

## ANDREW MARTINDALE

Andrew Martindale, Professor of Visual Art at the University of East Anglia, died from a brain tumour in Norwich on May 29th, aged 62. He was born in Bombay on December 19, 1932. At first glance one might have mistaken Andrew Martindale, with his dark eyes and mandorla of black hair, for a Balkan prince or, for that matter, revolutionary. He was in fact, profoundly English and deeply influenced by the buildings, music and landscape of England. He spent a great part of his life in Norfolk, whose many churches and great cathedral he studied and cherished. It is fitting that his ashes now lie in the cloister of Norwich Cathedral where he had chaired the Fabric Advisory committee since 1991.

Andrew Martindale joined the fledgling History of Art department at the new University of East Anglia as a senior lecturer in 1965 and shared the idealism of the new universities in the 1960s. Unlike many, he remained true to those ideals: he worked to break down the elitism of his subject, to share his scholarship and enthusiasm with first-year students as well as post-graduates and to teach widely and well. He did not need to be goaded by the Funding Council's Quality Assessment Exercise into being a conscientious and inspiring teacher even amid the relentless burden of administration shouldered when he became Dean in 1971, and when he succeeded Peter Lasko as Professor in 1974.

With remarkable energy and extreme self-discipline he produced a stream of articles and books which reveal the unusual range of his scholarly enterprise: *Man and the Renaissance* (1967), *The Rise of the Artist* (1972), *The Triumphs of Caesar by Andrea Mantegna* (1979) and *Simone Martini* (1988). At the time of his death he had nearly completed a book on secular palace decoration. In addition he played an important role on a number of committees: in particular he served for nearly thirty years on the Council for the Care of Churches and between 1978 and 1992 he was a member of the influential arts sub-committee.

Here his qualities of rectitude, fairness and wide learning were deployed to the benefit of art departments throughout England and Wales.

His particular achievement was to secure recognition and 'special factor' resources for university museums and art galleries at a time when they were vulnerable to destructive cuts in funding. Like much of Martindale's published work, this was absolutely fundamental, but not showy. He has been brought up to give and not to count the cost, and so he did to the end.

Andrew Henry Robert Martindale was a son of the Church of England; his father was the Archdeacon of Bombay; his mother came from a long line of Shropshire parsons. He was educated at the choir school of Christ Church, Oxford, then at Westminster School and at New College, in all of which he felt the influence of outstanding medieval (and later) buildings. Here, too, he absorbed the resonant language of Cranmer's Prayer Book and the authorised version of the Bible. He was also able to develop his distinctive musical skills as a choir boy and, later, as a gifted pianist.

At New College he read history and then went on to the Courtauld Institute where he secured the post-graduate diploma with distinction. So he became an art historian rather than a pianist, although he continued to play both the piano and the harpsichord to the delight of his friends, and music always remained at the heart of his being.

At the Courtauld he came under the influence of Johannes Wide, Anthony Blunt, George Zarnecki, Peter Kidson and, above all, Christopher Hohier. After leaving, he worked for a year with Nikolaus Pevsner on the counties of Surrey and Norfolk for the Buildings of England, before returning to a lectureship at the Courtauld in 1959.

There was about the man and his work, a kind of puckish humour and exhilarating enthusiasm. He took seriously the works of the past, not himself. His

students, both undergraduate and postgraduate, loved and admired him; they responded to his teaching as he responded to them as individuals. A man of strong views, he never criticised in a mean way nor diminished others to enlarge himself. His anger was to be feared but he also laughed easily. He had a beautiful speaking voice and an elegant command of language, which made him a memorable public orator of the university.

Martindale did everything with great energy as if he sensed the muffled hooves of time's winged chariot. The manner of his death was also strangely energetic: five weeks from the first intimation of trouble (an unaccustomed tiredness) to the last surrender. He is survived by his wife Jane, to whom he was married for 35 years. They had no children.