IAN IN THE DEPARTMENT *

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When Ian came to Oxford almost a decade ago he brought with him experience of very different institutions but also respect and sensitivity towards this one. It did not take him long to appreciate the fundamental good sense of the English custom of the coffee break at 11 and the tea break at 4. But Ian was a dynamo and we learned that the true purpose of the coffee break is to initiate a physics discussion which, had it not been for the intervention of lunch, would still have been going on at tea time. Ian was a man at ease with himself and forever generous to others. He was an ever-present inhabitant of the Discussion Room in Keble Road and loved to include anyone who was interested in the subject under consideration. Students, post-docs, staff; we have spent many happy hours exploring the magical world of theoretical physics in Ian's company.

Sometimes Ian's way of doing things and the Oxford tradition were not so different as it first appeared. He loved to tell the story of how he was most concerned not to violate the English conventions for conducting seminars. The first two seminars he attended here were on particle physics phenomenology and Graham Ross asked all the questions. Graham is the leader of the particle theory group so Ian concluded that it was OK for the leader to ask questions but that everyone else sat in respectful silence, which was pretty much what he'd expected. At the next seminar the visiting speaker had a very hard time at the hands of someone else. Ian was never silent in seminars again.

*Address at the funeral ceremony, Balliol College, Oxford University, June 19, 2003

Ian made a tremendous contribution to the life of the department but, far more important, he became a dear friend. It was a happy surprise to find that his knowledge of English literature was extensive. I don't suppose that when he first read *Alice in Wonderland* he ever imagined that he too would be an Oxford Don and see Lewis Carol's Wonderland in operation for himself. We had great fun together and looked forward to much more.

It was not to be. [a]

[a] At the funeral I then read one of Ian's favorite poems, *If—* by Rudyard Kipling.