

- The life and death of two good friends and colleagues

PAUL ANDERTON (1932-2006) & CHRIS TAME (1949-2006)

This is by turns a melancholy and inspiring special issue of *The Individual*. We mourn the loss of two good friends and advocates of liberty but take heart from their example and our wish to honour their memory by carrying on their work.

In the previous issue of this journal I reported briefly on the sudden death on New Year's Day of Paul Anderton, my predecessor as editor of *The Individual* and a continuing contributor to its pages and also to other libertarian organisations. In this present issue we publish in full the text of the Celebration of Paul's life that was held in Sheffield later that month. Ann Granville of the British Humanist Association did a wonderful job in distilling from his many friends and relations now scattered across the world a flavour of Paul's life. Like many present there that day I had no idea of the full range of Paul's interests and accomplishments. I certainly did not know that he was a qualified pilot!

I first met Paul in the early 1990s when I joined the SIF. He was an engaging but also very down-to-earth character who

mixed his sincere libertarianism with a healthy dose of what was possible in the here and now. When I took over as editor he continued to encourage me, although I did have to wean him off telephoning me at midnight! As I have said, he continued to write for *The Individual* and was working on a book review for the journal on the very day that he died.

Paul's last act for the SIF was to request that instead of flowers at his funeral he wanted donations to the Society. For obvious reasons I cannot name names, but I would like to thank those who responded to Paul's request with such generosity.

At the first SIF meeting after Paul's death I was still half expecting him to walk through the door with his Northerner's greeting of "ow do?" Alas, no more.

I also noted the illness of Dr Chris Tame who had been diagnosed with terminal cancer in the middle of 2005. Chris was best known as the founder and latterly president of the Libertarian Alliance, by

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A CELEBRATION OF THE LIFE OF PAUL RAYMOND ANDERTON

24th March 1932 to 1st January 2006

City Road Crematorium, Sheffield,
Wednesday 18th January 2006

Celebration led by Ann Granville
of the British Humanist Association

Music going in: Handel's *Largo*

We have come here today to celebrate the life of Paul Anderton, who died so suddenly and so unexpectedly on 1st January 2006. We meet to pay tribute to him, to honour his memory and to try to bring some comfort to his family and friends who have been saddened by his death.

This will be a non-religious occasion, because that is what he wanted. My name is Ann Granville and I represent the British Humanist Association and Sheffield Humanist Society.

Paul had told his wife that he had left his obituary, but all she found was a note saying "I've done nothing with my life". And so Paul's wife has asked me to speak for her, for his family and for his many friends across the world as well as for the wider community of which he has been such an active part.

He has touched the lives of thousands of people, both directly and indirectly, across the years and across the miles. The world will be a duller place without him.

Paul was the only child of Ida Anderton and her partner Albert. With his father away much of the time, he was mainly brought up by his maternal grandmother and unmarried aunts.

When his father was home it was not a peaceful household. Frequent stormy rows would find the child listening to music with headphones on, shut in his own room. As he grew up he could escape into town to the library or Newsreel cinema. In adult life, Pat says, he was a mild-mannered polite man too modest in his achievements, never known to lose his tem-

per, to argue or to swear. He would always prefer to sit down and talk over the point in dispute and agree to differ if necessary.

Paul's schooling, in the depression years and during the War, led to him passing the scholarship and attending Nether Edge Grammar School. From there he gained a scholarship to University, obtaining a BSc Honours. His mother, who played a major role in his life throughout the years, insisted that he attend University here in Sheffield.

A few days ago Peter North in New South Wales, Australia wrote to Pat,

Shortly before Christmas I came across a school group photograph which must have been taken in 1947/8, and I realised that I had known Paul for longer than any of the other friends with whom I am still in contact we are, characteristically, located in the back row; distance from the camera was directly proportional to one's skill in avoiding cricket and football. In fact, I think that those were the lacks of interest in common which drew us together (we) came together in the social muddle of the coffee bar in Leavygreave I shall remember Paul's companionship, his sense of humour and his infuriating views on the primacy of the capitalist system.

This lack of interest in games came back to haunt Paul later. As a contestant in *Who Wants To Be A Millionaire* he fell at the first 'Fastest finger first' hurdle, unable to put a group of board games into chronological order

"... he was a mild-mannered polite man too modest in his achievements..."

of invention although at rehearsal he had done very well. For Paul the only board game was chess, and it was Pat who taught him to ride a bike, to swim, to scuba dive and to try water-skiing at which he was less successful. He went with Pat to navigation classes.

Lila, another friend from University years, remembers,

Paul had a certain worldly wisdom about him. He told us he had used his knowledge of physics to use some sort of concealed contraption so that he was registered unfit for National Service his other area of expertise was finance. He never seemed to be short of cash but he didn't make a big thing of it. I am very glad that we kept up our friendship over the years. I'll remember him as a lover of puns and little jokes, as a kind and generous friend, and someone who throughout his life did not burden others with any of the problems he had to deal with.

Professor Harry Geduld, now in Indiana, met him at University and says,

I'll always remember him as a very likeable, thought-provoking guy fascinating to talk to and unfailingly good-humoured.

Harry and his wife had invited Pat and Paul to visit, and Paul was eager to go, keen to visit the Wright Brothers' museum and learn more about the early days of manned flight.

What Paul's University friends may not originally have known was that he had been in a coma for six weeks following a road accident. It was whilst spending long hours at her son's bedside at Retford Hospital that Ida met other visitors who saw her plight. They offered the worried mother somewhere to stay whilst she waited for Paul to regain consciousness.

This couple became known as Aunt Violet and Uncle George, and they have stayed friends with Paul and later with Pat too, down the years.

His injuries prevented him from fulfilling his dream of becoming an RAF pilot as he had been awarded a commission to train as a pilot. He refused their offer of a desk posting and

left on medical grounds with a pension. He did fly later on, taking lessons and obtaining his pilot's licence from a local airfield at Netherthorpe.

For as long as he could, he kept up his annual tally of flying hours, but inevitably he had to relinquish this pleasure as age and poor health took its toll. But only last autumn a new acquaintance, another pilot, took him up in a Chipmunk even though it was so difficult for Paul to get into the cockpit. It was a beautiful Saturday afternoon and they were able to fly out over the Derwent Dams, site of the Dam Busters training ground. Paul was elated. Plans were made for a flight in a Cessna, but this was not to be.

Following graduation he finally went into teaching, gaining a Teaching Diploma after another year's study, at first locally and later at Ashford Girls Grammar School in London. After his father became ill and died in 1962, he returned to live and work in Sheffield, to look after his mother.

In later life Paul was very grateful for all the help he received in caring for his mother, from neighbours and nursing friends, as well as from Pat herself.

Whilst at De La Salle, as Deputy Head, he also taught extra Higher Mathematics lessons to bright pupils at Notre Dame School. This extra-curricular work had a surprising result. When a post as Head of Mathematics became vacant at Notre Dame, he was chosen to fill it out of seventy-five applicants. He tutored a number of bright young mathematicians privately and many of them went on to great achievements. The sudden and unrelated deaths of three of his young pupils over the years caused him much distress and sadness.

There was one pupil whose tuition had a surprising outcome. A young schoolgirl, who subsequently went on to University, had a sister, called Pat, who had tracked down this able teacher for her.

News of her examination results proved difficult to obtain, in those days of few private phones. Paul was out with Pat for the first time, in the Zing-Va restaurant, when they eventually tracked down the results, which were excellent.

Paul turned to Pat and out of the blue, proposed marriage. His only conditions were that

"He tutored a number of bright young mathematicians privately and many of them went on to great achievements."

they would beat the taxman and never discuss the price of cauliflowers. She turned him down flat, but he was persistent and they married quietly at Dronfield in 1970. His best man was Marshall, a friend from University who is here today. In the second year of marriage, Paul achieved a B. Ed teaching qualification.

He continued to inspire his bright pupils. Pat remembers the celebrations they used to host for parents whenever one of his students gained entry to Oxford or Cambridge.

He was a practical man too, able to work with the most unpromising material to make something worthwhile. As a boy he would often get up early to work on a project in the garage. Then there was the E-Type Jaguar that he rebuilt from a thousand pieces. An Austin Seven was built from scrap found in scrap yards. There were also several powerful motorbikes.

In the 1960s he became so concerned over the state of the world that he excavated, with help from friends, an atomic shelter under the floor of his mother's garage.

He had built the garage first, with strengthened roof to enable him to hoist heavy engines. The bunker was complete with everything needed to sustain life in the event of nuclear war.

But probably the most dramatic project he successfully completed was the Leyland Leopard fifty-three-seat coach that he transformed into a home from home. It had workstations with word processors and office equipment, a bath, toilet, sleeping quarters; kitchen and dining area and room for a boat or Pat's small car. Painted green to camouflage it when parked in Hyde Park, he used it to visit conferences and gatherings.

When he and Pat wanted to escape from home pressures, they would run an electric cable from the Norfolk Park Drive kitchen to the bus parked in the road at the bottom of their garden. There they could work on various pieces of writing, including Paul's book about philosophy and Pat's manuscripts of her family life, nursing life and the time she spent in Africa. These typescripts have now come back, accepted for publication.

In the early hours of a December morning in 1986 it was burned out. They lost everything,

all their work, their belongings, bike and boat. All that was left were the Life Jackets. Paul was devastated, only concerned about the loss of the written word.

Pat tells of the visit to a Bournemouth conference with the bus. She drove home in her car, arriving late Friday evening. Paul arrived on Tuesday. To be fair, he had stayed on in Bournemouth to have a long soak in the bath. Only then did he discover there was a mechanical problem that could not be fixed until after the weekend and it was a Bank Holiday.

It was not just machines and inanimate objects that claimed his attention. He had a succession of at least eleven cats, leaving Justin and Tom Kitten. He did say that he did not want flowers at his funeral, but donations for the Society of Individual Freedom, and also for Whiskas for his cats!

His lizard, called (Ken) Livingston, was acquired in a swap for his mother's microwave. Ken has now found another good home with Pat's great-niece, Ashley, for Paul will no longer be there to take him for a walk.

The foxes and badgers that played and fed on the lawn outside the kitchen gave Paul many hours of pleasure, watching and videoing them.

You will know that Paul worked very hard for the Society for Individual Freedom. Donations received instead of flowers will be sent in Paul's name to the Society for Individual Freedom through the Funeral Directors. For many years he was editor of their publication *The Individual*. Nigel Meek is now the editor and has written:

Paul was a lovely, fascinating and courageous man. Of course, his most notorious brush with fame came in 1999 when he was the subject of a dreadful article in The News of the World under the headline This cardigan wearing Tory looks like a harmless granddad but he deals in heroin. Unlike many, Paul's libertarian beliefs were not just empty theorising. When, as in this case, he wanted to learn and write about the issue of drugs Paul was an ardent believer in the decriminalisation of narcotics he went out and talked to drug users and prosti-

"Then there was the E-Type Jaguar that he rebuilt from a thousand pieces."

tutes in his area and gathered their life stories. Somehow this ended up translating into the newspaper headline noted. However, it speaks volumes for his character when he (later) wrote, I particularly resented the image implied by the cardigan wearing granddad description !

Four years later Paul was still advocating the decriminalisation of drugs in an article published in the Sheffield evening paper.

He was not soft on criminals. When approached at home by confidence men, Paul was able to take a photograph of the men at the door with his camera watch. This image, enhanced by information from other victims and working with the Police, enabled the criminals to be caught and punished.

When Paul was ill in hospital in March 2004 one of his oldest friends, John Lingard, came all the way from Taunton to visit him. John and his wife Morag and their children had become part of Paul's family over the years and this visit meant a great deal to Pat and Paul. John himself has since died, and Pat and Morag have this thought of the pair of them sitting on a cloud somewhere arguing over the current state of FTSE and the stock market. Morag and daughter Alison are here today.

Besides local politics, Paul also belonged to the Conservative National Education Society.

We could have taken all day and still not reached the end of Paul's qualities or recorded all the things said and written about him by those who knew him.

These are just a few of them:

From friends: *Paul will be very much missed after fifty years of friendship.*

From the family: *We will always remember him fondly for the acutely intelligent mind and great sense of humour he had.*

A neighbour wrote: *it was such a short while ago we were fighting Goals Soccer Centre and then, what does it matter when such sadness comes along.*

He was part of a group photo in *The Star* on 10th December last year, an active protester against the projected effects of the expansion

of the site. His active participation in the life of his community is reflected in the choice of the 'The Centre in the Park', Norfolk Heritage Park, for a reception after this ceremony.

You are all welcome to join Pat and the family there, to share your memories of him. It also overlooks their first home together, and the cholera monument that the people of Sheffield will know.

This was an amazing life, worthy of much greater depth and detail than we have time for, and the little time we have gives us no time to do him real justice. He leaves his website unfinished and his book on relativity still uncompleted, which would upset him

We must soon return to our everyday lives, strengthened by having had Paul in our lives. But before we do, we will pause for a little while, to reflect on Paul and what he has meant to us.

[There was a pause for personal reflection.]

It is time to commit Paul's body to return, through fire, to the universe that sustains and regenerates all life and for us to return to our everyday lives strengthened by having shared our lives with Paul.

Although no longer a physical presence in the world, he lives on in the memories of all who had the privilege of knowing him.

These final words bring comfort and hope for the future and would be Paul's philosophy too:

*You can shed tears that he is gone
or you can smile because he has lived.*

*You can close your eyes
and hope that he will come back
or you can open your eyes
and see all he has left.*

*Your heart can be empty
because you cannot see him
or you can be full
of the love you shared.*

*You can turn your back on tomorrow
and live yesterday
or you can be happy for tomorrow
because of yesterday.*

You can remember him

"Although no longer a physical presence in the world, he lives on in the memories of all who had the privilege of knowing him."

*and only that he is gone
or you can cherish his memory
and let it live on.*

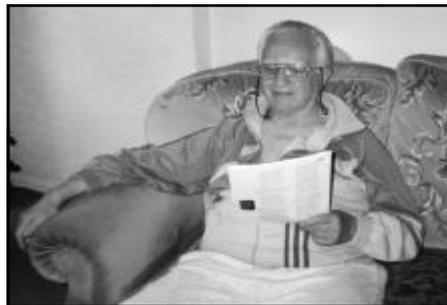
*You can cry and close your mind,
be empty and turn your back
or you can do what he'd want: smile,
open your eyes, love and go on.*

(Anonymous)

Closing music: Handel's *Largo*



Editor's note: I was privileged to attend the Celebration as both a personal friend and on behalf of the SIF. I am grateful to Ann Granville for permission to reprint the Celebration and for Alison Jenkins for forwarding on to me the original text. The website of the British Humanist Association is at www.humanism.org.uk and that of the Sheffield Humanist Society at www.sheffieldhumanists.org.uk.



**Paul Anderton, taken shortly before his death.
Note that he is reading a copy of *The Individual*!**

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far the most important all-round libertarian organisation outside of the USA. It is less well known that the LA started off as the SIF's youth wing in the 1960s, although it was not formalised until the late 1970s.

As with Paul, it was in the early 1990s that I first met Chris when I became involved in the LA. We went through phases of having lunch quite regularly, particularly when he was working at FOREST in the early to mid 1990s. After that, as Sean Gabb's obituary notes, he moved out to the Kent coast and I saw less of him. However, the Internet was a constant means of communication. His posts to the Libertarian Alliance's email discussion forum were always interesting and reached a wide audience. He was particularly robust with critics of libertarianism or those who confused woolly obfuscation with logical argument.

Without getting too "fey" about it, Chris was a hero and mentor to me. Chris would be the first to admit that he was not an original thinker. His strengths were a bibliographical knowledge of the literature of politics, sociology, philosophy and so on—and the loss of this accumulated knowledge, explicit and implicit, is a blow in itself—coupled with a bloody-minded certainty in his own rightness. We live in a world where "consensus" and "tolerance" are (notionally) the order of the day. Chris would have none of this. Right

was right and wrong was wrong. For him, to compromise in the defence of reciprocal individual freedom was to compromise between pure water and poison.

Perhaps inevitably this stubbornness—so admirable and necessary in his role as a political activist—caused problems in his professional and personal life. He was a patriot, but he despaired of the susceptibility of the people of this country to the supposed attractions of economic and social interventionism, European integration and multiculturalism. (Note: "multiculturalism" not "multiracialism". Chris had no time for those who, through sloppy thinking or so-called "race realism", could not or would not see the difference.) As such, he often talked of moving to the USA, a country for which he also had a great love. But it was not to be. Shortly after he had been diagnosed with cancer I asked him if he knew what the cause was, expecting a medical answer. I was surprised by his response of "Ten years of frustration and disappointment", a rare but touching—and, under the circumstances, wholly understandable—example of self-pity. He had sacrificed much for the Libertarian Alliance and the cause of freedom.

Paul and Chris were different by background and temperament. Paul struck me as the "provincial everyman" fighting a lone battle against the injustices of the world around him.

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"He had sacrificed much for the Libertarian Alliance and the cause of freedom."

AN OBITUARY OF DR CHRISTOPHER RONALD TAME

20th December 1949 to 20th March 2006

Founder and President of the Libertarian Alliance

by Dr Sean Gabb, Director of the Libertarian Alliance

Scholar, bibliographer, writer, political strategist, martial artist and fan of Elvis Presley, Chris R. Tame will be best remembered as the Founder of the Libertarian Alliance. In this capacity, he worked tirelessly for over 30 years to recreate a British liberal tradition that had disintegrated, and to establish clear title for those of his own views to the word “libertarian”.

Chris was born at 7:36pm on the 20th December 1949 in Chase Farm Hospital, Enfield, Middlesex. He was brought up in Godalming in Surrey. His parents, Ronald Ernest and Elsie Florence Tame, had met and married just after the end of the Second World War, and Chris was to be their only child. They loved him dearly and he was a happy child, though his health was often poor.

After attending a Church of England primary school and the local grammar school, he went up to Hull University, from where he graduated in 1971 with a degree in American Studies. From his school reports and his examination certificates, Chris succeeded in his education partly by a natural taste for learning and partly though unremitting hard work

He settled in London at a time of great and continuing political excitement. High inflation, rising unemployment, unsustainable levels of taxation and state control, had raised doubts over the legitimacy of the mixed-economy-welfare-state settlement of the 1940s and of the political and social order that presided over it. Allied with trade union bosses, a generation of radicalised students was plotting to replace the old order with some socialist utopia. They were resisted by various conservative and free market policy institutes all more or less funded by big business. The boundaries of debate had never been so wide. Even so, the limits of debate were Soviet so-

cialism at one end and at the other a restored Establishment that had read some economics.

Though he worked for a number of these policy institutes—mainly the Institute of Economic Affairs and the National Association for Freedom (now renamed the Freedom Association)—Chris was concerned that an older and more traditional voice should be heard again. This was the voice of English classical liberalism—the liberalism of John Locke and Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer among others. This was a voice that spoke of freedom not simply as a set of incentives to raise the gross national product, nor as some vague call to liberation in all matters but economic. It was a voice that spoke of freedom in the social, political and economic aspects of human life. The right to make money as a private landlord rested on the same grounds as the right to inject heroin or to attend sado-masochistic orgies in the open air.

The Libertarian Alliance emerged from a series of discussions among friends. In these, Chris distinguished himself by his speculative boldness and his organisational ability. When the time came to formalise the structure of the Libertarian Alliance—in 1979—there was no serious dispute that Chris was to be its leader.

His strategy as Director—and later as President—of the Libertarian Alliance was to avoid the mistakes that had come close to wrecking the much larger and richer American movement.

British libertarianism would not be sectarian. In all the usual debates—natural rights or utilitarianism as a foundation, or anarchism or minimal statism as an object—the Libertarian Alliance would take no collective position. Nor—though Chris was himself a committed follower of Ayn Rand—would it copy the arbitrary intolerance of the official Objectivist

**“British
libertarianism
would not be
sectarian.”**

movement. It would instead provide a forum within which the debates could be held between friends.

At the same time, British libertarians would not put up candidates for election. Without huge funding, political parties were a waste of effort. They encouraged disputes over trifles and between personalities. They almost demanded a softening of controversial opinions. Above all, they never led to political success.

Instead, Chris saw the work of his Libertarian Alliance as the waging of a long-range battle of ideas. He saw through the optimism of the late 1970s and early Thatcher years. Where others saw a rolling back of the state, he saw in privatisation only a more rational—and thus a more efficient—type of state control. “These new markets are never free” he once said, “and they are always dominated by the ruling class”. He believed that the second half of the 20th century had seen a collapse of the moral and social and intellectual foundations of English liberty, and that there was no short-term strategy for its restoration. The Thatcher years might bring a more sophisticated statism that involved greater use of market incentives. They would not produce or herald a smaller state. The political and intellectual classes and the various special interest groups would not give way to a government that had won a couple of elections—especially a government run by people who were no more libertarians than they were Buddhists. Nor was there any obvious demand for liberty among a population anaesthetised by a century of statist propaganda and increasing levels of welfare. This being so, British libertarianism was not in the same position as socialism in 1945. It was in the same position as socialism in 1845.

Therefore, it was necessary to work a step at a time towards some future intellectual hegemony. Rather than propagandise the masses, libertarians had to win over the intellectuals to the point where they would do the propagandising. All else would be as effective as writing on water. This meant a programme of scholarship and intensive publication. Radio and television appearances were useful, but were as nothing compared with a well-referenced pamphlet setting the case against compulsory seat-belt laws or limited-liability laws that turned free markets into corporatist playgrounds.

And so Chris worked hard and without respite to advance a long term agenda of intellectual change. He worked on in the face of scorn

from all those who thought they had a more direct and speedy road to the libertarian paradise. He worked on in the face of frequently bitter hostility from those who should have opened their wallets to him. He worked on in the face of personal and professional disappointments. During the 1980s and 1990s, he gathered around himself a diverse circle of writers and activists who shared his commitment to putting the libertarian case. Among these were Brian Micklethwait, David Botsford, Sean Gabb, Tim Evans, and many others. They wrote and published for a small audience. They spoke at meetings sometimes attended only by each other. They took whatever opportunities came their way to appear in the media. It was a big event if a Libertarian Alliance spokesman was invited onto *Newsnight* or *The Midnight Hour*. The usual invitations were to contribute to call programmes running at midnight on BBC Radio Cardiff.

But Chris and his circle pushed steadily on. They were assisted by the rise of the Internet, which allowed an audience of perhaps hundreds of thousands to be reached—and without cost. A little at a time, their profile improves. By the end of the 20th century, there was no doubt that the Libertarian Alliance had become part of the furniture of political debate in this country. This was evidenced by the fact that radio presenters no longer asked its spokesmen “Tell me, John - what *is* the Libertarian Alliance?” The only question for presenters and researchers alike was what wildly controversial position would its officers advance today with polite but forceful eloquence.

Chris also advanced the cause in a number of separate but similar ventures. As Manager of the Alternative Bookshop between 1979 and 1985, he provided a physical base in Central London for libertarians from all over the world. This was particularly important in a world not yet blessed with the Internet. Even today, American libertarians arrive in London and make their way to Covent Garden in search of the Bookshop. He also managed to sell large numbers of books about liberty.

As Director of the Freedom Organisation for the Right to Enjoy Smoking Tobacco (FOREST) between 1988 and 1995, he was able to put his ideas about winning the battle of ideas to memorable effect. Before he took over, the strategy of FOREST was a populist appeal to the then majority of smokers, coupled with a smooth public relations approach

“... Chris saw the work of his Libertarian Alliance as the waging of a long-range battle of ideas.”

to those in power. Chris saw this strategy as useless. With the death of orthodox socialism, he saw that the campaign against smoking was part of a new ideology of legitimation for the ruling class. It was not to be countered with a few public rallies or a meeting with a few transient politicians. If it was to be turned back, it had to be defeated first at the level of abstract ideas. As Director of FOREST, Chris was as likely in giving interviews to the media to talk about Gramsci and Foucault and discourse theory as about the latest set of claims about the relationship between smoking and the Great Red Spot on Jupiter.

In his time, he wore out three Directors of the main anti-smoking pressure group. And he forced the anti-tobacco movement to stop complaining about the alleged harm of tobacco to those who smoked it and instead about those exposed to the smoking of others. It is also said that he hired private detectives to follow the Conservative politician Alan Amos, who was campaigning for a ban on tobacco advertising. When Mr Amos was photographed in an act of intimacy with another man on Hampstead Heath, Chris is said to have rejoiced horribly before telephoning the newspapers. Chris always denied any role in the downfall of Mr Amos, but never with the vehemence of a man who believes his character to have been impugned.

Chris left FOREST in 1995, after the managers of the big tobacco companies had done what they thought was a deal with the politicians that would allow them to save on funding any campaigns of defence. There followed several years of financial and moral hardship, during which Chris moved from friend to friend, learning with much distress after a lifetime of cultivating a wide circle of contacts who his real friends were.

He moved in finally with Rebecca Baty, then living in Tottenham. When she followed Sean and Andrea Gabb to the Kent coast, Chris followed. In Ramsgate, his life moved to a slower rhythm than it had in London in his days of success. He would spend his days in various coffee bars, discussing the newspapers and working on his gigantic *Bibliography of Freedom*. In the evening, he would sit with Rebecca watching videos. Or he would sit in one of his rooms, working on his e-mail correspondence, or he would run or cycle over to Deal for dinner with the Gabbs. All at the time wondered at how he seemed retired from the world. But he was happy by the coast. He

often said it was like being a child again, but with no need ever to get on the bus home at the end of the day.

Even so, Chris continued to work as a consultant in various projects. One of these involved uncovering a corrupt property deal between local politicians. While out in the town one evening with David Carr and Sean Gabb, to inspect the property in question, he came upon some painted girls, none of whom looked more than about fourteen.

"Excuse me, Mister" one of them asked David, "but could you spare one of your cigarettes?"

Without a pause, Chris interposed himself into the conversation. "Little girls" he replied with a leer that Sid James might have admired, "I have no cigarettes to give you. But I do have some very nice sweets in my pocket."

The girls ran off shrieking with laughter, Chris and his friends went into a restaurant and passed a convivial evening. With his circle of friends old and new, Chris had become as much a part of Ramsgate life as if he had lived there decades rather than years.

In July 2005, Chris was diagnosed with a rare and very aggressive form of bone cancer. Though only 55 at the time, and though he had avoided all those vices commonly believed to be dangerous, he took this diagnosis with great calmness. During the next eight months, he faced his approaching end with a fortitude and good humour that was an inspiration to those around him.

To the very end, he retained a keen interest in public affairs and in the welfare of his friends and loved ones. On his last day, he made sure to check his e-mails.

Chris died peacefully in his sleep at 3:37pm GMT on Monday the 20th March 2006. He was never alone during his last six days. Mrs Helen Evans and Dr Sean Gabb were by his side at the end.

Chris was married and divorced twice. He left no children.

The work of the Libertarian Alliance continues.

"On his last day, he made sure to check his emails."



Dr Chris R. Tame: born in Enfield 20th December 1949, died in London 20th March 2006. Founder and Director of the Libertarian Alliance; Manager of the Alternative Bookshop (1979-85); Director of FOREST (1988-95); Married (1) Judy Englander in 1977, (2) Maria Sullivan in 1994; Author of innumerable pamphlets and monographs.

Dr Sean Gabb is now the Director of the Libertarian Alliance (www.libertarian.co.uk). He is currently working on a biography of Chris, and will complete and publish the magisterial *Bibliography of Freedom*. This obituary first appeared as *Free Life Commentary*, No. 144, 22nd March 2006 (www.seangabb.co.uk/flcomm/flc144.htm) and formed the basis of other obituaries, e.g. *The Independent* on the 23rd March 2006.



DR CHRIS TAME AT THE 2003 LIBERTARIAN ALLIANCE/LIBERTARIAN INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE AND BANQUET
 (photographs by David Farrer, Treasurer of the Libertarian Alliance)



Dr Tame: The Dear Leader



Dr Tame: The Great Helmsman



Dr Tame: Prize-winner in the annual Frankie Howard look-alike contest. Plans to blackmail Chris with this picture never came to anything!



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Chris was rather more the “urban agitator” trying to radicalise, not the masses, but rather the elites.

Both of them were also very witty men, Paul’s humour being of a quiet and dry kind whilst Chris’s was often rather more “robust” as the anecdote in Sean’s obituary of him testifies!

The deaths of Paul and Chris could not have been more different. Paul was taken from us suddenly: he complained of feeling unwell and died within a few hours. (My previous comments that he was looking unwell at the last SIF meeting that he attended proved to be irrelevant. He had simply been having an off day.) His wife, Pat, was with him at the end, and again I extend my sympathy and best wishes to her.

Chris’s death was a drawn-out and painful affair until he finally succumbed to the cancer in March. In his final months he braved the terri-

ble agonies and indignities of both the disease and the various treatments with all the courage that one would have expected. In his final months, weeks and days he was strengthened in his resolve by the encouragement and practical assistance offered by his many good friends from the Libertarian Alliance. They are too numerous to mention, but special tribute should be paid to some. Tim and Helen—a trained nurse—Evans took him into their house in London. This meant that Chris could be nearer the specialist hospitals where he received treatment. Their kindness is all the more remarkable given that they had their first child, Petica, in December 2005, right in the middle of Chris’s final months. Sean and Andrea Gabb were ceaseless in their help and Sean latterly took over Chris’s personal affairs. David Carr was also a constant support. When I last saw Chris at the National Hospital for Neurology and Neurosurgery on the Saturday before he died I was greeted by an exhausted Sean and David who had been keeping a vigil by his bedside—even down to sleeping

“The deaths of Paul and Chris could not have been more different.”

on the floor next to him—so that he should not be alone when the end came. When finally it did, Sean and Helen were with him.

And what of the future? As far as the LA goes, things will not drift. Less than a week before Chris died there was a final bedside meeting with many senior officers of the LA present where Chris reiterated his instructions and hopes for the LA's future. Only two days before he died, Chris, Sean and I were discussing issues as obscure as the pricing policy for hardcopy LA pamphlets on the off-chance that anyone would want to buy them through Amazon!

Tim Evans and Sean Gabb will now jointly run the LA with help from the likes of David Farrer (treasurer), David Carr (legal affairs spokesman) and me (membership and editorial secretary). No one can replace Chris, but the work of the LA will carry on. Readers may care to note that the LA's 2006 conference in London has already been booked for the 25th and 26th November.

Paul's death has less explicit impact on the SIF. He had already retired as editor some years beforehand handing the role over to me, although he continued to be an active member of the executive committee. But his passing reiterates the serious problem that the SIF now has and is an "excuse" to take stock. As an organisation the SIF is quite healthy in the sense that the SIF's finances are in the black—thanks to the stewardship of treasurer Lucy Ryder and the remarkable generosity of some members—and the administration of subscriptions has finally been overhauled—which I shall report on in the next issue of *The Individual*. But I am doing no more than candidly expanding on Mike Plumbé's recent annual chairman's reports when I note that in not too many years the SIF as a membership-based organisation will literally die off unless something changes. I am in my early 40s and I am of the same generation as most of those who will now run the LA. But I hope that I will be forgiven for the indiscretion of noting that *all* of the other active members of the SIF's executive council are in their 60s or 70s and in some cases have been saying for time that they would like to retire. One can denounce "ageism" until the cows come home, but the toll of the years is a brute fact of our existence. In short, the "organisational shell" of the SIF is quite sound, but it is becoming increasingly hollow.

What and how the SIF does something about this—i.e. recruit new and younger members and bring in at least relatively younger people of *proven personal integrity and commitment to individual freedom* into its leadership structures—is something that needs to be discussed urgently.

Writing strictly in a personal capacity, it seems to me that one obvious thing to do—and in its own way this issue of *The Individual* is an example—is for the two organisations to work more closely whilst retaining their separate identities. It needs to be reiterated the LA started off as part of the SIF; there is some overlap between the LA's subscribers and the SIF's members; the same people often write for or speak to both organisations; and for several years both organisations have "shared" me as the editor and membership secretary.

But that is for the future. Let us for now cherish the memories of two dear friends and staunch comrades.

One final thought. SIF and LA contributor Dr Robert Lefever has his own blog (www.robertlefever.co.uk). In January this year he posted a short piece under the title 'Saints' as follows:

Tim and Helen, despite having a new born baby, have taken our mutual terminally-ill friend, Chris, into their home. They are staunch advocates of private practice and each day they give away their own private lives for free to a friend in need.

Robert's post is both moving and profound. At an obvious level it reminds us of the good-heartedness of Tim and Helen—amongst others—at what was an extraordinary time for them. But Robert's words also serve to refute those accusations that libertarians are "atomists", or care for nothing but reducing welfare payments to the poor and increasing profit maximisation, or are would-be Nietzschean/Randian Übermensch. These are lies. In a country and world where reciprocal individual freedom is under attack from almost every conceivable quarter, however much we are ignored, mocked or slandered we must remain steadfast, just as Paul and Chris did to the end.

Nigel Meek

"Let us for now cherish the memories of two dear friends and staunch comrades."

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The SIF s Aim:

*To promote responsible
individual freedom*

The SIF is a classical liberal organisation that believes in the economic and personal freedom of the individual, subject only to the equal freedom of others.

The SIF promotes...

- ✓ The freedom, importance and personal responsibility of the individual.
- ✓ The sovereignty of Parliament and its effective control over the Executive.
- ✓ The rule of law and the independence of the Judicature.
- ✓ Free enterprise.

SIF Activities

The SIF organises public meetings featuring speakers of note, holds occasional luncheons at the Houses of Parliament, publishes this journal to which contributions are welcome, and has its own website. The SIF also has two associated campaigns: Tell-It, that seeks to make information on outcomes of drugs and medical treatments more widely known and available to doctors and patients alike, and Choice in Personal Safety (CIPS), that opposes seatbelt compulsion and similar measures.

Joining the SIF

If you broadly share our objectives and wish to support our work, then please write to us at the address on this page, enclosing a cheque for £15 (minimum) made payable to the Society for Individual Freedom.

The Law of Equal Freedom

*“Every man has freedom to do all that he wills,
provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other man.”*

Herbert Spencer, *Social Statics*, 1851