

Stanley has four extraordinarily powerful traits: generosity, high standards, especially aesthetically, humour and sense of family. Although I have lived on another continent most of my adult life, Stanley's influence and impact has remained strong. The letters he writes are always full of interesting detail—of exhibitions he saw, places he went, parties he attended or gave, and even meals he ate—and a pleasure to read and respond to. His visits to London, or mine to him in New York, are always high energy, with action-packed agendas from beginning to end. His gifts to me—and there were many—are always meticulously chosen and in the best taste and quality. His delight in giving is obvious. His generosity also involves time and energy, both of which he gives freely. His generosity to my mother is immeasurable, and her trips to visit him in New York are cultural high points in her life.

Stanley's pursuit of and commitment to high standards needs no description—all who know him know that. Luckily his criticism often comes in the form of humour—sometimes sharp, sometimes playful. But you always know what Stanley thinks of a particular garment, building, concert, book or show....

Stanley has a strong sense of family loyalty, and tries to keep things smooth and on an even keel. Many years ago, for example, he rushed out and bought three or four wedding dresses for Cathy's first wedding, for her to choose one to wear, when he found out at the last minute, that she hadn't made such preparations. Stanley *knew* how disappointed Doris and Harry would have been to have witnessed their daughter's marriage without the bride appropriately dressed, and he did all he could, behind the scenes, to prevent that.

Still on the matter of fashion, Stanley once told me that black dresses suit women of all ages—"Even a woman of sixty can look stunning in a black dress." As I rapidly approach sixty, I take comfort from his optimistic wisdom!

Happy birthday Stanley!

SUSAN CONDER, *London, England*

The short answer to the questions posed about Stanley is that he had a significant influence on my life and an enormous effect on the life of my late wife, Lucille. Stanley was in the innermost circle of Lucille's closest friends. They shared an opera subscription and she assisted him on interior decoration from time to time

The real tragedy of this memo is that Lucille is not here to write the original, to which I would just add some personal things of the last 30-odd years. She would have told stories about him that were funny, quirky and revealing of his acerbic exterior and his remarkably large and generous heart. Two that I remember will have to do.

1. Immediately after our marriage in 1968, I went down to Brazil to work on a planning team with the Ministry of Education. Lucille followed with her son in December and her daughter came down for Christmas. Unbeknownst to us, Stanley made a special trip to Brazil to surprise her and visit his many friends there. We were sitting in a restaurant and Lucille looked out the window and said, "My God that looks like Stanley!" When he actually walked in the door she was so excited that she jumped up from the table and dashed over to give him a hug. It was typical of the kind of thing Stanley would do. In fact, his introductions to very interesting Brazilians quite outside our normal contacts turned out to be a special part of our five-year stay in that country.