

Pavel Pinkava PhD

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Pavel was born in Prague on June 26th 1965, the youngest of four, with siblings Václav (*1958), Eva (*1960) and Jan (*1963), his mother Eva a medical Doctor, his father Václav, a Clinical Psychologist. In 1968 Czechoslovakia was invaded and in 1969 the family emigrated to Britain.

Pavel was always a jolly chap, who liked the good things in life. His first sentence in English, as a four year old, was the entirely practical "Icecream, please". He kept up his Czech language knowledge, too.

He had a brilliant mind. At the Colchester Royal Grammar School, where his elder brother Jan was also a pupil, he overtook his three siblings at O and A levels in quantity and grades, with an S level to boot, and went on to Queen Mary College London to study Theoretical Physics. He won three academic Prizes in successive years and got his BSc with 1st class honours in 1986. After a mathematical interlude at Darwin College, Cambridge, he returned to London and completed his PhD in Solid State Theoretical Physics at Imperial College in 1990.

Pavel was to remain a Londoner, working in the City, living south of the river, first in Clapham, where he shared a flat, initially with his brother Jan, which became his and Carol's first marital home, later moving to their own house in Lee, SE12.

He was an active member of the Czech emigré community. He loved to sing, in his mellifluous barytone.

His chosen career in Finance spanned 20 years in a range of companies from Citibank, Nomura, and Euronext.liffe to some niche players. He was not only good at solving problems, but an entertaining and enlightening educator - also active "across the pond" e.g. as Visiting Scholar at Kent State University, Ohio, USA.

Pavel was known to his friends as Pav for short, a name resonant of the Czech and Latin for peacock, there being a constellation Pavo. Accordingly, he advised his polymath father on the mathematics of star and planetary motion for his sci-fi novel *Girgal* set in that star system. The book is dedicated "to Pav".

Business success and the untimely death of his father in the mid nineties found him inspired and solvent enough to take a break from the City for a literary research project – investigating the intriguing topic of Shakespeare's sonnets. The inspiration came while reading the sonnets on a business flight from Scotland in 1993. While Pavel felt sure that the real Shakespeare was simply a genius born into ordinary circumstances in Stratford-on-Avon, he found himself drawn to the idea that the sonnets were about a secret lovechild, a son fathered by Shakespeare with a Lady of standing. To own up to his progeny openly would have been to damage his son's prospects, so Shakespeare codified the tale in his Sonnets. Reading the Sonnets in that light does make a lot of sense. Alas, Pavel's life was cut short before he could crack that particular cryptogram, but he did learn the Sonnets off by heart, and left a reading recorded for posterity in 1998. At this time he grew an appropriately bardy beard, which he began in Bermuda in 1997.

He liked to travel, for business and pleasure. The twenty first century found him on one of these flights seated next to his future wife, Carol Meredith, ten years his junior. They married in great style in Dublin on All Saints' Day in All Saints' Church in 2003. Carol and Pavel were very happy together and their decade together was full of adventure, joy and travel to sunny climes.

Pavel had more than his share of bad luck. Yet he was always inspiringly upbeat.

Ever the innovator, Pavel has to his name several US-patented innovations in the area of Derivatives trading. This led him to becoming the defendant in a landmark patent ownership dispute. Rather than acquiesce to what he deemed unjust, he took on "the Establishment" right up to the Court of Appeal, to argue the point that his being employed in Market Research did not make him a Researcher employed to Invent in the sense of the Copyrights and Patents Act. He lost his patent ownership, though not authorship, even as his inventions were being lauded as "groundbreaking" in the Judgements against him.

Unfortunately the House of Lords did not allow his last plea for the case to come before them, as it was not deemed by them "in the Public Interest". (This episode was to foreshadow his greatest life battle.)

Pavel's case was exemplary, in that his innovations were acquired by his employer, their deployment was blocked, and he was never compensated. Instead of deploying groundbreaking ideas to fix current financial practices, the world carried on into economic crisis.

Back in his personal life he and Carol moved to the suburbs and found much joy in a 2007 pedigree Irish Terrier called Rascal, raised to win many awards for good training and behaviour.

Pavel continued to be creative in the financial sphere, undaunted. In January 2010 he published his strategic initiative booklet *"How to move OTC Derivatives Markets onto Exchange"*, and made it available to the World

Financial Leaders' Forum at Davos, Switzerland. Having met Pavel over the relevant invention, one astute patent lawyer recently told how he went home to tell his wife: "I've always said there are probably only three people in the world who understand global finance and I think I might have just met one of them." Ever the frontiersman, Pavel finally succumbed to greater odds in his personal life. Around his 46th birthday, he was met by blind and indiscriminate adversity, by a rare and overpowering barrage of illnesses and complications, insidious in onset.

With night fevers raging and between acute stays in Guy's and St Thomas' hospitals, he continued to work, optimistically downplaying the seriousness of his condition. In July 2011, he accepted and delivered with aplomb the role of Moderator at an OTC conference held at University College, London. In August, he made a consulting trip to the US. In September he was readmitted to hospital.

In early October, his health suffered a crisis and he had extensive surgery, going into postoperative Intensive Care. As he battled beyond expectation with the complications, his Consultant at the Intensive Care Unit described his case as "something at or beyond the edge of twenty years' international clinical experience".

He had become terminally ill just as he was setting out to write up his ideas, and start a family.

He remains with us in spirit, and in our hearts, having gone on ahead to a better place.

He was always a bit too quick for most people.

Sonnet 74

*But be contented when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee:
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.*