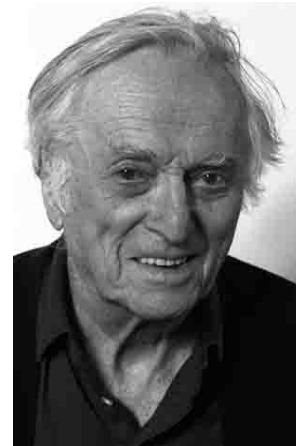


Date: Tue, 08 Apr 2008 21:57:23 +0100
From: Mary Bernard < >
Subject: [Notabene] In memory of Tony Wozzley
To: Nota Bene List <notabene@wnk.hamline.edu>

Tony Wozzley - A.D. Wozzley - was born on August 14th, 1912 and died this Sunday, April 6th, 2008. He was one of the first NB gurus, and one of the best. He was also one of my dearest friends. A few years ago he asked me to write a short obituary for the NB list when he died. This is it, though it's longer than he would like: I don't have his lapidary gift.



Tony Wozzley
Photo by Mary Bernard

Tony was a philosopher, as is his wife, Cora Diamond. He was English. He studied classics and philosophy at Queen's College, Oxford, and became a fellow first of All Souls, then of Queen's. In World War II he was an officer in the Kings Dragoon Guards, serving in Italy and Greece. He returned to Oxford, then in 1954 became Professor of Moral Philosophy at St. Andrews University. In 1967 he moved to Charlottesville, Virginia, where he was Commonwealth Professor of Philosophy at the University of Virginia till his retirement in 1983, and, from 1974 on, also a Professor of Law. (At the bottom of this message you will find a note about some of his publications, and a photograph I took of him in 1998.)

Tony got his first computer, a Kaypro, in December 1982, the month in which Steve Siebert unveiled version 1 of Nota Bene at the MLA convention. Tony very soon heard of NB, got it, and used it constantly till about three weeks ago.

He quickly became proficient in NB's programming language, XPL. The manual for NB versions 1 to 3 included a chapter on XPL, written by Steve Siebert. The manual for version 4 didn't. Tony wrote one, with NB NY's blessing, incorporating and enlarging upon material from the earlier Guides, and adding substantial sections on such topics as parsing and the now-defunct OV function, and many beautifully conceived sample programs, with step-by-step explanations. His Customization and Programming Guide is a model of its kind - lucid, clear, elegant; written in a style that is as simple as it can possibly be, but no more; patiently instructive; and full of his own delight in the capacities of XPL.

He was one of the earliest members of the online NB user group, and one of its most active and useful contributors. It was people like Tony and Dorothy Day who made the list friendly and welcoming to newcomers, and made sure it stayed that way. No question was too simple; he never said, "read the manual." Tony was capable of asperity,

but never in answer to a question. Not for nothing did one of his philosophy students describe him as "the best and most humane" of all his teachers.

In early 1996, at the age of 84, he had a stroke. It did not affect his intellect, which remained lucid and crystal-clear until his death. But it impaired his keyboard dexterity, and undermined his self-confidence. He was on list less and less often, and eventually stopped contributing.

I met him online in March, 1996, soon after his stroke. I had been working through the CPG and come to grief in one of his examples, so I wrote to him off list to ask for help. He explained about the stroke and asked apologetically for a few days to work out the answer. I wrote back withdrawing my request, but he replied that thinking about XPL was exactly what he needed to keep his mind alive, and please to keep the questions coming. I did; and so began one of the best friendships of my life. It was conducted mostly online, but we met a number of times. I live in England, and he and Cora came over almost every year to visit his daughter Jane, and usually stayed with us for a few days; and we twice visited them in Charlottesville.

We had much in common besides NB: a classical education (mine rudimentary compared to his); political outlook (libertarian left, for want of a better term); above all a passion for music. We liked pretty much the same music, and often the same performers - especially Kathleen Ferrier. Tony was completely secular, but much of the music that most moved him was religious; he told me that if he could keep only 5 of his CDs, he would choose the B Minor Mass, the St Matthew Passion, the Christmas Oratorio, the Missa Solemnis and the Verdi Requiem.

By temperament Tony didn't suffer fools gladly - yet he did. He was idealistic, modest, wry, highly emotional under his reserve, disarmingly candid, kind, deeply courteous. His mind was lucid and incisive; his wit dry, but never cynical; his criticisms astringent, but never caustic. In all his emails I cannot recall one instance of malice or even uncharitableness. He was proud and modest, impatient and patient - a complex man, but not a neurotic one; and the complexity was contained within a great simplicity, born perhaps of an innate equipoise.

He needed all his patience after his stroke. He had been physically as well as mentally vigorous all his life, and his stroke-compelled inactivity galled him. He bore it as patiently as an impatient man could. The computer, and in particular Nota Bene, helped. A couple of years ago he told me that Cora, music and NB were what kept him alive.

Two stories.

One day during the war Tony was in the Umbrian hilltop town of Poggio, talking to his squadron leader by radio, when the Germans lobbed a mortar shell into the town square; it exploded right beside his armoured car.

I was knocked over and down into the turret of my car, and my radio conversation was rudely interrupted. Nothing more happened, and shortly afterwards I was standing in the square with my crew examining the damage. There were also there some locals, including a collection of ululating women, deploring the sight of "il tenente's" lifeblood draining away over the cobbles. It wasn't my blood at all, although I had, but didn't know it at the time, been hit in the back of my neck. What was draining away over the cobbles was what was left of a large can of red vino that I carried on the outside of my car strapped to one of the wings/mudguards. It had been thoroughly Ruby iddled, and the contents leaked out onto the ground.

A couple of years ago he emailed me:

Quite a long time ago, when contemplating my death, and what, if anything should be done here to mark it, I decided I wanted nothing religious and no eulogies, but maybe some music (with doors locked, so nobody could escape?), and I decided on Der Abschied [from Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde"] sung by Kathleen Ferrier. Later I thought t was a bit long to require everybody to sit through, and I chose instead the slow movement from Beethoven's op.132, the Heilige Dankgesang.

I've listened to them both while writing this.

Mary