In Memoriam: Professor Markland Frederick Bradshaw
1961–2004
Department of Psychology, University of Surrey, UK

In those days one could smoke in an office. Opening the door to allow the smoke to disperse into the main corridor Mark Bradshaw introduced himself with a firm handshake: always a sign of good character. That was the first time I met Mark. It was 1989, it was the Psychology Department in Oxford and Brian Rogers was busily showing off this new prodigy. Mark had just been awarded his PhD from the University of Sheffield under Professor John Frisby, and he was somewhat bemused by his new surroundings. Brian’s laboratory at the time entertained a peculiar mix of individuals: Ron Cagenello, the late Richard Eagle, Andrew Glennerster, Billy Lee and myself. We were both married then and rarely had the time to speak let alone socialize. I was the first to leave Brian’s laboratory and, on that final night, we did manage to socialize. It was one of those occasions when one found out with some surprise a great deal of common ground. The evening cemented a relationship that would prove in subsequent years to be a close one.

Academically, there was ‘all the time in the world’. At some point we were going to work together, we both knew that, but during the early years at Surrey, Mark was moving academic mountains and establishing himself as an authority in his own right in his own field. We managed a few projects, but during that time, the mid to late 1990s, most time was spent discussing mutual passions that were far more important than academic life. There were the perpetual tactical failures of Alex Ferguson, the manager of Manchester United to take his team to European glory, there was the volatility of intimate relationships, and the dire consequences of political relationships at work. The latter two issues as it turned out, led to unnecessary levels of stress and hurt for this great man who had finally managed to earn more in (thousands of) pounds than his age. Mark carried a great deal of that Celtic wit that supplemented his humble origins, and let’s face it, for academic life in the UK that’s a pretty good achievement!

But time had started to run out in 2002 when I received that phone call. Mark said he was ill. At first I did not believe him. Mark was a healthy man. Mark fought his illness with the help of modern medicine as best he could. But the true extent of his suffering he held within. He was a brave man. I last saw Mark just before he passed on. We suffered the pain of Manchester United again losing to Arsenal in the
Obituary

Prof Mark Bradshaw. Born 16th August 1961. Received a distinction for an O.N.D in Marine Engineering from the Glasgow College of Nautical Engineering in 1980 and a First class honours degree in Psychology from the University of Glasgow in 1985. Mark was awarded his PhD from the University of Sheffield in 1989 under the supervision of Professors John Frisby and John Mayhew. Mark’s first academic appointment was in 1989 as a Research Associate in the Department of Experimental Psychology at the University of Oxford under the supervision of Professor Brian Rogers. From 1995 Mark was appointed to a tenured position in the Department of Psychology at the University of Surrey from which his progress to full Professor was rapid. Professor Mark Bradshaw was the author of close to fifty journal publications and the supervisor of eight PhD students.

Charity Shield. There are some invariants in life that simply do not change. Should you ever hear that London Irish win a game or that Ireland make the grand slam in rugby, that Manchester United win the Champions League, or indeed that Rangers win the Scottish premiership in football, then spare a moment of thought for Mark sitting at the end of his rainbow. Markie-Boy was a canny Irish laddie, whose heart was made from pure Irish gold and whose head was blessed with the finest of Irish neurons grown from the finest of Irish traditions.

Dr. KEITH LANGLEY
University College, London

Although I’d met Mark Bradshaw a few times previously, I first got to know him when I signed up to be his PhD student in 1997. It’s probably fair to say we didn’t