

APPRECIATION: FESTSCHRIFT

Henry J. Richardson III *

It is a daunting and humbling experience to have your published work of several decades held up for assessment and response by knowledgeable scholars in your own or adjacent fields. It is such even though the title and rubric of such an occasion is honorific and celebratory—festschrift. It remains such if those scholars have worked, agreed, disagreed with you over the years, and therefore know to some degree not only you the person, but are likely to have their own ideas on the comparisons about you the person, their version of your professional potential, and their assessment of the actual work you produced. However, overarching the above reflections, is my deep appreciation to all who contributed to this festschrift one way or another. My appreciation flows from the undeniable evidence that all of the scholars who participated in writing and discussion, notwithstanding my own undoubted shortcomings over the decades of which almost certainly from time to time they had to deal with some portion, indeed cared enough and considered it important enough, out of all of the demands on their valuable time, to produce notable work and travel to participate in this celebration of my work. That participation, ascription of some importance, and caring is truly a personal honor that gladdens my heart and is humbling in a special way. It is all the more so since their participation in some part reflects some appreciation of the values I have tried to uphold during these past decades of work, and in that regard they appreciate and understand my attempts, however imperfect, to connect my work to values larger than myself and my own satisfaction or advantage. I am grateful.

As I sat and listened during the day of discussion, much of it about my prior writings at a very high level of discourse, I was a bit overwhelmed. I had written many of these articles because I believed their facts and issues were important to combat national and international racial subordination in international law. But I did not know how many others would see the same importance or any importance at all. From time to time there were some indications, when, of course, there were not. However, now on this day, I heard a high level indeed of reflective scholarly focus on why those writings were important, how they may have helped nudge international legal thinking in equitable directions, and why they were worth remembering and re-reading decades, in some cases, after their publications because people saw worth in them that I could not see or enunciate. Further during those discussions I experienced that combination of scholarly and personal

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appreciation simultaneously being expressed, where warranted, with warm and perceptive scholarly criticism. This level of caring and giving respect was based on those scholars seeing the intertwining of whatever excellence and shortcomings in my scholarship and ideas, and thus created a truly enjoyable day of honest discussions. This only added to the honor I deeply felt.

This festschrift stands as a marker on my journey not yet concluded. Not only am I most grateful to all of the people-as-scholars who participated at Temple and beyond, but I necessarily remember all who have given me necessary help on this journey, including instruction that it is not mine alone but hopefully something larger. Most immediately is the collective Temple Law Faculty, who for the last 36 years, have encouraged me even though they came to know me, overseen my scholarly growth, encouraged and tested me in ways both seen and unseen, supported my scholarship in a spectrum of ways, taught me the meaning and the limits of collegiality, and appreciated, I hope, my dedication to the special mission and goals of this Law School in a way I give loyalty and support to very few institutions, and the fact that notwithstanding other tangible opportunities that this was the place in which I simply had to teach. In this regard, the support I have been given by three notable Deans—Peter Liacouras, Robert Reinstein, and JoAnne Epps—has been invaluable for my growth and scholarship. I am further quite appreciative of the support for this festschrift and its activities given by Interim Dean Gregory Mandel.

My colleague Jaya Ramji-Nogales deserves mention all her own. For she not only convinced me to be so honored and the importance of doing so, but that if she created the opportunity people would appear and only good consequences would follow. This event and its progeny would not have happened without the warm indefatigable work and ceaseless coordination in all directions, including with the Temple International and Comparative Law Journal, of Jaya, who in doing so consulted me when necessary but only then. I will always be grateful for her commitment and the enormous amount of work involved.

We stand on the shoulders of those achievers of justice, wisdom and capacity who have gone before us and we count it our good fortune for their lives to have touched ours in some meaningful way. I have been indeed fortunate. We all need teachers and mentors. Clarence Clyde Ferguson and Derrick Bell at Harvard Law, Goler Teal Butcher at Howard Law, Myres McDougal, Harold Lasswell, Michael Reisman, and Leon Lipson at Yale Law, Thomas Franck at NYU Law, Mickey McCleary at Antioch College, all encouraged, taught, chastised, criticized, opened new visions and new tasks, showed me where the battle lines were and got in the trenches with me, and occasionally allowed that I might have something to contribute, all when appropriate. I cannot begin to express sufficient gratitude to them, individually and collectively. Nor can I for friends from years in France and Africa, including Dr. S.K.B. Asante in Ghana, Professor Vincent Nmehielle in South Africa, and the late John Ngwiri in Malawi.

Haywood Burns, John Payton—late dear friends who shared the trenches of the civil rights and anti-apartheid movements, and whose close friendship, intellectual and normative prodding, mutual trust and respect were irreplaceable, while they were doing their great works in law and justice here, and whose passing

created for me a gap never to be completely bridged. And the warm friendship of Thomas Thornton on the National Security Council staff gave me much needed support and instruction.

My brother Rodney Richardson, a solo practitioner and talented lawyer in Indianapolis, has been the best of brothers in deep sharing, and insights from the local level and his talent for building relationships. And just beyond the membrane of life will always be our parents. Henry J. Richardson Jr. was Indiana's leading civil rights lawyer for fifty years, fought the Ku Klux Klan, led the fight to desegregate Indiana's schools in 1948, gave this sometimes recalcitrant son a set of standards to survive and advance as a Black man in the marketplace, and did his best to teach him how things really operated downtown. Roselyn Richardson was a force for civil rights in Indianapolis in her own right. A trained social worker in community organization, she brought to their marriage a southern background of illegal interracial community organizing in Georgia and the Carolinas, and then matched that commitment in Indianapolis to our father's civil rights legal leadership. She showed me optimism as a source of strength and creating large dreams in the world to follow as a lodestar. One does not live up to such a heritage, nor does one disgrace it. I stand on it and do the best I can.

Finally, I would not be the person I am, nor have accomplished what I have contributed, without the love and creative support, wisdom and humor, needed criticism and dedication over 40 years of my wife, Renee Poussaint. A warrior for women's rights and equity in television broadcast news, not least for Black women, she is an award-winning television news reporter and was the top news anchor in Washington for a dozen years, before moving with equal success to ABC national news. Now teaching in the School of Journalism at the University of Maryland, she is committed, in this age, to teaching students the highest journalistic standards through which to carry on the same struggles. I am fortunate indeed to have her as the love of my life.

These are some of the people who helped get me, and any accomplishments I might bring, to this festschrift. Whatever recognition and appreciation I have been fortunate to receive here must be shared with them.