

In memoriam Max Bachmann

My deepest condolences to Max's beloved wife and to all those who loved and respected him.

I shall miss his warm smile of greeting at IGC and the laughter we shared so many times with Marta as I battled to keep up in German.

I remember us all nearly blown to America by the gales on Gibraltar during the Marbella meeting, bent in two, laughing.

Most especially, I remember dreading an 8 hour wait at Johannesburg airport after Cape Town "with only that Swiss fellow for company", I thought. Well, that Swiss fellow turned out to be the best company possible. No airport wait has ever flown by so fast, thanks to his extraordinary story and story-telling.

Dear Max, you were already a medical miracle of survival then. That you remained among us for so long afterwards, is testament to your wife's devoted care and to your great zest for life. I remember you with great affection,

Angela Sheard.