Robert C. Pinto, who was profiled by his daughter Laura in the Lives Lived column on Nov. 4, was a treasured colleague and friend of mine. His skill as a ventriloquist, which he practised at home, was a secret he kept from his colleagues at the University of Windsor philosophy department. There he was known for, among much else, his prodigious memory of the history of philosophy. He was often able to cite the page number of a passage in Aristotle’s *Metaphysics*, in Aquinas’s *Summa Theologica*, or in Heidegger’s *Being and Time*. The speed and analytic ability of his mind were striking. In the discussion period after a 45-minute lecture, he would typically immediately raise his hand and in a few sentences deftly summarize the lecture, then raise three or four astute questions about different details in it. His mind worked so quickly that it occasionally tied him in knots. He no sooner made a suggestion than he thought of several objections to it, then thought of answers or objections to the objections, then thought of objections to the answers and to the objections to the objections!

He frustrated both allies and opponents by abstaining from voting in department meetings because he could think of so many balancing good reasons both for and against a motion that he was left sitting on the fence. But he was no impractical “academic.” He invented a computer program for storing and calculating students’ grades that was purchased by the university and saved hundreds of hours of professors’ time. He served as president of the Windsor faculty union, and more than once led the faculty team in collective bargaining negotiations, gaining wage hikes and other benefits while avoiding strikes. And his philosophical publications are paradigms of clarity, rigour and insight. I miss him.

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