When I came to the University of Iowa in 1969, I came into a very tight, convivial, self-contained department. Henry saved me from the fate of becoming a white-coated laboratory technician in that number-crunching discipline to which I belong, a discipline that we know to be the corrupt offshoot of the discipline of history. Henry was the first faculty member outside political science with whom I struck up an acquaintance. It began in an interdepartmental seminar on legislative behavior, in which I learned, to my delight, that Henry—and Bill Aydelotte—were interested in the same sorts of questions about legislative behavior as I was, only that they explored these questions by studying the House of Commons of the 1690s and the 1840s respectively, rather than contemporary European parliaments. But Henry has a great many strings to his bow and, as we have all learned, he is anything but a one-note scholar like some of the rest of us. So his intellectual interests soon went in different directions from mine. After a while Henry wasn’t even close by in Schaeffer Hall half the time—he was in the Law School or in the United Kingdom or in Brooklyn or in France. Nevertheless our friendship has endured over 35 years. It has quite possibly prospered from our different but complementary interests.

What is true for me is also true for the remarkable number of friends that Henry has across this campus, across this country, and across the Atlantic. I am standing here as a representative of a large assortment of individuals who regard Henry as a colleague and as a friend. People don’t think or write about friendship as much now as they did a century ago, but “friendship” is a word that is very much on my mind today. I have thought of a passage in *The Education of Henry Adams* that I find particularly apt this afternoon. “Friendships,”
Henry Adams reflected, “have nothing to do with the accidents of space.” In other words, you don’t have to be in adjoining offices in Schaeffer Hall to strike up or maintain a friendship. Friendships need, Adams observed “a certain parallelism of life, a community of thought” and, Adams added,--and I find this interesting--friendships need “a rivalry of aim”. The words explain the friendship Henry Adams struck up improbably in Estes Park, Colorado with a geologist named Clarence King, at a moment when Adams was experiencing an early-life crisis. Adams’ words bring out for me the distinctive qualities of our Henry. Henry Horwitz emphasizes the parallelism—to use Henry Adams’ words—among those of us engaged in the various enterprises of the academy. He sees across the differences of specialization endemic to the modern university. He sees across differences between specialists on the 17th century, the 18th, the 19th, between ancient and medieval and early modern and modern-modern. He sees across differences between history and political science and anthropology and law. He bridges differences between British and American universities. He bridges continents. Henry sees the parallelism among us all.

Henry is a genuine citizen of this University, who has given his time and thought and good judgment to our collective life, without succumbing to the belief that he needs to administer us. Another fate Henry saved me from was that of becoming a life-long dean. He saved me from that just by regularly shaking his head sadly whenever I would try to improve the History department. Henry values and builds—again in Adams’ words—a community of thought, which he knows must be a voluntary community.

Finally Henry has continuously been an enterprising, innovative scholar, exhibiting, again in Adams’ words, “a rivalry of aim.” Henry has repeatedly shown a succession of interests different from those of his colleagues and friends and stimulating to us, surprising us regularly with the variety of his intellectual pursuits and achievements.
The welcome greetings that Henry gets when he returns here after six or eight months in London makes it quite an experience to walk down the street with him when he is first back. And it isn’t every faculty member who is recognized by the president of the University, but when Henry returned after eight months away most recently, a (former) president recognized Henry just by the back of his head and exclaimed a welcoming “Henry!” Henry has accomplished the unlikely feat of being a fixture here even though he is never fixed in this place for long.

Henry possesses the old fashioned virtues of loyalty and collegiality that have become rare in the academy. It is these virtues that are the wellsprings of the friendships Henry has developed over his more than 40 years on this campus. And as these friendships have survived Henry’s intellectual and personal perambulations in the past, I trust they will survive his formal retirement from teaching at the University of Iowa. Henry, we count on that.

-Gerhard Loewenberg