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On January 18th, 1990 Dennis Crisp, one of Great Britain's best known marine biologists, died peacefully while under treatment. His remarkable tenacity and courage allowed him since 1968 to continue leading a productive life as a scientist despite an ever pervasive and unrelenting cancer of the lymphatic system, an affliction from which he had suffered for more than 20 years and which required repeated and frequent chemotherapy.

Dennis's attitude toward his research was dedicated and uncompromising and he expected the same high standards from those around him. Competence and imagination in research by his students and staff were invariably rewarded by his unqualified support. Dennis was a man of extraordinary intelligence and had a childlike inquisitiveness; every trip to a tide pool was like his first and he was genuinely excited at his finds. That excitement stayed with him throughout his career and he was on a constant quest to know and understand more. His contributions to comparative invertebrate physiology and marine ecology, in particular to the larval ecology of barnacles, are enduring contributions.

His academic reputation was global and he followed in the footsteps of no less scientist than Charles Darwin. A part of Dennis's success in his research could be attributed to the rigor imposed by his early training in physics and mathematics. He took his first degree in Zoology at Cambridge and then for, 'consorting with the physical chemists' was turned out of the Zoology Department by Sir James Gray and subsequently took his Ph.D. in the Department of Colloid Science. A complete chronicle of Dennis' activities was written by his close friend and long-time colleague, Professor E. W. Knight-Jones on the occasion of Dennis' 71st birthday (Knight Jones, 1987 in: *Barnacle Biology*, A. J. Southward (ed). Balkema, Rotterdam). He became a member of the National Shellfisheries Association in 1959 and became an honored life member in 1973 along with Drs. Daniel Quayle, J. C. Medcof, Gordon Gunter and Lyle St. Amant. In 1968 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society and in 1978 was awarded Commander of the British Empire (CBE) for services to marine biology. He was also Honorary Fellow of the Indian Academy of Sciences (1984) and Honorary Member of the

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American Society of Zoologists (1987). Of all these honors, Dennis held one particularly dear. It was his MBE—Marine Biologist Extraordinaire—presented to him by his students and colleagues at Menai Bridge. His vast number of publications attests to his versatility and breadth of knowledge. The accompanying list is, of necessity, incomplete as Dennis was still actively engaged in research and writing at the time of his death.

Dennis had a large intolerance for incompetence and administrators. Rarely, if indeed ever, did he give way to what he regarded as stupidity or officialdom. He disallowed interference from university administrators and seemingly was engaged endlessly in disputes with accountants and taxmen. He had no use for laziness or bureaucratic intervention and was disinclined to suffer fools gladly. His quixotic encounters with unprepared authority provided much affectionate amusement to his students and colleagues. On the other hand, he took seriously his own administrative duties as Director of the Marine Biology Station at the University in Bangor and he did not use his position for his personal advantage among his colleagues and students.

Dennis had an impish wit! He has been variously described as pugnacious, irascible, stubborn, energetic, and a demanding, if not sometimes uncomfortable, colleague. He probably would have enjoyed such a characterization; one can imagine him grinning broadly upon hearing himself described thus. But he was also many other things—courageous, stimulating, highly intelligent, clever, and sometimes in retrospect very funny.

Dennis received from his former students around the world their continued respect and admiration. One telling tribute was a retirement dinner attended by over 100 of his past and present students and colleagues, many from distant parts of the world. After his retirement he was often inclined to visit colleagues and former students. His students held for him not only gratitude but affection (often tinged with a little exasperation); one student has noted that, though his visits were often trying, they always left one with a sense of enlightenment and invigoration.

Dennis seemed the epitome of the absent-minded professor. At his retirement dinner several years ago, he was confronted with a long list of items collected from all over the world, allegedly left behind or forgotten by him during his visit. To order his life he was known to write itemized lists which were known to include such items as—"lunch, glasses, teeth, calculator, keys, comb hair, money, kiss wife." Whether this seeming incompetence in the practical matters of daily life was real or feigned is not entirely clear (one expects a little of each), but in any event there almost always seemed to be someone to the rescue. More often than not it was his wife Ella, who stood by him and kept him on the straight and narrow throughout their 45 years of married life.

Anyone who has known Dennis will have their own stories. It happened that one of us contributed to a symposium volume for which Dennis was editor. It was with some trepidation that we coined the new term "*teleplanic*" larvae, which comes from the Greek *teleplanos* meaning far-wandering. The manuscript came back with the usual editorial marks and queries and next to "*teleplanic*" Dennis had inserted in parentheses for his classically less literate colleague, the notation "(Aesculus, Prometheus bound, l. 576)."

On his visits to Woods Hole, Dennis would often grace our round kitchen table for a meal and hold forth with outrageous stories and opinions, some of which I reckon were calculated to arouse our indignation. He would on these occasions wear his special tie given to him by his daughter, dark blue and adorned with small, red pig heads and the monogram MCP (male-chauvinist pig)! On other occasions he would treat us to stories of scientists and laboratories known to most of us only through the literature.

Dennis was indeed a remarkable man and a distinguished scientist. The world has lost a brilliant mind and many of us have lost a cherished friend.

Rudolf S. Scheltema
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and

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