

he published his ambitious survey, *Rival Empires of Trade in the Orient 1600–1800*, which projected the themes of *John Company at Work* back to earlier times.

Professor Furber's last book was dedicated to Elizabeth Chapin Furber, his first wife and a scholar of medieval French history, who tragically died at the time of his retirement. Lucy Richardson, his second wife, was a classmate's widow, whom he escorted to his fiftieth reunion at Harvard. They married seven years later and alternated between his summer home at Marblehead, Massachusetts, and her family home in Concord, Massachusetts, where Mrs. Furber arranged a memorial service for her late husband in the historic First Parish Unitarian Universalist Church on January 26, 1993.

Holden Furber's distinguished career is well established, but a list of accomplishments inevitably fails to provide the full measure of his personality. Holden Furber was an unfailing friend, gentleman scholar, and upholder of liberal values. The reach of his scholarly reputation, despite his personal modesty, was brought home to me on a winter evening in 1974 in the living room of Professor O. P. Bhatnagar of Allahabad University. In the course of extending me the warmest hospitality as a research scholar visiting Allahabad, Professor Bhatnagar reminisced extensively about his friendship with Professor Furber, and spoke of how *John Company at Work* had inspired a generation of Indian historians. Long after his retirement, Holden Furber would send me thoughtful and helpful commentary about my own published work or about current controversies. Needless to say, I shall always feel proud to have been a part of his network of friends, colleagues, and students. Perhaps, it is still not too late to honor the exhortation of his presidential address delivered in 1969, the centenary of Mahatma Gandhi's birth. He urged us to:

get on with the work of building a new partnership between West and East, a . . . collaboration without undertones of superiority on either side and above all, without the military presence of the European, a collaboration some day symbolized perhaps by some future Gandhi born in this unhappy period through which we are passing.

NANCY GARDNER CASSELS
Dundas, Ontario

BARBARA STOLER MILLER

(1940–1993)

Barbara Stoler Miller was every inch a New Yorker, born in New York City on August 8, 1940, and educated there at Barnard College and Columbia University, where she earned her B.A. in philosophy from 1959 to 1962 and her M.A. in Indic Studies from 1962 to 1964. Her talents were evident even then; she was elected to Phi Beta Kappa, won the Montague Philosophy Prize, and was awarded her degree *magna cum laude* at Barnard in 1962. She went on to earn, in 1968, a Ph.D. in Indic Studies, with distinction, from the University of Pennsylvania, where she

was one of the last of the generation of students trained by the late, great W. Norman Brown and by Stella Kramrisch (her two Ph.D. advisors).

New York City, more particularly the department of Asian and Middle Eastern Cultures at Barnard College, was also the site of her *floreat*, as an Assistant Professor from 1968, as a Professor from 1977, as Chair from 1979 (with some years off now and again for trips to India), and as Samuel R. Milbank Professor of Asian and Middle Eastern Cultures from 1983. It was in New York, too, at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, that she died of cancer on April 19, 1993.

Barbara Stoler Miller edited and translated many works of Sanskrit poetry and drama, including *Bhartrihari: Poems* (1967): *Phanntasies of a Love-Thief: The Caurapancasika Attributed to Bilhana* (1971): *Love Song of the Dark Lord: Jayadeva's Gitagovinda* (1977): *The Hermit and the Love-Thief: Sanskrit Poems of Bhartrihari and Bilhana* (1978): *Theatre of Memory: The Plays of Kalidasa* (1984, with Edwin Gerow and David Gitomer): and *The Bhagavad-Gita, Krishna's Counsel in Time of War* (1986). All were published by Columbia University Press (and, in the case of the *Bhagavad-Gita*, by Bantam Books as well). Her translation of the *Gita* was an immense success, immediately eclipsing the many extant translations of this most popular of all Hindu texts, and bringing the text to the attention of a broad audience who had not heard of it until they encountered the Bantam edition. Indeed, one of her most important contributions to the humanities in general, as well as to South Asian studies in particular, lay in her ability to present Indian poetry to the general public in a form that was at once aesthetically graceful and academically rock-solid. She was able to make Indian literature popular without ever, for a second, selling out. Several of her books were critical editions as well as translations, demonstrating her unusual combination of the talents of a good translator (flair, style, a musical ear) and a good Sanskrit editor (painstaking, nit-picking precision). She could write like a butterfly and gloss like a bee. This one-two punch was as apparent in her elegant public presentations as it was in her published works. And it was her zeal for responsible popularization, I think, that made her so proud of her role as advisor to the director Peter Brooks in his production of *The Mahabharata* (mounted at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in 1978 and aired on PBS), an event that did so much to make Americans aware of the power and majesty of Indian culture.

In addition to her major translations, she wrote a number of articles and edited several books, including *Exploring India's Sacred Art: Selected Writings of Stella Kramrisch* (1983), a work of homage to her old teacher; and *Songs for the Bride: Wedding Rites of Rural India* (1985), a book of essays by the late W. G. Archer, which she posthumously edited and introduced, a labor of love and generosity to another great mentor. In 1989 she published another edited volume, *The Powers of Art: Patronage in Indian Culture from 1000 B.C. to A.D. 1900*, the product of a symposium that she designed and conducted at the National Humanities Center in October, 1985, in connection with the Festival of India in the United States. Nor did she limit her literary targets to Sanskrit; she published a translation of the Spanish poems of Agueda Pizarro: *Sombraventadora/Shadowwinner* (1979).

Barbara Stoler Miller was an active and powerful presence at Barnard and Columbia, serving on the executive committee of the Southern Asian Institute at the School of International Affairs, as president of the Society of Fellows in the Humanities, as codirector of the Barnard Centennial Scholars Program, and on the editorial board of the Columbia University Press series of Translations from the Oriental Classics. She trained many first-rate students and fought like a tigress to make sure that their talents were appreciated and rewarded by grants and good jobs. On the national and international level, at a time when women scholars were

just beginning to make their way into the corridors of male power, she blazed a trail—on the P.E.N. Translation Committee, as Director-at-Large of the American Oriental Society, on the Board of Directors of the American Council of Learned Societies and of the Taraknath Das Foundation, and as president of the Association for Asian Studies (in 1990). She was a Guggenheim Fellow and received grants from the Ford Foundation, the Smithsonian Institution, the National Endowment for the Humanities, the American Council of Learned Societies, the American Institute of Indian Studies, and the Social Sciences Research Council, among others. In 1989, she was awarded a Doctor of Humane Letters from Mount Holyoke College.

During the last months of her life, she worked hard, even in her hospital bed, to finish her translation and analysis of the *Yogasutra* of Patanjali, which will be published posthumously by Bantam Books as *Yoga: Discipline of Mind and Spirit*. She also internalized the work, using yogic techniques to conquer her pain and exhaustion right up until the end. She was happy with the way the book turned out, pleased that she had been able to finish it as she wanted to finish it.

Barbara and I had known each other from school; we both graduated in the class of 1958 from Great Neck High School, in a Long Island suburb of New York. We were not close in high school, and in some ways our parallel professional careers in Indology made us competitors rather than friends in the early years. But time wore off some of the sharp edges for both of us and we became friends at last. The gentling and mellowing transformations that all who knew her noted in her over the past decade were due in no small part to the love and happiness she found with Max Greenwood. She also took great joy in the flowering of her daughter Gwenn. But after a period far too brief to encompass the happiness that she had at last achieved, she began to lose her last battle. The realization that she was losing further transfigured her, revealing new aspects of her always strong and decisive character, now deepened and softened. She had watched her mother fight against cancer, and win. Barbara had fought too, fought hard, fought back each time that the disease returned, going back to work, to teaching and writing, astonishingly soon after surgery or other forms of treatment that debilitated other, lesser mortals for months. But then a moment came when it was no longer appropriate to fight, and this, too, she faced without hesitation. "I'm in the hospital again," she phoned to tell me just a few weeks before she died, "and this time I'm not coming out." Never have I seen anyone face death with such honesty and dignity, without any self-pity or self-deception, not even a trace of regret. "I have had such a wonderful life," she said to me during the last weeks. "Of course, I would have liked to have had more time, but really I cannot complain at all. I have had so much." Indeed, she did; and she also gave us so much. Perhaps, as Robert Frost put it in the title of a poem, "Happiness Makes Up in Height for What It Lacks in Length."

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