swimming around in the aquarium under Michal’s watchful eye.”* Michal is my son, who then was a little boy who had a tortoise and the aquarium full of small fish. One of them he named Robertus. ‘Robertus piscis’ is remembered by Robert in several letters: on 18 July 2001, he wrote: *“I am sure you will have a glorious time in Tuscany. Who will look after Robertus piscis while you are away?”* Later on: *“Correspondence has gone haywire, and then Christmas cards flattened me. I am just emerging from an ocean of papers ... Do you imply that Robertus piscis senior is dead? Did he get a state funeral? I’m sure Junior takes after him and will be equally attractive; but it’s not quite the same. I trust Michal cherishes him carefully. And what about the tortoise?”*; *“If piscis primus et secundus are no more, so be it. But it is very important to me that there should be a Robertus piscis of some sort, small and active, swimming around in the tank. Please explain this to Michal, and ask him to take special care of piscis tertius or quartus or wherever we are.”*

How the fellows of the Robert Anderson Charitable Trust were treated and to what degree Robert himself enjoyed trips with them can be detected from his letter of 18

July 2001: *“An admirable musicologist from Cracow has just gone. He was the best of company, and I could not have enjoyed my talks with him more. We went with two Russians to Cambridge, on one of the loveliest days I can remember there – and you know what that means.”*

It was a privilege to know personally Robert Anderson and to be in touch with him for many years. Numerous longer colloquia with him and very many chats could offer countless ideas and change considerably the paths of so many of us from a variety of countries. He was an astonishing, in a way unique, human creature who enjoyed meeting people and loved them for any creative idea. His everyday life was modest, his meals were simple and his generosity was without limits. I hope that his book on Palmyra, his last book as far as I know, will appear before too long. Let us meet on this occasion to celebrate Robert Anderson’s achievement and the beauty of his ideas and his mind.

Dr Biljana Vlaskovic Ilic, Assistant Professor, Faculty of Philology and Arts, University of Kragujevac, Serbia

I visited London thanks to Dr Anderson’s grant two times (2009 and 2013). I had the opportunity to meet Dr Anderson the last time I was there and we had a very pleasant conversation. I will remember him dearly.

Dmitry Kolchugin, Faculty of History, Moscow State University graduate

It was my first visit to London and my second ever abroad. That’s why I remember it very clearly. And every time I come back to London or tell somebody of my discovery of Great Britain, I do recollect Dr Robert Anderson – this very man who granted me, a postgraduate student from Moscow, such a great opportunity to spend a wonderful month in the summer more than 10 years ago full of impressions that will be alive forever.

I remember him at Gatwick airport late in the evening trying to find me because my flight was delayed. And I was so happy when we managed to meet and we shook hands at last as good friends.

I have lived under his roof, in the pretty, old-fashioned room, filled with books, with no TV or cell-phone, and was really happy, having been accepted as a dear guest and supported at my every step along the unknown city: starting with the tour to the nearest supermarket or Kensington garden, where he was telling me about different plants. And farther, showing me the way to the British Library, Public Record office and even organizing in one of the weekends an excursion to Cambridge, which he decided to show us – all the young scholars together whom he hosted those days.

He was a very vivid man, very delicate and hospitable at the same time, moderate in his everyday life and hardworking in his everyday studies, being the owner of a curious mind and a perfect sense of humor. Now it could and should be deservedly pronounced many good words in his memory by these numerous people who opened their new horizons owing to Dr. Anderson’s generosity. I’m just one of the international community that he created. This is the truly valuable contribution of him. And I’m proud to be a part of this story!

Dr Marat Yakupov, Odessa, Ukraine

It happened in August 1998, I think. I was a young Professor of History in Odessa State University. These were the last days of vacation and I came to the Dean's office to find out what was my schedule for the next semester. I took my son Dimitry, who was four years old, with me.

While I talked to the manager an elderly man came in and asked in English whether he could see the Dean. Since the manager did not speak English I explained that the Dean was on vacation. The elderly gentleman said that he was Dr Robert Anderson from London, and that he represented a Trust that invited young scientists to make their investigations in the libraries of London. I promised to transfer this information to the Dean, which I did later indeed.

Since I had some free time, my son and I accompanied Dr Anderson to the seaport where a passenger vessel waited for him. Dr Anderson was on a trip along the Dnieper River and the shores of the Black Sea. It was a lovely day and we walked with Robert via the City Garden and the beautiful Opera House talking with great pleasure on various topics. I discovered that Dr Anderson was an Egyptologist, besides his other numerous fields of interest. In spite of my son's tender age he already wondered about Ancient Egypt. Dr Anderson kept this in mind and later, when I became a guest of his Trust, he passed to Dimitry some souvenirs from Egypt. I, as the father, was touched by his attention.

So, I was invited to London by Dr Anderson as a beneficiary of the Trust. I lived in the house at Highgate under the tutelage of Mr Howard Davies. Nevertheless I was happy to see Dr Robert Anderson in his house at Kensington. He was a really interesting person with a broad range of interests. In every field he had a firm and reasonable opinion. I was impressed by his sincere qualities.

It was our last meeting but I kept following Dr Anderson via the kind reports from Mr Davies. I learnt about new publications of the books by Dr Anderson, about his travelling and life in Egypt and his return to Great Britain. And with great bitterness I learnt that he is now gone from life. Dr Robert Anderson gifted me a very bright page of my life. The gratitude and kind memory of him will live in my heart ever.

Evgeny Vdovchenkov, Associate Professor, Department of Archaeology and Ancient History, Southern Federal University, Rostov-on-Don

We all have our own way, leading us to science. And this way is lightened by the people we meet on the way. Robert Anderson is one of these people and the light that he brings accompanies us throughout our whole life.

I first met Robert Anderson during my first year of studies when in the spring of 1996 he visited Rostov State University. I remember my impressions of the genuine Englishman, and of his lectures on Egyptology. One day in the evening I was working in the library on my course paper and was waiting for my book at the books delivery desk when Robert Anderson passed by. He was on a tour of our university library (at that time it was in an old mansion built at the beginning of the twentieth century). He recognized the nosy student who had kept asking questions during the lecture and asked what I was doing there. In my rusty English I started talking about the 'hetties'

that were the topic of my course paper. Not without difficulty he understood that ‘hetties’ are English ‘hittites’.

Thereafter I saw him at British Club meetings during his visits to Rostov. This club has been working with the Faculty of History in Rostov since 1996. It brings together students and professors of the history faculty who are fond of British history and culture. We became pen-friends. Now correspondence by letter is fading out, being replaced by e-mails and Skype, but at that time it was the most important means of communication. There is a certain charm in receiving letters from a far, far away England that seemed incredibly remote for me at that time, in tiny paper envelopes with the silhouette of Elizabeth II. Robert would write on small-sized notepaper using a typewriter, and always signed as ‘*Robert*’ in a very particular handwriting. Once a month I would get a short but informative letter in which Robert would answer my questions and shared his thoughts. I remember his desire to comprehend what was happening in Russia. When in the early 2000s military action erupted in Chechnya he would write in his letters how worried he was about that and how concerned he was for the future of Chechen ‘babushkas’ (babushka means ‘grandmother’). In fact, he was always aware of all political events (and it seems that was inevitable as he, being an Egyptologist, was closely tied to the East).

During my fourth year of studying there was a chance to visit England under the grant of the Robert Anderson Research Charitable Trust. However it did not work out. I went to England only after my undergraduate and post-graduate studies had been completed, in July of 2006. That trip meant a lot to me and it would not have been possible without Robert’s efficient help.

I remember the feeling of unreality when I first entered his beautiful house in Holland Street, went up the worn staircase and found myself in a room with huge folios on Ancient Egypt each a meter tall, issued in the nineteenth century. Before I’d seen these only in lists of reference. I looked out at the street filled with streetlights and it seemed like something out of a fairytale. The house was just a minute’s walk from Hyde Park, Kensington Palace and Portobello Antiques Market. The atmosphere of this district in the very centre of London and that of Robert’s house was fascinating and it was just as important as the chance to work in British Library and School of Oriental and African Studies (SOAS) library of London University.

I would like to share some impressions of Robert. It is hard to fit them all into just a few pages. He was very curious, inquiring and highly welcoming and open to communication. He was always very helpful both when he picked me up from the airport and when took me back there; when he helped to find a telephone card and walked several blocks searching for it; when he came with me and other grant participants to Oxford. He cared about all group members, helped with their problems, gave advice, bought books that were more expensive than we could afford with the grant money, solved problems at Heathrow airport, etc.

But at the same time one could see that his kindness was not spinelessness. He was consistent in his goals, strong in his beliefs and always stood up for his principles.



I am not good enough at music to apprehend his talents in this sphere; I only used his extensive record library when staying at his house. As far as I understand, he was conservative in his musical preferences. I remember him speaking rather lightly about rock music when I asked about it!

His energy impressed me (he was 78!) when after a long walk around Oxford he seemed to be less tired than me and my colleagues who were on this trip. Once, I remember, the reckless Robert crossed a very busy street in Notting Hill Gate and I had to run across the street after him looking around anxiously.

Nowadays it is rather easy to become a professional in one sphere or another; what is harder is to be a human being, and retain humane qualities. I thank luck for having met Robert, who was an example of a wonderful combination of professional and personal qualities.

Dr Ana Sladojevic, Consultant Curator, Museum of Contemporary Art et al., Belgrade, Serbia

I met Dr Anderson in Belgrade, Serbia, where he gave a lecture on the topic of “The Musician in Ancient Egypt”, at the Museum of African Art where I worked. He was so kind as to invite us curators to apply for the RARCT grant. I have been the RARCT beneficiary twice: in 2005 and 2014. Young people all around the world, eager to learn and to develop professionally, are faced almost every day with the lack of possibilities. Dr Anderson had recognized that. By establishing the RARCT, not only did he provide the framework to foster research and science, but he accomplished something far more valuable: Dr Anderson modelled the RARCT upon his personality and lifestyle, imbuing it with a strong sense of professional duty and ethical standards that he remained true to all his life.

The RARCT experience was never impersonal and cold as most grants nowadays are; it never served only to inform, but also to educate in a more substantial sense, that has all to do with shared values and dedication to being decent human beings above all.

Dr Anderson had opened the door of his home to all of us beneficiaries. His attitude was attentive and interested in what we had to say. He would encourage us to speak our mind. Even though he was such an authority, it felt natural to be able to debate world politics with him. I was impressed by Dr Anderson's knowledge and talents, but even more by his firmness of character, his rigorous devotion to his work and the modesty with which he approached everyone.

I feel indebted to both Dr Anderson personally and to the Trust, for showing me hospitality twice, for it deeply influenced my self-perception, and empowered me to stay true to the core values that we share, that are beyond any particular surrounding or country, but rather fit within professional honesty and constant striving to perfect one's knowledge. I often look back at this experience as a source of strength to continue with my own work

Without any pathos or sentimentality, I would say that knowing Dr Anderson was a rare kind of privilege that leaves a lifelong impression. He will be greatly missed, but it is a relief to know that the RARCT shall continue with its work in memory of him.

Professor Marcin Fabiański, Institute of Art History, Jagiellonian University, Krakow, Poland

Robert Anderson with a party of archeologists came to Poland in late summer 1980. Working for the University Museum in Krakow a few months after my graduation in art history, I used to be asked to guide visitors from various countries. The particularly keen interest and vivid reactions of the members of that archeological group converted a routine museum tour into a spontaneous informal talk on art, history and life at the time of *Solidarność* (Solidarity), the newly-formed trade union that gradually contributed to the downfall of the Eastern Bloc. After more than three decades it is hardly possible to recall all the details, but I do remember that on leaving the Collegium Maius Dr Anderson asked me about my professional interests and offered help in getting the scholarly publications that were unavailable in Krakow. Then we started to exchange letters and after a few months I dared ask him (I was still very shy at the time) for the Peter Thornton book on seventeenth-century interior decoration. The volume was dispatched on 20 October 1981 and accompanied by a letter, which started:

At last I can send you a book for your research and redeem my promise of a year ago. Have you started your military service? If so, how goes it? Mine was a numbing waste of time, except (and quite an exception) that it took me to Egypt for a year and launched me on a love-affair of great importance for my life. What you say about the chances for research in Poland sounds gloomy. But human beings have a capacity for making do [...].

My military service did not launch me on a love-affair, but into General Jaruzelski's martial law, but, exactly like Robert's, at last it ended. In 1983, rather than buying another volume, Dr Anderson preferred to invite me to his London house in order to make me read more than one book at a time. Since it was impossible to be released from the university by personal invitation alone, a working solution had to be found. To satisfy the Communist authorities with an institutional invitation, he had to involve the City University and the head of its music department, Professor Malcolm Troup.

The document proved to work perfectly well and I found my way to the Hornton Street house in February 1984.

Poles could not buy sterling at the time with their inconvertible currency and my host thoughtfully realized that such people needed some extra support. Not only could I study at the Warburg Institute, but buy a few books as well. In the evening we would talk, or I would listen to Robert playing the piano, and once he took me to the theatre for Agatha Christie's *The Mousetrap*. On some other day we had a lunch in a club. Since I had not been instructed to take a jacket and tie, we were not admitted. However, Robert made a few swift calls and these two necessary bits of paraphernalia were produced, albeit very large in comparison to my tiny figure.

At the end of my stay he asked me to recommend prospective candidates from various academic centres and sought my opinion on the typical needs of young scholars from my part of Europe. By every possible measure, that month was a success and so it all started. The Trust was formally established four years later, but already before, quite a few people had enjoyed Robert's hospitable support.

Sergey Gavrilov, Associate Professor, Institute of History and International Relations, Southern Federal University, Russia

In real life, unfortunately, the people who are really able to give almost everything that they have for the benefit of another people are very rare. I believe that it was really lucky for me to meet some of such people in my life. Without their help I would not be who I am right now. And Robert Anderson was one of these people; he was a man in the fullest sense of the word.

I do not think that now there is a need to talk about the fact that he was a famous scholar, playing a significant role in the field of classical music. I will not say also that some of my travels to England, my work in the British archives and libraries, and therefore, my PhD thesis would not have taken place without his help and participation. All this is correct, and I believe, tens and even hundreds of people in the world can talk about it. And Robert Anderson certainly earned his place in history and in our memory.

Now I would like to say some words about the human measurement of this outstanding man. I will tell about some moments of our personal relations. To my mind our life, consisting of such moments, opens to us such measurement of people, no less than their official steps and actions.

My first impressions of Robert are rooted in the middle of the now distant 1990s. Then he came to Rostov State University and gave to us some lectures on the culture of Ancient Egypt. It was difficult for most of the students sitting in the classroom to understand what he said, since our knowledge of English then was far from good. Nevertheless, the lively style of his lecture completely compensated for our inability to instantly understand spoken English. I distinctly remember the moment when Robert, looking at a picture, compared the Pharaoh's ears with the ears of Prince Charles. And suddenly I was struck by the thought that a British professor could also be joking!

However, my real acquaintance with Robert started later, when I had already graduated from Rostov University and began writing my PhD dissertation at Moscow State University. He often visited Moscow, and sometimes we met and walked around the city during some of his visits. Walking with him was quite interesting, because he was very interested in every building, every corner, and at the same time, like a child, he genuinely admired all he saw for the first time. There was so much sincerity and genuineness in him. My feeling of stress due to my poor knowledge of English instantly disappeared, and I felt equality arising between us. Yes, Robert was able to be sincere; he had that ability, which, unfortunately, has become a rarity in the modern world. He was very worried about me because our Russian bureaucratic machine had for several months been trying to take away the grant from his Trust. At the time we often wrote letters to each other, and in each of his letters (some of which I still possess), he tried to support me in my struggle, offering all possible help. But the case came to court, and, though the truth has triumphed, that first trip was disrupted. But he immediately offered me a new grant.

The first time I was in London was in 2002. On the first day of my arrival, he took me to Holland Park, located near his home on Hornton Street. It was the last day of summer, there was a nice quiet, sunny weather, and we slowly walked around the park's alleys. Talking, we enjoyed the serenity of Sunday and watched the quiet everyday life of wild animals, which is so rich in this park in the center of London. From that time I still have a photo. Robert was captured on the steps amid the flower beds in the depths of the park, and there is a smile on his face. Now looking at this picture, I can exactly say that at this moment he was happy.

My first trip (and the following too) preserved in my memory quite a few moments revealing the remarkable human qualities of this man. But I would like to talk about another particular case. This case, in my opinion, very well showcased the knightly qualities of Robert. This was the day of my departure. Unfortunately, the day was overshadowed from the start, because Robert had to go to the funeral of a friend, and of course in this situation, he was a bit gloomy and sad. Nevertheless, he wanted to take me to the airport himself. In the underground he was a little nervous, and he often looked at his watch. It was very obvious that he was immersed in his sad thoughts. He sat down on the only empty seat in the train. At one of the stops an elderly lady came into the railway carriage. Robert immediately looked at the young man sitting in front of him, and began to point with his eyes at the woman. I'm not sure if the young man quite understood these signals, as only bewilderment was seen on his face. Even a direct gesture towards the lady produced no results, and the young man, still looking at my friend with a grimace of bewilderment, remained stubbornly seated. At one point, realizing that something was about to happen, I tried to intervene. However, Robert was ahead of me; my attempt to interfere had failed. Leaping from his seat, he rushed at the young man screaming: "*You need to learn!!!*" And grabbing him by the collar of the shirt, he tried to pick him up. It was so unexpected that I was scared, because the man was of a very impressive size. Leaving my suitcase, I tried to stop Robert, but he grabbed the young man in a stranglehold. Fortunately, the man was so shocked by the scene that he preferred to escape. Stooping, he humbly hurried to the exit, and as he walked Robert continued to push him toward the door. This situation could even have seemed humorous to the casual observer. An elderly man, who does not have a large physique, throws out a young guy having a very impressive size. After that Robert helped the woman to sit down, but for a long time he was unable to

calm down, and for the rest of the way kept repeating: “*What's this world coming to?*” I was very impressed. Yes, Robert Anderson was a real knight and a gentleman.

It is a pity that in our modern world there aren't enough people like Robert Anderson.

Dr Adam Organisty, Lecturer, Academy of Fine Arts, Krakow

During my doctoral studies in art history, thanks to the assistance of Professor Marcin Fabiański from Jagiellonian University, I learnt of the Robert Anderson Research Charitable Trust. This institution was responsible for my ability to conduct research work in London on two separate occasions. The first time was in April 1999, and the second in October 2005. My stay in the culturally diverse city, which is filled to capacity with works of art, was in itself a vital experience for me. Not only could I gather necessary information for the publications I was preparing at that time, but also expand my knowledge on art and amass fabulous books that I often received as gifts. I found all this extremely significant. But of most importance was meeting the extraordinary individuals who were kind enough to play host to me. I often return to my conversations with Howard Davies and Professor Robert Anderson. It could be said that it was meeting them that has shaped my thinking and influenced my perception of the world. I often recall some of the observations made by Professor Anderson, which have become my proverbial maxims or codes of conduct. I didn't know him long, as I only had the pleasure of spending time with him on my two visits to London. He also visited Kraków once. He came to see me in my bedsit in a dilapidated tenement house in the Kazimierz district. He told me that I had an excellent space for work. Professor Anderson was exceptionally open to other people. Below, I will try to recall some memories I have of him. I hope that I will be able to convey what fascinated me and what continues to fascinate me about him.

You will cry

On my first visit to London, I lived in a house at Holly Terrace in Highgate. Howard Davies, who looked after me, notified me of a planned visit by Dr Robert, as I was asked to call him, who was to arrive on Sunday, about halfway through my stay. The professor came on a bicycle, having had to travel a long distance from Kensington to a house situated on a hill. He arrived and we sat down with some tea. He refused to have any snacks. From the first moment, he was keen to know what I did and whether I had been able to find any information on St Giacinta Marescotti and her depictions in paintings by Giuseppe Passeri. I was touched that he showed interest not only in my “scientific discoveries” connected to my key reason for that scholarship visit. He was also interested in photographs of Baroque Silesian sculptures and other works of art which fascinated me. He emboldened me to the extent that I started to tell him about my fascination with the writing of the mystics and its reflection in Baroque art. I cannot recall his words, but I think that he had a little detached smile and a perceptive glint in his eyes. However, he keenly conversed with me on that topic and pinpointed some cultural differences between Western and Eastern Europe. He recalled his experiences from Poland. I began to feel a typical representative of the Slavic world – prone to over-enthusing, expressly emotional. Our conversation touched upon various arts-related passions and quickly turned to music. Dr Robert then invited me to a concert that was soon to take place in a church located nearby. The Rogeri Trio was scheduled to play there, with an acquaintance of his, Peter Adams, as cellist. The concert included, among others, Tchaikovsky's Piano Trio in A minor, Op. 50. I don't know what persuaded me, but I might have wanted to show that

I was not as emotional as could have been gathered from our last conversation. Seeing Tchaikovsky's music in the programme, just before the music began, I asked quietly if I would cry during the concert. Dr Robert answered simply: *You will cry*.

After the concert, he showed me a recording by the Rogeri Trio. It included also the Piano Trio in G Minor, Op. 15 by Bedrich Smetana, which was particularly recommended to me by the professor.

Hornton Street

During my next visit to London, I stayed with Dr Robert in his home at Hornton Street. I am sure that all scholarship recipients can remember the layout of that house. The lowest floor was where John lived (I only knew him by his first name), with whom I had very little contact. However, it was known that there was always someone in the house, as John did not leave his flat due to an illness. On the ground floor, next to the entrance, was a small office with a window facing the street, in which the professor wrote in the mornings, from about 9 am till midday, surrounded by countless books and records. The first floor held a kitchen, opposite which was a large living room with a grand piano. Above, on the second floor, there were two guest rooms for scholarship recipients. Stair landings were filled with shelves loaded with books, sheet music and records. The room of my host was located at the very top of the house. It was a great thrill just to be able to pause for a second in the corridor to have a quick read.

I am still in awe of the professor's daily schedule as he got up at daybreak. He said that in the morning he got up at 4 am and in the winter, at 5 am. He found it easiest to work in the tranquillity of the sleeping city, and to listen to music in his private room at the top of the house. We always appointed to meet for morning coffee and breakfast between 7 and 8 am. Sometimes I managed to persuade him to join me in a longer conversation till 9 am. Later, he worked in his office, while I travelled to libraries or museums.

Conductor

I used to be fascinated by his work as a conductor. He said that one cannot be a conductor at a young age. You have to have certain experiences and to do that one must be at least 40 years of age. He also never trusted conductors who closed their eyes during a concert. On the contrary, he believed that a conductor must have his or her eyes wide open to observe everything and everyone in the orchestra.

Beethoven

When asking him about his favourite composers I betrayed my fondness for Beethoven's music. He said that one symphony by Beethoven is enough for the entire week just as a single terrorist attack is enough for a week. I still wonder about this sentence. During one of our evening conversations, one Saturday or Sunday, he asked me to go into the living room and bring a fruit liqueur. To my surprise, I saw a small bust of Beethoven standing amongst the bottles on the mantelshelf. Dr Robert said that this was a perfect spot for Beethoven, and he certainly was happy amongst the bottles of drink. He encouraged me to become acquainted with a fragment of the Symphony no. 10 and the podcast about it which he had in his CD collection.

Elgar

He recommended that I listen to archival recordings conducted by the composer himself. He suggested listening to sketches for Elgar's Third Symphony and the commentary by Anthony Payne. He was particularly keen on Jacqueline du Pré's Cello Concerto. In a certain way she seemed to have been important to the professor, as he spoke about her with great respect. When he saw me attempt to listen to the virtually complete collection of music by Elgar, especially the monumental composition *The Kingdom*, he smiled with well-meaning compassion and asked me when I would find the time. My objective was to become acquainted with the music by that composer, but also with the culture of the Victorian era. He often talked about artists from that period of time.

Walks

On two occasions we decided to set off on a "long walk". The first time we headed to Leighton's painting studio, located near Hornton Street. In a room housing a shallow fountain he recalled a piano concert by Alfred Brendel. The pianist, not noticing the pool of water, stumbled into it, and later had to give his recital with his trouser leg still wet. On another occasion, we went to the Tate Gallery. We looked at paintings by the Pre-Raphaelites. He asked me with interest whether I really liked this type of painting. He discreetly suggested some literary themes and Arthurian legends which I should get to know better to understand these painting motifs. I remember that he was particularly entertained by the *Mammon* painting by George Frederic Watts. He said that its meaning still resonated in this day and age. He looked at paintings by Francis Bacon and the Turner Prize winners with reluctance. It seems that he thought they were an expression of a passing fad and achieved popularity thanks to the art market. I asked him for some sort of recipe for a masterpiece, whether he could tell me the characteristics of a work of art which in his opinion might display a touch of genius. He answered that he didn't know enough about the visual arts; this type of art was not as close to him as music was. In his opinion, in a musical piece there is inspiration which is transformed at the cost of exhaustive work into the perfection of form. He gave Bach, Mozart and Wagner as examples. He also mentioned Richard Strauss, who according to him had a great talent but did not know how to use it – although he valued his *Metamorphosen* which he conducted as his first conducting job in his life.

Do not waste your time on cleaning

He was not keen on seeing me cleaning the kitchen. He often told me not to waste time washing the dishes. There was a large bowl in the basin into which we put our dirty dishes. We then washed them all after several days. Sometimes I still take advantage of this principle.

Wagner

The kitchen windowsill was decorated with postcards which were sent to Dr Robert from scholarship recipients and friends from across the world. We started our morning conversations while looking at panoramic views and pictures of monuments. When looking at postcards from Moscow we talked about the political situation in the country and its history. The professor was very knowledgeable in global politics and had his own opinions on this topic. However, as a dilettante in these matters I always steered our conversations to find out as much as possible about music. He recommended that I listened to operas by Glinka, Borodin, Mussorgsky and Tchaikovsky. Among the postcards I noticed a small bust of Wagner, which the

professor received from his brother. Our conversations, therefore, often returned to Wagner's music and the cultural background of that time.

He encouraged me to listen to music by Friedrich Nietzsche. Nevertheless, he showed considerable detachment and a dose of good humour in regard to Nietzsche's philosophy. He showed a similar approach towards modern scenic design interpretations of Wagner and had a specific attitude towards Wagner's music. The professor told me what I should pay attention to. He suggested that I become acquainted with the story behind the creation of *The Master-Singers of Nuremberg*, in his opinion the merriest piece by the composer. He reminded me that Wagner's music was influenced by more than just Schopenhauer's pessimism. He valued the comical approach of British performers, particularly Graham Clarke as Mime in *Siegfried*. At that time, we were able to refer back to the performance of *The Ring of the Nibelung* from two years before. He suggested that in *The Valkyrie* I should pay particular attention to the conversation between Wotan and Brünnhilde. It seems interesting that he was easily engaged in conversations on love stories with tragic endings in pieces by Wagner. He kept on returning to Isolde and Kundry, asking me about these characters and what they might stand for.

Fauré

On my leaving, when I was to depart at dawn on the first subway train towards the airport, the professor also got up as was usual for him. It was obvious to him that he would walk me to the tube station despite the early hour. I asked him what music he liked to listen to in the mornings. Before we left he showed me music sheets of chamber pieces by Gabriel Fauré: quartets, piano quintets and sonatas. He suggested that I listen to them and to the Requiem by this French composer.

On religion

He admired Atef, a young Palestinian, who at that time resided at Hornton Street under his care. He admired him for his faith, for saying his prayers and for cleanliness and keeping fasts as dictated by his faith. During that time, Atef was fasting during Ramadan. Dr Robert was worried about his health. He did not like the fasting linked to religion which in his opinion was contrary to human nature. He asked us in a provocative way on the reasoning behind fasting. He also asked us about our faith, about our knowledge of the history of the religion in which we were brought up. After Ramadan, Atef prepared a magnificent feast to which he invited me and the professor. Sometimes during our conversations we discussed events from the Old and New Testament. I was faced with three different ways of reading the Bible.

In the mornings I often used to ask the professor about his experiences as a musician, and about his relationship to art. It sometimes happened that our conversations touched on the topic of faith. I asked him about his attitude to Christianity, or Islam. I also asked him directly if he believed in God. The conversation first started from discussing cults in ancient Egypt. We talked about Jesus and Muhammad as historical figures. Later we discussed the functioning of institutionalised religion. We analysed stories, issues linked to the functioning of the Roman Catholic Church, and the establishment of the Anglican Church. He praised Henry VIII for achieving autonomy from the papal state. He always referred to the 18th-century encyclopaedists, and he felt attached to the positivist tradition. I found it difficult to understand him. On the one hand he was an admirer of exceptionally emotional music by Elgar and Wagner,

and on the other hand he was a scientist who was keen to explain human behaviour from an entirely rational perspective. Any direct questions on faith took a back seat, as our discussions quickly turned to issues and histories of various religions. His relationship to faith will always remain a mystery to me.

When I was coming back home in the evenings I never knew if the professor would be in his office or working upstairs in his room. We were always appointed to meet the following day to have our morning coffee together. One evening, the telephone kept on ringing. The professor had asked me not to answer the telephone as he would attend to that. It was quite late in the evening. The telephone kept on ringing. In the end I answered it. The person on the other end of the line asked me with urgency to ask the professor to come to the telephone. I gathered my courage and entered his room for the first time. He was not in his room. But I remember what his room looked like: countless records, open music sheets, headphones next to music equipment, open books – all in apparent disarray. Next to the window there were several Egyptian figurines and a crucifix amongst them. A wondrous world to which I often return in my recollections.

Milan Dinic, former Trust scholar, Research executive, YouGuv

The following tribute is taken from an obituary published in the Serbian weekly Svedok, 1 December 2015

On the night of Monday-Tuesday, 23-24th November, Dr Robert Anderson passed away in London, aged 88. For many his name is unknown. However, what this man did is worthy of remembrance. If someone were one day to judge the history and nature of mankind, men such as Dr Anderson would uphold our honour. [...] The official story of his life is available from various sources. The unofficial part actually tells the greater truth about the man and gives one confidence that there may still be hope for humanity.

I met Dr Anderson in April 2013. At that time I was a guest on a one-month research project in London under his Trust which has for years helped students and researchers from different parts of the world come to Britain. Although I had previously heard he was a very rich man, from the way he looked you could not tell that. My first meeting with Dr Anderson was at his home in Kensington, one of the most prestigious quarters of the British capital. At the front door of a big house I was greeted by an elderly man, of middle height, with blue eyes, dressed very plainly. The discussion took us from Palestine and the Middle East, where Dr Anderson served as a soldier in 1948, over political events in the world and, above all, in Europe. He was a staunch advocate of Palestine and a great adversary of the EU. The first thing he asked me was – what do I think of the EU? Although the effects of age and Parkinson's disease were visible, his look showed his mind was sharp and attention absolute.

Dr Anderson did not seem like someone who was wealthy, owned two houses in the most notable areas of London and came from a family of means. The furniture was old and we always sat in a room refurbished as a kitchen with an old gas stove. We always had tea from simple tin mugs. Later I found out that, as he was no longer able to go shopping on his own, he asked one of his friends to buy him the simplest pasta and the cheapest sauce costing 35p (around 50 dinars), as that was what he mostly ate.

On what did this man spend the money he had? On people – the most easily spoiled goods in the world. However, he did so with a belief in progress and that good deeds return with greater goodness. He invested in students who needed help, in young people who were fighting for their chance in London, in the arts and sciences – writing and sponsoring many scientific books and projects in the world of music and archaeology. Often, Dr Anderson took in the homeless and the poor, giving them food, a warm bath and even money.

Despite never marrying or having children, Dr Anderson strongly cherished love as an ideal. I was a witness when he offered a range of advice and proposals to a person whose 11-year-long relationship was falling apart. Dr Anderson even offered to sponsor that man's girlfriend to come to London if that would help.

Just before his death, Dr Anderson finished his last book and said he was tired from everything. Although he had a slight cold, he refused to see a doctor and in the last weeks of his life he took nothing but water. "My work here is done," he said. Upon our last meeting, a day before he passed away, I tried to talk him out of the intention of dying by saying that was necessary for him to remain among us as proof that good people still walk the Earth. I reminded him of our earlier agreement that we had to go together for a walk in Kensington and to Hyde Park. He said – "we shall see". The next night Dr Anderson died.

When you want to see what people are like, it is good to look at those who surround them. Robert Anderson was well acquainted with the British cultural and political elite, who still preserved the ideals and sophistication of earlier generations. He was surrounded by educated and honourable people of all ages: from his friend of any decades and professional collaborator, Howard Davies, to many artists, students and fellow scholars. In the weeks before his death, he was visited not only by friends and associates as distinguished as himself, but also by a young mother and her small child living in poor conditions nearby, who cared for him just as much.

One of the secrets to the numerous professional and personal achievements of people such as Dr Anderson was his perseverance and exceptional care in planning things. He even engineered his death – leaving a clean slate: his writing complete, his responsibilities handed on. Although his mind was sharp and his body was in no pain, he decided to go. There was no funeral. His final wish was for a "celebratory concert" to be held in his home in Kensington which would be attended by friends.

Dr Robert Anderson leaves behind many books, numerous unwritten deeds of humanity, and hundreds of those who knew him and who can testify that good people exist even today. The character and work of Dr Robert Anderson and his Trust remain as a beacon of hope and a safe harbour for all those struggling in the stormy reality we call life.



Robert, following his installation as professor of history *honoris causa* at Rostov State University (now Southern Federal University), Russia.

The tablet reads:

***I do not know who brought you to this foreign land.
It must have been the act of some god.***

*Further contributions to this anthology are welcome.
Contributions can be sent to Elizabeth Gray at office@lizgray.com
or Howard Davies at dhdrarct@yahoo.co.uk*

THE ROBERT ANDERSON RESEARCH CHARITABLE TRUST

9 Holly Terrace London N6 6LX
Tel. 020-8340 0919

**Trustees: P E J Hill A C Berendt E K Gray
Administrator: D H Davies**