

IN MEMORIAM

Donald W. Treadgold (1922–1994)
Teacher, Scholar, Humanist

Don—by which name I knew him since I became his graduate student in 1956—belonged to a rare breed of academicians: he was a devout man for whom the personal adventure of life and human history in its totality had a moral dimension; in his quest for understanding himself and others, there was always an underlying moral drama; there was not just the realm of the true and the false but also a fundamental layer of the right and the wrong. For Don, there was always the issue of good and evil. In the end, men and women, the lofty, such as Stolypin (about whom he wrote insightfully), and the humble, such as the Russian peasants in Siberia (to whom he also gave considerable scholarly attention), all were accountable for their individual and collective actions. We are all free moral agents, he observed, including Lenin (about whose early political struggles he wrote brilliantly). It is a perspective Don never abandoned as the Soviet Union dissolved into the amorphous and morally complex post-Soviet era, a characteristic which qualified Don as a persistent humanist. The individual human person endowed with the capacity to sustain immutable moral values was Don's ultimate interest as an historian and teacher.

And what a superb teacher he was: compassionate but relentless; passionate but controlled; of inexhaustible physical energy and mental discipline; forever curious, questioning yet skeptical; obsessed (almost) by the need for excellence. And eloquent! Whether before one hundred undergraduates or two senior graduates—all of whom he taught with his unfailing skill to articulate the virtue of clarity. "Clarity," he insisted to those of us who were his first doctoral charges in the late fifties, "Has no substitute, except its twin sister, precision." Even as I write, I hear Don's exhortation: "Enough!" And, for effective teaching, he counselled, there is another virtue, brevity. But most of all, Don taught by example.

Quite early in his career, Don embodied the consummate editor. While editing *Slavic Review*, Don transformed it from an ordinary professional journal into an intellectually exciting publication: provocative, intelligent, imaginative. He paid heed to his own *obiter dictum*: "Make sure it's memorable!" What better *caveat* to the next generation *before* they set out to write forgettable reviews, articles and monographs.

Above all—as a thinker—Don, I was convinced, could not tolerate being bored. During his watch, the *Slavic Review* was anything but humdrum. The entire profession profited from his infusing the journal with a restless determination to

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make it vital. For almost a decade he became a teacher to all his peers and colleagues, gently but firmly demanding and receiving the very best.

Other memorialists will, no doubt, pay detailed respect to Don the Rhodes scholar, to his long and fruitful career at the University of Washington, and mention that, over the years, he added Chinese to his arsenal of knowledge, even as he became an influential leader of the AAASS and a constant youthful force in advancing Slavic studies everywhere, from Moscow to Tokyo. His legacy has earned him a permanent place in the pantheon of those who elevated Slavic scholarship in the post-Second World War United States to enviable heights. Donald W. Treadgold will be sorely missed and not easily forgotten. We, his students, colleagues and friends bid him *adieu*. Don, *proshchai!*

Henry R. Huttenbach