



Met Dinesh through seminal work he did on electromagnetic probes for heavy ion collisions

He came from traditional nuclear physics, and is one of the few I know who made the transition to high energy heavy ion physics with a modern perspective.

People fall into three categories:

Those who make things happen.

Those who watch things happen.

Those who are left to ask what did happen.

Mark Twain

Dinesh is in the first category:

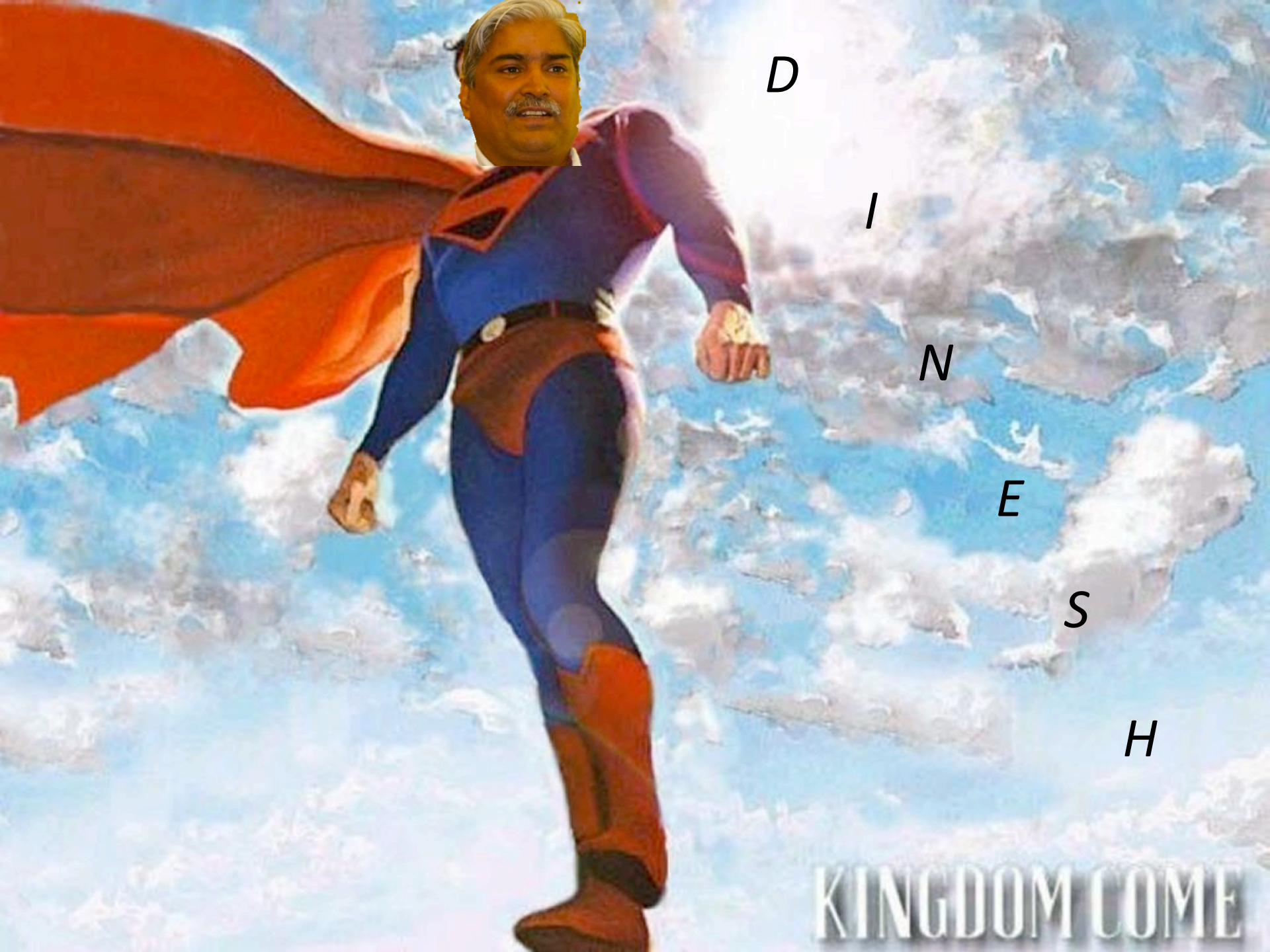
He is...

Stronger than a
locomotive



Faster than a
speeding bullet





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KINGDOM COME



Dinesh and Tapan in the Soup

Major Contributions:

- Photon and Dilepton Production in Heavy Ion Collisions
- Hydrodynamic description of heavy ion collisions
(He did the first realistic simulations for early initial conditions, appropriate for the CGC)
- Hard particles and heavy quarks in heavy ion collisions
- Flow effects on photons

He visited with his wife Rekha and children for a sabbatical at U of Minnesota. His interests in Hot Quark Soup grew while there



We shared a love of the rarely seen but often photographed jackalope

The jackalope is an animal of North America (a so-called "fearsome critter") described as a jackrabbit with antelope horns or deer antlers and sometimes a pheasant's tail (and often hind legs). The word "jackalope" is a portmanteau of "jackrabbit" and "antelope", an archaic spelling of "antelope". It is also known as *Lepus temperamentalus*.^[1]

Wikipedia

These were times when we were young, and there was much that we had not yet seen

While in Minnesota, I learned the story of the Minnesota Catfish, and with enthusiasm shared this story with Dinesh. In spite of its name, this legendary creature is a mammal. It in fact has warm blood and fur. It is believed to have been originally discovered by French trappers around 1740, and misnamed a fish because its primary habitat is the Mississippi river. My good friend Dinesh while visiting Minnesota would sometimes go off for a weekend, or so he assured me, in search of this elusive creature, a picture of which is shown in the picture.

My friend Dinesh and I to this day would love to see a true wild Minnesota catfish.



Let Me Die A Youngman's Death

Roger McGough

Let me die a young man's death
not a clean and in between
the sheets holy-water death.
Not a famous-last-words
peaceful out of breath death.

When I'm 73
and in constant good tumour,
may I be mown down at dawn
by a bright red sports car
on my way home
from an all night party.

Or when I'm 91
with silver hair
and sitting in a barber's chair,
may rival gangsters
with ham-fisted tommy-guns burst in
and give me a short back and insides



Or when I'm 104
and banned from the Cavern
may my mistress
catching me in bed with her daughter
and fearing for her son
cut me up into little pieces
and throw away every piece but one

Let me die a young man's death
Not a free from sin tiptoe in
candle wax and waning death
Not a curtains drawn by angels borne
'what a nice way to go' death



Happy Birthday and Congratulations