

to the United States and, after four years as a Professor at the University of California, Los Angeles, came to Exeter in 1983 as a key appointment in the development of Middle East studies. The enterprise succeeded brilliantly and Nazih was a central figure in the rapid design and launch of one of the most successful graduate programs in Middle East Politics in Europe. The many masters and doctoral students who passed through his hands will share the admiration of his colleagues for his range of academic competencies from Egyptian politics to development administration, political economy, international relations and—his latest love—the international politics of Islam. In 1990 Nazih received the unusual compliment of a double promotion to a Readership which was followed by Fellowships held at the University of Manchester and at the European University Institute, Florence. He was under consideration for a well-deserved Personal Chair at the time of his death.

Nazih's wide circle of friends and colleagues at Exeter join with his wife Lindy and son Sami in mourning his loss. He leaves a legacy of warmth, good humour, culture and a love of scholarship which have enriched the Department and the University. We will miss him.

THE STAFF OF THE DEPARTMENT OF POLITICS
The University of Exeter

Marion Farouk-Sluglett died of cancer on February 25, 1996, in Salt Lake City, Utah, at 59. Her tempestuous personal, political and intellectual life was expressed through a personality of warmth, generosity, kindness, love and concern. The outer circumstances of Marion's life were always in such marked contradiction to the person who bore all these burdens that it is really difficult to do her justice.

One could cite the episodes—the childhood in war-torn Germany and the no doubt sinister disappearance of her father; the idealistic commitment to communism and the brutal death of her like-minded young husband in Iraq; the decision to follow her heart and leave a well-feathered nest in east Berlin, where women scholars had every hope of a professorship *and* day-care for their children, for the sexist, stodgy British academy of the 1970s; the marked unlike-mindedness of her second husband and the productive but embattled dialectic between them; years of professional frustrations, lack of recognition and isolation; commuting vast distances to keep loved ones close while salvaging a career; but most of all, the grinding trauma of being on multiple sides of all the 20th century's devastating East-West divides.

And just when it all finally seemed to be finding a solution after all, the ultimate personal tragedy began. Finally, the western world was willing to take critiques of Baathist Iraq seriously, *and* the western academy was willing to hire scholarly spouses at the same university. But only a few weeks after her arrival in Utah, x-rays subsequent to an otherwise minimal automobile accident revealed that Marion had far-advanced kidney cancer. How could it be?

Those were the episodes, and there are probably many, many more. But that

is not the person. Marion had always suffered so much so bravely but also so privately. Though I knew many of the intimate details of her story, looking back, I now realize that I never heard a word of it from her personally. Quite to the contrary, Marion was one of the most amusing scholars in the field. If you wouldn't laugh within five minutes of a reunion, she would tickle and hug you until you did. Usually after cooking an enormous and insanely delicious meal she would masterfully get to the point of your intellectual concerns and begin to systematize them in an experimental sort of way, with great insight and irony.

The intellect propelled the commitment but also vice versa. Had she been healthy, she would have had a research fellowship to return to post-unification east Berlin. I think it would have been a healing experience for her because Marion still meant so much to her friends and colleagues there. Little did we in Britain or the US know about that circle of scholars, among them Doris Kiliyas, one of the first European translators of Naquib Mahfouz and, of course, also Marion's best friend.

In an effort to find something which Marion published separately from her husband, I came upon her 1993 article "Liberation or Repression? Pan-Arab Nationalism and the Women's Movement in Iraq" (in *Iraq: Power and Society*, eds. Derek Hopwood et al. Ithaca, 1993, pp. 51-73). Depicting Pan-Arab Nationalism (in this case, Iraqi Baathism) as debased populism, something not even measuring up to the standards of fascism, Marion delivers a stunning expose of the regime. Leaving her discussion of the women's movement until well after the mid-point of the article, she depicts the *Rabita*, the first major Iraqi women's organization, as a "communist front organization [which] called for civil and political equality for women, and stressed the close relationship between social change and women's liberation" (p. 64). Under the Baath, the country's women were reorganized into the General Federation of Iraqi Women (GFIW), which "developed into a Party mouthpiece and became yet another framework of surveillance and oppression... itself an active participant in the subordination of women" (pp. 67, 73). The article ends abruptly as if Marion could not bring herself to write a conclusion to this lament.

As for Marion's life and work, I doubt that this will be the case. Not only does she leave many nearly finished papers but a wonderful husband, and committed sons and son's partner, in the field of Middle East Studies, who can and will edit them beautifully. She also leaves so many students and colleagues all over the world, people who have been deeply influenced by this unforgettable woman, the tragedies, the intellect, the commitment *and* the personality.

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Layla Murād died in December of 1995, leaving behind lively memories of a beautiful actress, a wonderful singer and a "really decent" woman, as an Arab-American friend put it. She was best known for her work in musical films during