ratives of events and people to interpretive discussions of historical context and broad patterns of historical change and development. This, of course, is the mark of every truly great historian. The creation of the Friedrich Katz Center for Mexican Studies at the University of Chicago, inaugurated by the president of Mexico in June of 2004, recognized the extraordinary influence that Katz's work has had both in Mexico and throughout the world. I was privileged to spend two happy decades there as his colleague, learning from him and from the incredibly talented students who came to study with him.

Friedrich Katz died at the age of 83 on October 16, 2010 in Philadelphia where he was being treated for cancer. He is survived by his wife, Jana, by their two children, Leo Katz, a professor of law at the University of Pennsylvania, and Jacqueline Ross, a professor of law at the University of Illinois, Champaign-Urbana, and four grandchildren. The Katz family has suggested that donations in his memory be made to the Katz Center for Mexican Studies, The University of Chicago, 5848 S. University Avenue, Chicago, IL 60637.

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JOHN H. COATSWORTH

About My Father

When Winston Churchill lost the election of 1945, his wife tried to console him by saying that it might be a blessing in disguise. If it is, he replied, it is extremely well-disguised. The way-stations of my father's life consisted of many such extremely well-disguised blessings. Maybe the earliest was what happened in 1933, when his father, being a prominent journalist of Berlin's Communist daily, became an immediate target for arrest and had to flee to Paris, his family following shortly thereafter. That, for all the obvious reasons, turned out to be just such a well-disguised blessing.

Only a few years later, they were kicked out of France, his father having been involved in smuggling weapons during the Spanish Civil War—just in time to escape the imminent German onslaught, another blessing in disguise. They settled in New York, which my father took to like no other place he had ever lived in, much to his own father's annoyance, who complained in a letter to my grandmother that, "I fear that Friedl is turning into a real American." Why exactly my father should have so instantly taken to America I only got an inkling of many years later from the remark of a friend who had only known my father during his European and his Mexican phase and who did not travel to the United States until later in life. "I used to think Friedl was unique," this friend said, "until I visited Brooklyn."

Alas, the New York paradise ended all too soon for him, since the weapons smuggling charges caused my grandfather to have to leave the United State as well, settling in Mexico. My father was unspeakably sad, which he had not been leaving either Germany or France. The blessing he was to get out of moving to Mexico—that this should turn out to be his life's work—well, that was probably the most heavily disguised blessing of all. There fol-

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lowed a few more such blessings in disguise—sitting in East Germany in 1956, with a doctorate in anthropology, trained to do work on the Aztecs, he wondered how exactly he was going to manage to carry out that work from such an unlikely place. His answer was to find something else to write on for which he was in the optimal place: Germany's role in the Mexican Revolution, which formed the beginning of his long-running study of the role of foreign powers during Mexico's most decisive historical moments, and really more broadly the problem of domestic revolution and foreign intervention.

One more well-disguised blessing bears mentioning: his inability to find a German or Austrian university that would give an ex-communist academic from East Germany the time of day, at least not unless he was willing to make a big show of renouncing all of his former friends and associations, which was most certainly not my father's style. The United States was more tolerant and forgiving and so he ended up in what he forever after thought of as the luckiest place an academic could possibly find himself, an American university. Rudyard Kipling said that to be born an Englishman was to draw the winning ticket in God's lottery. That's how my father came to think of being able to do his work at an American University. For a Jew born in Central Europe in 1927, it took many such well-disguised blessings if he wanted to have the good fortune of dying of cancer at the age of 83 in 2010.

The defining intellectual passion of my father's life has been history, most especially the study of revolutions. This preoccupation is connected in a rather straightforward way with the religion into which he was born—not Judaism, but Communism. If he heard me say that, he would bristle, but not necessarily object. It was a religion to which he certainly did not come on his own; it was chosen for him by his parents, as they chose it for themselves. This is really the only way in which one can explain how someone with his temperament and outlook could possibly end up enrolled, even temporarily, in a cause for which he was so ill-suited.

My father's parents were by and large just what one imagines old style, early twentieth-century communists to have been: fervent, judgmental, chain-smoking, with a relish for conflict, great confidence that they had all the right answers, devoid of any filial piety for their own parents who had raised them as orthodox Jews. When my grandmother was 87 years old, kindly, generous, sweet-tempered, her Communist party membership decades behind her, a then-girlfriend of mine asked whether she still believed in the revolution. She replied, why, yes, of course, without some bloodshed, how was one going to get the rich to give up their money?

My father however was everything my grandparents were not: measured, tentative, tolerant, as painfully conflict-averse a person as you are likely to ever meet, and certainly no chain smoker. Most ironically, however, unlike his parents, he was full of filial piety, and it is that which kept him in the fold of an ideology that went completely against his natural political predilections, which were those of a hesitant, self-doubting, left-of-center mainstream liberal. His admiration for his parents really was enormous, understandably so, most especially with regard to his father, who was a very formidable figure, a writer

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of bitingly satirical political commentary, less biting but still satirical novels about shtetl life under the Habsburgs, and historical novels about the Middle Ages and biblical times with an undisguised Marxist message. It took many years, the final denouement being the invasion of Czechoslovakia, following on the heels of an event almost equally provoking to him, the vituperation of Israel during the Six-Day War, before he found his way to his real political home.

There was, however, a definite upside to his communist beginnings—not to become stuck here again on the disguised blessings theme: it helped fire his life-long interest in revolutions. Even if one does not think of them as communists do, as the engine that will bring us to a better future, they are indisputably historical phenomena of the first order that merit the deepest study and that is exactly what he gave them, most especially the Mexican Revolution. It also gave his outlook on history a distinctly non-antiquarian cast. History interested him in the same way the daily newspaper did, of which he tended to read dozens. The charm of it was not that it happened on some remote, romantically tinged primeval stage, but that it happened, that it was complicated, that it affected a lot of people, just like the stuff of today's newspaper, which he thought had an equal claim on his attention.

My father achieved a lot in his life, both in his writing and in his teaching. But he did it, best as I can tell, without displaying even a modicum of what one might call worldly ambition. He was as free of envy, ill will, or jealousy as anyone I have known. A friend, Leah Semo, once used a phrase about him that stuck: "La Bondad con Patas." Goodness on two feet. That was him. That was my father. The worst I recall him saying about a colleague who had done him a truly bad turn was "not really a decent guy." Ambition is often called the fuel of achievement. Well, this car drove without fuel. Getting his books written never took precedence over family, friends, teaching, or all the other non-writing obligations which most of us academics are constantly complaining interfere with our getting our real mission accomplished. The only thing that drove him to get his work done, best as I can tell, was his enthusiasm for the subject. Even here, though, a kind of modesty prevailed. Although he believed of course in the value of the enterprise, he never did so to an overweening, self-glorifying extent.

Not that that allowed him to escape altogether the complaints of a family clamoring for more attention. When I was still a toddler, he would often spend the hours after I had gone to bed at the house of an elderly secretary named Mrs. Wischnewski, to whom he dictated his second book. One day, when he picked me up from kindergarten I threw a temper tantrum in the middle of a crowded East German streetcar, screaming at the top of my voice: "Daddy, please, please, please, don't go to see that Frau Wischnewski again tonight." But in fact work, or the recognition it brought, just didn't rank with his wife, his children, or his friends. For better or worse, as soon as he had his cancer diagnosis, he put aside two interesting books he was working on. He thought he still had a good long time to live, but just in case, he wanted to make sure he got to spend more time with us. At his birthday party one of us overheard him saying to my mother that this was the best year of his life because we were all around him so much.

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The love he felt for us of course brought much love in return. My wife Claire knew him for a short eleven years, but in no time she too came to feel she had in him a second father, and in truth she did. Woody Allen said he did not want to be immortal through his work, but through not dying. Well, the love and strong—painfully strong—memories, dad, you inspired in others won't make you immortal either, but they certainly extend the bounds of your life far beyond its biological reach. I take the thought quite literally that as long as those memories and emotions reside in us, who knew him, a significant bit of him is still alive.

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IN MEMORIAM

David Bushnell (1923-2010)

David Bushnell, Emeritus Professor of Latin American History at the University of Florida and former chair of the History Department there, died at the Haven Hospice in Gainesville on September 3, 2010. He was born in Philadelphia, May 14, 1923, and earned both his undergraduate degree (1943) and doctorate (1951) from Harvard University. Bushnell worked in the United States State Department from 1944 to 1946, taught Latin American History at the University of Delaware from 1949 to 1956, and then worked in the Office of the Historian of the Air Force in New Mexico and Washington, D.C. from 1956 to 1963. He joined the faculty of the Department of History at the University of Florida in 1963, and worked there until his retirement in 1991.

David Bushnell was a prolific and distinguished historian both before and after his retirement. He published many books and essays on Venezuela and Argentina, co-authored with the late Neill Macauley a leading text on nineteenth-century Latin American history (1994) and wrote a more recent biography of Simón Bolívar (2004). Most of his books have been translated into Spanish editions. Professor Bushnell served as editor of the *Hispanic American Historical Review* from 1986 to 1991, and was an advisor to many other journals and university presses.

His greatest scholarly enthusiasm, however, was post-independence Colombia, a nation he visited for the first of innumerable times in 1948 while still a doctoral student at Harvard University. As several of the obituaries in the Colombian press have stated, he was revered there as "el padre de los colombianistas" and as the scholar who opened the doors to the study of Colombia in U.S. academia. Among many honors, he was a member of the Colombian Academy of History, and in 1995 the Colombian government awarded him the Order of San Carlos for his many contributions to the history of the nation. On September 24, 2010 (unfortunately posthumously) the National University of Colombia awarded him an honorary doctorate.

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