COMMENTS ON ALLAN AXELROD

Jim Paul*

"[F]riendship... redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halfs."1

Alan enriched my life in many cherished ways. As a colleague, he was a constant source of support. When I was Dean of Rutgers School of Law-Newark, his detached, somewhat cynical, always amusing view of the not infrequent fierce, ideological quarrels which afflicted the Rutgers faculty helped to shrink these enervating events into their proper perspective.

As a friend, his visits to our home brought a special kind of joy to Peggy and myself—especially after we retired to Maryland's "Eastern Shore." Late into an evening, we would talk and joke about diverse, shared interests, ranging from Shakespeare and Gilbert and Sullivan to Rumpule of the Bailey and Lewis Carroll's Jabberwocky. I savored his droll reminiscences of his exotic professors during his law student days at Yale—and his early teaching time at Nebraska, when, at the urging of its ever more exotic dean, the faculty rewrote the entire curriculum in a single afternoon.

Alan's unique capacities to combine wit, light but keen discerning cynicism, kindness, and wisdom all in such bountiful quantities are, alas, all too rare.

I will always, as a Quaker say, "hold his memory in the light" for the great gifts he bestowed upon me, and countless others.

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^{1.} FRANCIS BACON, THE ESSAYS OF FRANCIS BACON 123 (Mary Augusta Scott, ed. 1908).