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Dear Dan,

Mea culpa, mea culpa! Yours of the 5th came yesterday, and made me realize that I had not even acknowledged your article on "God, Law, and Sir Edward Coke in the Late 20th Century" and the ABA Report on the federal appellate courts. I read both upon receipt with enjoyment and interest. I personally found the ABA Report of more interest than Coke, but I passed your speech to my partner, Doug Woodworth, who was enamored by it.

As best I can recall, the reason I did not acknowledge your June 21st letter which contained the Report and speech was that I was expecting to see you, or at least talk to you by phone, within a month or so as we left for Lake Lure on July 14th and your letter probably only reached me at the end of June.

The real question is what happened thereafter. As I ponder upon this question, I am uncertain of the answer. For one thing your Tuscaloosan neighbors did not wholly mislead you. While Lake Lure might not be the finest place on earth, it is an exceptionally pleasant one. We were at a spot called the Chalet Club which offered everything we wanted for our children and us and was owned and managed simultaneously by 3-generations running from ages 75 down to 13, and all of whom were about as fine a people as one could hope to meet.

They made our stay a great joy, and this allowed me to devote myself daily to reading 30 pages of abstracts of the case law of the European Court of Human Rights so that by the end of our stay I had read it all. I also felt obliged to read Thomas Wolfe's Look Homeward Angel because of its long shadow on the map of American literature and Lake Lure's proximity to Wolfe's home. It is a thick book that cannot be picked up with one hand, except by a professional basketball player, but I did not suffer going through it and wrapped it up ready to try its sequel Of Time and the River.

Then my mother and one of my nieces showed up for 10 days with hopes of being entertained which of course we could not disappoint. My children bade me descend to the waterfront on a daily basis to inspect and certify their progress and proficiency in the art of water skiing. My wife summoned me nearly daily to the tennis court. Of course we had to visit the nearby Cherokee Indian Reservation and museum, to see various local sights, such as Thomas Wolfe's house, Vanderbilt's mansion, Sandburg's place, and others.

I also spent time reflecting upon whether I wished to return to teaching, as I had been offered a job beginning in September 1990 at a new French international law school to be opened in Eastern France at that time. I was given virtually a carte blanche offer to teach either part-time or full-time and whatever subject I wanted. This offer flattered my ego and sorely tempted me, so that I devoted a portion of each day to dwelling upon the pleasures of academic life and debating with myself whether I should accept this offer. I concluded that if I did, my subject would be a seminar on the legal profession using a kind of comparative law approach.

I had also discovered this year on a peaceful Spring day much like any other that I was 50 years old. While I had felt much older when I was 18, there were possibly implications of this landmark age that I should be reflecting about, and so I proceeded conscientiously to do so during the summer days at Lake Lure, but I have no startling conclusions to report.

Engaged in such pursuits the days tranquilly passed by, and before I realized what had happened, it was August 14th, and we were driving to the Raleigh airport to catch our plane back to France. It was only 4 or 5 years ago that I started taking these French-style one-month vacations, and now I am already finding that they are too short. The French discovered this long ago, but have done nothing about it. The Swedes have been more enterprising and have increased their vacations to 5 or 6 weeks. While my summer musing left me thinking that I might well accept the offer to teach, upon my return I discovered myself writing a letter rejecting the offer.

While at the Chalet Club I met a U.S. attorney from Greenville, S.C. and I asked him if he knew Judge Haynesworth. His office turned out to be across the hall from the judge's, so I gave him a letter to take back with him and deliver. A few days later I received a lovely reply from Haynesworth who seemed happy to have heard from me. Apparently his health has deteriorated some. I calculate he must be in his early 80's.

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To illustrate how confining law practice can be I discovered early in July of this year that LSU has been running a summer law program here in Aix-en-Provence at the Law Faculty for the past five years and has been bringing over Supreme Court justices. This year Rehnquist was here for two weeks. Unfortunately he arrived on July 11th, and we were leaving on the 14th. Nonetheless I went into to Aix for two days to listen to him speak to law students. I also read his 1987 book on the Supreme Court in preparation for hearing him. I found both the book and Rehnquist a disappointment. Both the book and the man, I thought, revealed a most mediocre mind and nothing redeeming on the human side. Apparently LSU has brought both Blackmun and Brennan to Aix in past years, but I was ignorant of these visits.

I also met Lloyd Weinreb of Harvard and Michael Riesmann of Yale, who were teaching at the LSU program. We invited them and the two LSU professors, Blakesley and Levasseur, and wives for a cocktail one evening and so got to know them a bit better. Weinreb was off to Madrid where HLS was running its summer program and Riesmann to South Africa to lecture on civil rights, if his visa came through, and he had been told that it would.

I told Weinreb that I had been using his book on constitutional cases in criminal procedure (I forget the exact title) for many years, but when he learned the antiquity of my edition, he promised to send me a new volume which he promptly did. I reciprocated by sending him Justice After Darwin as he had mentioned that he taught a jurisprudence course. I figured this might be a good occasion to infiltrate the book into the citadel.

I have also asked Michie to send it to Thomas Eisele at Tennessee Law School who seems to have been similarly influenced by Wittgenstein and has taken an approach that resembles mine. ("The Activity of Being a Lawyer: The Imaginative Pursuit of Implications and Possibilities," 54 Tenn. L. Rev. 345 (1987)). In brief, I have been making an effort to stir up some interest in Justice After Darwin. I know of no reviews of it, and I suspect that outside of Virginia it is unknown. Because it was published when I was living in France, I was unable to give any impetus to it, and I think it has suffered because of that. This seems to me a shame as I think it has something to say.

I apologize for not phoning you, but we shall be back again, I shall try to do better on the next trip. It is always a great pleasure to get your letters.

As ever,