

IAN'S UNIVERSE

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Everyone has their own private universe. Ian's was immense and diverse. But there are two main parts that determined his world.

One was of course PHYSICS. He was one of the rare breed for whom there was only one possible way of life. 10 years ago when his job prospects were bleak he was thinking of quitting physics and becoming a “taxi driver” which meant a financial analyst, a programmer, anything. For him all professions divided into two categories — physics and non-physics, a “taxi driver”.

There is another connotation to this term, evocative to the people coming from the Soviet Union of 70-80s — becoming a taxi driver for him was an analogue of becoming a *dvornik* (a street sweeper) with the whole cultural and social phenomena behind it.

But suddenly comes Oxford, *deus ex machina*. It was to become his home for the next nine years. I would not be able to tell whether the Theoretical Physics department was his second, or, actually his first home. This horrendous building with “fantastical” (one of Ian's favorite words) people!

PEOPLE. They were the second major part of Ian's universe. Everyone who touched his life even *en passant* stayed there, and was treasured forever. I suspect some of them didn't even know that they had their place in Ian's world.

I want to thank all of those who helped to create his universe, and those who let this world live on. There are several names I particularly want to mention here — I know Ian always remembered and was grateful to them. One is Kirill Vladimirovich Lyubimov, a physics teacher at Glazov's Teachers College; Karen Avetovich Ter-Martirosian, and his wife, Bella Artemevna, and Boris Lazarevich Ioffe; Ian always felt their support and warmth of their hearts.

There were many others — the list would be too long.

