

REVIEW ESSAY

History as a Blood Sport—the Biography of Hugh Trevor-Roper

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Adam Sisman. *Hugh Trevor-Roper: the biography*. London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 2010. pp. xviii +598.

It will raise eyebrows to suggest that a given historian is a household name, but the accolade might well have applied to the Oxford historian Hugh Trevor-Roper (1914-2003). While his secretary was in transit at Singapore airport in 1972, an unhelpful airport official's attitude changed dramatically when he discovered the identity of her boss: "The greatest mind in Europe!" he exclaimed. He then conveyed her luggage to her plane, ensured she got the best seat, and stood to attention as the aircraft took off.⁽⁴²⁰⁾ Household name or not, Trevor-Roper has many claims on our attention. He was precociously gifted and rose rapidly through the ranks. His major field was the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and he published his first book, a biography of Archbishop Laud, when only twenty-six years of age. His secondary field emerged out of his wartime work in British intelligence. The experience resulted in *The Last Days of Hitler* (1947), the publication of which was the "making" of Hugh Trevor-Roper. Despite hiccups along the way—such as his disappointment over missing out on the newly-created chair of Modern History at

Doug Munro, "History as a Blood Sport—The Biography of Hugh Trevor-Roper," *Journal of Historical Biography* 8 (Autumn 2010): 62-76, www.ufv.ca/jhb. © Journal of Historical Biography 2010. This work is licensed under a [Creative Commons 3.0 License](http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/3.0/).

Oxford in 1951—Trevor-Roper’s onward march seemed inexorable with his appointment as Regius Professor of History at Oxford University at the age of forty-three—on which occasion he had the sweet revenge of succeeding the person who had stymied his earlier application for the Modern History chair. He remained in the limelight in various ways: his attacks on other historians’ work took “academic terrorism” to an art form; he maintained a profile as a prominent public intellectual with his newspaper commentaries on European affairs; and he was elevated to the peerage as Lord Dacre of Glanville in 1979. His wife insisted that he accept the offer of a life peerage: “Think of the people it will infuriate!”(446) Then came the disaster of 1983 when, in excruciating circumstances, he authenticated the forged Hitler diaries as being genuine. It was an irony of perfect symmetry that the person who resolved the mystery of Hitler’s death was brought down by mistakenly verifying the bogus Hitler diaries. Trevor-Roper’s detractors, many of whom had been bruised in previous encounters, made no attempt to conceal their satisfaction at his humiliation.

There are many ways to read a given text. For me, one of the themes that stands out is how Trevor-Roper’s largely unhappy upbringing impinged on his personality and how this interaction, in turn, affected his life and work. It is not a one-to-one relationship, but the connections are there. Although Adam Sisman’s biography of Trevor-Roper is not intended as a contribution to psychohistory, in some respects it can be seen as one, at least in the sense that he seeks to discern how the child was the father of the man. Trevor-Roper was brought up in a loveless household, and he did recognize that the emotional impoverishment of his upbringing had bequeathed a “terrible, almost physical difficulty in expressing emotion.” In all his childhood and adolescence he “never heard a word of affection” from his parents to each other or their children.(237) In this respect he was similar to his later adversary, the historian E.H. Carr, who likewise acknowledged the extent to which he was emotionally crippled by his “singular upbringing.”¹

One of the many striking photographs in the book is of Trevor-Roper as a scrawny child standing on a beach and staring out to sea: it exudes vulnerability and loneliness. Beyond the repercussions of a household bereft of love, there was his education. One is reminded of the observation that “the English upper and middle classes are the only people in the world willing to pay schools huge sums to cripple their children emotionally.”² His school years were, nonetheless, academically successful. He starred in classics and history, and went on to Christ Church College, Oxford, lapping up its patrician atmosphere. He also shed some of the baggage of his upbringing. Just as Trevor-Roper had surmounted the unbookish atmosphere of his home life, he shrugged off the restraints and Anglican pieties of Charterhouse, his public school, and unleashed himself on an unsuspecting world. Gone was any timidity. As Sisman shows, Trevor-Roper was disputatious, often drunken, and rather obnoxious in his years as an Oxford student. The same combativeness was evident when he went into security intelligence during World War II, but on these occasions he was mostly justified in taking an abrasive stance. He deplored the incompetence of some of his “bonehead” superiors, and was appalled that the various segments of British Secret Service were disinclined to share information. The historian in Trevor-Roper is revealed in his recognition, in Sisman’s words, that “intelligence-gathering was pointless if it was only to be hoarded.... The essence of intelligence was not the discovery of specific information to be used for a specific purpose, but the assembly of fragments which, taken together, provided a larger picture.” (90)

His time as an intelligence officer at least provided the opportunity to write *The Last Days of Hitler*. All the same, it was by no means clear that Trevor-Roper would become a historian, despite the instant success of the book. *The Last Days of Hitler* resolved the riddle of Hitler’s death, but it was not a conventional work of history, and his depiction of the Nazi leaders as misfits was unnecessarily personalized—just as in his earlier book on Archbishop Laud he had taken an unholy delight in expounding a perverse anti-Catholicism. On his return to Oxford, Trevor-Roper continued his hedonistic life-

style, and flaunted an expensive car (a Bentley): his colleagues did not doubt his ability, but many questioned his seriousness of purpose. At least his passion for fox hunting was abruptly terminated when his skittish horse rolled on him, resulting in a broken back and three months' hospitalization. But his love for combat remained undiminished. It was an inner need that both energized and thrilled him, and the irritability that stemmed from his sinusitis problems and occasional depressions only aggravated it. In 1951, he enhanced his intimidating reputation, and established his credentials as an exemplary essayist, when he tore to shreds the up-and-coming Lawrence Stone's notion of a decadent and declining Elizabethan gentry. Stone's standing within the historical profession had soared with his 1948 article "The Anatomy of the Elizabethan Aristocracy" in the *Economic History Review* (*EHR*). Trevor-Roper now brought him back to earth in a celebrated supplement to the *EHR* subtitled "An Anatomy Anatomised." In keeping with his confrontational nature and his eagerness to "liquidate" an opponent, his file of notes for the project was labelled "Death of Stone." (191)

Trevor-Roper argued that he was simply correcting error. He was also piqued that Stone had used material to which Trevor-Roper had alerted him, the Recognizances for Debt, but which he had not got around to using himself. As Sisman points out, part of Trevor-Roper's motivation in attacking Stone, and thus drawing attention to himself, was the realization that his own "reputation as an historian was still far from secure." (189) While the ferocity and instinct for the jugular that accompanied the rebuttal of Stone's argument are startling, they do bring into sharp relief the nexus between a historian and the works that he or she writes. As well as being an analysis of the sources and a reflection of academic training, they are to varying degrees an expression of the author's personality. The assault on Stone, whom he accused of intellectual dishonesty as well as carelessness, was only the first of many attacks on fellow historians that place Trevor-Roper in the company of Pieter Geyl and J.H. Hexter, whose reputations owed much to their taking repeated issue with other historians' work.³ The underlying criticism here has always

been that they sought professional advancement through criticism of others rather than on the basis of their own original research. The spat with Stone was also counterproductive in that Trevor-Roper's collegiality and character were called to question, especially when he followed-up in 1953 with a related attack on the venerated R.H. Tawney: after seeing a draft of the attack on Tawney, the editor of the *EHR* was undecided as to "whether T-R is a fundamentally nice person in the grip of a prose style in which it is impossible to be polite, or a fundamentally unpleasant person ... using rudeness as a disguise for nastiness." (204) Even a sympathetic friend, the publisher Hamish Hamilton, was left "wondering if one so young and gifted ought to spend *quite* so much time hating people." (200)

Sisman's treatment of "the storm over the gentry," as Hexter later dubbed the Stone/Trevor-Roper/Tawney debate, draws attention to the type of biography he has written. Any given biography of a historian can be located along a conceptual continuum, with austere intellectual history at one end and pure biography at the other. Sisman inclines towards the latter, and there are valid reasons for a large biographical element, given that Trevor-Roper's high profile and controversial life is grist for the biographer's mill. Quite simply, conflict and contention are so much more interesting to read about than to experience in real life. But the balance is wrong: the stress is on "the life" because Sisman is not in a position to properly appraise "the works." It is instructive to have the back-stories of various publications and accounts of their afterlives, but there is little actual evaluation of Trevor-Roper's writings. In the case of the gentry debate, Sisman provides able summaries of the issues and the competing positions, but the historiographic context is not sufficiently fleshed out. And where he does provide assessment, it is simply to endorse Trevor-Roper's conclusions and to quote selectively the views of contemporary historians. Sisman veers away from intellectual history because he lacks the necessary grounding, and thus he plays to his strengths as a more conventional biographer—an example of the purely pragmatic considerations that can enter the making of a biography. That said, he is on firmer ground when it comes to

the twentieth century. Some biographies of historians that purport to be intellectual histories nevertheless contain considerable biographic material, as they must,⁴ and one wishes that Sisman had it within him to have written the more intellectual biography that would have given his book another dimension. The possibilities are suggested in Blair Worden's briefer account of Trevor-Roper's life.⁵ There are, in short, good reasons why biographies of historians are almost always written by other historians in the same field or an adjacent field. A small but telling indication of Sisman's lack of historiographic awareness is his amused reaction to Trevor-Roper's dismissal of African history as "the unrewarding gyrations of barbarous tribes in picturesque but irrelevant corners of the globes." (346) As well as being downright gratuitous, this statement by Trevor-Roper is tellingly insular, especially from someone who was functional in several European languages and prided himself on transcending the parochialism of the typical English historian. In fact African historiography is sophisticated, and was so then.

Two milestones in Trevor-Roper's life occurred in the six years following the storm over the gentry in 1951. First, he got married, and in rather spectacular fashion, to Lady Alexandra (Zandra) Howard-Johnson, the daughter of Field Marshall Douglas Haig. She was eleven years his senior, and had to first rid herself of an abusive and faithless husband. Sisman recounts their volatile courtship in a stirring chapter made possible by the survival of their letters to each other, letters written as Zandra was disentangling herself from her unhappy first marriage. It is, in fact, an extraordinary chapter that puts on full display Sisman's finesse as a biographer.⁶ Theirs was an improbable union, given the differences in age, temperament and outlook. A powerful attractive chemistry was at work, but it comprised unstable chemical elements: Zandra's own brother acknowledged her "unnecessarily hysterical frame of mind," (259) and her lack of intellectualism carried the ever-present risk of embarrassing gaffes on important occasions. She was snobbish and high-maintenance, as the saying goes. Nor was Trevor-Roper easy to live with at times, and it

is hardly surprising to learn that his stepchildren often found him remote and forbidding.

The second milestone was his unexpected appointment as Regius Professor at Oxford. He was in the running but definitely the dark horse. He had not quite shaken off the nickname “Trevor-Loper” from his immoderate hunting and drinking days, and he had accumulated many detractors along the way. As well, his published output was decidedly slender. But the Regius Chair is effectively the gift of the prime minister, and that was that. The runner up was the prodigiously published A.J.P. Taylor, and Trevor-Roper did recognize the element of injustice: “I remain stubborn in my belief that Alan Taylor ought to have had the Chair, and that politics ought not to have excluded him; but I suppose he was *vix papabilis* [hardly the sort of person to have been made Pope], so I must try to wear with dignity the mantle which has been stolen from him.”(287)

Did he? The tacit expectation of fellow historians was that he justify the prime minister’s gift by producing a big book. He did not, and another motif in Sisman’s discussion is why he failed to deliver the goods. Trevor-Roper endlessly complained that there was too much teaching and committee work. As well as deploring the demands on his time, he pointed out that he was a slow writer, drafting his scripts with a fountain pen in his immaculate handwriting, and he confessed to being interested in too many things. There were too many creative catalysts, and he constantly diverted himself into other pieces of writing, such as his immoderate attacks in journal articles on Arnold J. Toynbee, A.J.P. Taylor (whom he also confronted on television) and E.H. Carr.⁷ He also led a crowded social life, loved to travel, and continued to involve himself in a variety of public affairs, all of which further deflected him from his real purpose—the multi-volume work on the Puritan Revolution. Zandra, who proclaimed that her mission in life was to facilitate the writing of the work, was justifiably dismayed that her sacrifices on his behalf were coming to naught.(348) At one point, his stepson James plucked up the courage to intervene, and tried to get Trevor-Roper to adhere to a viable schedule, again to no avail. He would write hundreds of pages, and

then start rewriting and recasting, and the time so spent meant that his narrative was being overtaken by ongoing research, and he would start all over again. There is an element of the impossible perfectionist, but even then there is more to it. What is not quite brought out by Sisman is the likelihood that Trevor-Roper had a psychological barrier to completing a big work. Others had to balance the competing demands of teaching and administration, not to mention family commitments, and still they completed their books. It seems that the essay was his forte, his natural distance if you like. He published collections of his essays, many of which were individually superb, and opened new avenues for discussion. This did not, however, satisfy the tyranny of peer expectation of the forthcoming big book that never came forth. Neither did several other smaller monographs. Incredibly, Trevor-Roper left behind about nine uncompleted books, which are progressively being published. He has probably had more published posthumously under his name than during his lifetime.

Trevor-Roper was not the only Oxbridge don to disappoint in the way he did. There are similarities with Herbert Butterfield of Cambridge in his own failure to write the big book that everyone expected of him. Like Trevor-Roper, Butterfield was a prodigious writer of shorter pieces, and his career too was a graveyard of works that were uncompleted or not even begun. Ten monographs and five edited collections, depending on how they are counted, fell by the wayside, most notably a biography of the eighteenth-century Whig politician and scourge of George III, Charles James Fox, commenced in 1931 and hardly begun by the time of Butterfield's death in 1979. Butterfield's biographer has provided a bibliography of his subject's writings, including a long listing of his aborted works.⁸ A similar device would have been welcome in the present book, because it is difficult to get an overall sense of the content and chronology of Trevor-Roper's *oeuvre*.

Trevor-Roper's career took a number of downward turns during the 1980s, beginning with his appointment as Master of Peterhouse, the most ancient and reactionary of the Cambridge Colleges. At the time, the place was run behind the scenes by a group of Riche-

lieus, whom Trevor-Roper called “the mafia.” They orchestrated Trevor-Roper’s appointment thinking that they were getting an arch-Tory opposed to reform of any sort—especially the admission of women—but Trevor-Roper was more in the tradition of Edmund Burke. As he said himself, “Peterhouse is a very strange place indeed. I cannot help wondering, even more than before, why this college of papists, obscurantists, boring engineers, lunatic mathematicians, and contorted historians ever even *thought* of me as its Head.”(461) In truth, Trevor-Roper took the job for the wrong reason—to put a roof over his and Zandra’s heads in the shape of the Master’s Lodge. It was an unsatisfactory arrangement for Master and mafia alike, and whilst Trevor-Roper did not experience a collapse of command under his watch, the going was very rough indeed. He referred to his time there as “seven wasted years.” The laws of defamation, together with the turbulence and recentness of the Peterhouse interlude, meant that Sisman had to expunge more passages from his first draft concerning Trevor-Roper’s time at the College than from any other part of the book.(xvii)

During his stint at Peterhouse, Trevor-Roper was humiliated by his pronouncement on the authenticity of the forged Hitler diaries. In a high stakes operation, he had been hired by Rupert Murdoch, the proprietor of *The Times*, as an expert advisor. Sisman puts the best complexion he can on the sorry episode—that Trevor-Roper was rushed into a decision in pressure-cooker circumstances, and that Murdoch refused to stop the presses when Trevor-Roper had second thoughts. It is also the case that Trevor-Roper, as he was to explain, did not insist that the paper and ink be forensically tested because the diary entries seemed to fit with known fact and he could not believe, on the face of it, that anyone would go to all the time and trouble to pull off such a stunt. His mistake constituted a catastrophic fall from professional grace and public esteem, but it was perhaps an accident waiting to happen.⁹ The same person who had exercised such care over detail in his assaults on Stone and Tawney had become sloppy in his own attention to detail and awareness of nuance. This had already been shown in his challenge to the Warren Report, which had

concluded that President Kennedy's assassin operated alone. Grossly misinterpreting the evidence, Trevor-Roper insisted that there had been a conspiracy to assassinate Kennedy, and he was subjected to a destructive debunking like the one he had dished out to Lawrence Stone twenty-three years earlier. In a striking parallel, his response to the criticism resembled Stone's: he acknowledged making mistakes, but stood by his original conclusions, claiming that he had been misrepresented.(355)

Thus far Trevor-Roper has appeared in this review as a somewhat unattractive, even repellent figure, and Sisman gives plenty of examples of how disputatious and unpleasant he could sometimes be: the ferocity of his printed attacks on colleagues, his often shabby treatment of publishers, his general disagreeableness and readiness to get into fights. It was not without reason that many associates had negative feelings about him. He famously displayed a mandarin disdain when interviewed by Ved Mehta of the *New Yorker*. Were there any of historians of twentieth-century Britain that he admired? asked Mehta. "Not really," was the reply. Did his personality affect the history he wrote? Back came the same response.¹⁰ At a more petty level, he scolded a youthful Theodore Zeldin for having his hands in his pockets, (149) and three decades later he admonished another Oxford student for not wearing a gown. That student, a friend of mine, has not changed his opinion that Trevor-Roper was "a stuck-up prick."

But, as Sisman indicates, there were two Trevor-Ropers. Underneath the carapace of nastiness was a caring soul, although he sometimes tried his best not to show it. At a personal level, he was a loyal friend and a caring supervisor of graduate students, although sometimes they had to work hard to hold their ground. There is also much to admire in Trevor-Roper at the level of ideas and values. The same person who rather childishly mocked both Roman Catholics and Scots was quite prepared to take principled and potentially unpopular stances on other issues. Although he had no time for communists, whom he felt abandoned reason to a crude party line, he deplored the McCarthy witch-hunts in the United States. Even before the recommendations of the Wolfenden Report, he also deplored the

hounding of homosexuals. He was true to his beliefs and imbued with a fierce rationality. He equated the sixteenth-century witch craze to the search for a scapegoat inherent in twentieth-century anti-Semitism. Yet his rational outlook could also be a liability, and made it impossible for him to take belief in witches seriously. Trevor-Roper was also disturbed by Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's dictatorial tendencies, in Sisman's words, her "impatience of obstruction by the organs of society—committees of inquiry, parliamentary procedure, courts of law and the House of Lords." (521) And he had the intellectual honesty to tell the American historian William Palmer, who earlier enquired about embarking on a biography, that he would prefer no biography but neither would he stand in the way.¹¹ When Sisman embarked on this biography, Trevor-Roper opened doors but refrained from interfering with authorial independence.

Another manifestation of the two Trevor-Ropers is the younger firebrand being quenched by an older, mellower version, and it is this later persona that comes out more strongly in Sisman's account. Sisman himself recognizes that he "may have been influenced by feelings of loyalty, affection and gratitude" to a man he only got to know in his softer twilight years. (xvi) The humiliation of the Hitler diaries, the chastening experience of Peterhouse, and the increasing infirmities and vulnerabilities of old age produced a gentleness not always evident in the past. After Zandra's death, which left him bereft, he drew strength from youthful company and transformed into a charming and witty companion.

Others remember him differently. Some of Lawrence Stone's allies do not seem to have forgotten or forgiven. Following the review of Sisman's *Hugh Trevor-Roper* in the *Times Literary Supplement*, Stone's long-time colleague Theodore Rabb used the "Letters to the Editor" page to complain about a single passage concerning Trevor-Roper's visit to Princeton in 1969 to give a special lecture. By then, Stone was established at Princeton as the Dodge Professor of History, and, according to Sisman, Stone "crept into the hall" at the last moment, and at the conclusion of Trevor-Roper's lecture he "slipped silently away." (408) Rabb disputes this version, saying in-

stead that Stone, Trevor-Roper, and the faculty dined together afterwards. In vain did Sisman point out that his information derived from another historian, present at the occasion, “whom Rabb himself recommended me to contact,” and that his version of events is “supported by two contemporary letters from Trevor-Roper.” Rabb then upbraids Sisman for not checking the story with someone who was present at the occasion—which Sisman had already explained that he had done. The exchange, as Sisman pointed out, was becoming “almost unbearably trivial,” and he regretted Rabb’s focus on “minutiae, rather than the substance of my book.” Nonetheless, Rabb took it to a third round and Sisman simply gave up in the face of such an obsessive onslaught over a minor matter.¹²

It was silly point-scoring in a public forum on the part of Rabb, who should have offered a simple correction on a private basis instead. Nonetheless, the spat is instructive from a biographical standpoint. It goes to show biographers are in a no-win situation. We simply cannot cover all the bases, track down every conceivable informant or see every single piece of written evidence. After publication there will always be someone popping up, usually more graciously than Rabb, to say that they could have modified or added to a particular statement. Nor can every last piece of evidence be verified in an absolute sense. Two or even three sources in agreement may all be factually inaccurate, or else convey a false impression. Sometimes it is impossible to reconcile differing accounts. At other times, there is only one source of information for a particular event. By definition, it cannot be checked against other evidence. To say that one must follow the rules of evidence to the letter is the counsel of perfection and no more. If there is no good reason to doubt the veracity of a single source that cannot be corroborated by other evidence, then one can hardly be blamed for accepting it as the true coin. A proper caution over sources can, if taken to extremes, be so disabling that the book never gets written. As it is, Sisman has scotched several myths, one of which is that a version of Trevor-Roper’s manuscript on the Puritan Revolution was rejected by Oxford University Press.

Coincidentally, I was told this in faraway New Zealand only days before completing this review. Nothing of the sort happened.(xviii)

A life crowded with experiences so numerous, and an *oeuvre* so varied, place demands on a biographer. Adam Sisman's biography of Trevor-Roper is less satisfactory as intellectual history than as an explication of a life. What Sisman does particularly well is to elucidate personal relationships and to put biographic flesh on the people who came in and out of Trevor-Roper's life. He also imparts a sense of place and of wider context, and does all this in accomplished prose. It is, indeed, an exceptionally well-written book. His careful use of the massive Trevor-Roper archive, to which he had exclusive access, is notable not so much for spelling out detail, important though that is, but in finally allowing a decent understanding of a man who kept his inner life largely to himself. In short, there is a great deal to be commended in this biography, both in terms of content and execution.

Notes

- ¹ Jonathan Haslam, *The Vices of Integrity: E.H. Carr, 1892-1982* (London: Verso, 1999), 3, 298.
- ² Jeffrey Meyers, *Orwell: Wintry Conscience of a Generation* (New York: Norton, 2001), 16.
- ³ Pieter Geyl, *Debates with Historians* (London: Fontana, 1962); Pieter Geyl, *Encounters with Historians* (London: Collins, 1963); J.H. Hexter, *Reappraisals in History* (London: Longmans, 1962); J.H. Hexter, *On Historians: reappraisals of some of the makers of modern history* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1979).
- ⁴ For example, see Gregory M. Pfitzer, *Samuel Eliot Morison's Historical World: In Quest of a New Parkman* (Boston: Northeastern University Press, 1991); Richard S. Brown, *Richard Hofstadter: An Intellectual Biography* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2007).
- ⁵ Blair Worden, "Hugh Redwald Trevor-Roper, 1914-2003," *Proceedings of the British Academy*, 150 (2007), 247-84.
- ⁶ The only comparable example, to my knowledge, in a biography of an historian is the even more moving account of W.K. Hancock's first marriage. Jim Davidson, *A Three-Cornered Life: The Historian WK Hancock* (Sydney: University of New South Wales Press, 2010), ch. 12 ("Theaden: Portrait of a Marriage").
- ⁷ One historian with whom Trevor-Roper never crossed swords was the equally redoubtable G.R. Elton. Their shared political sympathies and views about the historical discipline calmed the waters, and Trevor-Roper never intruded on Elton's turf—England in the 1530s. All the same, Trevor-Roper declined to recommend Elton for the Chair of Modern History at Cambridge, despite thinking him a fine historian, because Elton was unpopular and opposed to curriculum and institutional reform. Reba N. Soffer, *History, Historians, and Conservatism in Britain and America: From the Great War to Thatcher and Reagan* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2009), 179, 209 n.1.
- ⁸ C.T. McIntire, *Herbert Butterfield: Historian as Dissenter* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 2004).
- ⁹ A cautionary tale which Trevor-Roper was well aware was E.H. Carr's authentication of the forged journal of Maxim Litvinov. Haslam, *The Vices of Integrity*, 174.
- ¹⁰ Ved Mehta, *Fly and the Fly-Bottle: Encounters with British Intellectuals*, 2nd ed. (New York: Morningside Edition, 1983), 133-34. Mehta is totally blind but he writes as though he can see, without explaining how he does so. One might wonder how he knew, from his own resources, that Trevor-Roper "was a youthful-looking gentleman who, one might guess, uses a straight razor for a shave." Mehta also quotes conversations at length, and one wonders, again,

whether he relied on memory, a shorthand typist, a tape recorder, or some other strategy. An explanation of his “methodology” would either allay or deepen skepticism.

¹¹ William Palmer, *Engagement with the Past: The Lives and Works of the World War II Generation of Historians* (Lexington: University of Kentucky Press, 2001), x. The cost and logistics of archival research in England ultimately deterred Palmer.

¹² *Times Literary Supplement*, Sept 10, 2010 – Oct 15, 2010.