

Zimmerman always relished an active mind, he sought out people, who he said, could truly *connect*. He loved to see the abstract mingling helplessly with the prosaic. The corporeal flirting with the spiritual and the academic playing with the ephemera of everyday life. As he worked through his day, moving from lecture hall to seminar to tutorial to staff meeting his look of distraction or disinterest could be transfigured by an unusually germane or pertinent observation that struck through the humdrum interactions of everyday academia. Zimmerman always said his best meetings were the ones that happened by chance, the worst meetings were dragged helplessly to their death by the agenda, and meeting protocol.

Zimmerman, for the most part, thought the students who turned up at the university should not be there. He called them 'the income destined for the unexceptional', he meant the income of the university, Zimmerman believed in an elite when it came to the mind. Very rarely, but just sometimes a singular mind slipped through the universities enrolment and Zimmerman could then be found talking excitedly (to himself) and seeking out long neglected books for the student. He would engage in a campaign of mentoring that would ensure that this exceptional specimen did not slip through the academic cracks again. Honey Devlin was one such student, poor as muck, but a mind that went in entirely unexpected directions. This association with Honey Devlin would eventually prove to be Zimmerman's downfall.

The diaries here were recovered (stolen..) from Zimmerman's office after 'the incident' and this author (a former student of Zimmerman), is publishing, as it is important to expose these writings to understand the mind that, without intention, led to a series of quite peculiar events that spanned two continents, involved a monk and a statue of St Jude. The reader can, from reading these, cast a sounder judgement on the great man, Professor Zimmerman.

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