



Content downloaded/printed from

[HeinOnline](#)

Wed Sep 18 12:43:49 2019

Citations:

Bluebook 20th ed.

Edward I. Rothschild, In Memoriam: Philip B. Kurland , 64 U. Chi. L. Rev. 17 (1997).

APA 6th ed.

Rothschild, E. I. (1997). In memoriam: Philip b. kurland University of Chicago Law Review, 64(1), 17-20.

ALWD

Rothschild, E. I. (1997). In memoriam: Philip b. kurland U. Chi. L. Rev., 64(1), 17-20.

Chicago 7th ed.

Edward I. Rothschild, "In Memoriam: Philip B. Kurland ," University of Chicago Law Review 64, no. 1 (Winter 1997): 17-20

McGill Guide 9th ed.

Edward I Rothschild, "In Memoriam: Philip B. Kurland " (1997) 64:1 U Chicago L Rev 17.

MLA 8th ed.

Rothschild, Edward I. "In Memoriam: Philip B. Kurland ." University of Chicago Law Review, vol. 64, no. 1, Winter 1997, p. 17-20. HeinOnline.

OSCOLA 4th ed.

Edward I Rothschild, 'In Memoriam: Philip B. Kurland ' (1997) 64 U Chi L Rev 17

Provided by:

The University of Chicago D'Angelo Law Library

-- Your use of this HeinOnline PDF indicates your acceptance of HeinOnline's Terms and Conditions of the license agreement available at

<https://heinonline.org/HOL/License>

-- The search text of this PDF is generated from uncorrected OCR text.

-- To obtain permission to use this article beyond the scope of your license, please use:

[Copyright Information](#)

Use QR Code reader to send PDF to your smartphone or tablet device



*Edward I. Rothschild*†

Folp, Folp, what are you and I doing here? When we first became friends in 1942, could we have dreamt that it would end here? You often said that you did a lot for me, and you did. You took me by the hand and introduced me to Judges, Justices and Senators I would otherwise never have met; and only you could get me to Rockefeller Chapel. Of course, if we had our druthers, neither of us would be here.

You will have to forgive me for referring to him as “Folp.” Our oldest son was just learning to talk and called him Folp because he could not say Philip. Folp he has been ever since in our family. Gerhard Casper and David Levi may tell you about Philip B. Kurland, William R. Kenan, Jr. Distinguished Service Professor Emeritus and public figure. I will tell you about Folp, my Folp.

It may be trite, but it is nevertheless true: they just don’t make them like Folp anymore. He was special, unique, *sui generis*.

In the small group that studied together when we entered law school, no one paid much attention to Folp at first. He mumbled and the rest of us shouted. We learned to stop shouting and to listen as the world did, even when he mumbled. And when he spoke in public, he spoke beautifully and with great force.

In an age of self-promoters and loudmouths, he let his work speak for him and was a quiet voice for civility and civilization. This is not to suggest that he did not have strong views, strongly articulated. Nor that he would not have liked to have been offered the presidency of this University—so that he could turn it down—or appointment to be Solicitor General or a Justice of the Supreme Court which he would have accepted and honored.

Although he was a private person in many ways, he enjoyed being a public figure. He was in his glory when his opinion was sought by newspapers, television and high officials, and resented the fact that as the years passed he was asked less often.

---

† Partner, Rothschild, Barry & Myers, Chicago, Illinois. These remarks were given at a memorial for Philip Kurland on May 4, 1996.

The same was true of his career as a lawyer: demand for his services diminished over the years. While he did not like this, he never exerted himself, even when he was more active, to hustle law business. Hustling in any form was not his way.

He was a particularly able lawyer, but he really did not like the work involved. One of his greatest strengths was his ability to get others to do for him. It was not just his wives who waited on him hand and foot; we all did, the world did. And did so willingly. His smile and wit were our reward and they were more than enough.

Folp was good company. He was interested in almost everything and everyone, particularly you rather than himself. He was unhurried, a joy to be with. I will always remember his face, mischievous with an almost grin, as he came into my office or approached me in the hall or met me anywhere.

He was the ultimate family man. He adored his children and his wives, as well he should have. At the same time, he made his friends a part of himself. He clasped us to his bosom and there was no escape. And this only increased over the years. His friendship extended to our wives and children; he had a real and separate relationship with each of them. When he suffered, we suffered; when we suffered, he suffered; and he enjoyed our successes as if they were his own.

Contemplative rather than activist, he was exceptionally well read and cultured. He loved music and he had a perspective on events informed by a profound knowledge of history. He liked nice things, pretty women and fine food, especially grilled Kosher hot dogs. He raised gracious living to an art form.

When Folp first moved to Chicago we talked of living together. Apartments were hard to find, but I managed to rent one sight unseen. We never lived in it. When he arrived, he was greeted by an army of cockroaches and fled to Lake Shore Drive.

He loved life, participated enthusiastically where he could, and observed where he could not. Although never robust—despite appearances—neither was he ever really sick, although he did have more than his share of ailments.

For fifty-four years, Folp and I went steady, to use a phrase that dates us. But he also went steady with many others. Not just important academics like Edward Levi and Gerhard Casper, and old friends like Marvin Cowan, another survivor from 1942, but people in all walks of life with whom he had frequent contact. Unlike the situation when I learned in seventh grade that my

first steady girlfriend was also going steady with two other boys, there was no jealousy among Folp's close friends. There was love and warmth and relationship aplenty for all of us.

What can I say to Allie, the magnificent Allie? She literally gave Folp life and a depth of happiness he never hoped to have. He enjoyed every moment of his life with Allie. When people asked me how he was doing, I would answer that he still just smiles and giggles.

To Julie, Martha and Ellen, he was a huge reservoir of love, and an equally huge presence, no pun intended. The love will live on, but the presence is gone for them, as it is for his sister Arlene, for Allie and her children, Tom, Mike and Julia, for her father and for all of us.

To understand the suddenness of his going, the last time I spoke to him he was looking for tickets for a Brendel appearance with the Chicago Symphony five days before he died. And only hours before he died he asked for a TV to watch the Bulls. He was stolen from us, snatched away in the night without notice or any opportunity to prepare, not that one can ever prepare. We are all devastated, impoverished, orphaned by our loss. It now falls to us to give our love and support to his ladies, to Allie and Julie and Martha and Ellen, as he gave his to all of us.

Finally let me bear witness that I loved him—or more accurately we loved each other—more than it used to be decent for one man to love another. I miss him every day.

