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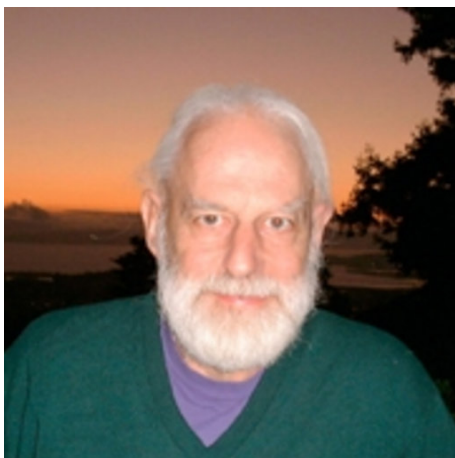
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REMEMBERING IAN MADDIESON



Ian Maddieson

Born: Sept. 1, 1942, Watford, UK

Died: Feb. 2, 2025, Albuquerque, NM, US

REMEMBERING IAN MADDIESON

LINGUISTICS BOOKS

Remembering Ian Maddieson

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for Caroline Smith

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FOREWORD

An on-line memorial was held on February 22nd, 2025, to remember and honor Ian Maddieson. This short booklet is a record of that gathering of over 100 people from around the world.

The memorial was begun by Keith Johnson (Professor of the Graduate School at the University of California, Berkeley).

We are here to remember and celebrate our wonderful friend and colleague Ian Maddieson.

My name is Keith Johnson and with Ian I shared a love of Phonetics, and overlapped with him briefly at two campuses of the University of California - UCLA and Berkeley. Perhaps surprisingly, I also shared with him the distinction of being a Professor Emeritus from UC Berkeley.

Ian welcomed me to UCLA when I arrived there as a post-doctoral research trainee and I appreciated very much his breadth of knowledge and generosity toward a new-comer.

Ian was an important intellectual leader in the study of Linguistic/Phonetics and made many significant contributions

both in his writings and in his personal interactions with colleagues. And he got the UCLA Phonetics Lab out for a run at least once a year.

My role today is as your emcee. Caroline has asked eight dear people to speak today - relatives, close friends and colleagues.

LOUIS GOLDSTEIN

For Ian Maddieson

When I speak about someone I care deeply about, I always feel the need to start at the beginning.

I was at Peter Ladefoged's house... at a gathering of Phonetics students, which happened frequently in those days, and we were there on that occasion to welcome the arrival of a new member of the lab... Ian Maddieson who was driving from Indiana, coming to begin work on tone (something I knew nothing about and wouldn't become seriously interested in until many years later).

I remember he arrived somewhat late, his van coughing its way up the steep Kress Street hill, but making it to the top. The van was packed with stuff... it always was... and although we would become close friends and colleagues over the next 5 years, I never really discovered what all the stuff in the van was, though I was impressed that someone that early in his career could have that much scholarly material.

^oProfessor of Linguistics, University of Southern California

REMEMBERING IAN MADDIESON

We became friends that fall. He was living in an apartment in Westwood and I was in West Hollywood. We would both work into the evening, and we would regularly go out for some food or a drink later. We would almost weekly drive to the Loch Ness Monster pub in Pasadena to drink Watney's Red Barrel (a crappy beer by today's standards) and play darts.

This is completely unthinkable in current LA traffic, and even at the time seemed a bit odd ... but I loved that he would encourage us to do such quirky things.

At the bar he kept a demeanor that was calm but joyful, no matter how much he drank. He was determined to win at darts. Calm and determination were among his defining qualities. That said, I do remember we occasionally would burst into singing English school boy songs, like "Lloyd George knew my father." I do think about this as singing has become a big part of my life the last few years. And on the way home we would stop at Francisco's Family Restaurant in South Pasadena to eat, drink coffee and sober up for the drive. And there we broke free and laughed uncontrollably.

Ian's determination was so much a part of him. He really needed it after SOAS decided not to award him a PhD, and he had to start the PhD program at UCLA almost from scratch after being something similar to a postdoc when he arrived. But the determination allowed him to pursue his passion. And of course his running career, which began when we lived together in Topanga, required a kind of determination I could only imagine. He would regularly run to UCLA from Topanga... and back.

Food was a big part of what we shared. LA was still mostly a food desert in those days, but we had adventures seeking out new creative cuisine that was beginning to emerge, both at the refined and junk food ends of the spectrum.

When we became roommates in 1976, simply eating breakfast at home became a food adventure for me, marmite, kidneys, other stuff lost in the sands of time. I honestly can't say I loved them, but I always loved the new experiences. And we shared great meals in other cities, San Francisco, Lyon and various places in France. Some years after graduate school I remember an extended wine and food tour in France, from Champagne down to Vézelay with Pat Keating and Patty Jo Price.

As roommates we occupied an absolute shack in Topanga that had previously been occupied by Lab member Richard Harshman. But it did have a table and rickety chairs on the porch, where we would spend mornings sitting, looking down the canyon through the wind blowing through the pampas grass in our yard, as the sun came through the morning mists. We both did our work there, and often discussed our research ideas, and much more. On Sunday summer afternoons all that was accompanied by the sound of Vin Scully broadcasting the Dodger games on radio... we both loved the rhythm of baseball on radio.

Ian was a bit older than I both in years and life experience. So he was a life-mentor to me and offered a balanced perspective that I didn't get anywhere else. And I always felt very calm around him. We could spend comfortable time together without talking. As a result, I think, even though I

am not a visual person I have vivid images of exactly what the light was like in various moments I spent with him
...the street-lamps lighting our path after a dinner in the financial district in San Francisco,
...the soft living room lights at my apartment in New Haven with all my graduate students gathered around him, when I had invited him to talk at Yale,
...the early sunlight on our porch.
...the blinding sun on hikes in Topanga canyon.

Ian's relationship with Caroline is one of the great joys and happy surprises of my life. I suppose I like to think that my being connected to both of them (Caroline was a graduate student of mine at Yale for those who don't know) in some way contributed to their getting together. But I suspect that might not be true. I believe they first got together at the ICPhS meeting in Aix in 1991, where we all were, but I was completely clueless until quite a bit later... but I was thrilled thrilled and loved being at their race/wedding in Vermont.

In matters of research, Ian and I had quite different styles and goals. He was a true scholar and I have been a modeler and tinkerer.

He pursued his interest in typology of phonological systems and putting it on firm empirical, quantitative ground. And his accomplishments in that are an enormous legacy. While I have been more interested in models of speech production and perception.

But our long conversations on that porch from these differing perspectives were enormously valuable to me, and I'm pretty sure they were to him too. He would always find examples

from a language that would call into question some idea I had and push me in a new and better direction. And I still struggle to produce models that can account for all the variety laid out in the *Sounds of the World's Languages* in his other phonetic work.

Life takes its twists and turns and Ian and I weren't good at keeping in close contact in later years. I saw him for what turned out sadly to be the last time at UCLA... I think it was at the Linguistics Department 50th anniversary in 2016. He said something to me that I will never forget on the occasion which echoes the words of a famous Harry Chapin song, "we both accomplished what we set out to do, such a long time ago."

I will miss him very much.

BERYL CROCKER

As I am now the only one left who remembers Ian as a child, I wanted to make a contribution to his funeral although I cannot, at 89, be there myself.

Ian was the youngest of four siblings and his nearest in age, Jean, unfortunately died in 2008 and our elder brother in 2023. As children Jean and Ian were inseparable and I was their ‘guardian’, being old enough to take care of them whilst our parents were hard at work re-building their business and their lives just after the war. The two youngsters were my constant companions and they were each other’s best playmates until they both left school and university and went their separate ways.

^onée Beryl Maddieson, Ian’s older sister.

REMEMBERING IAN MADDIESON



Mummy, Daddy, Peter, Beryl, Jean & Ian
in Trafalgar Square New Year Eve 1951-2



Maddleson Christmas Card c1952
Ian, Peter, Daddy, Mummy, Beryl, Jean

It was obvious from a very early age that Ian was very bright

and at 16 when I wanted to go to university my father sat me down and explained that as a girl I would have to give way to Ian, even though he was then only 9 years old, as it was obvious that he would need to go to university. This was quite normal at the time, so was not a matter which caused any real grief or upset.



Peter, Jean, Ian and Beryl photographed outside
Littlestone main building for Daddy's birthday 1948

Ian was quite a quiet and shy boy and not one who liked sports, but he was always active climbing trees in our large garden, cycling (which was our means of transport as children) and gardening. He was interested in anything and everything and with Jean kept meticulous records of the birds in the garden and when they were first seen each year and then as they got older building hides and photographing local wildlife on the long bike rides they used to take together round the Romney Marsh.

REMEMBERING IAN MADDIESON

Ian fulfilled his early promise and went up to Oxford, then out to Ghana on VSO before doing his masters degree and then going out to Nigeria to teach for a while. He got caught up in the Biafran war and came home in a very bad way having had malaria and other diseases whilst out in Nigeria.



Jean, Me and Ian in Andermatt New Year 1957

Before going up to Oxford Ian was allowed to spend what would have been his last school term travelling in Europe, particularly Germany and France where he stayed with me in Paris, but unfortunately lost all his money on his second day there, so big sister had to subsidise him. However we went frequently to the theatre, it being Ian's job to queue for last minute bargains and we went out of Paris every weekend in what was then my very new Triumph Herald convertible which we soon found was not ideal for sleeping in, so we then hunted for hotel bargains too. Ian was navigator and

we had a lot of fun in the six weeks he was with me.

It was not long after Ian came back from Nigeria that he first went off to the USA and virtually disappeared from the lives of the rest of us, as travel was not as easy then and he was not a good correspondent, although he and Jean did keep in touch as she, despite being dyslexic, was always a determined correspondent.

When I got my degree in 1982 I celebrated by visiting Ian in the US and he also hosted our mother and Jean. As travel got easier he came home or stayed with me or Jean in Barbados, so we never lost touch.

Ian's academic and running career, which started with cross country running at school and Oxford, is better known to most of you. His family were always very proud of him and all he achieved. I am devastated to lose my little brother who I had so much to do with when he was a child. Being the sole survivor of four siblings now seems a lonely place and I will miss them all, particularly Ian and Jean, until my turn comes.

CAROL HADDEN

I knew Ian as the much loved son of my grandparents, as little brother to Beryl, Peter and Jean and as our uncle.

He was our clever uncle, away in Africa then the States working. Therefore we didn't spend a lot of time with him but he would sometimes come home for Christmas or in the summer when there would be various family get togethers over a meal or sometimes just a coffee.

I remember Ian teaching us how to play what we called "nuts" (mancala), a game which he'd brought back from Africa, deliberating over his moves, taking his time - which was infuriating to an impatient child. Card games at Christmas, Ian bringing in the flaming Christmas pudding after the brandy had been set alight, listening to him talking with the grown ups.

We were extremely proud of his running achievements and his perseverance - although as I told him, "Why anyone would want to run 100 miles? It's beyond me".

^oIan's niece

REMEMBERING IAN MADDIESON

Ian was a kind and gentle soul who will be missed by so many. We will all have moments in the time ahead when something calls him to mind, for me it will always be on his birthday as it is also mine.

PAT KEATING

Between 1977 and 1999, Ian was a researcher and an adjunct professor in the UCLA Linguistics Department. When I arrived in 1981, Ian and Mona Lindau worked for Peter Ladefoged on his extramural grants from NIH and NSF, but it was clear even then that Ian had his own projects, especially his work on what would become UPSID, the *UCLA Phonological Segment Inventory Database*, and his 1984 book about it, *Patterns of Sounds*. There he used vowel and consonant inventories from 317 languages to report on questions like which sounds are most common, which are most likely to co-occur, and why. Sandy Disner reports that Ian offered a graduate course for students to work on this project, and says,

I knocked myself out for the chapter on vowel systems...I was astonished to find that the title page [of the book] read “*Patterns of Sounds*, by Ian Maddieson. With a chapter by Sandra

^oProfessor Emerita at UCLA

Disner.” ... that is the kind of “gentleman and scholar” Ian Maddieson was.

Throughout the 80’s he worked with Kristin Precoda to add over 40% more languages to the dataset, to format it all into a database, and to provide tools for mining that database. Scholars around the world continue to use this resource.

He and Peter then began a long-term collaboration on *Sounds of the World’s Languages* which resulted in their landmark 1996 book. This monumental work provides instrumental phonetic documentation, sometimes from the literature but often from their own research, of all the sound types known to occur in languages. Then, as Ian says on his website, “in part guided by the gaps in knowledge we discovered during this project, [we] followed this with ... work on the phonetics of endangered languages.” Both of these projects involved fieldwork around the world. In these two decades Ian published, often with graduate students, on a wide range of sounds and languages – the sound types included bilabial trills, labio-coronals, palato-alveolar affricates, clicks, tones; and the languages included, among others, Amis, Avatime, Berber, Bura, Burmese, Chaga, Dahalo, Ewe, Hadza, Iaa, Sele, Sherpa, Shona, Sukuma, Tiwi, Tlingit, Tsat, Tsez, and Yapese.

Fieldwork trips could be important mentoring experiences for students. Bonny Sands, who went to East Africa in summer 1991 with Peter and Ian to record four endangered languages, recalls that they were out walking when,

some vicious dogs started barking at us and chasing us. He knew to bend down as if you were picking up some rocks to throw at them and they

would back off – which they did. It was a scary situation. I'm glad we didn't have to run away because I would not be able to do that as well as he could. It's exactly that kind of thing you don't learn in books about linguistic fieldwork but which it is definitely important to know!

Back in the lab, students turned to Ian to help analyze their fieldwork recordings. Aaron Shryock remembers that he came back from Chad with a cassette recording of a Musey wordlist illustrating a “peculiar phonological contrast”. When he met with Ian to get help figuring out what this contrast was,

I thought I would get an answer in a few minutes, not a few years. But Ian graciously and methodically led me through a series of analyses, teaching me phonetics in the process.

Ian interacted with many students at UCLA over the years, and he chaired or co-chaired several masters theses and doctoral dissertations. Kim Thomas shared what she learned from Ian:

I had finished my dissertation and was just working on the abstract and was sweating over the wording, trying to be precise...Ian walked up behind me, read it, and typed one word at the beginning of the sentence— ‘although’. The word captured everything I was trying to say...just the small adjustment so my abstract for the thesis and the book begins, “Although clicks are widely considered to be among the most interesting

classes of segments, many aspects of their phonetics are little known... The story epitomizes how Ian worked with me.... I have perfected the 'sneak attack' with my students, where I roll up behind a student as she struggles, and make a simple but impactful correction that sets them on the right path... Ian had a huge impact on my personal as well as professional development. Two years ago I completed my first marathon. It is a goal I set as I watched him run 100 milers. He challenged me to be better in many ways through his grace.

During his time at UCLA Ian was also very active with the International Phonetic Association, especially before, during, and after the 1989 Kiel Convention where he headed the suprasegmentals working group, and as editor of its Journal for 5 years.

And, it was at UCLA that long-distance running became a much bigger part of his life. Sure, he and Russ Schuh would go running near campus in late afternoons, and they set the course for the annual department 5k walk/run, but it was in the early 1980s that Ian started running 50 and 100 mile races. A mere marathon could be undertaken casually. Bonny Sands recalls that in 1991 in Tanzania Ian's running shoes with orthotics were stolen from his hotel room.

Despite not having the orthotics, he decided to run in a marathon; but he had to quit after 18 miles because his feet hurt too much. But he said he made an impression on the crowd who

shouted "Mzee! Mzee!" ("Old man!" "Old man!")
as he ran with his snow white hair.

The ultramarathon belt buckles became a memorable part of Ian's standard wardrobe. Matt Gordon remembers a joint presentation with Ian at a Linguistic Society of America conference:

I remember standing at the podium dressed pretty formally, i.e. slacks, collared shirt, sport jacket (in hindsight, definitely overdressed for LSA), while Ian was wearing his customary casual attire (e.g. t-shirt, corduroy pants, Western States Endurance Run belt buckle) – definitely a sartorial mismatch!

In the 1990s Ian met Caroline, who was a visiting faculty member in the department, and then a postdoctoral researcher with Jody Kreiman in the medical school. Caroline became a key part of Ian's support for his many races, and they married "in Vermont, just after the Vermont 100 mile race".

My own fond memories of Ian include a trip in France that he, Louis, Patti Price, and I took after a phonetics congress. We went from amazing restaurant to amazing restaurant, sometimes two a day.

In sum, in every way Ian enjoyed a life well lived. Ian, we will miss you, but I hope you're currently busy wining and dining, in between ultramarathons and episodes of discovering fascinating new speech sounds.

LARRY HYMAN

I want to first thank you, Caroline, for inviting me to speak. When you first contacted us about our great loss of Ian, besides thinking of you and others close to him, I immediately started going over my long history and friendship with Ian, which I'd like to share.

I first met Ian in 1970 when he was teaching at the University of Ibadan in Nigeria and working towards a PhD at SOAS, the School of Oriental and African Languages in London. I was in Nigeria as a UCLA PhD student looking for a dissertation topic.

I remember Ian with his long brown hair, his smile, his low-keyed charm, and especially his generosity and kindness, which I first witnessed when he introduced me to give a talk to the Department of Linguistics and Nigerian Languages in Ibadan. Even back then, Ian and I had a lot in common. We were both graduate students. We both were working on two Northern Nigerian languages that almost touch each other.

^oProfessor of the Graduate School, UC Berkeley

We were supposed to write our dissertations on them, but neither of us did it. I moved on to Cameroon. Ian moved on to the world.

While Ian told me he was working on a language called Eggon, I don't remember us talking linguistics during the few months I was in Ibadan. The relationship was more personal. Ian was the social leader of a small group of Nigerian and American education abroad students from Wisconsin. I remember one night when he dragged me off with them to a night club in town, convincing me to leave my dorm room where I was spending my days and nights writing my Gwari grammar. I never would have seen Ibadan night life if not for Ian.

The next time I saw Ian was in 1973, three years later. I had organized a workshop at USC entitled "Consonant Types and Tone". When I wrote to invite Kay Williamson in Ibadan, she wrote back that she couldn't come to Los Angeles but informed me that Ian was at Indiana University, and I should invite him. Which I did.

At the end of the weekend workshop, Peter and Jenny Lade-foged invited everyone to their house. I wound up sitting alone with Ian in the hammock in the middle of the Lade-fogeds' living room. Ian had been fairly quiet at the workshop, but in the hammock he couldn't stop talking about one African language after another, exposing an encyclopedic knowledge of the languages of Nigeria. He opened the discussion by pointing out that I had been the first person to work on Gwari since Edgar's grammar in 1909! I had no idea that Ian knew so much. He knew Edgar's 1909 grammar!

Again, we hadn't talked linguistics in Nigeria.

Ian then went to the Stanford Universals Project for a short time where we also met, since I was a postdoc at nearby Berkeley. Well, the next thing I knew was that Ian shifted his PhD program to UCLA to work with Peter Ladefoged, which again put us in touch. After I returned from Berkeley to USC, Ian enrolled in my cross-listed seminar on Bantu tonology which met all year 1975-76, one night a week in my living room in Santa Monica. The result of this was a paper he published on tonal reversal in Ciluba. I of course gave Ian an A.

Tone was a big topic both at USC, where I was, and at UCLA, where Vicki Fromkin gave a tone seminar in 1977 which Ian and I both attended. Lots of write-ups appeared in the *UCLA Working Papers in Phonetics*, including an animated exchange on consonant types and tone between Ian and myself that became so heated that Vicki Fromkin contacted me, worrying about both of us! One UCLA volume was called *Tone Tome*, to which I responded, "Tone Tome or Tone Tomb?"

That was in the late 1970s, but today you would never know that Ian and I had once disagreed and I don't think ever did again. We met as colleagues and friends many times after that, and I approached Ian many times to ask why this or that African language was acting up, phonetically, in ways I didn't understand. Or typically: "Ian, do you know a language that has THIS?" Our mutual interest in typology and universals brought us together many times in the 1980s and 1990s. In fact, some time after moving back to Berkeley in 1988 I started bugging Ian about the possibility of moving

up North to join us, which he ultimately did in 1999. It was wonderful to be back together again!

At Berkeley Ian seemed always to be in his office, always available and helpful, not just to me but to everyone. He somehow wound up with the large field work office to himself, and was always welcoming when I came in to discuss something, to ask his advice, or just say hi. Although Ian also had athletic interests, I never tried to be a runner... up to him. My wife Lauren and I, however, were always there for dinners we liked to have together with Ian. One funny event that comes to mind: When Ian first arrived, he invited a number of us to his rented house for grilled sausages and drinks. Well, this house had problems. I'm not an allergic person, but the combination of mold and cats resulted in almost all of the invitees, including myself, leaving the house, one by one, sneezing, eyes watering, itching, going outside to escape, each time with those already outside laughing and joking and having a great time in the dark on a cold Grizzly Peak night.

Having married Caroline in 2004, and not wanting to be separated from her, which I of course found totally unreasonable, Ian decided to leave Berkeley, "retire", and move to Albuquerque in 2006.

So, on May 7, 2006, I organized a daylong event in Ian's honor entitled: *Endangered languages, endangered sounds: Laboratory, Field and Phonetic Universals*. This was a great event, which was attended by so many of Ian's close friends and colleagues, including (in alphabetical order), Victoria Anderson, Louis Goldstein, Russ Schuh, Bonnie Sands and

Caroline Smith. From Berkeley we had Heriberto Avelino, Christian Dicanio, Andrew Garrett, Leanne Hinton, Keith Johnson, Johanna Nichols and John Ohala. Sadly, Peter Ladefoged passed away a few months before, but Jenny Ladefoged came up and joined in the festivities.

Since 2006 Ian and I have met at conferences and, I'm sorry to say, other sad occasions, but we continued emailing. I see that our most recent emails from 2023 and 2024 were about premordial tone, tonoexodus, stress vs. tone, in short, the very topics in which we often engaged in the 1970s.

I feel very honored to be one of you speaking today about our feelings and our friendship with Ian. I mentioned his extraordinary knowledge, but haven't done justice to his unique and influential accomplishments as a scholar that will live on forever. Ian, thank you for enriching my life with your friendship and your collegiality, and for talking to me again after that heated exchange in the 1970s. I think, in retrospect, that you were more right than I was.

DIDIER DEMOLIN

Before I begin, I would like to thank Caroline for inviting me to speak at this moment of remembrance for our friend Ian.

Ian was a life member of the International Phonetic Association, having also served as a council member for 30 years, editor of *JIPA* from 1989 to 1995, vice-president from 2003 to 2007 and chair of the phonetic documentation of languages committee from 2017 to 2019. For Katerina Nicolaidis, the association's president, his dedicated service to the IPA will always be remembered. Bjorn Lindblom sums up Ian's scientific contribution to our field as being of singular quality and of lasting relevance.

Ian was a model for all phoneticians doing field work, and particularly for researchers of my generation. The major contributions of the books *Patterns of Sounds* and *The Sounds of the World's languages*, which he published with Peter Ladefoged, are not only indispensable references but also inexhaustible sources of inspiration. Some of Ian's most important contri-

^oProfessor Emeritus at the Sorbonne Nouvelle

butions are: the principle of the dimension of sound systems, published with Bjorn Lindblom; his work on the study of the complexity of phonological systems; and his many contributions to the study of tones and tonal languages.

Ian and I have regularly exchanged field data since our first meeting in Aix-en-Provence in 1991, when we discussed at length the bilabial trills of Mangbetu. Since then, we've often discussed the results of field missions and the new, sometimes unexpected, data that resulted. Occasionally, I dropped in on places where Ian had been before, and he had always left an excellent impression on those who had worked with him. I recently had the opportunity to discuss with him new data acquired on Hadza, where he had worked long before me. We spent a great deal of time talking about these new results acquired with different equipment to that he had used. Like every time we exchanged ideas in these circumstances, he was enthusiastic about new knowledge and the refinement of existing knowledge.

Ian had an extraordinary lifestyle and a keen sense of humor all his own. One day, one of my students, who was preparing to go on a mission to Ethiopia where he was going to use the MacQuirer acquisition system, which Ian had helped to develop, asked me to tell him what he should never forget before leaving. I told him to contact Ian by email to get his opinion on the matter. The answer came back in the form of 5 images: a 20 cm long Plexiglas tube with an internal diameter of 3 cm, a small red ball that had to be able to pass through the tube, a hair dryer, a plastic bottle and a long plastic tube for connecting to the devices. The answer simply meant, don't forget any of the equipment you'll be using to

calibrate flow and pressure in the field.

Ian also had an informal, unconventional side that sometimes led to some pretty funny situations. One day, when he was staying at my place in Waterloo and was due to give a seminar at the University of Brussels, Ian asked me how far it was to the University. I told him 20 km. Perfect, he said, that's exactly the distance that I have to run today. Arriving at the University ahead of him, I met the Dean of the Faculty, who was eager to meet the famous Professor Maddieson. A few minutes later Ian arrived in his running gear. The formalities the Dean had expected vanished instantly. Ian and I laughed about this situation for years.

Ian was also very relaxed in the way he worked and presented his talks. In 2013 we were both Keynote speakers at the Wocal in Köln. We had exchanged numerous emails to prepare our presentation, but the day before nothing was quite finished, which didn't seem to worry him too much, unlike me. We finished the presentation during the coffee break before our talk. Ian said to me: You see, there's no need to stress, we had everything, we just had to put it all together.

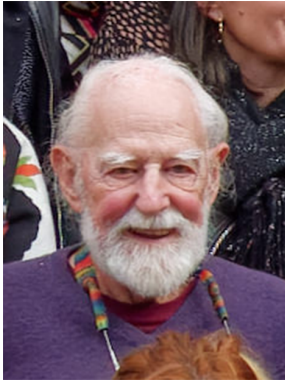
His regular visits to the phonology laboratory in Brussels, Gipsa-lab in Grenoble (where we also spent a long time with Caroline in the Belledune mountains) and the LPP in Paris always delighted the students and colleagues with whom he interacted with great kindness, trying to shed light on the questions they had.

At the LPP in Paris, we all have moving memories of his last participation in the PhD committee of one of the laboratory's students, 3 days before he left us.

REMEMBERING IAN MADDIESON

Ian was a friend, a kind generous and immensely endearing person, and he will be sorely missed. We may never meet such a person again.

FRANÇOIS PELLEGRINO



For Ian

Good morning or good afternoon everyone.

My name is François Pellegrino and here is Corinne, my better half. I'm a linguist in Lyon, France, at the Dynamics of Language Lab, and we are several members or former members of the lab present online today. Like all of you,

^oSenior Researcher at CNRS Lyon, France

we were stunned when we learnt that Ian had passed away. On behalf of us all in Lyon, I would like to sincerely thank Caroline for making this gathering possible.

I met Ian in 1998 during my first visit to the Dynamics of Language Lab – also known as DDL. Ian was there, and he was already a regular visitor in Lyon, thanks to his friendship with Jean-Marie Hombert and Harriet Jisa, dating from their days in California. As I often repeat when telling the story of the laboratory, Ian was one of the good fairies gathered around the DDL cradle, and since then, he has influenced many generations of linguists in Lyon and in France.

Over time, Ian's and Caroline's attachment to Lyon got stronger and Lyon became a kind of basecamp for them in France. Every time they came back to the lab, there was a kind of informal ritual. Between two visits, Ian and Caroline used to leave a large and heavy blue duffle bag full of books, trail maps of all the areas they had visited or run through, and other personal items. When Caroline and Ian arrived, one of the first things they did was to fetch this bag, which had become iconic at DDL, because it was often moved from one office to another. But getting to the bag always took time, because on arrival, Caroline and Ian would stop and say hello to everyone in every office in the very long corridor that weaves through the lab. They were always eager to know how everyone was going, what new scientific studies were being carried out, and so on. And obviously, every time Ian heard that someone had collected some new data on a lesser-documented language, he got excited and ready to listen to those recordings, like a child playing with new toys.

Over the years, Ian has worked with many people in Lyon, and for me, and for many others, it was always a privilege to talk to him. He had such an ability to connect with people with simplicity.

And at the same time with a fascinating and seemingly unbounded knowledge that he shared with an unbounded humility and kindness. We learned so much from him. One of the main projects we had was certainly the LAPSyD database, which involved Egidio Marsico, Christophe Coupé, and Sébastien Flavier who are present online today. The LAPSyD project started in 2009, but its roots are much older.

The importance of Ian's work in collecting phonological information on many languages has already been mentioned. This led to the publication of UPSID (the *UCLA Phonological Segment Inventory Database*) in 1984, but it was not the end of the story. A version of UPSID was implemented at DDL by Ian, Egidio, and Christian Fressard in the 90s. It was the first version to offer a language cartography and Egidio is still amazed today by the incredible accuracy with which Ian was able to locate the groups of speakers of each of the 450 languages on the world map. Ian continued to collect languages, and the idea of an UPSID Mark 2 database began to grow. Ian's ambition was not only to collect more languages, but also to add more information on them, and powerful query and visualization tools, which involved quite a lot of database design and development.

At that time, we were lucky to have a newly recruited IT engineer at DDL, Sébastien Flavier, and we put his skill and time in implementing the project Ian had in mind, so to

speak. The duo worked wonders and Ian was kind enough to name the new database LAPSyD, for the *Lyon-Albuquerque Phonological Systems Database*. To us, naming the database after Albuquerque and Lyon was more than just trifling and, in a sense, it was a gift that enshrined the connection between Ian and Lyon in this emblematic masterpiece. We officially published LAPSyD in 2013 and as of today, more than 750 languages are available in LAPSyD with more than a hundred additional languages still in progress. For the non-linguists I would like to point out that each dot on the map that was shown in the slideshow corresponds to a language for which Ian has patiently searched for scientific sources, checked their coherence, and ended up with a reliable description of its sound system. It was a huge and tedious task, and Ian's contribution is a unique and impressive achievement that became an essential resource for many linguists.

Speaking of 2013, I'd like to mention two other facts. That year, we organized a major conference in phonetics, together with other colleagues in France, including Cécile, Martine, and Pascal who are connected online. During this conference, Ian and Sebastien, were awarded a prize for LAPSyD and their contribution to the development of knowledge and technology on the world's languages. But some of you may also remember that Ian received another award at the conference. Just for fun, we had organized a powerpoint karaoke as an after work activity. The principle was that the colleagues who volunteered had to improvise a talk on a subject they didn't know as presented on a fake slideshow, with some absurd slides in it. It could have been particle physics or any other unexpected topic. Ian was one of the first to enroll, if

not the first! And he won this very special award on that occasion! I just remember that Ian's performance involved a banana and the repeated gimmick "Why me?". Yes, it was the kind of occasion where Ian could be very playful and let his sense of humor run free.

Finally, I would like to share two personal memories. The first relates to a very specific event. In 2007, I visited Caroline and Ian in Albuquerque. I had arrived the day before, on my way to Santa Fe. This morning I woke up after a somewhat restless night due to jetlag and walked into the living room. Ian was watching television. It was early July and Ian was watching the Tour de France, the cycling race. I was a bit surprised, to say the least, but that year, the Tour de France started in the South-East of England, Ian's home country. And there we were, in Albuquerque, the three of us watching a so-called French sport event taking place thousands of miles away but just a stone's throw away from where Ian grew up. It was really a very unlikely but magical moment.

The second memory is more general. The more we got to know each other, the less Ian and I talked about our work and the more we talked about wildlife and wildlife watching. Each time we met, we enjoyed chatting about the animals we had seen and I remember him telling me about the sandhill cranes migration or his encounters with coyotes in the Sandia mountains. In the slideshow, you've seen a picture of Ian and me taken by Caroline one evening we spent watching beavers along the Rhone river near Lyon. I think the four of us really enjoyed those moments outdoors, watching wildlife and trying to understand their behavior.

REMEMBERING IAN MADDIESON

And I'm still in wonder at Ian's capacity to marvel at the beauty of nature after a life spent travelling the world. Now that Ian is gone, I imagine him, forever running in a beautiful landscape under a starry sky, with friendly badgers, mountain goats, ibex, and coyotes looking after him.

Thank you and take care.

SHELECE EASTERDAY

Good morning, afternoon, and evening to everyone.

Today I'll be sharing recollections of Ian from those who were taught, advised, and mentored by him. Many of the anecdotes I'll be sharing were kindly contributed by fellow former students at University of New Mexico. I've listed their names below.

I'll start with my own story. I received my MA and PhD degrees in linguistics from University of New Mexico, where Caroline was my advisor. I also took classes from and worked with Ian during my time there.

I took a phonological typology course with Ian when I was a masters student, and it was instrumental in shaping the trajectory of my research interests, career, and life. I can't overstate that. Ian opened up a whole world of beautiful patterns to me and, subsequently, a whole world of wonderful people who are interested in those patterns, including the folks at DDL, the lab that François just spoke of.

^oAssistant Professor, University of Hawai'i at Mānoa

But Ian's impact on his students went much deeper than the subject matter he taught. For those of us who don't come from backgrounds with a tradition of higher education, graduate school can be very intimidating. You really do need someone to recognize your potential and give you a little nudge to achieve it. Ian was one of those people for me, and I suspect that was the case for many other students as well. He gave me that encouragement and support early on and frequently. It's hard to express just how important that was for me at that time in my education and my life. I am deeply appreciative of him for that.

First I'd like to talk about Ian the teacher. For those of us who work in phonetics or phonological typology, Ian is a pillar of our field, and his work is absolutely foundational. And for students, it was an honor and a delight to get to take courses from him on these topics.

Ian was known for his epic slide shows, dense in information but all of it pertinent and interesting. Many of us treasure the printouts of these slides and often refer to them when teaching our own courses. But Ian was a talented teacher even without his slides. I recall one day in experimental phonetics when the light in the projector broke ten minutes into class. Ian closed his laptop and seamlessly switched, without any notes, to a completely coherent lecture using the blackboard.

The lecture is an increasingly rare form of in-classroom instruction, but Ian's lecture-based courses were popular and well-attended. Corrine Occhino shared the following thought which might shed some insight on this:

Something about the combination of dialect, tone, and prosody gave Ian an amazing speaking voice. One term, Ian offered *The Origin and Spread of Human Language* and it was the only graduate class I ever fell asleep in. Not because of boredom (on the contrary) but because his lectures were like a warm fuzzy blanket.

Ian always encouraged students' curiosity, and made every inquiry into a learning opportunity. Aaron Marks recalls that Ian let him play a death metal song one day in his experimental phonetics class, so he could ask exactly how those screams are produced and what their spectral characteristics are. "He was always a good sport about things like that."

Students loved to hear Ian talk about his own research. His department talks were both inspiring and accessible. Two that stand out are: a talk that posited what sound inventories of protolanguages must have been like, based on modern typological evidence, and a talk on his research exploring connections between climate and sound systems. These topics are like gateway drugs into language research, and were probably responsible for a number of students switching their majors into linguistics!

Beyond the classroom, Ian took on a research supervision role for many of us in our independent studies and dissertations. Students liked working with Ian and knew they could rely on him to answer questions and discuss ideas in a thoughtful, patient, and sympathetic way. Many of Ian's students remark on how profoundly generous he was with his time. He was always kind about helping students, even

if it was unexpected, and he never made students feel as though they were imposing on him. During my own dissertation research, I recall him going through old phonological descriptions with me, helping me to interpret archaic terminology and ambiguous wording. It was a tedious task, and he was exceptionally good humored throughout. Those of us who are now on the other side of advising realize how extraordinary his generosity with time was.

Victoria Anderson shares,

He did all those things with such grace, patience, gentleness and kindness. I remember Ian even talking about patience once, while a group of us were having lunch in the lab, and he was training for one of his Western States 100-mile Ultra Endurance events. He said very few people realized the kind of patience it took to get through that. I think that this informed his gentle, consistent, compassionate amiability with us students.

I think all students who encountered Ian, in any context, benefited from his mentorship in some small way. Ian was a constant fixture at practice talks, proposals, and dissertation defenses in the department, always offering constructive feedback. Tim Zingler says

He didn't impose himself and was very soft-spoken, but whenever he said something, on whatever topic, it was insightful and/or funny. And of course he was a man of the world if ever there was one, so he really could comment on every issue out there.

At conferences, Ian could be seen visiting every student's poster, no matter how junior they were. He had a way of making young scholars feel that they were valued and respected, and that their work was an important part of the bigger picture.

Ian's mentorship extended far beyond the realm of academia. Many students and junior scholars went to him for advice on running. Susan Brumbaugh recounts the time she was a week and a half away from running the Austin Marathon, her first ever, when she badly twisted her ankle in a soccer game. She says:

I ambled over to the Humanities building on crutches to meet with Caroline, and explained what had happened and how the doctor told me I couldn't do the race. I told her I wanted Ian's second opinion, and she called him in from across the hall. I showed him my ballooning foot, and told him I was so sad to have trained all this time, plus I had airfare, hotel, and the race registration fee already paid for.... that's a lot of money, especially as a grad student. Ian thought about it ... you know how he would take in all the information, and he would really think for a couple seconds, really process it? I loved that about him. Well, Ian told me that hey, if nothing was broken, then you couldn't really do much more damage, could you? So much pain is in your mind and is temporary. You should go for it.

That was exactly what Susan needed to hear. With Caroline's

blessing, she followed his advice and successfully completed her first marathon.

It's clear from all of these anecdotes that Ian made a lasting impression upon his students with his teaching and mentorship. But these are just a few of the facets of Ian the person. We also know him as the person who read everything and remembered everything he read, the person who requested the song "Norwegian Wood" at a party, the person who had a salient "pink shorts" period.

Susan Brumbaugh shares a characteristic first memory of Ian:

The first time I met Ian we were on the first floor of Humanities, and he was in sneakers, nondescript pants, a brightly colored t-shirt (probably from a race), and up to this point in the sentence it's like yes okay that's just Ian. But also... he was eating a full pint of ice cream. It absolutely cracked me up that this is Caroline's husband, as she dresses much differently and she doesn't eat pints of ice cream in the classroom. And then, the second time I saw him, HE WAS EATING ANOTHER PINT OF ICE CREAM. I thought, what a cool dude." Laura Hirrel confirms these reports, and says "Moments like that made the department feel so down-to-earth and reminded me that professors are real people.

Ian always seemed happy, interested, and engaged in his work, but he also had a full life outside of work. His values were in the right place. We admired this about him. And we

greatly admired his deep devotion to Caroline. So many of us were mentored by both Caroline and Ian. As a team, they radiated friendship, humor, respect, and care. As Laura Hirrel puts it: *#couplegoals*. Caroline and Ian were a model of quiet happiness and contentment, and that's another important lesson that we all took away from our time as their students.

To close, Ian dedicated his book *Patterns of Sounds* to the memory of his parents, writing that they gave him the freedom to go his own way. Through his kindness, generosity, and gentle support, Ian gave his students the confidence to follow their own paths. He was a great linguist, teacher, mentor, partner, and friend, and has inspired us to be all of those. We can't thank him enough for all he imparted to us. He is deeply appreciated, and sorely missed.

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Thanks to these former students who contributed their memories and anecdotes:

- Victoria Anderson (UCLA PhD, 2000)
- Susan Brumbaugh (UNM PhD, 2017)
- Paul Edmunds (UNM PhD, 2009)
- Laura Hirrel (UNM PhD, 2018)
- Daejin Kim (UNM PhD, 2024)
- Aaron Marks (UNM PhD, 2024)
- Ricardo Napoleão de Souza (UNM PhD, 2019)
- Corrine Occhino (UNM PhD, 2016)
- Tim Zingler (UNM PhD, 2020)

PIERS WOOLSTON

Thank you Caroline for giving me the opportunity to say a few words about Ian – I call this my running tribute.

Rarely in life do you meet people who excel to a significant level in unrelated disciplines. Ian is one such.

I first met Ian in 2014 when we were both on a training camp preparing for that year's Ultra Trail de Mont Blanc CCC race; a one hundred and five km Ultra trail running course that circumnavigates the Mont Blanc massif, crossing from Italy to Switzerland, and then into France. The guides were all French and I was the only partial-French speaker. Ian was immediately generous with his time to ensure I knew what was being explained to us, or understood the intricacies of the particular running technique being demonstrated and as importantly, or possibly, most importantly, ensured that I was in receipt of a beer or glass of red wine as we arrived at the various alpine refuges in which we lodged overnight during our 3 to 4 days of training!

^oIan's running buddy from London

We immediately got on, and when the race came around later that summer I then had the great pleasure of meeting Caroline also for the first time.

Ian was always completely modest about his own achievements in the Ultra trail running world. I did not straight-away know of his outstanding *Western States 100 mile Endurance Race* record, for instance. For background, this is acknowledged as the first Ultra trail running challenge that evolved from an endurance horse ride called *the Tevis Cup ride* that dates back to 1955, starting near Lake Tahoe, then crossing the Sierra Nevada to Auburn in California. In 1973 Gordy Ainsleigh entered this ride but his horse was unfit to continue after 29 miles, so the next year he decided to tackle this 100 mile horse race again, but this time powered solely by his own two feet. This he achieved within the 24-hour limit allowed to the horse riders, and so the modern sport of Ultra trail running was born in 1974, and by 1978 the Western States Endurance Race became a fully separate event. Whereas the horses have *24 hours* to complete the distance, runners are now given *30 hours*, however there is a special silver belt buckle award for those who finish in under 24 hours. Ian was deservedly very proud to be one of only 35 people who have ever completed the race ten times under that 24 hour threshold.

This event is the most prestigious, if not most difficult, in Ultra trail running, and Ian's performances here form part of the Western States' distinguished and legendary history.

Ian didn't start out running long distances, nor running on trails, rather running track and cross-country at school and

his first road marathon was not until 1976 in Santa Monica. From Ian's initial focus on fast-paced middle and marathon distances, he developed an interest in ultra distance races by the late 1970s, running his first 50 mile race in 1980 at the American River 50 (Auburn to Sacramento, California) and quickly followed by his first 100 miler in 1982 at the aforementioned Western States 100 mile race. He finished this in 16th place – a high placing that is now the sole preserve of professional elite runners who have emerged as the sport of ultra running has developed and grown. Ian has also successfully completed 34 other 100 mile races, as well as numerous shorter and even longer events. The last race I crewed for Ian was back in the UK in December 2023 where he took part in the inaugural Centurion Running's Winter Downs 200 mile race. Consider please 200 miles across unmarked trails in an English December suffering the depths of a cold, dark and very sodden and muddy winter with a time cut-off restriction of 96 hours and only 3 locations en route where you might catch a quick sleep – this is an undertaking that would terrify most, but not Ian, even at 81 years young at the time. He was not successful that time, but his courage, planning and ambition was as strong as ever. In fact, it took the Race Director to end Ian's race as safety concerns kicked-in with the immediate course upfront becoming increasingly flooded and the trail completely underwater in places. Despite that temporary knock-back, Ian managed to continue racing up until the end. In fact he completed 211 miles at the Across the Years 6-day race in Arizona from December 2023-January 2024 which was only days later from his Winter Downs 200 mile attempt in the UK, then secured a 100 mile finish at the Jackpot Ultras in New Virginia in February 2024, and

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completed over 100 miles back again at the Across the Years 6-day race that concluded *only in January 2025 of this year!*

As referenced earlier, I had to uncover most of these achievements of Ian's. Where many would have, and justifiably in his case, boasted of their abilities and successes, Ian was always happy to focus on encouraging others in their running endeavours rather than sit back and savour his.

I know little of Ian's evident academic success despite occasionally getting him talking about some aspect related to his career too; probably correcting my appalling French pronunciation in the main. Largely my excuse for my level of ignorance of his academic career is because it was never long before we were back on topics related to his driving passion: *trail running*.

I immensely enjoyed all my times with Ian (running with him; talking about running; eating and drinking with Ian before or after running; trail race crewing), as have countless other trail runners, and I have even been the first-hand beneficiary of Ian and Caroline's generosity to the sport at a crew stop where they must both go down in my record books for a fastest turnaround ever at an aid station in Winchester on South Downs Way 100 in 2018. I was in and out before I knew what had hit me; I had had the opportunity to experience their ruthless US-style aid station crew efficiency first hand!

I know Ian was also a member of the Albuquerque Road Runners club, and he contributed time and effort in serving the Club in various roles, and his brass name plaque is one of those fixed to the Albuquerque Road Runners club's "Volunteer Hall of Fame".

How do I summarise? Ian excelled as a runner, and achieved at a significant level that many would be happy to have left as their legacy. The fact that Ian excelled in a totally separate discipline, in academia, as well makes it all the more remarkable. Maybe that's the right word to finish on: Ian was *remarkable*, and will remain remarkable in my memory and in that of all those many others who knew him through running.

Thank you Ian for your humility, your generosity, your indomitable spirit and your love of life, and as with all on this call today, your friendship. *Remarkable* Ian.

Ian's Race Results:

Ultra Signup

<https://ultrasignup.com/results/search.aspx>

DUV Ultra-Marathon Statistics

<https://statistik.d-u-v.org/>

