ANTONIA

At home, 13th September 2009

MEMORIAL GATHERING

Friday 23rd October 2009

[*Sinfonia Concertante* – Mozart]

Nicky:

Welcome to this memorial gathering to celebrate Antonia's life.

As Antonia's brother I can tell you how comforting it is for all her family to see so many of her friends, neighbours, colleagues and clients here today. And that goes too for the many profoundly moving letters of condolence.

The programme outlines the order of events, and I don't therefore need to repeat what it says. But when I introduce the music, I shall mention its particular relevance to Antonia. As you came in, you heard Mozart's *Sinfonia Concertante*. A recording of that work was Antonia's first present of music to Peter, in 1955.

Some of the music is dark in tone. Antonia's life was marked by the darkness of its early years, when the brutal horror of world events engulfed her and her family, and they escaped only through the grant of asylum.

Antonia lived her life with energy and determination, and reached out to those with whose plight she so deeply sympathised. In doing this, she touched many lives with her warmth, and gave us much to celebrate even in this time of loss.

We shall now hear the prelude to Janáček's *Cunning Little Vixen*. Antonia loved this music for its feeling of freshness, and particularly asked that it should be played on an occasion such as this.

[*The Cunning Little Vixen* – Janáček]

I will now read some words which Peter has written and which he would have wished to read himself but feels unable to. Even I have an understudy – my wife Carola will take over if I also find it too hard to continue.

Following this will be a few thoughts from Ian & Ralph, Antonia's sons, read by Ian.

"I was married twice – each time to the same girl. Once in the morning and once in the afternoon. And all on the same day. We had to go to the Cambridge Registrar because he had the legal power to do it and the chaplain of my college did not. Antonia – whom I had met in a lecture room at the beginning of the first term of our first year – accidentally accepted an invitation by me to give her tea – accidentally, because she thought I was somebody else. And now it had come, three years on, to matrimony. She did not much believe in Registrars: the combination of this one's name – he was called Mr Gentle – and the large palm tree by his desk reduced her to almost paralytic laughter. I smiled wanly at Mr Gentle and he appeared to sympathize. She was still laughing when we left – but something had changed, for we came out married.

What was the journey that Antonia had made to come to this point? For the answer to that you have to travel in your mind to Vienna in 1938. Antonia was three years old. Her parents were Jewish, or Jews if you press the point. Her father Franz was an engineer and knew all about compressed air, and read all about military and diplomatic

history. He had been on the Italian front as a young officer in the Austrian Army in the first World War, and fought at Caporetto. His family on his mother's side went back to 17th century Eisenstadt, where they had over the years happily shared the neighbourhood with their next door neighbours the Esterhazys. I'm not sure whether Haydn ever popped in. Her mother Hansi was very artistic, more than just a competent painter and photographer. They knew some of the Freuds, and frequented psychiatrists. In fact Antonia's parents shared a psychiatrist: he was said to have solved transference problems with Hansi by introducing her to Franz. They had a house in the Gloriettegasse hard by the Schönbrunn Palace, and a cook called Pepi whom Antonia worshipped. Round the corner was a much loved grandmother. It was a promising existence. You can see a painting of Antonia at about that age in the library here.

Then came Hitler. The alliance with Austria – the Anschluss. Franz went to some friends in Munich for advice. "Is it possible to live under Hitler?" he asked. "No" came an emphatic reply. A darkness came over the family's existence and Franz decided to pack up and take his family away. There were then no problems about leaving: the problem was where you went without a visa and carrying a passport with a swastika in it. Antonia remembered the aeroplane journey to Switzerland and the travelling through France. She knew that something had gone very, very wrong. She found herself with her parents living for a few days in a pension in Chantilly to the north of Paris. Once out in the street – it was this time of year – she looked up to her mother and said "Even the dogs don't like us here". One night the phone rang and an anonymous male voice said: "I wish to tell you that if you are there in the morning you will be deported". Antonia came to believe that that man probably saved their lives. They packed through the night and disappeared into the early morning. Franz had earlier taken the trouble to have a look at the much-vaunted Maginot Line, and thought it would be less than useless against a German attack. So he decided to take the family to England. In early October 1938 they landed at Folkestone and were interviewed in a room at the Railway Station. They obtained limited leave to remain in the country

but this was later enlarged to enable the family, including Omi, Antonia's grandmother, who had by this time joined them, to stay put indefinitely. And so they did until war was declared when Defence Regulation 18B landed Franz as a so-called enemy alien on the Isle of Man – he learned there to mix porridge with tomato-ketchup and was unfazed by the whole experience of internment. He was relatively soon released to apply his skills to the demolition of buildings in bomb-damaged London.

I believe that Antonia in later years saw her flight from Austria as leading to a sense of duty to help others who found themselves in wretched circumstances. She saw that she could so easily as a small child have been squeezed into a cattle truck and then pulled for hours by a train that eventually chugged horribly into Auschwitz.

She learned English quite naturally, and grew to like traditional English girls' schools with traditional English hats, jackets, socks and shoes. She was, I fear, upset at the age of seven for three or so years at being placed in a so-called progressive school in Buckinghamshire which set her to re-learn the very things she had already mastered. They tried to teach her cricket but she made daisy chains in the outfield.

The family moved to London after the war, and eventually Antonia found herself accepted as a pupil at Queen's College in Harley Street, where she met Carol Harlow and Giustina Ryan (as they are now). Carol may say something of those days. Antonia did much with both of them, including a trip to Austria with Giustina where they were emphatically enjoined to speak only German if, as they did, they insisted on entering the Russian sector of the country.

From 1945 Antonia began also to visit Walberswick in Suffolk, from then a lifetime preoccupation. There she learned to milk cows and to ride horses. She was fearless on horses despite many spills. With higher education looming and good A levels she applied to Newnham, Cambridge, answering interview questions with combined candour and reticence. To the question why she wanted Newnham rather than

Girton she said that you had to cycle up a hill to Girton. Asked why she wanted to come to Cambridge, she carefully avoided the real answer, that she wanted to find a man to marry, and have children. She met me, gave me lunch most days in her college room, threw me out by 3.00 pm to work, and became then what she was to remain all her life, my wonderful companion and helpmate. She was an artist at heart too and was the first person to convince me that the sky was at times green That then was the journey which led her in due time to Mr Registrar Gentle's office on 15th June 1957. We had a lovely afternoon after that in Emmanuel College getting married all over again.

I had the idea in Cambridge of becoming a borstal housemaster, but Antonia, never one not to put her foot down when necessary, said she was not going to be the prisoner of her husband's employment for life, and that I had better think again. I really had no plan B, but came up with what to her must have seemed the bizarre idea of my becoming a district officer in Uganda on its march to independence. Surprisingly the foot did not come down, and so off we went to Oxford for a year for me to learn about colonial administration: typically Antonia asked to attend most of the courses and the lessons in the Luganda language: she did the language exam with the rest of us and came out top.

Our first posting in Uganda was in the West Nile District, an enclave between the then Belgian Congo to the west and the Sudan to the north. Antonia found that she was not expected as a colonial wife to discuss local politics, but rather to remain at home and engage in the ladylike occupations of golf and discussing over coffee mornings the difficulties of finding good servants. Wholly typically, she threw herself into political discussion with the men and accompanied me away from the district capital when, as I did frequently, I went on what was called safari. When told that she was expected to await her first confinement with other pregnant wives in Kampala two hundred miles to the south over mud roads, she demurred to the point that Ian was born in the house of a kind missionary doctor in a leper colony outside town. Ian was later to figure as a visual aid when Antonia, on safari with me,

endeavoured to persuade African mothers (assembled to hear her) to feed their children protein rather than let them die from kwashiorkor. Other postings followed and wonderful holidays were taken, including with Graham and Alison Tottle and their family, here today. What Africa imbued in Antonia, in its vastness of unending horizons, was the sense of people, quite unseen, and their mud and wattle houses, lost in the colour of the earth carrying on an existence that had been theirs for thousands of years.

We came home finally in 1963, by now with two sons, Ralph having been born in Uganda in 1960. We went to live in St Albans. I was now reading for the Bar, an enterprise with which Antonia had no quarrel. Now she too could spread her wings. In 1965 she obtained a diploma in social studies and went to work for the St Albans Child and Family Psychiatric Clinic – this she did for many years. She was naturally empathetic, but finally here she was professionally at the coalface of others' problems.

At the beginning of the seventies she embarked on a decade of art study – she had always loved to paint, but wanted now to gain skills and knowledge that she had never before acquired. She went first to the Camden Arts Centre and then did a foundation course at the Chelsea Art College. Finally, and astonishingly at her advanced age of 42, she interested the Slade Professor, Professor Gowing, in her portfolio. Thus in 1977, the year when Ian started at university, his mother began a four year course at the Slade School. She became interested in the art of motion, and would spend long hours in London streets painting her impression of people walking along. A picture of a violinist playing is in the library and is one of our favourites. Her degree piece was an installation consisting of a room walled with thousands of small rectangles of mirror glass: it produced exultation in some, discomfort in others, and earned her a good degree. But she had no wish to go on to the self-promotion, sometimes away from home, that artists had to engage in in order to become known. She had a house to run, a garden

to tend and, thank goodness, two sons and a husband to cherish. So goodbye to the Slade and she never again painted a picture or sculpted a head.

Alongside her art work, another instinct had been coming to the fore in her concerns. Quite simply the desire to do something about man's inhumanity to man. This led her to the co-founding of the Amnesty International group in St Albans. Several of you here today recall those days. Our great friend Sandy Baillie, here today to play for us and for Antonia, played many concerts for that group. Antonia was later to become a volunteer helper for the British Section of Amnesty in London, and later still its Uganda co-ordinator, using the specialized knowledge of the country which she had acquired. She was also to become active in the campaign to prevent the export of repressive technology from this country.

Then Helen Bamber, who knew Antonia in her Amnesty days, invited Antonia to join her at the Medical Foundation for the Care of Victims of Torture, which she had founded in 1985 when she became its first director. She has kindly agreed to speak from her own perspective about Antonia's work as a volunteer. Antonia was with the Foundation for 18 years until illness caused her to stop.

My sons have lost a mother and I a wife whose prime concern was their welfare and mine. Our last year together was probably the closest ever. Day and night we were hardly ever apart for long. At one level I still cannot even now conceive that she has left us forever. She was always doing things so ludicrously inconsistent with her illness that I came to believe that she was willing an impossible cure. Whether it was making Seville marmalade in January this year, or bringing in the soft fruit in summer, or stripping plants to scatter their seeds for next year, or making a squid stew the week before she died, her eye was always on the routines of living and not the sadness of dying. She lived life to the fullest, and patiently bore the hard bits.

She always said that she would not wish to be the survivor of us, and I am beginning to know what she meant. She had a solution to that problem which she called "tandem". She knew an ancient couple who went cycling on their tandem and were run down and killed by a lorry in an instant. We never managed that. She cycled on holiday with me here and abroad, and once in France a lorry driver hooted hard as she toiled up a hill. She wondered why, but this was France, and he was urging her on, in admiration and congratulation – I think he was right."

Ian will now read words which he and Ralph have prepared.

Ian:

It will come as no surprise to those who knew her, that many of the stories by which we choose to remember our Ma relate to her passion for food. Her cooking was legendary.

She created simple, honest, works of art in her kitchen, wherever possible using fruit and vegetables picked from the garden.

But for her, it was not principally about giving expression to her innate creativity – or seeking accolades – or becoming a master of her art – although she undoubtedly was that.

It was about the simple pleasure she took in giving people enjoyment by feeding them good food.

Although she was touched by people's appreciation of her efforts, she was always slightly surprised when she received praise for doing what she thought was nothing out of the ordinary.

At the dining table the best compliment you could pay her was simply asking for a second or third helping; this was never a serious challenge.

She adored the countryside. We would often find ourselves half way up some alpine mountain or on a windswept beach for one or other of our birthday celebrations.

She would, without fail, produce from nowhere a Viennese chocolate cake – her renowned Sachertorte, to mark the occasion.

It was very gratifying to find, on a family visit to the city of her birth, that the Sachertorte produced by the eponymous and original creators of the cake, the Hotel Sacher in Vienna, was but a pale imitation of her own magnificent creation.

In the food department she was always ahead of the game. At Christmas time she paced herself well in advance of the impending gastronomic extravaganza.

Her preparations would start with the laying down of mincemeat and plum puddings to slowly mature into the fine vintages that years later would be doused in flaming rum and ceremoniously carried aloft into a darkened room for the finale of our feast.

December was manic as her productivity reached its crescendo on Christmas eve. We were enticed by the smell of spruce needles and log fires together with the sweet odours of wonderful concoctions emanating from the kitchen.

One of the last sweetmeats to be made were the gingerbread shapes which we would ritually hang with thread from the branches of the tree on Christmas eve, along with tiny apples which we had diligently polished and marzipan mice, all of which were forbidden until midnight.

As kids we looked forward, each year, to our giant gingerbread men, decorated with almonds and currants. However all good things must come to an end, and when we reached adolescence Ma decided we had outgrown this ritual.

She marked the occasion by giving us our very last, and this time, anatomically correct, gingerbread men.

We left home to embrace our independence, armed with the fruits of our quest for the meaning of life.

Having pretty much understood the mysteries of the universe, we boldly went forth with the new found wisdom which our parents had so obviously failed to acquire.

However, as time moved on it became clear that in reality our Ma was probably one of the wisest and most philosophical women we knew. She was also piercingly intelligent, and possessed a deftness of hand which lead some to suggest that her artwork as a girl was that of a child prodigy.

The purpose of her life seemed to be about making other people's lives better in whatever ways she could. It could be holding someone's hand during a difficult time, or assiduously visiting a lonely relative, or writing a letter, baking a cake or laughing, smiling and caring.
Or it could be creating a wonderful, vibrant, chaotic garden. Every time we came home she would take us on a tour of her domain, telling us stories about this or that plant and exhorting us with delight to sniff, feel and taste as we walked beside her.

Her happiness came from seeing those around her having fun and caring for each other – or from seeing one of her clients at the Medical Foundation take their first steps on their long road towards recovery. Many of the conversations we have had and letters we have received over the past few weeks speak with gratitude of all the different ways Ma gave comfort and encouragement whenever she could. Her love and support was given unreservedly and unconditionally.

And when she got ill, she never complained, or cursed the Gods for her fate.

She faced down her suffering with a quiet appreciation of the good fortune, happiness and love which she felt had undeservedly fallen into her lap. She never took for granted the rare and special love she found within her marriage, the home she adored for nearly 50 years, her family, her friends, her work and her garden.

Although she did not really understand the concept of fighting a battle with cancer, she had made up her mind not to let this illness stand in the way of doing the things she had always done so far as she was able. It seems she had come to terms with and accepted her death; she dealt with practical considerations pragmatically and tried to gently prepare her family for what was to come.

If she ever felt alone or frightened, it was her secret. Her only concern, which she voiced repeatedly, was that we should all continue to look after one and other.

Just a couple of weeks ago she apologised that this year she did not have quite enough energy to make us as much jam and marmalade as she would have hoped to.

In the cellar of Holly Lodge we have some 40 or 50 jars of the finest preserves in Christendom with vintages dating back some 20 or 30 years.

We are going to jealously guard our allocation; and every year for as long as we are able we will celebrate her life of kindness with a slice of hot toast and marmalade.

Nicky:

Antonia's musical enthusiasms were broadly based and embraced composers from Mozart to Messiaen. Peter has written that Antonia felt that in other circumstances her fate might have been very different. The next music, by the early minimalist Steve Reich, expresses his

thoughts on riding trains in America before the war, and how things might have been for him and were for others riding different trains in Europe during the war – trains used for the transport of people to the concentration camps. Antonia knew this music.

We will next hear excerpts from the first two movements of *Different Trains* by Steve Reich.

[*Different Trains* – Steve Reich]

Helen Bamber is the founder and first director of the Medical Foundation for the Victims of Torture, and is now the director of the Helen Bamber Foundation. She has devoted her long life tirelessly to the relief of suffering. She has very kindly agreed to speak to us about Antonia.

Helen Bamber:

I want to share with you my thoughts on Antonia's life, a life in which she balanced an enduring love, a devotion truly wonderful to witness, for the person with whom she chose to share her life, Peter Hunt, and their two sons Ian and Ralph, with a life of artistic creativity and one of caring for and campaigning for the deprived and the dispossessed. This sounds quite simple, but few of us can achieve that.

Antonia and I were both in Amnesty International in its very early days following its inception in 1961, she was the co-founder of the St. Albans Group and I was the chair of the Hampstead Group, but our paths did not cross until 1976. I was working in the offices of the British Section of Amnesty when a close colleague said to me, "There is a very interesting woman I want you to meet. She and her husband spent a number of years working in Uganda, and she is going to be the Uganda Co-ordinator for the British Section." I was taken to meet

Antonia, and I found her sitting cross-legged on a chair. She had taken off her shoes and socks, which were residing under the chair, a scene that was to be repeated many times.

When she knew that I was the London Region Representative in the British Section she put to me the possibility of organizing a 24 hour vigil in the centre of London on behalf of the imprisoned and tortured Ugandans who were suffering under the brutal regime of Idi Amin. During the days of bringing together hundreds of people, first from all the Amnesty groups in London and then with other concerned people for a Vigil to take place in the crypt of St. Martins in the Field, I began to understand something of Antonia's determination and capacity to continue her mission against great odds. The vigil was an inspiring event with many exiled Ugandans reading and praying. There was music and there was silence, and we became very close, Antonia and myself. It was my first collaboration with her, but by no means the last. But in that first collaboration I came to understand Antonia's passion, her commitment to the oppressed and her relentless determination.

Later I was to experience her critical faculties in relation, for example, to the English language. I suffered much criticism of my drafting of possible Early Day Motions and, once we had established the first Medical Group in the British Section, of the quality of my documentation. I owe much to Antonia's critical eye when I am writing today. I am constantly reminded of her advice, "Less words, please, you can say all you need to say with far less words," and then the final blow with the words, "Oh dear!"

When I went to Uganda in 1986 to help, with others, to set up a service for torture survivors, I was able to find a certain Dr. Musisi who was imprisoned by Idi Amin at the time of our Vigil in 1979. He had been shot and was reported to be unable to walk. We were not sure he had survived but Antonia wanted to know about him, and I don't know how it happened, but I found him, working in his clinic on the road out of Kampala. I told him that Antonia had been campaigning on his behalf when he was detained, and, through her, many others in

the British Section of Amnesty. He was absolutely astonished, tearful and overcome with emotion to hear that many people he never knew had campaigned for his survival.

At the same time as her Amnesty activities, as we've heard, Antonia was pursuing her love of art and when I knew her was a student at the Slade from 1977 to 1981. She had always painted, and I think painted beautifully. When we both became involved in the British Section's Campaign against Repressive Technology and its transfer to countries that practised torture and other human rights violations, our strategies were discussed inside a huge tent in the art room of the Slade. I never asked Antonia what her tent was intended to represent, but I do now understand it better. I would go there in my lunch hour, would be handed a large pot of muesli and we would work on material for the campaign, a campaign that culminated in a huge lobby in the House of Commons, with much publicity, and embarrassed certain British firms that were exporting electric shock batons to countries that practised torture.

I am told by Peter that the inside of the art tent was lined with rectangular pieces of glass to give a mirror effect. When someone looked at their reflection the mirror effect showed not a whole person but a fragmented person.

At the end of 1985 the Medical Foundation for the Care of Victims of Torture was established. Antonia joined us in 1986 as a counsellor and case worker to work directly with those we might refer to as fragmented people, asylum seekers and refugees, men, women and children who had suffered torture. Her diploma in social work in 1963, and her work with the Child and Family Psychiatric Unit in St. Albans, informed her practice, as did her further studies during her time in the Medical Foundation that related to her direct work with her clients.

It was her work in the Medical Foundation that demonstrated her clear analytical mind, her humanity and commitment not only to offer clinical skills to people who had suffered in their country of origin, but

to speak out on their behalf. She was disturbed by the Government's increasingly punitive measures directed against asylum seekers, and the media's lack of objective reporting on their plight. Her advice to those of us trying to give voice to this issue was uncompromising, but always scrupulously fair to all those involved in the debate. She was a mediator, a facilitator and an excellent clinician. She was absolutely fearless in entering the House and lobbying unsuspecting Members of Parliament on behalf of her people. I have an image of her proceeding with enormous haste across the lobby of the House. Unbelievable – she was absolutely unbelievable.

Antonia never exploited the fact that she had herself been a refugee, a child fleeing with her mother from the Nazis. She had known terror, and I believe that she knew it all and understood it all.

There is something I want to add here about the early days of the Medical Foundation, because a very dear colleague of ours, Dick Blackwell is here today, and he suggested to me that I tell you about the lift that got stuck. Our first days in the Medical Foundation were in a disused building of the National Temperance Hospital. It was very dilapidated, but it was where the Foundation started. We had an enormous, unreliable and I believe probably very dangerous lift. I was going off to a detention centre, and Antonia was producing her inevitable documentation, and she wanted to read it to me. I got into the lift and said, "Antonia, look, I'm sorry, I've got to go." She stood by the lift, and the lift got stuck. I think that probably just my head was visible, and Antonia, while the lift was stuck for some considerable time, read me the entire document. I wanted you to know that, because I've never forgotten it.

Antonia continued her work in the Medical Foundation until December 2004 when she was diagnosed with cancer. Her last battle was conducted with a quality that is beyond courage, it was conducted as she lived, with no sentimentality, sustained by the love of Peter and her family and, in her indomitable way, facing everything for them and for others because she knew no other way. She was Antonia Hunt to

the end. She has taught us how to live and how to conduct ourselves as we reach the end of our lives.

My last memory of Antonia was in her garden some few months ago. She had climbed a tree the previous day to do some pruning. Peter told me this with a wave of the hand, as if to say, "Well, you know, it's Antonia." She took me round the garden pointing out the flourishing wild flowers and the raspberry bushes. And I remember this quite well, as I watched her I remembered Dr. Musisi's face as I told him about her. He asked me many times, "What is her name?" I repeated it, he repeated it to me, "Antonia Hunt," he said it very quietly and he repeated it because he couldn't quite pronounce it properly, and he told me that he would remember her name forever, as will we.

Nicky:

Antonia was very fond of African music, and in Uganda had much opportunity to hear it in all its manifestations there. The sound of Miriam Makeba was a beacon of hope and joy in the apartheid era in South Africa, and we will next hear two songs dating from that time.

[*Ntjilo Ntjilo* and *Liwa Wechi* – Miriam Makeba]

Carol Harlow is Emeritus Professor of Law at the London School of Economics. She has known Antonia since 1947, when they met at Queen's College, Harley Street. They remained constant friends for over six decades, and she has kindly agreed to speak to us about Antonia.

Carol Harlow:

Peter has asked me to add a few words to what has been said about Antonia because I've known her such a long time.

We met at Queen's College, Harley Street, when we both went to secondary school around 1947 and we must have been about twelve. It might have been something in our backgrounds that made us immediately become close friends because, although I didn't think about this at the time, we both had Viennese connections. It may strike you as peculiar, and it struck me as peculiar when I heard what Peter said, but we never really talked about this, and I didn't know anything much about Antonia's arrival in the country, other than that she stayed with someone called Mabel, whom she visited regularly. I knew that Antonia was a refugee but I certainly knew nothing about what I've heard this morning. And I think, looking back on it, that was because neither of us really wanted to dwell on those times. We wanted to become integrated. My mother coming from a Viennese background and speaking German in England during the First World War certainly didn't want to talk about that background – and wouldn't even let me learn German. This in a way was something that cut me off from Antonia because we talked at Queen's all the time about literature and Antonia read Goethe and I couldn't.

Another thing is, as has been spoken about, that Antonia had a very good sense of humour, and rather an idiosyncratic one – subversive even. Looking back on those times at school I can't remember us actually laughing a lot at those sort of jokes, I think that came later, but we were actually very happy, we enjoyed each others' company, and I saw Antonia's home as a refuge which gave me stability. Antonia's cooking is fairly legendary to her family but Hansi taught me to cook, so we were developing common interests at that time.

I think, again looking back, we were probably very lucky in being sent to that particular school because Queen's didn't give us a very outstanding education, although it was very strong on the Arts side, but

it gave us one thing, which was independence and if anything marked Antonia, it was determination, courage and independence. I think we developed independence there. Queen's students didn't have to wear uniforms and they were allowed out in the lunch hour and between classes. We used to go down to the sports fields in Regent's Park in a crocodile, and the crocodile arrived with two fewer people and those two people had gone to the Wallace Collection instead, with cream buns on the way home. And nobody ever found us out doing this either.

Another characteristic that Antonia had at school was a capacity for hard, hard work and once again that was to develop later. But without Antonia I certainly wouldn't have got the A levels that enabled Antonia to go to Cambridge and me also to go on to university. We revised at Walberswick - another key place in Antonia's life - on the flat roof of the bay window to the sitting room, lying out there in the then equivalent of bikinis, and sunglasses. I always wanted to knock off, but Antonia would never let me. We had a marvellous time, and again established other characteristics. Antonia was in her horse phase – and we had one horse and two bicycles, and with one of these we went all round Suffolk. Antonia started off on the horse and I cycled past her, dropped the bicycle and took on the horse while she picked up and went on on the bicycle.

In the same period I remember Antonia with trains, but not in any sad way as in the second piece of music, but because train journeys featured in the almost unlimited freedom we had – looking back it was really rather remarkable how much freedom young people had. We went round the Continent – we were meant to be au pairing, I think, but we were really wandering wild in Paris and Alsace. Cooking in Alsace, and in Paris I can't quite remember what we did other than visit Paris's many museums, but it certainly was independent.

The other thing that held us together at school was our love of art. We both always liked art and we were determined that the school plays should have back-cloths and scenery, and there was no money and no

encouragement for that. It was again typical of Antonia that she went to her father, who gave her a vast roll of tarred paper which he was using for roads or doing some road repairing. So we had this enormous roll of tarred paper which we duly cut into strips, glued together with some very nasty black gum, and in due course scenery arrived. Again, I think that without Antonia to provide the talent and the industry that would not necessarily have happened.

Again looking back at school it's quite interesting to notice that neither of us was in the least interested in politics – it was all art and literature. Until, suddenly, there was about to be an election, and Queen's College took the view that it should have a mock election to teach us our civics and it was discovered that nobody was willing to be the Labour candidate. So I ended up as the Labour candidate, Antonia was chief canvasser, and I do think that for Antonia that was actually quite interesting work because without politics she wouldn't have done any of the things Helen Bamber has spoken about – I'll come back to that at the end.

So Antonia went on to Cambridge and met Peter, which I think was the way in which Cambridge did fulfil Antonia – because in other ways Cambridge with her degree and modern languages didn't fulfil Antonia and she certainly didn't find herself there. She was very good at it, she worked very hard at it, she got a very good degree. I, working without that industrious young woman to help me, didn't get a very good degree. Peter and marriage did fulfil her, and when we all went over to Oxford, where Peter and my husband were studying for the Colonial Service, we were all having a right roaring good time. Peter, I expect you remember the wonderful parties in Iffley Road – we didn't have much money, so everything had to be made of mince – Antonia was very good at cutting up heads of animals and hearts of animals and making things out of it.

After Antonia and Peter went to Uganda I think Uganda split Antonia and myself, because she fell in love with Africa and I didn't. I came home much earlier than she did, and we went in other directions. So

perhaps we caught up again when she was taking her art degree at the Slade. People said that Antonia was a good artist, but she was much more than a good artist, she was extremely talented. I always wanted her to go on with it, and I was quite upset when she dropped it entirely, as has been said earlier. Antonia said something very interesting, she said, "I couldn't do it full on, and if I couldn't do it full on, I didn't want to do it at all." Again, I think that really typifies Antonia's attitude to life. We've got a picture here today that shows how talented she was. I've also got one in my hall that Antonia gave me, and when people come into my house there is this portrait in my dark hall and very many people stop in front of it and say, "Who did that?" She was really, really good. But what engaged Antonia was social work and the work she did with Helen with the Medical Foundation; and that was a fulfilment, the second fulfilment of Antonia.

Now, I want to end with two little stories, the first one you may think is egocentric and about me, but in fact it's about Antonia. It took place about the time that Margaret Thatcher had been elected, which was something that Antonia had neither anticipated nor welcomed, and all of us who had been sort of mildly left wing felt very uncomfortable that things were changing, and maybe we were now not doing the right things. I went to Antonia and said, "I think I ought to leave academic life, it's too easy and it's not something that has fighting, like your work – I ought to join a pressure group." Antonia said, "You will stay where you are," she didn't mince her words about it, "You will stay where you are, Carol, because it is very important you have security there, of tenure and opinion, and we are going to need to fight." So I stayed where I was, and that was Antonia's doing.

The second story relates to the last very sad period of her life, when she was so ill that I didn't like watching that at all. Peter and I and Antonia went to the Tate Modern, I think to see some very modern art exhibition by Louise Bourgeois which in the event none of us particularly liked. It was the time when the Tate Modern had in the long hall at the bottom a work called "The Crack", which I think started with a thin crack and ended quite wide; or perhaps vice versa.

Peter and I walked along this and then looked at each other and said, "Modern Art, Turner Prize," and a lot of quite old-fashioned things. However, Antonia was extremely moved by it, which takes us back to the beginning: because she saw it as something that related to those sad days of refugee period of her own life, and of what had happened to so many people, and which, as everyone has said today, she spent so much of her energy combatting.

Nicky:

Alexander Baillie is a musician of international reputation, a soloist with great orchestras and conductors, and Professor of Cello at the Bremen Hochschule für Künste and Guest Visiting Professor at the Australian National Academy of Music in Melbourne.

As noted by Peter, Sandy Baillie was an early and enthusiastic supporter of Amnesty International in St Albans, and often gave of his time and boundless musical enthusiasm by giving concerts locally in aid of its funds. He and his wife Cristel, dear friends of Antonia and Peter, came to see Antonia a few weeks ago and she was delighted to have the chance to chat with them. He has gone to very considerable trouble to travel here to give a musical farewell for Antonia. He will play Bach.

Alexander Baillie:

[*Cello Suites – Suite 6 the Allemande, Suite 1 the Prelude* – J.S. Bach]

[*sustained applause*]

Nicky:

That concludes this part of today's celebration of Antonia's life. I would like to thank you all for coming, and to give special thanks to those who have contributed such eloquent words about Antonia, and of course to Alexander Baillie whose music was equally eloquent. I speak for you all when I say how grateful we are to each of them.

We now invite you to join us for a buffet lunch in the ballroom or the dining room. If you wish, you also have the chance to explore the splendours of Brocket Hall and its grounds. We have the use of the Hall until 5 pm, and tea and cake will be served during the afternoon.