

Poems

by Ross Street, mostly

Contents

1	Ode to Todd Dec 1995	3
2	Sonnet to Margaret Jan 1998	6
3	Sjoerd per Goliard 19 Aug 1998	7
4	The Mild B-Global Boy 20 Jan 2001	8
5	Cream of Weber 6 Jul 2002	9
6	Farewell Poem, by Isar Stubbe 5 Feb 2003	10
7	Grace, by Margery Street 8 Feb 2003	11
8	Gavin and Penny, like whom are not any! 8 Feb 2003	12
9	Carolyn and Chris 11 Oct 2003	13
10	Grace, by Margery Street 1 Nov 2003	15

11 Arthur and Anna 1 Nov 2003	15
12 For Ross, by Carolyn Kennett 14 Jul 2005	18
13 Thank You 14 Jan 2006	19
14 Jack Charles Street 18 Feb 2006	21
15 Our October Bird 15 Oct 2006	22
16 Chastely Gregarious 19 Nov 2006	23
17 A Merry Tussle 15 Jul 2007	24
18 Thunderous Dendrotope 24 Nov 2007	27
19 Arrows and Apples 24 Nov 2007	28
20 Pastro Cheerio 20 Feb 2008	28
21 Arrivederci Simona 12 Jun 2008	30
22 Monoidal Moscow Man 13 Jun 2009	31
23 Go Bush's Gone with Family, by Margery and Ross Street 24 May 2010	32
24 One Chic Lad 27 Oct 2010	33

25 John Soon Gone 27 Oct 2010	35
26 Nowy is the Houry 13 Apr 2011	36
27 Micah the Mighty 4 July 2011	37
28 Tom, No Piker's Son 26 May 2012	38
29 Bula: Let's Hula, by Margery and Ross Street 13 August 2012	39
30 Crème Cara-Camell 14 Nov 2012	40
31 Ignacio To Go 27 Jan 2014	41
32 The Maths Go On <i>(apologies to Prini-Sandrini-Naraine-Ulivi-Baratta-Sudano)</i> 26 Nov 2014	43
33 A Syn-Thesis Existeth 20 May 2015	44
34 The Mitchell Higher Way 3 Sept 2015	45
35 A Special Day for our Kay 16 Nov 2016	46
36 Le Cognac de Math Dec 2016	47

1 Ode to Todd

Dec 1995

Myles Tierney had a student
He had mentioned once or twice:

“The guy works upon coherence,
And his stuff is pretty nice.”

Along came Alan McIntosh
And, in his Analytic hand,
Held a letter from Ol’ Rutgers.
’Twas the CV of Our Man!

“Must be meant for you,” he sneered,
On his way to have a beer,
“Your lot only drinks wine,
And we certainly don’t cohere!”

A proposal was in order,
A try was clearly worth,
“I’ll put in an application,
Get Trimble here on MURF.”

Verily, verily, these words came true,
Just like the old sooth-sayer.
But came a hitch - we had forgot
To account for lovely Andrea.

With a month or two to marry,
And a few to kiss . . . or more,
Todd landed in Australia,
Still prior to ’94.

Ringed with mighty fires,
In our Department Todd could jibe.
He was COOL with mathematics -
Even the matrix of L. Tribe.

Now Trimble as a young boy,
Seeing James Bond do his tricks,
Oft daydreamed of becoming
Ac’demic, Level A, Point 6.

Towards this Great Endeavour
The young man would not slip,
With brilliant unit variant
Of Prof Girard’s “Long Trip”.

To see how this had finished
What Kelly–Mac L. had begun,
You had to sit and listen.
Yet this was too hard for One.

Under Trimble supervision,
The Cat Seminar did well-ly.
Beaut coffee, chokky bikkies
Were even enjoyed by Kelly!

Daydreaming of Point 7,
Todd studied operad Lie.
This area of expertise,
Was really good to see.

“I speak orientals better than K_n ,
So could you amplify a bit for me?”
Was my question he returned to,
But at the time he said, “We’ll see.”

Then Todd unfolded his program.
'Twas a really clever streak,
Use K s to define precisely
 n -categories - not strict - true weak!

Joint work with Dom then surfaced
To determine a parity complex.
The talks on all this material
Were hits at Conference Halifax.

With Gordon around as Visitor,
I said, “How 'bout $n = 4$?”
Todd worked for a while,
Then with a wry smile
Slid details under my door.

The Staff Club knows Dr Trimble,
Regular at Colloquium Meals,
Founder of Seminar Luncheon,
To us all this now sure appeals.

Todd taught 338 this Semester.

Helped the weak and inspired the bright.
Categories at Macquarie were boosted,
Down the tunnel there is a strong light.

But now Todd feels forced to leave us.
We hope he will keep strong the link,
Continue the work he has started,
For future, we wish him the pink.

2 Sonnet to Margaret

Jan 1998

'Twas mid '95
Our problems alive
Looking for help
Grant Cairns gave a yelp
Did Margaret arrive.

New subject for her
But gave not a stir
Gray-cats absorbed
Adjunctions on board
Surfaces occur.

Categorical lunch
Not just a hunch
Always short black
Quick smoke the way back
With Sydney bunch.

Teaching her share
Poor students she'd bear
Good students extend
Starting new trend
Never unfair.

Montréal morning
Take my fair warning
Short cut watch out
Via cemetery route
Lawvere for the storming.

With a young Turk
Some professional work
McIntyre–Trimble
The perfect symbol
Mid-4-swaps lurk.

Rotman’s eloquence
Long exact sequence
Kennett, Weber
Very clever
Graduate guidance.

Peaceful karma
Pull of Ghana
Six year spell
Macquarie farewell
Enjoy Africana!

3 Sjoerd per Goliard **19 Aug 1998**

In Bangor North Wales,
Where wind fills the sails
And rattles the pans,
Shared house with the Crans.

While transporting Quillen,
Hearing of van Kampen,
Sjoerd showed skill in
Omega Gray tensoring.

Soon came to Sydney,
Less steak and kidney.
Working with Kelly,
Still filled the belly.

Then to Macquarie
To investigate Teisi.
Why shouldn’t composing
Be dimension increasing?

A fine School citizen,

Happily joining in.
Voluntarily marking.
To students, harking.

Ribbon of Möbius!
Esther bore Tobias.
Child of New Holl-and.
Both children are grand!

Enormous pasting diagrams.
4-types and hexagrams.
New central ideas,
From many, earn cheers.

Postmodern algebra!
Initiated seminar.
Nothing ignored-ed -
All weeks recorded.

Soon off to Montréal,
We wish the Crans, all
The best for their stay.
Keep in touch while away.

4 The Mild B-Global Boy

20 Jan 2001

To the tune of The Wild Colonial Boy (where possible)

There is a mild Colonial boy, Pad McCrudden is his name.
Born of Irish bloodline, he caught Toongabbie train.
He is his parents' only son and of course their pride and joy,
As he set off to ol' Sydney U, rah rah, hipp hipp, hoy hoy.

He started on his first degree, believe me it was Law,
But a year of that, he hollered "nuff" because it was a bore.
Found mathematics was for him, high distinctions did enjoy,
By third year he had reached the top, this dedicated boy.

In early nineteen ninety five, he found Macquarie U,
As Vacation Scholar on Quantum Groups, his Co-ACTIONs grew and grew.

Off then for Honours at Sydney Maths, a Medal became his toy,
But back to a Macquarie PhD, this mild Colonial boy.

In these three years we had much fun, Yoneda was the tool.
To work with wood and bike to work, he was nobody's fool.
Tannaka theory understood, the 2-cells to deploy.
Enchanting research all was that, from our young Paddy boy.

Postdoctoral work at old McGill, research papers began to flow.
Then Marty's school and a timely MURF, meant homeward they would go,
To Education in Decline — Property Market, Bankers' Joy.
So that is why they captured him, this Barclays Global boy.

5 Cream of Weber

6 Jul 2002

Hist, Hark . . . re Mark
His gift for Mathematic
Made quite graphic
Quotient groups a lark

A top Honours Year
The gang of three
We lectured with glee
Their study to steer

Ambitious essay
Mark undertook
Could write a book
But crafted his way . . .

Abstracted a theme
Maths Miscellany
Was then tellin' me
A Grothendesque dream

Sheaves on a site
All lots of fun
Maths Honours One
Many late night

Great day for me
To continue research
A categorical lurch
Enrolled PhD

Exciting stuff
These higher operads
Off the launching pads
Symmetry's tough

Some difficult time
Assessing directions
Anxious reflections
To upshot sublime

Supportive rellies
Thesis complete
Graduation seat
Basil's for bellies

Summer classes
MATH136
Mark full of tricks
Worthy passes

Ottawa now calls
Excitement awaits
To make new mates
In hallowed halls

Best wishes Mark

6 Farewell Poem, by Isar Stubbe

5 Feb 2003

It's now already five weeks ago
That I arrived from European cold
Sent here by my Supervisor
'Cause "they know everything", he told.

In my baggage were shorts of course

Sunglasses and shirts shaped as T
Running shoes and books to read
But also cats without identity.

Meanwhile I learned about order ideals
Fibrations, inverter and invertee
Toposes, cosmoses and universes,
But also about the beach and the sea...

It is not always easy though
To be confronted with so many savants
But you've always tried to explain to me
What you've already understood and I haven't.

So next Friday I'm going home again
And on Saturday in Brussels I'll land
But I'm sure that when I'll close my eyes
I'll still see sun, sea and sand.

Oh and about cats missing identities
I realize now that it's safe to say
that units are not really missing at all
at least if you change the base.

7 Grace, by Margery Street

8 Feb 2003

For the Wedding Breakfast of Penny and Gavin Street

The tradition of Grace,
as I have discovered from speaking to family and friends and clergy people,
and from searching the Net,
as one does these days,
means something different to every person.

To some Grace is a digestive;
to others, warding off evil spirits,
to another, safeguarding the food;
and to others, bringing together our composure.

Before Grace

I would like to acknowledge the traditional owners of this land,
the Dharug people,
and to respect their spirit.

It is humbling to be here and give thanks on behalf of all of us
to the Supreme Being
for everything that we enjoy today.

I am proud to speak for all of you in wishing Penny and Gavin
unlimited love and peace
in sharing their first meal as a married couple,
and their lives.

May we all be nourished and renewed
by the radiance
of Gavin and Penny's affection.

Thank you.

8 Gavin and Penny, like whom are not any!

8 Feb 2003

For the Wedding of Gavin and Penny

P
Personality Pair,
With Pater so Proud,
Vocal today,
With happiness loud.

E
Their Energy's massive.
(Of course, it is solar.)
Involved in the spectrum,
Equator to polar.

NN
'Ens and turtles,
You'll find up the Coast,
Fine home and garden,
I'm eager to boast.

Y

Youth they possess and,
Amidst the clatter,
Have time to enjoy,
The things that matter.

G

Too early to mention,
While you're having fun?
A Grandfather person,
I'd like to be one!!

A

Ambulance and fire-ee,
They don't need oration.
We all are safer for,
Penny's vocation.

V

These two have Values,
Moral and fine.
To guide them through life,
There's no better sign.

I

An Eye is for seeing.
Both have the vision,
For seeing and doing . . .
Completing the mission.

N

Another 'En
Became unpenned.
On that note you'd
Agree I should end.

9 Carolyn and Chris

11 Oct 2003

In Eigh-ty Five
Good old Mac Q

Had distance courses
To offer you.

So if four bonny kinder
And work weren't enough
You could do mathematics
And learn some good stuff.

It's ten times harder
Than degree done normally
But today's lovely bride
Did outstanding performally!

A fortiori
An Honours Degree.
First Class of course,
Well done! Q E D!

Amidst all this flurry
Son Michael emerged.
Five mothers plus Grans,
On him all converged.

As one over R squared,
Like Newton's attraction,
Through Physics came Chris,
Moving to action.

With wry kind of humour
This noble Ki-wi
A-long-side Carolyn
Liked much to be.

A team they've become
With a grandiose goal:
A numerate Australia;
Why not World as a whole?

In their equation is FUN,
Camping as fambley,
Or the New Year sunrise
At beach with some bubbley.

Today pledging troths,
Carolyn and Chris,
We wish them long life
Of marital bliss.

**10 Grace,
by Margery Street**
1 Nov 2003

For the Wedding Breakfast of Anna and Arthur Street

Good Evening

It is a pleasure and privilege to greet you here tonight.

The atmosphere of this place is very special, symbolically and in fact.
This public institution is dedicated to collecting, organising, and most
importantly, making available, the story of this country's past millennia.

The Library neither falsifies nor destroys the record.

Let me then follow recent custom and acknowledge the spirit of the
Ancestors of the
Gadigal clan within the Eora language group, the traditional owners of this
place.

Tonight is particularly special to us for the celebration of the marriage of
Anna and Arthur.

Over the last year I have watched their unique spirituality unfolding:
a questioning, a willingness to listen, and a seeking to understand other
people's beliefs:

explanations over time and cultures. What a challenge the diversity of
India must have presented! A descendant of an original inhabitant of -
somewhere - in Australia, whose mother was also removed from her land,
told me that despite being a recent arrival to Eora country,
she could still call on their Ancestral Spirits.

Let's then all focus spiritual energy, love, and thanks toward this first meal
of Anna and Arthur as a married couple, and to their long life together.

11 Arthur and Anna
1 Nov 2003

For the Wedding of Arthur and Anna

When a son leaves home
Then starts to roam

To study o'erseas
Learn birds and bees . . .
Parents will worry
That in some hot flurry
Too many descendents
Will reside at Earth's endents.

How ideal it now seems
That the girl of his dreams
Was here to be found
On parents' home ground.

To make a decision,
Small one or big-un,
Our lovers insist:
You must make a list!

Should two As engage?
Let's draw up our page.
The PRO side has plenty,
While CON remains empty.

From walking the Schwarzwald,
Bi-cycling on asphalt,
Unstressing with yoga,
Or wearing a toga,
No food that's polluted.
Our couple's well suited.

The precision of Physics
And molec'lar Biology,
Is tempered when't mixes
With social Psychology.

All this in common,
Still not enough reas'ning,
A test to perform
Science method appeasing.

An intrepid tour,
Other cultures endure.
Some second thoughts,

Or love proved pure?

Terrorism, SARS,
Tummies the blahs,
Still not enough,
Passions to snuff.

Erotic statues,
Of Kajuraho:
“Marry me, please!”
“Yes” and so not “no”.

Now came the question:
Where to take vow?
Scenic bowling club?
What’s sense allow?

My personal memory,
As overwhelmed lad,
Brought here by Uncle,
To State Lib’ry pad;

Fairfield Council branches
My library paradigm.
Surrounded by knowledge,
Yet unknowing, in time . . .

By Anna’s own choice,
’Twould be the venue,
Of a son’s life event,
Wondrous and true.

Advised by his wife,
Premier, Neville Wran,
On this Library’s extension,
The construction began.

Within which building,
This same politician,
Farewelled our Arthur,
On Olympiad mission.

Margery meets here,

Enjoying the scene —
Fun part of work life,
Breaks Dee Why routine.

So roll out the banner,
Says: “Arthur and Anna,
All married today,
Our blessings their way.”

12 For Ross,
by Carolyn Kennett
14 Jul 2005

For the celebration of Streetfest

A poem for the poet
My little attempt
Our affection to show it
At this momentous event

Physics his aim at first
Til maths made him sensible
The beginnings of a thirst
Life long, unquenchable

Then off to the states
More than theorems to find
True love and joined fates
Margery, one of a kind

To Macquarie Ross came
To teach years first to third
And to become a name
Of which we all have heard

What do we say of Street?
When asked to describe
Real, great, special, sweet
Red wine he loves to imbibe

And when he wants to rest

Mandolin in the band
Aussie bush is best
Holding Margery's hand

Proud of their progeny
Sons Arthur and Gavin
Join Anna and Penny
Oscar and babe Penny is havin'

Of mathematical genealogy
Easy to find the facts
But the most important be
Our beloved Max

His babes; Shum and Johnson
Mark Weber and Pa(i)ddy
And those in gestation
Daniel, Elango and Craigie

Monoidal, twos and bis
Simplices and trees
Tensors, braids, Gray's, tris
Stuff on n -categories

If I were to make a list
Of those who share his math
Just to get a gist
Would take longer than we hath

I know you join with me
Wishing him all the best
On this occasion as we
CELEBRATE STREETFEST

13 Thank You

14 Jan 2006

For contributors to StreetFest

While Dominic had mooted
A scheme along these lines,
Six colleagues all too true

Had judged the temporal signs.

RMIT, a meeting,
On birthday LIX,
A conference there should be,
In view of birthday next.

What magic was performed
By this distinguished six,
To attract so many guests
Of such a cultural mix?

Michael B did not foresee
The work and oft-times pain,
To produce a great event
Is not without huge strain.

Amnon's mighty network,
And help from ANU
Meant ten days of lectures,
Deep contents with overview.

Department led by William,
Never waived with support,
Beyond the call of duty,
Much more than really ought.

Steve Lack and our Alexei
Organized behind scenes.
Their work still ongoing,
To produce the Proceedeens.

Letters of invitation,
Accommodation for the crew,
Coffee and luscious bikkies,
Victoria floated through.

And what about the web page,
The poster and tech. know-how?
A wizard is our Daniel,
Please stand and take a bow!

At the Dinner, big surprises:

Mike Johnson's ice cream speech,
Signed oriental poster,
Carolyn's poem a real peach.

To people who attended,
Especially our Max Kell,
Who sat afront alertly
Wise comments oft to tell.

And now where stands the subject?
Exciting times are here.
Fest telescoped the future,
The significance is clear.

Seeing all the applications,
The beauty and the needs,
Uniting many topics,
The Fest has sown new seeds.

Our party late is coming,
Small token of thanks to all.
To be reason for such an event,
I find quite un-believe-a-ball.

14 Jack Charles Street

18 Feb 2006

For grandson Jack at his Naming Ceremony

"J" stands for Jack,
Our Jewel and our Joy.
The name is well Judged,
Just right for this boy.

Adoring family,
Admiring friends
Can Advise the young man
Through life's many bends.

Cute and so Cuddly,
Yet Clever and smart.
He Clears a warm path,

To Conquer your heart.

Kiss him for luck,
Our newest King.
With Key to the future,
He'll do his own thing.

15 Our October Bird

15 Oct 2006

Aunty Monica's auspicious birthday

Bobolink, bobolink,
Chimes from Japonica
This October bird —
Our own Aunty Monica.

We're pleased with Jack Howard,
Who always thought bigg,
To, after the War,
Secure her as Quigg.

Independent and strong,
Yet always apace
To help family in need,
Or event to embrace.

When you think p'raps this year,
All will forget errr,
Birthday card punctual,
Will make you feel better.

To visit spontaneous,
Mon's famed hospitality,
A banquet appears,
Guests treated as royalty.

Graceful art pieces,
A home full of beauty,
From kitchen, to lounge,
And even the tooty.

Octo . . . Octo-ber bird,
Dolichonyx oryzivorus,
Chimes again for us,
That old Birthday Chorus.

16 Chastely Gregarious

19 Nov 2006

Chas Gregory's 60th birthday party

Back in old '46,
Yolande and Gerald
Some big announcement
Trumpets to herald.

On the Isle of Grenada
In those Indies West,
A Charles child was born
To be one of the best.

Perhaps it was there
Came his great taste for chicken,
The native dish "oil-down",
From menu worth pickin'.

Government calls and push to move
As if it has a point to prove.
Landing next in Uncle Sam:
Howdy partner, welcome ma'am.

Rancho Palos Verdes
Not Hotel California
'Cause they checked out and left
'Spite what Eagles warn yah.

Bye bye to America;
Bula to Nandi.
Beautiful island,
With school so dandy.

Quite the young man

By time of Carnarvon,
Lass across street
Found Chas very charmon.

Greg's garden in Sydney
With orchids so stunning
Showcased Dad's talent
For land matters running.

With culture so horti
Or could be the genes
Chas too took to plants
Knows what Latin means.

Plus entrenchment in Greek
Work takes over there,
To sort out their waves
That travel through air.

With interests so wide,
But always played cool.
Right there to help
While others play fool.

In numeri romani,
An El Exxer of youth.
Of our sexy-generian,
I have told only truth.

17 A Merry Tussle

15 Jul 2007

An auto-rhyme that ought to rhyme

Somewhere it really did happen
Time arrow sped swiftly away
I clearly must have tired,
Midst THIRTY SEVEN YEAR, FIVE DAY.

For now I'm told I'm RE-tired,
Though it's hard for me to say,

Since the fun just keeps on rolling,
As for THIRTY SEVEN YEAR, FIVE DAY.

Macquarie began to employ me,
Housed floor 6 of E7A.
When Balaclava met Waterloo,
Back THIRTY SEVEN YEAR, FIVE DAY.

My Father had furnished Macquarie.
I suspected I would head its way.
But Fred Chong made it all happen,
For THIRTY SEVEN YEAR, FIVE DAY.

My gorgeous wife graced the Mac Library,
But there only one year could stay,
Stopped work at the advent of Arthur,
Nearly THIRTY SEVEN YEAR, FIVE DAY.

Brother became a Mac student,
I even taught him a bit on the way,
Wayne did it tough but certainly conquered,
Over THIRTY SEVEN YEAR, FIVE DAY.

A preoccupation for math'matics,
What family thinks, hard to say,
But always you have been supportive,
Over THIRTY SEVEN YEAR, FIVE DAY.

Despite me our boys have endured,
And I am very proud of the way,
They have independently functioned,
During THIRTY SEVEN YEAR, FIVE DAY.

I've come up with a few little Theorems,
In these rooms we now party today,
I plan to continue the research,
Past THIRTY SEVEN YEAR, FIVE DAY.

Dear colleagues in the Department,
Around you I still hope to stay,
Fine cooperative working environment,
For THIRTY SEVEN YEAR, FIVE DAY.

In mind are many not with us,
Parents and relatives always,
Kelly whose subject absorbed me,
For THIRTY SEVEN YEAR, FIVE DAY.

With my alma mater U Sydney,
It is a very great pleasure to say,
I enjoyed most friendly relations,
Over THIRTY SEVEN YEAR, FIVE DAY.

Thank you to my research co-workers,
I still learn from you every day,
Together we'll write many papers,
Past THIRTY SEVEN YEAR, FIVE DAY.

Cat visitors at CoACT sojourn,
Most wonderful people are they,
Their names can be found on our Web page,
In those THIRTY SEVEN YEAR, FIVE DAY.

Many joys have collated employment,
With Swim Two Birds mando I'd play,
At lunchtime and some fun bush dances,
In the THIRTY SEVEN YEAR, FIVE DAY.

Then also there are my grad students,
The future they must hold at bay,
As apprentices for our profession,
Beyond THIRTY SEVEN YEAR, FIVE DAY.

Our Government now has accepted,
That our subject is here to stay,
Mathematics critical for all Science,
Not just THIRTY SEVEN YEAR, FIVE DAY.

There is one thing I hope for retirement,
Internal voice I long to obey,
To Grandad our children's children.
After THIRTY SEVEN YEAR, FIVE DAY.

But I must say that I owe it to Margery.
With this party she got it her way.

Her power to manage is marvelous,
Love for THIRTY SEVEN YEAR, FIVE DAY.

Boomalacca boomalacca bish boom drey,
CoACT, CoACT, here to stay,
Boomalacca boomalacca yay yay yay,
Ten times THIRTY SEVEN YEAR, FIVE DAY.

18 Thunderous Dendrotope

24 Nov 2007

Fellow Teuton Walter Tholen,
Advised at York on Cat,
To Makkai, post Baez-Dolan,
Did Thorsten raise his hat.

In hand of Palm these multitopes,
Trees of Palm became,
With Hamiltonian chamber graphs,
Weak higher cats did tame.

Appointed Scott Russell Fellow,
CoACT the more enriched.
His calls on speakers to be precise,
The Seminar en-stitched.

Not eye-to-eye always saw we,
On fundamental notions:
The empty filter, zum Beispiel,
Could easy cause commotions.

So sad it is to say farewell
As we wave as Palm doth go.
To some unsuspecting industry,
His expertise he'll throw.

19 Arrows and Apples

24 Nov 2007

Modular categories, link and skein,
So Daniel caught a down under plane
Though Kathryn Hess advised at Lausanne,
Joined CoACT to study, bike, beach and tan.

Swiss-prompt on arrival,
Steffen spoke Strine,
And even our humour,
Went straight down the line.

Empowering CoACT in so many ways,
With greatly diverse character traits,
On language our Max would even defer
To Daniel's facilit e sup erieur.

Seminars organized so many a year,
Willingly helping in spirit of cheer,
Department IT, behind the scene,
Solutions always so swift and clean.

Strove games, after Dolan, strategic take backs,
Cartesian category, but freeness still lacks.
Mac yearly awarded West US Coast trip,
For Apple conference, Macquarie to rep.

Please come back Daniel,
We hope that you will,
With your Yank software work,
You can abide with us still.

20 Pastro Cheerio

20 Feb 2008

Craig came to Australia
To analyze the antipode.
With eye to a thesis
Designed arduous work load.

From Calgary Canada,
And Masters with Cockett,
Fit well into CoACT,
A paper in pocket.

In fact loved by all,
Not just Cat folk,
Department, Numeracy,
In one big fell stroke.

Electronic-style things,
Our man Craig Pastro,
Calculation with strings,
Is really the Maestro.

To speak of these matters,
When it comes to TeX,
His patient improvements . . .
Innovative like heck!

Cross this way and that,
These blooming braidings!
So many choices,
Swappings and tradings.

CT06 in Nova Scotia,
Jubilee Meeting here at Mq.
Keynote addresses to excite ya,
Frobenius, Hopf, quantum things too.

Who's that a-ringing?
Craig picks up the phone.
"It's Brian!", the voice says,
In a cheerful tone.

He has a suggestion,
And Craig finds a Proof.
More ideas follow,
In their search for Truth.

Fin'ly this month,
Nice thesis submitted,

Containing four papers,
With Theorems it's littered.

With all our best wishes,
You head to Nanaimo,
As to your future,
You now fix your aim-oh!

21 Arrivederci Simona

12 Jun 2008

Arrivederci Simona!
Goodbye, goodbye Si-mone.
Person with such lovely published papers,
Theorems to stand all tests and guages,
Whence she ventured to Macquarie's stages
Far from home.

Arrivederci Simona,
It's time for us to part.
Save results to tell on your returning,
Gladly go from CoACT, teaching, learning,
Keep your love of CATs alive and burning
In your heart.

Arriving here from Warwick,
Eight talks we did enjoy.
All too soon the visit would be over,
Lack and she as operads in clover,
Legacy of joint work us to savour
And employ.

Shuffling off to Buff'lo
Cohomol' of triple kind.
Sought interpretations new in nature,
Australian Fellowship await, impature,
End two thousand four: success – elature
Blow-n mind!

To Land-of-snakes-and-spiders,
Hello, hello Si-mone.

Able to withstand the blokey context,
Taking Tamsamani to the next step,
Talks delivered with style and greatest pep
Nicely done.

And then while trav-ling o'seas,
Joint work, joint work abounds.
Quillen model structures with Fiore.
Then Dorette Pronk would add to story,
A paper to be of power and glory
So it sounds.

Simona's teaching blossomed,
Her caring ways saw through.
But now she's travelling away to Israel,
Leaving happy thoughts along her high trail,
To enunciate more theorems of robust scale
Always true.

Arrivederci Si-mo-na . . .

22 Monoidal Moscow Man

13 Jun 2009

Monoidal categories with a twist
Put Alexei on my Postdoc list.
A visit here a year before,
And us to him in Singapore.

The visa problems caused some fun.
By extortion Oz awarded one.
In fact it meant that all could come,
Lovely daughter and his Mum.

Not so long and Aussies all,
Riding horses strong and tall,
Surfing wind and scuba diving,
Travelling 'round, enjoying living.

Culinary skills we gladly mention,
The fish prepared beyond compr'ension.

Knowing mushrooms one can eat,
And making them a Russian treat.

Many ideas still not written:
Work on Deligne, Drinfeld, Witten.
Strings for physics just get better,
Using Davydov and Yetter.

Our colleague Alexei
For a job has his next-y
Way south of co-Mexi
In a venue quite sexy.

Next week our Dr Davydov
Really will be flying off
To share with folk in Brazil,
Universal functorial skill.

We tried quite hard
To keep him here
And the Good News is
He returns end year.

23 **Go Bush's Gone with Family, by Margery and Ross Street** 24 May 2010

with apologies to Henry Lawson

Go Bush is gone but not forgot . . .
Our hearts are out of order.
Who will holler "All aboard"
Across the Queensland border?
Who shall tend safarists' needs . . .
Their tents, airbeds and sausage?
Who shall teach the grannies knots:
The Truckies, but not Grannies?

We've seen the showers in torrents fall . . .
And all the tanks run over.
We've seen the grass grow green and tall . . .

In pathways of the drover.
Before the Cane Toads munch too much,
May Ozzies see their country.
Cryptobiotics, natives lush, it all seems elementary.

As our wheels bump along the road . . .
Our minds are also turning . . .
Those thoughtful pearls from Morris–Miles
Placate our knowledge yearning.
But safaris travel on their tumms . . .
Good food is most essential,
And Su’s menu of Master Chef . . .
Supplies that most substantial.

We’ve seen the showers in torrents fall . . .
And all the tanks run over.
We’ve seen the grass grow green and tall . . .
In pathways of the drover.
Before the Cane Toads munch too much,
May Ozzies see their country.
Cryptobiotics, natives lush, it all seems elementary.

24 One Chic Lad

27 Oct 2010

On the eighth of May two thousand four,
An email arrived and here’s the score:
Dimitri Chikhladze from Tbilisi State
Kindly enquired how he’d rate
As a Macquarie Masters candidate.
Was he early or too late?

The Macquarie process for an iMURS
Rolled on at length for better, worse,
Our Chic candidate, always terse,
Expert on euphemistic verse
Was provoked to write the outburst:
“A slightly complicated system”.

Language requirements then called TOEFL,
Research project and lots of waffle,

Diligently supplied by Mr Chic,
To each demand, a turned cheek.
Then on 5 March two thousand six,
Approval doctoral candidatrix.

Three months later the good news came,
A research scholarship did Dimitri gain,
And then the next month confirming bets.
Appeared "Separable morphisms of simplicial sets".
Then by my birthday to Sydney he jets,
Starts on research, accommodation lets.

The change of culture could not have been easy,
To outward appearance all seemed breezy.
Amazing adjustment to Ozzie talking.
His supervisor, watchful, hawking,
Seams that sometimes needed caulking,
But at big questions never balking.

For mandatory talks I sometimes worried,
That his preparation might be too hurried,
But a charming cool smile dispelled my fear,
And on the day would Dimitri appear,
To produce a talk, so deep, so clear,
Worthy of a celebratory beer.

A thesis is always hard won writing,
The Time God pushing, fighting, fighting.
Eleventh hour, despite computer glitch,
Emerged a jewel at examiners to pitch,
New theorems in thesis well established,
Quantum modules and embedding enriched.

I regret loosing our Georgian one,
To return to World now doctorate done.
But naturally we'll keep in touch,
As his further research will be much.
Perhaps sometime here to return,
What in between he's done we'll learn.

25 John Soon Gone

27 Oct 2010

some apologies to Slim Dusty

In Ireland's North, tho' I've not been,
Where all is blended orange-green,
I can imagine John coolly say:
"I'm off to Sydney without delay,
PhD the Holy Grai
Should have some Fun on the way,
A scholarship my fees will pay."

Supervisor Lack at UWS
While John set up in Carslaw,
It all worked without a mess,
Wednesday Macquarie he'd head for.

Rapid succession emails came,
To straighten out some paper's claim,
Heightened truth then to attain,
Understanding, the end game.

Codescent for algebra 2-categories,
Well thought out ingenious strategies.
Occasionally descending down the stairs,
To puff own rolled where no-one cares.

Now sing "Hi ho, hi ho,
He's off to old Brno."
For, as Dom would say, it's Toodlepipski,
And John will be with Prof. Rosicky.

We love to have a beer with John B.
We love to have a beer with John.
We won't drink before working,
That is never never ever ever on.
We drink in town and country
Where the atmosphere is great
We love to have a beer with John B.
'Cause Bourkey's our mate, . . . yeah.

26 Nowy is the Houry

13 Apr 2011

not to the tune "Farewell of the Maori"

The year but begun was two thousand two.
An email to Bon, an enquiry new,
Passed on to me for some follow through,
@scatter.com of Portland State U.

For reasons unclear, David's interest was drawn
To postgraduate work of categorical form
And to study in CoACT somewhat reborn
Back in the days Mac-q had more lawn.

A chance in September, would see to 't,
I was to visit the Fields Insti-toot.
Could meet over dinner, opportunity beaut,
Discuss strategies for objectives pursuit.

Mark Weber, Margery and yours truly,
Adjourned to Days Inn with Signor Oury,
To explain needs of MQHDR fully.
A Masters degree would clinch funds dully.

Where to obtain such an award?
Some categorical place was needed.
McGill's Makkai he tilted toward,
Who to David's request, happily heeded.

Time ambled along, but Makkai's supervision,
July Oh-5 wedding, charged Oury batteries.
Persistence rewarded with Masters ascension:
"Free Braided Pivotal Cat-egories".

Strong time for CoACT now two thousand seven,
New country, new colleagues, odd research idea,
To adapt and accomplish by two thousand eleven,
With one damn hard problem, challenges: clear.

Each week making known, in neat TeX form,
To Dominic and me, his latest barrier,
In understanding the non-simplicial horn,

Why Theta-sets be Quillen model carrier.

With a paper notched up and thesis submitted,
To future research/teaching, our lad's committed.
Back to their homeland David and Jae fly,
Now is the hour when we must say goodbye.

27 Micah the Mighty

4 July 2011

With highly perfect basal cleavage,
And hexagonal sheet atom formations,
Micah naturally moved to college
To sort fibrations and fusion operations.

Whence cometh the h in our own Micah?
Could indicate the property by where
He's stable under the highest heat.
More likely it hints at fine facial hair.

Proud son of Math/Phys at Dalhousie,
Creamed Cambridge Tripos with Distinction;
Gathered belongings to head southly,
Bound for CoACT, with spiritual conviction.

Under the caring guidance of Dominic,
Frequent Seminars revealed quick progress.
Preservation properties of functors monoid'lic,
Now paper linked to the Borceux Congrès.

Snaffled by MATH to do much teaching,
Did it well to staff and students' liking,
Unhappy are we that Micah's leaving,
To miss, in research and teaching, his spiking.

That Large Black Notebook of hieroglyphs,
Developing graphics of intuition and precision,
Carried *p.p.* to thwart Time's nymphs,
Successful PhD with no derision.

For now, Anna and Micah will not,

Grace our activities with vibrant banter,
But will move ahead to a Canadian spot,
Some day soon back here to canter.

28 Tom, No Piker's Son

26 May 2012

Tom, he is the Bookers' son,
He roamed the West when he was young;
A new game he would have to play
Across Australia, far away.

Tom, Tom, no Piper's son,
Gained the grades, and away did run
From the Physics which he could eat,
Algebra chewier, taught by Street.

Mathematics lecturers of every kind,
Were delighted his good work to find,
He made the learning seem like play,
At Macquarie now, not W.A.

Tom too learn'd another tune,
Rising Sun's tongue, not the Moon!
His characters just look the part,
A culture he holds close to heart.

Tom moved to Honours, record strong,
Liked ideas, Abe Robinson,
Non-standard reals with topos perspective,
Lovely reading in Tom-style narrative.

Now PhD-ready candidate Tom,
Chose to work with Ross and Dom.
Chuffed we were at this decision,
Back still in the old ICS Division.

Tom beginning 2008-ive,
As Seminar organizer super-lative,
Like "Australia All Over", people said,
Looked forward all week till his email read.

Tom, Tom, Categorical son,
Has many bullet points to his gun.
Three am phone orders to the US,
Soon trotting is he, across to METS

To create an item of electronic kind.
Good teacher too, we did find.
Taught Margery to deal with her new computer,
Taught me LaTeX: so my typing is beaüter.

Tinny of Nihonshu, the rice beer,
Kan o' saki, don't want to hear!
Flocks and herds, a better bet.
Duoids, Fibonacci, still meant sweat.

Dr Tom, a favourite son,
Poised now away to run.
A new game will you have to play
In Australia, or far away.

**29 Bula: Let's Hula,
by Margery and Ross Street
13 August 2012**

Sue Gregory's 60th birthday on Treasure Island, Fiji

Magnetic force drawing young and bold
Extends beyond the two involved
All friends and families, out of the cold.
Worlds in new contact, stories told.

Unfolding butterfly from garden deep,
Bestowing affection by the heap.
Mysterious woman to us appears.
Part of our life for ensuing years.

Fairy Queen, known as Lockey,
Planner Suprema, nothing low key.
Her parties are the place to be,
Birthdays and Christmas done to a Tea.

Attuned to the nature and needs of all other,

Sue is People Person, generic Mother,
Finding that gift so perfectly right,
To hit on the head, receiver's delight.

Creating sound base with partner CG,
Decked with fine photos of art and fam-lee.
Furnished for comfort, one lovely home.
Why should the children then want to roam?

Incredible Chef, variety awesome!
Preparing all dishes, on time to come.
Both quality, quantity, second to none.
Guests' satisfaction when meal is done.

Sue loves to travel, inter and intra,
Islands of Greece, albeit Sri-Lanka.
Or maybe just Bundi, reason familiar,
Comes back with tales to really enthrall ya.

All these fine traits that caused Chas to court her,
Sue has superbly infused in her daughter.
Let me now finish and loudly declare:
What fine grandchildren now we do share.

30 Crème Cara-Camell

14 Nov 2012

June two thousand eight, while at CT away
In that famous port known as Calais,
A student of Penon captured my ear,
Higher notion of cats began I to hear.
Yes, that's Kachour!

October same year an email appeared,
Stating clearly that he would be cheered
To come to Macquarie to do PhD,
To work with Batanin, also with me.
Indeed, that's Kachour.

A struggle began, so much bureaucratic,
The language requirement: do acrobatic!
Files gone missing, mysterious thing,

But November 08, application was in.
But, that's Kachour.

The Empire of TOEFL, raining supreme,
Money to make from antipodal dream.
In April 2010, Camell finally arrived,
Ready for fun with categories derived.
That is For Sure.

Three lovely children still in Paris to see,
Joyal in Québec to consult hastily.
No humor is found in US Immigration,
"Not Bad Person" to them means the negation.
That's pure Kachour!

Knows very well how to build, of multiple hue,
Mighty high operads – more than a few,
Whose algebras are cells, of sizes all,
With fractal property, the big is the small.
That's really Kachour!

There's violet case, where strict governs weak,
Infinity-enn to climb highest peak.
All comes together to form the whole thesis,
With much more to do with left golden pieces.
That's more Kachour.

Back now to France on Saturn's next wing,
But this farewell poem don't ask me to sing.
The search may be on for one brand new wife,
We wish you the best for next phase of life.
Adieu, Monsieur Kachour.

31 Ignacio To Go

27 Jan 2014

Second smallest in South Americai
Is the amazing country of Uruguay.
Snuggled twixt Brazil and Argentinna,
Ignacio, our man, had his beginnia.

Free of birds that grab your lunch,

I did not believe or have a hunch,
The climate right for abstract thought,
Yet Ignacio et al to maths were brought.

Ignacio taught me this last Friday,
How to send those birds to hide'way,
Cut the talk and all the yearning,
Hit 'em hard! They're not returning.

Licenciado y Magister en Matemática
From Universidad de la Republica,
Moved to Cambridge Part III Tripos.
Distinction gained while contacting this Ross.

He'd studied the theory of monoidal bicats,
And admit now: how common do you hear that!-S-
-Said higher categories were on his agenda,
Such statements for me were a befrienders.

Segue to enjoyable email exchange,
Dualizations, antipodes, full in range.
Lax centres in this general context,
Outstanding work earned my respect.

At that time to Macquarie was not to be,
He chose old Cambridge for PhD.
Home became Gonville and Caius
He thought it just the bees knees.

Clearly that College loves him too,
'Cause after the doctorate, as you do,
[Insert: a stint in Portugal's Coimbra]
Became Research Fellow persona grata.

A mighty slogan Nacho shouted:
"Antipodes have been re-routed."
Dualizations reign supreme,
Behave the way our Steve would Dream.

Stage right: now enter Richard Wood,
With me, had done what we could,
With Frobenius, our duals to invert,

New results Ignacio us did alert.

Finally to Macquarie in August 2012,
With face-to-face deeper much could delve,
But arrows and time, we know how it flees,
Now back he goes to College Caius.

Best wishes and farewell, Ignacio.

32 The Maths Go On

(*apologies to Prini-Sandrini-Naraine-Ulivi-Baratta-Sudano*)
26 Nov 2014

The maths go on, the maths go on
Symbols pounding theorems to the brain
De eff of exx de tee, in-tegral gee de why

Gladly teche was once the rage, uh huh
Government forced a turn of page, uh huh
Vocational training became the thing, uh huh
The Mighty Buck our newborn king, uh huh

The maths go on, the maths go on
Symbols pounding theorems to the brain
De eff of exx de tee, in-tegral gee de why

Our Math Department is small but very strong, uh huh
Not in just for the short, but the lo-ong, uh huh
Both research and teaching from early day
Far beyond our weight we punch our wa-ay.

The maths go on, the maths go on
Symbols pounding theorems to the brain
De eff of exx de tee, in-tegral gee de why

Honoraries sit in chairs and reminisce
The young keep chasing lemmas not to miss
ArXives appearing faster all the time
So much enjoyment has to be a crime.

The maths go on, the maths go on
Symbols pounding theorems to the brain

De eff of exx de tee, in-tegral gee de why
Each year, a profit we must make, uh huh
That works: from our stu-dent in-take, uh huh
Executive ideas they fall like lead, uh huh
“Merge with Stats - and ex-tern your Head”, uh huh

The maths go on, the maths go on
Symbols pounding theorems to the brain
De eff of exx de tee, in-tegral gee de why
But we love our Head - and what he has done
Meetings and pressures cannot all be fun
Thank you so much Paul - but we all now pray
You will steer the ship still for many a day

And: the maths go on, the maths go on, the maths go on, backslash dots.

33 A Syn-Thesis Existeth

20 May 2015

His interest whet by Peter J,
In little things like D sub k ,
Decision made to head our way.

Ex-Cambridge crew awaited here,
Richard and Dom so full of cheer,
Theory Lie to make more clear.

Gospel One for this Burke, non-O,
For chess, would travel to-and-fro,
Melbourne, Auckland, a mate or so.

At Staff Café, always polite,
Till all have food, he'll take no bite.
Converse with those on left and right.

To study deep Lie's Theorem Two,
An adjunction looking very new,
With local and global category view.

From D infinity he soon will jet,
To a manifold smooth, he is set.
Please Matt CoACT, don't forget.

34 The Mitchell Higher Way

3 Sept 2015

This road north is high and free,
From Dubbo of our VC
Through Nevertire, a place to see,
Cunnamulla Fella of Slim Dusty.

Metaphorical, I must admit,
For Mitch I think the ideas fit,
Higher constructions freely sit,
Larrikin grin in his toolkit.

As Macquarie student, he early shone,
Vacation Scholar, moving on,
Handled algebra using strings,
Done quite well, as other things.

Theories of our friend Lawvere,
A thesis for his Honours Year,
First Class work from Mitch Buckley,
Impressed our Dom, as we will see.

Away from schooling then to go,
A stint at the C S I R O.
Until an M-RES we attract,
Coffee with Dom and Mitch is back!

PhD begun in this gyration
With raising level of fibration.
Forty one pages in JPAA
A research man was on his way.

At thirteen CT
Provided IT
Helped me as MC
Fanfaring VC.

Morgan-Phoa Workshop at ANU
Turned Mitch's mind to matters skew.
Asked me if I had a clue,
When all the axioms you accrue.

It turned out for this case of skew,
A lot was held by Number Two.
A goodly nerve part of the story,
Two more papers to Mitch's glory.

My orientals to stand or rock,
By testing with a program Coq,
Amazing work of computing genius
Lies there now to be seen by all of us.

As if a doctorate not enough,
With Richard, worked cylinder, cone,
Orientals, cubes, not so tough,
Good at joint work, or alone.

Now off to Belgium for year or two,
To work on Hopf is what he'll do,
It may happen, I hope true,
He'll think some more about \mathbb{F}_q .

35 A Special Day for our Kay

16 Nov 2016

Now I had a lawful sister
Through a marriage of my own,
But I thought I'd like another
Through a marriage of my Brother.

Me thinks it was in Wagga
From whence we heard a rumour,
There was a special person
We might expect of moresome.

Then came the finest day
When we met the lovely Kay.
Top Lady of Westpac
Had one great impact!

A church to walk the aisle
Was not to be their style,
We drove the country miles
To the Orange home of Eyles.

Eventually to settle down
Near that other city, Melbourne.
In Mt Aitkin's shadow
Ten acres in county Gisborne.

The rest is now all history,
George, Henry, and our Angy.
Schooled in lofty Braemar
Where the rocks all hang ajar.

Move now to the present
Kay sought a venue pleasant
In lovely Vanuatu
Where we did happ'ly come to.

So Happy Birthday Kay
On this island dream away.

36 Le Cognac de Math

Dec 2016

With thoughts cryptographic,
This hearty French mav'rick
Came to Macquarie,
Saw rainbow keets-lori.

Once here did our Remy
Come some to our Semmy.
Seed sewn categorical,
Modified the historical.

Back to Paris' Paul-André
For higher cats, logic's way.
Then homotopy with Benoit Fresse,
Gave a whet, we must confess.

Remy returned to Macquarie U,
A PhD for to do.
Supervision by Michael B
Enough to make one cross the sea.

Quillen models have their place,

Deri-vators rampage at a pace.
But Remy decided on his own,
Homotopy theory needs backbone!

His artistic skills are also seen
On Department boards, not black nor green:
A red-browed finch is just the start,
Or “Remy loves Anne” inside a heart.

CoACT’s logo he took in hand,
Slicking up for modern times.
The result is really pretty grand.
I add this line because it rhymes.

Off to Boston RT will track,
To work with Prof. David Spivak.
While cloistered in old MIT,
He can be sure in our thoughts he’ll be.